

EASY MONEY in San Francisco



"TIME CLOCK PUNCHERS" COMMENTED THE YOUNG MAN DISDAINFULLY

By Harkinson Platt

A YOUNG man whose appearance gave evidence that he insisted on having the best the world afforded and got it stood at the ferry building one morning last week idly surveying what he could see of the city. Several ferry boats were simultaneously pouring out steady streams through the arcades and each pair of legs seemed to have some objective point which it sought to reach with the least possible delay.

"Time clock punchers," commented the young man disdainfully. "Work all day like dogs and hurry back every evening, as regular as the tide. I'd die!"

He looked as if he had never done a lick of work in his life and his looks did not belie him.

"They gather up their little pay," he continued, "and as soon as they get it some one comes along and takes it away from them. They're fools. But they look pretty good to me and they will be supporting me before night. In fact, they will begin by providing me with breakfast. I must say I like their city. It looks easy. While I am here I'll fix up, get a lot of clothes

and get everything into shape." As it was, he was better dressed than nine out of ten of the commuters and travelers who passed him, and showed no sign of the condition of his pocket-book, which was flat. In fact, he had not a five cent piece to his name, having tipped the sleeping car porter with his last quarter.

"Hello, here it is 10 minutes to 9. I thought I was getting hungry."

He started from a reverie brought on by the pleasant sight of seeing other people going to work, not by worry over his exchequer. Bless you, he had not thought of that.

"I wonder where there is a good restaurant," he remarked to himself as he looked over the motley array across the street. "I can't chance a hotel. The clerks move around too much and have perfect memories. But no more of that hotel jumping for me. It is crude."

A big, handsome Spinks automobile drew sharply up at the curb in front of him, and a whole family bustled out as the head of it settled with the chauffeur.

"Well, this is pleasant. A means of locomotion right at hand. Hello, chauffeur, where is the Spinks agency here?"

"Uptown. Going there now. Take you up."

Letting it drop casually as the machine shot smoothly up Market street that he thought of buying a Spinks, he also had time to catch a glimpse of the city, and, as a stranger, which he truly was, he asked a question or two, and learned in a few minutes from the chauffeur the lay of the land.

"Main thoroughfare this. Lower side streets shipping and wholesale. Over there financial district, and here," pointing down Montgomery as they passed, "real estate and so on."

When they reached the agency it was two minutes to 9. The sales manager had just come in, and, advancing, somehow gathered that the young stranger had just arrived from the East and was thinking of touring California. The sales manager fancied he smelled money. The young man seemed to be surrounded by an atmosphere of gold and grandeur.

"You know the make, of course," began the sales manager, easily. "Last year's model did you say you had? Fine machine that, but I don't blame you for not carting it all the way out here when you can get one of our latest. Here is the 1908 model. Like to try it?"

"To tell the truth," said the young man, "I was just on the way to breakfast when I met your machine here, and I am a little hungry."

"Nothing simpler," said the sales manager, readily. "We'll shoot you

A DAY WITH A SLEEK DRONE OF THE HIVE WHO EATS WITHOUT SWEATING HIS BROW

down to the best little breakfast place in town. Have it with me. I'm hungry myself"—which he was not.

Five minutes later they were sitting down to a perfect morning meal.

"Not so bad for a beginning," thought the young man, "but then, somehow, one always eats."

"Fine time to buy property here I should think," he remarked half an hour later, as the chauffeur, under the direction of the sales manager, showed how cleverly the machine acted in the thickly crowded streets. "Some of these lots on Er—Market street wouldn't be bad. Have you any idea what they are asking?"

The question was well and carefully put. The sales manager knew nothing about real estate and at that moment they passed a big real estate firm.

"Hello, what's here? You don't mind if I step in here just a moment," as he dashed into the office.

The sales manager felt that he had slipped a cog in his sale about that



"I CAN GET YOU THAT FOR \$150,000 COLD"

time, but he did not dare risk protesting, so waited patiently outside in the big machine, all the time forming the background for the little play that was being made inside.

"Mr. J. Wesley Smith," he said to the clerk, handing in his card. "Is your manager in?"

The manager was right there, had seen the automobile, and, believing that he had some one rich to deal with, was affable and approachable.

"Yes, you're right. Now's the time to buy in San Francisco. In five years there'll be skyscrapers half the way to Twin peaks, and frontage will go for 10 times what they're asking now. Take that piece over there; next to the 14 story building. I can get you that for \$150,000 cold. A million won't be able to look at it in four years from now."

"I believe it. I know enough about cities to see how it is. I'd like to look over some propositions with you later—say in an hour or so. I am trying out my new car I have just bought to tour the state in, and after



"WE'LL SHOOT YOU DOWN TO THE BEST LITTLE BREAKFAST PLACE IN TOWN"

I look about the city a bit I'll be back."

In the next hour they shot out to the beach, Smith enjoying the fresh air and exhilarating ride immensely. He talked enthusiastically about the machine whenever he remembered what he was supposed to be doing, and, giving his address as the St. Francis, saying to himself, "I'll be there tonight." He was dropped just before noon at the real estate office, the manager there receiving the impression that the sales manager was his private secretary.

"You look blown," said the manager solicitously. "Better have a drink and lunch and then we can talk business. Do you smoke? I have some cigars we import at the club exclusively. Better have one."

The youth had planned all this, but he had a keen enough appreciation of the situation to enjoy the fact that it worked so well and he ate the delicious luncheon with the more relish. He also met other men and circulated freely. One of these, greeted as



"GOOD, I'LL GIVE YOU \$500 COLD FOR THE OPTION"

"Appy," he found was also in the real estate business and, sizing him up, for the first time formed a plan of action, the earlier movements of the day having been the result of impulse.

Before 2:30 he had agreed to purchase one of the best pieces of Market street property for a neat figure, saying to the real estate man that he could consider the deal closed and that he would make out a check of \$100 and send it down in the morning to hold the option until he could wire to have the price forwarded. Then he left the office and found the office of "Appy." It was just around the corner, as he had learned by an apparently inadvertent question. "Appy's" full name he found to be J. Athorp Cartwright. He also realized his expectations in finding him quite a different fellow in the office from what he appeared at the club. There he was all smiles and carefully worded witticisms, here he was cold and "business."

He had been really given a close price on the property, the real estate man counting on a quick sale. It was a price that ordinary buyers around town could not get. Smith realized this, so he had hunted up J. Athorp Cartwright with a calloused purpose of selling out to him and making a little by a bold move.

He entered Cartwright's office casually and made no secret of the fact that he was buying real estate. By and by he let it drop that he had an option on the Market street property, and asked Cartwright what he thought of the price.

"Low, dead low," answered Cartwright thoughtfully. "I wonder why Billy let it go at that. Tell me, are you speculating or going to build?"

"Speculating."

"Good; I'll give you \$500 cold for the option. How does that strike you?"

"Looks easy," answered Smith truthfully. He wanted to stick for more, but knew he always failed when he played the hog.

"But wait," he added, as if he had just thought of it. "I have not put up on it yet, and can't deliver the goods until I have. I'll have to go up to the hotel to get my check book, or, easier yet, slip a hundred in your pocket and come around and put it up for me. It's your now, anyhow. But that's so, I forgot, you're not supposed to be in this. It might kill the deal. Here, give me the hundred, and I'll step around and close it."

The real estate man felt to it. It was the one dangerous point in the deal, and Smith held his breath as he slid over it; but the money once in his hand he regained his balance. He completed the transaction in the shortest



AND A PILE OF NEW MAGAZINES AT HIS HAND.

possible time, explaining that he had cashed a check and brought around the money in person. Then he made quick tracks back and got the check for his \$500.

He found the walking up Geary street good, and was so delighted with himself that he forgot his natural prejudice against going anywhere afoot now that he had plenty of money. If he had been broke he would have considered himself terribly abused.

After registering at the hotel, he left the check with the cashier, whom he asked as a favor to hurry it down to the bank upon which it was drawn for collection, and thereby established his credit.

Hotel luxury, soft carpets and deep sinking chairs, attentive waiters and lively bellhops once more became absolutely indispensable, and Mr. J. Walter Smith sank into the soft bed that night with the light at the right angle over his shoulder and a pile of new magazines at his hand. He was already becoming blasé.

"After I have rested a few days," he said to himself, "and feel perfectly all right," nestling down on the feathery mattress, "I'll begin to think of picking a few more dollars off the streets of this town. It looks pretty easy to me."

ENGLISH AS SHE IS JAPANNED

By George F. Whitney

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JAPAN is going to speak English. Of this there can be no doubt even to the casual visitor of that country. In fact, the desire for English has become so strong as to be almost a craving, and in some instances the Japanese rate the extent of a man's general education upon his English ability. This is largely due to the fact that these "quick to catch on people" have decided that this is one of the first steps necessary to get in line with the modern struggle for existence, or to get near the top of the heap.

At the present time many of the college graduates of recent years speak very good English, while most young men of fair education have a smattering to their credit; so, after adding those who have been abroad, Japan certainly contains more English speakers than any country not under the English or American flags. Practically every school in Japan save the lowest grades includes English as one of the important studies. Thus, as the days go by, the number of young "Nippon jin," as a Japanese is called at home, who can handle English for better or for worse is going to rapidly increase. At present English, as she is "Japped," is as a rule not half bad when the great difference between the two tongues is taken into account, though many funny expressions are always cropping up. There being few if any genders in Japanese makes one smile when he hears a woman called "it," for instance; or again as "he" or "mieter." Plurals and such articles as "a" and "the" are not found in the Japanese language, which is another cause for trouble in their use.

Aside from the public schools and other institutions in which English is one of the studies there are many schools where English is the prime object. In the big seaports such as Yokohama, Kobe and Nagasaki, these will be found, though the largest are in Tokyo, where one, the "Seisoku elgo gakko," or correct English school, has 10,000 pupils. This school, which is a private one, is no more remarkable than is its owner, H. Salto. Mr. Salto is a large man, over six feet tall, a native of Sendai, in the north of Japan, and though he has never been abroad he is today perhaps the best authority on English colloquialisms and grammar to be found in Nippon. In the Seisoku school the rudiments and grammar are taught by Japanese instructors, while the advanced students are given their finishing touches by English and American instructors in conversation courses. In fact, this is the rule throughout all the schools in Japan; a foreigner prac-

ALL NIPPON IS STUDYING OUR LANGUAGE, WITH AMAZING AND AMUSING RESULTS, AS GEORGE WHITNEY POINTS OUT.

tically never teaches the grammar, only free conversation.

This latter feature is owing to the scarcity of foreigners in Japan, it being naturally very difficult for the average young man to obtain; thus, while he becomes fairly adept at reading and writing English he as a rule can not converse with much success.

Endeavoring to obtain what conversation they can with foreigners leads some of the most enterprising to grasp any opportunity that presents itself



THE JAPANESE WOMAN UNFORTUNATELY DOES NOT SPEAK ENGLISH

only to fall soon after the first volley of monosyllabic discourse. If the foreigner can speak Japanese he can come to the rescue if he wants to, but otherwise the conversation will often end as abruptly as it was commenced. Thus any foreigner need never fear of getting into trouble over his ignorance of Japanese while traveling in Japan. He will find young men everywhere who will be glad to guide and assist him simply for the opportunity of speaking English with him. On trains and the like one can hardly go wrong in Japan providing he knows where he wants to go; for if he will but tell the name of his station to the trainmen they will make it a point to see that he gets there, even if they have to drag him out of his sleep and bundle him off. No other country's people take a fraction of the interest in a traveler that the Japanese do. Thus it becomes quite a pleasure to travel there. One thing that the English speaking visitor will be sorry to hear is that the Japanese woman unfortunately does not speak English. With all the charming qualities that she is invariably credited with by foreign writers, woman in Japan is rated as considerably inferior to man, and the world struggle and consequent necessity for English is looked on as quite beyond her sphere. Thus there is not much effort made to teach the women conversational English, nor is there much desire on their part to acquire it. This fact does not appear to change as time goes by. Much as Japanese desire English for relations with the outside nations and much as they use it with foreigners in their own country, there seems to be very little if any likelihood of English ever replacing Japanese for general use in Japan.

Some years ago there was talk of the government officially adopting our system of Roman letters instead of the ideographic characters such as are in general use in Japan. However, the movement died out and there is now no indication of any change taking place for a long time, at least. Such an authority on the two systems as Mr. Salto says: "Such a change would upset all the traditions of the country which are wrapped up in the Chinese characters. The Japanese have borrowed these characters from China and might in the same way be expected to cast them off for a more modern system, except for the fact that having become accustomed to and after much labor having learned some 5,000 of them, they are in some ways very convenient. While as for an alphabet, the Japanese have a syllabary of 47 syllables called kana, which serves the purpose very well. Though far more difficult to learn than an alphabet, the ideographic characters have their good points, and a somewhat similar case in our own writing might be interesting

to those who have always considered that an alphabet had but to be understood to be adopted. Which is more convenient, 126, or one hundred and twenty-six; 7 deg. 15 min. 21 sec., or seven degrees fifteen minutes twenty-one seconds? Moreover, some of the best English speakers and writers among the Japanese, men who are very familiar with our letters, say that to read Japanese words written in Roman letters comes rather hard to them. On the other hand, were the Roman letters adopted the Japanese language would

like are in Japan and to what indignities they are subjected. These accounts are generally written by those who have only passed through the country or by those who have never been to Japan at all. The only legitimate protest might be that there is yet a considerable class in Japan who can not be educated up to the fact that one man's dollar is as good as another's. Thus a foreigner is openly and with no bones made of it sometimes charged more than a Japanese, but not often. The barber shops of

entrance to listen to the English spoken. This is a very common occurrence in all parts of Japan and no ill will is intended at all; only intense interest is manifested and if the foreigner shows displeasure the crowd soon disperses.

There is no ill feeling toward Americans in Japan and they are treated just the same as they were three years ago; nor at any time was the least animosity shown over events in America. As far as any desire for war with the United States is concerned, to a



NO OTHER COUNTRY'S PEOPLE TAKE A FRACTION OF THE INTEREST THAT THE JAPANESE DO

become far easier for foreigners to acquire, while they could then read the literature and newspapers which are at present quite beyond all but the most advanced of foreign students. Whatever ground there may be for an anti-Japanese feeling in America or other foreign countries, there is certainly no reason for such in Japan, where the treatment of a foreigner as a whole is better than he would get in almost any other alien land.

Thus it is with surprise and indignation that the more permanent foreign resident continually reads in the foreign press what martyrs he and his

Tokyo, which shave and cut a Japanese's hair for 15 sen, have a rule which they will not break that a foreigner must pay 30 sen.

In their desire to hear a foreigner talk and thus get the true accent first hand young men will sometimes follow two English speaking visitors for some distance through the streets. For visitors, misunderstanding the motive, often think they are being shadowed by spies and spread absurd reports on leaving the country. The shops in Japan have open fronts, and on one occasion when shopping with a friend in Nikko fully 50 students blocked the

resident this always seemed and still seems the last thing Japan wants. While a great deal has always been made out of the law which prevents an alien owning property there it is reduced almost to a technicality when it is fully understood. Any one can lease land anywhere in Japan for 999 years and can then build any sort of a building he desires on the same. In leasing for a period of over 30 years the taxes and all responsibilities fall upon the lessee. For those who look further than 1,000 years ahead we in Japan would have to say "Shikata ga nai," or, there is no help for it.