

THE HERALD

OF BANNING, CALIFORNIA.

BANNING

Is on the Eastern slope of the mountains, with an altitude of 2300 feet. Its air, dried by the Desert, is unequalled for lung troubles.

Of 150 Cases Of Consumption who came to Banning, 56 were entirely cured and 39 improved up to last accounts.

NO. 1.

LOUIS MUNSON, Editor.

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OUR PURPOSE.

When a man is born into the world however important that event may be, there seems no occasion to explain the wherefore of his advent. Whether understood or misunderstood, it is taken as a matter of course, and frequently of course. But in these letter ridden days, no newspaper should ask recognition of a community unless it has business there and can tell what that business is.

The HERALD is here on business, not indeed of so absorbing a kind that it will not concern itself with current affairs like any good citizen, but there is a purpose that dominates its life—an aim that is almost a mission. And that purpose is to acquaint our fellow-citizens of the Union with the fact that here at Banning, nestled in the mountains of Southern California, is a place where that awful malady, consumption, can be cured. In the nebulous jargon of the term "Southern California," the HERALD proposes to fix the star Banning in the hope that by its ray many a sufferer will be guided to a healing clime.

It is an amazing fact that while the State of Southern California has been extolled and advertised with an unprecedented zeal and cleverness for years past, the physicians of America have as little definite notion of it as they have of the climate of the Congo country.

In the winter months troops of invalids are sent to Southern California their physicians, without definite instructions, and wander about as did Israel in the wilderness looking for their Canaan.

Any day in January or February, in any considerable hotel along the coast from San Diego to San Francisco, you can see wan faced men in search of a climate, dying within a hundred miles of the spot where they might be cured, because nobody can direct them to the spot.

This ignorance is not confined to the physicians of the East. The physicians of Southern California themselves are lamentably ignorant of the various climates of this wonderful section.

The sad fact is that an invalid must find for himself the spot that favors him, and cannot rely upon the advice of those whose business it is to know.

The HERALD addresses itself to the hundreds of sufferers who are coming to this coast and want to know where to locate, to the thousands of invalids throughout the East who do not know there is a spot whose climate is a medicine more potent than any physician can prescribe, to all men concerning where and what this climate is. It brings tid-

ings of stupendous import.

While the HERALD will not ignore the fertile soil, the superb scenery, the abundance of mountain water, nor any one of the resources of this charming Pass, it considers its climate the feature that overtops all others. It is true you can raise luscious peaches in Banning, but so can you in New Jersey and a thousand other places; and apples equal to Banning apples are abundant in New York and Michigan. Our berries, our apricots, our raisins, our oranges, our prunes, our nectarines, our melons, our plums, our grapes, our alfalfa, our barley, our vegetables, can one or more of them be duplicated in other localities—but the miraculous cures of our climate are our own. Not a dozen places on the face of the globe are so favorably located as is Banning. In the fifty-two issues of the ensuing year we shall proclaim our message as loudly as we can. We propose to send forth no issue of the HERALD that does not contain a full account of the cure, or wonderful improvement here in Banning, or vicinity, of some victim of pulmonary disease.

Meanwhile subordinate to the main purpose, the HERALD will endeavor to be the voice of the best thought of the community, the platform for discussing our local and public affairs, and to serve in all the legitimate functions of a newspaper, the advancement of our town and section.

OUR POLITICS.

The HERALD has not found it a difficult task to decide which political party it should support in this campaign. The issue before the people is between free trade and protection. Protection has been the policy under which the older sections of the Union have organized and established their industries. Under liberal protection New England built her mills and factories, under ample protection Pennsylvania erected her foundries, and the entire East set going the thousand enterprises that employ her resources and promote her wealth.

Under protection our nation has become the most prosperous nation on earth. California is a young state. Her resources are undeveloped. Her industries are just beginning.

The entire Pacific Coast is in like condition. Capital sits contemplating us, undecided whether to venture into enterprises in this new region. Our transportation is crude and inadequate. Our raisin-growing, our wine-making, our orange and lemon groves, our establishments for preserving fruits are all in their infancy.

The query is, shall California, in her infancy, have the same protection that made Pennsylvania great? Shall California grow under the same advantages that made New England opulent? Shall not the raisin-growers of California have the same encouragement from the government that the iron manufacturers of West Virginia had? Shall not the orange-growing of California be fostered by the government as well as has been the rice-growing of South Carolina?

California is entitled to all the favors from the national government that her older sister States have enjoyed. And the proposition of the Democratic party to strip our young States of national protection, and leave them exposed to the foreign competition which not one of the older States was permitted to encounter in its youth, is monstrous. Just now protection is as vital to the young States and Territories as it ever was to any Eastern State. In simple justice California demands what her sister States have had. And as a Californian the HERALD is a Protectionist.

Neither has the HERALD had difficulty in selecting its choice from the Presidential tickets. The head of the Democratic ticket comes nearer illustrating the theory of spontaneous generation than anything we now think of. Conspicuous in nothing nameable, except luck, he became President of the United States, and we have had to be spectators of his administration of that office for four years. His official papers have been ridiculous as literature, and in their subjects destitute of the sense of perspective. They are as likely to treat of a trifle, as of a question of universal and vital concern, and to be as long in the one case as the other. His public utterances in going about the country have been commonplace and often querulous. To the young men of America he is a model in nothing. His associate on the ticket is a man buried under a burden of years. He is physically disqualified from performing the duties of the office. The situation of the Democratic party when its convention assembled at St. Louis was unique, and it is to be hoped will ever be so. There was no other name in the whole party of the nation that was mentioned for the Presidency but Cleveland's. He seemed to have charmed his party, and it could only act under the thrall of his influence. That charm was his luck. And without any other recommendation to his party and his country, he received the nomination. Contemporary democracy could supply no associate. The party seemed bank-

rupt in candidates. The convention betook itself to history and found one hero yet unburied, and him they nominated. They hoped to enhalo the "short and simple annals" of Cleveland with the glory that this grateful generation had cast about the public record of Thurman—ended before Cleveland's was begun. The ticket is made up of a mascot and a reminiscence, and is an affront to the intelligence of this generation of Americans, in that it assumes that from the intelligent Democracy of our time, a national ticket could not be furnished.

The Republican ticket is headed by a man who has a home—an institution his competitor never established; who has a private life that one can contemplate without holding his nose; who was himself in the war and a hero there; who in peace and private life was the first lawyer in his state, and whose career as a United States Senator was as conspicuous and useful as that of any Senator on the floor in his time. Harrison has brains and character of the first order. On public questions his attitude has been uniformly right, and nobody doubts that he heads his ticket. His associate, Levi P. Morton, represents the business interests of the country. Every man who owns a house, runs a store, markets a crop, builds a bridge, sails a ship, erects a mill or invests a dollar in any productive enterprise, will be represented in a government where Levi P. Morton has second place. He is honestly one of the great business men of New York City, which means that he is one of the great men of the earth. He is neither superannuated nor obscure. The Republican ticket is able, perfectly clean, and of this generation. The HERALD joyfully joins a procession headed by a man whom young men can know of without blushing, and old men admire without reserve.

BANNING.

A traveler, en route from San Francisco to New Orleans, takes the Southern Pacific railroad via Los Angeles. Leaving the fair City of The Angels for sixty miles he follows as beautiful a valley as there is in this Union; past Pasadena, Pomona, Ontario, on to Colton, hard by San Bernardino and Riverside, up to the hills that limit that fair reach of coast country. Through these hills he winds a steep and tortuous way for fifteen miles, when he emerges into San Geronimo Pass. Here is a favored region. Walled in from the fogs of the sea by the fifteen miles of hills behind, at an elevation where the air is pure and light and the nights

cool, the Pass, averaging three miles in width, slopes gently for a score of miles to the Desert, whose wide reaches of sand glisten before. Here in this Pass, the last green spot he will see this side of the Colorado river, except the incipient colony of Cabazon, six miles below, lies Banning. Clear across the Pass it stretches, from the 100-acres of vines on the slope at the mouth of the water-canon on the North, through the orchards and vineyards to the alfalfa fields at the base of the foothills on the South. The peaks of San Jacinto and Grey-back, with their retinues of foothills, stand like sentinels at the gate of the Desert. Between them, and in their shadows, sits Banning, in as charming a site for a colony as there is in California. From the snow-drifts and springs on the shoulders of Grey-back and the hills about come 1000 inches of mountain water in a crystal stream right down the main avenue of the town. The Desert, like a great kiln, dries our air. Burst a watermelon and throw it into the sun, and it will shrivel up like a leaf. The process of decay in this air is apparently a mere drying up. There is no mud. The roads are at their best in the midst of the rainy season. The soil is a sandy loam, and drinks up the rain as it falls. The elevation and constant breeze moderate the heat in summer, and our latitude gives a semi-tropic winter.

Here is the dryness of the Desert without its enervating heat, and the equable temperature of the Coast without its humidity. The soil will produce anything that grows in Southern California. Banning is a sanitarium, not in barren mountains, but in a fertile valley. Her soil can support the invalids and their families, whom its healing airs invite. The time will come when the virtues of this Pass will be known the world over; when every acre will be under the highest cultivation, and these walling mountains will look down on a valley full of elegant homes, threaded with avenues whose shades will be thronged with health-seekers from all parts of Christendom.

Future numbers of the HERALD will set forth in detail the water supply, the products, the climate and the surroundings of Banning. Meanwhile the young colony is steadily growing. It has no boom to collapse—no false growth to shrink.

THE PLAY OF THE THERMOMETER IN BANNING.

The thermometer does not get the exercise in Banning that it does in Chicago. Its range is small. Just now it is making its greatest display,