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abolish our tariff laws and let in imports free. This would be clear, outspoken free trade, but for the phrase "subject to limitation." Nobody pretends to know what that means. We are, however, referred to the president's message for interpretation. In his message to Congress on December 6, 1887, President Cleveland sets forth that there is a large surplus

in the treasury, and advises its relief by reducing the duties on imports. In discussing tariff reduction he says: "But our present tariff laws, the vicious, inequitable and illogical source of unnecessary taxation, ought to be at once revised and amended. These laws, as their primary and plain effect, raise the price to consumers of all articles imported and subject to duty, by precisely the sum paid for such duties. Thus the amount of the duty measures the tax paid by those who purchase for use these imported articles. Many of these things are raised or manufactured in our own country, and the duties now levied upon foreign goods and products are called protection to these home manufacturers, because they render it impossible for those of our people who are manufacturers to make these taxed articles and sell them for a price equal to that demanded for the imported goods that have paid customs duty. So it happens that while comparatively few use the imported articles, millions of our people, who never used and never saw any of the foreign products, purchase and use things of the same kind made in this country, and pay therefor nearly or quite the same enhanced price which the duty adds to the imported articles. Those who buy imports pay the duty charged thereon into the public treasury, but the great majority of our citizens, who buy domestic articles of the same class, pay a sum at least approximately equal to this duty to the home manufacturer."

Now, Mr. Democrat of Los Angeles, is that a free trade or protection argument? Is that the talk of a friend of free trade or protection? Does the writer of that article favor the laws, which he says are "the vicious, inequitable and illogical source of unnecessary taxation?" In this campaign men are for or against protection. There is no middle ground between protection and free trade. Our policy is to levy our customs duties with a view to protect our industries, or to ignore our industries in levying them. A tariff for revenue only means a big tariff one year and no tariff the next, according to the state of the treasury, without any concern for our industries; it is free trade. The author of Cleveland's message is a free trader. It proceeds to say: "It is also said that the increase in the price of domestic manufactures resulting from the present tariff is necessary in order that higher wages may be paid to our workingmen employed in our manufactories than are paid for what is called the pauper labor of Europe," and there follows an attempt to show that such a claim is not true. Now for what purpose does a protectionist argue against one of the main supports of the protection policy? If protection does not maintain high wages, what is it good for? No free trader ever wrote who argued more squarely in favor of his policy than does President Cleveland in his message and any man or body of men, who says that Cleveland is not a free trader, proclaims one of three things, to-wit, that he never read the

message, or that he couldn't understand it when he did read it, or that he willfully misrepresents the case.

Thurman, in his first utterance in the campaign, published the very day that the Los Angeles county platform was, says: "When a man tells a laboring man that a tariff tax (for a tariff is nothing but a tax) which taxes him in the price he pays for everything he wears from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, is a good thing for him, I answer that it is an absurdity. No, my friends, of all the humbugs by which men were attempted be deceived, this humbug of the laboring man being benefitted by a high protective tariff is the grandest I ever heard of." Is that the language of a protectionist? The Democratic gentlemen of Los Angeles would do well to read their party platform and hearken to their leaders, before they assume to instruct anybody in the Democratic creed.

Speaking of pests reminds us that the bed bugs we became acquainted with in Indiana are not in Banning; the mosquitos that nipped us in Illinois are not in Banning; the fleas that tormented us in San Diego are not in Banning; the gnats that choked us in the canons, and the moths that used to eat our clothes in the East are not in Banning. If there is a spot freer from the small pests that exercise the human race in most quarters of the globe than Banning, we haven't heard of it.

In the horticultural line, our specialty is watermelons. It didn't take many glimpses at our complexion to convince Mr. R. D. Carpenter of that fact, and his generous heart rose to the emergency. A big watermelon, whose seeds were imported direct from Barton Co., Mo., was presented to the editor by Mr. Carpenter. There are imposing spectacles on land and sea—the pyramids of Egypt, the marching mountain waves of a storm-tossed sea, the pink veiled peaks of Grayback and San Jacinto at sunset; but the rose-colored mound that lifted its luring sweetness from the center of that watermelon, when it fell open, was worth all other sights on the crumpled face of earth. We feasted ourselves, we feasted our friends, and our gratified palate has been haunted with strains of gratitude to Mr. Carpenter ever since.

PARTISANSHIP AND PROHIBITION.

The newspaper published on the wind-swept top of the hill to the West of us is aghast at our partisanship, and some nearer folk have been heard to complain. There are two kinds of people, and Grover Cleveland, to whom partisanship is offensive, namely: partisans of another party, and milksops.

Now to the Democrats who so generously support the HERALD, and whose politics the HERALD don't support in return, we have to say that we don't blame you—we respect you personally, but we abominate your politics and propose to wage war with them as vigorously as we can until the Ides of November.

To that other gentle class, including the aforesaid newspaper, who diet on milk—those political vegetarians "with malice toward none and charity to all"—that peace-loving band who walk unshod lest they crush a worm, and talk in whispers on Sunday, we have nothing to say. Let them be-

take themselves to the security of some sewing society, where, behind the skirts of innocent and ancient spinsters, they can be sheltered from our rude words. Let them find some Arcadian retreat with female lambs and doves and rabbits for company, where their placid souls can enjoy a perpetual calm, and their attenuated blood flow from heart to extremity and back again, in peaceful rhythm.

Christ was crucified for partisanship. Every saint in the calendar was a partisan, and every hero on the roll of fame. The United States is a great nation; its government is a gigantic task, and in the sublime council of the sovereign people, now in session—considering its future policy, strong and pregnant speech is necessary. The quaking soul to whom, the expression of decided convictions is so shocking, has no place in such council; he is a political eunuch, competent only for laundry service.

Among other partisanships, the HERALD said that "Prohibition, as a National question, is as impracticable as perpetual motion." Our weak-tea contemporary characterizes this as "slush." Out of the 10,048,061 voters of the union in 1884, but 151,809 voted the Prohibition ticket. That is, only 3 voters out of every 200 are in favor of National Prohibition. Against these three dreamers, there are a large number of citizens who honestly believe that a Prohibitory law is a direct violation of the principles of our government, and a tyrannical invasion of the "inalienable" rights of the citizen. This latter class insist that it is not a free country, where a man is not permitted to make or drink wine and beer and whisky. Now, we do not take any side on that question here, but simply state the fact that there are a great number of such people in the nation. We estimate that 20 per cent. of our people hold such views. No nation in the world can maintain a law which 20 per cent. or any considerable per cent. of its citizens honestly believe to be tyrannical. Where one man out of five sincerely regards a law as oppressive and unjust, that law cannot be and will not be enforced.

Besides this 20 per cent., there is a much larger per cent. who believe that the regulation of the liquor traffic is a matter for local legislation, and that neither our constitution grants Congress any power in the premises, nor does the theory of our government contemplate that such a power shall be reposed there. The National government is occupied to its fullest capacity now in exercising its constitutional powers. People are not verdant on temperance. It is an old question. And the millenium is a long way this side of the time, when the three impracticable enthusiasts will convert the other one hundred and ninety-seven voters to their hair-brained views.

A DAY OF SPLENDOR.

Last Sunday was a day never to be forgotten by those lovers of nature in Banning, who kept their eyes open. This is a season for rain storms on the Desert, and occasionally clouds come up this far and drop a shower. Sunday these interesting visitants hovered about all day. And from morning till night there was scarcely an hour, when rain was not in sight somewhere on the mountains, or in the valley, with a rainbow in attendance. The

whole visible landscape was checkered with sunshine and shade. At one hour we would bask in sunlight, and see the dark masses of San Jacinto's peak and surrounding hills in shadow; at another, the sun, unseen by us, would clothe the heights with a brightness they never wore before. Now a mass of cloud would drag its trail of rain across the hills, through which their forms would seem invested with a thin blue veil, and anon huge patches of shadow would rest on the mountain sides, in which the timber and rocks would take on a wonderful distinctness. When the mountains were in shadow, and we in the light, they seemed twice their ordinary size—the eye contemplated them restfully—there was a sombreness, and a softness, and a fullness, and a majesty about them that they had at no other time. At sunset there was a fitting climax to this day of magnificent spectacles. The sun set clear, but a little above and across the Western horizon stretched a bank of dark blue clouds, from which rain was falling. The sunlight permeated the lower clouds and rain with warm rich colors, till they were trailing curtains of pink and violet, and every royal dye, behind which the king of day sank to rest. Nature was out on dress parade that day, and all the lavish wardrobe that she keeps in this favored spot was in use.

Our mounted staff accompanied Dr. King up the mountain to attend Willie Salisbury last Monday. We enjoyed the luxury of sleeping on a hay mow, riding up and down an incline too steep for a biped to keep his center of gravity below his hat, on two legs, keeping a peeled eye for roving rattlesnakes, and looking at a distant fog-bank in an effort to gaze on the sea one hundred miles away. Truly, mountain climbing is exhilarating—providing you have leather lungs, Bessemer steel legs and a half-soled saddle-seat.

THE YELLOW FEVER.

While we, in this favored clime, enjoy all the blessings of this prodigal summer season, its perfect days, its delicious nights and its boundless profusion of green and red and purple fruit, without paying the price of a single sun stroke, or a single case of hydrophobia, or the slightest breath of malaria, or any parching fever of any name, the people of a sister State are being decimated by an awful scourge. Yellow fever is in full swing, beyond all control, in the vicinity of Jacksonville, Florida. People are flying in all directions, carrying the seeds of death with them, and leaving desolation behind. In that stricken city Death is holding a carnival. His processions fill the streets, the mad delirium of his votaries burdens the air, and their discolored corpses make horrors of its homes. The grief of the left and the agony of the going swell the hollow chord of despair. No eye can see the scourge enter a home—every heart beat is a menace, lest it send through the veins the fatal germ. No spot is secure from its stealthy invasion—every cheek is pallid with a ceaseless dread. The gifted Proctor fled to his home in distant New York, but the pitiless malady went with him, and slept with him, and all the resources of that mighty city could not save him. The government has established a camp somewhere near for refugees to flee to,

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but the camp itself is infected, a spot by the quarantine regulations. The situation is horrible. Every generous heart asks, "cannot something be done?" The first necessity is money. Business and traffic are paralyzed. Contributions are pouring in from all sides, but they are not systematic nor reliable. Congress has appropriated two hundred thousand dollars. That is not enough. Nurses are in the greatest demand. Let that awful surplus in the treasury have a chance now. Of \$150,000,000 that is so portentous, appropriate \$25,000,000 to stamping out the disease and aiding the sufferers. Pay nurses \$25 per day, and physicians in proportion. Establish a learned commission with full power over the district infected, and give a National calamity National supervision. Do not dole out money—pour it out. Let nobody want for nurse or bread. It is a stigma on our Congress and on us that anybody in this terrible situation should need for anything that money can buy or organized effort procure. What will \$200,000 do to spread all over the State? It is a lamentable defect of our form of Government that it is unfit to deal with a great emergency. We can spare a few words on the Tariff if we can get instead a few acts on the Yellow Fever.

And when this epidemic is done, some permanent provision should be made for future invasions. Isolated spots, in places the most accessible, should be selected in various parts of the Union, and materials for the temporary entertainment of great numbers provided, so that when the yellow fever next breaks out in New Orleans, there will be some place for the people to flee without endangering all the rest of the country, and where they can be provided for. The distress now prevailing in Jacksonville and other parts of Florida is a National disgrace.

A correspondent of the Beaumont Sentinel, in an article inspired, or rather instigated, for a suspicion of inspiration isn't in the article, by the HERALD, gives a few reasons why one should vote the Prohibition ticket. They are characteristic. He says: 1. "Because that party attacks the greatest evil of modern times." To begin with, intemperance is not the greatest of our evils. The social evil overtaps it in every direction, as any informed physician will assure you. Further, the fact that you attack an evil does not entitle you to support, until you show that your attack is a good one. Nine out of every ten of the temperance people of the Union believe that the Prohibition party is a silly and impracticable attack on intemperance. He says: 2. "Because it thinks more of principles than of votes." Exactly what we charge. On principle, embodied in executed law by the power of votes, is worth a thousand disembodied ghosts of principle lurking in the dreamland where Prohibitionists wander. You go on nursing principles and ignoring votes, and your unskirted legs will always totter along the obscure byways of failure, as they do now. He says: 3. "Because it antagonizes every form of compromise with the liquor traffic." The nursing, who doesn't know that in our government, as in God's own creation compromise is an absolutely essen-

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