

SEPTEMBER 8, 1888.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1888

OUR BALL.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1888.

ment of all progress, ought to be further, except the last: "Because God is recognized in its councils, and His divine blessing implored upon the party and its cause continually." God is recognized in the oath of every gang of bandits that ever harassed a community, and divine blessings are invoked on enough wild political and social projects to swamp this government in universal anarchy. If the writer of that breezy contribution, sees his business acts on as sound reasons as he does his political ones, venture the assertion that he isn't a millionaire.

**THE UNIQUE GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION OF BANNING.**

correspondent from Iowa writes HERALD, inquiring "What do you consider the elements that go to make the superior spot which your ravellous testimonials indicate it to be?" We cannot pretend to exhaustively catalogue the things that enter into the constitution of this healing mate. A few facts, however, stand out prominently. The ocean currents sweep toward the Pacific Coast from Asia, together with its latitude, like the climate of Southern California, the most equable on the continent. The range of the thermometer less; the summers are less warm and the winters less cold. The extremes of temperature, that are so trying to weaklies, are not to be endured. There is no bitter cold, there is no oppressive heat. This equability is greatest immediately on the coast. As one travels inland in summer, the cool influence of the ocean grows less. But the coast country, delightful as it is, is unfit for sumptives because of the humidity. The ground is moist enough to raise a fog without irrigation, and the air is thickened by fogs. Away from the coast one hundred miles, are desert stretches of dry arid country. But these districts are subject to seasons of the most oppressive heat. Between the humid coast country and this arid desert country, is perched Banning. Its altitude is above them both, for the range descends in both directions. A range of mountains cuts it off from the sea fogs. It is a rare occurrence for the west wind to blow a fog into this Pass. Yet we are near enough to the coast to enjoy the equability of the coast climate. The desert lends us its aridity. Our ground is dry; irrigation is absolutely necessary to raise fruits and vegetables, and the air is without a trace of moisture. No dew falls. In addition to our even temperature and dryness, we have an altitude of 2,300 feet that lifts us above all malaria into a light and buoyant air. Points in Arizona, New Mexico and Utah have our dryness, but they are subject to extremes of heat or cold, or both. Besides these general advantages, there are the almost unparalleled excellencies of our water supply, our soil—too heavy for dust—too sandy for mud and fertile withal, and our scenery. These are some of the elements, Mr. Decker, that go to form that climate, to whose good ministerings we cordially invite you.

**OUR MAP.**

Complaints have been received from Cabazon, Beaumont and El Casco, because they do not figure on our map. We want to explain that we are not publishing a map. We remember to have seen a map, published not far from here, that represents something between a nightmare and an undressed coon hide tacked on a barn door. It is a compilation of statistics, checker boards, exclamations, strong advice and the good prohibition legend, "The purest water." We don't pretend to rival that masterpiece. The map at the head of our columns was designed with the single purpose of giving strangers a clear notion of Banning's location, relative to the well-known points in Southern California. It does not claim to be encyclopedic. We sincerely regret that our desire for clearness forced us to leave out many points, who are just as much entitled to the distinction of being named on our pages as some that appear there.

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Our weak-tea contemporary on the hill, arrays itself in good company when it charges us with having essayed "to score the Sentinel, attack the church, assail the wives and mothers of our land, and dispute the best sentiment of the community and the age." It forgot to mention that we ate a live baby last week. It however comes to the rescue of our imperiled social system, and assures the public that our ravings etc., etc., will have as little effect as "the howling winter wind on the desolate peak of Grayback." The public must be relieved to know that the pillars of the world will withstand the assault. There are people whose diseased vanity confounds themselves with God Almighty. A word against their belief is blasphemy, and to contradict them is atheism. Fortunately other people don't share their delusion. Our W. T. C. has mistaken rat-killing for manslaughter.

Mesdames McDonald and Rodway and Messrs. Hathaway and McDonald went to Los Angeles on Wednesday morning. They go to see the Odd Fellows, and Mr. Palmer's excellent dramatic company and will drop down to Long Beach and Santa Monica. During Mr. McDonald's absence Mr. Mackay will kill at the rate of four instead of five beeves per week.

Gen. Harrison's letter carves the bone of contention in this campaign out of the unwieldy carcass of confusion that envelops it, with consummate skill. The entire letter is as direct as the flight of an arrow, and its lofty intent is invested in the splendid diction of an oration. It focuses every ray of the tariff discussion in the statement that this is not a contest between schedules, but between widespread principles. Whether the duty on sugar shall be increased one cent, or decreased one cent, is not a pertinent question in this campaign. Whether the duty on pig iron is too high or too low, is not the proposition that the American people are voting on. Whether the tariff should be reduced on the average 77 per cent. or 20 per cent. is not a question before the people. These are details for Congress. The people are to determine the grinding principle for our tariff laws. The question is what shall our tariff be levied for. It is necessary to determine this, before one can intelligently consider how much it shall be.

A tariff can accomplish two things; it can protect our industries, and it can raise money for the government. Generally, when it protects, it raises less money; and on the other hand, usually, the more revenue derived, the less it protects. It is

therefore necessary for us to select which of these purposes is the most desirable. And when we make the selection, then we will fasten our tariff schedules with that chosen purpose first in view. If our tariff is primarily for protection, then whenever its revenue-raising qualities conflict with the protecting quality, the revenue quality must go to the wall. Contrariwise, if our tariff is for revenue only, whether it protects, is a matter of mere chance. This contest is between a tariff for Protection and a tariff for Revenue. It is a campaign of underlying principles. Demagogues can talk tons of rubbish on details of the tariff, without touching the core of the issue. The air is full of figures and schedules that obscure the real point. Either Protection must be the first aim of our congressmen, or Revenue must be. The government established the present tariff, as a farmer builds a wall around his garden. The main object of the wall was to keep out the pigs.

Incidentally it accomplished other things—it was an ornament, it kept out the neighbors hens and boys. It also cast a shade that was soon detrimental to the garden. Now the farmer's friends come with pick and bar, and tell him they want to lower his wall; that it casts too much shade. They have much contention over the exact height that it shall be, and whether its shape shall be modified, and intimate that pigs are not fond of garden stuff anyhow. But the farmer sticks to his point that the purpose of the wall is the first thing to be agreed on. The purpose will determine its form and size. And people who do not know what the wall is for, and the necessity there is for it, are not the people to take charge of it. The wall of the Tariff is for Protection. That purpose must not be obscured, and opponents of that purpose should not be allowed to tinker with the Tariff. The issue is between the purposes of a Tariff, and not between the sizes of it.

Some of our citizens are anxious to have the Indians' right to vote tested in the courts. The United States Court in New Mexico decided ten years ago that the Indians in the Territory ceded to the United States by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo were citizens of the United States. Latterly the Commissioner of the General Land Office has made a similar decision. While the HERALD has some doubts as to those decisions being sustained by the Superior Court, it sees no objection to testing the questions in some way. But we do emphatically object to any steps being taken by anybody to hasten the day when the body of our voters will be increased by the Mission Indian contingent. There is too much ignorance and irresponsibility with the ballot in its hand already. Good government is difficult enough to maintain as matters are, without furnishing any more material for the election briber and corruptionist. There are enough Indians to wield the balance of power in both San Diego and San Bernardino counties. It is simple madness to attempt to precipitate into our politics this ignorant and dangerous element. If there is any interest to be subserved by having the Mission Indians declared citizens, and we confess we know of none, let the test be made by taking a judgment for taxes against them, or in some other manner make the issue.

When our society reporter was detailed to attend the hop at the Bryant House on Tuesday evening, he gasped. He knew that the gray moss of neglect had overgrown his erstwhile twinkling feet, and that the apathy of disuse hung on his joints. However, he was there. Our home orchestra discoursed music, and notably, in a couple of schottisches, made the best time on record. The musicians' repertory, if not extensive, was inspiring. After we discovered the punch bowl, the music was entrancing. The fine thread of tone, which the violinist draws from his strings, hung bright against the velvet cloth woven from the bosom of the guitar, while the quick notes of the banjo sprinkled jewel points on the face of the harmony.

The young people of Banning were nearly all there, and some very neat-footed folk from Beaumont. From 9 p. m. to 2 a. m. the dining room floor was diligently polished, and weariness of limb stored up. Few contrasts of life are so permeatingly vivid as that between during and after a ball. It is worthy of remark that not a gown was tramped on during the evening. The style of trailing to the limbs of women a wagon load of dry goods and floating them over square yards of the ballroom floor, and expecting gentlemen in their Terpsichorean feats to confine themselves to the interstices of space left, does not obtain in Banning. We are duly grateful for such mercies as we have. A good dancer, and there were several present, is a fine instrument; the lithe limbs are the strings from which is evoked the melody of grace. We observed our friend, Davy Johnson and his wife. Indeed, we had the pleasure of dancing in a set with the genial gentleman, and do declare that he trips the light fantastic with just as consummate skill as that with which he controls the mighty pulses of his locomotive. An interlude of sweetmeats and coffee a minute before midnight at once moved the appetites of the revelers and attested the hospitable tact of Mrs. Crosley. The affair was a success. We must confess that, once or twice, while engaged in a duet of harmonious motion, we were bewitched to as lifting an exhilaration as we have felt for years. One never realizes the possibilities of that wonderful contrivance—the foot—until it becomes winged in the excitement of a dance and carries him like a bird.

**THE COUNTY CONVENTION.**

The Republican County Convention of the "biggest county on earth" assembled in San Bernardino last Saturday. The HERALD was there, and was immensely gratified to find itself in so goodly a company. The company, which any organization, business or profession affords, is the best measure of its excellence. The proof of the dignity and permanent attractiveness of the legal profession lies in the illustrious men who engage in it. If one can be guaranteed good association in his politics, he can allow principles to take care of themselves. Well, the company at San Bernardino was excellent. The temper of the convention was perfect. Bitterness was driven from all contests by the penetrating and universal party enthusiasm. All the business before the convention was transacted with incredible dispatch and

lack of friction. This was mainly due to the efficiency of the officers.

Mr. A. H. Naftzger, a Riverside banker, was made permanent chairman. Mr. Naftzger is of that type of young men with which the great universities of the East are filling the country. Dressed like a gentleman, incisive in speech and manner, he was business to the core. While his speech on taking the chair was clever, it was not warm. He has not the gift of touching the heart of an audience. There was an air of self-satisfaction investing him, through which his utterances came cold, like smoke through a hookah. It is the fault of that class of which we regard him a type. Eminently useful to our communities—leaders in every direction, yet they have lost that elbow-to-elbow contact with the people that makes sympathy. As a presiding officer he was superlative. Equally efficient was Mr. E. P. Clarke, of the Ontario Record, who was the convention's secretary. Mr. Clarke, in the columns of his excellent paper, does robust service for the party, and wherever some good Republican work is to be done, we have gotten into the habit of looking for him. Mr. Walter Hathaway was the delegate from that fraction of Banning that lies in San Bernardino county. He began service so soon as convention opened as member and secretary of the committee on permanent organization, and showed the points of a true politician by firing every ballot he cast for a winning candidate.

The only unpleasant feature of the day was introduced by Judge Rolfe, from the committee on organization, which required every candidate to pledge himself to support the party and the entire ticket before he could be balloted for. Pursuant to this every ballot was precluded by the silly spectacle of rival candidates marching up and pledging themselves to support all who had and all who might be nominated that day. No convention has any right to ask any man to endorse its action, before it can be known what that action is. It is a poor Republican who wouldn't vote against dishonest men of his own party, should they be nominated for county offices. The requirement of the resolution was an insult to every man who was asking the convention for its support, and we were amazed that somebody didn't rise up and stamp the thing out, like Alexander Campbell, of West Virginia, did a similar proposition in the National Republican Convention eight years ago.

An amusing idea was incorporated in the resolution requiring every candidate before the convention to deposit five dollars before a ballot, and every delegate to contribute one dollar to defray the expenses of the convention and enlarge the campaign fund.

Our fellow-citizen, Mr. C. O. Barker, who is one of the Central Committee-men, mingled among the leaders like a veteran. With so small a constituency to represent, it denotes a most creditable personal influence, when one receives the recognition that Mr. B. does in the councils of the party.

The HERALD ran across that self-disfranchised but withal genial gentleman, Mr. Will Harris, among the spectators. It is almost lamentable to see so good a citizen politically petrified in the sterile atmosphere of Prohibition. We fancy Mr. Harris enjoys the picturesqueness of his attitude