

WHERE THE YANKEE SHOWS UP STRONGEST

THE ORIGINAL '49ER STILL IN EVIDENCE IN CALIFORNIA.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

THE place to look for Yankees to-day is in California. His territory extends from the Sierra Nevada Mountains to the Pacific Coast, and covers the entire central portion of the State.

This "California Yankee" is probably the most distinctive personality in the extensive Western civilization to-day. He is thoroughly typical of a country about which little has been said in its interesting entirety.

The writer recently traveled extensively throughout the Pacific Coast New England, and was impressed that in many ways it was a veritable offspring of genuine, true-blue Yankeeedom.

Our Yankee of the Golden Gate State left New England in the days of '49. He still tells about his trip "Around the Horn in a Wind Jammer," and although he has been in his Central California home for fifty years, he is still a Yankee, and a New England Yankee at that, with a nasal twang that would mark him anywhere. He was one of a generation that has done big things wherever they have operated; naturally he has done some of his biggest things out here on the Pacific Coast, where he found a new land and the biggest kind of opportunities for exercising his vigorous Yankee spirit. His principal operations have been confined to the big Central Valley of the State of California, although his influence has been felt in every city and township in the State. Now just listen to what he did last year in his Central California empire:

He raised 280 times as much wheat as New England, twelve times as much barley and one-half as much corn. He raised sixty times as much fruit, with at least double the market rating. He owns four times as many sheep, and more cattle and swine. He deposited \$110 in the savings bank for each member of his family and for each employe on his farm.

He raised 39,000 tons of raisins and harvested from a vineyard larger than all his New England cousin's cornfield. In point of population he is only one-eighth as large, but he lives in the great Central Valley of California and owns nearly one-half as much land.

He goes at things in a big way, and almost everything he has is big. He has the biggest trees in his woods, the largest fruit trees in his orange orchard. He owns a vineyard that covers 310,000 acres, and even his onion patch is more than four miles square.

In Death Valley he has the deepest valley in the United States, and in Mt. Whitney the highest mountain peak. He is a great fisherman and owns one-fourteenth of all the fishing in the Union, while in San Francisco Harbor he has the largest inland harbor in the world.

His Western neighbors all call him a "California Yankee," and he deserves the title, for he is as versatile as when he left the New England Coast fifty odd years ago. He cuts his grain with a great combined harvester that is really the largest automobile in the world, since it moves by steam, but this big automobile is also a fast and effective worker, for as it advances over a field of standing grain, cutting a swath thirty-two feet wide, it leaves the sacks of grain in its wake all threshed and sacked.

This California Yankee is a married man, and he usually has four children (3, 82).

He owns his own farm, which is not mortgaged, and his account in the savings bank has increased for the past eleven years. He lives out of doors a great deal of the time, and for this reason he is twenty-seven pounds heavier than his Yankee cousin.

His wife loves flowers, and she has one little bed of violets, thirty acres in all, from which she makes perfume. She also has 3000 acres of sweet peas, and a bed of wild poppies covering many square miles. As to her table she is very particular, having 2500 acres in her largest asparagus bed.

Her husband sometimes takes to mining, and the queerest phase in which he indulges is in dredging the bottoms of streams. He has thirty-four dredgers, in which he has invested \$1,000,000, at work. These dredgers bring up gold and mud from twenty-five feet below the surface of water, and fifteen feet beneath the bottom of the river bed. Our California Yankee is the only man in the world who takes a try at this sort of mining, but then it netted him \$3,000,000 last year, and he believes he will be \$5,000,000 the better at the close of the present year.

The country in which he lives is 400 miles long, and he is quite different from other Californians or Westerners. His voice sometimes has the real New England twang, and he often wears a black slouch hat.

Strange that for a Yankee he is something of a river man, and in 1861 he taught Mark Twain how to pilot a flatboat up the Sacramento River. The year before that he started in the newspaper business, and he saw Mark Twain and Bret Harte co-workers on the Weekly California. It was not much of a paper. Mark Twain says it was a "weakly paper," but Twain and Bret Harte worked very hard at \$12 and \$20 a week.

If you have read any one of the above paragraphs you will realize that

this California Yankee lives in a wonderful country—a land of extreme fertility and of great natural resources.

Although its mineral wealth first attracted the settlers to this great land, and the golden days of '49 lured the travelers from peaceful New England farms, yet many a shrewd that turned for gold has cultivated the roots of an orange tree.

Most of the settlers in this territory originally came from the Atlantic Coast States. They came by sea, and the journey overland was too great, but, having come, most of them remained. Only last week I saw an old hulk that had long lain submerged in a slough near Stockton, California. This hulk was the corpus delicti of an old sea-going vessel that was deserted by all save her master, who stayed "hard by" and built a house upon it, where he kept a restaurant and dined his comrades at the mess table for many years.

At San Joaquin City there is a crumbling away of the bones of another ship that came round the Horn. This ship's bell was used for many years at Durham's Ferry to summon the ferryman to his work. That's the way the Yankee first came to his new country, and he came by whaleboats and all manner of craft. Arriving, he chained his ship and let her rot while he sought for gold.

On the other hand, the bulk of the men who came to the Coast in '49 over the overland route ended up in the Southern portion of the State, which was natural, because the steep Sierras headed them off.

Moreover, many of those who started across the plains dropped by the wayside, and settled in Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis and Omaha, but our real New Englander—the man who came "around the Horn," stayed in the State, and has become the California Yankee.

He is a vigorous type, and from a monetary standpoint he is the most successful small farmer in the country. Although the climate is almost semi-tropic, yet he still is engaged in pursuits eminently characteristic of New England.

His dairy farming is carried on more extensively than in any other locality in the United States. He raises sheep and he has great farms, but no ranches. He is rarely clad in homespun, but he is simple and frugal. The country in the great Central Valley of California is almost entirely composed of farms. The architecture of the villages, the churches, the sunbonnets of the women, all tell of customs and habits transmitted from New England, and that the "California Yankee" has suffered no substantial change through his residence in the Pacific Coast New England.

Library Books on Street Cars.

The street-car-riding public of New York has been having some nice things said about it. The man who said them is pretty well acquainted with the street-car habits of every large city in the United States, and his verdict ought to be worth something. "You Gothamites may be great on the push and pull and hustle," he said, "but if the number of library books seen in street cars these days are any index to the public taste, you also stack up pretty well intellectually. I never struck a town where so many street-car passengers read library books. Even in the rush hours, when it is all a person can do to find space for his body, half the people are bent on mental expansion. Library books stare you in the face, jab you in the back, and bump your elbows on the right and left. I have never taken the trouble to find out the kind of literature that there abounds, but whatever the nature of the books, the traveling libraries thus displayed certainly do give New York a mighty cultured appearance."—New York Times.

Not Particular.

Once while traveling General Moltke entered a small Swiss hotel, and as the head waiter saw his gaunt figure stalking in, wrapped in a worn-out, dusty cloak, carrying an old leather sachel, he measured his wealth by his looks and ordered his assistant to show him to a small room in the uppermost story.

As he was making himself comfortable in the attic another assistant came, as is customary there, to ask the silent stranger his name and rank. The consequence was that a few minutes later the proprietor, in full dress, appeared at the door of the attic to inform His Excellency that a better room had just been vacated.

"Give that to my servant," replied Moltke, "when he comes with my carriage. This is good enough for me." And he remained.

London Hospitals.

London hospitals are always on the dangerous edge of their resources, but a doctor who has been quietly investigating the relations between means and efficiency thinks that the means are often wasted. Take, for example, St. George's, which students at other hospitals call the "kid glove hospital." It occupies a corner of one of the most crowded and noisiest areas in London. That must be bad for the patients. It is on one of the most valuable sites in London, which is bad for its finances, for the invalid's interest in his environment does not stretch far beyond the edge of his bed. The Westminster Hospital is in the same case. Would it not be better to set up frequent accident wards, and to transfer the hospitals to a cheaper and quieter site?—London Chronicle.

Home Life.

Do not be indifferent and selfish in small matters. Coldness and carelessness destroys the charms of home life.—New York News.

One of two things always happens regarding a habit. You either master it or it masters you.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

The Fate of Them.
How sad is the fate
Of the song writing sinner—
A love song for breakfast,
An ode for a dinner!

And thousands must wait,
And in poverty grovel
Till they all write "The Great—
Great American Novel!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

A Good Job.
"Can't you do something for me, sir? I'm hungry."
"Can't you get a job as a sandwich man?"—New York News.

Particulars Desired.
Biggs—"Say, can I sell you a good horse?"
Diggs—"Don't know. What's the matter with the animal?"—Chicago News.

His Opinion.
"But you don't think he's mercenary, papa?"
"Why, yes, I do! I'm afraid he regards marriage as a get-rich-quick scheme!"—Puck.

More Necessary.
"Did he make a gift of a scholarship to that college?"
"Better than that. He donated a bed to the hospital for the use of the football team."—Baltimore Herald.

The Results Unpleasant.
Wigg—"I always like to hear a man say what he thinks."
Wagg—"But the people who always say what they think generally think such disagreeable things."—Philadelphia Record.

A Formula.
Clarence—"I'm going to ask old Jones for his daughter's hand; what's a good way to begin?"
Algy—"Oh! Spring a few other jokes on him first and see how he takes them!"—Puck.

Forced to It.
"You ought not to beg," she said.
"No, ma'am," admitted the tramp.
"Why do you do it?"
"Well, ma'am, I wouldn't if I could get people to give me money by jest lookin' sad."—Chicago Post.

Busted.
Towne—"Bankrupt, is he? Why, I thought he had a fixed income of \$10,000 a year."
Brown—"So he had, but his wife fixed that in three months after their marriage."—Philadelphia Press.



Stone Blind.
"What have you been, my poor fellow?"
"A waiter, sir."
"How did you lose your sight?"
"Looking for tips."—Ally Sloper.

His Enjoyment.
"Do you enjoy historical novels?"
"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I like to read them and then reflect on how lucky I am to live in a time when people refrain from making such consummate fools of themselves."—Washington Star.

Really Seemed Too Much.
Mrs. A.—"I never saw any one so nery as the woman next door. Why, she actually wanted to borrow a flat iron to throw at a cat."
Mrs. Z.—"That was rather nery."
Mrs. A.—"Yes, and it was my cat."—Philadelphia Record.

Tommy's Trade.
Mother (who had been out for the day)—"Tommy, did you take that medicine that I told you to when I was away?"
Tommy—"No, ma. Willie Jones came in, and he liked it so I exchanged it with him for a sour apple."—Punch.

Discouraged.
"I'm sure," said the clumsy man as he slipped off his horse again, "that I'll never learn to ride."
"Oh!" replied the riding master, "just keep on trying."
"But I'm having my own troubles trying to keep on."—Catholic Standard and Times.

In His Father's Footsteps.
Binks—"Did Smith's father leave him anything?"
Jinks—"Only his debts."
Binks—"How is Smith getting along?"
Jinks—"Well, he has greatly increased his inheritance."—Baltimore American.

Humorous.
"But what will you do when all the vermiform appendices shall have been removed?"
The great surgeon smiled.
"I was reading only to-day," he said, "that the stomach may be taken out."
"Without killing the patient?"
"How funny you are!" exclaimed the great surgeon, and he laughed outright.—Life.

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Benning, D. C.

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JOHN BERGLING, Proprietor.
Brentwood Road, Md.

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OAK GROVE DAIRY,
D. McCARTHY, Proprietor.
Bladensburg Road, D. C.

Established 1866. Fresh milk delivered direct from my dairy farm every morning. Two deliveries a day contemplated soon.

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Brookland, D. C.

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Brightwood, D. C.

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