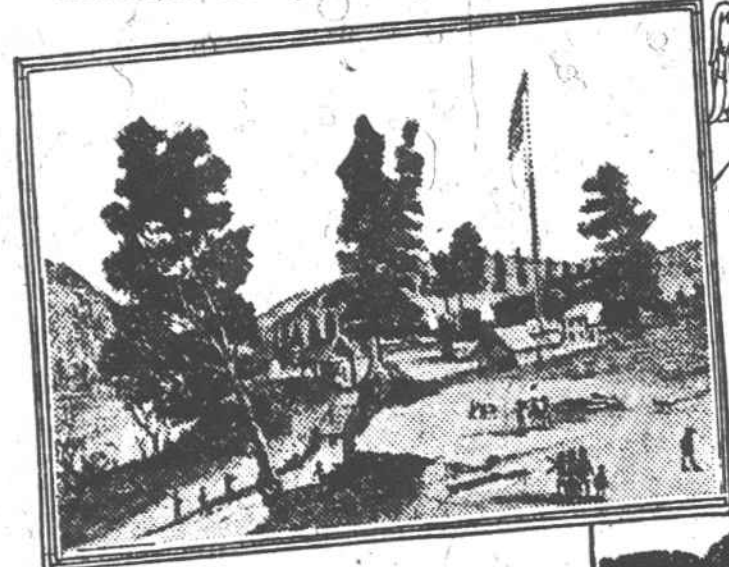


California Celebrates Her Statehood



SAN FRANCISCO, WINNER OF 1849-50



SUTTER'S SAWMILL AT COLOMA, 1849



MISSION SAN CARLOS, MONTEREY

September 9 Is 75th Anniversary of Her Admission to Union

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN

CALIFORNIA this year is celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of her admission to the Union. Admission day is September 9, but with characteristic exuberance many cities are throwing in fiestas and pageants of their own for good measure.

Merely a local affair? Hardly. California may rightly assume that the United States—and pretty much all the rest of the world—is directly or indirectly interested in her celebration. For all the peoples of the civilized world contributed to the gold rush of 1848-50 that made the Golden state almost overnight.

The Forty-niners, you see, rushed California into the Union ahead of her geographical turn.

This upsetting of the geographical sequence by the admission of California as the twenty-eighth state introduced new factors which hastened the development of the Indian country. Out of the demand for communication between the Mississippi and the Pacific came the Overland Mail of the Fifties, the Pony express of 1860, the St. Louis-San Francisco telegraph line of 1861 and the driving of the gold and silver railroad spikes in 1869 at Ogden—each a story in itself.

Moreover the "ifs" of history have a fascination all their own and California furnishes several which will long interest historians:

If the Monroe Doctrine of 1823 had not notified the Russians that further extension of their Pacific coast activities would be regarded as the "manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States"—

If the raising of the "California Republic" flag by Americans June 14, 1848, had not been followed three weeks later at Monterey by the annexation of California to the United States—

If Admiral Seymour's British fleet had arrived at Monterey before Commodore Sloat of the American navy had taken possession, instead of just after—

If gold had been discovered in California during the Mexican war, instead of just after the region had become ours by conquest and treaty—

Then, too, the rise and fall of the California missions is of interest alike to historical student, economist and religionist.

Results began the establishment of the missions of Lower California. With their expulsion in 1767, the Dominicans were given the work, while the Franciscans were called upon to begin on upper California. Father Junipero Serra, padre presidente, had founded nine missions along the Camino Real from San Diego to San Francisco when he died in 1784. They prospered,

When Mexico secularized the missions of California in 1834 there were 21, with a force of 30,000 Indian neophytes. The padres had about 810,000 cattle, sheep, horses and mules. Their annual grain crop was 245,000 bushels; their annual income from sales from herds was \$550,000. The result of secularization was this: "A few years sufficed to strip the establishments of everything of value and leave the Indians, who were in contemplation of law the beneficiaries of secularization, a shivering crowd of naked and, so to speak, homeless wanderers."

Again: California has such a bag of tricks for visitors from ordinary spots. It has, for example, assorted climates at all seasons for all comers. It's just as easy on a summer day to stand on a snowbank on the slopes of Mount Whitney (14,502) and catch steelhead trout in an ice-cold lake as it is to cook eggs in the sun in Death valley (-276). And at San Diego not even a native son can tell by the thermometer whether it's Christmas or the Fourth of July. Then there is Mount Lassen, the only active volcano, and the big trees and redwoods, the oldest and biggest living things on earth, and so on.

California's very name suggests the romance of her early days—and her historical beginnings are very old. Cortez, conqueror of Mexico, gave the name to Baja (Lower) California when he made his settlement at La Paz in 1534-5. California is the name of a fictional island, inhabited by Amazons under Queen Calafia and rich in gold, diamonds and pearls, in an old Spanish romance, "Las Sergas de Esplandian," by Garcia Ordonez de Montalvo (1510).

In Alta (Upper) California, Cabrillo national monument marks the spot first sighted by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo in June of 1542. He was a Portuguese navigator flying the golden castles of Castile and the red lions of Leon. So the flag of Spain was the first to float over the coast.

In June of 1579 a strange ship flying the red cross of St. George swooped down on the coast of Alta California and captured Spaniards, galleons and treasure galore. It was the Golden Hind on her way round the world under that great sea captain, Sir Francis Drake—part gentleman adventurer and part pirate. Drake landed north of San Francisco, took possession in the name of England and named the region New Albion.

The Russians, blundering down through Behring strait in 1728, prosecuted the fur trade vigorously, established their fortified posts as far south as San Francisco bay and had the Spanish Californians terrorized. The Monroe Doctrine put an end to their

dreams of an empire on the American Pacific, including Hawaii, and incidentally gave us Alaska by purchase in 1867.

The red and yellow of Spain came down in 1821, when Mexico won her independence. Thereafter the Mexican flag floated in nominal sovereignty over Alta California for 25 years.

June 14, 1846, a company of 33 Americans took possession of Sonoma, made prisoners of Gen. Mariano G. Vallejo and his small garrison, hauled down the Mexican flag, proclaimed the Republic of California and ran up a unique flag especially made for the occasion from five yards of unbleached cotton cloth and a can of red paint.

The "Bear flag" waved proudly over the Republic of California for just 24 days. The Mexican war had been on since May 13, though nobody in California knew it. When the news reached Commodore John D. Sloat, in command of American naval forces in the Pacific, he sailed into Monterey, took possession of the port and on July 7 raised the Stars and Stripes and proclaimed the annexation of California to the United States. Admiral Seymour arrived with a British fleet a few days later—just too late.

The "California war," set going by the hoisting of the "Bear flag," came to an end with the signing of the "Calhoun capitulation" of January 13, 1847. The next year saw the end of the Mexican war.

A momentous day for California was February 2, 1848. On that day was signed the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, which made California safely ours by conquest and purchase. And on that day James W. Marshall picked up a nugget of gold in the raceway of the new sawmill at Coloma in the Sacramento valley, just built by Capt. John A. Sutter, of Sutter's Fort and New Helvetia fame.

At the close of the Mexican regime there was the miserable presidio and pueblo of Yerba Buena at the entrance to San Francisco bay, with 200 inhabitants. By the winter of 1849-50 this miserable village had become the city of San Francisco, with 50,000 people in canvas tents, tin houses and wooden cabins, scattered all the way from the bench to Telegraph hill—and as many more on the way via the Horn, the isthmus and the overland trail.

So that is what the discovery of gold at Sutter's mill did for California. And why California's gold, lying almost in plain sight, should have escaped the Spaniard—the most indefatigable gold-hunter the world ever saw—is a mystery—unless one believes in the guiding hand of Divine Providence in the progress of the one nation of earth dedicated to liberty, equality of rights and the pursuit of happiness.

According to press reports the required silver has been purchased in India through a German firm and the nickel through an Italian firm. The manufacturing stamps have been imported from Europe.

Maryland's Flag a Copy

The state flag of Maryland represents the escutcheon of the paternal coat of arms of Lord Baltimore. The first and fourth quarters consist of six vertical bars, alternately gold and

black, with a diagonal band, on which the colors are reversed; the second and third quarters consist of a quartered field of red and white, charged with a Greek cross, its arms terminating in trefoils, with the colors transposed, red being on the white ground and white on the red, and all being represented as on the escutcheon of the present seal of Maryland.

The beaver, though looked on as an embodiment of industry, sleeps ten hours a day.

MY FAVORITE STORIES

By IRVIN S. COBB

Absolutely No Hurry About It

The other day somebody told me a story of a man under sentence of death to whom the jailer came with the word that he might follow any congenial occupation he pleased during the time which would elapse before the fatal date. The prisoner had only to nominate his choice and the facilities for prosecuting it would be provided. Indeed, there was rather a suggestion that if the condemned man had not completed the favored undertaking by that day, there might be a delay in the execution of the law to give him an opportunity to finish it.

The situation having been made clear, the messenger awaited the captive's decision.

"Well, old man," he said finally, "what is it you want to do?"

"I think," said the prisoner, "I'd like to learn Chinese."

The hearing of this story reminds me of another—a blood brother to it—which was current in Tennessee years ago.

One chilly evening in the early part of March the sheriff entered the county jail and, addressing the colored person who occupied the strongest cell, said:

"Gabe, you know that under the law my duty requires me to take you out of here tomorrow and hang you. So I've come to tell you that I want to make your final hours on earth as easy as possible. For your last breakfast you can have anything to eat that you want and as much of it as you want. What do you think you'd like to have?"

The condemned man studied for a minute.

"Mr. Lukins," he said, "I b'lieves I'd lak to have a nice watermelon."

"But watermelons won't be ripe for four or five months yet," said the sheriff.

"Well, suh," said Gabe, "I kin wait."

Absolutely Unfitted for the Role

A few months before his death Gen. Basil Duke of Kentucky, who commanded Morgan's cavalry after the killing of his brother-in-law, Gen. John Morgan, told this tale at a Confederate reunion in his home city of Louisville:

He said that during one of the Tennessee campaigns Morgan's men surprised and routed a regiment of Federal troopers. In the midst of the retreat one of the enemy, who was mounted upon a big bay horse, suddenly turned and charged the victorious Confederates full-tilt, waving his arm and shrieking like mad as he bore down upon them alone. Respecting such marvelous courage, the Confederates forebore shooting at the approaching foe, but when he was right upon them they saw there was a different reason for his foolhardiness.

He was a green recruit. His horse had run away with him—the bit had broken, and, white as a sheet and scared stiff, the luckless youth was being propelled straight at the whooping Kentuckians, begging for mercy as he came.

Jeff Sterritt, a noted wit of the command, stopped the horse and made a willing prisoner of the rider. Sterritt, who had not washed or shaved for days and was a ferocious looking person, pulled out a big pistol and wagged its muzzle in the terrified Federal's face.

"I don't know whether to kill you right now," he said, "or wait until the fight is over!"

"Mister," begged the quivering captive, "as a favor to me, please don't do it at all! I'm a dissipated character—and I ain't prepared to die!"

When a Tailor Made the Man

There used to be a southern born colonel of one of the negro regiments of the United States army whose first name was James. He was a small, dapper man, very dignified and very much aware of the importance of the position he filled. He was a great believer in athletics and he organized three baseball teams among members of his battalions and started a series of games for the regimental championship.

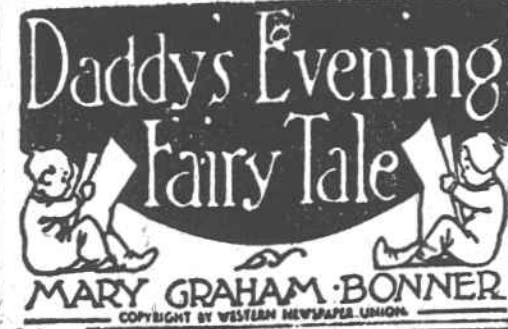
One afternoon two of the clubs were playing an important game of the series. The commander, watching from the side line, thought the rivals were not showing sufficient spirit, considering that the score was so close and the championship at stake. He decided to show both outfits that ginger was requisite. He yanked off his service coat, grabbed a bat and declared himself into the game.

"Now, then," he stated, as he advanced to the plate, "for just so long as I've got no shoulder straps on I want you men to treat me as if I were one of you. I'm not your colonel—I'm a player. Let's go!"

The pitcher sped the ball across the plate and the colonel cracked out a three-bagger. He tried to stretch it into a homer. As he turned third base on the dead run the coacher for his side opened up:

"Run, you pore lll' sawedoff, pop-eyed, bow-legged, homely white runt! Run!" he shouted. "Now slide old Jimbo, dadgum you—SLIDE!"

The colonel slid and got there. Then he went over and out his coat on



MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE JAGUAR

The Jaguar had heard a conversation between the Lion and the Tiger.

Each had been doing much talking. The Tiger had been saying that the Lion spent most of his time in roaring, while he, the Tiger, did the clever things in life.

What the Tiger had said was perfectly true, but it had made the Lion angry and he had roared more than ever.

"Well," said the Jaguar, "as I am almost as large as the Tiger I think I ought to be heard from, too."

"What do you mean when you say you ought to be heard from?" asked a young Jaguar, a new arrival in the zoo.

"I mean that I ought to tell you something about myself," the Jaguar said.

"Well, why don't you?" asked the young Jaguar.

"I believe I will," said the Jaguar. "Ha, ha," said King Lion, "I am not the only one who wants to boast."

"Nor I," said the Tiger. "I didn't say I was going to boast," snarled the Jaguar.

"I remarked that I should be heard from and that I should tell something of myself."

"I may tell something very, very dreadful."

"Not much chance of that," said King Lion, tossing his mane and looking very proud and superior.

"Not much chance of that," said the Tiger.

Even the young Jaguar added:

"Not much chance of that."

"Maybe not," said the Jaguar, "and again, maybe so."

"Oh, don't waste so much time," said King Lion, "go on with your story."

"That's the right idea," said Tiger.

"Yes, go on with your story," said the young Jaguar.

"Ah, you're all interested," said the



"I Am the Fine Jaguar, I Am."

Jaguar, "for there is no other reason in wanting me to hurry."

"You're not going to catch a train, as folks say," King Lion.

"Nor you, Tiger."

"Nor you, Jaguar."

"No, I'm not going to catch a train," said King Lion. "I wouldn't go on one of the silly, puffing things."

"I don't have to puff, for I can roar."

"I don't have to catch a train, it is true," said the Tiger. "Nor do I think that a very sensible remark."

Even the young Jaguar agreed with this.

"I thought I was going to have a chance to speak," said the Jaguar.

"To be sure," said King Lion. "I'm only waiting for you to begin."

"Only waiting for you to start," said young Jaguar.

"Only waiting for you to commence," said the Tiger.

"Then let me get started," growled the Jaguar.

"Let him get started," said the Tiger.

"Let him get started," said young Jaguar.

"By all means, let him get started," said King Lion. "Not, of course, for a train, but with his story."

"That's what we mean," said the Tiger.

"Yes, that's what we mean," said the young Jaguar.

"Well," said the Jaguar, "I will tell you."

"I came from South America and I had a very exciting trip here."

"I came in a boat, I did, and so I know about boats, even though trains are beneath my notice."

"Every one admired my handsome yellow coat, my strength and my beautiful big head."

"Yes, I am the fine Jaguar, I am."

"True," agreed the young Jaguar.

"He boasted, too," grinned the Lion, roaring again.

"He certainly did," said the Tiger.

"But my boasting made a true story," the Jaguar added delightedly.

Enough for a Penny

While waiting at the railroad station, Brown put his six-year-old daughter on the slot scales. "Only 40 pounds?" he said. "You ought to weigh more than that."

"Well, daddy!" exclaimed the little girl, "isn't it enough for a penny?"

Everything Counted

Esther went for a picnic with some friends. When she got home she said, "I want something to eat."

"Why," said her mother, "didn't you have lunch with the Smiths?"

"Yes," she answered, "I had some, but everything was counted."



PLAYING SAFE

"I am going to speak over the tomorrow night."

"I shall listen in with great interest," said Miss Cayenne.

"I shall talk about the ideals of modern culture."

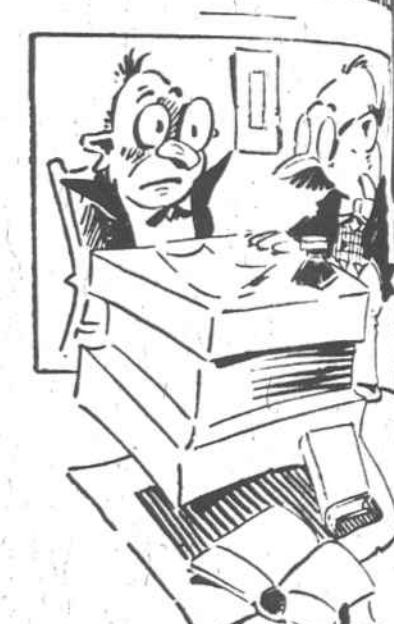
"Simply wonderful!"

"Would you like to hear it by hand?"

"No. Save it, so that if I don't open to like it I can tune out my favorite hotel orchestra."

—Washington Star.

SPORTS IN PROPER PLACE



College Head—And sports have proper place in our curriculum, course.

Student's Dad—Glad to hear it—to know my boy will have some chance to study, you know.

Had No Honker

Here he sleeps, One Johnny Fonker; He rounded a turn Without a honker.

Too Late

"Good heavens! Who gave you that black eye?"

"A bridegroom for kissing the bride after the ceremony."

"But surely he didn't object to the ancient custom?"

"No—but it was two years after the ceremony."

Subject to Release

She—But, Algy, I'm very cross with you, really! You promised faithfully to bring your engagement ring to night.

He—Believe me, dear, I'm sorry. The truth is—the other girl hasn't turned it yet.—Stray Stories.

Not Too Realistic

"That's my statue of Peace."

"You've made her very beautiful—too beautiful."

"Ah, well, you see, I didn't make her from nature."—Paris L'Espresso.

Boston Outing

"We must pause," remarked the professor, climbing out of the auto.

"Yes, dear," agreed his wife, "heard the tire puncture."—American Legion Weekly.

Unthinkable

Mrs. Scates—Scientists say that we really laugh and grow fat.

Mrs. Diete—Of course! No one would grow fat and laugh!

PERFECT GENTLEMAN



"He's a perfect gentleman, you think?"

"I do—he always rises and gives a lady his seat in the barber shop."

Health Again

To get his wealth he spent his health. And then with might and main He turned around and spent his wealth. To get his health again.

In Every Home

"Are you going anywhere tonight?" asked the maid.

"No. We are planning to stay at home."

"Anybody going to call on you?"

"I think not."

"Then it'll be perfectly safe for me to order onions for the dinner table."

Depreciated Value

Misses—Jane, that's a \$200.00 you've just smashed.

Maid—Tain't worth that now, miss.