

The HERALD's mounted staff did some tall foraging last Sunday. December usually isn't the time one strikes out for fruit, but as we came through Cabazon, in the course of a morning's gallop, that thorough horticulturist and hospitable gentleman, Mr. Roth, presented us with a full-grown, rare-ripe watermelon. The segments of the year get rather confused, when watermelons ripen in the sun at Christmas. It was delicious eating at the time—it would have been an average watermelon in season. The possibilities of that sunny slope down through Cabazon and to the Desert, are more than we now dream of. People living will eat oranges and all manner of tropical fruits from there.

YULE-TIDE.

To one and all of its generous patrons THE HERALD extends a Christmas greeting. Of all the glad procession of days, from New Year's morn to New Year's morn, Christmas is the climax. The day is dedicated to gift-making, the happiest exercise of the human heart. It is illuminated with the joy of generosity, and the hope of religion. Love makes the day its own. Patriotism is loud on the holidays of February and July, and gratitude is tender on Decoration and Thanksgiving days; when Christmas comes, Love blossoms into gentle sacrifice, and for twenty-four hours men are unselfish.

A great truth lies in the fact that Christmas owes nothing to ceremony. When Christendom celebrates the most beneficent happening among men, it employs no rite and assumes no regalia. Infinitely beyond the power of any pageant to express or ritual to voice, is the universal benevolence of Christmas day, and all pomp or show would be trivial beside the imposing spectacle of a kindful humanity. The genial sun in whose warmth we shall bask on that day, is the type of the sentiment that fills all hearts, and from our mountain home, where Nature is kind on Christmas as well as men, we send greetings to all our friends, whether they have the breath of frost or flowers.

In vivid contrast with the buffoonery of Sam Jones, is the decision of Judge Tuley of Chicago, on the application of the Anarchists for an injunction to restrain the police from preventing their meetings, made on Tuesday. It will be understood that the Socialists and Anarchists of Chicago had become so rabid in their speeches, that the police of the city peremptorily refused to let them hold their meetings. Through their attorney they applied to Judge Tuley to compel the police to allow them to meet. Public feeling in the city sustained the police, but Judge Tuley is one of those upright men on the bench of this country, who do not administer popular clamor. He holds steadfast to the constitution, and sees far enough to see that the surest way to encourage Anarchy is to be unjust to it. He decided that "Anarchists and Socialists have not forfeited the constitutional right to assemble peaceably and discuss any question which interests them, provided they do not plot to carry out their ideas by the use of force against constituted authority." Some of the Judge's sentences have a noble ring. He says: "The question of the relations of capital and labor in its varied

phases, and many others, like the question of the right of exclusive individual ownership of land, or the single tax theory, are burning questions of the hour that have come to stay and must be met." "The right of free speech and peaceable assemblage is the very blood of freedom." "You might as well expect the human body to exist after the circulation of the blood had been suspended, as to expect the continued existence of liberty, when citizens are deprived of the right of free speech." "The police, by arrests without warrants, and by such illegal acts as are here complained of, cause more disorder than they cure, and create more crime than they prevent."

BANNING AND THE BOOM.

There are people who are appalled at the subsidence of the boom. And well some people may be. Many people bought land on credit, and in the hope that they could sell it at an advance before the price became due, they never expected to pay for it. Such a venture is a pure speculation, and we fail to see anything untoward or very lamentable in the discomfiture of him, who bought a thing without expecting to pay for it. Many schemes were launched, which responded to no real need of the people, but thrived only in the extravagance and excitement of the boom moment. Most of them are now collapsing. Much as we claim for this climate, we never did attribute to it the virtue of making improvidence successful. The balloons, the frauds, the mistakes and the dreams must come to grief in Southern California, as elsewhere. But we have yet to meet the man in this region, who bought land to cultivate and with prudent plans for paying for it, who does not rejoice in his investment. Let the boom ebb. Let the bubbles burst. The unfortunates will make much noise, and for the time monopolize attention. But all around the business failure are signal successes. For every misfortune, there are five fortunes. And no failure is due to any lack of resource in the country or kindness in the elements; all of them come from the improvidence of men. Meanwhile the orange groves of Riverside are minting gold for their owners every day that rolls by, and the vines and trees of Banning are coining money for our people every hour that they grow.

The soil of Banning is just as fertile as it was when the boom was on. Every tree in those orchards yonder is a certificate of the richness of this valley. Our water is as pure as ever, and will quadruple the value of every acre it is put upon now, as certainly as it would two years ago. And our incomparable climate—that resource wherein we are supreme over all other places—remains a balm and a healing for the invalids of the continent.

By the way, we have extolled our climate so much, it may not be untimely to say wherein lies its excellence.

First.—Our air is perfectly pure. There is no miasma in the country. Not a swamp in thirty miles. Arid plains all around us.

Second.—Our air is light and lung-expanding. The air in the fever-haunted river bottoms of the Mississippi valley is as unlike this as milk is unlike champagne. Our altitude lifts us into the lighter strata of atmos-

phere. Third.—Our air is dry. The shimmering sketches of sand in the desert yonder, pour down upon us a moistless breeze for days at a time.

Fourth.—We have no mud. In the seasons of rain, our gravelly soil drinks up the water as fast as it falls. Today, after three days rain, one can walk through every street in the place without soiling a boot any more than if it had not rained for a month.

Fifth.—The extremes of heat and cold do not afflict us. We enjoy the equability of the Pacific Coast. Our winters are mild and soft—roses are blooming in our gardens to-day. Our summers are not extreme, our tropic sun having limited effect in this light air.

Sixth.—Our water is pure and abundant, direct from mountain snows. We have every element of a healthful climate. Our air is an unctured and unpilled medicine, whose virtues are attested in almost every household in the Pass, by miraculous cures.

Banning announces herself today more confidently than ever. She has no lies to retract; no promises unfulfilled. To any one who is fighting an unequal battle with an austere climate, we say come where Nature is kind as your mother. To any one who is weary of racing over a whole section of land to glean a subsistence, we say come where ten acres will abundantly support you. To every one who has the soul to enjoy noble scenery and beautiful days and perennial health, we say make your home in this mountain pass.

The performance at the school house on last Friday night, was a very creditable one. The oyster supper succeeding, was also a success, quite a little sum being added to that dreadful bell fund. Oysters, most of our readers know, are not native to Banning. Their haunt is some 3000 miles from here. It requires expert swimmers to lariat them. Lariating a bull and an oyster are two different things. Our bucceros here think they are experts if they can throw a noose over the projecting horns or legs of a mammoth bull. But their skill is awkward compared with the marvellous adroitness of the oyster catcher. At the end of his fine cat-gut lariat, instead of a noose, there is a neat little bag made from the bladder of a sea gull. Whenever he sees a fat oyster darting through the blue water, he throws his lariat often fifty fathoms through the shining depths, and bags his game. Indeed, from this fashion of catching oysters in bags, comes the expression "bagging game" After the oysters are caught, they are soaked in sulphuric acid to soften the bones, and then shipped across the continent in ice. They require constant care, for an oyster has a greater faculty for spoiling even than an egg or youngest child. The difficulty in securing this rare game accounts for the large sized prices and the small sized dishes which are generally charged and issued at Banning suppers. After the oyster supper the young people danced into the wee hours of the next day.

Goodbye to The Bryant. Hereafter it will be "The Banning."

On Thursday evening the beauty and chivalry of Banning and Beaumont gathered again to enjoy Mrs. Crosley's hospitality at The Bryant and to trip the light fantastic. The evening went off most brilliantly and dancing was kept up, as usual, long beyond the time when middle-aged people ought to have been in bed. About thirty couples participated. From Beaumont were Misses Ross, Maxwell, Compton and other ladies, whom it was THE HERALD's misfortune not to meet, and Messrs. McCoy, Compton and other gentlemen, just as good-looking, but whom we didn't meet. At about 10:30, in an interval of the dancing, the young people of Banning called Mrs. Crosley into the dining room and presented her with a handsome French clock, as a token of their appreciation of her many kindnesses. The presentation scene was very affecting—Mrs. Crosley's burst of tears being an eloquent response to the gift. The clock is of plain design, black marble inlaid with onyx, and surmounted by the bronze figure of a wounded greyhound. Everybody enjoyed the occasion. Mrs. Hughes Thomas and Mr. and Mrs. Aaron McMullen were interested spectators. A floor full of whirling waltzers is a diverting sight. Some gentlemen hold their partners as if the ladies were done up in a thin shell and easily crushed. Others grasp them as if motion had to be squeezed out of a lady. There is a beautiful mean. It doesn't take any vast skill to make a bended arm fit a rounded waist. And the sensation from that gentle dependence upon one's good right arm of a shapely female is not altogether unpleasant. It is an art to gracefully make that compromise between modesty and otherwise, that a lady makes in the attitude for a waltz. Somewhere between abandonment and prudery, there is a womanly concession that is as modest as a kind glance, and as welcome as a caress. But the next morning after the festivities is not an inspiring time to philosophize in the happiest vein on the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Crosley, and Mr. and Mrs. McDonald expect to leave for San Francisco on the 31st. It is with genuine regret that we announce the departure of these friends. For a year Mrs. Crosley has presided at the Bryant House. Her management of the business has been entirely satisfactory. Its doors have always been open to young people of the place. Her hospitality and Mr. Crosley's gallantry will always be remembered by us. Mrs. McDonald will be missed everywhere; her grace in the ball room, her melody in the parlor, and her obliging and comely presence on all occasions. Genial Mc. will leave a void among us bigger than Grover Cleveland. To one and all of these good friends we wish the kindest fortunes.

Mr. Jno. Hanna and family took turkey on Christmas day with Mr. Wilson Hayes, of Colton. Mr. Hanna almost missed his plate of soup, by reason of getting lost amid the maze of streets in San Bernardino and missing the motor.

Mr. Aaron McMullen, whose home is up among the serenities of the San Jacinto Range, with his wife is spending a few days in Banning.

The HERALD enjoyed its Christmas like a boy. We were greeted at our breakfast with the fragrance of tuberoses. We were lighted to our couch by the most perfect little reading lamp, which some thoughtful friend sent us. For one and all of our blessings, and especially the lamp, our heart is as full of gratitude as those tube roses were of sweet perfume.

We have had to engage a sporting editor. All of a sudden, base ball and foot ball have broken loose among our young bloods. Every young man in town carries a Christmas souvenir in the shape of an inflated finger joint. They do say that when Charlie Bigley's English brogans get under a foot ball, it literally takes wings.

A copy of the Pasadena Star of Dec. 22 is acknowledged. A sixteen-page daily is rather tall for a young maiden city like Pasadena. It is a neat lively sheet, and our days would be quite as pleasant if we could peruse its pages now and then.

The HERALD acknowledges a handsome silk muffler from the enterprising firm of Hanna & Hathaway. Gentlemen, your firm Hathaway of doing things in very handsome style.

One Maj. Ward, purporting to come from Kentucky, gave an entertainment at the school house on Monday evening of last week. He was an elocutionist, and of course a double-barreled bore. Fortunately, his victims were few. Itinerant and amateur elocutionists have much to answer for. Hysterical women who recite the "Curfew," and long-haired men who ring the "Bells" through their noses, prey upon the country. One cannot be blamed if he fails to see the connection between the buffoonery that makes small boys giggle in a country school house, and the art that is illustrated in the exquisite grace of a Modjeska. If the National Army needs any recruits in Alaska, the HERALD would respectfully suggest to the military authorities that they draft into that branch of the service every elocutionist loose, and we recommend this same Maj. Ward for a permanent commission.

A book has fallen under the eye of the HERALD against which we desire to warn our readers. It is entitled "The Quick or the Dead," and is written by a rising young authoress from the south, Miss Amelie Rives. This story should stop her rising, however. It is a tale without plot or moral, disgusting in its details and ridiculous in its theme. America needs no Ouida to pollute the stream of our national literature with her putrid rill. Miss Rives was lately married, from which fact we draw the hopeful inference that she will not be impelled to compose any more such lurid stories.

We remarked to our genial P. M. last week, that the HERALD office boasted having the handsomest devil in the State. "The devil you have," retorted his P. M'cy.

The Tuesday night local brought a consignment of cats, left aboard by some forgetful fiend. We have our prayers answered. If there is one thing that this colony needs to insure the peace of its nights and the virtue of its days, it is more cats.