

with respectability. And strange to say, out of this changeable and reckless material has been evolved some of the best club organizations that have ever existed—clubs noted the country through for their prodigal, yet genuine hospitality, harmonious management, and the shrewd, intelligent, quick-witted, open-hearted and genial specimens of American manhood composing their membership. Most of the fashionable clubs are located within a few blocks of each other, and all spread a lunch, which is the favorite rendezvous, and a meal that no Californian ever thinks of taking at home. The Pacific is the oldest Club in the city, having been organized in 1852. It is also the most exclusive and dignified, its membership being confined mostly to the upper crust millionaires and merchants. The Union Club, incorporated in 1865, was first started as a private speculation, suited to the requirements of the eminently respectable old codgers of the day who, loth to linger in the whirl and excitement of the famous old Bank Exchange—the public club at that time—found here a refuge and a rest. Now it is a great institution, conducted on the comprehensive English plan—feeding, sleeping and entertaining its members—a luxurious and exclusive home, virtually a private hotel. The San Francisco Verein—the swell German club—is conducted on much the same principles, and is said to have the most perfectly-appointed club rooms in the country. But the club *par excellence*—the nearest approximation in the world, perhaps, to the ideal of Johnson, and Shakespeare, and Raleigh, those old club pioneers—is the Bohemian Club. It is the literary and social club of the coast. Not literary in the Athenian sense, not social in that ultra way which has dragged so many promising organizations down to destruction; but literary and social in the true Bohemian sense of the word. The monthly “High Jinks” entertainments have been the marvel of visitors