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DESERET EVENING NEWS.

The Great Percentage of the Prosperous Farmers, Ranchers, Stockmen of the West See No Other Paper Than the Semi-Weekly News. Advertisers, Make a Note of It.

PART THREE—25 TO 40.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1903. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-THIRD YEAR.

The Real Estate Market Officially Reviewed.



GLEN MILLER.
On the Real Estate Situation in Salt Lake.

THE real estate agent is the scout of business. He spies out the way for the manufacturer, the builder, the merchant, the professional man and the home-seeker. He reconnoiters a vast field in order that those who follow may move quickly and easily to their posts.

It is common for those who profit by the real estate agent's labor to speak lightly, if not sneeringly, of his methods and manners. He is compared with the lightning-rod agent or the book agent, as one who cares little for his promises, less for his reputation and nothing for his opinions. It is also the popular notion that the profession is made up of those who have failed at everything else; and so common has this idea become that the man who started out to study real estate as a life's work would be considered a curiosity of business. The doctor who is waiting for patients fondly imagines he could fill up the gap in his time with a little rustling on the side in real estate; and the lawyer who is short of clients begins the practice of "steering" real estate customers for the sake of a part commission.

And yet every one who has taken the pains to study the proposition understands that there is no business man in the community who gives such a full measure of service for his pay as the real estate agent. Skirmishers as a rule are rough and ready men of the army, less concerned about the brightness of their buttons or the faultless fit of their uniforms than in accomplishing results. Similarly, the real estate man is a business scout who is less concerned about niceties and subtleties than about "getting there." If a man wants a home the agent does as soon to discuss with him the ethical and moral phases of the family, but puts his customer without ado under a light roof and between warm walls. If a manufacturer is seeking a factory site the agent straightway hustles for "trackage" and "yardage," leaving to statisticians the discussion of supply and demand in commerce. If a boot-black wants a stand or a wholesale dealer a warehouse the real estate agent provides the most available article in either direction. In short, whatever is to be done, the real estate agent takes the shortest cut across lots to do it, and while men of other professions are criticizing his lack of ceremony and dignity, he is off to serve somebody else. Perhaps he isn't always as nice and particular as he might be, but the real estate agent has the satisfaction of knowing that he accomplishes the results; or, as the politician would say, "he delivers the goods." This may not be as agreeable to supersensitive souls as the work of the lawyer who differentiates for hours over hair-splitting questions, or of the druggist who spends his time in dividing cheap salts into grain packages which he sells at a cent a package. But the real estate man has as little time for the diploma and registration and certificate humbug as he would have use for a uniform.

REAL ESTATE IN SALT LAKE.
However, this isn't a homily on real estate agents nor a defense of the real estate profession. These preliminary remarks are merely an opening overture to the main theme, which is the "general real estate situation as viewed by the Salt Lake Real Estate association." As the real estate business is a barometer or an index of trade in general, the situation in the real estate market in Salt Lake (or elsewhere) is the situation of the community. When you find the real estate man thriving, your community is thriving; and when you find him closing his doors for the lack of customers, you can make a pretty good guess as to the state of the business except the sheriff's, is so dead move it. Look over the columns of your newspapers; and if they are filled with real estate advertisements, you may know in an instant that the merchant, the laborer and the professional man all are prospering.

MOVEMENT OF 1903.
Taking the real estate movement in Salt Lake during the year 1903 as the index, and it may be said that business here was never more prosperous. All the agents say that even what is known as "the boom of '90" furnished less business to the profession than the year just gone. It doesn't take a statistical table of transfers nor a list of permits issued by the Salt Lake building inspector to corroborate this, though either would do it. Just take the busy ride about town in any direction you choose and note the improvement—recent lots last Christmas now occupied by pretty homes and cozy cottages; ugly spaces along the railroad tracks covered with weeds and

reads a year ago, now filled with manufacturing plants, storage yards, and large warehouses. Liberally interpreted, these signs mean that Salt Lake has been "humping herself" in the way of improvements. Nine-tenths of these improvements started with a deal in some real estate office. As the real estate business has been unprecedented in its size, so likewise has the number of dealers been larger than at any time in the city's history. Aside from the legitimate dealers—those who maintain offices, pay city license and belong to the Salt Lake Real Estate association—there has been a horde of "curbers," "shavers" and "heelers" who hang on the edge and "scalp business" that they can pick up. There are always an indication of large business, because no crumb falls from the real estate table for these hangers-on unless the table is overflowing. But when, as in the past year, agents have had more than their share, the "curbers" have found quite a little business for themselves.

Large as has been the building movement in the past year, the supply has not kept pace with the demand. Houses are still "scarce," though not a block but contains half a dozen new homes. Stores in desirable localities are like diamonds—never one goes begging. Building hasn't been confined to one locality or to one class. There have been palatial residences on "Brigham" street, swell homes on the heights over-

SOME OF THE LARGEST REAL ESTATE DEALS OF THE YEAR.

There have been a number of large real estate transfers the past year. In February last, Mrs. Mary Judge bought from the Walkers 66x165 feet, on west Third South street, where the Greenwald furniture company building now stands, for \$39,600. In May, James Hague sold to Halloran & Newell, 50x165 feet, west of the Judge property on west Third South street, for \$25,000. In July, the Continental corner at West Temple and First South streets, was sold by Frank Godbe and R. R. Anderson to W. A. Clark of Montana, for \$85,000, the two properties being respectively 70x128 feet, and 40.3-4x128 feet. And in the same month the Independent Telephone company bought the old city hall corner at State and First South streets of the city for \$45,000. Retaining 50 feet for its own use, the company sold to the Y. M. C. A. for its new building 91 feet on State street, for \$32,500. Also in July Frank M. Wilson sold to W. J. Dooley, Wellington court, with twenty houses, on east Second South street, for \$50,000. In October Mayor Thompson sold to George Curley 25 feet on East Temple street, immediately north of the Progress block, for \$37,500. Ben Eisenmann has sold to Robert A. Harkness, Jr., the First street property known as the Rowe House, for \$15,000. Then the Oregon Short Line purchased a vast amount of property in the west northwest part of the city, for right of way, depot and shop purposes. For this it paid probably \$175,000.

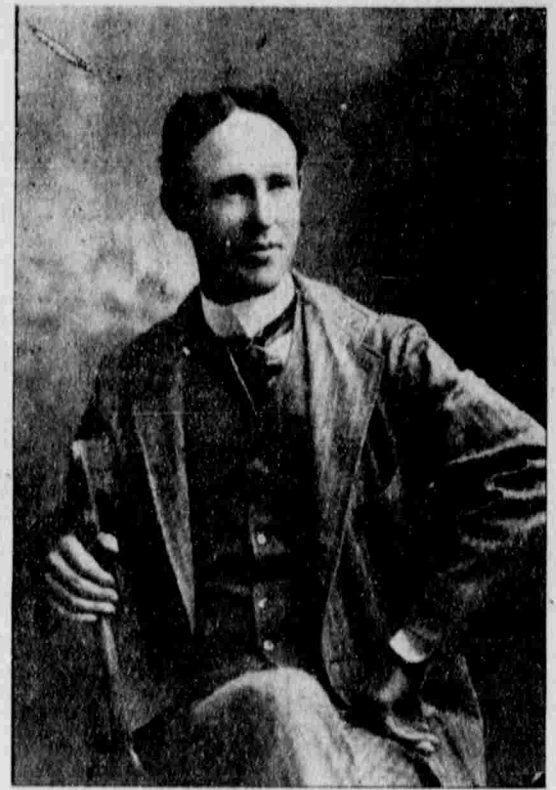
looking the city, warehouses and factories along the railroad tracks, business blocks in the central district, neat little laborers' cottages on the suburbs, comfortable and substantial farm-houses beyond the city limits—and still, like Oliver Twist, we are crying for more. Even public and religious structures have been multiplied to supply the needs of the city. More money has been put into churches in the single year just gone than in all the years that have gone before—if we may except the single item of the "Mormon" Temple and Tabernacle from the older list. And while churches, rich and luxurious, have been going up on the one hand, the city of Salt Lake has erected a large jail on the other; and in addition to the churches and jails there are going up a large government building, a half dozen handsome clubs and the largest private hotel or apartment house west of Chicago. Better than all this, the money which is used in this construction comes from home—from our own hills. When a Utah of today discovers a mine he comes to Salt Lake—not to New York. When he gets his dividends they go into a house on "Brigham" street—not on Fifth avenue. Salt Lake is as self-contained a town as exists between the two oceans, because it is a town owned as well as occupied by Salt Lake.

There has been a move from all sides to get into the band wagon the last year. For years and years certain interests have held off buying in Salt Lake, waiting for the day when things would be cheaper. Men who had money, they could do, the "curbers" have thought it wise to wait and keep their eye open for lower prices. Alas, it is a lesson that many men have had to learn before now; and when those desirable localities, instead of cheapening, began to move up in figure with surprising uniformity and steadiness, these interests began to open their eyes. Fresh blood was coming into the town from the mountains and plains around. This element is what, in common parlance here is known as "the new crowd." Possibly this crowd, like the "old crowd," has its own sins to answer for, and mayhap at times and places it has used its money with questionable taste; but the fact that it used it has meant much to the capital of Utah. Bingham and Park City and Tintic, rambling and typical mining camps, look to Salt Lake even as Leadville and Aspen and Cripple Creek looked to Denver. When a man in Utah's mining camps "realizes," he makes sure that a certain part of his

money is planted in a Salt Lake lot, home, business block or store, for Salt Lake is substantial. All these camps have faith in Salt Lake and her future. This mining money alone has flowed into Salt Lake in a stream sufficient to build and keep going any number of public and religious structures. The mountains have disgorged their treasures for Salt Lake's benefit, the stockmen of the plains have not overlooked the advantages of a home in this city of fine schools and modern conveniences. It is just a little peculiar, on first sight, that while men of means in the east have been investing in bonds, and debentures, and stocks, and preferred mortgages and others not so preferred, the people of this section, as fast as they have acquired means, have invested in land, houses and business blocks. Why? Because land holds out to the man who has suddenly acquired wealth the three fundamental qualities of security—it is immovable, indestructible and imperishable. Land's not run away, nor break up. After securing his land, the man from the mines naturally likes to enjoy a taste of the good things going; to get a home that shall be a contrast to his little cabin up in the hills where he stood privation and hardship while battling with old nature for her treasure. "Wash day," which was the event of the week in the old spot, has now lost its terrors with the well equipped laundry in the basement and the drying rooms adjacent, heated by furnaces. And, having satisfied to the full his craving for an elegant and commodious mansion where the boys and girls can enjoy every advantage that he did not have, the finder of the fortune in the hills begins to long for a business establishment which shall perpetuate his name or a big stone block with his name carved in fatiguing letters over the great portal. By this time he settles down into the comfortable feeling that his money is not a dream after all; for don't the papers speak of him daily as "Hon" or "our distinguished fellow citizen," and don't the carriage driver point out his home and his black and his store to all the tourists, and don't the megaphones bespeak his greatness in every "Seeing Salt Lake City Car"? Thus has Salt Lake City been transformed, and thus is her wealth increased day by day.

This may seem a digression from the main sermon relative to the real estate situation in Salt Lake—but it isn't. No one can explain why Salt Lake has grown so rapidly, why it is still grow-

ing and why it is bound to keep up these remarkable strides without taking into account these human ambitions which, through hundreds of instances, have worked into a continued story of public and private improvement. Nay, more! The men who have suddenly grown rich in Utah mines have not contented themselves with putting up beautiful private mansions and splendid business blocks and equipping elaborate stores, but they have contributed munificently to public and charitable structures. Were this a boom article, instead of a little little disquisition on Salt Lake really during the past year, it would be in order to expatiate upon the great future of the city as the metropolis of the intermountain country. As it is, it is necessary to limit it to those few brief commentaries, without annotations or elaborations. Once in a while to the school of philosophy which teaches that nothing is real, that there is no such thing as substance or material, these few people may be pardoned for feeling that Salt Lake isn't on a solid substructure, and that the wonderful growth here isn't permanent in its character. There are certain sure tests of the solidity of any city, wherever located. If a hotel has been built for which there are no guests, it may be set down that the city's growth has been mushroomy. If rows of houses have been constructed for which there are no tenants, it is a sign of inflation—not progress. If there is a surplus of labor lying around loose, conditions are unhealthy. If the banks of a city are shy in deposits, if the theaters have twice as many seats as they ever find occupants, if the newspapers are carrying last year's advertisements to help fill up space—set it down the town isn't there to stay. But if rents are high, stores occupied, hotels filled up nightly, bank deposits big, theaters flourishing, office buildings crowded to capacity and newspapers chuck full of crisp, fresh advertisements as is the case in Salt Lake, don't lose any sleep about the permanency of your town. If you are a nervous person who can't feel serene in your city's good luck, just offer your property here at a reasonable price and see how long it will be before it is all gobbled by hungry investors. And right here a slight digression from the main discourse.



J. DONNAN REAVIS.
The Hustling "Whose-Roof-Is-Over-Your-Head" Man.

Not only has Salt Lake climbed in the past year, but all the country around it has spurred. Reference is not made particularly to the suburbs of Salt Lake, such as Murray and Bingham Junction and Sandy, where the great smelters employing thousands of laborers have been erected, but rather to the distinctively agricultural districts. Beet sugar has worked a revolution in the agricultural situation in Utah. Up to the time of the discovery that our irrigated soil was the ideal home for the sugar beet, our two staple, reliable crops were alfalfa and potatoes. But what has happened here in the last few years? Farmers have found that five acres of sugar beets will yield as much profit as fifty acres of potatoes or alfalfa; and that it will employ the younger element of the farmer's household at the very season when it is not in school. This beet culture has taken hundreds and thousands of acres that were formerly in alfalfa and potatoes. In turn this has raised the price of hay and potatoes, since it is no longer possible to fill the home demand for these products. The large profits, in turn, have increased the value of the farmer's land, since the amount of arable soil in the mountain states is absolutely limited. So that while city real estate has been steadily advancing, the country land has also been going up; and both have absolutely solid foundations on which to stand.

The manufacturer will point you to the many warehouses and factories that have sprung up in Salt Lake during 1903. The religious worker will dwell with fervor on the new churches that have been constructed, and the new Y. M. C. A. building, which has been started. The club-man will expatiate upon the magnificent new buildings when lounging rooms, billiard rooms, gymnasia and rich dining rooms catch his fancy. The contractors tell you of the hundreds of structures, some costing close to a million, which have been erected here the past year. The educator looks fondly on the great Eighteenth ward schoolhouse, largest and finest of the city's many superb schoolhouses. The railroad man has his story of the new passenger depots ordered for the Short Line and Rio Grande systems, and the engineer has much to say of the expansion of the city in new pavement, sewers, underground conduits and sidewalks. But the modest man of the town, the real estate agent, calmly takes off his hat, points to them all and exclaims, "Gentlemen, these are mine—all, all my handiwork."

In the strict and literal sense it is possibly true that the real estate agent is not a creator of anything—that he is simply an intermediary, a go-between. He is Mercury, the winged messenger, who rises between the other elements of the city's business. It cannot be denied, in view of this vocation, that he is inclined to "soar." His imagination is not neglected; and his enthusiasm is like unto the yeast that raises the staff of life. But with all his shortcomings, whatever they may be, the real estate agent is, always, a "booster." He never pulls down. He is always ready to boost everything that conduces to the advancement of the city. And when there is nothing to boost, the real estate man folds his tent and lies away. In Salt Lake he is a prominent and persistent element of the business community, because there is that here to employ his talent and his energy. It is a growing town and therefore needs the individual who is a booster. This brings this article to its last chapter, which is the Salt Lake Real Estate association. It is a lamentable fact that for a decade or so this city has had no commercial body to represent its business interests. It was a go-as-you-please, even-bodily-for-himself-and-the-devil-take-the-hindmost sort of existence. And in spite of the fact that there was no unity or concerted action, Salt Lake progressed. It had so many resources that it could progress in spite of every obstacle. Finally, however, the time came when broad-minded and keen business men saw that the individual was the gainer by working with his fellow business men; that there was much to be gained and nothing to lose by organizing a Commercial club. In other places and by better pens the story of the rise of the Commercial club of Salt Lake City will be told. It has been fortunate in having public spirited and enterprising and indomitable officers; in having a tactful, polished, wide-awake managing secretary. It is to Fisher Harris, the clever, assiduous manager of the Commercial club that the Salt Lake Real Estate association owes its existence. He saw that there was as much need and as much opportunity for concerted, harmonious work in the real estate fraternity of Salt Lake, as there was in the Commercial club. A call was made by him (offering the courtesy of the Commercial club in printing about the organization) for a gathering of the real estate men. It had been a long time since anything like a body of real estate men had come together in Zion. Preachers, bartenders, doctors, undertakers, college graduates, store clerks, newspaper reporters and pretty much every other kind, condition and color of men had an organization in Salt Lake, but the dealers in dirt had none. In the beginning it was said that you couldn't get the real estate men to unite. The agent was a creature who couldn't be tied down by common interest or anything else. A sort of popular sentiment had grown up that he was a stormy petrel that would fray and shun peace. But evidently those who thought so had not read him aright. With scarcely an exception the real estate men came together and organized the Salt Lake Real Estate association. This body is working along similar lines to those that obtain in the Commercial club, but with the distinctive aim of keeping healthy conditions in the real estate market. It has succeeded in the few months of its existence in accomplishing much good, not only for its own members but for its clients. As a single example of its work, it may be said that it has weeded out of the community a class of tenants who professionally worked landowners for free rent by refusing to pay and moving only when forced. It has adopted a uniform scale of commission so that the public may understand just what charges any service commands. The association has for an executive board five governors who meet at call; while the membership at large gathers each alternative Wednesday at the Commercial club, where, during the noonday lunch, the incidents and movements in the market are discussed. It encourages its members to methods and without losing its members down by a multitude of strings. It exercises a general supervision of the real estate fraternity. For its slogan it adopted at the outset:

"Salt Lake, population 100,000, 1903."

There is danger, however, that this motto will have to be amended by adding several thousands to it before the year 1905 arrives. GLEN MILLER.



MEMBERS OF THE SALT LAKE REAL ESTATE ASSOCIATION.