

SAN FRANCISCO, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1900.

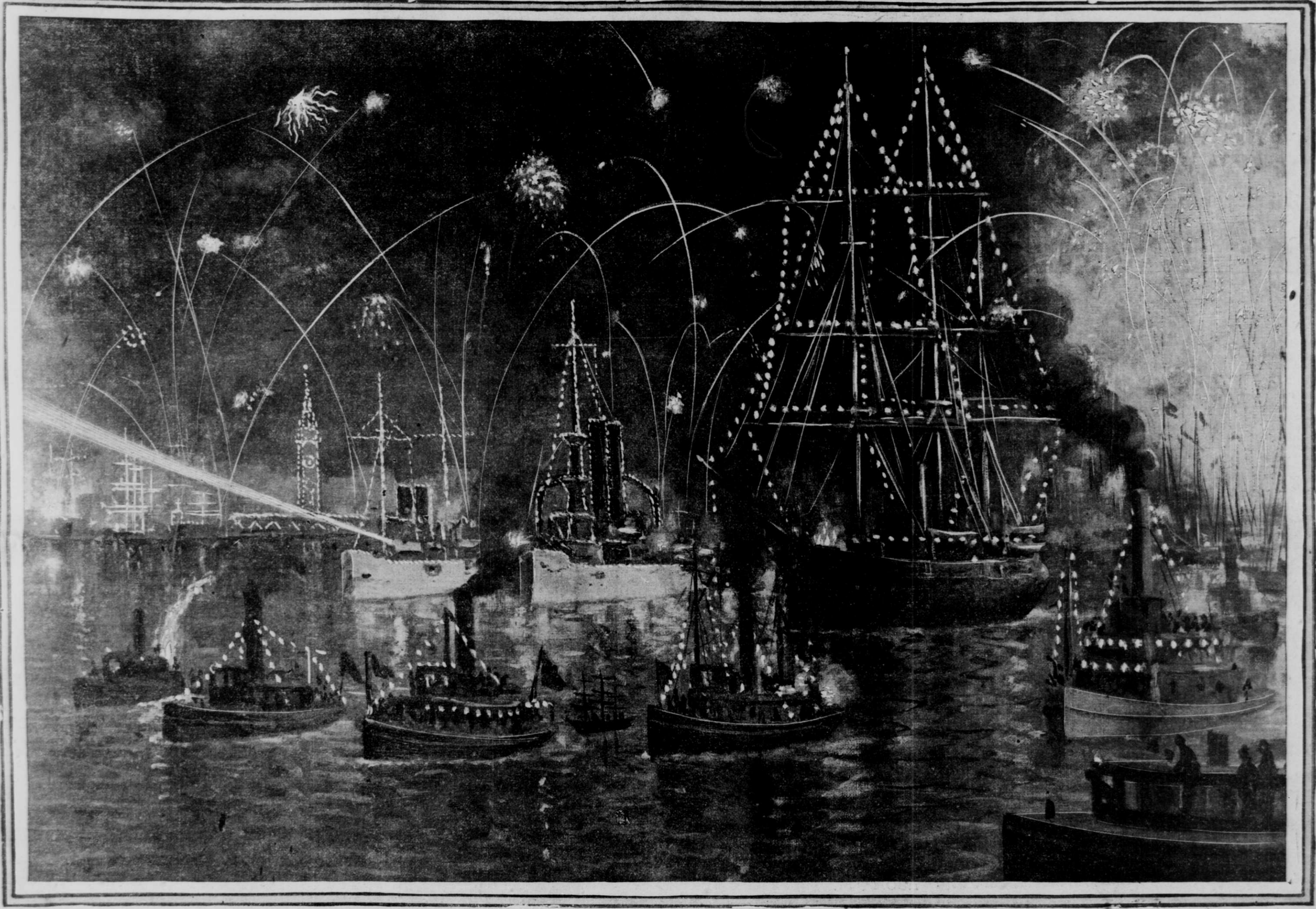
RADIANT IN ITS GARB OF LIGHT AND COLOR, THE CITY YIELDS ALL TO THE CELEBRATION.

STREETS THROGGED WITH A GAY CROWD, AND BRILLIANT UNDER THOUSANDS OF LAMPS.

ROCKETS CLEAVE THE SKY AND BLAZING BARGES, BEACON LIKE, THROW THEIR RUDDY GLARE FAR OVER THE WATERS OF THE BAY

Stately Line of Vessels Winds Through the Maze of Hissing Fireworks, Past Anchored Ships Gay With the Gleam of Colored Lanterns, and on Past Crowded Wharves, as if in the Figures of a Dance, While Bands Play Merrily Through It All From the Decks of the Moving Steamers.

VISITORS ARRIVING ON EVERY TRAIN AND FROM EVERYWHERE IN NUMBERS NEVER EQUALED.



SCENE ON THE BAY DURING THE PROGRESS OF THE GREAT NAVAL PARADE.

SAN FRANCISCO began to celebrate last night the fiftieth birthday of California. Thousands of men, women and children crowded the heights of the city to see the lights that flashed on the water; to hear the crash of bombs as they ascended into

WITH the waning of her forty-ninth year of statehood California began to celebrate her entrance into a second half century of prosperity. There was all the characteristic Californian lavishness in the wealth of color, the gleam of lights, the glare and thunder of fireworks and the shifting, shuffling tide of people that filled the streets and ebbed and flowed in the glow of the lamps.

The city is full of visitors. Since Friday they had been coming in from the north and south and east, until it seemed as if the streets would hold no more; but still they came, and there are more to come, for this will be the proudest birthday of the century, and no true son of California can afford to miss the feast.

The Pioneers had a little celebration of their own during the afternoon, where by speeches and patriotic songs the blood was set coursing the faster through the veins of the State-builders, and they cheered the name of California—the child of their toil, their adventurous spirit and their citizenship. The parlors of Native Sons already in the city received their friends during the afternoon and early evening, for the Native Son is nothing if not so-

ciable, and he multiplies his pleasure by seeking companions to help him enjoy himself.

And then as darkness fell and the swinging lines of lamps commenced to sparkle, every one sought the streets, and then the water front and the hills that look out over the bay, for it was on the bay that the great celebration would really open. And like a stately minuet, danced in the light of a giant torch, it did open, the vessels changing, winding, turning and passing and re-passing each other in the glare of flaming barges, like dancers on a ballroom floor. The vessels were aglow with Chinese lanterns, and so outlined in the moonlight they made a rare picture—one beyond brush and palette and painter's art.

The bay parade was marred by the sinking of the May Flint, a big coal-laden ship that fouled the steel beak of the Iowa. The Flint was sailing in, and when just ahead of the Iowa the wind failed her. She wavered in the tide a few minutes and then drove down upon the battleship. She struck the warship's ram and it entered her side like a dagger. It was not known then how badly she was injured, but after she was freed it was found she was sinking. She drifted afoul of a lumber schooner and a oil on board the Flint scrambled on to her. Then the Flint drifted away again and went down.

Off Folsom street was the Winfield Scott, firing rockets, and the Backus, firing batteries of roman candles.

The best-decorated vessels in the bay were the American ship Emily Reed, lying at Spear street, and the British ship Melanope, lying off Folsom-street wharf.



the skies; to watch the million sparks of fire as they fell and illumined the path of scores of vessels plowing through the bay. San Francisco and its friends crowded the main thoroughfares of the town. Lights blazed and flashed from every point where the eye could see.

Market street was an avenue of light. Thousands of electric bulbs blazed forth their illumination to light up the brilliant decorations with which the streets were adorned. The standards of gay color; the flags of the Union and of the State, and the myriad silhouetted faces of people hurrying to and fro, gave testimony to how San Francisco is celebrating the fiftieth birthday of California.

The Native Sons of California have done their work well. The streets last night were a revelation of beauty. Nothing had been left undone to make the city a picture such as it had not been ever before.

When darkness came the people of San Francisco and the tens of thousands of visitors who had come to see the celebration of the semi-centennial of Californian statehood thronged the streets. From every point they crowded into the main thoroughfare of the city, until Market street was one black mass of moving men and women, until the walks were inadequate to contain the throng and the street itself was usurped to accommodate the moving crowd that progressed toward the water front. There from the heights, upon the wharves, from every point of vantage they watched the brilliant spectacle that inaugurated San Francisco's tribute to California.

Ships of every description moved in stately procession around the bay. The blackness of the night was illumined by the fires of iridescent light that shot from stationed ships. Rockets, bombs, vari-colored lights, burst into the air. A fire ship stationed in the harbor gave forth its brilliant illumination and then, at a signal, was transformed into a blazing pile. Around the bay the procession of ships passed. Now and again a brilliant light in the harbor would illumine the vessels as they passed and show them adorned in all the gayety of color and on every side an emblem of national life.

Now and again from the city heights would come cheer after cheer as the ships passed, to signal what the people of San Francisco thought of California's half-century of existence.

There is little question that in San Francisco to-day there are more people than there ever were in the history of the city. The streets are thronged almost to a condition of being impassable. The shops, restaurants and places of refreshment are thronged. The private homes of the city have been taxed to accommodate those who seek rooms. Street cars, places of amusement, rendezvous of recreation and the resorts of public convenience are crowded to the utmost capacity.

The city is in holiday garb. The people are on dress parade. Houses of business have suspended operation and San Francisco is celebrating with all its will the day which the people will see only once.

As already indicated the celebration of Admission day began last night by the superb parade on the bay. The arrangements had been made almost perfect, but unfortunately, in the darkness of the night, there was a collision. Other than that there was no accident.

The splendidly adorned ships passed in gay procession, carrying from point to point their thousands of enthusiastic citizens. The waters of the bay were lit up by the brilliant color of the lights that flashed from station to station. National warships blazed forth their intense lights to illumine now and again shadows on the water front. The ferry depot was outlined in a blaze of light. There was music from every passing boat and laughter from thousands of men and women as they mingled in companionship in the celebration of California's half-century of admission into the Union. The celebration was well begun and gave absolute promise that the fete days which are to follow will mark the most significant demonstration in the history of the State.

The Line of Parade.

The line of the naval parade was as follows:

I. DIVISION.
Steamer Caroline Leading.

Port—
1. Sea Queen.
2. Enjon.
3. Sea King.
4. Reliance.
5. Alert.
6. Annie.
7. Lottie.

Starboard—
1. Vigilant.
2. Relief.
3. Monarch.
4. Rescue.
5. Richmond.
6. Alert.
7. Millie.

II. DIVISION.
Ida A.
Four Sisters.
Jennie Griffin.
Mary C.

III. DIVISION.
Steam and Gasoline Launches (Two Abreast).

IV. DIVISION.
Steam Schooners Noyo, Point Arena, Monticello.

V. DIVISION.
1. Mount Eden.
2. Grace Barton.
3. Gold.
4. F. M. Smith.
5. Dauntless.
6. Resolute.

VI. DIVISION.
1. Garden City.
2. Amador.
3. Sausalito.

Off Mission street lay the schooner Arthur. She fired batteries of roman candles. Near to the Arthur was the Mabel and Edith. From her rockets were fired. Off Howard street was the schooner Fortuna, firing shells from mortars, and near to her was the Tartar, also firing mortars.

