

LIFE SKETCHES BY ARTIST WHO SENSES SPIRIT OF THE DAY

Old Romantic Days of San Francisco Recalled.

Few Reminders of Picturesque Characters of Last Century Will Be Seen by Visitors to Democratic National Convention.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 19.—Visitors to the democratic national convention will see but few reminders of old, romantic days of San Francisco, when the red-shirted miners swept down from the gold-streaked reaches of the Sierras and threw fistfuls of "pay dirt" on the bars and the store counters for whatever they wished to purchase.

They will never run across such characters as the little old millionaire who used to haunt the "Barbary Coast" resorts in the memory of some of the old-time residents. This individual, who had hit a "big streak" early in the "mother lode" of northern California, used to order one particular brand of champagne, the price of which he knew well. Although he was a "good fellow," he never would allow himself to be victimized by the loose, vicious financiering of the district. He would keep the cork from every bottle, no matter how convivial he might be, and when the time came to settle up he would produce these corks to check against his bill. If the dun did not coincide with the evidence of the corkage he would not pay it.

"Barbary Coast" No More.
Gone is the roaring "Coast" and its less picturesque environs. "Bottle" Keegan and "Bottle" Meyers, who used to run noisy cook-fighting establishments in what is now the shadow of the hall of justice, have long since passed on and the "Montana Dance Hall," most blaring and blatant of all the coast resorts, is hardly a memory. Even the establishment of the old German doctor who, according to some local historians, used to be the German emperor's personal physician, is gone almost from the recollection of man. It was here that the denizens of the "Coast" were bathed and shorn and set right physically after their jousts with John Barleycorn.

Chinatown guides still point out the little restaurant, hanging precariously over old Dupont street where Frank Norris, the author, went occasionally to get a bit of local color. Directly ahead and facing the hall of justice is Portsmouth square, a cove for the city's human drift, where the Vigilantes staged many a stirring scene and the "sand-lotters," under the leadership of fiery Dennis Kearney, discussed the town's political issues.

Cafes Remain in Name Only.
Some of the old wine shops, rivals in the new world of the coffee houses of Addison and Steeple as gathering places of the artists and the literati, still cling to the Latin quarter. But most of the old cafes, where much of the city's history was plotted, remain in name only. Gone is Duncan Nichols, the "Bank Exchange" of former days where the famous Flisco pinch was served over a mahogany bar that was brought around the Horn. The old Cliff house, where presidents of the United States and other renowned itinerants used to enjoy the sea-food breakfasts, was burned years ago.

On Waverly place still may be seen the quarters of the old Siberia club, stronghold of Yee Mee, "king of Chinatown." Here, before the police "axe parties" became a feature of Chinatown, the chance games of "coon-oon," "chuck-a-luck" and "fantasy" were played in the midst of a maze of corridors, sliding panels worked by secret springs and exotic odors of opium and Chinese dishes. Above the gambling room were the alcoves where the beaten and broken gamblers could sleep off their debauch and could remain until they had recouped their fortunes.

Shipping Greatly Changed.
The black docks that lined the "front" from China basin to the Presidio are gone and stately berths for ocean liners have risen in their place. The dingy bars that stood back of them, where adventurers of all degrees were once dropped, drug-stupefied, through trap doors into waiting boats below as part of the great "shanghai" game, all have been swept away. The "shanghai" was the system for recruiting the crews of the "line julkers," the great deep-sea barkers that piled principally between San Francisco and South American ports. They got their name through the fact that for more than a decade these under English registry carried a consignment of lime juice on every voyage to combat epidemics of scurvy among the crews. With improved conditions the scurvy disappeared and the lime juice went back into the water-front cocktail.

The ball cannon that made up the defense of the old Presidio may still be seen in mock defense of Sutro heights. Nob hill, once the home of the city's elite, shows a collection of jagged foundations, such as the great fire and earthquake left it. "South of the Slot" the ancient monuments have given way to smart apartments. In their midst standing the slowly disintegrating ruins of the "Mission of Sorrows," known in the Spanish as the "Mission Dolores," built in 1776 by the Franciscans. It is the best memento of the romantic old San Francisco that endures.

MEMORIAL WAITS ON FUND

Hood River Man Answers Inquiries Regarding Subscriptions.

HOOD RIVER, Or., June 19.—(Special.)—In reply to queries of citizens who subscribed last summer to a fund to be used in landscaping Rutton hill point on the Columbia river highway as a memorial for the county's soldier dead, Dr. J. E. Watt, chairman of a committee appointed by the Commercial club to raise the money, says that funds so far subscribed are insufficient to justify a beginning of work.

"At a booth at the July 4 celebration last year," says Dr. Watt, "we raised about \$200, and later this was increased another \$200. The money is held at the First National bank here in a special Commercial club fund. I hope that the inquiries will stimulate interest in our proposed monument again."

SHERIDAN TO CELEBRATE

Walnut City Band and Airplane to Feature Fete on July 5.

SHERIDAN, Or., June 19.—(Special.)—The Moose lodge of Sheridan is preparing for a celebration to be held July 5. Arrangements have been made for a two-passenger Curtiss airplane. The Walnut City band from McMinnville will furnish the music for the day. The Sheridan girls' band has another engagement for the day and will not be present. The landing ground for the airplane is now under construction and will be made permanent so that the fire patrol the coming summer can make use of it.

Collier Wins Fame as Artist.

CARDIFF—Vicent Evans, a young collier living in Swansea valley, has had one of his drawings entitled "An Underground Scene," accepted for exhibition in the Royal academy. Evans worked at coal hewing until quite recently and spent his spare time in painting and drawing.



Among Us Mortals The Station Restaurant

By W. E. HILL

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The head waiter, who has his own ideas about seating stray parties, having just put at one table a Baptist minister off for a convention, a soubrette with a hang-over, and an old lady with a little girl in tow, the latter troubled with something suspiciously like whooping cough. And if there's one vacant table left, it turns out that the head waiter doesn't mean that table to be sat at. It has to be saved for the busboy to wash the knives on.



Mr. Gissby has said "Cup coffee, egg sandwich and pie cream pie" to seven attendants behind the counter without success. His train leaves in seven minutes.

Edna, you've got to eat all your potato before we start out of here! Edna's excitement at the prospect of a matinee is too much for her appetite. Plenty of time to eat when they start back to the suburbs. Edna is awfully afraid if they don't hurry they'll be late.



Nearsighted man with the wrong pair of glasses giving a tennis look at the menu.



It depends on how long Ella has been on her feet behind the cashier's desk for a customer to get so much as a grim smile with the old wheeze about "I suppose you girls go out for your meals!"



The people just arrived from a week end in the country, who won't trust any of their belongings with the coat check girl and decide to "take things right along with them to the table."



"If I was you, Reba, I wouldn't go have it made up till the styles change a little more." Two waitresses at a side table hulling berries.



"You said it, boy—that little girl rings the bell every time!" Eddie and Frank have stopped for a bite at the lunch counter, after an evening with a couple of beautiful girls.



Kathrynne, from behind the lunch counter, telling the world in general that "there ain't any chick'n sandwiches left!"



Mrs. Fred Hanley has just stopped for a cup of tea and a cracker. It will give her a chance to sit down and rest before train time. Mrs. Hanley is remembering all the things she ought to have done in the shops, and hasn't done.