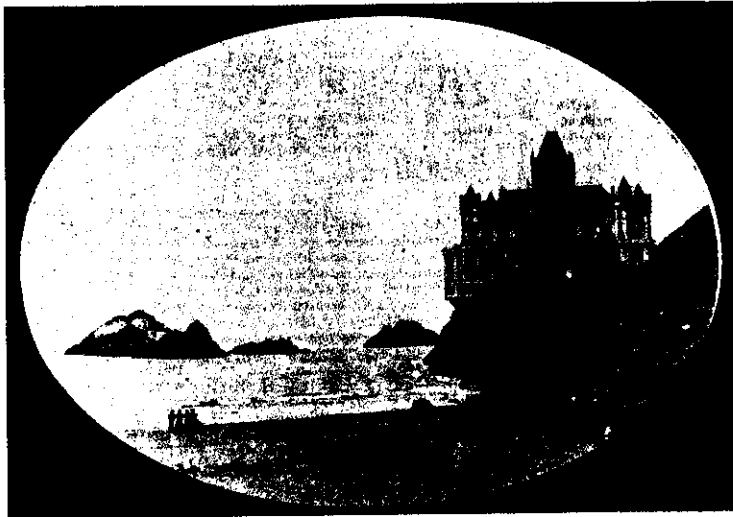


SOME SAN FRANCISCO RESORTS.

SOME seven miles out of San Francisco, and close by the Golden Gate, are the group of rocks known as the Seal Rocks. Here a large colony of seals have made their home, and from the shore, distant about a hundred yards, their every movement can be clearly seen while they bask in the sun and occasionally leave the rocks for a frolic in the water. They make a peculiar noise like the bark of a dog, which may be heard above the roar of the surf. Close by is the Cliff House, a handsome building erected over the edge of the cliff. It is run as an hotel, and enormous crowds frequent it on Sunday and holidays. In the illustration the Seal Rocks are seen on the left, and it was round these that Ernest Cavill, the Australian champion swimmer, swam not long before he was asphyxiated in the Stockton Baths near San Francisco. The Sutro Baths, next the Cliff House, are probably the finest baths in America. They are of enormous size, which can be judged from the fact that there is seating accommodation for 15,000 people. The water is pumped up from the sea, warmed, and the part devoted to swimming is divided for the convenience of swimmers of every grade. In addition to the swimming accommodation, sundry other shows are run, such as concerts, museum, restaurant, etc., etc.



THE SEAL ROCKS.



THE CLIFF HOUSE.

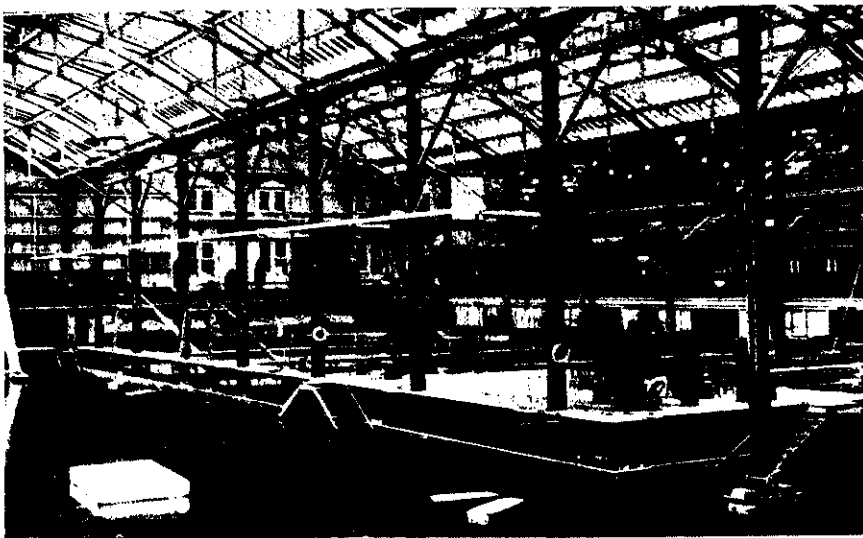
Photos. (protected) by Walter Burke.

The streets in the business part of San Francisco do not strike the visitor favourably. They are laid in cobblestones of antiquated style, rough to a degree, and were likened by the Premier in an interview to a New Zealand riverbed. Here and there where there has been a break they frequently replace the square blocks with round ones fresh from a gravel pit, and it is little wonder that the cars are well patronised, while bicycling in the streets is not a popular pastime. Our illustration shows a section of Market-street, the principal street of the city.

A peculiar custom—that is, peculiar to the New Zealand visitor, where the street footpaths are kept clear for foot traffic—is the way the sidewalks of San Francisco are kept blocked from early morn to dewy eve with merchandise of every description. Each shopowner appears to also own the piece of sidewalk immediately in front of the shop, and this portion he stacks up with a miscellaneous lot of goods till a foot passenger is left barely room to walk. How this sort of thing is permitted in a go-ahead city is a conundrum.

DECAY OF THE LIVERY SERVANT.

The history of the livery servant would form (writes Sir Walter Besant) an instructive—I cannot say a pleasing—part of social history. He was a gentleman attached to the service of a great lord down to the civil wars of the seventeenth century. After that he became a flunkey. During the whole of the last century he was an insolent, lazy, over-fed brute. Noblemen had to keep a retinue of lackeys; they crowded his hall, the held out their hands for vails; they insulted the guests; the hung on to the coach half a dozen at a time; they ran before the coach in white; they had their own gallery at the theatre, where they got in for nothing and made a horrid noise. Some of the evils were abated; the system of vails was abolished; their gallery was taken from them; they were reduced in numbers; the process of reduction is still going on; our grandchildren, I believe, will wonder what was meant by the footman in plush and white silk stockings. Now the original meaning of the livery servant was protection; they guarded the coach against highwaymen, the house against robbers; if one of the ladies went out shopping the footman in livery marched behind her carrying a long stick; he protected her against footpads and pickpockets and gentlemen adventurers. I believed that he walked after her to church. He is gradually undergoing painless extinction. Think of the part played by footmen in Thackeray. Think of the immortal footman in Pickwick's Bath. I write these words in Bath. I have been walking about the streets, and I assure you that Mr John Smauker no longer exists.



THE SUTRO BATHS.