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Probe the scandal. Push the investigation. It appears that S. P. stands for stuck pig. Get in, Senators, and clean up before you quit.

Now is the time for a genuine Legislative investigation. No slurman ever likes to see another man follow his example.

The San Joaquin road is all right now, so get aboard with your subscriptions. It is a wise Solon that never lets his right hand know what his left hand was reaching for.

Farmers who have been longing for rain may as well cheer up. St. Patrick's day is coming. Perhaps the Senatorial combine would like to pocket Biggy's charge along with the other things.

The bribery investigation should be carried to a proper terminal point before the Legislature lets go. If Bledsoe's current were stronger he would start a fire every time the wires of his tongue got crossed.

A terminal for the San Joaquin road means a termination to the monopoly in our transportation system. It is not surprising that the starving man who drowned himself in the bay was discovered to be a Hungarian.

The teachers' pension bill managed to get through the roast with the fat fried out of it, but it will be watching hereafter. The Sacramento Grand Jury will have a chance to make the State's reputation on the bribery scandal if the Legislature drops it.

Good men may sometimes make mistakes, but Seymour and some others must be a little more careful on railroad propositions. Legislation is as easy as rolling off a log, provided you roll off the right side; but otherwise it is liable to be a drop from a precipice.

With the telephone war in Santa Cruz, talk promises to be cheaper there than ever before, but it will mean business, just the same. If there is any attack who can throw light on the Senatorial combine he has a good chance now to show that he is worth something to the State.

Now that a terminal in this City is secure, the San Joaquin road is in position to select a route, begin the work and make a visible showing of its energy. The defeat of the appropriation for the ventilation of the Capitol at Sacramento is hailed with enthusiasm by the evil doers which the present Legislature will leave behind.

The Legislature has prohibited Judges from disbaring lawyers for contempt without trial, but lawyers are left free to hector witnesses in the same old pleasant fashion. The investigation into the charges made by Senator Biggy should be conducted on the broadest lines. The people wish no dark-lantern dodge, but an electric search-light turned on.

If money could really talk it might be able to do justice to the meanness of the man who keeps it locked up in a vault instead of giving it a chance to circulate and meet the people. As it cost the United States last year \$500,000 to patrol the Bering Sea, and will cost more this year, it might be cheaper in the end to whip England, sink the poachers, kill the seals and then quit the business.

Attorney Choate in arguing against the income tax before the Supreme Court pointed out loopholes in the act by which Astor and Vanderbilt could escape entirely from the tax, and then very emphatically added: "It looks as if there were a job in it."

The people are often wrong in minor matters or on new and unconsidered questions, but on all great policies that have long been discussed they are nearly always right, and a statesman never makes a mistake on such policies when he follows the people. The announcement that an Ohio man has invented a gun eight feet long, operated by electricity, which will discharge a thousand shots a minute, gives reason for believing that the foolkiller may at last be equipped with a weapon equal to the needs of his trade.

Now that the woods are getting full of youngsters who, following Shakespeare's rule of wisdom, are able to know their own father, the shrewdness of James G. Fair in devising a dollar for each of such contingencies shines like a diamond on the bosom of modern morality. The demands of Japan upon China are very slight in comparison with what were expected. The annexation of Formosa, an indemnity of \$200,000,000, and the temporary possession of two ports, may be accounted as clemency when contrasted with what Germany wrung from France.

The destruction of Tesla's workshop by fire may delay the achievement of the great electrical results he has been working for, and is therefore a matter of serious importance to the world. Science more than legislation is making the destiny of men in these days, and the world could better afford to lose ten Senate chambers than the workshop of a genius like Tesla or Edison.

If Bachman of Fresno was correctly reported as saying in the Assembly, "As a newspaper man I wish to say it is our duty to throw mud," he has but a limited conception of his duty. A genuine newspaper man never throws mud at anybody who doesn't first dump mud on the public. A genuine newspaper simply points out where the mud came from, and thus keeps the community clean.

THE END IS AT HAND.

The enormous power of the Southern Pacific Company over the welfare of California has been exercised during the last quarter of a century only by the consent of the people. That this company, in the pursuit of its private interests, has incidentally made possible such development of this splendid State as may see, none can deny. It is not necessary to discuss here the question of whether the distributed benefits as great as those which it has received. This is a threadbare subject at best. The strange, new thing which now confronts us is the evident fact that this magnificent power is waning, and that the beginning of the end is at hand.

The one overshadowing misfortune that California has suffered has been the lack of sympathy and co-operation between the company and the people of the State. It would be superfluous to discuss the reasons for this. So far as we are informed, the controlling spirits of the company are men of distinguished ability, and clean and generous in their private relations with the community. Doubtless the company has been charged with innumerable sins which it never committed, and certainly it could never have been worse than countless knaves who have worked themselves into office by playing on the unpopularity of the railroad. A statement of the whole truth must include the admission that the people, by permitting whatever wrongdoing is chargeable to the company, cannot evade their share of the moral responsibility for its acts, nor plead exemption from participation in whatever material damage they may have suffered from its aggressions.

But all this is merely retrospective, and is valuable only as it may show us that we are not competent rigorously to judge others until we have examined ourselves. It is more important to face the new condition of things and in dealing with it to be guided by the wisdom which our shortcomings in the past should have taught us. Discipline, not revenge, should be our motto. Evidences of the disintegration of the railroad's power are multiplying. Demagoguery is disappearing before the advance of broadening perception and an enlightened understanding. Timid men are growing courageous, and strong men are putting forth their arms. Legislators and other public officers who betray their trust in the interest of the railroad are now denounced where formerly they were envied. The moral sense of the commonwealth is growing finer and stronger. The recent violent agitation against official corruption in San Francisco is but another evidence of the growing spirit which is making men less fearful of the railroad and more ready to assail it for its sins.

The Traffic Association, with its tireless, patient, dignified, intelligent work, is the crystallized expression of a cool and judicious desire to rid the State of the hampering monopoly of transportation. It dared openly to face the Southern Pacific and fearlessly announce its intention. Strange to say, the heavens did not fall, nor did the sun turn back in its course. The members of the association went calmly about their business, safe in person and inspiring awe for their daring. Out of their efforts grew the organization of a powerful company of capitalists to build a railroad from San Francisco to Bakersfield in open competition with the Southern Pacific and with the declared intention of reducing transportation charges to such a figure that the farmers of the San Joaquin Valley might thrive, a largely increased population be assured, and the growth and prosperity of San Francisco placed beyond doubt. All these things have inspired the timid with courage and the wealthy with pride and enterprise. It is a revolt of the people and the death-knell of railroad power.

NOT ALL BAD.

The passage of the San Joaquin terminal bill, is a matter of such profound importance to the people that very naturally there is the warmest approval of all who voted in favor of the measure and a hot indignation against those opposed to it. The coincidence of Senator Biggy's charge of corruption in the Senate adds to this indignation, and as a consequence the righteous wrath of popular judgment is likely to discriminate more men, but to pronounce an equal condemnation upon all who stood apparently for the interests of the monopoly against those of the people.

It is to be admitted that such condemnation is not unreasonable. The issue involved in the bill was so great, the terms were so clear, the benefits to be gained by its passage so vast, and the popular sentiment in support of it so strong and so well founded, it is not easy to see how any intelligent and sincere man could oppose it. It must be remembered, however, that men do not always look at subjects from the same point of view. "Many men of many minds" is an old proverb whose truth has been approved by the experience of a hundred generations, and it is not doubtful that some men are as sincere and honest in error as other men are in the right.

In the case before us, the issue involved questions of constitutional law which may well have perplexed those who pay more attention to the letter of law than to its broad principles, and dealt with matters of such great moment that men of little enterprise may have been sincerely troubled at the thought of entering upon them. We do not deny, therefore, that there may have been some sincere opponents of the bill. We regret, however, that a man like Senator Seymour should have been among them. His vote in opposition is one of those acts which it is hard to explain. On the one hand, it is difficult to believe that a man of his known integrity and approved worth could have voted against his convictions, and, on the other hand, it is equally hard to understand how a man whose knowledge of the State has given him such a comprehensive understanding of its needs, could have mistaken the right course to pursue in a case so plain as this.

Senator Seymour has so often proven his usefulness to the State and his regard for the public welfare that he will not be irrevocably condemned by his constituents because in this instance he blundered. Nor should he be so condemned in the State at large. He should have put himself into sympathy with the great policy of the people, but failed to do so, and a political blunder was the result. Other men may have erred in the same way, and the people should be willing to accept all explanations where honesty is discernible. In fact, if those who voted against the bill on honest grounds prove their regard for the welfare of the people and the State by getting at once into line on the issue and going forth to work for the San Joaquin road and doing all in their power in a legitimate way to break down the monopoly control of the transportation system of the State, they will be judged leniently. This, however, does not apply to those men whose course was too plainly the result of subservience to the monopoly, or a desire to be bought, for their infamy to be mistaken. The members of the San Francisco delegation who opposed the bill need

offer no explanation. The people know very well how to gauge their motives and judge their conduct. Nor need any of those who have lied about the intentions of the promoters of the road offer any excuses. There are some lies that are too clearly the result of malice to be excused on the ground of a possible mistake. With both of these sets of men—the Legislators who wished to be bought and the malicious liar—there is but one course to pursue. The people must kill them politically and nail them like dead skunks to the barn door as a warning to others of their tribe to keep off the premises.

A SHAMEFUL CHARGE.

The Examiner yesterday made the extraordinary assertion that "the bill to permit a Harbor Commission controlled by C. P. Huntington to give away the entire water front has passed both houses of the Legislature." This is a direct charge that the Harbor Commission has sold out to C. P. Huntington, and that it will exercise its power for his benefit. It would be just as easy to say that in opposing the only plan that has been devised to relieve California of the burden of railroad monopoly the Examiner has sold out to C. P. Huntington and is exercising its power in his behalf.

The Examiner's charge is an insult to the Harbor Commissioners, an insult to Governor Budd and Mayor Sutro (who have been added to the commission), an insult to every member of the Legislature who voted for the bill, an insult to the Governor in case he should approve it, an insult to the Traffic Association, an insult to the public-spirited citizens who have subscribed their money to the valley road and who have waited only for this bill in order to proceed with the greatest work ever undertaken in California. All opposition to this bill and all attempts to bulldoze the Governor out of his expressed intention to sign the bill are aimed at the only hope of relief that we have had the opportunity of cherishing, an effect directly in accord with the labors of the railroad lobby at Sacramento, and strike at the most vital matter that involves the prosperity of the State.

Men must be trusted in every business. There is not the faintest shadow of right to assume that the Harbor Commission will turn over the entire water front or any part of it to the Southern Pacific. Against that remote contingency, which is not deserving of the smallest attention, and which even the corrupt Harbor Commission would not stop to precipitate, and which could be stopped if it made the attempt, is the absolute certainty that the bill will relieve the State of the monopoly which has hindered her progress, will develop one of the richest and greatest valleys in the world, and will insure the prosperity of San Francisco. What grander benefits might come from this beginning—what outcrochings may ensue that shall result in a complete riddance of the monopoly's hold on California—it is now impossible to foresee; but it is clear that the crushing of this opportunity for a rival road to plant its feet in San Francisco would be the blasting of every hope.

INVESTIGATE NOW.

The enforced absence of Senator Biggy immediately after he had made direct charges of an attempt to bribe him was most unfortunate, but the delay will in no wise serve as an adequate excuse for the Senate to forego an investigation altogether. It has been determined to hold the investigation Saturday evening, the last day of the session. This does not seem earnest and genuine. Although Senator Biggy's charge was the simple one that Senator Dunn had promised him \$5000 on behalf of the Southern Pacific Company to vote as that company might desire on any measure affecting its interests, and that Senator Dunn informed him that on that basis, it is absurd to assume that a fair investigation would stop at that, or could be made in the time allotted. The subject has as many dark ramifications and is crowded with as many skulls as the catacombs of Egypt.

Mr. Nougues, who represents Senator Biggy and the reform movement of San Francisco, has advised the Senate that it can appoint a committee and arm it with power to act after the adjournment of the Senate. The plan is so simple that it would be idle to say more of it than that it fits the difficulty exactly. And it cannot be doubted that the Senate contains a number of self-respecting men who have the courage and honesty to drag the whole shameful truth to the light. This is a duty which they owe as much to the State as to themselves. It is absurd to assume that a fair investigation would stop at that, or could be made in the time allotted. The subject has as many dark ramifications and is crowded with as many skulls as the catacombs of Egypt.

Good-morning, Mr. Huntington! Is there anything you want? If there is and you don't see it just ask for it. Don't be bashful, old man; and if the people object reach for it; that'll be all right.—Los Angeles Herald. An industry that is suffering at the hands of negligent officials is the fishing interests of Eel River. A fish hatchery is the one thing needed.—Fortuna Advance.

PERSONAL.

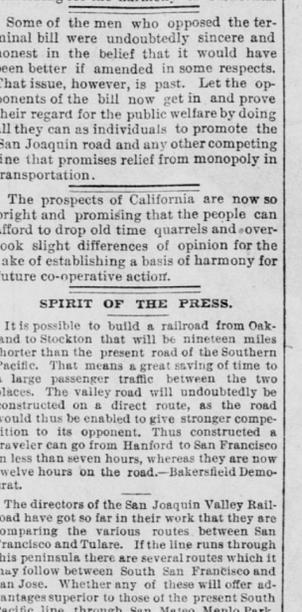
Dr. F. H. McNeel of Santa Rosa is at the Russ. W. Thompson, an attorney of Fresno, is at the Grand. S. Ewell, a merchant of Marysville, is at the Call. Dan Ray, a merchant of Galt, is a guest at the Occidental. Dr. W. D. Mackenzie of Portland is registered at the Palace. C. W. Ashford, one of the refugees from Honolulu, is at the Lick. George A. Ryan, a lumberman of Eureka, is registered at the Russ. J. Goldsmith, a merchant of Stockton, was at the Grand yesterday. Dr. J. B. Bondy, a physician of Denver, was at the Palace last night. J. F. Conroy, an attorney of Los Angeles, is registered at the Call. D. Griffith of the Penryn Granite Works, Penryn, Cal., is at the Russ House. James H. Wadsworth, a prominent resident of Yreka, is registered at the Lick. H. H. Main, business manager of the San Jose Herald, was in this city yesterday. Capt. W. H. Bolles, secretary, New Bedford, Mass., is at the Russ House.

SAVE THE MEADOW LARK.

There is still time remaining in this session for the Legislature to save the meadow lark, and the time being ample the Legislature should certainly have the wisdom to profit by it. The fact that the bill for the protection of song birds omits the meadow lark has occasioned no little regret to many people, and the report that the omission was made purposely at the instigation of a Legislator who contemptuously declared the meadow lark cannot sing has infused the regret with a keen sense of indignation. We envy not the man whose ears can hear no music in the voice of the meadow lark, nor do we envy the heart of the man who desires to destroy him, whether he can sing or not. Joyous in the morning and cheerful all day is the meadow lark. He is the blythe spirit of our fields and incarnates beneath his feathers as much of the choicest animation of California as can be found in any visible form among us. Can he sing? Well, if the Legislators could legislate half as well as the meadow lark can sing when he doesn't half try, there would be such sweet concert of

AROUND THE CORRIDORS.

Ex-Judge Spooner Maloney has at last declared himself on the subject of corporation control. While discussing the present political status of the State of California he said to a small audience in the billiard-room of the Palace yesterday evening: "Not one of the assembled multitude congregated within my range of vocal maneuvers realizes the vast and distressing importance of the threatened invasion of corporation control within the jurisdiction of the municipality of the city of San Francisco. Neither are you able to grasp, with any degree of comprehension, the difference between the rights of the individual and the unjust, soulless, designing desires of the monopolies which surround the entire population and which will inevitably assume absolute and relentless control over all the inhabitants of the State of California. No, you are not sufficiently endowed with the essential gray matter to observe the prime and indisputable cause of the bondage you are compelled to accept and which constitutes a great portion of your daily papulum. "I will tell you. "It is the intermediate demagogue who, while posing as a servant of the people, is in reality a political mountebank through whose machinations the higher order of public pillager deals and thus manipulates his marionettes to the complete satisfaction of himself and the mystification of the groundlings. I tell you, gentlemen, that the people of this State are rapidly degenerating into a greatly misinformed and I might say a hesitating population. They mean to become possessed of those things which are valuable acquisitions to progressive mentality, but the circumstances which surround and intercept their original theories as to the conduct of a State are disclosed and dismantled by designing associates that the natural outcome is the complete elimination of a righteous desire and the consequent enthroning of misleading and mutilated information. "Here we are on the yawning edge of a great issue, which is now causing great minds to throb and pulsate in vain endeavors to solve the probable outcome, and at the same time intelligently cope with the stupendous influence of the monopoly. There is but one way to do it, and that is to denounce every suggestion of the mountebank and let the masses in whom they are dealing. The reaction will then be apparent, and the course of an offended race will fall upon the usurpers of our rights with more terrible consequences than those produced by the inquiry. The public must have their say. "What are you going to have, Judge Maloney?" came from the bar, and in a few moments his Honor was plunged into the discussion of the opera hat and its relation to the grand stand at the racetrack. Frank Smith, half owner in the "Sammon" gold mines of Oregon, said last night at the Russ House that he was very dull and in the Webfoot State and that he somewhat wished that it were twenty-five years ago, when he used to do general advertising work in New York City. "Those were the days when we hustled, and made money, too," continued Mr. Smith. "I was well acquainted with Hubbard New Haven, Conn., and he had heard him relate the story of how he went into a large dry-goods store one morning, the proprietor of which was never known to advertise whatever. Taking a counter stool near the door, he sat down and awaited results. This was at 5 o'clock in the morning, and he had been dozed by at least a dozen clerks, who asked if they could do anything for him; always receiving the reply that "he was only resting; they went away. He kept this thing up until 11 o'clock, standing off clerks and floorwalkers alike, but by this time he was the center of much concern. At last the proprietor in person came to him and said, "You seem to be very comfortable here, but maybe I can do something for you." "Oh, no," replied Hubbard, "I'm only resting." "You're a very poor fellow," said the proprietor, "and you're very poorly off, and my physician advises perfect quiet, and having learned that you never advertise in any shape I thought that this would be a spot equalled in solitude to the pyramids of Egypt and in quiet to the primitive forest." Hubbard says he was put out, but the little joke bore fruit in after months, and even to this day the concern in question is a large advertising one. "Old Orizaba is threatening another eruption," said Milton Caldwell, who knows Mexico from end to end, as he sat in the Occidental yesterday evening. "To most Americans, he continued, "Orizaba is but a name. To the geologist, however, it is known as one of the highest peaks in the world, but the man who has ever sailed on the Mexican Coast it is known as the barometer." Going from New York to the City of Mexico, by the eastern route, Old Orizaba is the first wonder among the clouds. This geographical fact has to be forced on many persons away by steamers before they will believe that the pink spot in the clouds is the volcano's crest. It is seventy miles back from Vera Cruz, but is seen long before that city. The Mexican sailors on the coast call it the barometer, because they say that when Orizaba's peak is clearly seen no "norther" is probable within the next twenty-four hours. The "norther" is a gale that sweeps down the coast and wrecks nearly everything in its path. Big steamers need all the stowaway in their hold, and they withstand its force. Orizaba may threaten, but hardly think she will ever become really active. If she does part of Mexico's most fertile land will be laid waste. "The best-paying branch of work for the newspaper man to-day is in the advertising field," said George T. Burroughs, who has held almost every position in newspaper work on the coast since 1870. This geographical fact is the Occidental yesterday. "The business, however, requires genius, and the man who possesses that faculty in the largest degree will of course meet with the greatest measure of success. I know advertising men in the East who are getting \$100,000 a week now, and when they were on the staff, because they had made one-fourth of the amount. Speaking about advertising reminds me of a peculiar



EX-JUDGE MALONEY DISCUSSES CORPORATION RULE IN SAN FRANCISCO. [Sketches from life for the "Call" by Nankivell.]

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