

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY CELEBRATION IN CALIFORNIA

The exact date of the first Thanksgiving celebration in California is not a matter of record. Nor do the old-timers remember in what year it took place. It may have been as early as 1848. It is very likely, however, that it was in the year 1849 and the place one of the many mining camps that had just sprung into existence. There were many New Englanders here at the time and it is not probable that the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers would have allowed their most important and time-honored day to slip by unnoticed.

Of the year 1850 the records stand out clear and distinct, and that must be considered the first celebration. In addition to this, a number of the old-timers have dim memories of festive doings on the last day of November in that year, because Governor Peter H. Burnett issued a proclamation declaring it a legal holiday. Official business was suspended and the day was observed by all men from New England and many others who did not object to a good time. A great many of the events of that day have never been recorded and a great many more have been forgotten, but from such accounts as do exist it appears that it was surely a day of festivity.

To many of the men who came to the coast on the tidal wave of the gold fever Thanksgiving day was a new thing. The majority of these men hailed from the Southern and Middle States and from Europe, and did not take kindly to the Puritanical celebration. Some of them ridiculed it and a few of the writers of the time objected to it as a piece of hypocrisy. But the pioneers were tolerant men as a rule, and when the New Englanders determined to celebrate they met with no obstacle. It is also recorded that when the others found that Thanksgiving celebration meant considerable eating and drinking they inclined to the belief that it was not such a bad thing after all, and concluded to take part in it.

celebrations on November 30, 1850. Old-timers remember that the "Yankees" in all the camps threw down their picks and shovels and had a good time as the circumstances would permit. The majority of them didn't have turkey, unless they happened to live in those sections where the wild birds could be killed at that time. Most of them would have been satisfied with a little fresh beef. Deer was a great luxury, and pork or mutton among the things longed for. In most of the camps where Thanksgiving was celebrated jackrabbit was considered pretty good. In those days the boys didn't look down on the gray jumpers with the contempt that people now display toward the animal that is now considered a pest.

Thanksgiving day 1850 was a cold day all over the State. It was clear and dry, but in the mountains a little snow had fallen. This, of course, only made it seem more like home to the boys from the East, and they were correspondingly delighted. They hauled in plenty of wood the day before, so that they had nothing to do but celebrate and watch the jackrabbits cook to a turn. The rabbits were always cooked whole, a certain member of the party being vested with the honor of chef, whose duty it was to see that it was properly basted and turned occasionally.

While scenes of festivity were going on in many of the camps all over the State there were others where the boys did not know that there was such a day as Thanksgiving. George K. Fitch was in the diggings at the time, and declares that the day passed without his knowledge that it was a holiday. The Governor's proclamation did not reach his camp, and if it had the chances are that no attention would have been paid to it, as there were no New Englanders for several miles around. When the news came that some of the boys over the ridge had been celebrating considerable surprise was expressed.

On the evening of November 30, 1850,



JACKRABBIT DINNER WAS GOOD ENOUGH IN 1850.

the first official celebration of Thanksgiving day in California was observed in Sacramento, and it was a most elaborate affair. Governor Burnett had issued his proclamation a few days previously, and all the New England men in the place at once got together and formed plans for celebrating. They called their organization the Sons of New England, and held a banquet in the dining-room of the Columbia Hotel. The decorations of the hall on this occasion were by far the most elaborate that had ever been attempted in the State. The walls were hung with bunting, and flags and shields containing the names of the States were placed in the form of a frieze.

Everybody was invited to be present at this feast, whether they came from New England or not. The menu was a most superb one, and contained forty different dishes and eight kinds of wine. There was everything that could be obtained in the best restaurants in any part of the world, and nobody who participated had need to long for turkey or pumpkin pie, or anything else for that matter.

As it happened, Hardin Biglow died a few days previous to Thanksgiving day, and Governor Burnett came up from Monterey to attend the funeral. This brought him to Sacramento just in time to be present at the celebration. He was given the place of honor at the table, and expressed his delight at the fact that he was able to attend the first Thanksgiving celebration which had ever been proclaimed by a Governor of California.

On this occasion R. M. Berry acted as president of the evening. Rev. Mr. Benton asked a blessing and the banquet proceeded. J. W. Cartwright acted as toastmaster. The festivities were kept up until midnight when, the next day being Sunday, the first official Thanksgiving celebration in the history of the State was brought to a close.

not complete they could not be located. In the larger cities of California, such as San Francisco, San Jose and Monterey, some attempts were made at observing Thanksgiving by the families. Those who could afford it had turkey, but that is about as far as it went. The stores did not close generally, but business was noticeably slack. The few churches held services out of respect to the gubernatorial proclamation, but nothing on a large scale was attempted.

In San Francisco the French restaurants prepared a Thanksgiving dinner and managed to get a little more custom than usual. The men here were glad to take part in anything that showed signs of producing a good time.

"I well recollect my first Thanksgiving day in San Francisco," said Joseph A. Coolidge. "There was nothing very remarkable about it, but of course we had to celebrate by eating turkey. I bought one, a small one, and paid \$16 for it. But it was young and alive. I bought it several days before and gave it in charge of a French cook to fatten. He stuffed it alive until it was as plump as a partridge. It made my mouth water to look at it. The day before Thanksgiving he picked it alive and allowed it to run around without any feathers. But when that turkey was served I tell you it was fit for Lucullus. I don't know where it came from, but I was satisfied with it. I think that by the time I paid the cook for preparing that turkey and the extras that were necessary to go with it, together with a few other things requisite for the dinner, it must have cost at least \$50. But it was worth it, and I didn't leave much."

Burmese humanity to animals goes so far as to provide buffaloes kept in stables with mosquito netting. The mosquitoes are as annoying to cattle as to human beings, but when left out of doors the buffalo can protect himself by rolling in the mud and allowing it to cake upon him.

ANNUAL THANK-OFFERINGS AMONG THE ANCIENT GREEKS

The Greeks, during their annual celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries, approached nearer a national thanksgiving than in any other of their numerous religious festivals. The seventh day was set apart for the great offering to Demeter of fruits and grains, and this was held in the outermost court in order that no unhallowed footprint might profane the temple proper. All the great festivals were under state direction, and, as the national life was based on state religion, impiety was a crime, amenable to law; yet their religion had a warmth and joyousness and a social life we moderns know nothing of. Indeed, the happy abandon of a Greek festival would be a revelation to a modern.

The beginning of their thank offering of fruit and grain was solemnly announced by a disarmed hierophant standing amid a crowd of robed priests on the magnificent Stoa Poikile (or variegated colonnade at the temple entrance), and there proclaiming all Greeks were welcome to at-

tend the grand celebration who were free from civil or personal taint.

This proclamation was followed by sacrifice and prayer; the priests, surrounded by the secular members of all the mysteries, in solid phalanx, and followed by a great procession, proceeded to the sea-coast, where they were all solemnly purified; expiatory services were preceded by one day's fast. The most touching of these heathen expiatory rites was the selection of a beautiful young child, either girl or boy, of pure Athenian race, called the "child of the hearth," because placed near the sacrificial hearth, and it offered the prayer for those seeking initiation into the solemn mysteries. It seemed the supplication coming from innocent lips would on that account be more acceptable to the gods. They believed it to be the redemption of all granted to a child.

Then followed the grand dramatic representation of the joy of Demeter upon the recovery of Persephone. The parched and withered earth had mourned with

Demeter in her grief for the abduction of her child, and now at the command of the goddess was covered with bloom and laden with fruits upon her recovery. The grateful Greeks assembled from all directions to share her joy and render thanks; giving within the sacred inclosure at the call of the mysterious hierophant.

The distance between Athens and Eleusis was seventeen miles, and from early morn the whole way was covered with a joyous throng, led by white-robed priests, wreathed oxen, goats and other sacred animals led by youths adorned in festal attire. The young men of Athens wore short, pleated kithons, with the graceful himation thrown over their shoulder, their heads garlanded and feet sandaled. The young girls bore flowers, fruits and some kind of a sacred box. They were dressed in white, with gold-embroidered peplos. The matrons bore their offerings of wheat-sheaves, dressed in white kithon and dark-blue peplos, in honor of Demeter, whose dress when on Mount

Olympus was always of that shade. The chorus-boys and regular musicians were brilliant in holiday attire and filled the brilliant sunlight air with joyous strains of antiphonal music. The old men walked in stately, rhythmic measure in robes of office (every citizen was a deacon, present or prospective), and all that festival crowd, marching in the sweet morning air to the sacred inclosure, were given up to the great enjoyment of a national and social thanksgiving. On the march they filled the time with music, banter, rillery and jesting. The procession reached Eleusis at night by torchlight and a stay of many days was made.

The entire celebration of the mysteries occupied nine days, and the seventh day was selected as peculiar for the offering of thanks for the fruits of the earth. The drama opened with the grief of Demeter for the loss of her child. The initiates clad in white robes, their hair caught up with golden grasshoppers and heads wreathed with myrtle, ranged themselves

before the sacred doors, while the herald cried in imperious tones, "Let the profane, the impious, those dealing in magic arts, those who have shed human blood and all barbarians depart hence!" If any of these classes were found in the throng they could be put to death on the spot and flung out of the inclosure. The profane were not permitted to even see the temple, but the initiates approached as soon as the mystics ran through the inclosure carrying torches, shaking them so that showers of purging sparks were flung off, then passing them from hand to hand in token of the divine transmission of holy light and knowledge.

One after another the torches were extinguished, and from the darkness came divine voices and appalling images, accompanied by flashes of lightning, groans issuing from the earth (apparently), chains clanked and terror fell upon all hearts. This was the most trying part of the ceremonies and tested the courage and faith of the initiates. Thenceforward

the drama continued its development by sudden transitions from scenes of splendid light leading to the joys of the empyrean from the terrors of Tartarus. Countless lights lit up the temple and courts. Incense filled the air and the sanctuary was filled with radiance. Entrancing music from the choirs added joy to the worshippers. Rhythmic dances and sacred songs announced the completion of the ceremonies.

The mysteries closed by the veil falling, and Demeter stood revealed to her worshippers in all the splendor of her immortal beauty.

Of course, much of what was regarded as uncommunicable in the mysteries was never disclosed, but to the Greek it was the rarest of privileges to witness this great thank-offering to Demeter. In the Homeric Hymn it is written: "Blessed is he who has beheld these rites; for he who initiates and he who has not beheld these sacred rites has by no means the same fortune, though dead beneath the

murky darkness." And Sophocles says: "To these alone are granted life."

Mysteries to the Greek originally spoke to the eye; they were a religious drama rather than a moral or philosophic teaching. But the mind of the Greek could not remain inert in these exciting scenes. Some observers stopped devoutly with the legends; others, few in numbers, rose from the sentiment to the idea—from imagination to reason—and, aided by the elasticity of the symbols, gradually introduced doctrines that certainly were not there in the beginning, or were in an extremely vague condition. Dionysus and Persephone in the underworld represented the apparent death of the human race and their apparent restoration to life. Olympus typified renewed life and immortality. Later still, these ideas became more definite and there grew up amid the mysteries a purified polytheism, resembling in certain of its tendencies the spiritual character of the Christian religion.

REBECCA LAWRENCE.

ODD SIGHTS AND SCENES ABOUT THE CITY AND FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS

Pumpkins That Spurn the Ground

In the Seventh-street Park, in Oakland, there is one of the strangest pumpkin crops to be found in the State, certainly the queerest that grows in any public square, if indeed that vegetable can be found in any other public square.

There is really nothing strange about



Pumpkin Crop on a Roof.

the crop itself that is referred to, but its location is most unusual, for it is on the roof of the toolhouse. This toolhouse is exactly in the center of the square, and the crop of bright-colored pie material looms up from all directions. But it doesn't look at all inviting, although a number of people in the neighborhood have signified their intention of having one that is, provided, of course, they are not seized by some one else in the meantime. There is quite a story in the way these pumpkins came to grow on the roof. It was a very simple matter for them to do so when one considers the cause. The same cause has also given the old gardener quite an opinion of his own powers of invention.

It seems that the pumpkins grew as a volunteer crop, due to the fact that some of the ground around the toolhouse was brought there from a vacant lot near by. The gardener cared for the vine tenderly, but soon found it an elephant on his hands. It spread all over the flower-bed, and soon had that part of the square to itself, because nothing else could live in the neighborhood. Then it commenced to spread over the walks, and also to show signs of bearing. This was a hard time for the gardener. He thought of the fine pies the pumpkins would make, and he also thought that it would be necessary for people to walk through the park. He lost sleep at night, and still the vine grew. Little pumpkins formed, and he began to lose flesh. The vine spread more and more, and the small green globules looked more tempting every day.

When almost on the verge of despair the gardener got an idea. He soon had the crop of young pumpkins safe on the roof, where they could grow as much as they liked, while the roots remained in the soil below. And they have taken advantage of the

The City's Smallest Store.

The very smallest store in San Francisco? Doubtless you have passed it many times but have never noticed it, which would not be at all strange, because it is so very, very small.

Its interior area measures just five feet two inches in width, by twenty-one feet in depth, and yet it is located on one of the busiest blocks on Market street. It is that tiny blue front locksmith's shop on the south side of Market street.

The lot itself is not much larger than the store, and the store was once an alleyway. But front feet on Market street are far too valuable to waste in alleyways, so the thrifty owner of this property put a dry floor on the alley, then a few boards up for the roof, cut the five-foot alley-gate in half and made a tiny show window out of the eastern half, painted the whole thing a beautiful, radiant, glowing, army blue, and then hung out a sign, "Store to Let."

The sign didn't hang there long. A patent medicine doctor was the first tenant. He sold an invigorator and a rejuvenator that were guaranteed to make old men young and weak men strong. "It benefits in a day and is pleasant to take,"

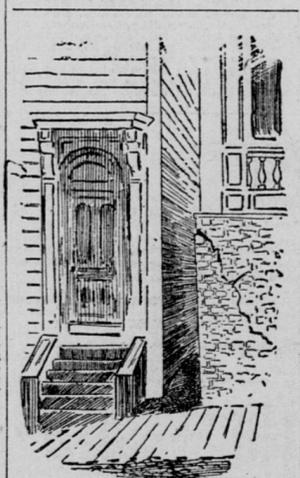


The Smallest Store.

read the yellow circulars nailed on the blue front. Apparently there was not a great demand for the rejuvenator, and soon its discoverer gave way to the present occupant, E. R. Johnson, Jr., who mends locks and sells keys and things, and, when occasion arises, fills an order for his predecessor's rejuvenator.

A Lot With Only One Foot Frontage

The smallest single piece of unimproved real estate in the City has a frontage of one foot. There are several very narrow strips of real estate in San Francisco, but none of them are quite as diminutive as this one by several feet. It is located near



Lot With One-Foot Front.

the brow of Telegraph Hill, and has remained in its present unimproved condition since 1850.

At that time it belonged to James Ross, who afterward went to Marin County, acquired an immense amount of valuable real estate near San Anselmo, got that very picturesque little spot known as Ross Valley named after him, and then passed on to his Scotch forefathers, leaving his heirs the memory of an honest name, but not very much in addition. This single-foot strip of real estate fronts on Montgomery street, between Green and Vallejo and was purchased by James Ross early in the fifties by the husband of its present owner, Mrs. W. B. Agard. Mrs. Agard is a very amiable and pleasant mannered Scotch widow, who lived on Telegraph Hill when that was the aristocratic part of San Francisco, and the house she then occupied, which sets back considerably from 311 Green street, is where she still lives. Her home is one of the very few reminders of the departed social prestiges of Telegraph Hill.

The one-foot front strip lies between the properties owned by Onesta Tornotti on the south and by S. Baagalupi and P. D. Martini on the north, and though its title has sometimes been called in question by strangers, the deed is there in black and white and it proves the legal purchase by James Ross, long, long years ago, who needed the narrow strip for sewerage purposes.

There are probably more thieves in China than in any other country in the world.

Enjoyment in Churning Butter

"Churning is one of the hard jobs on a farm and consumes much valuable time. It usually makes one's arms ache with the dasher up and down from twenty minutes to two hours according to the condition of the cream. And when it is done, how little there is to show for it. Even if one uses the new rotary churn, it is not satisfactory. It takes a good deal of cream to work them and the work is almost as hard as with the old kind. One gets tired and wishes that butter-making was one of the lost arts."

The preceding paragraph contains almost the identical words of a farmer's wife. She made the statement after years of experience and knew what she was talking about. But she need never talk that way again.

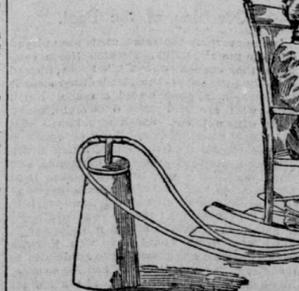
The man who has done all this good for the housewives of America is named William R. Cullson, and his invention is of the simplest and most inexpensive kind. It is so simple, in fact, that it is impossible to get it out of order. That is, it would be about as hard to get out of order as a sledgehammer.

Cullson's invention really makes it a pleasure to churn, and in the future the boys and girls will look upon the work as a "snap." In fact, they can do the churning and at the same time read the latest news. Fancy this, ye overworked housewives! You can churn while you are resting!

All there is to the invention is a pair of common bellows, a few feet of hose and some leadpipe. The bellows are placed under braces, that are fixed to a rocking-chair, which is fastened to a strong framework. One bellows is fixed to the back part of the chair and the other bellows to the front, so the rocking motion of the chair opens and closes them alternately.

The air thus compressed is forced through the hosepipes and down the leadpipe into the churn, where it agitates the cream until cream butter is produced. There is no dasher nor mechanism of any kind. The work is all done by compressed air. It agitates the cream, and that is all that is necessary. After the air passes through the cream it passes out through a hole in the cover of the churn. It would seem that to agitate cream in this way would separate the butter quicker than the old way.

NEW METHOD OF CHURNING.



The Smallest of Thoroughfares

The smallest street in San Francisco? It is Reed street, near the top of Telegraph Hill. Reed place it is called on the ad-



A Street of Stairs.

acent lamp-post, but in official parlance all thoroughfares, whether boulevards, avenues, places or alleys, are streets.

The Smallest Voter in the City

The smallest voter in San Francisco is Samuel Joseph Kingston. He stood on a chair to cast his ballot, and even then was not as tall as many another voter. His height is 4 feet 2 inches. He is a native son of California and, curiously enough, the son of well-developed parents and the brother of several tall men.

In the business section of the City Samuel Joseph Kingston is well known. He drives a rubber-stamp wagon for a Sansome-street firm. He is bright, intelligent, active and has worked for his present employer something like ten years or more.

He is known as "Sammy" and is a general favorite. He is always good-humored and witty, and is considered a good business man. He cast his vote for William Jennings Bryan, and it was just as big a vote as that cast by any other man in the

City. One of "Sammy's" big brothers is a well-known insurance man in this City, and the contrast in height between these two is something ludicrous when they are seen on the street together, which sometimes happens. "Sammy" lives at 41 Langton street. He is 51 years of age and has dark-brown hair and eyes. For one so small he has remarkable physical strength and endurance, and though his legs are comparatively the shortest part of him yet he is quick-footed to a degree and as spry and active as many a normally fashioned man. While "Sammy" is the smallest voter in San Francisco he also enjoys the distinction of being the smallest man in the City, and probably in the whole State. He is, however, only small in stature. He is a kind-hearted man, honest and intelligent, and really, in a true sense, a much bigger man mentally and morally than many of those who tower way above him physically.

A Sea Sphinx.

Silent she looks out on the desert sea Where the white caravans go creeping by— Staked across a waste of ceaseless sky— The merchant Arabs of the ocean free! Inscrutable her story features be; Her granite lips inflexible defy All questioners; and in each hollow eye Holds a shadow and a mystery.

Old Ocean's secret centuries ago She learned from the innumerable lips That sang unconscious of a listener. Henceforth, forever, it is hers to know The predetermined destinies of ships, The joy or doom of every voyager! FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN, in the Bachelor of Arts, New York, October.

Puppy-Dog Dinners.

Chow dog, in the way of Chinese diet, is so great a delicacy that to leave it out of an official dinner in China would be as great a crime as leaving out whitebait or asparagus in May on similar occasions in this country. At Canton rows of dogs, skinned, dressed and ready for cooking, are hung up in lines on the stalls in the market-place. The poor chow, when thus heathen Chinese's table, must not have outgrown the tender stage of puppyhood. When he is two months old, and his little carcass weighs two pounds, he is at his best, and once he has managed to escape his doom till he is six months old, he has a chance of living to a patriarchal age, for after that time his "flavor" is not, from the epicurean point of view, what it ought to be.

From the non-Celestial point of view the chow puppy is far too amusing and handsome a little customer to be sacrificed on the same altar on which are laid shark fins, duck tongues and swallow nests. The baby chow in appearance is like a tiny bear cub. The lower 10,000 of China—or rather the lower 10,000,000—who cannot afford a dinner of chow, philosophically eat rats instead, deeming them a very passable and palatable substitute for the coveted puppy dog.

In Italy thirty persons out of 10,000 die by the assassin's knife.

The Smallest Voter.

There are but 45 steamers with a higher speed than 19 knots, of which 25 belong to Great Britain, 7 to Belgium, 5 to Germany, 3 each to Holland and France, and 2 to the American line. This list does not include war vessels and river and lake steamers.



The Smallest Voter.