SAN FRANCISCO AND THEREABOUT

CHARLES KEELER

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM KEITH, OWNED BY THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE DISCOVERY OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

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By CHARLES KEELER

SAN FRANCISCO
THE CALIFORNIA PROMOTION COMMITTEE
1 9 0 2

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PREFACE

THERE is a real need at the present day of a book on San Francisco which shall be simple and direct, giving a brief history of the city's romantic past and a just description of its present life, with the picturesque setting of bay and hills. It is needed not merely to introduce people at a distance to the American metropolis of the Pacific, but also that the younger generation of native sons and daughters may not forget the exciting scenes which have been enacted here, and that they may be reminded of the enlarged life in which they are called to participate. In undertaking these brief essays I have tried to give a true picture of the city so far as the limited scope of the book permitted.

In writing the historical chapters, condensed to a few telling episodes of the stirring life of a century and a quarter, I have consulted the voluminous Annals of San Francisco by Soulé, Gihon and Nisbet, Theodore H. Hittell's History of California, John S. Hittell's History of San Francisco, Lights and Shades in San Francisco by B. E. Lloyd, Bayard Taylor's El Dorado, Dana's Two Years Before the Mast, and many other books and pamphlets. The descriptive chapters are chiefly the result of personal observation during the past fifteen years, supplemented by such pamphlets as the Reports of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco and other papers and articles bearing on the subjects discussed. If this little book succeeds in stimulating a few residents to read more deeply of the city's past, and to continue with increasing zeal the work of its future upbuilding, or if it awakens in some of our Eastern friends the migratory impulse which impels them to follow Horace Greeley's advice to go West, it will have accomplished its mission.

C. K.

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THE PADRES OF SAINT FRANCIS

IN these days of steam and electricity, when news is thrilling back and forth over the wire nerves of the land, and trains are coursing like arterial blood from shore to shore, it is hard to realize that in the memorable year of 1776, while our own ancestors were making the immortal declaration which gave birth to the American nation, the Spanish padres, knowing nothing of the momentous conflict across the land, fraught with such deep meaning both for America and Spain, were establishing the humble mission of San Francisco for the conversion of a few Indian souls. To understand the motives which inspired the little band of zealots in wandering thus to the outer rim of the western world, and to learn their means of establishing themselves there, a swift backward glance is necessary.

During those far away times when Protestant Elizabeth jealously watched the doings of Catholic Philip, a lonely galleon sailed once a year across the waste of the Pacific from the Philippine Islands to the Mexican port of Acapulco. It was laden with spice and the treasure of the Orient destined for Seville. English buccaneers lurked in the bays of the west coast of the Americas waiting to plunder the treasure ship, or, failing in capturing this prize, to loot the Spanish towns of Central and South America. Foremost of these daring pirates was Francis Drake, who followed up the coast of North America and passed San Francisco Harbor without discovering it. It was in the year 1579 that he landed in the bay which today bears his name and took possession of the territory,

calling it New Albion, and holding there, before a wondering band of Indians, the first Protestant service on the Pacific shore. A stone cross has recently been erected in Golden Gate Park to commemorate this event.

Even before this time, California had been named and its coast superficially inspected by the Spaniards. Cortez and the explorers in his service had sailed about the end of Lower California, which they supposed to be an island. They had read the popular romance, Amadis de Guala, wherein is described a fabulous race of Amazons, decked in armor and precious gems, who lived on an island to the right of the Indies, and half hoping no doubt to prove the fiction real, had called their discovery after the mythical land of the Amazons, California.* Barren and unpromising the region proved to be. Cabrillo in 1542 sailed along the coast and in 1603 Vizcaino explored it, mapping the bays of San Diego and Monterey, but adding little else of value to the knowledge of the region. He noted, however, that as he proceeded northward, the country became greener and more inviting in appearance.

Not until the year 1768 was there any serious thought of settling the region which today is known as California. Baja or Lower California was occupied by Jesuits until the hostility of the government drove them from the land. Their missions were taken by the Dominicans and the way was at last open for the Franciscans to undertake the settlement of the practically unknown wilderness of Alta or Upper California. Junípero Serra, a fervid enthusiast, was chosen as leader of the movement, and he lost no time in setting out, with three little vessels and two land parties, for San Diego, where he proposed to locate the first of the new establishments. According to the plan of the governor-general, Galvez, three missions

*An attempt has been made to find the derivation of California in two Spanish words, *caliente fornalla,* a hot furnace, but this origin is generally discredited.

were to be founded, at San Diego, Monterey and at a point midway between the two, to be called San Buenaventura. When the devoted Junípero Serra heard this, he asked if Saint Francis, the founder of their order, was to have no mission dedicated to him. Galvez answered discreetly that if Saint Francis wished a mission he could show them the port where it was to be located.

Shortly after reaching San Diego, despite the exhausted condition of many of the party, despite the numerous deaths from scurvey of those who had come by sea, and the loss of one ship with all on board, despite the hostility of the Indians and the uncertainty of the way, a detachment was sent forward to find the bay of Monterey, known only from the rude chart of Vizcaino, and to locate there the second mission. It was this party that missed their objective point and discovered instead one of the world's most wonderful harbors, a hundred miles and more beyond.

The party, commanded by Governor Portalá, included Captain Moncade, Lieutenant Fages, Engineer Costanso, Sergeant Ortega and two priests, Padre Crespi and Padre Gomez, together with thirty-five soldiers, a number of muleteers and some Mission Indians from Baja California. Can we not conjure up a picture of them as they climbed the sage-brush mountains, forded the rivers and looked on the beauty of the live-oak glades, or penetrated the mysterious solitudes of the redwood forests? There were the two friars in their coarse gray cowled robes, Governor Portalá and his officers in gay costumes, with short velvet jackets and wide slashed breeches trimmed with gold lace, bright sashes and plumed hats; the soldiers with loose leather coats hanging to their knees, and leather breeches; the muleteers in serapes and sombreros, and the scantily clad Indian followers. Afflicted with scurvey, many of the party had to be carried on litters by their able-bodied fellows. Still they pressed on, they knew not why nor whither. On November

first, discouraged and exhausted, they climbed the heights near the ocean and saw the wide coast bight formed by Point Reyes to the northward and sheltered by the Farallones de los Freyres, a group of rocky islets off shore. Most of the party were satisfied that they had overshot their mark, but as some uncertainty still existed, Sergeant Ortega was sent forward with a party to explore. Some of the soldiers left behind in camp went hunting in the hills to the eastward, and on returning told their companions of a great arm of the ocean which they had seen to the north of them. When the explorers came back they reported that Indians, met on the way, told them of a harbor two days' journey ahead, where a ship lay at anchor. With renewed hopes of finding Monterey, Portalá pressed forward with his flagging band. After traveling well to the north he climbed the hills in an easterly direction and from their crest looked down upon the splendid reaches of San Francisco Bay. What thought he as he scanned that vision of land-locked tide—of misty miles of hill-encircled bay with silver bars of sunlight flung across the gray-blue expanse from the cloudy sky? Not of marts and emporiums for the commerce of the world was his vision, but simply of a new site for a mission and a new center for spreading the gospel and maintaining the prestige of the King of Spain.

He found that the report of a ship was false and that in truth he was looking upon a hitherto unknown country. Accordingly, after a few days of further exploration along the hill crests in view of the splendid bay, the party retraced their weary way to San Diego, there to report the failure of the expedition. When Father Serra learned of the discovery of this wonderful bay, he recalled the words of Galvez and was convinced that the explorers had been miraculously led by Saint Francis to the spot where he wished his mission to be established. Some six years intervened before this could be accomplished although the devoted leader never lost sight of it as the objective point in

his work. Meanwhile Monterey was re-discovered and settled, and after it San Antonio, San Gabriel, San Luis Obispo and San Juan Capistrano.

Three years after the first expedition in search of Monterey, Father Serra persuaded Lieutenant Fages to further explore the Bay of San Francisco with a view to locating a mission. A third party continued this work in the fall of 1774, and at Point Lobos on a hill overlooking the Golden Gate and the Seal Rocks, set up a cross to commemorate their work. The next year, when the San Carlos sailed into Monterey Bay with supplies for the mission, it brought the welcome news that orders had been given to send a party of settlers from Mexico to establish the new presidio of San Francisco. Ayala, the commander of the little vessel, had also been instructed to make a survey of the harbor by boat, which he at once proceeded to undertake. On the fifth day of August, 1775, he sailed through the strait and anchored in the bay of San Francisco, the first navigator to penetrate to its majestic waters. He selected an island for his headquarters, naming it in the deliberate Spanish fashion, Nuestra Señora de los Angeles, the same that has since been curtailed and Anglicized into Angel Island. From this rendezvous the bay was explored in small boats as far as the mouth of the Sacramento River.

The first party of emigrants for San Francisco started at about this time from Sinaloa and Sonora in Mexico on the long and weary march over a region without roads. Two hundred strong they set forth—soldiers and settlers with their wives and children, driving herds of cattle before them. At San Gabriel and again at Monterey they had long, vexatious delays. Finally a small advance guard pushed on to their destination and selected the spot now known as Fort Point for the presidio or fort. For a mission they chose a more sheltered valley some two or three miles removed and midway betwixt ocean and bay. Not until June, 1776, did the main party, much depleted in

numbers, finally leave Monterey for San Francisco. Two missionaries, Francisco Palou and Pedro Benito Cambon accompanied them. Under the leadership of Jose Moraga they set forth—a sergeant, two corporals, sixteen soldiers, seven pobladores or settlers, muleteers, vaqueros, servants and Indians, together with their wives and children. Many of them were mounted, while a pack train and a herd of about three hundred cattle were driven before them. Shortly after their departure, the San Carlos sailed with a load of freight for the settlers. Father Serra took leave of the emigrants and bade them God speed, loath to see them go without him.

A ten days' march brought the party to the San Francisco peninsula, where, near the present site of Dolores Mission they set up their tents. Their first task was to erect a rude hut to serve as chapel, where the mass could be celebrated. They then made further inspection of the country, and, ere long, leaving the missionaries with a few soldiers and the cattle, moved out upon the hills flanking the Golden Gate, where they set about building rude temporary dwellings and a chapel which they deemed of more immediate importance than a fort.

When the San Carlos, after much delay by head winds, lagged into port, the presidio was more carefully planned in the usual Spanish style, with a plaza in the center. The carpenters were assisted by the sailors, and ere long the combined force had contrived to build a cluster of low houses of poles coated with mud and roofed with tule thatch. After lending a hand at this enterprise, the willing sailors gave their services to the friars at the mission station, and put up a small church and house adjoining it. Thus was built the first settlement of San Francisco!

On September the seventeenth of this same memorable year, 1776, the first celebration was held, the ceremony of taking formal possession of the presidio for King Charles III. Imagine that picturesque gathering by the Golden Gate! Comandante Moraga

in all the splendor of a Spanish officer's costume; Commander Quiros of the San Carlos, also gaily attired; the tonsured Gray Friars; the soldiers, sailors, settlers and servants, all decked in festal garb! The mission bells were rung; the two clumsy cannon were fired; there were volleys of musketry and singing of hymns. The royal standard floated in the fresh breeze sweeping in from the sea. A cross was reared and a high mass celebrated. Following this came the barbecue with an abundance of joints of roasted steer, tortillas and frijoles seasoned with red peppers, and no doubt some good Spanish wine to wash them down. San Francisco had been founded to extend the dominion of the king of Spain, and the spiritual influence of Saint Francis.

Early in October followed a second celebration to mark the founding of the mission, San Francisco de Assisi. Padre Palou officiated, while the same little band of officers, soldiers, and sailors took part in the solemnity. Work was forthwith commenced on the church, but the task of making Indian converts was beset with unusual difficulties. The Padres must have been reminded of the old receipt for cooking a hare, which runs: First catch your hare, etc.

A fight between two tribes had left the country practically depopulated, the survivors having fled on rafts to the opposite shores of the bay. Later on, when the panic subsided, they returned to harass the missionaries, and open hostilities were only averted by flogging and subsequently by shooting one or two of the recalcitrant natives. In this discouraging fashion the work among the Indians commenced. Nevertheless, one by one they were taken into the fold, until, when some five years later Padre Junípero Serra came up from Monterey, sixty-nine natives were laboring at the mission and ready for confirmation.

The spiritual training of the Indians was of a sort that taxed but little the intellectual powers of these unsophisticated people. Certain rites and ceremonies they soon learned to imitate, coupled with the recita-

THE COMING OF THE ARGONAUTS

RICHARD HENRY DANA, in his classic of California, "Two Years Before the Mast," gives a glimpse of San Francisco at the close of the year 1835. In the course of his narrative he thus describes his first impression of the lonely port:

"About thirty miles from the mouth of the bay,* and on the southeast side, is a high point upon which the presidio is built. Behind this is the harbor in which trading vessels anchor, and near it, the mission of San Francisco, and a newly begun settlement, mostly of Yankee Californians, called Yerba Buena, which promises well. Here, at anchor, and the only vessel, was a brig under Russian colors, from Asitka, in Russian America, which had come down to winter, and to take in a supply of tallow and grain, great quantities of which latter article are raised in the missions at the head of the bay."

This was the San Francisco of 1835—a Spanish presidio on the shore of what was afterwards so prophetically named the Golden Gate, a mission establishment two or three miles away where a few score Indians were employed, and a hamlet known as Yerba Buena, consisting of a handful of Yankee traders, on the rim of the bay! As late as 1846 the place had grown so little that not more than twenty or thirty houses of all descriptions lined the beach. Mud flats,

*In Dana's time the coast line from Point Reyes to Ocean Beach, with the Farallones off shore breaking the full force of the sea, was known as the outer harbor or bay. It is evidently to this he refers, since from the mouth of the Golden Gate to the anchorage is only from five to nine miles.

laid bare at low tide, extended for some distance out from the shore, and the only landing-place for boats was at Clark's Point where rocks jutted out into the water. This was near the present site of Broadway Wharf. A bay reached up into the valley now traversed by Market Street, cutting across the present line of First Street and penetrating as far as the border of Montgomery.

In order to understand the sudden transition of this quiet little Spanish settlement into a lawless frontier town of America, and from that into a great metropolis where the commerce of the Pacific centers, a brief glance at the history of the time is necessary. For years Mexico had been disturbed by revolutionary upheavals. In 1821 these culminated in the recognition by Spain of the independence of the land from which for centuries she had drawn such store of treasure. Three years later a liberal constitution was adopted, making the country a republic.

The republican government was on the whole unfavorable to the church, but for the first ten years no action hostile to the missions of California was taken. A comandante-general acted as governor of the territory, but the chief power was still lodged in the hands of the padres. During the year 1833, however, the Mexican Congress enacted a law providing for the dispersion of the Franciscan fathers of California, and a division of their vast principalities among the settlers and Indians. This so-called order of secularization was not put into immediate execution. Revolutions and rapid changes in Mexican politics delayed it somewhat, but the padres realized that the inevitable was at hand and wasted the mission property in a most reckless fashion. Cattle were slaughtered in vast numbers for their hides, the buildings were neglected, treasure was sent to Mexico and Spain; so that, when the blow fell a few years later, the missions were already stripped of their wealth. Soon the Indians scattered, the padres left the country and the broad fields of the California valleys fell into the hands

of the Mexican ranchers who governed their principalities like the barons of old. These were the days of boundless hospitality, when a man's family was as large as the surrounding population, when every stranger was welcome at the hacienda and became a guest for as long as he chose to stay. Those happy patriarchal times on the ranches of California, how they vanished at the coming of the gringo, the stranger from across the plains!

By the year 1840 a number of Americans had found their way to the remote Mexican territory of California. They had come as trappers and traders and were a hardy, adventurous set of men. That the suspicion and jealousy of the dons was not unfounded, subsequent events soon demonstrated. The Russians had pushed down the coast from their fur-trading posts in Alaska, and were narrowly watched by the Mexicans until, in 1841, they sold their California possessions to a Swiss settler, Captain John A. Sutter. Another element, however, was added to the population by the visits of the American whalers at San Francisco.

So strained had become the relations between the Mexicans and the Americans that about a hundred English-speaking people were arrested at San Francisco on one occasion by order of the governor. They were sent to Monterey as prisoners and subsequently many of them were carried south into Mexico where they remained for varying periods without trial. Such violent efforts to discourage immigration had little effect in staying the tide which had already set in. Fremont, the pathfinder, had crossed the plains and had written glowing accounts of his adventures on mesa and prairie. Farnham, another early comer, described the Mexican territory of California in enthusiastic terms. They told of the wonderful landscape, of the great Sierra forests and the herds of deer, elk and wild horses that made their home on the broad valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. Societies were formed in the East to promote immigration to the new country.

The American flag was first raised at Monterey by Commodore Jones of the sloop-of-war Cyane. Hearing that the United States was at war with Mexico, he put up the stars and stripes and proclaimed the territory American. A day later, becoming convinced of his error, he retracted and apologized to the best of his ability.

When, in April, 1846, the war which had for some years been brewing between the United States and Mexico, finally reached the stage of active hostility, an independent war of conquest had already been waged in California by General John C. Fremont (then a colonel in the American army) in co-operation with Commodore Robert T. Stockton of the navy. Fremont had been sent with a party of army engineers on an exploring expedition, to map new routes from the East to California. In pursuit of this work he arrived near Monterey at a time when relations between the Mexicans and gringos were much strained. General Castro, the comandante of Monterey, suspected ulterior motives, but Fremont went in person to explain the peaceful nature of his mission. Proceeding on his route, he found a band of hostile Indians opposing him and received a report that Castro was planning an attack on his rear. A man of sudden resolution and indomitable will, he decided upon the hazardous plan of declaring war against California with his miniature army of sixty-two men.

Following this alarming move on the part of Fremont came the raising of the Bear Flag at Sonoma. William B. Ide was made commander of the troops there and issued a proclamation calling upon all citizens to rally around his standard. General Castro planned to attack Sonoma, but Fremont, who had left the town feebly garrisoned, hastily returned and held the Mexicans at bay. On July 4, 1846, the assembly of Americans at Sonoma declared their independence, made Fremont governor, and issued a formal declaration of war.

It would carry us too far from the immediate history of San Francisco to describe the numerous complications which followed during the Mexican war,—the work of Commodore Sloat in seizing Monterey, the raising of the American flag in Portsmouth Square by Captain Montgomery, the military operations in the South under Commodore Stockton and Colonel Fremont, when, with a forlorn-hope band, they marched through a hostile country and conquered it, the arrival of General Kearny and subsequent misunderstandings which led to the courtmartial of Fremont. By the treaty of 1848 the country became American territory and the last political obstacle to the emigration of American pioneers was removed.

There is something pathetically tragic about the discovery of gold in California. For centuries, Spanish adventurers had been the advance guard of the world in finding treasure. El Dorado of song and story was ever before them. But in California they had seen no trace of the precious metal. In January of the very year when the land was wrested from Mexico, 1848, the news reached San Francisco which ere long set the whole world into a fever of excitement. James W. Marshall, an employee of Captain Sutter, the Swiss settler, had discovered gold in large quantities amid the sand of the American River, a tributary of the Sacramento. When the report was confirmed by the shipment of considerable quantities of the coveted dust to San Francisco, a wild scramble to the spot ensued. The news spread in all directions like an epidemic, despite the remoteness of the land. Ships carried it to the four corners of the Pacific. From Chili and Peru came dark-eyed mestizos. Whalers and traders brought their quota of Kanakas and Marquesans. It is said that the Hawaiian Islanders were so stirred by the news of gold in California that by the month of November, 1848, twenty-seven vessels had sailed for San Francisco, carrying some six hundred people, while four thousand persons are reported

to have gone from Chili that year to work in the mines of the new Dorado.

Meanwhile word reached the Eastern seaboard of America, and the great westward wave of migration swept across the plains. Stillman says that never since the Crusades was such a movement known. The host, estimated at from twenty-five to forty thousand people, traveled in prairie schooners over that interminable stretch of plain, of desert, and mountain, braving the hardships of hunger and thirst, the perils of predatory Indian tribes, the dangers of the road which beset them from start to finish. Women and children shared with the men the privations of that terrible overland trail. Some were killed by the Indians, some perished of sheer exhaustion, others were storm-bound by the high Sierra snows, and died by inches, resorting to cannibalism in their maddened desperation.

At the same time that this multitude was crossing the plains, ships were fitted out for the long voyage around Cape Horn, and old-fashioned side paddle-wheel steamers were put on the run to carry people by way of Panama. Thus from every State of the Union and from various parts of Europe came adventurous spirits, all expecting to rock the sands of the Sacramento and make their fortunes.

The city of San Francisco grew almost in a day. It was a city of tents and gambling houses—a raw, crude, lawless place with the most cosmopolitan population the world has ever seen. Here if anywhere was a confusion of tongues that would rival Babel. Bayard Taylor, who came by steamer in 1849 as correspondent for a New York paper, thus describes the scene:

"We scrambled up through piles of luggage, and among the crowd collected to witness our arrival, picked out two Mexicans to carry our trunks to a hotel. The barren side of the hill before us was covered with tents and canvas houses, and nearly in front

a large two-story building displayed the sign 'Fremont Family Hotel.'

"As yet we were only in the suburbs of the town. Crossing the shoulder of the hill, the view extended around the curve of the bay, and hundreds of tents and houses appeared, scattered all over the heights, and along the shore for more than a mile. A furious wind was blowing down through a gap in the hills, filling the street with clouds of dust. On every side stood buildings of all kinds, begun or half finished, and the greater part of them mere canvas sheds, open in front, and covered with all kinds of signs, in all languages. Great quantities of goods were piled up in the open air, for want of a place to store them. The streets were full of people hurrying to and fro, and of as diverse and bizarre a character as the houses; Yankees of every possible variety, native Californians in serapes and sombreros, Chilians, Sonorians, Kanakas from Hawaii, Chinese with long tails, Malays armed with their everlasting creeses, and others in whose embrowned and bearded visages it was impossible to recognize any especial nationality. We came at last into the plaza, now dignified by the name of Portsmouth Square. It lies on the slant side of the hill, and from a high pole in front of a long one-story adobe building used as the Custom House, the American flag was flying. On the lower side stood the Parker House, an ordinary frame house of about sixty feet front—and toward its entrance we directed our course."

Bayard Taylor tells of the chaotic state of city streets and of all that goes to the making of a metropolis of canvas and packing boxes. He itemizes some of the rents during that feverish year. The Parker House yielded a hundred and ten thousand dollars annually, at least sixty thousand of which was paid by gamblers who held nearly all the second story. A canvas tent fifteen by twenty-five feet in size, called El Dorado, was leased to gamblers for forty thousand

dollars a year. Provisions and wages were proportionate; extravagance, profligacy and gaming were the order of the day.

The winter of 1849 was the most notable in the history of San Francisco. The rains were unprecedentedly heavy and the miserable streets became impassable bogs. Horses were hopelessly mired and left to die. Kegs, boxes and rubbish of all sorts were thrown into the worst mud-holes to form stepping stones for pedestrians. The tent city was of the most temporary and inadequate description. Men leaving for the mines were obliged to travel by sailboat up the bay and Sacramento River, a tedious journey of days and sometimes weeks. Municipal affairs were in such a state of chaos that at one time there were three town councils in the city.

Out of all this hurly-burly and confusion of the mushroom metropolis, matters were presently reduced to at least a semblance of order. During nine months of this year, two hundred and thirty-three ships arrived from the Atlantic Coast and three hundred and sixteen from Pacific ports. As most of these vessels were deserted by their crews, who all rushed for the mines, the fleet of ships anchored in the harbor made an imposing appearance. A line of steamers was also put on by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company during this year, leaving monthly by way of Panama. Still, the difficulties of crossing the isthmus by row boat and pack train and the dangers of fever there, made many people prefer the longer route around Cape Horn.

During this period of excitement and disorder, an organization of ruffians known as the "Hounds" terrorized the city. They marched through the streets professing to be upholders of the rights of Americans as against the foreigners, and, with this pretext to shield them, attacked and looted tents, chiefly of the Mexicans and Chilians. Emboldened by success, they established headquarters, changed

their name from Hounds to Regulators, paraded the streets with drum, fife and banners by day, and robbed and murdered by night. When, in July, 1849, they had become so fierce and desperate as to terrorize the whole city, a public meeting in Portsmouth Square was called by the Alcalde. Those present formed themselves into a voluntary police force to punish the desperados. Many of the worst offenders were speedily arrested and imprisoned on a ship in the harbor. An impartial jury trial followed which resulted in the conviction of a number of the ringleaders to imprisonment with hard labor for varying terms.

To add to the terrors of this memorable year, a destructive fire swept the town, fanned by a high wind, licking up the flimsy houses of frame and canvas. It was but the first of a series of disasterous conflagrations which leveled the city during its early years. Painted cloth interiors furnished excellent fuel for a big blaze, and once started, the hand engines worked by a host of resolute young fellows, could make little stand against it. During the three years from 1849 to 1851, six fires devastated the city, involving a loss amounting in some cases to several millions, but with wonderful energy and courage the ruined citizens went to work each time to rebuild, improving with every bitter experience, until they learned to put up brick buildings with iron shutters on doors and windows to withstand the fearful ravage of the flames.

That some of these fires were of incendiary origin, no doubt was felt. Despite the suppression of the Hounds, lawlessness grew apace. The rush to the latest gold fields had attracted numbers of fearless criminals from various parts of the world. Australia was a penal colony, and thence in particular came a crowd of villains ready for robbery, murder, arson and all desperate deeds. They frequented the waterfront saloons about Broadway and Pacific Street—a quarter of the city which was known as Sydney Town

—and this region became a veritable hotbed of crime. The police were too corrupt and inefficient to cope with the evil. Judges and juries failed in their duty, and although over a hundred murders had been committed, not a criminal had been executed.

So terrible had the demoralization of society become that desperate measures were necessary to restore order. In this period of stress and peril a band of citizens formed the world-famous Vigilance Committee—an association as they themselves declared "for the maintenance of the peace and good order of society, and the preservation of the lives and property of the citizens of San Francisco." They had been organized but a short time when work was found for them to accomplish. John Jenkins, a member of the gang of Sydney Coves, as the criminals from Australia were termed, entered a waterfront store one evening and carried off a safe. Pursued, he took to a boat. Other boats were close upon his traces when he threw his plunder overboard and submitted to arrest. The safe was recovered, thus establishing the guilt of the prisoner beyond a shadow of doubt. He was taken to the rooms of the Vigilance Committee on Battery Street near Pine. Almost immediately the town was aroused by short sharp double clangs of the Monumental Fire Engine Company's bell. It was the signal for the Vigilantes to assemble. Swiftly they responded. At the door only those who could give the pass-word were admitted. Outside waited the excited crowd, knowing that a dramatic moment in the history of the city was at hand. From ten to twelve o'clock they stood about, when, at the midnight hour, a thrill went through the assembled multitude. The bell of the California Engine House was tolling a death-knell.

It was nearly an hour later when Mr. Brannan, one of the committee, came out and announced to the people that the prisoner had been tried and found guilty. Within another hour the committee, all

armed, marched silently forth from their quarters, guarding the prisoner in their midst. Solemnly they proceeded through those dark streets, followed by the multitude, to the Plaza. A rope was hastily tied about Jenkins' neck and in a trice the other end was tossed over a projecting timber of a low adobe house. The prisoner was speedily hoisted up and the rope, held in the grasp of willing arms, suspended him for some time after he ceased to move. The thousand spectators looked on in silence until the body was lowered when they quietly dispersed to their homes.

The effect of this dramatic episode was electrifying. Most of the sober-minded of the community justified the violation of the law. All but one of the papers sustained the Vigilance Committee. It was the spirit of the people asserting itself against crime, but in defiance of constituted authority.

Other executions followed in rapid succession during 1851. A month later, another notorious criminal, James Stuart, was tried by the committee for a number of offenses, and after receiving the death sentence confessed his crimes and admitted the justice of the punishment. He too had been an Australian convict before coming to San Francisco. Two hours of grace were given him after the passing of judgment, and a minister was left alone with him. The whole committee, four hundred in number, kept the death watch in an adjoining room. Silent, resolute, they waited there. Not a whisper, not a murmur disturbed the awful calm of those two hours. Then the prisoner was brought forth and, closely bound and guarded, was marched to the end of the Market Street Wharf where he was hung up to a derrick.

Two more men were subsequently hanged together from beams out of the windows of the Vigilance Committee rooms, a crowd of six thousand people witnessing the execution. This, with the deportation of many other desperate criminals, ended the work of the first committee and brought a state of tolerable

security to life and property out of the condition of anarchy which had hitherto existed.

In 1856 the disordered state of society called a second time for strenuous measures and the Vigilance Committee was revived. Politics were at this period shockingly corrupt, and professional ballot box stuffers plied their vocation with impunity. A champion of the people and of order arose in the person of James King, the popular editor of the Bulletin. When, one day, the Bulletin made a statement, undoubtedly true, that a certain office-holder named Casey had served a term in Sing Sing Prison, the individual cited attempted to clear his reputation by a personal attack on the editor. He therefore shot and fatally wounded King, who died in a few days. Again the Vigilance Committee formed, larger, stronger and better organized than before. They went to work in the same cool determined way to mete out justice and restore order. The execution, after due trial, of Casey and another desperate criminal, Cora, followed. Dangerous and disagreeable as was the work of the committee, they did not flinch in their attempt to supplant the law with a more just and effective tribunal. The spectacle of an organized body of the most respected citizens, formed to act in defiance of law for the establishment of order in the community, has no parallel in history. They assumed full responsibility for their actions, their names were published with their sanction, and they incurred heavy personal expense and the danger of violent retaliation both from the desperate men whom they punished and the law which they defied.

The second Vigilance Committee ended its work amid great enthusiasm on August the eighteenth, 1856. The city was crowded with sightseers from the surrounding country. Flags and bunting brightened the streets. So strong had the organization become that over five thousand armed men passed the reviewing stand of the Executive Committee, including infantry, cavalry and artillery, all equipped for action.

After the parade the Vigilance Committee disbanded, having done its work so thoroughly that a different moral tone pervaded the community.

During this period, and in fact ever since 1852, when the gold output of California culminated in eighty-five million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, a period of great depression occurred in San Francisco. Although over seventy-four million dollars' worth of gold were obtained in 1853 people became alarmed at the decline. Miners began to economize, trade fell off, the tide of immigration ceased and after a year or two even turned the other way. Business houses failed; Meiggs, the financier and promoter of North Beach, became a defaulter for immense sums and made his dramatic flight to Tahiti and South America. The whole situation in San Francisco looked blue enough. It was not until the Bonanza days of the Civil War that a revival of prosperity came to the city.

Thus toiled the Argonauts for the golden fleece of El Dorado, and thus out of chaos and the strenuous life of the frontier grew modern San Francisco.

THE RAILROAD AND BONANZA KINGS

AFTER the decline in gold production in 1853, San Francisco passed through a period of comparative quiet and readjustment. In spite of the fact that for a number of years the annual gold output continued above fifty million dollars, public confidence in the boundless nature of the supply declined. Dull times fell upon San Francisco until the exciting days of the Civil War, when union or secession became a burning issue. The State decided with the North and showed its loyalty by subscribing for some time to the Sanitary Commission twenty-five thousand dollars a month, half the sum contributed by the entire country. This from a city of a hundred and ten thousand people astonished the whole nation.

During the stirring times before the war, the eagerness to receive news and to communicate with far-away friends became so great that the pony express was started. Hardy riders carried the mail-bags on fast broncos all the long and dangerous way from Sacramento to St. Joseph, Missouri, the western terminus of the railroad. The distance was covered in the surprisingly short interval of ten and a half days, making the time from San Francisco to New York only thirteen days.

Still the people of California realized the necessity for closer relations with their kinsmen across the Rocky Mountains, and a railroad was the issue of the day. Congress, appreciating the strategic importance of a transcontinental system, listened to the demands of California and passed a bill for the construction

of the road. In 1863 work on what seemed an almost hopeless undertaking was commenced at Sacramento. A small company of men who had been successful in business enterprises in Sacramento, notably Leland Stanford, C. P. Huntington, Mark Hopkins, Charles Crocker and E. B. Crocker, secured enormous concessions from the Government both in land and money, for building the Central Pacific Road, while another company received similar grants for constructing the Union Pacific Road, starting at the eastern end of the line. The dramatic race across the continent in the construction of these roads, each of which was to have all the line it had laid up to the point of meeting, ended on the desert near the Great Salt Lake, where, with due ceremony, in May, 1863, Leland Stanford drove the last spike in the line which united California with the East.

It was indeed an auspicious time for California, but San Francisco was disappointed with the result. The directors of the road lived, during the first few years, at Sacramento. An effort, the second in the history of the city, was made by people interested in Benicia, to make that place a rival of San Francisco, and to have the overland terminus there. Furthermore, the intention of the Central Pacific directors to make Goat Island their approach to San Francisco, connecting it by ferry with the city, was so hotly contested that the permission of Congress was withheld. Instead of the expected boom upon the completion of the road, San Francisco suffered a most disastrous panic.

After the decline of gold in California, speculative interest in the precious metals was revived by the discovery in Nevada of vast deposits of silver. As these mines were largely owned and controlled in San Francisco, the market in silver stocks became a gambling enterprise on a vast scale. Fortunes were made and lost in a day and the prosperity of San Francisco was dependent upon the reports of the out-

look in Virginia City. In 1862 the Comstock Lode produced six million dollars in silver. Speculation in the mines of this region was so great that, in the following year, stocks of one company sold at six thousand three hundred dollars a share. Of course a panic ensued, although the yield of the Nevada mines in 1864 reached sixteen million dollars.

Ten years later all this fever of speculation was eclipsed by the vast yield of the Comstock Lode. Fabulous sums were taken from the Consolidated Virginia and the Gold Hill Bonanzas. In less than four years the Belcher and Crown Point mines had produced forty million dollars. Then came the Consolidated Virginia, paying monthly dividends of three thousand dollars. So wild was the excitement that the combined value of the Comstock shares is said to have increased during two months at the rate of a million dollars a day.

This was the time when the bonanza kings reaped their harvest. The most spectacular of the fortunes made thus were amassed by two San Franciscans, J. C. Flood and W. S. O'Brien. They began investing in a small way as early as 1862 in the Kentuck mine, but it was not until some years later, when associated with two practical miners of Virginia City, J. W. Mackey and J. G. Fair, that their operations became so large as to attract public attention. At the time they secured possession of the Consolidated Virginia, its shares had a mere nominal value, since it had yielded no returns and showed little prospect of so doing. Luck was with them in the venture, and when a fabulously rich vein was unearthed the stock rose so that the four men found themselves possessed of princely fortunes.

Happily for California the day is over when her prosperity is dependent upon lucky mining strikes. The mineral output of the State for 1900 was over thirty-two million dollars, no inconsiderable sum even in comparison with the great yields of the past, but

today the State relies upon such a diversity of products that the vicissitudes of mining cannot shake her. In 1900 the value of the cured fruit crop was eleven million dollars, only four million less than the gold output for the same year, and this is but an index of the productiveness in other horticultural and pastoral lines. Wheat, wool, oil, borax, beet-sugar, lumber and building-stone, are among the many products which contribute to the wealth of California.

With this brief glance at the stirring incidents of the San Francisco of the past, it will be in order now to inspect the city and its environs as they appear today. A community of four hundred thousand people, with boundless commercial opportunities, with a country of rare productiveness all about it, San Francisco looks to the future for her history as well as to the past.

THE PEERLESS BAY

A FREE sweep of water navigable for the largest ocean vessels over a stretch of well-nigh sixty miles; a land-locked harbor with but a single passage a mile in width leading to its sequestered waters; a haven cut off by hills and mountains from the ocean, yet so accessible that the largest steamers can enter on all tides—such is San Francisco Bay with its four hundred and fifty square miles of water! A quarter of the population of California dwells on its shores. With a width varying from seven to twelve miles, it lies just within the Coast Mountain spurs that embrace it, and in that most temperate of latitudes, the thirty-eighth parallel. Its upper reaches are subdivided into two inner bays—San Pablo and Suisun. The former, with a diameter of some ten miles, is the northern end of the great waterway, while the latter, connected by the narrow Carquinez Straits, lies to the eastward and appears like a huge reservoir into which the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers pour their flood.

Such is the harbor which Portalá first looked upon from the heights in 1769, and into which the little Spanish ship San Carlos sailed in 1775. Great are the changes which have taken place since then, but we of today are only on the threshold of the civilization destined to flourish here. This peerless bay, accessible, deep, safe, convenient, large enough for all the navies and merchant fleets of the world without crowding, in a climate free from winter snow and summer heat, surrounded by one of the most pro-

SAN FRANCISCO FROM THE BAY.

ductive countries known, where nature is lavish alike of her fruits and precious metals,—who dare set a limit upon its growth? The eyes of the world are upon the Pacific now, and upon the United States. San Francisco Bay is the great point of departure for America into the Pacific, and as such is destined to be one of the great world harbors of the years to come.

What wonder that many explorers sailed along the California coast and failed to perceive the narrow break in the rocks through which the Sacramento River rolls to the sea? Fifteen miles away, more or less, the Berkeley Hills rise from the farther shore of the bay, forming a background, which, viewed from the ocean on a misty day, appears to effectually close up the mile-wide gap which alone affords an entrance to the broad expanse of secluded water. Barren dreary rocks flank the shores, fog-hung and storm-worn, inhabited by cormorants and murres. To the south, guarding the entrance, is Point Lobos, with the Seal Rocks off shore where herds of sea lions bask in the sun or fish in the adjacent water. To the north is Point Bonita, where a lighthouse and fog horn warn mariners to avoid the rocks. Through the narrows the tide runs like a millrace. An old-fashioned brick fort stands close by the water at the inner point of the strait on the city shore. It is now abandoned, but upon bluffs to right and left are terraced embankments behind which lurk batteries of immense disappearing guns, while just inside the Gate in the midst of the bay is a rocky islet which has been converted into a citadel commanding the entire channel. This is the picturesque Alcatraz Island, a point of peculiar strategic importance in the fortification of the bay.

On either side of the Golden Gate a peninsula juts from the mainland, with the sea to westward and the bay to eastward. The northern peninsula is occupied by Mount Tamalpais and the Bolinas Ridge, with villages and charming residence suburbs nestling

at its base (Belvedere, Sausalito, Mill Valley and San Rafael) while upon the hills of the southern tongue of land is the city of San Francisco. Straight away eastward on the far shore of the bay, stretching along the plain and foothills of the low spurs of the Coast Mountains, is a group of towns and cities which are practically fused into one, although still retaining their separate names and municipal governments. The principal of these are Alameda, Oakland and Berkeley, with an aggregate population of about one hundred thousand.

San Francisco Bay is an ever-changing pageant of gray and blue, with purple hills on its margin varying with the season from green to brown. The same point of view seldom appears twice alike. Seasons, weather, hour, all stamp their imprint upon it and make it live. It is the more companionable because of its many surprises. You think you have followed it through the whole gamut of its changes, grave and gay, veiled and transparent, calm and tempestuous, when behold the next hour has transfigured the scene and presents an aspect before undreamed!

Who shall undertake to describe this palpitating wonder of water and cloud, margined with billowy ranges? At best it must be but a few fleeting impressions that the pen transfixes. In summer-time when many rainless months succeed, the hills are sear and brown. The monsoon sweeps in through the Golden Gate and spends its refreshing salt breath upon the Berkeley Range, flecking the dull greenish-blue tide with white. Off to the south the water seems to reach away to a misty dreamland. Somewhere down there is the prosperous city of San Jose, but of this the eye gives no hint. Northwards there is a long rolling boundary line of pale purple hills. Red Rock, an island in the bay, stands up as a striking bit of contrasting color. We can distinguish the dark bands of eucalyptus groves high up on the tawny slopes of the Berkeley Hills, and the settlement below dotting

the foothills for some miles. To the northwest is Tamalpais, rising gracefully to its 2,600 feet, a pale blue mountain mass with keenly chiseled profile, slanting down to the north in a fine sweep, with the hills of Angel Island in the foreground. In a secluded nook at the northern end of the bay, opposite the little town of Vallejo, lies the Mare Island Navy Yard, with its drydock, repair shops, and equipment for the naval base of the Pacific squadron.

From Black Point, the military reservation just within the Golden Gate, the profile of San Francisco is built up in big terrace lines to the quaint old frame battlemented structure on the bold rocky summit of Telegraph Hill. Thence in long sinuous sags, interrupted by the square angles of houses atop the ridge, it runs; streets may be seen plowing through the banks of buildings up the steep slopes. The turrets of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art stand out conspicuously on the summit of California Street Hill, from which point the ridge falls off abruptly to the lowland of the valley followed by Market Street. The city's main thoroughfare may be traced from afar by three landmarks—the slender gray stone clock tower of the Ferry Building, the high domed Spreckels Building and the dome of the City Hall, surmounted by a colossal figure of Liberty. This dome is the third highest in the world, rising to a height of three hundred and thirty feet, and is a graceful point in the city's heart whether viewed from sea or shore.

Beyond the valley which sunders the hills of San Francisco, rise the Twin Peaks to a height of over nine hundred feet. On extends the range south into San Mateo County where the mountains stretch away in blue misty reaches.

The waterfront is lined with docks crowded with ships and steamers, the slender masts and maze of rigging foresting the shore with ropes and spars. Other ships and white transports from the Philippines lie at anchor here and there off shore, with an occasional

battle-ship or cruiser to lend impressiveness to the scene. Comfortable fat white ferry boats with black smokestacks slip in and out on their journeys to and from the opposite shores. In midstream is Yerba Buena Island, now popularly known by its nickname of Goat Island—a rounded land mass, treeless and brown on its exposed side but with groves of live-oak hidden away on its northern slopes. A naval training station is located there, fitting boys for sea duty on our men-of-war.

To the eastern eye accustomed to verdure in summer-time, the dry hills of San Francisco Bay look strange enough, but the old resident loves this aspect of nature and would not change it had he the power. There is something quieting and restful about the sober tones which vary from brown and yellow through a whole range of purples, grays and blues, with plumbeous curtains of fog rolling in from the sea. The wide vistas, the dignity and gravity of the scene, the bigness and freedom of all, sink deep into the heart. There is nothing trivial or commonplace, nothing merely pretty about it. Its largeness and nobility grow upon the beholder with years of residence.

At times all this varied sweep of view is revealed in the utmost detail, with sun sparkling on the rippling waves, and an hour later the high summer fog will drift over, softening the outlines, veiling the hills, dimming the distant heights, and giving the fancy free scope to build into the obscurity what it pleases. A fresh sea breeze generally blows across the bay throughout the summer, but there are days when the water seems fairly oily in its serenity.

The night views of the bay have their own charm. As the ferry boat leaves the waterfront, a multitude of bright lights sparkle at the many piers, some of them red and green, throwing splashes of soft wavering color in the water. The city streets up the steep hills are indicated by twinkling stars, and across the

water sparkle the lights of Berkeley on the upper slopes. The dark dim land masses, the blackness of the bay with a foggy sky above leave a solemn and mysterious effect of vastness and loneliness on the mind.

I have dwelt on the beauty of the bay in summer because it is so distinctively Californian; but the winter, too, has its own loveliness. The few showers of early autumn are often followed by some of the warmest days of the year, in October and even in early November. This is the season when we look for northers, those singular wind storms which some people dislike, but which I for one welcome among the experiences of the year. The north wind blows with hot dry gusts of the desert. If the rains have started any green blades forth, they droop and wilt beneath its withering fury. Every particle of moisture in the air is dried out and the atmosphere is crystal clear. At night the stars blaze and flash as if opening wide their wild eyes at the tumult of the wind. Each successive day for three days the weather grows hotter and drier and the force of the wind increases. Then the gale dies away as suddenly as it arose, to be followed not infrequently by a welcome shower. There is something immensely stimulating, exhilarating, even exciting about this storm beneath an azure sky. It is our substitute for thunderstorms which are almost unknown.

When the winter rains finally set in, what a change comes over the landscape! Every shower starts forth the green blades on hill and plain. The southeast wind blows a gale, the dark clouds hurry over the leaden bay, the torrents fall, and everybody is happy. At the end of the storm, when the sun thrusts its searching rays through the cloud loops, striking the distant hillsides, a pale glint of green brightens them. Soon, how wonderfully soon, they are clothed in verdure from valley to crest! The green fairly glows and shimmers beneath the winter

sun. And the atmosphere, washed of all impurities by the downpour, is of matchless transparency. Every ravine and dimple on the blue slopes of Tamalpais is revealed in all its lovely nakedness. Far away on the summit of the San Mateo Range the redwood trees may be seen standing up against the sky. From the Berkeley Hills, out through the Golden Gate the largest of the Farallone Islands is plainly visible forty miles away and its intermittent light flashes during the hours of darkness. The houses of San Francisco and the ships in the harbor are defined in startling clearness.

The winter months about the bay are really a curious union of autumn with spring. Winter is overlooked in the rushing together of the dying and newborn year. Flowers are blooming, birds are singing and a thrill of life passes over land and sea.

At this season the bay is crowded with hosts of birds. Ducks and scoters swim about off shore. Murres and cormorants, grebes and loons dive and sport to their hearts' content. It is the gulls, however, that attract the greatest attention of passengers on the ferry boats. They follow the boats back and forth, picking up food thrown overboard from the cook's galley and darting after bread tossed them from the deck by interested spectators. Feeding the gulls has become a favorite amusement, and a pretty sight it is to see them poise in readiness and swoop upon the morsel of bread, catching it in mid air. So tame do they become that I have known them to take bread from the outstretched hand of a man.

With this winter view of the bay, let us leave it to inspect more closely the great mart upon its shore. Hills of green and blue lie afar off. Mount Diablo, one of the commanding peaks of the Coast Mountains, lifts its head back of the Berkeley Range. A brown streak on the blue water of the bay marks the course of the Sacramento River, flooded by the winter rains. The islands are beautifully green; ships have

spread their clouds of canvas to dry after the storm; back and forth the eye ranges over miles of varied scenery, all colored with a palette that only a California winter furnishes. The great ferry boat glides into its slip and we follow the crowd off the upper deck into the magnificent nave of the Ferry Building and down the broad stone stairway to the city street.

VIGNETTES OF CITY STREETS

OH the bewilderment of a first view of a big hustling American city! To be dropped off the ferry into the very center of the maelstrom of life, where every mortal is bent upon his own task, where streams and counter-streams of humanity hurry in and out and round about, and all seem at first glance like the chaos of life. After the repose of the country, the wide serenity of the hill-encircled bay, to grapple with the noise and stir of the city! But what a sensation of exhilaration, this elbowing with the eager crowd, this trotting with the pack after the quarry, this pressing on with the tumult of men in the rush for place! Here life and effort are focused, and the great organic forces of the State are centralized and defined. The wheels of the Juggernaut Progress roll along the street and their victims are many, but the victories of peace atone for all the strife, and humanity goes its way, cursing and praying, weeping and singing, fighting and loving, but on the whole advancing from the beast to the angel.

At the foot of Market Street the long low Ferry Building of gray Colusa stone commands the view, and its graceful clock-tower rises above the commotion of the city highways. To right and left stretches the waterfront street, where big docks and wharfs are lined with shipping. Heavy freight vans rattle and bang over the cobble-stones. Bells are clanging on cable cars, newsboys are piping the sensation of the hour; there is an undertone of many voices, a scuffling of hundreds of feet on the cement walks, a hurrying

LOOKING DOWN MARKET STREET.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WATERS

of the crowd for first place on the cars. From this point of vantage one might parody the well-known lines of Tennyson into:

Cars to right of you,
Cars to left of you,
Cars in front of you clatter and rumble.

The Market Street cable cars bear the most bewilderingly diverse inscriptions. No two seem alike, yet all roll merrily up the same broad highway. The novice soon discovers that for all practical purposes one is as good as another unless his journey be into the higher residence portions of the city, and he furthermore learns that by a most extensive system of transfers he can keep traveling almost ad lib for one five-cent fare, journeying thus from the bay to the ocean. There is a great parade of cars in front of the Ferry Building. The red and green cable cars of the Washington and Jackson districts come sweeping around a loop out of a side street with clanging bells and a watchman preceding them. Beyond their stand are electric and horse cars, all off to the right of Market, while to the left several important south-of-Market electric systems start. Here are the fine big cars that run down the peninsula to San Mateo, as well as the Mission and Harrison Street lines.

About the only distinctive feature in the laying out of San Francisco's streets which relieves the prevailing prosaic checkerboard system of American cities, is found in the direction of Market Street which slants boldly across the center of the town. The streets to the north of it were stupidly laid out on the points of the compass, up hill and down dale, but a direct route from the mission to the bay following down the valley, was a matter of so much importance in the early days that this highway was perpetuated in the permanent scheme for the city. The streets of the section south of Market are parallel or at right angles to that thoroughfare, while the district to the north is laid out in streets which run on other

lines, making gore blocks at every intersection with Market.

Nearly everyone seems bound up Market Street, either a-foot or a-cable, so why not follow the crowd? Cars of many colors are swinging around on the turn-table one after another, and the man in the house of glass, who I trust never throws stones, is giving them the queue for starting up town. A big underground gong is clanging its warning as the cars swoop upon the turn-table; bells are jangled at the imperturbable crowd, and in some mysterious way people manage to escape being run over.

Jumping on the first car to start, I find an outside seat on the dummy. The bell rings, the gripman throws back his lever which clutches the cable. You can hear the grip work amid the rumble of the start. He hammers away at his foot gong and off we roll! There is a rush of wind down the street, a whirl and confusion of traffic. Wholesale houses and office buildings line the way, mostly landmarks of the old regime with much gingerbread ornamentation, but here and there a fine modern building of stone or terra cotta shows that the city is alive and growing. There is time for but a glance up the streets that shoot off from Market at an acute angle; California, Pine, Bush, are passed in a trice and the corner is reached where Post and Montgomery impinge upon Market. The fine Crocker Building is squeezed in on the gore block between Post and Market while across the way on the south side of Market a whole block is taken up with the Palace Hotel—a monument of bay windows. A sort of Bridge of Sighs crosses New Montgomery connecting the Palace with the Grand Hotel. On the northeast corner of Market and Montgomery Streets, a modern terra-cotta office building is occupied by the business departments of the Southern Pacific Company. Up Montgomery Street, past the Lick House and the Occidental Hotel, both in the architecture of two or three decades ago, is the magnificent Mills

LOOKING UP MONTGOMERY STREET FROM MARKET.

Building, one of the most substantial and well proportioned structures of the city. Another massive edifice of fine design is the Hayward Building, a block beyond the Mills Building, but the clanging car is rolling up the street and there is no time to itemize the many modern buildings which are daily climbing up on steel frames from the noisy city pave.

Another block of navigating the grip and the coign of observation, the navel of San Francisco is reached. It is the corner of Third, Kearny, and Geary Streets, where the busy life of the city centers. So many people leave the car at this point that 'tis evident there is something doing, and meekly enough I fall in line with the crowd. The three morning papers seek companionship upon the corners here—the Chronicle, whose building is of red sandstone and brick, with its clock tower—a well-known landmark of the city; the Examiner Building, in Spanish style, with simple plaster walls, deep recessed portico at the top, and tile roof; and the Call tower, rising fifteen stories to a fine dome, the most commanding architectural feature of the business district. At this meeting of the ways is Lotta's drinking fountain, a token of which San Franciscans are fond from its association with the soubrette who, in early days, first made fame and fortune here by winning the hearts of the pioneers.

Kearny Street is the highway for shopping, and hosts of fair ladies trip its stony pavements, looking with absorbed attention at window displays of silks and laces, coats and curtains, or casting glances at the latest walking exponent of fads and fashions. Some are lured by the fragrant aroma or tempting window exhibition into the sanctuary of ices and candies; others succumb to the florist, and thus money circulates by the caprice of feminine fancy.

At the Kearny Street corner, right in the shadow of the Chronicle Building, is a bright and attractive feature of the city streets—the flower sellers. They

are ranged in a long row on the curb, men and boys standing beside their baskets and holding out bouquets to tempt the wayfarers. The busy stream of humanity sweeps by with fluttering skirts and laughing voices. Electric cars clang up and down, a coachman snaps his whip as a glistening carriage with jingling harness rolls over the asphalt pavement and the horses hoofs clatter merrily. It is a democratic procession —the negro with his pipe, the traveler with dress-suit case, an officer just returned from the Philippines, and above all, the women, over whom even Rudyard Kipling, with cynic eye and caustic pen, could not but indulge in rhapsodies. Mid all the din and grit of the city, alike in winter as in summer, the flower sellers are at their post, and the perfume of the violet, the sweet-pea and the rose, or whatever may be the flower of the season, steals upon the senses, while the brilliant array of bloom makes an oasis in the desert of stone.

San Francisco is commonly divided into north and south of Market Street. In the early days of the city the aristocratic part of town was in Happy Valley and on Rincon Hill, to the south, but when a citizen, Mr. A. S. Hallidie, successfully solved the problem of climbing the steep hills north of Market by inventing the cable car, people flocked to the heights commanding a view of the bay and the Golden Gate. Then it was that California Street became the nob hill where palaces of ample dimensions were built by the Stanfords, Hopkins, Crockers, Floods and other millionaires, while people of more moderate means settled upon the adjacent hills and slopes. The south of Market section became the home of the artisans for the most part, and certain cross streets, notably Third, Sixth and Eighth, have developed into secondary shopping centers. Mission Street, the first thoroughfare south of Market, is becoming the great wholesale street of the city, and numbers of splendid modern structures, solid, substantial, and simple in design, are being constructed upon it.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANGE

LOOKING DOWN KEARNY STREET TO MARKET.

The residence district is today reaching out over the hills between the Presidio and Golden Gate Park, while the business section, once crowded down on the made land of the waterfront, is expanding up the residence streets, especially on Geary, Post and Sutter. Post Street is to me one of the most attractive shopping highways, owing to the number of artistic stores which have of late years been established there. The idea, which originated with a picture dealer who commenced in a very modest way, has grown with surprising rapidity. Book stores, bazaars where Oriental brasses and rugs are displayed, collections of artistic photographs, Japanese embroidery and prints, Egyptian embroidery, jewelry, carved and antique furniture are among the displays noted in passing the shop windows. I know of no other American city, not excepting Boston and New York, where one may find the equal in taste and refinement of some of these stores.

To go into a picture house where every detail of furniture, from the carved chairs and simple tables to the lockers with big brass strap hinges, are works of art, studiously harmonious, where wall decoration is considered as well as the pictures selected with so much taste to adorn them—surely this is as inspiring as it is unusual! Then to be led into mysterious back rooms, reserved for sequestrating choice collections of oil paintings, displayed with more generous wall space than any art gallery affords, and other rooms lined with soft Japanese grass-cloth for showing watercolors and etchings! Verily it is enough to surprise the tenderfoot who thinks of San Francisco as the metropolis of the wild and woolly west, where whiskered men in top boots and flannel shirts carry six-shooters in their belts. Some people have slipped a half-century cog in picturing California from the other side of the continent. Culture and art have taken on a new lease of life here, and like the exuberant vegetation are already bearing the fruit of the Hesperides. Let us

frankly confess that it is to be found only in spots, like oases in a desert of the commonplace, but every wind that blows is scattering broadcast the seeds.

Where but in San Francisco can one find a bookstore like an æsthetic library? Here are books in glass cases, books upon finely designed tables, and, scattered about the room, exquisite antiques in brass and bronze, choice vases and bits of pottery, with a few well chosen photographs and cards on the walls. Other rooms adjoin the main apartment—the old book room where many quaint and curious books in rare bindings are treasured, the children's room and the old furniture room with its quaint fireplace. Another bookseller on the same street, a man of years' experience and standing, has gone extensively into the publication of books by San Francisco authors, and the works which bear his imprint will compare with the output of the best Eastern houses in workmanship and style.

Many cable cars go into the residence district on the heights. We may travel on the California Street cars through the business quarter, even more exclusively the haunt of men than Kearny Street is of women, and up the steep ascent past the Hopkins Art School, looking backward down the street to the bay with the Berkeley Hills and Mount Diablo beyond; or we may be hauled up Clay Street through Chinatown, holding on to our seats the while as best we may to prevent sliding down upon our neighbor, and ultimately get up into the Western Addition out on Jackson Street or Pacific Avenue. There are countless blocks of the older residence portion of the city to be passed en route, built up of painted board houses out of which rows of bay windows bulge vacantly, ornamented with diverse whimsicalities that are as meaningless as they are wearisome. But the cable car jogs on up the hills and down the valleys. An occasional dracæna flutters its ribbon leaves, or a eucalyptus sways its stiff hanging foliage in the fresh sea breeze.

Then, as we climb, the vista to the north discloses the blue water of the bay with the purple flanking hills of Tamalpais upon the farther shore. Up steep cobble-stone streets ascends the car, with isolated knobs to the north and northeast—Russian and Telegraph Hills, crowned with buildings. Straight ahead, oceanwards, are more hills up which a series of cars may be seen moving at measured intervals.

Van Ness Avenue is crossed—a broad asphalt street lined with costly homes and large church edifices. Many of the houses are truly palatial in size and style, and an air of wealth pervades the thoroughfare. On clatters the car, rumbling over a crossing and starting up another steep ascent. Here stands an elegant mansion of rough red sandstone, with tile roof, there a quaint brick house with the distinctive features of the Renaissance in domestic architecture. Down the side streets on the lower hills, the city roofs crowd in a gray mass.

Just off from Jackson Street is a simple little brick church which has been an inspiration to a growing number of lovers of the genuine and beautiful in life. It matters not whether they are Swedenborgians as the minister of the church happens to be, or have other creedal affiliations. The spirit of the place, with all its quiet restfulness, its homelike charm, its naïve grace, has sunk deep in the lives of a small but earnest group of men and women. Within, the stranger is impressed with a certain primitive quality about everything. The heavy madroño trunk rafters left in their natural state, the big open fireplace, the massive square-post, rush-bottom chairs, and the large, grave allegorical landscapes of seedtime and harvest, painted with loving care by William Keith, combine with the simplicity of design and the fitness of every detail, to make a church, which, without any straining after effect, is unique in beauty. The message of its builder has reached his mark, and here and there through city and town, homes have been reared in the

same simple fashion—plain, straightforward, genuine homes, covered with unpainted shingles, or built of rough brick, with much natural redwood inside, in broad unvarnished panels. The same reserve which has characterized the building of these homes has likewise been exercised in their furnishing. A few antique rugs, a few good pictures or photographs of the masters, and many good books, with plain tables and chairs, constitute the furniture. To find this spirit, which would have been a delight to William Morris, so strongly rooted as to assume almost the aspect of a cult, is, I take it, one of the most remarkable features of a civilization so new as that of modern San Francisco.

For a bird's-eye view of the city, no point of vantage is more commanding than the summit of Telegraph Hill. An electric car out Kearny Street goes past the base of the hill, but the height must be gained on foot. Just where Kearny Street leads into Broadway, in that tatterdemalion Latin quarter where Mexican and Italian restaurants crowd about the old jail, and the window of every two-penny shop has a name inherited from Spain or Italy, we leave the car and climb the steep road. Many of the side streets are passable only for pedestrians. Flights of steps or broad chicken-ladders lead to houses perched on rocky heights. It is a famous place for goats, which graze on old newspaper and shavings, looking at you the while with wistful expressions on their bearded countenances.

Panting, we reach the summit and gaze abroad for the first impression. What a view is spread about within the wide sweep of horizon—of life with all its varied activities—commerce, manufactures, homes! It is like sitting down with a whole metropolis wriggling under the microscope! The great frame barn-like dilapidated castle interrupts a portion of the view to northward, but otherwise the whole varied panorama can be taken in by a turn of the head. To the

A VAN NESS AVENUE RESIDENCE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TIBBETS

east and northeast, lies the expanse of blue water bounded by the far-away green hills of the Contra Costa shore, rising gradually to the highest point in Grizzly Peak of the Berkeley Range. Goat Island, a green mound in the center of the bay, is humped up in front of Berkeley. To the south of it, Oakland lines the bay shore.

Around northwestwardly stands the Bolinas Ridge, with the waters of the Golden Gate at its base. Fort Point protrudes on the south, with Point Bonita beyond it on the north shore, and still farther off, just a glimpse of the glistening blue ocean. So much for the bay view which curves around the marvelous panorama of the city! At the wharves is a fringe of shipping. Men and horses move about the docks like black pygmies. The rumble of vans ascends from the cobble-stone pavement, and the explosive piffs of a gasoline engine are heard.

But the city, oh the city, how it crowds the hills with a wilderness of gray walls and windows, cleft here and there by the lines of parallel streets which dare to climb the most forbidding heights! How it is spread out there on the slopes, with lofty tower buildings rising from the plain, and a line of pale hills fading beyond into purple behind a veil of smoke! Near at hand, in front of the Greek church, with its green, copper-capped turret, is a little patch of grass. Beyond it, on Russian Hill, are some artistic homes with a bit of shrubbery on the adjacent hillslope. Clothes are hanging out to dry on flat roofs far below. The clang and din filters up from the plain in subdued tones, with the shrill voices of children caught by a veering gust of wind. What a chaos of dull houses, thrilling with life, each enclosing its family history, its triumph or tragedy, but all so immovable and unindividual as I look upon the mass!

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

IT was on the corner of Market and Kearny Streets in the evening and a great crowd was assembled, filling the streets in all directions for some blocks with a good-natured mass of humanity, dressed for a holiday and standing about as if waiting for something to happen. Suddenly there was a flash and scintillation of lights, a suppressed wave of admiring exclamation running through the crowd, and San Francisco was decked in a shimmering garment of incandescent lights. At the meeting of the streets was an immense canopy of fairy lamps that dazzled one with its radiance. Up and down the way as far as eye could travel, bands of light were stretched overhead at frequent intervals, sparkling like stars. At the foot of the street rose the ferry tower, its every line brought out in electric beading. The great Spreckels Building was similarly outlined with lamps, and away up town the dome of the City Hall flashed forth gloriously in outlines of subdued fire.

Such electric illuminations of San Francisco are now of frequent occurrence, for the city is becoming noted as a place for holding conventions, and from all parts of the country come Christian Endeavorers, Mystic Shriners, Knights of Pythias and all sorts of orders and associations who combine a holiday in California with their business. They are entertained here with that hospitality for which the State is famed—a heritage somewhat diluted, but still characteristic, from the proud señors of the Mexican Republic before the days of '49.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TIBBETS

THE CITY HALL.

So great has been the influx of visitors during the past year that there is scarce accommodation for all, but the completion of the two new hotels and the two-story addition to the Palace which is now contemplated, will relieve the present stress. The Palace has been for years one of the landmarks of San Francisco. It is big and bulging, but there is something so distinctive about its interior design that it stands alone among hotels. The great central court is open to the skylight with a balcony bordering it on each floor. In the midst is an immense palm, and the spacious court is paved with white marble flags. Behind a screen of palms and glass at the farther end, dining tables are spread, where one may have a meal instead of going to the restaurant or grillroom. In the office, a cosmopolitan crowd is assembled—wayfarers from everywhere and nowhere—and one may find here endless types of humanity to delight and interest the student of mankind.

Although the Palace is the largest of the hotels, there are others about town quite as good. The New California, on Bush Street, with its pretty little theatre in the center, is attractive and modern throughout. The Occidental on Montgomery Street, has for many years been the headquarters of army and navy people, as well as for many others who do not wear uniforms. A block nearer Market on the opposite side of the same street the Lick House reminds us of the eccentric pioneer who did so much good with his money after he died. In the residence district of the city there is an increasing number of refined family hotels which are sought by those who come not as curious birds of passage but as tentative residents.

In the way of creature comforts, San Francisco is noted above all for its restaurants. The abundance of food produced in the immediate vicinity and the excellence of the large city markets, make it possible to provide meals at prices that amaze New Yorkers. An elaborate French dinner with a bottle of wine for

from fifty to seventy-five cents is provided at a large number of places about town. A considerable French population came to San Francisco during the early days, and many of these people, gastronomic experts by nature, have found their gold mines in frogs' legs and rum omelettes. The old Maison Dorée was for years the aristocratic dining place of the city, but it fell upon evil days and the sheriff took the keys. Of the resorts long familiar not only to San Franciscans fond of good living, but to the Bohemian globe trotters of many lands, there are such French restaurants as the Poodle Dog and the Pup, Marchand's and Maison Tortoni. Among the best known of the German places, where orchestras enliven the clink of steins and schooners, are Zinkand's, a great favorite with after-theatre supper-parties, and Techau Tavern, in an old church with pillars and recessed nooks decorated in green, where one may have rye bread and Frankfurters together with sundry other good things. Nor must one forget the plebian Louvre which is German to the core, in spite of its name.

The Mexican restaurants of the Latin quarter at the base of Telegraph Hill, serve all sorts of hot concoctions—peppery stews, chicken tamales, frijoles, and the flat corn cakes so dear to the Mexican stomach, tortillas, with Chili con carne and red peppers to warm up the meal. Italian restaurants stand side by side with the Mexican on Broadway, with their "Buon gusto" on the window pane to attract unwary flies within their webs. I have alluded elsewhere to the Chinese restaurants, but a Japanese tea house is more of a curiosity, even in cosmopolitan San Francisco. Up on Ellis Street is such a place, complete in all its appointments, set in a charming little Japanese garden. Here the Japanese are served precisely as in the land of the chrysanthemum and the cherry blossom. There is even a Turkish restaurant in San Francisco where, surrounded by hangings and rugs of oriental richness, one may whiff the incense and sip

the coffee of the Ottoman Empire. Of coffee houses, chop houses, and creameries, good, bad and indifferent, there is no end. Swain's is the oldest and best known of the bakery restaurants, while the ladies caught out shopping generally drop into the Woman's Exchange, where all is dainty and appetizing to a degree.

Since the palmy days of the Argonauts when gold pieces were thrown upon the stage in lieu of bouquets to signify the miners' appreciation of the popular danseuse or soubrette, San Francisco has been noted for its theatrical enthusiasm, and for the independence of its judgment concerning plays and players. Of late years the city has shared in the general American deterioration of the stage, but anything really good awakens the old response. The long lines of people standing for hours in the rain to gain admission to the galleries for a Wagner opera or an Irving play are sufficient index. Two new theatres are to be erected in the immediate future which will add greatly to the dramatic possibilities of the city. Cheap opera, both light and grand, for which we are indebted to the German residents, is a constant feature of the theatrical world in San Francisco.

Although the city has been for years a center for artists, sending forth many painters of distinction and better still keeping a few at home, it has no art gallery save the collection in the Mark Hopkins School of Art. Here are some admirable works, but the building is peculiarly ill adapted for displaying them. Paintings by many of the famous European masters are owned in San Francisco, and at occasional loan exhibitions are publicly displayed.

Of local painters William Keith stands alone in his art as a master of landscape. Such poetry of field and grove, of mountain and forest, of moving clouds and breaking sunshine, has made his work loved more deeply than widely by all who know California and appreciate the great earth mother. Some day the

East will awaken to the fact that the greatest of American landscape painters has been working away on the Pacific shore all these years, and then he will be "discovered." The work of Thomas Hill in portraying the larger scenes of California, especially of the high Sierra Nevada Mountains, has given him a national reputation. In portraiture, the tender feeling, the warm coloring and free handling of mother and child pictures has won a circle of enthusiastic admirers for Mary Curtis Richardson. The moonlight scenes of Charles Rollo Peters, the protraits of Orrin Peck, the Indians of Amédée Joullin, the landscapes of Brewer, Cadenasso, Jorgensen, Latimer and McComas and the decorations of Mathews and Bruce Porter are among the most widely known, although the list might be greatly extended without exhausting the number of really admirable painters. One of the signs of vitality is the large number of young men and women who are doing excellent work and constantly raising their own standard as well as that of those about them. In sculpture, Douglas Tilden and Robert Aitken, both young men, have done work of a high order of excellence.

The Bohemian Club has been a rendezvous for the artists and men of letters in San Francisco. Under the patronage of the owl, this club has brought together many congenial spirits who have sung songs, painted pictures, written poems and plays, composed music and told stories in honor of Bohemia. Their midsummer jinks in their own redwood grove in Sonoma County, where the majestic columns of the forest form the wings of the theatre and the mountain a back-ground, where the solemn grandure of a moonlight night is made wierd and strange with red fire and colored calciums, bringing out all the tracery of the wildwood in unfamiliar lights and colors—all this with the music of a full orchestra and a spectacular pageant rendered in brilliant costumes, makes a scene of impressive beauty.

Of San Francisco's numerous clubs, the Pacific

Union is perhaps the most aristocratic, its membership including many of the wealthiest and most influential men of the city. The Country Club, which owns a great hunting park in Marin County, is composed of members of the Pacific Union and there is also a Burlingame Country Club, made up of the elect who play golf and polo. In the Cosmos Club are many army and navy men, while the University Club, as its name implies, is composed of professors and alumni, and entertains at its comfortable home on Sutter Street many visiting scholars of distinction. The Olympic Club is chiefly devoted to athletics, having a building finely equipped with salt water swimming tank, gymnasium, handball court, and all appliances for cultivating the physical man.

Among the other men's clubs may be mentioned the two select Jewish clubs, the San Francisco Verein and Concordia. The Union League, with headquarters at the Palace Hotel, is a Republican club exercising much influence over local and state politics. The Press Club is composed of leading newspaper men of the city who meet in good fellowship and toss off the grind and partisanship of the office for an occasional hour at their rooms on Ellis Street. The Unitarian Club has no building or rooms of its own but meets monthly around the festive board and listens to discussions by speakers of eminence and power, of questions of local, national, or universal interest. These meetings have much weight in presenting to an influential body of men, from many points of view, matters of vital importance.

The women have their full share of clubs, most of which are devoted to literary, art, charitable or municipal work. The Laurel Hall Club is one of the oldest of these organizations, and still continues its social and literary gatherings without diminution of interest. Many prominent women of San Francisco are members of the Century Club, which has a house of its own on Sutter Street. It devotes its meetings

mainly to music and lectures, varied by an occasional evening reception. The California Club is a large organization of women who undertake practical work in the city and state. They have already accomplished much good, notably in their agitation for preserving the giant Sequoias. The California Outdoor Art League, recently organized, has commenced a vigorous campaign in the city for the cause of flowers, trees and parks, and promises to exert a strong influence in beautifying the city. The Spinners and Sketch Clubs are composed of young women interested in literature and art. The Sorosis is a social and literary club.

The ladies of the Emanuel Sisterhood devote themselves to helping those less fortunate than themselves, and their aid is of the most genuine kind. They go among the poor to teach sewing, millinery and cooking, and other useful arts. The Columbia Park Boys' Club, largely supported by them, has done a noble work among a group of youngsters south of Market Street. In a charming home, fitted up simply but with real artistic feeling, the boys have nightly meetings. There is a small reading room with good pictures on the wall and books and magazines on shelves and tables. Classes in manual training, in drawing and clay modeling are conducted by volunteer workers. There is a gymnasium, a military department, a baseball club and other athletic features as well as a chorus of young boys who sing classical songs in a spirited manner.

A college settlement has been established in San Francisco for a number of years, and now, through the generosity of Mrs. Phœbe A. Hearst, has neighborhood meetings in its own comfortable and artistic quarters. Another modest little neighborhood home is delightfully maintained by Miss Octavine Briggs, who, in the capacity of trained nurse, has brought health, good cheer, and refining influences to many people young and old. Over in the Latin Quarter at the foot of Russian Hill, the Rev. Fiske and his wife maintain

an institutional church known as the People's Place —a center for good practical work in that region of saloons and poverty.

The churches of San Francisco present few striking features to distinguish them from the houses of worship in other American cities of the same size. The older church buildings are for the most part commonplace in architecture, but some of the more recent ones are massive stone structures of fine design. Among the city ministers, none perhaps has exercised so powerful an influence over the destiny of the community as Thomas Starr King, whose eloquent preaching did much to save California to the Union during the stormy days before the war. His successor, Horatio Stebbins, was a pillar of strength and a profound moral force in the community. The quiet example of Joseph Worcester has been a quickening influence for all good and beautiful things.

Probably the most striking feature of San Francisco's places of worship is their cosmopolitan character. The Greek Catholic is represented here as well as the Roman, and the towers of the synagogue rise with the spires of the Protestant Christians. The negro Baptist, Salvation Army and all are here. The Japanese Confucian and the Chinaman with his joss, worship in their own peculiar fashion. Christian Science, the newest, and Theosophy a modern echo of the oldest of religions, each has its following.

The city schools differ in no material respect from those of other American cities of corresponding population. There are a number of manual training and industrial schools, notably the Wilmerding, the Lick School of Mechanical Arts, the Polytechnic High and the Cogswell Schools. There are three academic high schools, the Lowell, Mission and Girls', each sending annually many graduates to the University. A feature of the school department is the salaried School Board, consisting of men who devote themselves exclusively to the work, and who, in connection with the Superin-

tendent of Schools, conduct all the public educational affairs of the city.

The museums of San Francisco are nearly all in an early stage of development. The largest is in Golden Gate Park, a gift of the Commissioners of the Midwinter Fair and is especially rich in archæology. The California Academy of Sciences maintains a free museum of natural history in its building on Market Street and has the most complete extant herbarium and study collection of birds of the Pacific Coast. This institution also gives monthly popular lectures on scientific subjects which are largely attended. Its printed proceedings are recognized among the important contributions to science, and have an international reputation. As one of the residuary legatees of the Lick estate, the Academy has an assured income, although not sufficient to properly carry on all its activities. The University of California maintains in the Ferry Building a small but interesting collection of Alaskan ethnology, most of which was presented to it by the Alaska Commercial Company. The same building also contains the mineralogical museum of the State Mining Bureau, and the agricultural and horticultural exhibitions of the State Board of Trade which has for many years undertaken to make the resources of California more widely known. The Pacific Commercial Museum, recently organized, also has its headquarters in the Ferry Building where it is installing a collection of the commercial products of the countries of the Pacific Ocean. Its work is outlined somewhat on the plans of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, and it aims to keep the merchants of San Francisco in touch with trade openings and developments in foreign countries.

Of local libraries but a passing word need be said. The large Public Library is temporarily quartered in the City Hall, while the Mechanics' Library, especially popular on account of its location near the business and shopping centers, has a building totally inadequate to

TRINITY CHURCH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TIBBETS

its needs. Plans are already maturing for a new building. The Mercantile completes the list of general public or semi-public libraries. The Sutro Library is a wonderful repository containing many priceless illuminated codices, incunabula and other rare old editions, but it is at present stored where it is inaccessible to the public. The Academy of Sciences has a valuable working library of scientific books, its collection of journals and proceedings of other societies being especially noteworthy. The employees of Wells, Fargo and Company have an excellent circulating library and the Bohemian Club has a choice and well selected collection of books for its members.

The above somewhat dry review of the institutions of San Francisco seems essential to a proper understanding of the city life of today. The present period of growth, the awakening of the city to new opportunities and new responsibilities, will no doubt lead to an enlargement of the various institutions of civic life. The nucleus of all good things is here and with the support and encouragement which is bound to follow the present wave of progress, there is no reason why libraries, museums, art galleries and all civic institutions for the advance of civilization and the betterment of humanity should not grow to their just proportions in the community.

THE BARBARY COAST

A GROUP of sailor men stood in the doorway of an outfitting store, talking in loud thick voices. "You're just a good-for-nothing coot," cried one brawny fisted sea dog to a companion disappearing around the corner. The dim lights shone feebly down the dark street. Arc lamps on the docks illuminated the rigging of the many masts along shore. On the window of a saloony-looking restaurant was painted "Sanguinetti's," and three Bohemians doing the Barbary Coast entered. The master of ceremonies stood behind his counter—red-faced, bullet-headed, bull-necked, with one eye gone and the other betwixt a leer and a twinkle. He was in his shirt sleeves with a sort of apron tucked about his ample form. Two darkies strummed a banjo and guitar, singing the while hilarious coon songs. We stepped noiselessly over the sawdust floor to a table at one side and ordered clam chowder, spaghetti, chicken with garlic sauce, and rum omelette, with Italian entrées and a bottle of water-front claret for good cheer.

A buxom middle-aged lass of heroic build was so affected by the strenuous twanging of Old Black Joe that she got up and danced. Everybody joined in the songs; everybody talked to his or her neighbors, sans ceremony. There was an ex-policeman present with his best girl, the captain of a bay schooner, a tenderloin politician or two, and several misses who scarcely looked like school marms as they warbled coon songs and sipped maraschino.

After dining, we dropped into "Lucchetti's" next

ALONG THE WATERFRONT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TIBBETS

door, where it is the custom to lead your partner through the mazes of the waltz when dinner is over and before going uptown to see the marionette show. One feels safer on the streets of this quarter at night when he elbows a good companion. No doubt there is no danger, but stories of sand-baggers, and of boarding masters armed with hose pipe and knock-out drops for shanghaiing luckless wayfarers and smuggling them off to some deep-water ship outward bound, will crop up in the mind of the lonely pedestrian.

By day, the waterfront is a scene of romantic interest. Every weatherbeaten vagabond who walks the street is itching to tell you stories of the ends of the earth. Every grimy grog shop has its quota of yarn spinners who like nothing better than an excuse to talk and tipple from morn to dewy eve. Go where you will along those miles of docks, an endless rim of shipping reminds you of the lands across the sea; and every wedding guest is in the clutches of some ancient mariner.

Schooners with five masts all of a size, and with scanty upper rigging, are discharging pine from Puget Sound. English steel ships deep laden with coal from Wellington lie alongside the wharves. Yonder is a clumsy old square Sacramento River steamer with stern paddle wheel and double smokestacks. A rakish brig from the South Sea Islands crowds up alongside of a stumpy little green flat bottom sloop which plies on the bay.

Sparrows chatter on the dusty wharf and scarcely budge for the heavy dray, drawn by ponderous Norman horses that shake the planks beneath them as they thunder along. Donkey engines rattle and clatter at unloading coal into cars on bridges leading across the street to the huge grimy coal store-houses. Teamsters pass with big lumber trucks and wagons loaded with sacks of grain. A group of heavy-set, stolid coal passers shuffles by. Idle beach combers and wharf rats with sooty faces lounge on lumber piles and stare vacantly at the scene.

A vista through the shipping shows the steely blue water of the bay with a lavender-gray background of fog. There is a medley of schooners, scows, tenders and tugs along shore and a black, three-syksail Yankee clipper ship, the queen of them all, anchored out in the stream. A whirl of sawdust comes with the salt breeze; a tug toots as it passes, dock engines gasp and pant, vans rumble past, and thus commerce thrives on the grit of the waterfront.

Great grim steamers lie in narrow berths loading or discharging—the tramp from Liverpool, a Panama liner, monster boats for South America, a big black Australian mail ship and others for China or Japan. White transports with buff funnels striped with red, white and blue, tell of the Philippines. A steamer is just in from Nome with returning miners, and another is billed to sail in the afternoon for the inside passage to Alaska.

The most picturesque spot on the waterfront is Fisherman's Wharf. Here the Greek fishers moor their little decked boats rigged with graceful lateen sails. One must be up betimes to see them to advantage, for the fisher folk are early birds. Their brown three-cornered sails may be seen dotting the bay at all hours, but the return of the fleet at sundown, like a flock of sea birds scudding on the wind to their roost, throws the spell of the Mediterranean over this far western haven. Although some years have elapsed, I still have vivid recollection of a conference at five in the morning with a captain and crew of one of these boats. The men were boozy and sleepy as we talked, in the little waterfront saloon, of our prospective trip to the Farallones, and they appeared so stupid that we had grave doubts concerning their ability to navigate a boat. We found the long double wharf crowded with perhaps a hundred fishing boats, pointed stem and stern, decked, and with their long cross booms on the masts making an unusual effect. A few bronzed fishermen in blue shirts, rubber hip boots, and

bright sashes, were at work at the first peep of the sun, washing and hauling in a seine to dry or cleaning off the decks of their boats. The men proved to be skilled sailors despite the bad water-front whisky, and at the turn of the tide we sped away under a brisk head wind, bound out through the Golden Gate.

A CORNER OF CATHAY

A FEW blocks up Kearny Street from the corner of Market is a stretch of green popularly known as the Plaza, but officially designated Portsmouth Square. It lies upon the hill-slope to the west of Kearny, between Clay and Washington Streets, and its benches, scattered about under the greenery, are the receptacle for as motley an assembly of weather-beaten hulks of humanity as one is apt to chance upon in all San Francisco. The spot is teeming with memories of the early days. Here the American flag was first raised by Captain Montgomery of the sloop-of-war Portsmouth. Here the Vigilance Committee first took the law into its own hands. The Parker House, and afterward the Jenny Lind Theatre, stood on the site now occupied by the Hall of Justice, a fine new building with a clock tower, situated on Kearny Street just opposite the Plaza. In the days of '49 the town life centered about this square, and many public meetings of importance were held here during those intensely dramatic days.

Today Portsmouth Square is the lungs of Chinatown—the one breathing space in that strange Oriental city which crowds down upon the greenery of the little park. The graceful drinking fountain in its center, a memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson, reminds us that the genial story-teller was wont to linger here during some of his least happy days, and the little sermon upon the stone tablet is a perpetual inspiration for all outcasts of humanity who tarry before the quaint bronze symbol of a ship.

Oh, that strange mysterious horde in the center of San Francisco, which is in the heart of the city and yet not of it, that packed mass of busy humanity, living in a civilization as ancient as the pyramids! I look upon the silent procession of dark inscrutable faces with a feeling of awe. The settled content, the plodding self-reliance, the sense of antiquity overshadows every countenance. Here is a fragment of one of the oldest and most conservative civilizations, grafted upon the newest and most radical. Certain innovations of up-to-date Americanism the Chinese have adopted. They have a telephone central station with native operators, and many of their buildings are illuminated with incandescent lamps, but these things are external and superficial. Two thousand years of arrested development is not conducive to a pliable mind. The Chinaman who uses the telephone, eats with chopsticks and goes before his joss with presents of food to propitiate the god and make his business prosper. His queue is as sacred to him as it was to his forefathers. He will run a sewing machine and drive a broken down plug hitched to a dilapidated laundry wagon, but when it comes to delivering vegetables he swings two immense baskets from a pole across his shoulder, and runs mechanically along with a weight that would appall a white man.

The lover of the curious and the beautiful delights in the conservatism of the Chinese. Although their art as expressed in the handicrafts is not so graceful and spontaneous as that of the Japanese, it has a medieval quality, a frankness and simplicity combined with much dexterous handling and barbaric splendor, that makes it a vital expression, beside which our machine-made articles seem cheap and commonplace.

The buildings of Chinatown are abandoned stores and dwellings of the white population, more or less made over by the addition of balconies and such other changes as the requirements or fancies of their

present owners may suggest. The restaurants and joss houses are particularly striking on account of their deep balconies, ornamented with carved woodwork brightly colored or gilded, and set off with immense lanterns and with big plants in china pots. About whatever these strange people do there is an elusive, indefinable touch, which is distinctively racial and picturesque. It may be nothing more than the bright splashes of long narrow strips of paper pasted upon buildings with inscriptions in the curious perpendicular lettering of the people, but it serves at once to create an atmosphere.

Along Dupont Street, a block west of Kearny, the bazaars center, and many of them have marvelous displays of beautiful bric-a-brac. Silks, embroideries, carved ivories, antique lanterns and bronzes, ornamented lacquer ware, hammered brasses, carved teakwood chairs and tables, camphor-wood chests, sandalwood boxes and fans, and chinaware of exquisite workmanship—cloisonné, Satsuma, Canton ware, and a bewildering variety of other gorgeous things make up the stock of these places. Spectacled merchants figure with the aid of the abacus and keep accounts by writing in brown paper books with pointed brushes.

The crowd which passes along the street is probably the most unusual to the average American of any within the confines of the United States. How the throng scuffles along in its thick-soled felted shoes, dark-visaged and blue cloaked! At first the almond-eyed, sallow-faced multitude looks like an undifferentiated mass of humanity, and the stranger despairs of finding any points in which one man varies from his neighbor. But as the type grows familiar the individual characteristics become more marked. A quaint little roly-poly woman passes, her black shiny hair brushed back over the tops of her ears and neatly rolled up in a knot on the back of her head, richly ornamented with a hammered gold clasp. Great pendant earrings of jade sway as she steps along on

AN ALLEY IN CHINATOWN.

her high rocker shoes. Her loose black pantaloons show below the shiny black gown that comes to her knees or a trifle below. With her is a little boy who seems as if he belonged in a colored picture book of the days of Aladdin. His mild face looks like a full moon with eyes turned askew. He is clad in a gorgeous yellow silk jacket fastened across the breast with a silk loop, and his lavender pantaloons are tightly bound around the ankles. His queue is pieced out to the regulation length with braided red silk, and yet withal he is a picture of unconscious contentment as he toddles beside his mother. In the passing horde I distinguish an old man, bent, and wearing immense spectacles, his gray queue dangling sedately as he walks. A man picks his way through the crowd with a big wooden tray balanced on his head, and a little girl with broad flat nose and narrow eyes wears silver bracelets on her ankles. Yonder walks a withered little man with smiling face, slits of eyes, thin lips, sharp cheek bones and prominent ears. His head is covered with a stiff black skull cap surmounted by a red knotted ball, his slender hands are half concealed beneath the loose sleeves of his dark blue coat lined with light purple silk. His white stockings show above the low shoes. There are bare-footed coolies in straw sandals, wearing coarse clothes, and with dull besotted expressions on their saturnine faces, contrasting sharply with the refined features and graceful carriage of the well-to-do merchants. All these and many more are to be seen upon the streets of San Francisco.

The time to get the full effect of Chinatown is at night when the streets are crowded with the toilers of the day and the lights of many lanterns add their touch of color to the scene. From a sequestered balcony comes the strange monotonous squeaking of a Chinese violin. The high sing-song voices of children sound from a distance. On following their call I find a group of funny little imps about a bon-fire in the gut-

ter. Their queues dangle and flop about as they play. They wear odd black caps and thick-soled, heavily embroidered slippers. Their bright jackets are fastened with cord loops and their trousers are bound about the ankles. A row of red Chinese candles and some punks are burning on the curb and these quaint little elves seem to be in high glee over their illumination.

Across the way a restaurant is resplendent with big colored lanterns on its balconies and the sound of music from within tells of a dinner party in progress. The restaurant is entered through the kitchen, where strange bright yellow cakes and other mysterious delicacies are being prepared. The second floor is reserved for the common people and here are many men shoveling streams of rice from bowls to their mouths with the aid of chop-sticks. The aristocratic top floor is elegantly furnished with black teak-wood tables and carved chairs, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Decorations in the form of carved open-work screens adorn the partitions between rooms, and there are couches along the wall covered with straw mats, where, after eating, one can recline to smoke the pipe of peace.

A Chinese dinner party is a brilliant affair,—the black circular tables loaded down with confections in little dishes, the gorgeous silk robes of the men about the festive board, and the women, even more brilliantly attired, who are present but may not sit at table while the men are dining! I choose a retired corner in an adjacent room and order a cup of tea with roasted almonds, dried lichis, preserved cumquats and ginger, and some curious Chinese cakes, listening the while to the high-pitched sing-song voices of the revelers, the rapping of drums, clanging of cymbals and squeaking of fiddles, and imagining myself a disciple of Confucius in the heart of the Flowery Kingdom.

Returning again to the street, the bazaars are left behind with all their splendid art work, and plebian

food shops take their place. Pork is the meat of the people; little strings of meat which for want of a better name I may call bunches of slender sausages, hang temptingly in view. Dried fish dangle on strings. Eggs are suspended in open wire baskets. There are many strange vegetables which are unfamiliar to Caucasian eyes—melons, tubers and fruits which belong exclusively to the Orient. Down in basements barbers are at work tonsuring patient victims. A drug-store dispenses dried lizards, pulverized sharks' eggs and sliced deer horns, together with numerous herbs for the curing of disease and the driving out of evil spirits. Dr. Lum Yook Teen of Canton, China, advertises pills to cure the opium habit, and, be it noted, finds it profitable to have his sign printed in English as well as Chinese. On a corner, a Chinese fruit vender has his stand and offers candied cocoanut shreds, and lichi nuts with brown shells as soft as paper which crush in at a touch and reveal the sticky sweetish dried pulp clinging to a pit in the center. He also has plates of dried abalones for sale—the meat of the beautiful ear-shells. There are lengths of green sugar-cane which the Chinese boys love to suck, and many other delicacies exposed to view.

Shops are crowded together with displays of embroidered shoes and sandals, of long slender tobacco pipes, and opium pipes which look something like flutes, of dry-goods done up in neat little rolls and packages, and brass pots for the kitchen. In one window sits a spectacled jeweler, working away in the dim light at a hand-wrought ring. He has bits of carved jade and silver bracelets about him as evidences of his handiwork.

Off from the main business street of Chinatown extend many side lanes and dark alleys, packed with sallow-visaged Celestials. There are narrow passages and long dark stairways that one hesitates to venture upon. Other alleys are brilliantly illuminated but have barred doors and windows with little peep-holes

where lowering men with intense black eyes scan every one who approaches. These are the gambling dens. The nervous banging of doors sounds constantly as men pass in and out and the heavy bolts are turned to exclude the police. A fat dowager in a shiny black dress stands in the shadow of an alley and peers out with a sinister look on her face. At a street corner a crowd is reading a red bulletin pasted upon the wall.

During one of my nocturnal rambles through Chinatown I was fortunate enough to witness the annual ceremony of feeding the poor dead. It was held in Sullivan Alley, so named, no doubt because it is inhabited exclusively by the Chinese, and Irishmen, as well as all other people of pale complexions, are expressly warned off by sign and guard. A crowd of Celestials pushed in and out through the doorway in the high fence that made the alley private. Now and then a man would come with a covered pewter dish of food which he was bearing from the restaurant to some one within, or a waiter would pass, balancing a tray on his head with a whole meal in pewter pots. The narrow street was aglow with solid rows of lanterns suspended from both the lower and the upper balconies. At the end of the alley stood a gaudy booth decorated with flowers, inscriptions and banners. A band of musicians, lavishly dressed in colored silks, dispensed wild music; banging drums and clashing cymbals broke in upon the strange cadences of shrill pipes and squeaky fiddles. Around the corner of the alley was a great screen painted with three immense figures of josses, fiercely grotesque. Before them a table spread with rare altar cloths richly embroidered was loaded with confections and flowers. Candles and incense burned before the shrine. Four priests in vivid scarlet robes with gold embroidered squares on their backs, and elaborately embroidered trimmings of white and silver in front, their heads covered with stiff black caps surmounted by large gold knots, faced the tables and bowed in stately fashion to the tune of the strenuous music.

Ladies dressed in gorgeous costumes with their black hair plastered back, leaned over balconies in the glow of lanterns, and watched the scene. Stolid crowds of men with expressionless faces packed the alley, coming and going in a never-ending stream. The odor of sandal-wood incense, the rythmic whine and clash of the music, the Oriental horde in the softened light of lanterns, made a picture which seemed more appropriate to a court of Cathay in the long forgotten centuries than to a scene in an American metropolis of this late day of steam and electricity.

So much for the street scenes! On entering those dark portals which lead up or down by crooked ways into the labyrinths of rooms, a new phase of Chinatown is disclosed. Here in garrets and cellars human beings are stowed away, stacks of bunks holding the packed mass of humanity. In stifling subterranean chambers opium fiends lie in beastial filth and dream of bliss.

Even the theatre is honey-combed with such dark and devious tunnels where the actors live. The white visitor gropes his way to the stage through crooked lanes bordered by dingy closets of rooms whence floats the dried-apple odor of burning pellets of opium, and those other undefinable but eminently distinctive smells which only Chinatown can generate.

Once upon the stage, attention is divided between the great sea of faces in the pit—silent, wrapt, dark, mysterious faces that grin and gaze as the action changes, but make no sound—and the action of the play. In the boxes sit the women, apart from the crowd. Seats are placed at the side of the stage for our accommodation and the play goes unconcernedly on. The musicians, at the back of the stage, keep up an infernal bang and clatter, mingled with shrill twangings, pipings and squeakings in monotonous iteration. Men impersonating women step mincingly about in their high, awkward shoes, singing in falsetto voices, daintily swinging fans, and pursing up their painted lips to simulate the charms of the gentler sex. The emperor

is almost certain to appear, sooner or later, and the officer who gets astride a chair or broomstick for a hobby-horse. After he is beheaded he stands up and gravely walks off and the audience looks more serious than ever at his exit. Stage scenery is severely simple. A table will serve for a mountain and a sign for a forest. The play continues for days and weeks, like the Arabian Nights tales, and since our capacity is limited for appreciating all its subtleties of wit, and the depths of its tempestuous tragedy, we betake ourselves from the noise of crashing cymbals which sound as if all the pots and pans of a big hotel kitchen were being hurled simultaneously at the head of some luckless cur, and, after elbowing through the group of actors, and groping along dark lanes, finally emerge upon the street, well satisfied with a cursory view of the dramatic art of this wonderful people.

The joss houses or temples of Chinatown have no external beauty save in the carved panels of their balconies. They are on the upper floors of buildings and are approached by long straight flights of steps. The interiors are characterized by a wealth of grotesque and conventional carving. The altars are marvels of intricate relief, generally overlaid with gold leaf. There are big brass bowls upon them, in which sticks of incense burn, and before the images of the josses are offerings of food and lighted lamps. Poles and emblems borne in processions on festive occasions adorn the walls, and there are various fortune-telling appliances about the place. If a man is to undertake a business venture he consults the joss. Two pieces of wood shaped like a mammoth split bean are much in vogue for reading fates. These are thrown violently upon the ground, and according as they fall with the flat or rounded side up is determined the man's fortune. There is also a plan for drawing straws to tell luck. When a man is well advised by the joss, and succeeds in business accordingly, he is apt to remember his spiritual counsellor with a handsome present, and thus the

temple thrives. Thus it becomes possessed of its splendid embroidered altar cloths, its rare old carvings and furniture, and other paraphernalia which makes it a place of wonder.

A Chinese funeral is an event that forces itself upon the attention of every wayfarer. The beating of tom-toms, scattering of imitation paper money to the devil, the express-wagon full of baked hogs and other food, are all matters of note. And then there are the antiquated hacks drawn by raw-boned horses that eminently suit them, the professional mourners, the sallow-visaged friends of the deceased. The train proceeds to the cemetery keeping up its infernal din the while. When the body is interred, a portion of the baked meats and confections are placed over it together with some lighted punks. The remaining viands are then taken back to Chinatown where the whole party unite in a feast in honor of the dead. At a later period the body is exhumed, the bones are scraped, and all that remains of the departed is shipped to his beloved resting place—the Flowery Kingdom.

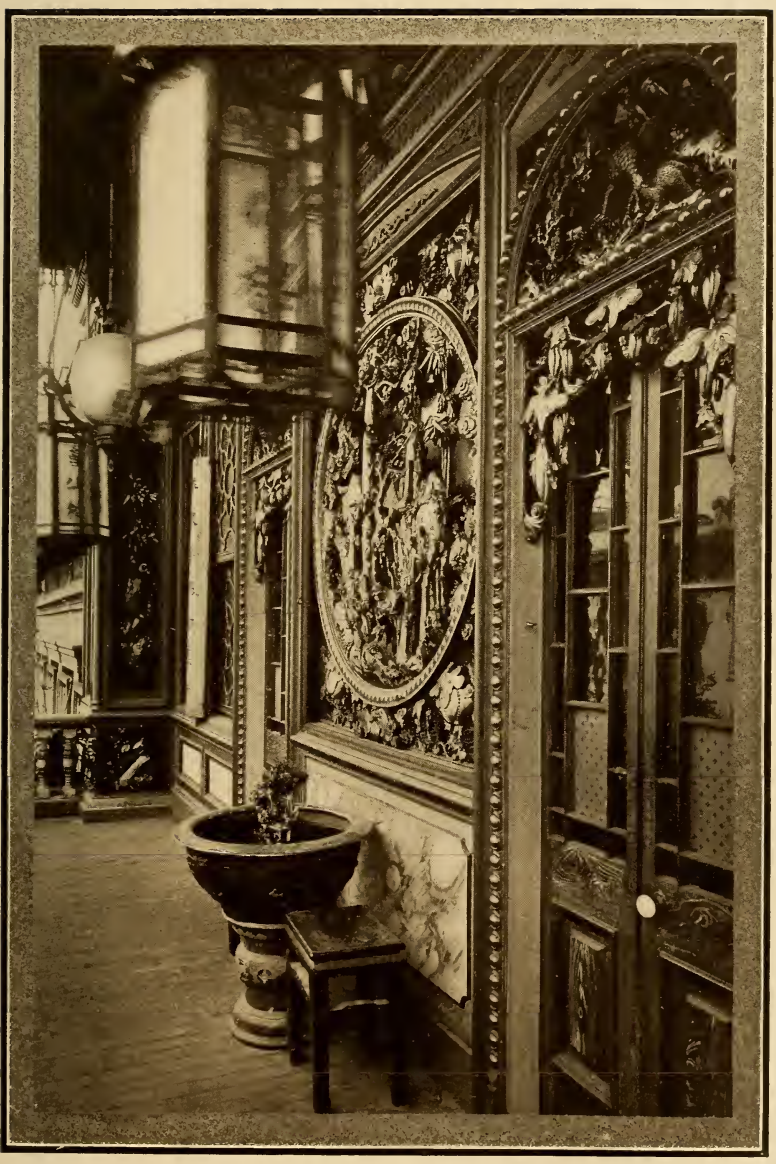
Chinese New Year is celebrated a month and more after ours. At this time the whole district is bent on merrymaking and hospitality. Every door is open to welcome guests. There is a display of gorgeous costuming that would rival a prize exhibition of cockatoos. Everybody makes presents; nuts and sweetmeats are in every hand. Houses and stores are decked with lanterns; heavy-scented China lilies are stood about in pots and vases; punks burn, firecrackers pop, and the revel lasts for days. The procession in which a hundred-legged dragon a block long writhes through the streets accompanied by priests, soldiers and attendants in gorgeous livery, is the crowning event of the celebration.

The Chinese question was for many years one of the live issues in California politics. So large an invasion of the little brown men was occasioned by the discovery of gold that their presence soon grew

to be a menace to white labor. Thrifty, industrious, imitative, bringing nothing with them and carrying away all they made, it was soon evident that the tide of immigration must be checked. The watchword, "The Chinese must go," was a stock phrase of the stump politicians. After much sand-lot agitation and some rioting, Congress was prevailed upon to enact legislation prohibiting the entrance of Chinese laborers into the United States. Similar legislation was re-enacted at the last session of Congress, the time limit of the old law having been reached. The Chinese population of San Francisco numbers a little under twenty-five thousand at the present time, having declined somewhat since the passing of the restriction laws.

California faces a land with a population of probably five hundred million people. We have demanded free access to that land for all our citizens, but we deny them the same right in return. To permit an unrestricted immigration of these people would be to court disaster. They huddle together without families, nourished on rice and tea. The readiness with which they learn our arts, coupled with their mode of life, makes competition with them an impossibility. Their women are mainly slaves held for traffic. The police have made little headway against their gambling dens; fan-tan is played openly behind barred doors; opium is the curse of the race. Highbinders, professional murderers of rival tongs, are hired to assassinate enemies and generally manage to elude pursuit in the mazes of Chinatown.

Despite all this, the Chinese are in many ways useful and perhaps essential factors in the development of California. In the fruit picking and packing industry they are more reliable, more mobile and in every way more dependable than white labor. As market gardeners they have no equal. A good Chinaman is an ideal household servant, neat, thorough, industrious and far better trained than the average white woman servant. In the country districts he will go to places where women are practically unobtainable.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TABER

ON A RESTAURANT BALCONY.

The solution of the Chinese problem is to be found in a conservative and unimpassioned handling of the question on all sides. Neither the wide open door nor the total exclusion will ultimately prevail, in all probability. But however the question may be decided, Chinatown is today a place of strange and absorbing interest, where much that is both curious and beautiful may be found, and where the oldest of the world's civilizations is religiously treasured in the heart of a big modern American city.

PLEASURE GROUNDS BY THE SEA

DREARY sand dunes, blown about by the fog-laden wind fresh from the ocean, and barren hills that seemed to give no promise of fertility, lay between San Francisco and the sea when in 1870 work was commenced on the Golden Gate Park. The seemingly impossible has been accomplished, and today the park is a great pleasure ground full of beauty and surprise at every turn. Broad avenues wind about through the miles of shrubbery and trees, with footpaths branching in all directions. Spirited horses and elegant carriages speed along the way. Crowds of people enjoy the outing on foot while many bicycles flash by. Exclusive of the Panhandle which is to be extended into the very heart of the city, as far as Van Ness Avenue, there are over a thousand acres in the park with seventeen miles of carriage drives winding through its beautifully diversified groves, lawns and gardens.

In the midst rises Strawberry Hill, commanding a superb view of the surrounding country. Oceanwards the surf is breaking on the sandy beach and a ship looms out of the mist into the golden light of the setting sun. Northwestward lies Tamalpais set in masses of nearer hills, with the whole sweep of the Golden Gate at the foot of it. To the northeast, just over the cross on Lone Mountain, the crest of the Berkeley Hills may be discerned. Due eastward, over the noble dome of the City Hall and way back of the hills on the far shore of the bay, Mount Diablo lifts its two great mounds above the mist. The slopes of Strawberry Hill are clothed in pine and cypress, with glimpses of ponds and lake-

THE QUAINT JAPANESE GARDEN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANGE

lets below. The stone cross in commemoration of Sir Francis Drake stands on an eminence near at hand and the park with its forests and broad winding driveways is all about. Flanking this are great smooth windswept piles of sand, softly ribbed and wrinkled here and there as the setting sun falls on its creamy folds. Beyond, on the hills, are the outskirts of the city, with masses of houses huddled in blocks and patches on the heights. Thrushes and white-crowned sparrows are happily singing in the shrubbery, to the accompaniment of the ocean breeze which sighs through the pine trees.

Encircling Strawberry Hill is Stowe Lake, an artificial waterway with islets and bridges to diversify it. No spot in the park is more fascinating to me than the quaint Japanese garden and tea house, where dwarf trees and evergreen carpets cling amid the rocks bordering pools spanned by rustic bridges, where cosy nooks invite you to linger for the refreshing bowl of tea and crisp crinkly little rice cakes.

The Park Museum, an imitation of an Egyptian temple, is especially rich in archæology and ethnology, although it contains a museum of natural history as well. It has a fine collection of Indian baskets and its Colonial exhibit comprises much of interest and beauty. In the large Crocker conservatory are rare varieties of begonias, orchids and other frail exotics, while the splendid *Victoria regia,* the giant Guiana water-lily with a pale pink night-opening blossom a foot in diameter, spreads its broad tray-like leaf pads in the central pool. There is a massive stone music stand in the park, the gift of Claus Spreckels, where band concerts may be heard once a week. The children have merry times in their play-ground, and boys play baseball on an expansive green lawn. There is an aviary where many bright-plumaged birds disport, a bison paddock and deer park. The trees and shrubs of the park have been brought from all over the world—from various parts of North and South America, Siberia,

China, Japan, Australia and Africa. It is claimed that no other park has so great a variety of trees, the temperate climate of San Francisco supporting the plant forms of all but torrid countries.

To the energy, taste, and enthusiasm of Mr. John McLaren, for many years park superintendent, is largely due the miracle of making the wind-swept sands into a garden of rare beauty.

Beyond the park is the long line of ocean beach with its fine shore drive, and the Cliff House perched defiantly upon the rocks where the breakers thunder. Off shore but a stone's throw are the Seal Rocks where herds of sea lions lie about in the spray, roaring above the dashing surf. The Sutro Baths are situated near the shore here, with their immense salt-water swimming tanks surrounded by seats to accommodate over seven thousand people.

I like best to leave the works of man which for the most part mar rather than beautify the coast, and, slipping off into some retreat along the rocky shore at the foot of Point Lobos, watch the great Pacific surf come riding in to spend its might against the weather-worn rocks at the entrance to the Golden Gate. Ships under full sail sweep proudly in with a fair wind. Gulls poise and flutter overhead.

The cry of the surf on the rock-bound strand, stern and lonely, the salt spray and the driving foam, the clanging bell on the buoy that rides on the rim of the channel, the mist overhead hastening in through the Gate, all bear token of that great mother of us all, who calls men forth to alien shores, all speak the Titan language of Ocean, the mighty mistress whence cometh the strength of nations.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TIBBETS

ON THE RIM OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

THE AWAKENING OF THE CITY

DURING a good part of the decade immediately preceding the dawn of the new century, a strange lethargy seemed to have settled upon the city by the Golden Gate. To the northward, Seattle and Spokane were forging ahead with giant strides. To the southward, Los Angeles had grown from a pueblo to a metropolis. In San Francisco, public spirit was at a perilously low ebb. Of local pride there was but the faintest glimmer. Population was at a standstill; houses were for rent. Merchants took what trade came their way but seldom reached out for more. Staggered by the crash of '93, the city seemed unable to recuperate, or made a recovery so slow that people shook their heads and spoke disparagingly of the place.

What was the matter with San Francisco? Why did it rest supinely upon its many hills and let the world take its own course? The railroad was commonly blamed for all the evils arising from the difference and indifference of public opinion on local questions. The Octopus, as that Quixotic champion of the city's rights, Mayor Sutro, dubbed it, was indeed a power with tentacles far spread over the State, and permeating many branches of civic life. But there were other factors which retarded the growth of San Francisco, chief among which was the lack of public spirit among the citizens.

It is a more agreeable field of speculation to note the forces which have been instrumental in changing all this—for a change has indeed come over the community. One of the earliest symptoms of an awakened

civic pride was the action of the Merchants Association in reforming the work of cleaning the streets of the business district. At about this time a ripple of enthusiasm was caused by the completion of the San Joaquin Valley Road and its absorption by the Santa Fe System, which insured a competing overland line to San Francisco. Events for arousing the city crowded thick and fast about the end of the century. The Klondike gold excitement stimulated trade and travel with the North.

Years before Dewey's guns thundered at the gates of Manila, far sighted men had predicted that the strife for commercial supremacy was destined to shift ere long from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but their prophecies had fallen upon deaf ears. The Eastern States took little note of Pacific Coast events, save to chronicle a prize fight or a sensational murder. But when regiments of soldiers came pouring into San Francisco on their way to the Philippines, the attention of the nation was centered here. It began to dawn upon men, both at home and abroad, that this was the port of departure not merely for the Spanish Islands of the Pacific but also for the Orient beyond. The strategic importance of San Francisco was impressed upon the dullest minds. Complications in China requiring the presence of American troops there, served but to deepen this realization. The moving of an army of seventy thousand men to and from these remote regions, the presence of fleets of transports in the harbor, the stimulus of trade in new channels, all served to rouse the dormant city.

Simultaneously with these stirring events came the reorganization of the Southern Pacific Railroad. As a part of the great Harriman System, a policy of co-operation with the people in the building up of the State has been vigorously pushed. It is now apparent on every hand that the interests of the railroad and of the people are one. If the arteries of commerce are obstructed, will not the tissues of the State wither?

Or conversely, if the body politic be not sound and strong, will it not inevitably impair the circulation of trade? To grasp this fundamental proposition of the organic connection between the people and the avenues of commerce, and to work to make this relationship a just and harmonious one on both sides, is the first essential to the prosperity of a country. Especially is this so of a region which from its vast isolation is dependent upon commercial relations with remote parts of the land. The importance of this new spirit cannot be overestimated in an analysis of the factors which are now at work in rejuvenating San Francisco. The withered staff of Tannhauser has burst into leaf, and the dead past shall bury its dead.

The new charter of San Francisco is constructed on the most advanced ideas of municipal government, and already great benefits are coming to the city from its operation. Since its adoption, large sums of money have been appropriated for extending the park system and for much needed additional school buildings. San Francisco occupies the proud position of a municipality practically without civic debt.

In the prosperity which has come with the new century, San Francisco has shared to the fullest measure. Capital has been attracted from various parts of the country. The street railways were purchased by a Baltimore corporation and their relationship with the Southern Pacific Railroad terminated. New buildings were commenced in various parts of the city —great substantial steel-frame structures of stone and terra cotta. Whole blocks of these dignified, well proportioned buildings are going up on Mission Street, replacing shabby rookeries; the splendid new Mutual Bank Building of gray stone and steep red tile roof, towers up with the other fine structures at the corner of Market and Geary Streets. Facing Union Square, a block away from the big modern building of the Spring Valley Water Company, the steel frame of the new Saint Francis Hotel is climbing higher and higher,

and the stonework follows with wonderful celerity. Over on Market Street at the corner of Powell, on the site of the old Baldwin Hotel, and opposite the great stone Emporium, one of the largest and costliest buildings of the city is now being erected for store and office purposes.

Just in the nick of time, the magnificent new marble postoffice is being completed up on Mission Street to replace the miserable structure down on Washington Street which for so many years has served as a makeshift. A magnificent hotel is to be built immediately by the Fair Estate on the California Street heights. These are but a few of the more striking business buildings now being pushed to completion. In one week, according to statistics compiled, six millions dollars' worth of buildings were commenced in the city. A gratifying feature of the work is the simplicity of design followed in nearly every instance. Costly materials and the most perfect of modern workmanship, combined with good proportions on broad lines, are bound to make the new San Francisco an eminently satisfying city architecturally. In former days the fear of earthquakes, together with the cheapness of wood, made people, as a rule, construct low frame buildings. Now that the matter has been tested and the earthquakes found to be far less destructive than the thunder storms of the East, tall stone buildings are no longer tabooed.

All this building is not the result of a speculative boom but the response to a real demand for more accommodation. People are coming to San Francisco from hither and yon, to settle in the community. New business enterprises are being started, old ones enlarged. Vast sums are being expended upon railroad improvement of lines centering here, and immense steamships are built or building for trade with this port. Since the days of '49 such an impetus of growth has not visited San Francisco.

That the city, and indeed all California, has

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BUSINESS DISTRICT.

awakened to the opportunities now arising, is shown by the recent organization of a Promotion Committee composed of representatives of the various commercial organizations of the city and State. Strangers are made welcome at their comfortable headquarters on New Montgomery Street, and information relative to the resources of California is given to all who are interested.

It is almost an axiom of civic life that the permanent well-being of a city depends upon the prosperity of its adjacent country. Never did any land have more to offer the home seeker than has California. The orange grows to perfection in valleys a hundred miles north of San Francisco, where it ripens by November, a month earlier than in any other part of the United States. Figs thrive over an even wider area than the citrus fruits, and experiments recently made in shipping them fresh to Chicago and New York have proven a success. California olive oil commands a high price on account of its freedom from adulteration, and ripe olives are becoming a much relished food. The prunes of San Jose and the raisins of Fresno have acquired world-wide fame, while California wines compete successfully at international expositions with their French predecessors and rivals. The improved railroad facilities have made it possible of late to ship early fresh vegetables, as well as all of the fresh fruits to the Eastern market. Indeed shipments to Europe of fresh California fruit are now regularly made. With the railroad back of the people a limitless market will await the horticulturist, and his returns will be proportionate to his labor and skill.

Many inexperienced people have imagined that fruit growing in California was all attended to by nature. Young Englishmen have come here, lured by tales of prodigal fertility, and have smoked their pipes while their ranches went to perdition. Horticulture in California requires knowledge and hard work, much as anything does in this world that is worth doing. The

best results are to be had on irrigated land, and small holdings are now proving more successful than the large ranches of the past, but patience, skill and grit are needed for the work. The passage by the American Congress of the Newlands Act has called the attention of the whole country to the possibilities of development in the West through irrigation. The lakes and streams of the Sierra Nevada Mountains contain enough water to make fertile all the cultivatable valleys of the State, and it is now only a question of years before this will be done. The great wheat fields of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys, cultivated with gang plows and harvested with machines that do the whole process of cutting, threshing and sacking, are rivaled only by the vast prairies of the Mississippi. Another industry that is assuming large proportion is the manufacture of beet sugar, which is carried on in parts of California on an immense scale.*

The old-fashioned placer mining—the washing of gold out of the sand of river beds with a rude wooden cradle—is no longer profitable as in the days of '49, but during the past five years over fifteen million dollars annually has been mined by the improved methods now in vogue, and there seems to be no diminution of the supply. The great stamps of the Placer and Nevada County mines are thundering away at the ore, while dredgers scoop up the sand of river bottoms and sift out the gold as it passes through.

In manufacturing lines, San Francisco has been greatly hampered by the lack of coal mines within convenient distance, although a firm like the Union

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*Mr. Charles F. Lummis in his brilliant serial, "The Right Hand of the Continent," in *Out West* for October, gives the following summary of California's production of sugar:

"It sends out 40,000 tons of beet sugar, an increase of fortyfold in seventeen years. Leaving out Louisiana, California produces more sugar by ten per cent than all the rest of the Union combined—more than the other beet-growers, the Texas and Florida cane, the Kansas sorghum, the maple sweets of New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, Ohio, Iowa, Michigan and Minnesota."

Iron Works, which can build such battleships as the Oregon and the Ohio, need not take second place to any builders in the world. Up to the present time coal has been king; but in this as in other matters an era of change is at hand, and Old King Coal seems destined to take a back seat. His rival to the throne is none other than that modern Zeus, the wielder of thunderbolts, which we call the electric motor. For many years the use of water as a motive power has been out of date, but the present cycle of progress brings it once more to the front. Over the valleys and hills of California march silent processions of poles carrying heavy wires upon large insulators. The lightning is being harnessed to the waterfalls of the mountains, and the mysterious currents generated in the far away heights by the singing streams which pour their current down the rocky slopes, are flashed in a trice to populous centers, there to light houses and highways, to speed cars over city streets, and to turn the humming wheels of industry. In the days to come, manufacturing supremacy shall be determined not by coal mines but by waterfalls. California, with its glorious Sierra battlement where the snows pile high all winter long, melting in never-failing streams that swiftly course to the valleys, is above all other lands supplied with this natural motive power. The mountain streams shall labor now for man, and sing at their toil. Even into the great city shall penetrate their power, and the smoke and grime of coal shall be replaced by a mightier and cleanlier force.

Coincident with the perfecting of insulating appliances, making it possible to carry electric currents from the mountains to the sea, has come the discovery and development of seemingly limitless oil wells in various parts of California. The use of oil fuel as a substitute for coal is meeting with the most gratifying success. Railway engines burn it and cinders become a thing of the past. It has been tested upon a large passenger steamer running between San Francisco and

Tahiti, with the result that a saving of two hundred dollars a day is effected. Oil burning freight steamers are plying between San Francisco and the Hawaiian Islands. The terrible work of the stokers is abolished and the decks are no longer grimy with cinders. Within a year all the engines of the Southern Pacific Railway will be converted into oil burners. Dusty country roadways when oiled become like park boulevards. And thus electricity and oil are not only replacing coal but accomplishing far more than the old fuel could do. To be sure the transition has but begun, and vast quantities of coal must still be imported to San Francisco, but when ere long the oil pipe line is laid from Bakersfield to tide water, when J. Pierpont Morgan's new oil company, just organized with a capitalization of twenty million dollars, is in operation, and the new San Francisco Electric Power Company has brought its lines from the mountains to the city, the demand for coal will surely not continue to increase in proportion to the growth of population or of manufacturing industries.

One other great natural source of wealth California possesses, namely her forests. But every true lover of the wildwood looks with dismay at the recklessness with which this treasure is being squandered. Nor is it by any means a sentimental motive which has actuated the protest against this ruin and waste. The future of California depends upon the conservation of its water supply. Without this the land will become a desert. The forests are the only power which can restrain the impatient torrents from despoiling the land —from rushing down the mountains in freshets and tearing away the soil of the valleys. The forest roots restrain the floods, the arching branches retard the melting snows, and the bounty of heaven becomes a blessing instead of a menace to the valleys. Hence the wisdom of a great series of national parks in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The hungry saws are ripping up the sublime redwood forests of the coast district—

forests as beautiful and impressive as any in the world. One State park of thirty-eight hundred acres in the Big Basin of the Santa Cruz Mountains is already saved, but aside from this the entire stretch of redwood forests is at the mercy of the lumbermen. There should be a chain of such parks up the coast to the Oregon boundary, lest our children grow up to curse us for our sinful neglect of them. San Francisco, awakened, aroused, building, reaching out, must not be satisfied with accomplishing its own immediate ends, but must remember that it has children who are to inherit the work of its hands.

THE EASTERN SHORE

EVERY fifteen minutes during the daylight hours a great ferry boat leaves the gray stone building at the foot of Market Street for the eastern shore, passing in transit the return boats. During the evening, travel is lighter and boats run at less frequent intervals. Six miles of boating and a like distance by train for five cents to daily travelers or commuters, and ten cents for occasional passengers, is the cost of the trip—a rate unparalleled in suburban traffic. The larger boats, comfortable and modern in every detail, are capable of accommodating over two thousand persons, in spite of which they are often taxed to their utmost seating capacity during the morning and evening hours. It is estimated that a daily average of over forty thousand people cross the bay, while on special occasions the travel has been as great as a hundred thousand persons in a day.

Oakland, with its estuary for deep-water shipping, with ship yards for the building and repairing of vessels, and every facility for the immediate transfer of freight from ship to car, is peculiarly well located as a commercial center. Two long piers, or "moles" as they are called, reach out into the bay to carry Southern Pacific overland and local trains as near as possible to San Francisco, and a third pier is now nearly completed for the electric car service of the Santa Fe. Alameda County, of which Oakland is the metropolis, is one of the most productive districts of the State. It is famed for its vineyards, its hop fields and orchards. Indeed all fruits and vegetables thrive in its equable

climate. The project of tunneling the hills back of Fruitvale, thus affording easy access to the sheltered valleys beyond the Coast Range, is now nearing consummation, and will become an important factor in the city's development. Already Oakland is the third city in the State in population, its inhabitants numbering about seventy thousand. It has many charming residences tucked away amid semi-tropic gardens, the district about Lake Merritt being especially noted for its substantial homes.

Alameda, with over sixteen thousand inhabitants, lies to the south of Oakland on the low land, which, by the recent cutting of the tidal canal, has been converted into an island. Its well-kept macadamized streets and many fine homes embowered in shrubbery and vines, make it a favorite residence town for an increasing number of people who do business in San Francisco. Alameda is a headquarters for the yachtmen and canoeists of the eastern shore, while its salt-water baths are an attraction to those fond of aquatic sports.

One may be forgiven for an undue partiality to his own home town, which is my only excuse for enlarging on the charms of Berkeley. I know it and love it from many years' residence. It is an unfinished place with much about it that might be bettered, particularly in the provincial architecture of its business section, yet I have never known anyone, however widely he may have traveled, in New England or in Old, who has once lived under the spell of the Berkeley oaks without wishing to make it a home for life.

Berkeley lies upon the hills opposite the Golden Gate. Its homes command the whole glorious sweep of bay and shore. Tamalpais rears its finely chiseled profile to the right of the Gate, and San Francisco on its many hills lies to the left. The selection of this site for a State University was an inspiration on the part of its founders. Just where a beautiful cañon in the Berkeley hills descends to the plain, with classic

laurels fringing its upper slopes, and the patriarch live-oaks sanctifying its lower levels with their gnarled gray trunks and dark canopies of verdure, upon the gently rising slope which leads up from the bay shore some two miles distant, a tract of two hundred and eighty-five acres has been set apart for the University of California. The Berkeley Hills rise abruptly back of it to the crest of Grizzly Peak, some fifteen hundred feet high, and upon the three lower sides of the grounds extends the town.

Wherein lies the charm of Berkeley? Is it in the vine-covered cottages and profusion of flowers which at the height of the season make the town seem decked for a carnival? Is it in the glorious prospect of rolling mountains and far-spread bay? Or is it the people, drawn from near and far by that great magnet, the University? We old timers complain that the town is getting crowded and no longer has the rural tone of a few years ago. But what matter? Ceaselessly the houses go up, new ones springing into existence on every hand, and the only consolation is that on the whole the architecture is steadily becoming simpler and better. There is probably no other spot in California where so many really artistic homes are assembled. For those who like the sort of people attracted by a great institution of learning, no society could be more delightful than is to be found here. People are flocking to Berkeley not only from various parts of California but from many sections of the East. They hear of its wonderful climate, softer than San Francisco but favorable for work all the year round, the most truly temperate climate imaginable. They hear of its homes, its people and its accessibility to the great city. They come to educate their children at the University and once here never leave save by compulsion.

The growth of the University of California in recent years is one of the most significant facts in the development of the State. Throngs of students crowd class-rooms and laboratories to the utmost limit, despite

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANGE

ON THE CAMPUS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

the many temporary buildings recently erected. The University has grown six fold in the past twelve years. Harvard alone among American universities outnumbers it in undergraduates. Well may California boast of the fact that in proportion to population more students are receiving a college education within her confines than in any other State in the union! Plans are now being made for a magnificent group of permanent university buildings, and the first of the series, the Hearst Mining Building, is in course of erection.

Mere numbers count for little save as an index of the desire for higher education. It is the high standard, the progressive spirit, the ideals of scholarship that are in evidence which means so much for the future of San Francisco and of California. It is the presence of such men as Benjamin Ide Wheeler, a Greek scholar and writer of wide reputation before he became so forceful a power in Berkeley as president of the University, of George Holmes Howison, one of the deepest philosophic minds of the age as the students of the older centers of learning attest, and of the memory of the illustrious dead—John and Joseph Le Conte and Edward Roland Sill—these men and their co-workers are indeed the crowning glory of Berkeley! The college town has also for many years been the home of William Keith who has drawn the chief inspiration for his matchless pictures from the oaks, the hills, and the bay of this well loved region.

SOUTH OF SAN FRANCISCO

CCUPYING as it does the end of a peninsula flanked by ocean and bay, San Francisco has but one direction for expansion, but one outlet by land —to the southward. Here extend the hills and valleys of San Mateo County with well-kept farms and prosperous villages and towns. Here is Burlingame, where so many San Franciscans of wealth and taste have built country homes, adding to the charm of nature the arts of the architect and landscape gardener. There are miles of level park-like valley land here where graceful, wide-spreading oaks beautify the plain, revealing between their masses of verdure vistas of blue mountain ranges. In the cañons of these mountains, and even up on some of the heights where the salt breeze and fog drift in from the sea, are superb forests of redwood. I recall with peculiar delight the stage ride over the mountains from Redwood City to La Honda, down into the deep dark glade where the solemn shafts of the forest rise like worshipers of the light.

In the warm valleys of San Mateo County, sheltered from the ocean wind, are the market gardens for supplying San Francisco with vegetables, and flower gardens for providing the wealth of bloom and fragrance which makes the city florist shops the delight of all who enter or even pass their doors. The Crystal Springs Lakes and San Andreas reservoir in the mountains of this district are the sources of San Francisco's water supply, enough, with other available springs, to furnish water to a million people.

In one of the broad sheltered valleys of this beautiful country of oaks and vineyards lies the Stanford

BURLINGAME COUNTRY CLUB.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TIBBETS

University. The inspiring example of a multi-millionaire devoting his entire fortune to founding a university in memory of his only son, and the subsequent devotion of his widow in carrying out in every detail the wishes of its founder, has made the University world famous. Its beautiful Spanish architecture, fitting so well the site, with groups of low, tile-roofed buildings around an inner and outer quadrangle, has done much to create an atmosphere for the University, and its president, David Starr Jordan, has shaped its work on broad and noble lines. From an initial class of four hundred and sixty-five students, the attendance has grown in ten years to thirteen hundred. The presence of two great Universities within a radius of thirty miles of San Francisco, with distinctive ideals, with strong individual presidents, the one emphasizing the scientific spirit of investigation, the other the Greek spirit of culture, but both broad and liberal in their views, is one of the great influences, nay rather *the* great influence in shaping the future of San Francisco. The rivalry in football and athletics, in oratory and scholarship, between the two universities, keeps both on their mettle. Each helps the other, and both work for what is highest and best in the life of the State.

From Stanford University and the academic town of Palo Alto close to it, a ride of a few miles on the train takes the traveler to San Jose at the head of San Francisco Bay. This city is fifth in population in California, and is noted for its park-like streets shaded by spreading foliage trees or ornamented with rows of palms, its many substantial buildings and general air of prosperity and thrift. It may well appear so with the great fruit country that surrounds it, where some of the finest prune orchards of the State are to be found, as well as acres and miles of other varied deciduous fruits, all cultivated to the last degree of perfection.

A daily stage connects San Jose with the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, where, with the aid

of the second most powerful telescope in the world, a small band of devoted astronomers have made some of the most important discoveries of modern times in the investigation of the heavens. Work of far-reaching importance has been done here on the finding and observing of double stars, on photographing nebulæ, in spectroscopic astronomy, the detection of comets, and in many other fields of research. The stage ride of twenty-seven miles to the observatory is over a typical section of the Coast Mountains, the view ever enlarging until the topmost point is reached with its almost unparalleled expansiveness of outlook. The whole snowy range of the Sierras extends far off across the broad plains of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. Mount Diablo, and Mount Tamalpais lie to the north, and past Loma Prieta to the southward the ranges of southern Monterey County are visible. San Francisco Bay, the fertile Santa Clara Valley with its settlements, its orchards and cultivated fields, and many near cañons and wrinkled hills are below us. What sunsets one may view from this vantage point, followed by a peep at some planet through the great glass, and glimpses of that illimitable star world so wonderfully revealed! Then there is the night stage ride down the mountain, bowling around curves at a lively trot, and descending into the darkness and solitude of the cañons!

I think of Mount Hamilton during the lovely weeks of spring-time when baby-blue-eyes gladdened the slopes, when shooting stars and scarlet larkspurs and lupines were waving in great masses of radiant bloom, when the birds were singing and courting, and the lonely mountain where man holds communion with the stars, thrilled with that loving touch of nature which makes all the world akin.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TIBBETS

INNER QUADRANGLE OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY.

ABOUT MOUNT TAMALPAIS

IT was wet on Washington's Birthday and the wind whistled merrily over the Bolinas Ridge as four jolly tramps swung down the crest in full view of the miles of thundering surf from Point Reyes to Ocean View. They drew up at the door of Constantine's Tavern amid the spruce trees, and uttered a wild war whoop. Why any mortal man should have thought of building an inn in that remote spot on the stage road from Ross Valley to Bolinas, and still more why any other mortal men should have thought of walking ten miles on a rainy winter afternoon to get there, is one of those mysteries that passeth understanding. But the ceanothus bushes were abloom in the chaparral, the manzanita bells were coming forth on the gnarly red-stemmed shrubs, hound's tongue and trillium and violet were putting forth timid petals in the rain and the birds were making holiday in those lovely wooded glades of oak and spruce. It was enough!

Mine host Constantine, surnamed the Old Pirate, who had concocted stews on the ferry boat for many a year, was there with his good wife to receive us, and as soon as the wet boots and clothes were steaming by the big open fire we sat down to the festive board and devoured plates of inimitable chowder a la Constantine, savory chicken and the many other Greek dishes he proudly set before us, swapping yarns the while with our host and entertaining his festive goat while the master's back was turned. We slept in one of his cabins before a rousing fire, lulled to sleep by the raindrops trickling in through his leaky ceiling. A twenty

mile tramp to Olima on the morrow was one succession of splendid views of forests and mountains, with the ocean far below.

The whole Marin County peninsula is a great natural park with villages and pastoral country interspersed. Would that it might be reserved as such for all time! In its sheltered valleys grow the noble redwoods, the sublimest of forest trees save only their compeers of the Sierras. In the secluded Redwood Cañon they still stand in their pristine glory—stately shafts of majestic proportion lifting high their evergreen foliage. Mill Valley shelters much charming second growth redwood where simple cottages nestle amid the trees. Most unique of these are the Japanese houses built by Mr. George T. Marsh.

From this point the mountain railroad zigzags up Mount Tamalpais. After leaving the shade of the redwood and the fragrant laurel dells, it turns and twists up the mountain side, coiling in a double bow knot, curving and winding along ledges in search of a uniform grade. The view broadens below—first the bay with indentations and peninsulas, islands and distant hills. The city comes in view across the Golden Gate, and presently the ocean is sighted. As the stout little oil engine pushes us still higher, we see the twin peaks of Mount Diablo looming up nobly to the eastward back of the Berkeley Hills. Far to the southeast swells Mt. Hamilton on a high ridge, where the great eye of the world watches silently the other spheres. To the northward, fifty miles away, we see Mount St. Helena grimly rising. The train takes us to the comfortable Tamalpais Tavern from which point the summit is distant but a ten minutes' walk. The wind rushes wildly over the ridge. At our feet stretches the ocean, with the Farallone Islands seemingly close at hand. Turning we look down on the broad expanse of the bay, on hills and mountains, towns and cities. This varied view of land and sea, compassing a hundred miles of the most diversified land-

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANGE

MOUNT TAMALPAIS.

scape of California, must be seen many times to be thoroughly appreciated. Sunrise over the San Joaquin Valley; the red orb dipping down into the fiery band on the ocean; moonlight, and the witchery of the fog, when the beholder sits like an eagle on his crag and sees the tumultuous cloud-floor spread below—all these are but passing phases of the splendors of nature which may be seen from this great watch tower of the Pacific.

At foot of the mountain, nestling amid the valleys or in cosy nooks on the bay shore, are many charming suburbs of San Francisco. San Rafael is the largest of these and is frequented by many people of wealth as well as by a numerous population of moderate means. Sausalito, on the shore, is a meeting place for yachtsmen, while Belvedere is famed for its night water carnivals. Both towns have many picturesque houses on hillsides overlooking the bay. A half-hour's ride on the ferry takes the suburbanite from San Francisco to his home. There he may enjoy nature, forgetting the cares of business and the stress and strain of the city, calmed by the expansive view of bay and distant hills, and enlarged in spirit by communion with the beauties far spread at his feet.

THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE

SAN FRANCISCO occupies the strategic post of the world commerce of the twentieth century. "Westward the course of empire takes its way" was a prophecy which has already found fulfillment. The Pacific is the new theatre for the enacting of the drama of the nations. From time immemorial the world has been divided into the East and West, the former of hoar antiquity, conservative, profound, teeming with people, the latter ever young, ever new, following in the march of time, progressive, expanding, peopling new wildernesses, restlessly searching for new worlds of hand or brain to conquer. From time immemorial the West has thriven upon the commerce of the East. Phœnecia, Athens, Alexandria, Rome, Venice, Spain, Holland, England, each in turn has waxed fat and opulent on the commerce of the Orient. It was in the search for the Spice Islands that America was discovered. It was in the determined effort to find a more direct route between Europe and the Indies that most of the future exploration of America was pushed. It is with the same determination to sweep away every obstacle, however monumental, which separates the Occident from the Orient, that the United States has undertaken the prodigious task of building the Isthmian Canal.

After all these centuries of effort, a great city has been reared upon the outposts of the western world with a free sweep of sea off yonder to China. The tidal wave of civilization has rolled around the globe. The West has reached its limit, and to go beyond

means to cross the international date line into the East. So intent has San Francisco been upon the petty local problems which environed her that she is only now awakening from her lethargy to realize the pre-eminence of her position. Standing upon the rim of the western world, the Orient is before her. She commands the shortest route to the East, seldom blocked by winter storms, and commerce will always go that way. It is the law of following the line of least resistance. Even when the Isthmian Canal is finished, passengers, mail and all perishable freight will go by the quickest way, and the enforced reduction in railroad rates will more than offset any loss of freight business to San Francisco.

The railroads are alive to their opportunities in overland traffic. They have so reduced the time that mail and passengers are now carried from ocean to ocean in a little less than four days. The terrors of the desert are set at naught by the triumphs of engineering. Vast sums of money are today being applied to the improvement of road-beds, the straightening of curves, lowering of grades and modernizing of equipment on the transcontinental lines. Instead of the Northwest Passage, for which the mariners of old sought in vain, applied science has given us the overland passage. So rapid has been the increase of freight business during the past year that the railroads are hard put to supply cars to handle it. The Sunset Limited train runs daily now instead of twice a week, to accommodate the increasing travel. Other railroad lines are seeking entrance to San Francisco from the East. New steamship lines are bringing hither the produce of many shores—of Alaska and South America, Oceanica and Australasia, the Philippines, Japan and China. There were but three regular steamship lines plying between San Francisco and foreign ports in 1895 as against twelve lines today, and the foreign export business has grown from a tonnage of something over fifteen million pounds in that year to over two hundred million pounds

in 1901. Our merchants are filling orders for Siberia and New Zealand. Korea and South Africa are being brought within the scope of our commercial enterprise as well as the various countries of Europe.

The great triangle of the Pacific is destined to have its lines drawn between Hong Kong, Sydney and San Francisco. Of these three ports, Hong Kong will have China behind it, Sydney, Europe, and San Francisco, America; and with America for a backing, San Francisco can challenge the world in the strife for commercial supremacy. In the midst of this great triangle lie Hawaii and the Philippines. From the days of Magellan's immortal voyage to the time of Dewey, the Spanish stronghold in the Pacific remained unshaken save by internal dissensions. Today America is roused to a new charge, and if only the love of liberty which has so long thrilled the nation can remain the dominating spirit in our disposition of these populous islands, we shall have a stronger hold upon the vantage ground on the outposts of the Orient than could ever be gained by force of arms. If we are bound to these people by ties of mutual interest, the islands will be to us a source of legitimate profit and a link in the chain of commerce with the Orient, but if we seek to rule them with a master hand, they will become a drain on our pockets and a potent factor in lowering our national tone. The future of San Francisco is deeply concerned in this matter, and the present drift of events seems happily in the right direction.

While San Francisco is thus indebted to its commanding position as toll taker on the world's highway, the city, in common with all California, is also favored by isolation. Between the snowy crests of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and the ocean, is a strip of land of extraordinary fertility. Here grow the largest forest trees of the world, the largest fruits, the most abundant crops. Water, in some parts of this region, must be artificially brought to the land, but irrigation is at once the oldest and the newest method of assuring

FROM A PAINTING BY YELLAND IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA ART GALLERY

THE ROAD OF PASSAGE AND UNION BETWEEN TWO HEMISPHERES.

a harvest. All ancient civilizations were in countries which depended upon artificially watered crops, and California is but another instance where history is repeating itself.

Beyond this garden, for hundreds of miles to the eastward stretches a desert, or, more properly speaking, an arid region of alkali plains and sage-brush hills which can probably never support a dense population. Thus are we of the Coast cut off from kinsmen of the East and Middle West. Trains may speed their fastest with mail and freight. Books and magazines may come pouring in upon us in a deluge from New York and Boston, but the physical barrier remains. California, cosmopolitan though it be, thrilling with the same patriotic pride and enthusiasm as the East, is still intensely self reliant. It does not hang upon the opinions of Eastern oracles but makes its own standards. One has but to be inoculated with the California fever by a year's residence to become an enthusiastic victim for life. There is a largeness of horizon here unknown to the Easterner. City men go out on summer outings to climb lofty mountain peaks that would appall a tenderfoot. The stern grandeur of the ocean shores and the vast horizon of Sierra peaks leave their impress upon the race that dwells in such an environment.

Much has been said and written of the climate of California, but it still remains a fruitful theme. Within the radius of a hundred miles are to be found all sorts of climate, save the greatest extremes of the tropics and Arctics. From the cool moist coast to the dry heat of the interior means but the crossing of a spur of the Coast Range. From the frostless lowlands to a region of heavier snowfall than is found elsewhere in the United States implies but the ascent by rail of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. In the valleys, roses and oranges; in the mountains, snow-shoes and ice carnivals!

The climate of San Francisco is uniform to a de-

gree that is equalled in few regions.* The summer fogs temper the heat and make July and August as comfortable as midwinter for work. The constant sea breeze that sweeps over the hills all summer long on its way to the hot interior valleys, carries away the germs of disease and makes San Francisco an exceptionally healthful city. Frost is rare in midwinter and a flurry of snow falls only once in a few years, melting almost ere it touches the ground. From June to October scarce a shower moistens the ground, but from November to May there are copious downpours, interspersed with some of the loveliest days of the year. The rainfall varies in amount from year to year, but it is always welcome, since the stormiest of winter weather means an ensuing summer of abundant crops. Last winter, with a rainfall of twenty-one inches, was an average season.

From my aerie amid the Berkeley Hills I look out through the Golden Gate and see stately ships and proud steamers coming and going; I can trace the long line of overland trains speeding along the bay shore; away yonder the city flecks the stubborn heights of San Francisco. The whole great pageant of commerce is in view afar off on the blue and purple relief map of bay and mountains. The matchless gate of gold is there glowing in the sunset. Over on La Loma, but a stone's throw distant, stood Fremont when he named that "road of passage and union between two hemispheres" the Chrysopylæ or Golden Gate.

Where could be found a more fitting highway for the world commerce to travel, where a more sublime portal whence the power and products of western civilization should go forth to other shores of this vast

*The lowest temperature recorded by the weather bureau during thirty years' observation, is 29° Far. The highest is 100°. The lowest mean temperature for any month during this period was 46° and the highest 65°. The mean temperature during these thirty years was lowest in December, when it averaged 50°, and highest in September coming to 63°. In other words, the variation of mean temperature from month to month during thirty years has been only 13°.

Pacific, and the stored wealth, art and industries of the Orient be returned to enrich America? San Francisco, founded by the Spanish padres who bore the cross to the scattered Indian tribes of the wilderness, invaded by a cosmopolitan horde from the four winds of the globe, flocking at the cry of gold, developed by American energy into the most important city of the Pacific shore, has now taken a new impetus of growth and has before it a more brilliant future than the most sanguine of its founders dared anticipate. May that largeness of public spirit, that breadth of view and that readiness to co-operate in all that is good, grow and develop until the community is able to fitly cope with this empire of the Pacific sea and shores and make it tribute to its genius!

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