

The ice cream festival on Saturday night was a stupendous success, so far as a demolition of all the good things provided, and collection of all the spare change in town, can be counted so. Raspberries, strawberries, ice cream and cake constituted the bill of fare. Some of the lady managers reserved for the society reporter of THE HERALD a choice dish of strawberries. We don't remember ever to have written anything quite worthy that dish, let alone the consideration that prompted its setting aside. Duly, therefore, prefacing our unworthiness, we revolved in that collection, and hereby tender our sincere acknowledgements. The attendance at the festival was exhaustive. We counted three inhabitants of Banning who were not there. Messrs. John Hanna and C. H. Ingelow were conspicuous because of the hilarity of their progeny. The dashing young deputy postmaster distinguished himself by stowing away more provisions than anybody else present, although his stowing capacity had not been remarked upon before. Mrs. Wilson Hays, of Colton, was a welcome guest of the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Yerrington, of Los Angeles, contributed to and enjoyed the levity of the evening. Mr. M. G. Kelly showed his ingratitude by lamenting that he couldn't dance for dessert. Mrs. Lulu Carpenter can come nearer taking the wrinkle out of one's soul as he pays 25 cents for a dish of ice cream, than any one else into whose white palm we ever dropped so exorbitant a figure. The superior flavor of the cream was due to the fact that Miss Sarah Morris dished it out, and dropped onto every dish one of those fragrant glances of hers. Miss Alberta Armstrong, fresh from the classic walls of the Los Angeles College, ate ice cream with her old-time San Geronio appetite. A grievous disappointment was experienced by the non-arrival of an equestrian delegation from Beaumont. The net proceeds were \$44, and exceeded expectations. Not a single case of cholera morbus was reported the next day.

Mr. C. H. Ingelow has about as large a conception of human comfort as any man we know, and his humane heart is constantly revolving the means to enhance that commodity in this vicinity. His latest device is a pair of cozy lounging benches in front of his store. They are so situated that they are in the shade all the afternoon. Here all ye weary ones may come and bask in our sensuous air, and let gratitude to so benevolent a man as provided them simmer in their hearts. When the seats are upholstered we shall try them ourselves.

Messrs. Bridge and McCoy, of Beaumont, were down on Thursday to invite the patriotic of Banning to join Beaumont in a picnic at Mr. Miguel Aguirre's ranch on the Fourth of July. It is proposed to have a game of base ball, foot races, sack races and numerous devices for making merry. The idea is for everybody to go and take unlimited provisions. The management hopes to secure enough ice cream and lemonade to regale every body free or at a nominal figure, and to make the occasion one to be talked about to one's grandchildren. For this community we took the liberty of accepting. We need a picnic. The place selected is a splendid spot, and we hope to make such definite announcements next week as will win to the scheme everybody.

The Insane Asylum.

The Los Angeles Times has been saying some pointed things to the Insane Asylum Commissioners. In a conversation with one of them, we were charged with the authorship of one of the Times' communications. What we have to say in that connection we say in these columns. We do not accord with the Times entirely. We indulge no suspicion of the rectitude of the Commission. But the Times is absolutely correct when it lifts

its voice in the name of humanity for the location of the Asylum in the mountains. We have insisted upon that, and have reason to know that our articles have called the attention of the Commission very seriously to this Pass. This is likely the last word we will be permitted before the question is decided. That word is:—Gentleman, so long as you shall go back and forth among the people of this region, a vast community of unfortunates will be enduring the results of your selection. You will establish something that will either bless or curse you all your days. You cannot afford to ignore the conspicuous and unequalled fitness of this Pass. There is no man who would question the wisdom of your choice were you to put the Asylum in San Geronio Pass. Of what other proposed site can this be said? Already in advance strictures are published. You are deciding for generations of unfortunate men and women. Do not in that grave duty erect a monument to your folly.

A Flag of Distress.

Mr. Carl Ross, in the last issue of the Beaumont Sentinel, announces his retirement therefrom. We are informed that its suspension for a time will ensue. We are not surprised. Our friends at Beaumont will feel chagrin, but we beg to assure them that they will not be unrepresented. THE BANNING HERALD is the organ of this Pass. To our Beaumont friends we extend the hospitality of these columns, and so soon as the situation is definitely settled, we shall arrange to chronicle the doings of that enterprising town fully. We have room for a larger constituency. The interests of Beaumont and Banning are identical, and we have considerable itching to take the journalistic welfare of that town on our shoulders. One good paper in this Pass is better than two beggarly ones, and the suspension of the Sentinel may be a blessing in disguise. To Mr. Ross we have to say: You are wise. A sinking ship is not a thing to tie to. You are a high-minded, high-hearted man, and better things await you than journalistic martyrdom.

Our Fourth of July.

An almost unanimous turn-out from the San Geronio Pass gathered in the Potrero Jacinto to celebrate the Fourth. Young couples came in canopied surreys; families came in wagons; young men bro't their sisters in buckboards; and boys rode on donkeys. The liberal subscriptions that had been taken up materialized in the form of ice cream and lemonade at nominal prices. The day was hot enough to broil quail on the wing, and every throat was busy swallowing cooling draughts.

The formal exercises did not open till after dinner, when Prof. Bulkley in stentorian tones called the people together from their scattered retreats, and led them in a patriotic song. Mr. Carl Ross, of the erstwhile Beaumont Sentinel, read the Declaration of Independence. The oration of the day was delivered by Mr. Louis Munson. For fear some roving eye sees this and would care to know what we said should be disappointed, we append to this account the body of the address. A game of base ball between the Beaumonts and Bannings enlivened the afternoon. The Banning boys surprised everybody by winning the game on a score of 12 to 8.

The day was an entire success. The best of feeling prevailed, and everybody was impressed with the imposing crowd that our Pass could muster.

In the evening a ball was given at Banning. Light feet tripped gay measures till very short hours. Beaumont was liberally and charmingly represented in the persons of the Misses Paxton, Miss Compton and other ladies, and Messrs. Paxton, McCoy, Best and other gentlemen. The lunch served at The Banning was a cleverly devised affair. The dining room was

artistically decorated, the service, under the management of His Suavity, Mr. Daniel Griffin, was tactful, and the edibles were dainty and appetizing. Mr. R. P. Stewart and wife, and Mr. Arthur Scott and wife were new and welcome faces at the ball. Altogether the day was a notable one for the Pass, and for one we can say there were events in it of delightful consequence.

Mr. Munson's address, after a few appropriate preliminaries, was as follows:

The Fourth of July is the Sabbath of patriotism. To-day this entire nation of 60,000,000 people celebrates its birth. The mother of this nation is Liberty, the father is Heroism. It is the supreme fortune of this people that its government was born amid the labors of the most exalted courage recorded in modern chronicles. No greed of empire, no tyranny is kin to us. Consider the situation of this new world in its infancy: A handful of people on a continent of fabulous promise. Across the sea, with hungry eyes directed toward us, sat Spain, ready to make us another Mexico; sat Russia, capable of grinding us under the heel of a despotism so cruel that the despair of its victims wrings tears from the heart of Christendom even to-day; sat England, ambitious to rule the world with her system of absentee landlordism. America was a child wandering in a forest peopled with dragons. Yet in the face of the organized despotism of the whole world, there was established on this continent the most humane and the most beneficent government the globe has ever seen. And it stands to-day unquestionably in the van of the nations of the earth. In fancy I picture the embodied ideal of our country. On her brow sits a chaplet of dazzling lustre. The bright fames of great Americans are the jewels of that crown, and the radiance of it is immortal. On her placid front is the calm of a universal peace. In her deep eyes is the kindly light assuring freedom and justice that has attracted millions to these shores. The proud bearing of a perfect independence is tempered by the benignity of a perfect equality. Her shapely arms carry the symbols of a wondrous prosperity; her garments shine with the glory of a lofty art; her lips have been touched with the wisdom of a mighty literature; and there is not an oppressed soul on the earth to-day that does not gaze on her with the wrapt eyes of a lover.

Love of country is taught as a duty. Doubtless there are patriots in Russia and Turkey. Undiscriminating patriotism is the stuff that tyranny feeds on. Rivers of blood have flowed in defence of governments that should have been wiped from the face of the earth. Happy is the country where loyalty is deserved and patriotism is a pleasure. The people of the United States—We—are the most favored people on the globe. It is easy to become intoxicated with a national conceit. We are predisposed to consider ourselves the favorites of fortune. But the supremacy of the American people is capable of demonstration.

Three things make our superior welfare—the character of our people, the material surroundings and the character of our government.

The American people wear no yoke. As nearly as may be we have "equality of opportunity." Between no man and his right ambition exists any artificial barrier in this country. There is an absolute free-for-all, and always has been. This condition has begotten a nation of self-reliant men. Emerson sounded the bugle note for every young American without exception when he cried, "Hitch your wagon to a star." We came of good stock. The new continent attracted the adventure of the world. Those whose devotion to principles made them oppressed at home, came here. Lovers of liberty, exiles for duty's sake, spirits of enterprise were attracted here. They found a virgin continent. They slept in Nature's arms—they lived close to God. They were trained in danger and hardship. The conquerors of a continent had to be sturdy men. The best stock the human race has produced was the Puritan. Neither ornamental nor reasonable, it was pre-eminently useful. No strain among men has been so noble, so lasting and so beneficent, as that which settled New England.

The typical American—shrewd, self-reliant, tolerant, industrious, vigorous—is in my judgment the best all-round human being on the globe. We have existed 100 years. In that time we have produced a Washington, beside whose lofty patriotism and general public capacity, all the rest of the world in that time can find no peer. Our Emerson's pen has written the most important prose of the century. Our Edison has eclipsed all the inventors of any other nation on the earth. As a people we are cleaner, more prosperous and more capable than any other with which we come into contact.

Our surroundings have been unequal-

led. We were put on a vast and new continent, abounding in every resource that contributes to our well-being, and comprehending every climate of the entire temperate zone. Poverty never goes with pioneers. Democracy is the only possible government in a frontier. The promise of the land was inspiring; the richness was rewarding, and under this stimulus, human accomplishment on this continent has outstripped the world.

A government can never be maintained above the level of the people. The best people of a nation are always above their government in fact, because they are above the average of the people. The theory of our government was conceived at a time when public spirit was so excited that private interest was forgotten. The constitution of the United States approaches more nearly to being inspired than any other document since the Gospels. All the other governments of the earth grew, by long and natural processes. Our government was built—it sprang full orbed from the wisdom of our statesmanship. The emergencies of an eventful century have swept over it, but to leave it firm as Gibraltar and as adequate as the sky.

Our constitution is a compact of sovereignties. Each State took from her own authority those chief attributes that concern in ernat. onal and interstate affairs, and contributed them to form a national sovereignty, supreme in its sphere. Should this planet weave history for 10,000 years to come, no sublimer spectacle will be afforded than when 13 sovereignties took the brightest jewels from their crowns and put them on the brow of a new supremacy, to whom they swore irrevocable allegiance.

To define the limits of national authority was a great thing; but to create a tribunal with power to restrain State and Nation within its proscribed limits was the greatest problem that ever challenged the statesmanship of men. How select an arbiter where everybody was an interested party? Where find such superior authority as would control sovereign States and a sovereign Nation? To what dominion would Massachusetts and South Carolina bow their proud heads, that should also rule the Nation itself. With a divine instinct, the framers of our government went to the source of earthly power. Behind the sovereignty of Virginia, beyond the supremacy of the National government lay the original ruler—the king of kings—the People. And there was recognized forever the divine right of the people. Here was a royalty that never lost its purple; here—as a supremacy completely supreme—which all other organized sovereignties must account. The people of the United States ordained our constitution. Upon that secure foundation the Supreme Court of the United States was reared. It was endowed with the duty of maintaining the constitution—it was to control the movements of our complex system of state within state, as the force of gravity rules the play of the solar system. And the truest representative of the almighty power of the people in our entire government is the Supreme Court.

The gist of the American government is the ultimate authority of the people. Instead of the divine right of kings, it proclaims and maintains the divine right of the people. In theory our government is lofty enough; in practice it is halting and lame. For the tyranny of kings we have exchanged the tyranny of the people. It is a tyranny none the less, since misused authority is always tyranny. The people has all power; the people has limited intelligence. Demagogues delude the people. Concrete the people into the average citizen and what have you? How solid is his integrity? how reliable his reason? how cool his temper? The average citizen gives us legislatures corrupt and incompetent. The average citizen gives us a Congress too unwieldy to transact our business. We are apprentices in government who must endure the consequences of our own blunders. A king may err but he need not suffer. When the people err they themselves are the sufferers. Therein is the safety of our system. It is a pattern after nature. In our government, as in the material universe, our teachers are our mistakes. Under that tutelage, man has advanced since Adam, and in that system our government will endure; for what wrongs our ruler commits are inflicted on itself.

We are the most favored people on the earth. We are free as we should be, rich in comfort and grounds for content, and abounding in veins of genius and capacity. It will never be the lot of man to be unshadowed by care. It is possible for any people by diligence to maintain comfort. This people in this generation are favorites of fortune; and standing under that blue dome, surrounded by majesty and beauty, every heart here has reason to thank God that it beats on American soil. And to every man here who wears the purple of American citizenship, this anniversary commands: Be worthy of your power; be equal to your responsibility.

We are indebted to Mr. C. H. Ingelow for a lot of choice apricots. According to our crude taste, there is more joy to be gotten out of an apricot than from anything else of its size in the fruit line. And we know of no piece of coloring more delicious than the rich salmon-colored heart of an apricot. Our friend Ingelow seems to have an "innards" as mellow with humanity as the hearts of these same apricots.

Prof. S. I. James left for Washington, D. C., on Tuesday. He asked us to say good-bye to his Banning friends. We hope to see him returning at an early date. He is a whole-souled gentleman. He carries about with him enough of health and manly vigor to distribute among an entire family, and is one of those conspicuous examples of a good husband wasting in the barren latitudes of bachelorhood, that we have occasion so often to deplore.

Messrs. McGilvray, Kelly and Munson took a trip into San Jacinto mountain on Friday, returning Saturday. On Friday night they enjoyed the hospitality of that genial and capable host, Mr. Chris. Gottman. On Saturday they visited the site of the new sawmill, some three or four miles below the Peak. This mill is in the same place where a mill was formerly operated. It is owned by the San Jacinto Lumber and Milling Company. There are three gentlemen composing this company—Mr. M. T. Winton of the Winton Manufacturing Co., of Birmingham, N. Y.; D. M. McDonald, an attorney of Los Angeles, and Mr. O. B. Fuller, of the Pioneer Truck Co., of Los Angeles. The mill has a capacity of 16,000 feet per day, and is under the personal charge of Mr. Fuller. About 30 men are employed in the various parts of the business, including work on the roads. A good wagon road leads to the San Jacinto valley. It costs \$8 per thousand to haul the lumber down. The purpose is to sell no rough lumber—only manufactured stuff. A box factory and planing mill is being erected, and laths, shingles and finally doors and sash will be turned out. Splendid sugar and yellow pine abound and there is some fine red cedar. A day spent in those pine-clad heights, with springs of cool water breaking forth here and there, and noble prospects spreading out on every side, is a red letter time. The three gentlemen named brought away some delightful memoirs—not the unpleasantest thing whereof were of friend Gottman's fried ham.

JOURNALISTS ON A JAUNT.

The Southern California Editors at Coronado.

On Monday night at 11 o'clock there was precipitated into the Coronado Hotel a luminous company. It was the Editorial Association of Southern California, and such of the wives of the members thereof as had influence enough to get there. For the three days succeeding, that caravansary was enlivened by that presence, and the region roundabout was invaded by the feet that explore and the eyes that look for the general public.

The vicinity of San Diego may be rudely represented thus: Extend your left hand toward the north; crook your forefinger so as to bring it as nearly parallel with your palm as you can. Now were the finger somewhat elongated, it would represent San Diego bay; the interval between the finger and the palm would represent Coronado Beach; Point Loma, the promontory of the mainland at the mouth of the bay, would be at the knuckle; San Diego would extend along the back of the finger from the first to the second joint; National City would be at the nail; the line of the palm would be the ocean, and Coronado hotel would be against the palm, opposite San Diego. A railroad runs from the hotel along the beach, clear around the forefinger and back to San Diego. A ferry line crosses the bay from San Diego to the Beach. The hotel is a city within itself. It is a huge rectangle