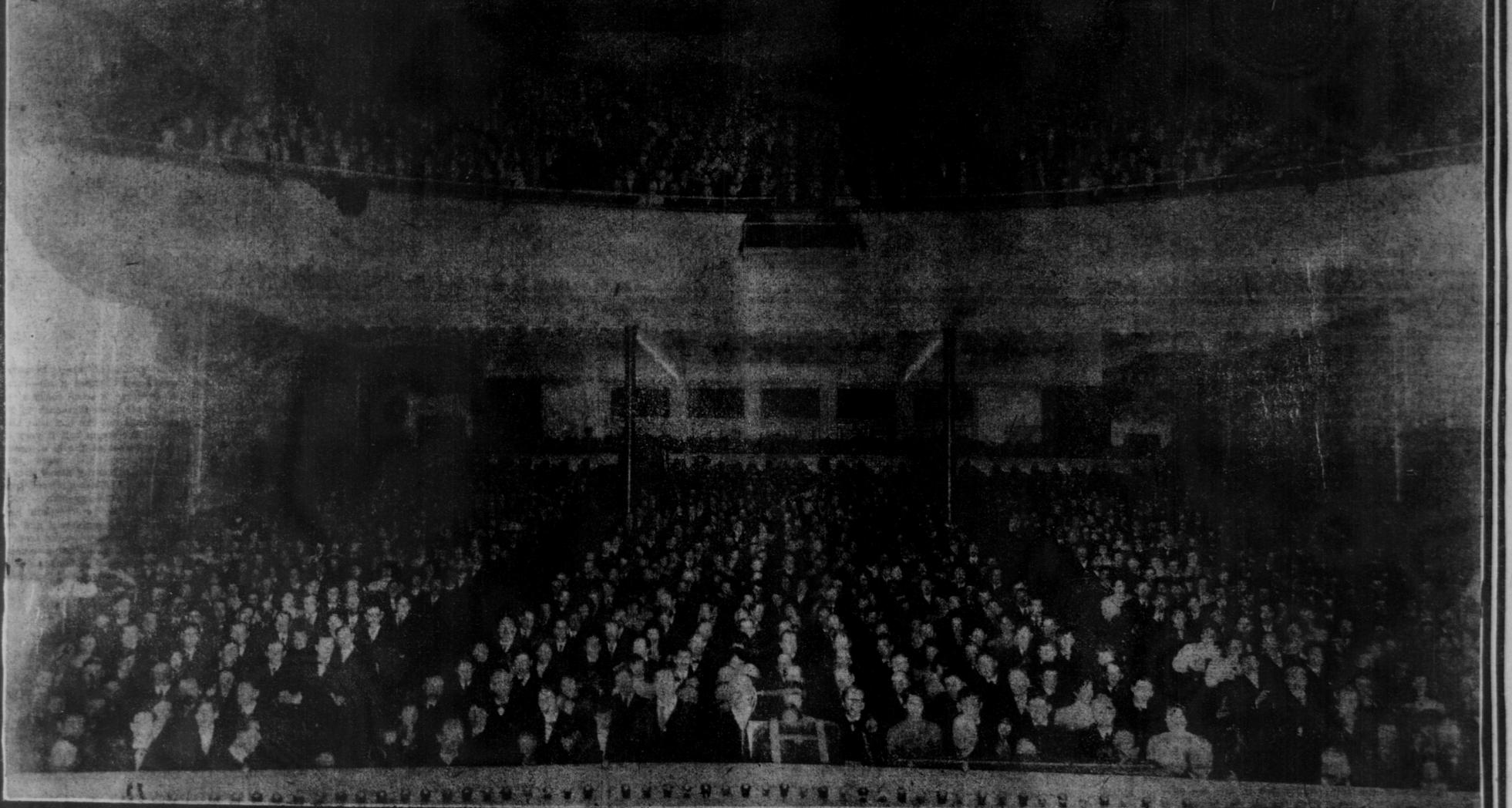


The Pleasure-Loving City



AUDIENCE IN THE ORPHEUM THEATER, SAN FRANCISCO, AT THE MATINEE ON SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1907 - PHOTO BY HALEY

"THE bonnie, merry city; the good gray city," is the phrase which has been applied to San Francisco, the city where dwells the most pleasure loving population on earth.

With good reason; for where will one find a gayer, more light hearted, bonnier, merrier people than those who laughed in the face of disaster and waited for the theaters to be rebuilt that they might forget their tragic happenings in the joys and sorrows of the mimic stage? As fast as a theater was pronounced finished an audience

crowded in. Side shows, vaudevilles, comedy, tragedy, music, jostled and trampled on each other in vain efforts to satisfy the demand for pleasure. Any entertainment could command an interested audience; any offering look for a ready response.

So it was, and so it is. So may it always be. There are seven theaters in the city, and not one of them lacks its full quota of applause for every evening's presentation. The Orpheum, which has, if anything, added to its old time popularity, beholds packed houses every performance. The matinee photograph reproduced above shows an audience of over 1,600 people. The others have their attractions and their admirers. There are those people who are known among the theatrical fraternity as regular "first-nighters." They occupy the same seats at the same theaters on the first nights of every new play, and stage managers, recognizing their experience, do not ignore their verdicts.

Adjacent to the theaters are the concert, lecture, amateur plays and music halls. Pleasure divides itself into many branches, and for those who care not for the land of the stage there are these in plenty. There are numerous organizations, clubs, societies—what not—always on hand with some sort of program. Do there go unwarded? Verily, not. Go where you will on the avenue, on Fillmore, to the Mission, along Market, south of the great artery. You may see throngs, crowds, streams of excited, eager seekers after pleasure and entertainment. Phonographs call from street corners, repeating Caruso's, or Schumann-Heink's, or Meiba's matchless tones. The throng parts, separates, lingers a moment, listens, applauds and hastens on. More pleasure waits around the corner, and footsteps may not tarry if the cup of enjoyment is to be drained to the full.

After dark the cafes send out broad streams of light across the scene. The strains of violin, piano, the mellow notes of the double bass, float out and mingle with the happy laughter and say chatter of the crowd. The big doors swing open every few seconds to admit group after group, who are going to enjoy the after-dinner hour with music and careless talk. The big cars rumble by laden with passengers bound for other pleasure goals. Electric signs twinkle and flash as finger posts directing to the marts of pleasure. Down in the Latin quarter, where the pleasure element most abounds, Americans and Italians, Spanish, Mexican and Belgians, mingle, the latter reckless, care free, brimming over with the spirit of the night, of gaiety, of unrestrained delight, pausing in front of the foreign restaurants, whose doors are spilling forth a huddle of those who have dined

to make room for others, shouting back and forth, calling, shrieking with laughter, and all on the same errand, bent, the pursuit of that which is to them as wine—the pursuit of pleasure. San Francisco is a "miniature Paris." To be assured of it one has but to take a field glass and from a convenient vantage point view the endless stream. He will assure himself that of pleasures for the tellers who work all day there is, as for the patrician pleasure seeker, abundance of recreation. If he watches on holidays and Sundays he will see the gay concourse seeking park and ocean beach. Here is pleasure of another sort, but truly of the kind which reinvigorates, reconstructs, jaded nerves, builds up broken down muscles. To say that our climate is unequalled is a truism so trite as to be stale. But it is those who are able to prove it to whom it appeals the most. For any one who contemplates the spectacle of hundreds of fearless children wading in the surf, digging in the warm sand or romping on the green stretches of the park grounds, cannot fail to realize that here is pleasure in its primeval purity, unstained, unspiced, which betters one in the taking and leaves but the sweetest of memories behind. So of indoor and outdoor pleasures for the favored San Franciscans there is no end. And who can enjoy it all so well as they?

WHEREIN THE NEW CITY ALREADY EXCEEDS THE OLD

(Continued from Front Page.) changes brought about in the business sections of San Francisco since the epoch making upheaval of 1906. Corresponding alterations came in the residence portions of the city. First of all was a concentration of population in the residential blocks unscathed by the flames. Few indeed were the houses of flats in any portion of the city that long remained tenanted, and new residences rose almost in a night. This is especially true of the Western addition, the Sunset district, Noe valley, the Potrero and the Mission. The solid south of Market was the solid south no more. The fire swept it quickly, thoroughly and mercilessly, and the inhabitants fled. Many sought temporary shelter in the refugee camps; some hurried across the bay, but returned almost as quickly as they had fled. But to the Western addition and the Mission others went, and went to stay. The increase in population in those two districts during the last year and a half forms a record hard to beat.

The swift rehabilitation of the district lying about North beach is a material proof of the energy and determination of the Italian residents of that portion of the city. The fire wiped it out as completely as it wiped out south of Market; south of Market is gone, but North beach remains. As a matter of fact, the people never left it at all. Army tents and refugee shacks served as temporary quarters while willing and capable hands started to build the section all over again. And the second North beach is an improvement, a big improvement, on the first.

There can be little doubt that North beach has received an increase in population since the April disaster. The enthusiasm and competence with which our Italian citizens tackled the work of reconstruction attracted numerous visitors who, in the words of a local parody monger, "came to watch and remained to stay." A stroll through the Italian quarter, today particularly along Broadway, will convince the most skeptical that North beach is getting on very nicely, thank you. Stores there are a plenty, and several big substan-

tial buildings rapidly nearing completion. The famous Italian boarding boarding houses are again doing business at the same old stand. The street is black with traffic and the sidewalks glow with men and women who know how to dress.

And what shall we say of Chinatown? Well, Chinatown is still on the map. After the fire, it is true, our loyal Hong-kong took a much needed rest in Oakland; but the celestials had not there a lasting city. The gentle city of Saluts always did have a Chinatown, and it has one now; but it were a grave error to suppose that it is made up entirely or even largely of Asiatics who lived on this side of the bay previous to the shake. But could demonstration in the best, Visit Chinatown—our Chinatown—any day you like, and see if it is not still on the map. And if you think that the Oakland Chinamen are not coming cityward in droves just ask the insurance agents—they know it to their cost.

The existence of North beach and Chinatown does not show that the new city is a copy of the old, but it does show that the new city is not behind. It will be only a matter of years until the Chinatown and the North beach of today surpass the Chinatown and the North beach of the yesterday. Both have taken a new and better start, and both have abundantly proved the energy and tenacity of their people.

We have already seen that the old south of Market is no more. Before the quake it was largely a residential district; now it is largely a manufacturing and commercial district. It has, of course, its churches and its schools, its flats and its hotels; but the time-honored expression, "south of the spot," has lost its significance. But what has become of its former inhabitants? Many of them are in the Western addition, the Mission and the other residence districts; but there are others. What has become of them?

The answer is easy—they have moved south, down the peninsula. The true San Franciscan always demands development of the peninsula is the development of the peninsula is the Bay Shore cutoff. What heretofore made the building up of the peninsula a slow and difficult task were those five ranges of hills which hunched up their backs and glared threateningly down upon the prospective suburbansite and in their grim sullessness seemed to say, "So far shall you come and no farther." But the Bay Shore cutoff has changed all that. Those grumpy old hills no longer threaten, for the iron horse, puffing triumphantly, clefts through their very vitals, and demonstrates to all the world the truth of the Irishman's saying, "The best way to get over a hill is to go through it."

never have an East side. Accordingly, when the population became congested after the April disaster, hundreds of people determined to take up their abodes in South City, Burlingame, San Mateo and the other peninsular towns. They could be near the city without being in it; they could have all the advantages of both urban and suburban residence.

Just at present the people living down the peninsula are nodding their heads and sagely remarking, "Watch us grow!" And we're watching. Three things contribute to make the peninsula the coming residence district. These three things are: The lack of residence sites in the city proper, the possibilities of the peninsula as a manufacturing center and the Bay Shore cutoff.

San Francisco has spread as far as she can spread to the north and east and her development toward the west will be complete in a very short time. Her streets run from bay to ocean, from ferries to county line, and she is no longer what she once was, a city of straggling houses and fences and sand dunes. So in the long run she must develop in the direction of San Jose. The present city is the mere nib of the peninsula. Southward must the course of empire take its way.

The second thing that contributes to make the peninsula a factor in the city of the future is the splendid opportunities offered for manufacturing plants. Already a number of big firms have located on the peninsula. Among these are the W. F. Fuller paint company, the American Jupiter steel company, the Alexander brick works, the San Francisco gas and electric company, the Steiger pottery and terra cotta works, the American smelting and refining company and the Western metal company, with six buildings and extensive stock yards. Not without reason do the people of the peninsula nod their heads and say "Watch us grow!"

The third factor contributing to the development of the peninsula is the Bay Shore cutoff. What heretofore made the building up of the peninsula a slow and difficult task were those five ranges of hills which hunched up their backs and glared threateningly down upon the prospective suburbansite and in their grim sullessness seemed to say, "So far shall you come and no farther." But the Bay Shore cutoff has changed all that. Those grumpy old hills no longer threaten, for the iron horse, puffing triumphantly, clefts through their very vitals, and demonstrates to all the world the truth of the Irishman's saying, "The best way to get over a hill is to go through it."

The greater San Francisco—what will it include? It may—let us hope it will—take in the bay cities that fringe the Alameda and Marin county shores; but it must take in the peninsula. Open your left hand, keeping the fingers together and the thumb extended, and lay it palm downward on the table. The tips of the first three fingers represent the present city of San Francisco, bounded on the north and east by San Francisco bay and on the west by the Pacific ocean. The rest of your hand is the peninsula. The bay extends southward as far as the crook of your thumb. Here, then, is the city of the future. Between bay and ocean it lies, a pleasant prospect of hills and plains and valleys, its business section to the north, its pleasure grounds to the west, its shipping and manufacturing centers dotting the bay shore to the east, and in the south and center a paradise of beautiful homes. A dream; but—watch us grow!

Mesquillo, let us return to the present and view it not in the light of the future but in the glare of the past. Let us briefly and pertinently summarize the facts which demonstrate wherein the new city already surpasses the old: 1—Fillmore street, Van Ness avenue and Mission street from Sixteenth to Thirty-first have become business districts, together with their tributary thoroughfares. 2—Bolsa and Larkin streets, formerly the home of "one horse" stores, are the heart of a thriving commercial center. 3—The wholesale district has come into existence. 4—There is a general diffusion of retail stores throughout the residential sections of the city. 5—South of Market, formerly a residence district, is now largely a commercial center.

place is bound to grow—it can't help growing. It has already become a manufacturing center and its possibilities are practically unlimited. The deep water harbor now in course of construction at South City opens the way to a field of industry that means much to the peninsula in general and to South City in particular.

The population has increased in the Western addition, the Mission and the other residence districts. 1—North beach and Chinatown are better on the map. 2—The city has spread southward down the peninsula. 3—South City has become prominent as a residential and manufacturing district.

These are the nine wonders of rehabilitation. Here is the tenth and greatest: All these things have taken place in a year and a half. Is it front strange that the eyes of the world are fixed admiringly on our peerless city by the sea, our glorious queen of the west, who stood countless in danger and smiled through her tears, and today rules with the grandeur of the woman of Sheba beside the western sea? Well may we smile with childlike confidence up into her face and nestle peacefully in her strong white arms; for "serene, indifferent to fate," she stands, a blaze of glory in the setting sun, the nation back of her, the world in front.

THE active co-operation of the geological surveys of North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi have also done considerable work in the coastal plain region, and reports on the water resources of Georgia and Alabama have been published by the state bureaus. The work of the national survey in this area has been confined to investigations of underground water problems in Virginia and North Carolina and to studies of the phosphate deposits of Florida.

If present plans are carried out field work in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Florida will be completed in 1907, and that in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi will be reserved for 1908.

The general plan of the investigation was formulated at Washington on January 1, 1907, at a conference invited by the directors of the national survey and participated in by State Geologists Kummel of New Jersey, Clark of Maryland, Watson of Virginia, Pratt of North Carolina, Yeates of Georgia, Smith of Alabama and Crider of Mississippi; the head of the survey, a geological and water resources branches and M. L. Puffer and T. W. Stanton, also of the national organization.

At this conference the work that had already been done was discussed and arrangements were made for one of the most extensive co-operative investigations ever undertaken by the geological survey. The discussion brought out the fact that the work in New Jersey and Maryland had been completed under the auspices of the states, while that in Alabama is far advanced. The

A Government Treasure Hunt

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"Cheer Up!"

Sail Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda—"Greater San Francisco"—gained 85,000 in population since the fire; B. F. there were 635,000 inhabitants; now 720,000.