

# The Alien Colonies of Cosmopolitan Salt Lake

FIFTY years ago the old pioneer square in western Salt Lake was the center of the city's population, and away to the north and west were many of the adobe houses that were then the vogue. In those days Salt Lake hoped to become a thriving village or maybe a respectable town.

Today Salt Lake is unmistakably a city with her car marks of village days almost all hidden away. Testifying to the growth there are some of the old adobe houses that will survive as shanties, with more pretentious city homes built in their fronts by the children of the first builders.

But almost unconsciously another important condition is beginning to arise in Salt Lake. One of the first foreigners have come. The city is beginning to have its "quarters." This is decidedly a new condition, and as yet the people hardly know it outside of a few sections where the various nations are establishing their colonies and taking possession of one house after another.

## SOME LEADERS.

All colonizing centers in groups of leaders or in single individuals. Ask Chin-Chin, ancient mayor of Chinatown about his people and he will tell you all about every son and daughter of the Flowery Kingdom. However, come into Utah to make a home. And then down South Temple street to First West you run across E. D. Hashimoto and his general merchandise store. What he doesn't know about the Japanese is very little and Mr. Senow, a polished Japanese gentleman with a degree from Leland Stanford Junior university, can tell you a little. Senow and Hashimoto divide honors as Japanese leaders, a good deal as do Nicholas Stathakos and Leon Skirlis among the Greeks. Senow and Stathakos belong distinctly of the class where breeding counts, and gentlemen value ethics and standards, and talk of love for the fatherland and loyalty to the adopted country, and solicit funds to build churches and club rooms. Or the other hand Skirlis and Hashimoto deal with their people on the commission basis, and take their cent per cent for each service rendered in procuring them employment, or attending to their business affairs with other people.

Among the Chinese Mayor Chin would rank in the class of the commercial class, certainly, for the tales of his leadership have all to do with favored gambling houses from which the hand of the police is mysteriously withheld, and of persecuted gamblers who have aspired against his leadership, and of customs officials who have been many times outwitted in their attempts to keep him out of America and get him out again after once getting in.

## GREEKS ARE DIFFERENT.

Salt Lake has long been familiar with its little Chinatown, and all foreign settlements have come to be thought of as places where a dozen families live in a house, and fifth and squalor stand as emblematic of the civilization. Not so is it, however, among the Greeks. Mr. Stathakos takes you to an elaborately furnished home to talk to you, and then asks you to join him for a cigar in one of the Greek coffee houses. It is in the rather city looking region near the Rio Grande depot but the entrance in a long arcade parked with potted palms, with cement floor and cement plastered walls beautifully tinted. Well built furniture inside, with plants growing at attractive intervals, and a little stage at one end suggest all the comforts of a well organized club house, with nothing in the way of gaudy pictures of uncleanness to offend.

## ARE NOT LAWBREAKERS.

Stathakos takes advantage of your slight surprise to tell you a much cherished bit of information about his more than thirty Greek friends. "Just you put in your paper," he says, "that we bear much blame that is not for us. When you hear of a Greek striker who does violence, or a Greek holdup, or a Greek brawl, you just put it down that he is not a Greek, and find out what he is, for you make many mistakes about this. I do not wish to say anything bad of any nation, but you must remember there are many Austrians here and many Italians, and you ought not to place on our heads all the bad things you have to say of all foreigners, but let each class bear its own. I know whom I speak for. If I chose I could come to your offices almost every day to correct you for saying this or that man who is arrested is a Greek, when he cannot speak a word of Greek."

And then suddenly you find out the kind of man he is, for a laborer rushes up all smiles and bows to thank him for some service rendered, and slips a little envelope into his hand to express his appreciation. There is a slight frown in his poetic, deeply seeing eyes, as he hands it back and bids him remember that he is not leaving tribute on their hard earned cash for the little services he performs.

The Greek goes away abashed and confused, for he has been mistaken for the kind of a man, any more than his American brothers who ask for favors.

## THE GREEK CHURCH.

Then Stathakos goes to another subject very dear to his heart. It is the Greek church and he swells with pride in pointing out that of all the foreign colonies, his is the only one here to have a church, a priest, and an organized religion, and a \$44,000 building, entirely paid for out of voluntary contributions from the Greek laborers in the smelters and on the railroads.

From Second to Sixth west streets and from Second South to Sixth South is the Greek quarter. There are 1,000 Greeks in the neighborhood and most of them live in comfortable homes. They have one rather ambitious commercial concern—the Olympia Candy company on Main street, and 12 grocery stores, 10 saloons, six bakeries, the candy houses, 30 shoe shine shops, six coffee houses and 15 restaurants.

The interviewer made one serious mistake in interviewing Stathakos. It was to ask about the Greek colony setting in the vicinity of the Oregon Short Line viaduct on North Temple street. He was informed with rapid suddenness that this colony is not Greek at all but one of the other nationalities for which the Greeks must stand responsible in the popular conception.

"All the Greeks here almost," he said, "live near our church and this



NICHOLAS P. STATHAKOS.

neighborhood. We have the Canaris society, which sends funds to help build the Greek navy, and the Panhellenic Philanthropic society, which sent \$2,000 to the general San Francisco Relief fund, and helps all it can to benefit the Greek settlements and all others they may see an opportunity to help regarding nationality. And then this peculiar spirit among the Greeks is about to manifest itself in another way. Next week the first issue of the "Greek" is to come from the press. There is an editor and a printing press already in evidence, and all the community is acquiring to their community life.

## 4,000 GREEKS IN UTAH.

It was only five years ago that the first Greeks set foot in Utah and this party consisted of a laboring gang of 50 men, employed on the Union Pacific railroad. After that came other groups to labor in the smelters, and on the railroads. There are now 4,000 in the state and 2,500 in Idaho. Their wages run from \$1.50 to \$2.25 per day, and it is a boast of Stathakos that the Greek is capable of becoming a skilled mechanic and filling responsible positions. At Murray there are 300 of them; at Bingham Junction 500; at Garfield 500 more in Bingham canyon 800, and at Castle Gate and Sunnyside, 300.

## COLONY TWO YEARS OLD.

The formation of a definite Greek colony here began on Jan. 22, 1905, when Stathakos called his people together and started a movement to incorporate their organization. On April 22 of that year a request for a Greek priest was granted and Paterios Libopoulos arrived here. On July 20 the cornerstone for the Greek church was laid, and by the end of the year it was completed. Since then every debt has been cleared from it, and it stands now as a monument to their community loyalty and co-operation.

## 155 NATURALIZED CITIZENS.

The incorporated Greek community has a full set of officers. Stathakos is of course president, while Leon Skirlis is vice president, John Demaris secretary and George Christophos is treasurer. In the bootblack stands you will see something of the national feeling characterizing this colony as distinct from others, for there will be canaries singing, and big prints of the Greek navy in frames on the wall, with perhaps others of the stadium where the Olympic games are played, and a portrait of the king. One hundred and sixty-five of the 4,000 Greeks here are naturalized American citizens, and Stathakos declares that as they reside here long enough to become naturalized they will follow in this course, for it is their intention to settle down and become part of the country, rather than to be transients, planning an old age of comfort in the fatherland.

This would indicate that in its frontier and semi-frontier days, Utah is to have the opportunity to assimilate people from the Mediterranean country just as the pilgrim fathers had the opportunity to assimilate people from Germany and northern Europe in the days when New York was New Amsterdam, and the American nation was taking on its first individualistic tone.

## SALT LAKE HAS ABOUT TWO HUNDRED CHINAMEN

There are about two hundred Chinese, men, women and children, in Salt

Large Population Comprising 4,000 Greeks and as Many Austrians, Italians, Japs and Chinese Which Makes the City Its Headquarters—But Few Have a Voice in the Conducting of Municipal Affairs, and the Majority are Law Abiding People—A Peep Behind The Scenes in Chinatown—Some of the Leaders of the Foreigners.



MAYOR CHIN CHIN AND FAMILY.

Here is a recent photograph of Chin Quan Chan, better known as Chin Chin, the mayor of Salt Lake's Chinatown, and his family. Undoubtedly this family of Celestials is the most interesting one in Salt Lake today. Reading from left to right they are: Chin Chin, baby Wing, Achee, the bright little boy, Ah Hing and Mrs. Chin. It will be noticed that Chin Chin and the boy, Achee, are dressed according to the American idea, while Mrs. Chin, the boy on her right and the baby

girl sitting on Chin's knee, are attired in their rich oriental garments.

Lake City today, and they cause less trouble, less crime and less commotion than any other race of people in the city.

Salt Lake's Chinatown is not large. It is true, but it is most interesting, nevertheless. The local Chinese colony is huddled together on Commercial street, Commercial alley and on Plum Alley, the latter being the Main street of Chinatown. Scattered about the city to the Chinese taste, are sold, while on State and Commercial streets are the restaurants and noodle houses.

"How do they live?" "The question has been asked frequently, and is easily answered. The poorer classes live literally by the sweat of the brow. They toil in gardens from before daylight until after dark, practically every day in the year, and in laundries they work day and night, minding their own business and saving their hard earned money. The balance keep restaurants, noodle houses and stores. The latter are in the majority and they seem to be prosperous.

## THEIR VICES.

The only noticeable vices among the Chinese of Salt Lake are gambling and opium smoking. They are never troubled by the police for either, because poker and fan tan and opium smoking seem to be a sort of second nature to the Mongolian. Robbery, larceny, housebreaking and kindred crimes are unknown among them and when, occasionally, an arrest is made, it is because some daring Celestial has been caught selling opium, to white people or "keeping a hop joint."

The leading Chinese of Salt Lake maintain comfortable homes and live with their wives and children. They are apparently contented and happy and live in the enjoyment of luxuries peculiar to themselves. The women and children are not often seen on the streets but they have their social gatherings and manage to get as much pleasure out of life as do the men.

## CHINATOWN'S MAYOR.

Let us take a walk down Plum alley, enter a narrow doorway, climb a dark, winding stairway and cross the threshold of the abode of Chin Chin, the mayor of Salt Lake's Chinatown. Ushered into a room looking out onto Plum alley, the visitors find themselves in the presence of a happy family seated under the cooling breeze of an up-to-date electric fan. Mumbling something in the Chinese language Chin Chin slips into a back room for cigars while Mrs. Chin, the mayor's wife, and those who count him their friend consider themselves fortunate.

The store keepers seem to be the most prosperous among the Chinese of this city. Chin Chin is a controlling interest in the largest store in Chinatown. The institution carries a large stock of dry goods, dishes, spices and notions, and is generously patronized. Next to the store is a garden, and next to the garden is a laundry, and next to the laundry is a laundry. Of the latter there are only about 10 in Salt Lake at the present time.

## GAMBLING AND OPIUM.

As to gambling and opium smoking: Both are indulged in to a great extent. The Mongolians play poker and fan-tan. The former game is well known to Americans, but the latter is a mystery to all but the Chinese. They are never

perfectly willing to "make friends."

## LITERARY CHINESE WOMEN.

There were present Mrs. Chung Gung, wife of a restaurant keeper and prominent Chinaman, and her baby girl. Mrs. Chung Gung speaks excellent English and is well educated. Seated near her was Mrs. Chin Willie, wife of the local United States interpreter. She also speaks good English and both women are regarded as beautiful by the Chinese. Mrs. Chung Gung came here from San Francisco shortly before the fire. She was born in California and modestly stated that she had "written a little for California magazines."

## COMING INTO HIS OWN.

Chin Chin is undoubtedly the most influential Chinaman in Salt Lake today. Several years ago he was the absolute leader, but evil times came to him and for a time he lost his prestige but he has now come into his own again. About four years ago Chin Chin went back to China to visit his relatives. His first wife having died, he married the woman shown in the cut. He thought he had made all necessary arrangements to insure his safe return to Salt Lake, but was stopped by the United States officers and had a long, hard fight to get back to Salt Lake. Upon his arrival here another attempt was made to deport him, but Chin secured the services of Judge C. B. Diehl and Atty. Little to defend him. After a hard fought legal battle Chin was declared eligible to remain here with his family. During this trouble Chin's enemies tried to depose him but were unsuccessful.

## KEEPER OF JOSS HOUSE.

Another Mongolian who commands respect among his fellows is Ah Woo, proprietor of a general merchandise store on Commercial street, at the head of Plum Alley. In this building is located the Joss house where is kept the god of war, the god of peace, and where incense is burned to keep away the evil spirits.

## DR. CHIN'S DOMICILE.

Down on Commercial street can be found Dr. Chin and his family of a wife and six or seven children. Four of the children attend the public schools and speak English fluently. Dr. Chin has a store and also conducts a noodle house. He has a large following among the local Chinese and those who count him their friend consider themselves fortunate.

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"colony," complete in every detail and becoming more thickly populated each succeeding week. Thousands of the coffee colored Lilliputs are employed in and around Salt Lake. As their numbers increased the demand and need for supply stores became greater.

In due time an enterprising Japanese merchant rented a place on Richards street and opened up his stock. He was followed by others; grocers; clothiers; haberdashers; and merchants and dealers of all kinds.

There is a decided surprise in store for the Salt barker who takes a stroll down through Richards street for the first time in several years. Where the grain store used to be now stands a "pool room" owned, managed and patronized by sons of Nippon. Little brown men laugh and squabble over their game of billiards and pool just like white men; they are watched by younger specimens of the race that someone is trying to "sick" onto Uncle Sam.

## PATTERNED AFTER AMERICA.

In a window of one of the general stores along the street one's attention is attracted by magazines bound and illustrated like the American "ten center" but printed throughout in the Japanese language. The clothiers label each of their garments, exhibited for sale with price tags and advertisements just as the American merchant does. Everything in the colony is patterned after the American. In one of the stores an American phonograph ground out a doleful Japanese song. A Japanese restaurant had regular American-style bills-of-fare scattered on its tables. American cigars were for purchasing by customers but the quality and flavor were discussed in the Japanese language.

## COMFORTABLE AND CLEAN.

The Japanese home is clean and usually very comfortable, cozy-neatness is a trait the Japanese possess. Down on west Second South is an old shack of a building that at one time was the headquarters for the "Future Men Club." The members of the "Future Men Club" have become men and deserted the building years ago. Then a horse collar maker converted the structure into a factory. Now it is a Japanese boarding and lodging house. A large number of the little laborers are housed there and it is an interesting point that little or no noise is even heard in the building. The sign "The Future Men Club" still stands out black in the red brick.

## THEY ARE DANDIES.

Another "Japanese" hotel, furnishing board and lodging for 50 Japanese was formerly an American boarding house. It is located on Pierpont and West Temple street. In the evening the little brown men who work at hard labor during the day can be seen sitting out beneath the trees and around the lawn, all dressed in apparently brand new suits, fit to a nicety, soft shirts, collars and ties and nicely shined shoes. When ready for an evening call the son of Nippon is four feet two of "simon pure dandy." He wears all that is new and up-to-date among the well dressed Americans. Gloves, patent leather shoes—whatever is best is none too good for him.

## ONE THOUSAND BROWN MEN.

There are perhaps 1,000 Japanese laborers in this region. The railroads employ the greatest number as section hands. While small, they are strong, agile and quick to learn, making them excellent laborers. Sugar beet cultivation is an occupation they are beginning to adopt as a means of obtaining the American dollar. Every season sees hundreds of new sugar-beet districts of Idaho and Utah. The local contractors and big construction

companies are employing the Japs as laborers in preference to other foreigners. The prevalent scarcity of white workmen makes the employment of foreign labor necessary. Contractors and others then turn to the little Japs. They are paid from \$1 to \$2 per day, and in most instances this money was sent to the widow. A person watching them hammer and shovel and dig, sees these are things in which they are not yet Americanized.

## ACME OF RICHES.

A few find employment as chefs in the homes of Salt Lake's well-to-do, but the majority of those who come here expect to get rich by the sweat of their brow and the callous of their hands. Some time ago a Japanese man was killed in this city. He had a few hundred dollars saved up, and this money was sent to the widow. Her brother said the money would keep her and her children all through life. When a few hundred dollars have been saved, Mr. Jap scurries back to the land of the pink skin and settles down to a life of luxury.

## HASHIMOTO THEIR LEADER.

Each colony of foreigners in an American city has its leader, sometimes selected officially, and other times a leader because of his superior intelligence or acquaintance with the white folks, or something similar. The leader of the Japanese in this city are Senow and Hashimoto. It is to them the Japanese look for advice and in time of trouble, aid. The brown men, as a whole, are quiet and law abiding. Salt Lake hears but little from the sons of Nippon; so quiet are they that a whole colony and several sub-colonies have grown up without the majority of Salt Lake's knowing it.

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## STORY TOLD BY JAMES J. HILL.

"There are still a few honest men left in the world," said J. J. Hill, the financier, a banker, a politician, a well-to-do, but we should not suspect everybody. If we are too suspicious we make ourselves absurd.

"I worked in St. Paul in my youth, and they still tell there about an old farmer and his wife who started for St. Paul on a visit.

"Before the couple set off they were cautioned frequently by their friends to beware of the St. Paul sharpers. They replied that they would keep their eyes open. And they started on their journey with a nervous determination to look out for sharpers and confidence men.

"Well, on the way the old farmer got off at a junction to buy some lunch, and the train went off without him. It was a terrible mishap. The last he saw of his wife she was crying out of the window shouting something reproachful at him which he couldn't hear on account of the noise of the train.

"It happened that an express train came along a few minutes later. The old farmer boarded the express train and beat his wife to St. Paul by nearly an hour.

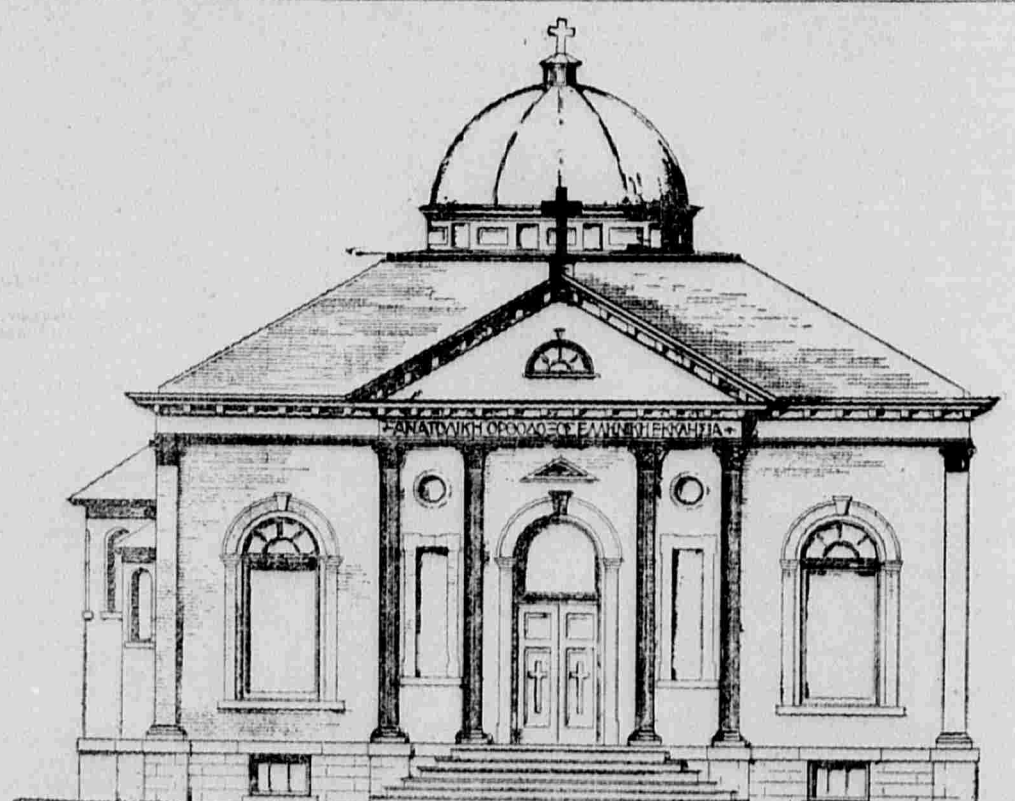
"He was waiting for her at the station when she arrived. He ran up to her and seized the valise.

"Well, Jane," he said, "I'm glad to see you again. I thought we were separated for good."

"No, ye don't, Mr. Sharper," she cried. "I left my husband at the junction. Don't be comin' any of yer confidence tricks on me or I'll call a policeman." "Drivers' Journal.

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