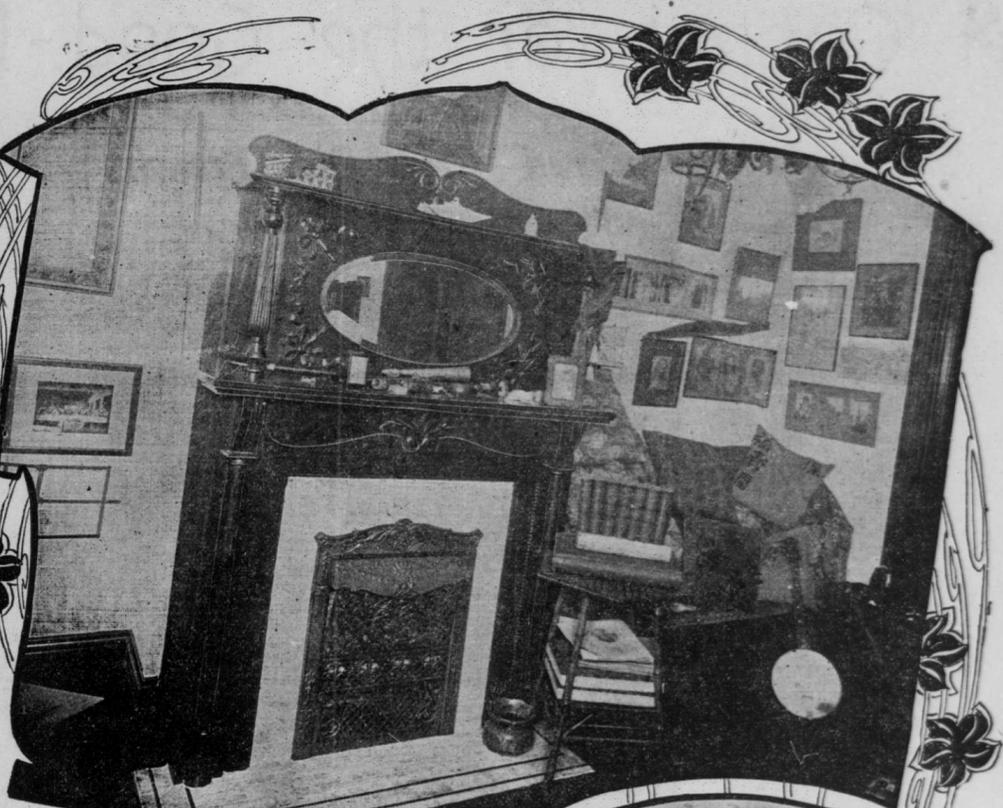




EDWARD H. SHELDON. DINING ROOM...



OSCAR & ALFRED SUTRO. PARLOR...

San Francisco Bachelors at Home

YES," say the men who live in bachelor apartments, "we have solved the problem of metropolitan living. No hotels or restaurants for us. That arthill existence cannot hold a candle to your own happy little home, where there are no elevators, bellboys or folding-beds. Give us our own little fire-side and a Jap cook and we defy the world when it comes to living."

"Why," said the enthusiast, "it's the next thing to being married." "And," adds the blase young man, "it's a mighty sight better." Of course, life in the bachelor apartments is not all beer and skittles—the price of butter may rise and, worse still, the cook may quit. But for all that, here in San Francisco there are dozens of bachelors who count the pros as weightier than the cons and they puff happily at their own firesides without hearing a word of reproach concerning smoke in the window curtains.

The Sutro boys—Oscar and Alfred—have a snug little place on Jackson street. The dining-room is large and commands an excellent view of the bay. About the walls are hung specimens of antique firearms and swords. Alfred Sutro has a fine collection of stuns gathered here and there while on a visit to Germany. These are placed on shelves about the room. The parlor is a cozy room and has everything that a bachelor's parlor should have. Pictures there are and bric-a-brac and a multitude of sofa cushions. There is a banjo for lazy hours and a guitar, too.

Edward H. Sheldon maintains one of the sweetest apartments in town. One would readily see from a look into them that Mr. Sheldon's tastes are distinctly artistic, especially in the line of fine china and cut

THOSE WHO KEEP HOUSE AND ENJOY TRUE COMFORT

shades are rosy, and cushioned corners are tempting.

Perhaps the most unique of all the bachelor quarters in town is what is known as the "Attic." It is here that Benjamin Benjamin and Herbert E. Hunt keep house. The rooms are rambling and are full of little nooks and corners, each one devoted in detail to some special scheme of decoration. Rugs from Turkey and Arabia, chairs from China and settees from Japan; vases, books and musical instruments from the whole world over. From the music room starts a stairway which leads to the roof now being fitted up as a garden. Palms will spread themselves there, and little seats will be fitted in among them. Dim Turkish lamps will hang about and make flickle shadows in the plants.

There are some cozy quarters on Pine street. They belong to E. G. Vincent. Potted plants and flowers abound and scattered about the divans and window seats is a collection of sofa pillows that Mr. Vincent—well, it's only a little affair of course, he knows, but if anybody can beat that collection, well—

All the way from flower-pets! silks to throwabout leather pillows they range, and Mr. Vincent has a right to be proud.

Thomas Barbour has a pretty little suite of apartments on Jones street, and in them he entertains right royally. He has a fad for callas. He says California people think them common, but that doesn't make them any less ornamental, does it? So he banks them every day, as if for a party, on mantel and table and piano, and then he says he "is fixed."

They have a world of their own, these bachelors. And they like it.



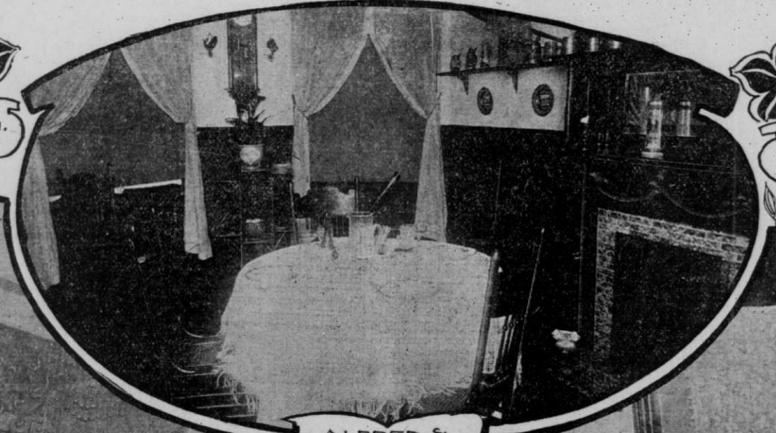
VINCENT. LIVING ROOM.



THOS. BARBOUR. PARLOR.



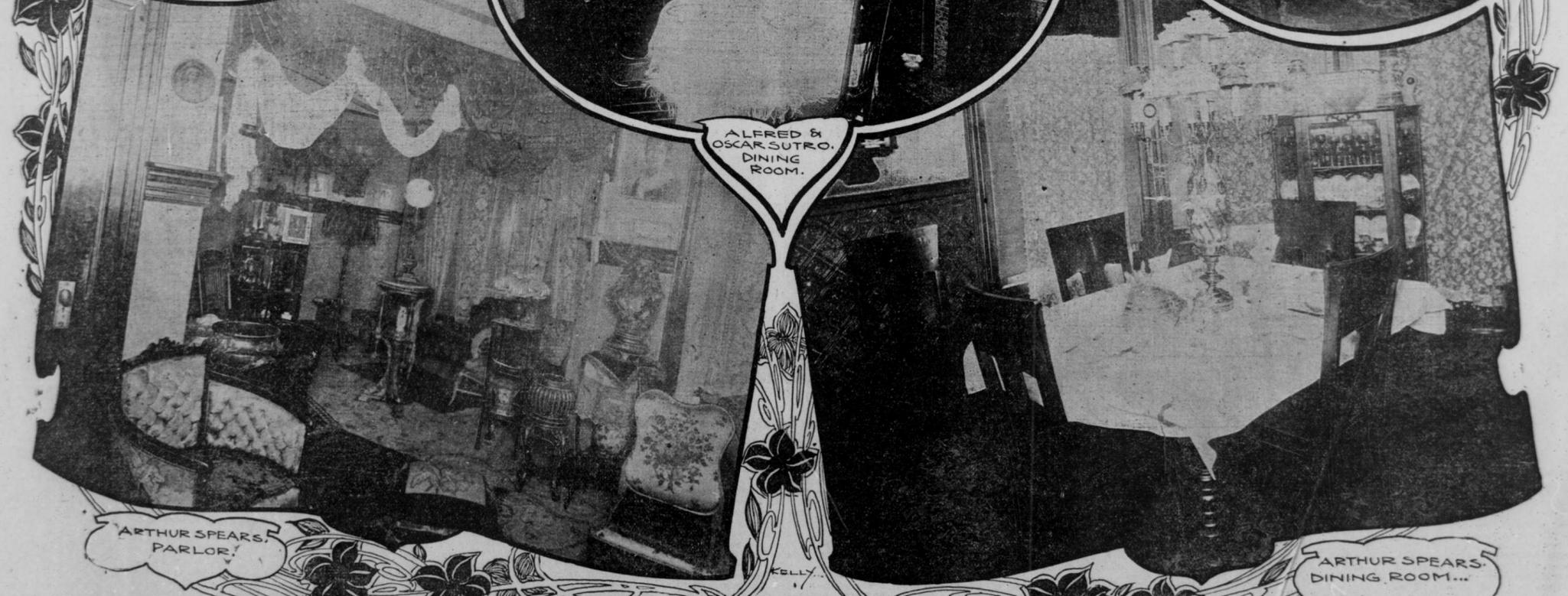
HUBERT E. HUNT & BEN BENJAMIN. THE ATTIC.



ALFRED & OSCAR SUTRO. DINING ROOM.



EDWARD H. SHELDON. PARLOR.



ARTHUR SPEARS. PARLOR.

ARTHUR SPEARS. DINING ROOM...