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STOCKTON DAILY MAIL, SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 27, 1890.

The Mail

SATURDAY ..... DECEMBER 27

STOCKTON DURING 1890.

If Stockton continues to progress at the rate which it has maintained during the year now closing, none of our valued exchanges will be compelled to put away the monthly chestnut labeled "Sleepy Stockton," to revive no more. This city has made much advancement in material improvement during the year—perhaps even more than most of her citizens appreciate. A brief and general recapitulation of improvements whose progress has been cited in the Mail from day to day will be of interest.

Ninety-one buildings have been erected during the year at a total cost of $522,000. Eight of these buildings were of a public or quasi-public nature and included mills, stores, etc. The total cost of these eight buildings was $195,500. Fifty-two were dwelling houses, none of which cost less than $1,200 and their total was $184,100. The remaining thirty-one buildings were private residences, none of which cost a sum exceeding $1,200 and their total cost was $25,400. Most of the buildings to which we refer are completed; some are not, but are well under process of construction. This considerably more than a half-million dollars has been expended in a single year by private persons in the erection of buildings.

Means like the city officials have been at work and, through their own agents or by private contract, have expended $161,350.15 upon the streets, walks, bridges and public squares of Stockton.

The total cost of the improvements noted is $683,850.15, or—supposing that the population of the city is exactly 19,000—an average of $40.24 for every man, woman and child in the city. The statement is probably not absolutely correct, but it varies on the side of underestimating rather than overstating the facts, for it is probable that some small buildings may have been overlooked in the attempt to secure a list of those constructed or in process of construction. The statement of work done by the municipal government is practically correct, as it was obtained from official sources.

In this recapitulation we have not included work on the Court-house, as various gas wells and improvements of that nature, for the reason that the outlay in such cases has generally been continuous from another year, and it would be difficult to decide just what amount of expense should be considered as belonging exclusively to the year 1890.

Perhaps the most noticeable events in the progress of the year are those relating to the factories, which constitute Stockton's chief distinction among the towns of the State. A mammoth flouring mills—the second largest in the State—and a number are practically completed are among the additions to our manufacturing enterprises. These institutions will give employment to hundreds of workmen and will largely benefit the town.

On the whole the year now ending has been one of the most progressive ever known in the history of this city. This is a clearing thought in itself, but it is still more so in connection with the apparent fact that it is but the beginning of a new and more progressive era.

The average resident of Stockton has occasion to shake hands with himself at the close of the year 1890.

A SOUTHERN CITRUS EDITOR.

Under the head of "Editorial Comfy" the Los Angeles *Herald* published the following on Christmas morning:

It is occasionally fitting that, now and then, the members of the more profession should be allowed to speak for themselves in the regards which a position is proverbially entitled. Our accomplished friend, Mr. Lynch, of the Stockton *Herald* paper, the Stockton Mail, is not unmindful of this gracious usage, as the following will show more in detail:

By Sour Lynch: I beg to present my compliments to the Los Angeles *Herald* and the Christmas number it has been so kind as to send me. It is a credit to the press and to the people of California, because it proves how much we have to be thankful for. Its pages are filled with the choicest gems of literature, and the matter used is full of life. They are not crowded (as I never believe in crowding anything) but are filled with a full measure of the purest ink. Long may it flourish.—December 25th.

There is something very generous in this courteous attention from the northern editor, and it is a pleasure to us to call the matter of mankind in no more personal than the most presumptuous character of the article. They are one of their afternoon visits to the Mail office, and we take pleasure in showing them how the mail is handled. We have a large mail, and it is considered probably next to the wonderfulness of the early colonies his generosity. They are not crowded (as I never believe in crowding anything) but are filled with a full measure of the purest ink. Long may it flourish.—December 25th.

Nothing would satisfy Editor Lynch. He has for years maintained that the only orange ever displayed north of the Tehachapi mountains were such as had been imported from the Southern citrus belt for that purpose and that the exhibition was therefore a fraud.

For a Democrat of the old school who believes in the injunction of St. Paul to examine all things and hold fast that which is good, he is singularly perverse. It is said among those who know him best in Los Angeles that he has in times past gone so far as to claim that the crack oranges sent north every season from Florida were originally shipped to the Alligator State from the sterling region. This was one of the planks of the platform upon which he made his entrance for Congress four years ago and one of the causes of the large vote which he received in the citrus belt of the Sixth District.

When confronted once before with proof of the existence of the Knight's Ferry region as an orange-producing portion of the San Joaquin valley he has denied the existence of such a place as Knight's Ferry, and when referred to the maps has claimed that the name were faked.

We do not know for certain whether it was Editor Lynch who published some years ago, when there was a slight epidemic of snow in San Francisco, that the bay was frozen over and all sails by the horns suspended, but we rather suspect now that it was.

But the distinguished editor of the Los Angeles *Herald* has a right to draw any reasonable inference from the small vocabulary of the delicious Knight's Ferry fruit sent him. It occurred this way: Last Tuesday a clerk in the business office announced that some one had left a box of Knight's Ferry oranges for the editor. As this was the fourth box that had been received in as many days, he was told to ship the package to:

J. D. Lynch,
Herald,
Los Angeles.

All the previous boxes of Knight's Ferry oranges received at this office remained each about fifty specimens of the fruit, which is so plentiful up there that the ground is strewn with it. In this case the box must have been tampered with before it left the office. The subject will be looked into.

But it would make no difference how many Northern California oranges one might send to Editor Lynch. If they were all right in every other respect he would swear that they had been imported from Japan.

The death of Captain Foster, the founder of the Mail, calls to mind the earliest days of Stockton, and the remembrance of some of our older citizens back to the instances when the Cliff house was in the days of its greatest glory.

It is well that a time can be recalled when the Cliff house was glorious, for now it is a dismal relic of the pioneer days standing as a monument of what without it would be a pleasant and valuable pioneering prospect. The Cliff house is a disgrace. It is a monument of the lack of enterprise to be observed on many parts of San Francisco. It would be a fortunate thing if it burnt down or was blown up by the explosion of a cargo of giant powder under the margin of its rickety old water frontage. So long also for a popular resort could be imagined than that on which this antiquated shed stands. The surroundings are all, save the garden on the heights, in keeping with the rotten building. There is not a sidewalk leading to the main point of interest from either of the railroad stations. Thousands of men, women and children trudge along in the dust of the carriageway every pleasant Sunday, in danger of being trampled by the stream of horses drawing the vehicles of the rich or beating up-dust against the Cliff house, which, as if to have everything in keeping with the age-aspect of the house itself, exhales a pleasure prize for pioneer here. There is not an Eastern town of half the size of San Francisco that would not have the enterprise to put this naturally attractive spot in decent order for the reception of visitors. It will be done some day, and then such San Franciscans of the present as survive to witness the transformation will wonder how people could have endured the old Cliff.

NATURAL GAS piped from Canada into the United States will have to pay duty. So says Assistant Secretary Spaulding.—*Los Angeles Times.*

The Times believes in taxing everything that comes from a foreign country. If there should be unlimited water power going to waste at Tia Juana, just the other side of the Mexican line, below San Diego, and it were proposed to pipe it into American territory to turn American machinery, the Times would think it perfectly proper to put a government officer on the pipe and station a government agent there to collect toll. We know it would, because there would be as much reason in collecting taxes on imported water-power as on imported foreign natural gas, and there is just as much reason in taxing foreign natural gas as in taxing foreign coal. All these things are the products of nature, which are found in some countries in greater abundance than in others. Any law that places a tax upon them when brought into this country from a foreign country is as repulsive to common sense as an Act of Congress would be declaring that there shall be more natural gas or coal on the American side of the Canadian line than on the other side. But those obvious absurdities in our tariff system have no influence upon the high-tax advocates, and the Los Angeles *Times* will gratify us no usual defending the tax on coal and lumber.

A GREAT snow-storm is reported as prevailing quite generally throughout the East. Business in the great cities is practically suspended, street and railroad traffic are not running, railways are blockaded and some damage to property has been done. Meanwhile certain citizens of California are engaged in complaining because we have not enough rain; because the sun does not shine; because the season is too late; because it is too cold; in short, for any and all sorts of reasons. A "kicker" at the weather requires no special opportunity to develop or display his peculiar talent. All he needs is weather of any kind, and that is usually obtainable. But, while the East is afflicted with snow, storm, frost, blizzard and coldness, he should bide his diminished head. To be a growler at California weather, one must have acquired a taste for it from judgment. Those who complain of Golden State weather are found, they will doubtless be dissatisfied in heaven if they ever reach that place.

It is rarely that one has the opportunity to examine a more artistic work than the one-hundred-page book just issued by the Southern Pacific Company and entitled "West by South, 1890." Its pictures of scenes in the States and Territories which the great railroad traverses are gems which are calculated to breed a desire to travel in the most conservative of stay-at-homes, while its reading matter descriptive of those scenes, tends to increase the desire. Beginning with New Orleans the reader is taken through the most charming spots of Texas, Mexico, New Mexico, Arizona and California. Copies of the work can be obtained at the general office of the Southern Pacific Company in San Francisco for 25 cents, and the person who obtains one will not be apt to be contented with less than a dozen more to be presented to friends.

The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, pastor of the United Brethren church in Minneapolis, said a few days ago: "I fail to see why we, who worship the King's New Discovery and Dominion, should not occasionally attend the theatre. We do not know for certain whether it was Editor Lynch who published some years ago, when there was a slight epidemic of snow in San Francisco, that the bay was frozen over and all sails by the horns suspended, but we rather suspect now that it was.

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THE BIG TREES.

Report of the Government's Special Agent Concerning Them.

WASHINGTON, December 26.—Andrew Caldwell, special agent of the General Land Office, appointed to make investigations as to the depredations committed upon the Stockton and Visalia land districts in California, reports that in the Visalia district there are 1,500 giant sequoias and many giant trees. The latter is a rarity found only in California, and the sequoias are many times larger than the