

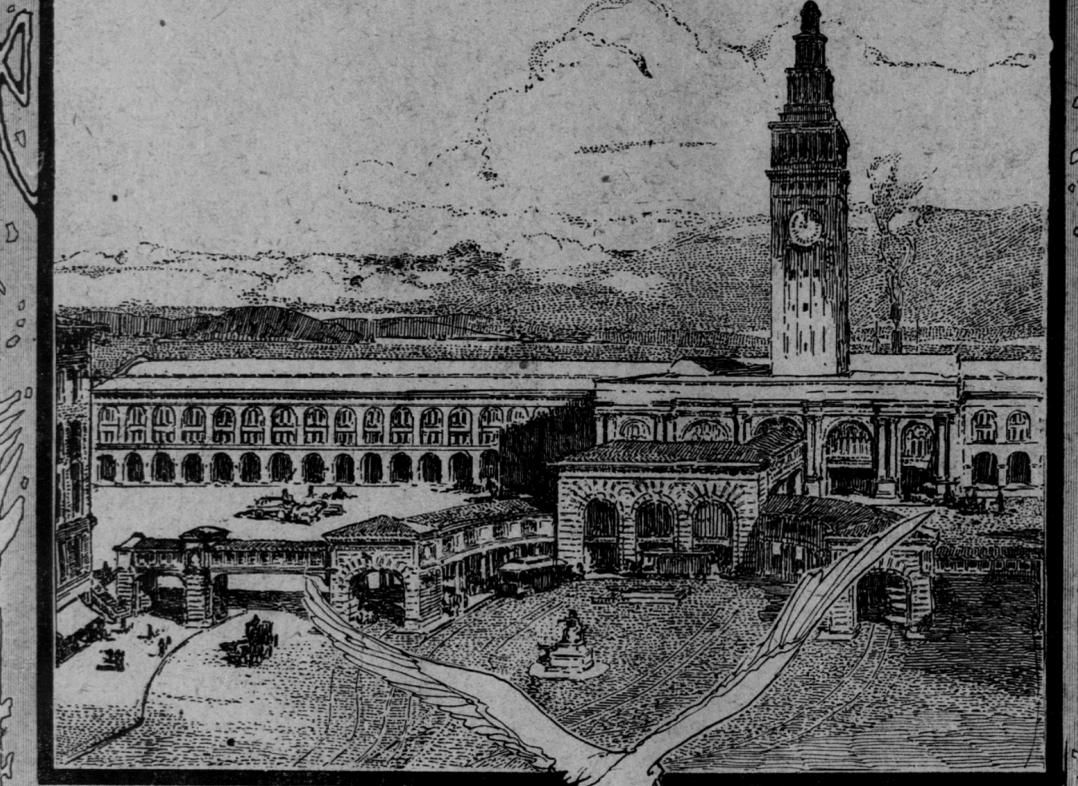
THE FERRY BUILDING

ARTHUR MATHEWS
 Designs an Elevated Causeway Over East Street Which Would Lane Foot Passengers on the Market Street Sidewalks and Give safe access to the Street Cars

By Hanna Astrup Larsen

"THE foot of Market street is not only the key but the key-hole to San Francisco," said the California artist, Arthur Mathews, in speaking of the congested condition of this part of the city. Whoever has stood at the entrance to the ferry building during one of the busy hours of the day will be ready to say that it is easier for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for the traffic of the bay cities to pass through one keyhole, however spacious.

Watch the hurrying, scurrying crowds of commuters jostling one another in the rush for the boat. Clanging cars swing around the loop, pausing to discharge their loads of passengers. The Mission and Sacramento street cars from their different directions bring their contingent to the dense mass of humanity. From the bay the hoarse whistles of the ferry steamers foretell the influx of another stream of people, which meets the outgoing one and breaks and surges in the halls of the ferry building.



Design for Bridge and Cover From Second Floor of Ferry Building - Looking North on East Street

It is a pretty sight when the sun shines in the blue California sky and over the answering blue of the bay, when the morning throes of dimly dressed shoppers brave the terrors of the brickdust for the sake of reaching their particular sartorial shrines, or when the merry picknickers return from their outings trailing armfuls of flowers. It is most wonderful of all in the darkness of the night, when the ferry is the throbbing pulse in all that vast quiet, reaching out through the wastes of the "burned district" to the lights in San Francisco homes beyond and across the black waters of the bay to the answering lights on the other side.

To the lover of San Francisco the joy of joys is to return after an absence, to feel the difference of the salty air on the bay and see the lights of the city coming out of the mist; to watch the tall blackness of the ferry tower take form out of the luminous darkness beyond, to see at least the green and red frames of the signal lamps gently dipping in the hollow of the waves, to feel the ferry boat settle in its slip and to join the crowds rushing over the gangplank. It is an entrance worthy of the queen of the city, the epic plunge into the life of the city, crushing into one thrill all that makes San Francisco different from other cities. If you elect to glide in prosaically on the train between factories and lodging houses you might as well go to Chicago.

But the epic plunge is not entirely free from hampering details. The thrill of an arrival through the ferry at the foot of Market street may be big enough to carry one over mud and cobblestones and occasional orange peelings, but when one has to wade every day the larger poetic aspects may be lost in the anxiety of holding one's best furbelows out of the mud that oozes between the cobblestones from the made ground underneath and at the same time trying to step lightly on the excreting stones that threaten to cut thin soled shoes into slivers. The vision of heaven and earth is blotted out by the more immediate vision of a street threatening to crash into you from one side and a span of four elephantine horses calmly bearing down on you from the other, while you dodge and run only to be met, just when you think you have reached safety, by another vision of impending horses' hoofs.

The medieval towers grew up naturally and therefore artistically around the town square, so San Francisco has expanded from the water front. The artist's plan calls for the widening and pushing back of the loop to admit of teams passing between it and the ferry, for spanning this passage by a bridge leading from the upper decks of the ferry steamers to a covered passageway curving in horseshoe form following the car tracks of the loop, the two points of the horseshoe ending in two more bridges connecting the passageway with the north and south sides respectively of the foot of Market street and having stairways leading down to the pavements. The

It is inevitable that the congestion which is even now troublesome must be doubled and trebled with the increasing business of the city and the growth of the cities across the bay. It needs no prophet to foresee the dense tangled mass of streetcars, carriages and drays which will make crossing East street a dangerous undertaking for pedestrians and probably increase the cost of life insurance to commuters.

As the ferry entrance, that most splendid entrance any city ever gloried in, must always remain the natural center of the bay cities and the key to San Francisco, no beautifying scheme could be more important than one that would preserve its dignity and characteristic beauty while eliminating the unpleasant features. Such a plan is that prepared by Mr. Mathews and published today in The Sunday Call. Mathews is a firm believer in the natural civic center and he does not believe in any "up in the air" plans that would attempt to shift the center of gravity from the foot of Market street where the natural growth of traffic has placed it to some arbitrarily selected point. As

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same result might be accomplished by an underground passage, but the made ground at the water front is unfavorable to such a plan and moreover the cellarlike vaults with their stuffy air and dismal suggestiveness of rats burrowing in the ground, which many Americans have had their first taste of in London, do not appeal to the nature of Californians. They prefer to keep in touch with the sun and the winds from all corners of the earth. It is claimed also by those who have made a study of the development of cities that underground traffic has a tendency to increase congestion instead of relieving it at the terminals, and that the much heralded New York subway for this reason is a dismal failure.

Mathews' plan is perfectly simple, but entirely adequate. It regulates teaming, facilitates streetcar traffic and does away with the danger and discomfort to pedestrians of crossing East street. The loop at the ferry is a great improvement over the old straight tracks, but it has not yet stood the test of a normal traffic, even reckoning a normal traffic by what it was before the traffic on three lines. In addition there will be room for the San Mateo car to pass into the center of the loop on a straight track running in between the curved roads. He claims that the 350 feet of the width of the loop gives ample room for such an arrangement.

The teaming on lower Market street

the tracks would be unnecessary. Those who have seen what can be accomplished in the narrow, congested streets of old London by the ironical rule of keeping to the left will appreciate this part of the plan. The streets are this part so narrow to accommodate the modern traffic, but by a rigid discipline they do manage it somehow. The two endlessly moving streams of vehicles keep each its own side of the street and do not interfere with each other. So slow and regular is their progress that pedestrians and cyclists are able to slip in through almost infinitesimal gaps in the solid mass with less danger than would at first appear. For contrast take a carriage up Market street and count how many times you miss the boat you ought to have made, while a dray as big as Noah's ark, but not so swift, moves as slowly as a fly on a tarbrush exactly in the middle of the car track in front of you, while the motorway "cuts" on an archway and the driver in choice "back talk" asserts his right to occupy any part of the road that pleases him for as long a time as it may be convenient. This is not a peculiarity of the strained temporary incident to the car strike, but is a simple result of the lack of system. San Franciscans have vastly more room than Londoners and so they abuse their advantages and are in the end more uncomfortable than those who have not half the space.

Those who will appreciate Mathews' plans more than anybody else, however, are the passengers, particularly women and children, who wish to pass from the ferry steamer directly to the pavement on Market street. They will be able to walk from the upper deck of the boat through the upper hall of the ferry building over the covered bridge leading into the covered passageway that rests on arches spanning the car track and connected by another bridge with the end of Market street, where a stairway leads to the pavement. The comfort of passing high and dry above the dirt and confusion of East street is so great that every woman will feel as if she were on the high road to the new Jerusalem.

Plan Is Elastic

When questioned in regard to the details of his plan the artist declared that it must, of course, be carried out in the new, modern style, because that was the only style possible. We could not build in the gothic style if we wanted to, for the simple reason that there were no workmen now who could do it out further than this. He had no definite views, however, as to why the new building should conform to the style of the ferry building. In fact, he would prefer that it should not, as he considered it extremely ugly and the greenish gray sandstone the most impracticable stone for the purpose. He believed that the best material for San Francisco was brick which could be glazed in any color that was wanted. He wished the bridges and passageway to be in an artistic sense up to the ferry building, mitigating the severity of its ugliness, but he considered that it would accomplish this purpose even better if it were different in color and style.

Uniformity in color and style of beauty, and where the attempt had been made to make a city conform to some well defined plan the result had been a fiasco. Shining examples of this were the Boulevard of Paris and the Unter den Eichen of Berlin, where an attempt had been made to regulate the height and style of the buildings to an enforced uniformity. The result was far less artistic than in the old medieval towns where the city had been allowed to grow up to regulate the necessities of its communal life, and in London, where the varying height of the buildings lent interest to the sky line.

When the brick dust, which is our smoke of battle, has been cleared away, revealing smoothly paved streets lined on either side with substantial buildings, then, if the plans outlined by Mr. Mathews are followed, the approaching city will be worthy of the queen of the Pacific.



Looking North on East Street

"What's in a Name?"

By Will Scarlet

It was after the ball one night in fair Verona, and everybody was supposed to be in bed. The fruit tree tops were swaying in the slight breeze and old Capulet's bulldog was snoring on duty. Milady Juliet opened her chamber window and gazed pensively at the stars.

Oh, Romeo, Romeo! where art thou Romeo? Deny thy father and refuse thy name; If thou wilt, I will give up my love, And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

"But what's in a name? That which we call a rose, By any other name would smell as sweet; So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd, Retain that dear perfection which he owes Without that title."

Old Capulet's bulldog yawned himself out of a troubled dream, sniffed suspiciously and caught sight of a strange young man gazing rapturously at a second story window. The bulldog licked his jaws in anticipation and prepared for business, but quite casually he, too, glanced up at the window and listened soberly to Milady Juliet's remarks. Then old Capulet's bulldog yawned once more. He took one last look at the enraptured young man near by, gruffly muttered, "Aw, what's the use?" deliberately chided his tail for upward of 30 seconds and then dutifully went to sleep again. Old Capulet's bulldog was tired.

This article, however, has nothing to do with old Capulet's bulldog. We are interested rather in the little speech of Capulet's daughter that put Capulet's bulldog to sleep. Juliet, to put it mildly, liked the enraptured young man down there in the garden; but she didn't like his name and accordingly hinted, after the most impersonal fashion imaginable, that she would like to change it. The substance of her remarks is this: "A name doesn't make any difference. But I don't like your name. Therefore, please change your name, and oblige."

Almost a syllogism, is it not? Juliet

is as delightfully illogical as logical people usually are. Names make no difference in the world—but she doesn't like Romeo's name—presumably because it makes no difference. No wonder old Capulet's bulldog went in pursuit of his tail! He saw that vicious circles were popular.

And now, putting her illogical logic out of the question, was Capulet's daughter right? Granted that

That which we call a rose, By any other name would smell as sweet; Does it follow that a name makes no difference after all? In other words, "What's in a name?"

Very little, I think, if you mean a man's name. Thus far, at least, Milady Juliet was right. But when it comes to feminine names there is a difference. Take Milady Juliet herself and change her name—to Susie, for instance—and then tell me if you find no difference.

This line of thought has been charmingly expressed by Meredith Nicholson in his latest book, The Port of Missing Men. He says:

"Undoubtedly there are detritus fully consecrated to the important business of naming girls, so happily is that task accomplished. Gladys is a child of the spirit of mischief, Josephine wears a sweet gravity, and Mary's too, discourses of serious matters. Nora, in some incarnation, has seen fairies scamping over moor and hill and the remembrance of them causes her memory. Katherine is not so faithless as her ways might lead you to believe. Laura without dark eyes would be impossible, and her predestined Petrarch may be seen only against a background of Trojan wall. Gertrude must be tall and fair and ready with ballads in the winter twilight. Julia's reserve and discretion commend her to you; but she has a heart of laughter. Anna is to be found in the rose garden with clipping shears and a basket. Hilda is a capable person; there is no ignoring her militant character; the battles of Bacon kings still ring in her blood. Marjorie has scribbled traces in secret, and Celia is the quietest auditor at the symphony. And you may have observed that there is no button on Eliz-

abeth's foil; you do well not to clash wits with her. Do you say that these ascriptions are not square with your experience? Then verily there must have been a sad mixing of infant candidates for the font in your parish. Shirley, in such case, will mean nothing to you. It is a waste of time to tell you that the name may become audible without being uttered; you can not be without understanding that the "r" and "l" slip into each other as ripples glide over pebbles in a brook. And from the name of the girl—may you be forgiven for denying a glimpse of Shirley Blair's pretty head, her brown hair and dream-haunted eyes, if you do not first murmur the name with honest liking."

The latter portion of this neatly worded passage is, to be sure, a piece of special pleading. But no matter. There is truth, much truth, in it all. We have the nucleus of a philosophy of girls' names which assuredly will some day be written. For the truth is, girls' names are as distinctive—and sometimes even more so—than girls' faces. A little reflection makes this fact clear to even the dullest bachelor that lives.

Call up the word Evelyn and see what mental image it connotes. You have before you a girl with well rounded arms and a broad, unfurrowed brow, with swimming, expressive eyes; Helen and more sedate than Helens, but will prove a constant friend. Be-

not suspicious and will never fail to hold you in durance vile until you can prove to her satisfaction your plea of not guilty.

Harriet is angular—often charmingly so. She is almost the antithesis of Evelyn. Her eyes snap with mirth or anger and her lips, not noticeably full and dewy, naturally close in an eloquent straight line. There is nothing languid either in the grip of her hand or the throbb of her heart. She is not wont to take long in deciding and usually decides right. Don't, if you value her friendship, attempt dissimulation with her. Those clear, direct eyes will blaze quite through you and are bound to discover the truth.

Jane has keen eyes, too, which are busy with the oddities of persons who come within their range. She is quick to perceive the incongruity of things and facile in telling you about them. Her face may be grave or childlike, but she is not deceived. Beneath that pretty mask she is classifying you in her mental notebook for future reference.

Did you ever experience the peculiar charm of one of those later days in May, when spring is bidding gentle adieu and summer, roscelad and smiling, hurries on? If not, you cannot see Frances, for Frances is the incarnation of one of those buoyant, inspiring, alluring days. Fanny, though, is easier to appreciate, for Fanny is frankly summer. Charlotte can hide nothing from you. Her frank face and candid eyes let you know, better even than her direct speech, just what she thinks about you and all the world. Agnes you approach

with reverence, for you are on holy ground. The beauty of this king's daughter is within, ever radiating through her kindly eyes, throbbing in her every word and lending an elusive glamor to her every motion.

Alma is spirituelle. While you are in the same room with her you are performing the part of a hero. She is at least an immortal soul. Physical massiveness, charming in Hilda, would be disappointing in Alma. It would ill suit Rebecca, too, though she, assuredly, has not denied the butterfly about her.

You may esteem Cora greatly, but you could not conceive her subsisting on a diet of crushed rose leaves. She may smile ever so sweetly up into your face, but simultaneously she will remove that particle of dust from your breast of your coat. You will never forget your collar or wear tan shoes with evening clothes if you live in the same house with Cora.

Serene and stately—a soft toned vision of Hellenic grace—comes Constance. Smiling she is, for she knows what a blessed thing it is to smile; but none the less can she be grave, and, if need arise, even stern. She lends an unflattering air when duty whispers.

Margaret is her younger sister. Her smile is bright, but her voice, ever soothing, a little less like balm. Margaret's eyes are lit with mystery in her graver moods, and happy is he who walks with her hand in hand.

Whoever has watched the autumn leaves dispersing themselves in the wind, tossing, whirling, leaping as the fitful blasts command, knows infinitely better than I could tell him what Margaret is like. Often, to a form and face positively bewitching Miss Maggie joins an imperiousness of temper that would be dismal to contemplate, only we know it will never last long. An upbraiding from Maggie is a happy omen; another turn of the wheel and you are hers until—next time.

Far otherwise is Blanche. She is as constant as the northern star to a person, an institution, an idea. Her face has a certain quality that makes her tell you this, that, and the other, better even than her direct speech. Just what she thinks about you and all the world. Agnes you approach

More Than You Think

moanly thoughtful or a Kate that could not be uncommonly thoughtless. One of my most charming acquaintances sometimes says, "My name is Katherine, but with friends I'm Kate." Evidently Kate—I mean Katherine—understands the philosophy of names.

By this time the average reader is convinced of two things: First that there seems to be some connection between a girl's name and her looks and character, and second, and consequently, Milady Juliet, when she cried out, "What's in a name?" formulated a problem that is far from being a problem. Names are not matters of accident, I know—all we unmarried men know—that babies are all alike and that seemingly when you give them names you do so at haphazard. But in reality you do no such thing. There is a divinity that shapes their ends, rough hew them how we will. You call your baby girl Louise and straightway the nymphs in charge take your baby girl in hand and make of her a bright eyed, red lipped, optimistic maiden. Superstition? Not a bit of it! Show me a stupid Elizabeth, an unamplious Ellen, a pug nosed Mabel, a Harriet fat—oh, unwholesome word—and scant of breath, and then talk of superstition if you will.

And you, perchance, had Milady Juliet thought over the matter a little more she would have said something like this: "Change your name if you want to and call yourself John Smith. John Smith is short and clean cut and rather better than Romeo for everyday use. But I intend to leave my name alone. Juliet means just Juliet, and Juliet means me, and no other name possibly could mean me. So change Romeo if you like, but as for Juliet, not on your old painting!"

And then, possibly, old Capulet's bulldog might not have gone to sleep again; and that young man gazing enraptured at a second story window might have said things that not even Shakespeare could make poetry of, and old Capulet might have come out in his nightcap and said things of the same kind, and the inconstant moon might have grinned with cynical delight, and— Well, the possibilities are infinite.



Present Congested Condition of the Ferry Building