

A JOINT SCHOOL DISTRICT.

The county line bisecting Banning works no greater inconvenience in any other particular than in school matters. Banning should have but one school, yet it extends into two counties. The residents of the town on the San Diego side have lately formed a new district for themselves. It is practicable now to unite the new district in San Diego county with the old district in San Bernardino, and thus form one school district, comprising all of Banning and vicinity. A petition for that purpose will be circulated soon. The question is, shall the districts be united?

To that question there is but one answer. They should unite. Prof. Parker, a teacher of thirty years experience, during his recent visit here, when told of the situation, declared that it would be folly to maintain two separate districts. Prof. Barto, who has had ten years' experience in one of the finest high schools in the State of New York, spoke decidedly in favor of a union. Mr. Barker, the most successful teacher our school ever had, is pronounced in favor of a union. In the matter of money, the joint district would have as much revenue as the separate districts, after the first year. One thousand dollars is allowed for 90 school census children. The joint district, by the next census, can poll 90 school census children. Were there two districts they could have but \$500 each. Beside the \$1000, the joint district would have a further revenue of about \$300. By joining, the community would save the expense of one school house. The school house in existence is amply large for a graded school, having two good rooms and a library. By joining, it is possible to have a graded school; if we remain separate, we can only have two primary schools. In a primary school, no advanced study, such as Natural Philosophy, Book-keeping, Physiology, Botany or Algebra can be taught. With two primary schools, there would be no place in Banning where a child could get a common school education. We would have two teachers teaching the same things to a few pupils. We would have two establishments to maintain, and the system would be a monument of stupidity. By joining, we could have a school in Banning where every child could get a full common school education; the school would be graded, the primary department in charge of a trained primary teacher, and the higher department in charge of a University trained teacher, whose learning and accomplishments would be a living model to his pupils. Our resources would be united, our enthusiasm would be united, and our school would be our common pride. There is a great need in the place for a graded school. The school last year was an almost total failure, because studies which the law does not allow were taught, and the teacher's work was spread over so much ground that it could be effective in none. Miss Burt tried to teach 33 classes per day. Such an effort could only result in a farce. Banning never can have a school where our children can be properly taught, until the people unite in support of one school. Once a graded school is established, and the increase of the entire town can be used in making up the number entitling us to a third teacher. The

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sooner the union is made the better. The longer it is put off, the more difficult its accomplishment will be.

Last week we unintentionally omitted an acknowledgement of the wedding cards of Miss Lulu M. Burt and Mr. W. B. Cravens. The wedding took place on Tuesday, Aug. 21st. The young couple make their home at 1,008 E. Thirteenth street, Kansas City. They have the good wishes of THE HERALD. Cravens will, doubtless, be satisfied in the situation. The old benediction, said over the ashes of the departed, "Requiescat in pace", seems to us appropriate to say to the newly married. After the changeable and unsatisfactory days of bachelorhood, the lonely nights, the unkempt linen, the perforated hose, the boarding houses, and the thousand and one stale and unprofitable things that constitute the unprofitable things that constitute the life of that inglorious period, when a man glides into that delectable haven, whose sheltering shores are the clinging arms of a woman, and whose buoyant waters are the fathomless depths of her affection, we do feel like saying, Rest in supernal peace.

SOME PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE.

We have had a visitation lately from the evangelists of Prohibition. THE HERALD did not attend their meeting, nor has it heard any echoes therefrom that were not ridiculous. Since we have taken occasion, from time to time, to animadvert upon that vain-glorious political sect, now may not be an inopportune hour to express some of our own views on the temperance question.

Temperance has been brought into disrepute, by the character of the people who have made themselves prominent in it. It is a subject on which an enthusiast can easily become a fanatic—upon which oratory effloresces into heated rhetoric, and all practical suggestion becomes drowned in streams of invective and maudlin sympathy. Being a theme of perpetual interest, it has been traded on by professional public talkers, and the public has for years supported, on the platform and in the press, a horde of people preaching the temperance crusade, among whom are a large number of unreasonable and impracticable women, reformed drunkards who make their living off their disgrace, adventurers of unknown and unknowable antecedents, and simple cranks.

The saloon has been better advertised on the temperance platform than anywhere on earth. Boys are never permitted to cease thinking of whiskey and its charming intoxication. The most exaggerated and inflamed notions on the subject have been promulgated. Extreme and impossible legislation has been demanded. So that the reasonable men of the country, temperate in thought as well as in drink, have necessarily become alienated from the temperance movement. They have no voice in the party councils and do not approve the party methods. And it is the fact to-day, that there exists among us an allpowerful temperance sentiment that is not utilized but rather paralyzed, for the reason that temperance leaders propose impossible legislation, and tolerate nothing else.

The drunkard is the rare, rare exception in the community. Very few men will become, or be drunkards. As a rule, those who do, in and of themselves, are unworthy of the attention they attract. Society could very well

spare them, if their drinking would kill them more quickly, and so many more did not become involved in their ruin.

On the other hand, every good citizen is a temperance man—every moderate drinker is a temperance man, many respectable saloon keepers are temperance men. The virtues of temperance are universally admitted, and that perfectly adequate temperance laws do not exist and are not executed, may be attributed to the folly of temperance fanatics alone.

It should have been made a law long ago, that getting drunk was a felony. Send everyone who gets drunk to the Penitentiary, for six months at least. When a man deliberately renders himself insane and irresponsible, he commits all the crimes that might result from that state. The man who gets drunk and in his madness commits murder, is no worse a criminal than the man who simply gets drunk; for the reason that the crime of the murderer lay, not in the murder itself for he didn't know what he was doing then, but in his putting himself in the condition to make the murder possible, and every man does that when he gets drunk. A drunken man is as dangerous as a dynamite bomb, and the wholesomest temperance lecture he can get is an incarceration in prison, at hard work, every time he becomes intoxicated.

It should also be made possible for a respectable minority in every community to keep it rid of saloons. Generally a saloon is a nuisance. No community needs it. Whatever convenience it may be to men who occasionally drink a glass of wine or beer, can be served otherwise, or very well sacrificed for the general good. We favor a local option law on the subject of saloons, whereby a respectable minority of a community may control the matter. A majority cannot be trusted to secure the best moral effects.

In general, we do not believe it fair to require the great body of men and women, who are accustomed to a reasonable use of liquors, to sacrifice that pleasure and often benefit, for the sake of the comparatively few weaklings who succumb to their appetites. Until we are ready to prohibit pastry, for the protection of the dyspeptics, we will not prohibit whiskey for the protection of the drunkards.

Our Beaumont correspondent is dry this week. This is not to be attributed to the insufficient water supply of that enterprising village. We trust in future to chronicle more fully than ever the news of the hilltop.

The Beaumont Sentinel last week contained an enthusiastic description of a Banning ranch. We can testify that one can read the account and go up to Dr. Murray's and not be disappointed. We like the enterprise of the Sentinel, and want to encourage it. There are many interesting things about Banning, a description of which would be novel and welcome to the readers of the Sentinel. For instance, we have a water system in Banning; we are sure an account of that would be refreshing to Beaumonters.

Messrs. Clancy and James are out on the hills after big game. If they get all they report seeing we needn't have a famine this season. Jests on hunting parties are too ticklish things to indulge in, so we prudently refrain.

DOGS.

We commend to the careful consideration of those citizens of Banning, who are so enamored with dogs that they insist on afflicting the community with them, the following beautiful story found in this week's dispatches:

A farmer in Pennsylvania kept three savage bull-dogs. During his absence one day last week, a peddler drove up to his house, alighted, and started through the yard for the house. The dogs jumped upon the peddler so soon as he got inside the gate, pulled him down, dragged him a quarter of a mile down the road, and left him unconscious. When found, he was in a frightful condition. His eyes were torn out, his hands chewed off, his throat torn until the windpipe and blood-vessels were bare, and there were twenty-eight flesh cuts, clear to the bone, upon his person. He died soon after he was found.

By somebody's negligence, the notice of a supper given by the ladies of Banning on Friday morning, didn't get into last week's issue. The proceeds of the entertainment go toward foisting upon the community a new nuisance in the way of a school bell. THE HERALD has a decided predilection for belles, but it will be observed, we spell it with two e's. We cannot look but with disfavor upon a scheme that conspires to disturb the precious peace of this mountain hamlet, with the clang of a bell. What between the babies, the small boys, the revolvers, the dogs and the railroad, there is enough noise in the community without straining ourselves to make any more.

A correspondent, who very appropriately signs himself "Impertinence," suggests, in relation to our last week's utterance about bachelors, that the editor of the HERALD should set the example of celibacy to the young men of the community. We refrain from publishing the communication for the reason that we do not regard the editor as a subject about which comments would interest anybody. To the suggestion, we have simply to say, that we make no pretension to the grace of a martyr, however worthy the cause; and we believe it our duty to preach the best we know—even though our practice may fall short of that.

Mrs. Crosley returned from a two weeks' visit to San Jose on Tuesday night's local. She was welcomed at the train by the Bryant House people in force. Mrs. Crosley is one of those precious ladies, upon whom years fall as lightly as rose leaves, and who always carry about them an illumination of good cheer. She is a host as a hostess, in whom are all the graces of a kind hospitality.

The Southern Pacific continues to make improvements in Banning. The latest is beautiful in design and conception. It is a daughter to the efficient agent, Mr. Sodenberg. The father was in such transports over her arrival that he sent to headquarters the following telegram: "No. 1 has arrived. Steam up and headlights lit. Will hold her for No. 2."

THE GOVERNMENT'S POLICY TOWARD TWO HUNDRED AND NINETEEN INDIANS.
From Oct 20, 1888

(CONTINUED).

For the benefit of two hundred and nineteen Potrero Indians, the National Government is making strenuous efforts to preserve one hundred and forty-four square miles of desert in its original desolation. By what cross-eyed logic or transcendental philanthropy the wisdom of such a course is demonstrated, we make no pretense of knowing; we do know, however, that the white citizens of this community and county have been robbed and outraged, for reasons no better than the whims of a child, and with a mercilessness that would be more at home in Siberia than in California. Before any body dreamed of a Reservation here, the Government granted all the odd sections on each side of the railroad, for twenty miles to the S. P. Railroad, the title to be perfected when the land was surveyed. The railroad allowed settlers to make their own surveys, locate and enter into possession of their odd sections, agreeing to make good conveyances whenever the government should survey and patent the railroad lands. Relying upon the government's honor to fulfill its contract with the railroad, a number of settlers made their homes upon these odd sections. And they were left there, without molestation and in peace, for ten years. The government made no effort to put them off, but allowed them to suppose that it would patent to the railroads the lands it had agreed to, only the lands right in the floor of the Pass have been surveyed—all the canyons, mesas and foothill country remain unsurveyed. And our land department takes the lofty ground that since it has not been surveyed, and since no title could pass till it was surveyed, the title still remains in the government, and upon that technicality, like a veritable Jew pawnbroker, the government stands to-day. Besides,

the settlers on railroad lands, there were bona fide settlers on even sections, who were here before the Reservation, who have improved their homes and developed the country, only to be evicted at the whim of that Theological Institution, known as our Indian department. Last year the government ordered all settlers off the Reservation. Let it be borne in mind that at that time, there were unoccupied and open to the Indians, thousands of acres that they neither cared for or needed. The settlers on the Reservation were every one bona fide settlers, spending money and improving their places, or interfered with, or cramped the Indians not a particle. Yet, by force, the government evicted seventeen white families, whose homes were on the Reservation; drove Mr. Hathaway from his bee ranch, Messrs. North and Gird from their cattle ranch, Messrs. Smith and Stewart from their bench land, and in all evicted twenty-nine men who claimed and were improving a part of this Reservation. To benefit thirty Indian families who already had homes, and miles of land to put them on if they needed more, the government makes homeless fifteen white families. We drove last Sunday at the Millard canyon to Mr. Millard's home, from which he has been evicted a year. Neglect has rioted about that place every day of that year. Not a soul is about. The ranch is charmingly situated; plenty of water piped

to the highest orchard of peaches, alfalfa, venience. F. sided there. Not conveyed to the fine orchard fields are down away down abundantly and was a attractive now too poor Roth's fine of like might pre ranch as pointed farm, and hills, and gravel w dogs in houses i strewn f another privatic ago the cause clear th

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