

THE CHURCH AID SOCIETY OF BANNING.

On Saturday night, Dr. King, of the committee appointed to draft the form of an organization to secure a resident minister here, reported to a meeting of citizens at the church a plan, of which the following is an outline:

The organization is to be known as The Church Aid Society of Banning. Its purpose is to maintain a resident minister in Banning. Any person in this community of proper years may become a member of the society by signing the articles of association and paying one dollar. Any person may withdraw from the society at any time upon his request.

The officers of the society are to be a President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer and Executive Committee of seven. Each religious denomination in the community is to be represented in this Executive Committee. The Executive Committee is to have general charge of the affairs of the society, and is to select a minister who shall belong to some evangelical denomination and be properly vouched for. No minister is to be selected until the money to pay his salary is subscribed, and no contract made with him for a time to exceed that which the amount subscribed will provide for. When selected, the minister will be the pastor of the denomination to which he may belong.

These articles are ready for signature, and when fifty names shall be secured to them, a meeting of the citizens will be called by President Ingelow to elect the officers of the society, and set it in motion. The articles are in Dr. King's hands. That fifty signatures will be obtained there is no doubt.

Banning does herself proud in this movement. She demonstrates that among her people a regard for the spiritual welfare of all is paramount to any individual or class prejudices. The Methodist walks up and says: "Fellow citizens, I am a Methodist and shall continue one. I would prefer to have a Methodist minister, but Methodist ministers neither monopolize the grace of God nor the salvation of men. Banning needs a minister. Strange invalids come into our midst who need spiritual comfort. Our children need spiritual instruction, our young people need religious influence, our town needs a religious establishment. And to secure that good end, I will join with all the citizens of this community in the support of any Christian man whom they may select to come here as pastor." So says the Presbyterian, so says the Baptist. The spirit of the thing is noble—ininitely nobler than any sectarian zeal that ever was displayed. Denominationalism is the vehicle in which the Christian spirit is accustomed to travel, but sometimes the Christian spirit gets strong enough to walk. The great thing is that we are organizing in this town a society for the promotion of good, of which every man, boy, woman and girl of the place can be a member. Nobody is excluded. The privilege is open to every one to assist as a recognized member in the work of the society. There are no outlaws to this society. No one need feel barred out of its doors. It is a poor reader of men who does not see that the simple fact of membership in the society will work a tremendous influence for good, among many who otherwise have no partici-

participation in religious or moral work. We exhort every citizen to make it his business to see Dr. King and subscribe the articles. And to have his boys and girls who are old enough to understand the situation do the same. Let everybody join in, and we will demonstrate to those who question the Christian sentiment of this community, that we are a God-fearing people.

Apropos of our efforts to unite the religious people of this community, we clip the following from an exchange. It is written by a godly man, whose eloquence has sounded as lofty a note as any in this century:

In reply to a letter touching upon his personal views in connection with the sacrament of the holy communion, Mr. John Ruskin has written as follows: "BRANTWOOD, Coinston.—My dear Sir:—I am extremely thankful for the sympathy expressed in your letter, but I fear you have scarcely read enough of *Fors* to know the breadth of my own creed or communication. I take the bread, water, or wine, or meat of the Lord's Supper with members of my family or nation who obey him, and should be equally sure it was his giving—if I were myself worthy to receive it—whether the intermediate mortal hand were the pope's the queen's, or a hedge-side gypsy's. It is not time that fails me for reading, but strength. I am but yesterday back out of the grave and can read little. Ever yours gratefully. "JOHN RUSKIN."

We call attention this week to the card of the First National Bank of Colton. A number of citizens of this Pass do business with this institution, and certainly it is more convenient to our people than any other banking establishment.

Messrs. K. Sanborn and W. C. Mott, of Riverside, are in Banning for a few days on a surveying job. They are pleasant gentlemen. Mr. Mott is the possessor of a mellifluous baritone voice, whose exercisings have given us some rare entertainment during his stay.

Messrs Cummings & Tripp went to Los Angeles on Wednesday's local, for the purpose, so far as we know, of disporting amid the rusticities of that obscure place. It is not unfrequent for our young men to get overcome with the high tension of our Banning life, and be compelled to betake themselves to rural retreats to recuperate. We shall welcome Messrs. Cummings and Tripp back. They came among us as strangers. They have compelled our confidence and regard. Kindly, diligent and upright, they are the sort of men that solid communities are made of. They are chock full of usefulness.

Judge Morris, the newly elected Justice of the Peace for the new judicial district in San Diego county, has received his docket, and judicial outfit and is now ready to administer justice. We trust he will realize that nobody expects a Justice of the Peace to be a learned lawyer. He is to endeavor to know what the law in any given case is. If he cannot know it, none the less must he decide his cases. When he is not sure of the law, then he must fall back upon his own sense of justice and right. The difficulty with Justices of the Peace often is that they do not decide questions—they try to straddle them and please everybody. We trust the new Justice will run his own court, and fearlessly, as we know he will fairly, determine what he is called upon to determine.

EDITORS IN CONCLAVE AND ON A LARK.

Southern California can produce and maintain newspapers on less provocation than any other section. The abounding public spirit and stirring local pride of its people must find expression in printer's ink. The press of this section, as a consequence, is a jubilant and brilliant thing, concentrating and winging the glad enthusiasm of a glad people. When the editors of the 6th Congressional District or Southern California met at the Board of Trade Rooms in Los Angeles on Tuesday. Everybody there expected to meet somebody and no one was disappointed. The meeting began in the draw of organization work—it ended in a spectacle of cupids, sylphs and rotund-limbed pages, disporting in floods of mirth and music—the whole englamored by the wand-touch of naive champagne. No business was transacted beyond organization. At six o'clock, the Association was the guest of the Los Angeles Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce at Dol's Maison Doree Restaurant. The elaborate bill of fare taxed the capacities the stomachs, and the liquid refreshments very severely tried the heads of the assembled gentlemen. An editor's head is more used to giving than receiving—and unlimited quantities of champagne are apt to confuse it. While at supper Manager H. C. Wyatt, of the Grand Opera House invited the quill-drivers to spend the evening at his delightful house, and see the object lessons in anatomy led and taught by that bloom of adolescence, Lydia Thompson. We heard no man refuse the invitation. After supper, as sedately as they could carry all they had aboard the members of the association moved to the Opera House. Music, mirth and limbs constituted the entertainment. The hospitable gentlemen of Los Angeles could hardly have divined the dazzling effect upon an unsophisticated young editor from inland, of the champagne and tropically clad females. To lips that know no other nectar than snow-water, and eyes that have never seen anybody undraped since they stared at the yellow skeleton in the physiology class at school, the sparkling wine and giddy tableaux of Tuesday evening were bewildering. THE HERALD is glad to assure its readers that its representative conducted himself with such circumspection that nobody smelled any rusticity about him, but feels constrained to confess that he would not like to tackle the same situation within the next fortnight.

SQUINTS AT THE EDITORS.

L. M. Holt, of the San Bernardino Times, has the pallor of Hamlet, and the burning dark eyes of a Jesuit priest. He talks by jerks, only smiles once every twenty-four hours, and has the genial aspect of a man who is sentencing you to the guillotine.

Col. J. J. Ayers, of the Los Angeles Herald, is a blonde. His heavy eyebrows eave flashing eyes, and above a very determined mouth, his strong nose rests firmly on a bed of coarse mustache. His broad, bald head is ringed with light curls, and inside it lives a beautiful fancy and a mint for coining epigrams. He looks as if he were fate's chief deputy. He was

electd President of the Association. He was called the Nestor of the profession. He has the intellectual bottom that enables him to launch a period with the assurance that it will take a noble course.

Scipio Craig has the complexion and embonpoint of a strawberry. His name does not fit him. Scipio Craig sounds lean and angular. He is genial and nervous and enthusiastic. He looks like a professor of German. He has the ready zeal of a boy, and the red beard of a man from Redlands. The Association will draw much of its life from the rich and constant resources of Mr. Craig's enthusiasm.

The champagne popped when E. A. Weed, of the East Los Angeles Champion, got on his feet at the banquet. The elements of a thorough-going Methodist exhorter are in this gentleman. The roof of his mouth was too low for the climax of some of his periods. He treated the company to an exuberant flow of eloquence that seemed to come from deeps that know no bottom.

The Adonis of the occasion was A. M. Carpenter, of the San Pedro Advocate. A silver-grey head dress of wavy hair set him off as proudly as the plumage of a peacock. A clean cut face, lighted by kindly eyes, and an erect, military frame made him an imposing figure. He can talk, too. Easily equal to the occasion—for five minutes at the supper the guests forgot their "turkey farcis" in his rollicking pleasantries.

Mr. Jno. R. Berry, of the San Diego Union, has the demeanor of a clergyman. Modesty sits softly on him, from his open brow to his neat foot. On his feet, though, he smiles with the consciousness of having something to say. His earnestness shakes him as its power shakes a locomotive. He struck some lofty notes in some fine sentences, and discovered himself loaded with gifts.

H. Z. Osborne, of the Los Angeles Express, was deservedly popular. A rich John-A.-Logan mustache veils the portals of his speech, but in no way interferes with a most graceful utterance, and cuts no inconsiderable figure in the make-up of an exceedingly handsome man. A slight hesitancy in talking didn't mar anything, for it always resulted in a choice expression.

The Davy Crockett of the Association was D. M. Baker, of the Santa Ana Standard. Wiry and bluishless, he said his say straight at the mark and with a plenitude of epithet. He was not appalled at the distinguished company he found himself in. He was not a dude, but he was a fine type of the keen, self-sufficient American, who knows what he wants and can tell that thing to a waiting world. He was decidedly racy. He says he is an "ironclad Democrat." We should judge him to be an ironclad anything he pretends to be.

Maj. E. W. Jones, President of the Chamber of Commerce, is a dignified gentleman. A close-cropped dark beard with traces of grey, covers the lower part of a most intelligent face. An easy manner and graceful speech

teneted Banning—snow-watered Banning, orchard-embowered Banning, where the atmosphere is our pharmacy, and the sky and encircling mountains our perpetual art gallery and panorama. [Since writing the above, Mr. Judson in an interview informs THE HERALD that the reported sale is not consummated. None the less is the sermon, which we have preached on the situation, true to the letter.]—ED.

anywhere than in our columns, and nobody more fully appreciates the enterprise, the Aladdin-like growth, the brilliant future, the moss-backs and the St. Georgian crusade against them led by the Index, of our charming county seat, than do we. We did reprint an article from the leading medical journal of this continent, wherein the wonderful climate of Banning was commented upon. In this article something of disparagement was said of the fitness of San Bernardino as a resort for "one-lungers," which could not be omitted without mutilation. Whatever may be our fault Mr. Bird, we never yet have been guilty of the treason to this section that we read some time ago in the columns of the Index, when in the face, and contrary to facts demonstrated on every hand, you alleged that lands in Southern California were held at figures far below the advance of their intrinsic worth.

Friends of Mrs. S. L. Summers of Missouri, who visited Banning last summer, will condole with or congratulate her, as their tastes incline, on the advent into her household of a daughter. We are not graceful on these occasions. Children are to us a general, objects of wonder rather than of affection. Wonder first, whereof the Supreme Wisdom saw it due to drag a human being through all the unsightliness, the helplessness, the noises, the fretfulness, the selfishness, and universal incompleteness of childhood before it evolves a man. Wonder second that after Eve's experience with her first born, she ever consented to tolerate another. We are told that the dull ears of a bachelor are of iron attuned to catch the symphonic harmonies of paternity. That may be, very likely is—for in spite of our amazement at the spectacle, the race does increase on all sides, on the smallest provocations. From which we deduct the comfortless conclusion that the universe was not constructed solely with the design of not exciting our surprise.

The movement for securing a resident minister, inaugurated by THE HERALD, is growing apace. A number of gentlemen, representing the various shades of religion in the community, met at THE HERALD office last Saturday night and discussed the project. On last Sunday morning, immediately after service, another meeting was held in the church of all the people interested. The scheme was approved by Dr. King, Mr. Mackey, Mr. Frank Johnson, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Ingelow, in speeches, and by a rising vote of everybody present except two. A meeting was appointed for Thursday night to organize a society and appoint a committee to circulate a subscription and select a minister.

Mr. B. B. Barney, the exuberant, resourceful, handsome, ubiquitous and omniloquent projector of the new Garden of Eden, touched at Banning for a few hours Monday evening.

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