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"HE'S A GOOD OLD HAS BEEN."

Erstwhile Prominent Men on Whom Fickle Fortune Has Ceased to Smile.

NOW ONLY "A MAN THAT WAS."

Once They Clutched the Very Highest Rungs on the Ladders of Politics, Finance, Society and Sport—To-Day They Knock Elbows With Every-Day Men in the Hard Scrabble for Bread.

He's a good old Has Been
Of days gone by.
He's a good old Has Been,
But that don't signify.
He's lost his popularity,
A thing that's worse than crime,
No matter what he may have been
Once upon a time.

So runs the popular doggerel song, and the men who fit the case wander the streets, dreaming things that were, wrapt in the past, hopeful or hopeless as to the future. California and Nevada, with their chuck-a-luck methods of life, are full of these bits of flotsam.

The turn of a card goes wrong, the cast of an election fails, stocks go up instead of ...

Georges became rich men in a rich community.

But luck in time turned. John George died. Eight or ten years ago Wesley George would always have from $10,000 to $20,000 in the trotting race pools which were sold over night. He was still at the head of the list of blooded track gamblers. But he couldn't "guess 'em right," and his "fortunes sank from low to lower still," until all that was left to him of his once splendid fortune was the running horse Applause—the famous old campaigner by Three Cheers. Because of the kindnesses of the old days, Appleby, now a famous trainer, took Applause into his stable and paid all his training expenses. Then, when there was no flour in Wesley George's house and things looked very black, the old horse would go out and win a race, providing the family with food and clothing. Applause became the most famous horse on the tracks. Everybody knew him, and everybody was glad to see him win—for his own sake and the sake of his owner.

Some days the word would go up and down the track among the jockeys and stable boys: "There's a barrel of flour needed in Wess George's house," and—well, there is sentiment even among jockeys and stable boys, and horses are pulled for other things than money. Anyhow, old Applause was "one, two, three," far oftener than he was "one, two, six."

But one morning he was out on a sticky track trying out a youngster. Suddenly he stopped and whinnied pitifully. The rider dismounted at once. The old horse was gone. Much racing had relaxed his ten-...

... always have all his relatives about him—for he was a generous man with a great heart in him.

But by the time the house was well finished and furnished Walker's fortunes were running down the hill. He entered into partnership with "Sandy" Austin in the stock brokerage business and speculated along in the boards. Austin was elected County Treasurer, became involved and blew his brains out. Walker lost everything, and went to live in the kitchen of the great house on which he had based so many hopes of hospitality. Then the house was sold and is now a hospital, and Walker has drifted out of city life, with his glory all behind him.

Walker, however, is merely an example of a great class. Pauper alley is full of other stock board wrecks, and many of the men who were rich and powerful, leading in society and municipal affairs, now merely manage to keep up a show of social prestige and respectability. Time was when H. H. Noble and "Bob" Graves and "Jack" Wattles and "Markie" Hall and John W. Pierson and Mark McDonald and "Jimmy" Wadsworth were great names on the street. They were dashing operators, hustling brokers, or heavy millionaires. When Noble had graduated from Jim Keene's office and was one of the greatest of the brokers and commissions were rolling in on him in a big golden stream he built the house on Pacific Heights which became known as "Noble's Folly," and is now occupied by the Dunphys. Then his money flew away, and he is now exploiting one of the San Mateo county cemetery projects and ...

... fortunes. But his luck ran out, and instead of throwing money at the birds he's now looking for the birds to bring the money to him. But his games and his dealings were always on the square and everybody would be glad to see things turn his way again.

Any one seeing Mike McGowan at the City and County Hospital would never dream that he was known throughout Nevada as "Mike McGowan, the Man Eater," one of the toughest fighters ever known in a State which was not populated by kindergarten children.

"He was the grittiest little cuss and nerviest fighter I ever saw," said one of the old timers in speaking of him. "He never used a gun, but fought with his fists and mouth. I've seen him terrorize half a dozen policemen and keep fighting when they had clubbed him into a pulp. He bit Charley White, Chief of Police, in the leg, and Charley is lame to this day. He was king of all the rough-and-tumble fighters, but the last time I saw him he wanted me to intercede to get him back in the hospital, that being his only home. There was no fight left in him."

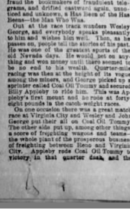
Captain Sam Curtis might say with Defoe, "No man has tasted differing fortunes more, and thirteen times have I been rich and poor." In the far back days he was Superintendent of the Burning Moscow and rich. Then he went broke and became Superintendent of Ophir during the Ophir ...

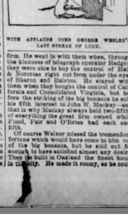
PADDY RYAN'S FORTUNE WENT DOWN THAT DAY IN MISSISSIPPI CITY.

DEACON FITCH'S OCCUPATION, LIKE OTHELLO'S, WILL BE GONE.

ONCE THOUSANDS HUNG ON DENNIS KEARNEY'S WORDS.

CHRIS BUCKLEY SIGNED HIS OWN DEATH-WARRANT WHEN HE FLED TO CANADA.





WITH APPLAUSE DIED GEORGE WESLEY'S LAST STREAK OF LUCK.

HISTORY OF SUTRO HEIGHTS.

The Eventful Transformation of the Acres That Overlook the Seals.

FROM POTATOES TO STATUARY.

Chambers' Produce Garden, Butler's Strawberry Hill, Merchant's Mansion, Tetlow's Eagle Nest and the Prospective Public Park—How Men Have Schemed and Plotted Over 160 Acres.

Sutro Heights was once a potato ranch. Not all the land on the bluffs was given over to growing potatoes, but the only cultivated plants on the bluffs overlooking the ocean were potato vines.

C. C. Butler found those potato vines in 1854, when he first looked from the mountain at the seals on the rocks. Mr. Butler arrived here in that year. Now, forty years later, he is known as the Astor of San Francisco, because he owns so many city blocks. Just before he left New York he told his father that if he found about San Francisco any land that might be to this city what Fort Hamilton and Coney ...

... delight the necessary charter, and to his disgust that he had a partner in the 160 acres. Senator Buckley gave great attention to that charter, and by the end of the session of the Legislature he owned one-third of Butler's 160 acres. The deed had been given by Mr. Butler's agent. No one need deem this remark an insinuation that Senator Buckley was given a third interest in the property to pass the charter. He paid for his interest in coin, but Mr. Butler's agent might not have sold to him had he been a real estate agent in private life, and not a State Senator.

However, Mr. Butler swallowed his chagrin and proceeded to make Point Lobos road, a magnificent boulevard 125 feet wide, perfectly paved with red rock, from Central avenue to the Cliff. While he was building the road he was building the Cliff House at the end of the road, and even before the road was finished people who drove out over the rough stones found at the bluffs a little bar with J. G. Foster ready to supply them with appropriate refreshments at early day prices.

When the road was finished the Cliff House was finished and Foster became the tenant; in fact, Foster was the only tenant that Mr. Butler ever had in this resort.

The toll-house was situated a short distance north from Central avenue. Many owners of fine horses paid a monthly rate for toll. Many others who hired horses deemed one of the incidents of the Cliff House drive an exciting attempt to dash past the gateman and thus evade the payment of toll.

The tolls paid interest on the investment and the cost of repairs until an inconsid- ...

... the fashion. The Senator consented. A contract was made and building was about to begin. Then came the eventful launching of the vessel Comanche. Senator Buckley went to the launch, and as the vessel slid into the water one of the hawsers caught his leg and broke it. From that wound came his death, and the contract was never fulfilled.

About this time came the rise to wealth in San Francisco of Samuel Tetlow. He had been in his youth an expert mechanic. In his middle life he was a hotel-keeper and a manager of theatres. He had been successful in real estate investments and he was the most lordly "high roller" among all the "high rollers" of California. In every country town he visited every man was his guest as long as he stayed. At Los Angeles, where he stopped a few days after visiting Santa Catalina Island for improving which he and James Lick had a plan, a four-horse coach stood constantly at the door of the hotel ready for his whim. To Antioch he once went on a business trip. The next time he visited the town the local band played him a greeting. On his travels he bought the bars that all might drink at his expense, and he never took any change. He was the Prince Prodigal wherever he stopped.

Tetlow saw Merchant's mean hut on the grand bluff overlooking the sea. He wanted the place, so he quietly bought the dwelling and the tract about it. He made some improvements to the house, laid out a little more garden and enjoyed his new purchase. No one could pass the team that he drove into town over the smooth Cliff House road ...

VOLCANO THAT SPOUTS MUD.

It Destroys Crops in Sumatra About Once in Three Years.

SOME OF THE DIFFERENT OWNERS OF THE 160 ACRES.

He Was Insulted.

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