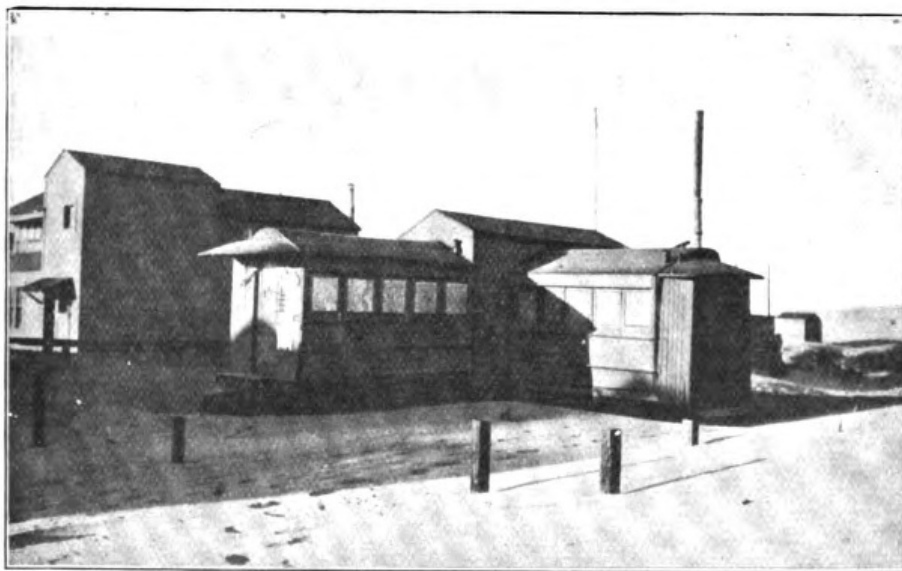


Some Wonders from the West.

XXXIII. — "CARTOWN."

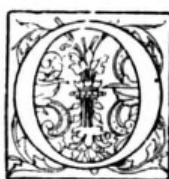
BY LESLIE E. GILLIAMS.



From a]

ONE CORNER OF "CARTOWN."

[Photo.



NE of the queerest towns in the United States of America is situated just outside the city of San Francisco, California. It is the most remarkable settlement in the world, not from the view-point of its residents, but because of the strange-looking houses which line its streets.

"Cartown" is the name of this village built on the shifting sands of the beach of San Francisco Bay, and it is just what its title indicates—a town of street-cars, not cars on tracks, drawn by horses or sent skimming along by electric motors, however, but cars standing in orderly rows, with windows protected by awnings, doorways reached after traversing broad piazzas, and with a general air of well-being pervading the entire structure, they are the houses of the inhabitants of Cartown.

The birth of this singular village by the sea may be traced to an Italian immigrant

who found himself alone and without a home several years ago on the ocean beach on the shore end of the Golden Gate Park. He purchased a lot of land on this beautiful sea-facing coast, but had no money left with which to build a dwelling. Observing a lot of old cars in the outsheds belonging to one of the traction companies of

San Francisco, he negotiated for one of the useless carriages and finally purchased it for 100dols. He had it transported to the sandy lot in which he had invested, and by building a small addition to the obsolete car transformed it into a comfortable dwelling for his family.

The owners of the Sutro property, always on the look-out for the novel and the unusual, were immediately captivated by the Italian's unique home, and in a few months the neglected street-cars regained their old-time popularity.



From a]

AN ISOLATED RESIDENCE.

[Photo.



From a]

THE HOME OF A WEALTHY RESIDENT

[Photo.

There are now over fifty families living in car homes, many of them being fitted out with considerable elegance and numerous conveniences. The most modern have telephone connections with some of their neighbours, and a few even have long-distance phones in the house.

Nestling under a green bank, right on the edge of the grand Pacific, Cartown is indeed a picturesque spot. Perpetual summer reigns in this California village, and the cool ocean breezes make it a most delightful resort during the entire twelve months of the year.

The houses are mostly flats, a Cartown "skyscraper" being only two stories high. The homes are arranged upon a general plan affording their occupants the widest views, all fronting the sea. Streets intersect at right angles, and plank walks are laid to give the pedestrians access to their abodes without wading through the deep sands which slip and slide under your feet, making walking very difficult.

Few of these cars are adorned with a coat of paint. The exteriors are generally intact, and the conspicuous signs denoting the route over which the car once perambulated are not obliterated.

The platforms of the cars are often transformed into balconies and bay windows, and afford points of observation protected from the glare of the sun or the strong winds which sometimes blow across the land.

many families permanent residents of Cartown, the larger number occupy the "vehicles" as house-boats are used during summer months—novel places in which to spend a vacation, and they afford original methods of entertainment for host and guest.

Confined and restricted as these dwellings are, there is compensation in the fresh ocean breeze and the charm of the glorious views which burst upon the dwellers of this queer village at every turn.

History and fiction have been turned to for names for these car "villas" suitable to the facetious idiosyncrasies of their various owners. "Villa Miramar," "Château Navarre," "Castle Chillon," and "Fortress Quebec" are among the most pretentious dwellings. These car-palaces have porches extending around the entire house, galleries

The arrangement of the interior of these dwellings is highly ingenious, the necessities of the case requiring the utmost economy of space, the average sleeping-car suggesting a model. As many as eight persons can have ample room in the sleeping apartments, which consist of one car divided off into snug little rooms, each having at least one window and a ventilator.

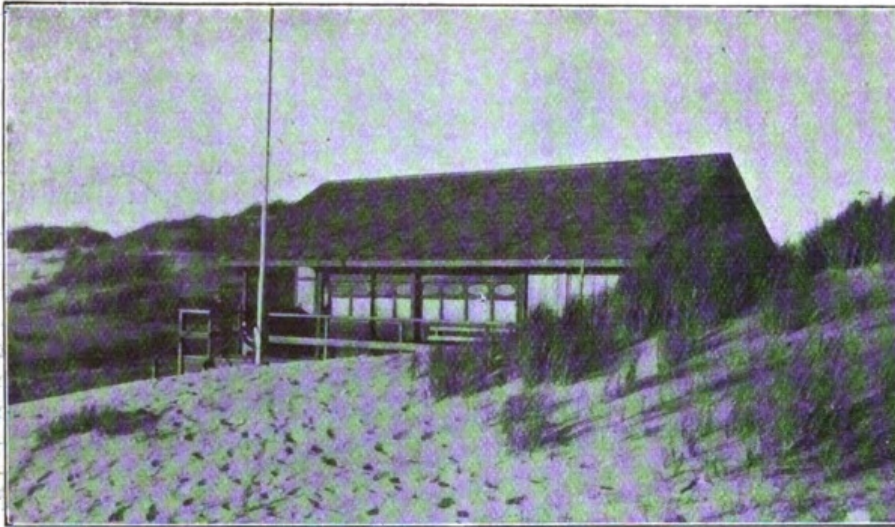
While there are



From a]

INTERIOR OF A LADY'S BOUDOIR.

[Photo.



A MODERN HOUSE IN CARTOWN, SO IMPROVED THAT THE ORIGINAL CAR IS ALMOST LOST SIGHT OF.
From a Photo.

extending around the front and sides of the dwellings, and many of them are covered with vines.

The cars that are for rent are simply furnished and are, for the most part, occupied by families composed largely of small children, who are brought here to gain the benefit of the health-restoring environment.

This village contains in all probably one hundred cars. They are clustered in groups of from five to twenty, while an occasional single car stands upon an eminence by itself, with perhaps a shed added at the back, a tent projecting in gallery fashion from one side, and a broad canvased porch across the front. These are the more pretentious abodes, and are tenanted by their owners. Many simpler folks own three cars, which, clustered together, are furnished respectively as dining-room and kitchen; bedrooms, dressing-room, and bath-room, the bath tub being sunk below the level of the floor, which lifts up trap-doorwise when the bath is in use, but when replaced and covered by a rug shows no sign of being other than the solid floor of a bedroom or dressing-room, as the case may be.

The third car is used as parlour, library, or living-room. A car in which the long seats, running the length of the sides, were retained has been purchased by seven young literary women of San Francisco.

They call their place "A Haunt of Bohemia," and thither they betake themselves from Saturday evening to Monday noons. Invitations to the dinner parties which are given there are largely sought.

These young women have cushioned the long seats and heaped pillows upon them; a table has been arranged which can be moved out

when not in use. They have divided the back vestibule into convenient pantries, and added a stove—water is piped to all the cars—and when they choose to cook, every modern appliance is at hand. Bookshelves have been built along one end, on each side of the door; and an upper story of wooden boards has been built above the car—this does service as a dormitory for the young chatelaines. Large windows open to the sea, and afford an excellent view of the out-going and in-coming fishing smacks.

To many of the cars a second story has been added, some flat and picturesque, looking with their overhanging eaves like a bit from a Dutch painting; others with a roof as sharp as that of a Swiss chalet, each one characteristic of the whim or fancy of its owner.

Large and small are provided with water,



From a

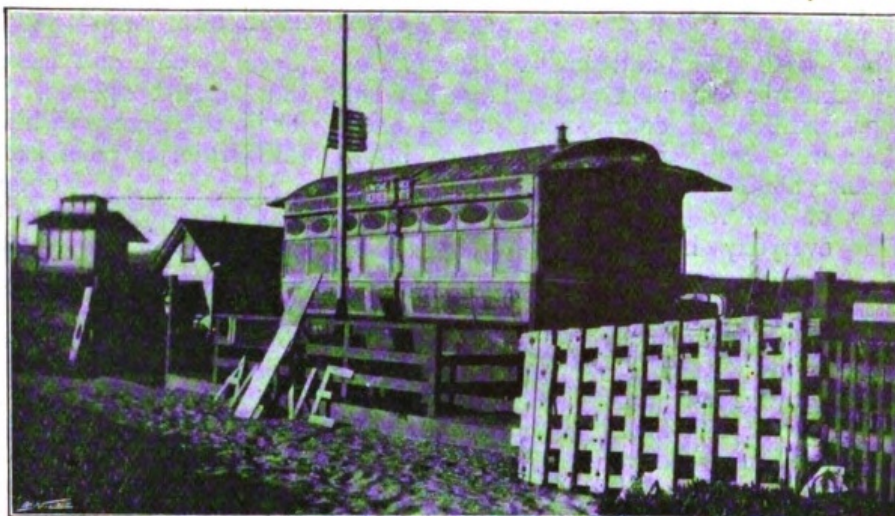
A COLLEGE-GIRL'S ROOM IN CARTOWN.

[Photo.

piped from Sutro Heights. The iceman, the grocer, butcher, and baker call daily for orders, and though the dwellers in Cartown live on the fringe of the Western hemisphere, half an hour in an electric car, which may be taken a block away, will take them to the business centre of San Francisco.

A new car which has recently been added to the town may do away with the jaunts to a regular Japanese tea-house which some progressive visitor from the Orient opened some time ago, and where it has ever since been the proper thing to spend a forenoon or an early evening.

This innovation is a restaurant-car, and



From a]

CARTOWN'S NEW RESTAURANT.

[Photo.

the proprietor promises everything of the daintiest and the best.

Although Cartown is principally a place in which to idle away a few happy months, there are many kinds of trades pursued in this odd settlement, restaurant and bars being the most numerous and profitable.

XXXIV.—A RATTLESNAKE BANQUET.

ROCHESTER, New York, U.S.A., was the scene, a few days ago, of the most remarkable banquet on record, gruesome in name, but delightful when put into effect.

Peter Gruber, known all over the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific as "Rattlesnake Pete," was the host of this unique social function, and he gave the "rattlesnake banquet" in honour of Harry Davies, of Denver, Colorado, the only man outside of Pete himself who so fearlessly handles rattlesnakes and other poisonous reptiles.

Davies entertained Gruber some months ago when the latter was visiting Colorado, and Rattlesnake Pete decided to repay past favours in a most novel manner. He first intended to pay a little compliment to his friend with a specially prepared dinner of rattlesnake, served in various toothsome ways, but becoming more and more enthusiastic over the idea, he enlarged the scope of the menu, adding watersnake stew, boiled python with egg sauce, and as the *pièce de résistance* served a large platter of roast boa-constrictor.

The following is the complete menu of the banquet:—

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	Watersnake Stew.	
Olives.	Radishes.	Cucumbers.
	Fried Rattlesnake with Butter Sauce.	
	Boiled Python.	Egg Sauce.
Cold Turkey.		Cold Tongue
	Roast Boa Constrictor.	
	Rolls.	Sandwiches.
New Potatoes.	Green Peas.	Young Beets.
	Young Onions.	Chicken Salad.
	Ice Cream.	Fancy Cakes.
Champagne.	Coffee.	Cigars.
	Snake Tails.	

Eighteen guests sat down to the banquet. Peter Gruber proved a very genial host. He was anxious that his friends should know and appreciate snake in all its forms, but still he provided many other delicacies. The feast was served in Peter's own particular den, an odd little room off his place of business, for Pete, in the hours he can spare from playing with his pets, runs a saloon and restaurant, a quiet, pleasant place. Only a favoured few are allowed to pass the door of the sanctum sanctorum where the snakes, sometimes more than a dozen, sometimes several score, live, watched over by their proud owner.

The table decorations were striking and appropriate. A big rattler, caged in glass, served as a centrepiece, and stuffed reptiles