

about 375 feet long by 235 wide, whose eastern end blossoms into a bewildering conglomeration of immense rotundas and rectangular projections that destroy all notion of regularity, and makes architectural classification of the building an impossibility. In the center is a court 150x250 feet, open to the sky, on whose solid bottomground of the greenest grass is scattered a wondrous variety of shrubs, flowers, trees and foliage plants, such as only this clime could support. Around the court at every story runs a gallery onto which every suite of rooms opens.

Verandas surround the hotel for every floor. The southerly side of the hotel is parallel with, and within 30 feet of the sounding sea. On this side the immense piazzas are enclosed; huge windows, readily opened in pleasant weather, permit the guests to view the sea at all times, from shelter. The building is a frame one. Its immense red roof, here an aspiring cone, there a dome and otherwheres a plain gable, sits on it like an aggregation of mighty hoods. Numerous rooms deserve mention. The dining room is magnificent. Out a long watermelon in halves longitudinally, and one half, with the cut side down, will convey an idea of the room's shape. The wainscoting is oak, and the walls and curved ceiling are panelled with bright Oregon pine. Everybody in Banning could eat in it, including the children. The ball-room on the southeast corner is round, immense, with a high conical ceiling. Sleepers on the sea side of the building are lulled to peace by the eternal tones of the ocean.

On Tuesday morning the members of the Association were tendered an excursion by the management of the National City and Otay Railroad, to Tia Juana and Sweetwater. Tia Juana is the amphibious town, half Mexican and half American, on the border line between this State and Lower California, 14 miles below San Diego. A motor road runs down from San Diego. There is nothing to be seen at Tia Juana but a long street lined by small frame and adobe houses. The boundary line is marked by a scantling with a white rag on it, set up upon the foundation of a more imposing monument that once stood there. Everybody had to drink mescal and get some Mexican cigars when over the line. Mescal is Mexican "bug juice" made from the root of a native plant. It has the color of olive oil, the taste of Irish whiskey with a sort of smoky farewell, and the intoxicating power of pure alcohol. Much of American whiskey is inferior to mescal.

On the return from Tia Juana at noon a lunch was served in the spacious grounds of Mr. Warren Kimball. Seasoned by the delightful hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Kimball, it was the crown of the day's entertainment. Long tables between fine olive trees were loaded with toothsome things, and the sunlight was not more cordial than the welcome tendered the guests, nor nearly so ardent as these same guests' appetites. Before we fell to, our president, Col. Ayers, of the Los Angeles Herald, returned thanks to our host. From the Colonel's grim mouth there flowed a piece of pure eloquence, as from some frowning shelf of rocks there sometimes bursts a stream of crystal water. In the afternoon the party, on another branch of the same railroad, went to Sweetwater dam. This is up the Sweetwater Valley, inland from National City 13 miles. A narrow canyon, into which the Sweetwater river stole after meandering through a charming little valley, has been dammed up and the valley submerged by an artificial lake covering 750 acres, and containing 6,000,000,000 gallons of water. The supply is sufficient to irrigate 20,000 acres of land and supply a city of 20,000 inhabitants, with no possibility of failure. The dam, a solid mass of granite and cement, over 800 feet long, 47 feet thick at the base, 90 feet high and 11 feet thick at the top, is an imposing structure and a monument to the skill of its builder, Mr. J. D. Schuyley, and to

the solid enterprise of the San Diego Land & Town Company, a part of whose vast property it is.

On Wednesday morning, after the prohibitionists had washed the frogs down their throats with tea, the International Company of Lower California embraced the party, and taking them on board the Manuel Dublan, a fine steamer that plies between San Diego and Ensenada, took them on a trip round the bay. A military band discoursed inspiring music, a number of ladies lent their charms to the occasion, editorial wit scintillated, and journalistic philosophy projected, and altogether the occasion was enrapturing to the inland mind. It seems that any direction you may take from San Diego will lead you amidst wonders. We went out upon the bosom of the peaceful sea, and we were not ill; yea, our breakfasts abided with us. In the afternoon the Association was the guest of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce, and inspected its display of the products of that wonderful county. What it cannot produce is more easily enumerated than what it can, only we are not advised of the things that do not belong to its resources. At this time there is little shipping in the bay. The room and accommodations are there to entertain the naval world. The regular meeting of the Association was held in the ball room of the Coronado Tuesday evening. The committee had wisely arranged so that business shouldn't interfere with pleasure.

FRAGMENTS OF THE FROLIC.

One of the diverting circumstances of the trip was the docility with which Pomona remained under the convoy of Santa Ana.

It was strange how adequate were the provisions against rattlesnakes. On the trip to Tia Juana a brakeman fell and dislocated a wrist. On the call for something to brace him up, as readily as a troop of knights would draw their flashing blades to relieve distress, a score of bottles came to light.

The dignity of the occasion was maintained by Col. Ayers and the redoubtable Baker, of Santa Ana. Col. Ayers upheld its grimness, while friend Baker was grotesque.

The absence of a consequential representative of the Los Angeles Times was noticeable. The Times' frantic efforts to be exclusive are ludicrous. The feat of lifting one's self by the straps of his boots is old. We can assure our majestic contemporary that there is no small pox among us. We deplore the fact that the journal which has the fortune to so nearly lead the profession among us, hasn't the grace to fly a pennant in our fleet.

Gov. Murray, of the San Diego Union, was a figure to observe. He might be a Hungarian nobleman, or in the waves of his silken beard might curl the resources of a Russian diplomat. He was a sufficient host, and the San Diego Union has readily responded to his masterful touch.

The ladies of the party illustrated the most precious perquisite of the editorial life. They were better looking than the men, and their grace accounts for the resignation with which the superior men in our profession endure its slender revenues.

The Association was rather abashed in the immense precincts of The Coronado. Hitherto we have been filling the quarters assigned us. In The Coronado's spacious ball room and dining room we dwindled into a handful. That noble hostelry ought to bid for a national convention.

Some sad-hearted committee devised a badge for the members of the Association, of black satin. Now if anybody is in grief, we are perfectly willing to sympathize and bedeck ourselves in the habiliments of woe; but until the grief does come, and especially when we are out on a pleasure excursion, we prefer to wear some less gloomy regalia.

Among the editors, we were glad to meet Dr. Stephen Bowers, of the Ventura Vidette. Dr. Bowers has been recommended by our Congressional Delegation for the office of Indian Inspector. We second the nomination heartily. He is a Californian, illuminated with California good sense on the Indian question. In an interview he assured us of his sympathy with our deplorable condition at Banning, and that should he receive a commission, one of his first acts will be to thoroughly investigate the Banning Reservation and do what he can for its righting. Dr. Bowers also favors the location of the insane asylum in our Pass. He knows the climate we have, and in his paper has been advocating our site. He is a scholarly, solid man, and not the least of the pleasures of the occasion was the acquaintance we contracted with him.

Testimony in North and Gird Suit.

Juan Garcia, another Spaniard, 59 years old, was in the San Gorgonio Pass in 1853. Has lived in this county 36 years. Knew Pauline Weaver. Went up on mining expedition in 1853. Rancho then at Weaver's. No Indians then at Potrero. Was there again 1854 and went by mouth of Potrero. No Indians there. In 1862 Indians were living in Potrero.

The next witness was Miguel Bustamenti, of this county, has lived here 37 years. 61 years old. Has known country about San Gorgonio since 1853. First saw the present site of Indian village in 1853. There was no village there then. Knew Pauline Weaver. He lived about eight miles more or less on this side. There was a rancho at Pauline Weaver's and one beyond at the Morongo. Was there in 1853, 1854, 1855 and 1858. Village there in 1860. Cross examination by Mr. Ward and Col. Preston. In 1853 the family of Dr. Smith lived at Pauline Weaver's place. The next time I went there Dr. Smith had moved to the foot of the mountain further east.

The leading witness for the respondents was reserved for the last. Mr. Frank Smith testified that he was born in 1845. Lives at Whitewater—is a ranchman. Moved into San Gorgonio Pass in 1853. Lived in 1853 with his father's family at Pauline Weaver's. In 1854 moved to present site of Highland Home—then known as Smith Ranch. In the summer of 1853 my father and I went to the Potrero looking after stock. There were no Indians there nor indications that any had lived there. There was a rancho just north of Banning in the Moore canyon. The other rancho was at Weaver's. They were made of tule and grass tied on poles. Moore creek was then called Big creek. In 1855 Indians first moved over to Potrero. They began moving from Weaver's and took vines with them and replanted them. I first knew Ajenio in 1853. He then lived north of Banning and at the Weaver Rancho. Ajenio moved to the Potrero in 1855 or 1856. I moved to Whitewater in 1860, and have been interested there since. I know Capt. Pablo. When we lived at Weaver's he lived at Old San Bernardino. He first lived in Potrero about 1860. The Indians formerly held their councils in our yard under Juan Antonio. I have seen 2500 or 3000 Indians at a council. I knew the Indian boys by name as boys know each other. We played together. The Indians had no surnames then. The only Indian I ever knew who had a surname was Juan Antonio.

Mr. Smith's testimony was very full and positive as to the non-residence of the Indians at the Potrero before 1855, and was full of interesting particulars that we have not space to detail.

To be clipped or not to be clipped, that's the question. But not the question which anyone now-a-days can decide for himself. There exists at present in this community a sort of Skull-and-Crossbones society. Its members having made

themselves hideous by sacrificing what little hair nature had found room to grow on their heads, seem to take huge delight in depriving everyone else of his comeliness by forcibly separating his head from his hair. The process by which these young men accomplish their object on their victim is extremely amusing to a spectator, and must be very distressing to the victim. For without any consideration for his clothes or for his feelings they crush him to the earth, and while four stalwart men hold him, the most hairless of their number, whom they always select as the clipper, approaches with the solemnity and awful bearing of an executioner. And beginning at the neck, all unmindful in his great haste whether the clippers are cutting or pulling out the hair, he makes a furrow the length of the poor victim's head. This done they kindly allow him to get up and pay barber Griffin two bits to finish the job. Now the devil wants it thoroughly understood that he is decidedly on the side of the clippers and always has been. The only time his sympathy has been enlisted on the other side was when an attack was made upon Editor Munson's silver-tinged locks. Separations are often heart-breaking. With what we have tenderly cared for and caressed for years, we grieve to part. It is strange that what we prize the most should so often be taken from us, and what we would miss the least should be left. Now Ye Editor was much attached to his hair. He had begun to be very proud of it—"Pride goeth before a fall"—and it was, indeed, a ruthless hand that did sever it from him, while mayhap a half inch of nose or a layer of cheek never would have been missed. The most piteous spectacle the devil ever looked upon was this selfsame editor, sitting in his sanctum a few hours after the catastrophe. His countenance was longer than it will take his locks to grow out again; pulled down over his shapely and now hairless head was a faded old slouch hat he must have worn in his boyhood's days, gloom and despair were written on his brow; and for once the gifted editor of THE BANNING HERALD could not find words in which to clothe his thoughts.

Our Luxuries.

Few people realize the luxury in which the average citizen of Banning lives. Most people are infatuated with the crowds and excitement of a city, mistaking them for pleasures. Shallow people are satisfied nowhere. You cannot get much into a half-pint cup. But for the man or woman who is clear-eyed enough to distinguish between the real gems and the paste imitations of comforts, Banning has a wealth of entertainment. First, everybody can afford to keep a horse and vehicle of their own. Feed is so plentiful and the climate requires so little provision for animals that it is within the means of every family to keep their own transportation. Now, no one thing can afford so much convenience and pleasure to a family as a horse and carriage. In cities, few people comparatively can enjoy this luxury.

Second, with one's horse and carriage in Banning, one can drive over splendid roads, through the greatest variety of noble scenery. What boulevard drive through the parks of any city can compare with a drive to Pine Bench, to San Jacinto, to Redlands, through the Yucaipe or to North & Gird's ranch? And where, from any city can horseback excursionists find such retreats as San Jacinto mountain and Grayback? We are in the midst of parks, infinite in variety and sublimity. Because we are not taxed to maintain our splendid landscape is no reason that they should not be appreciated with as much pride as San Franciscans exercise over their Golden Gate park.

Third, in Banning everybody who so chooses, can afford a place—i. e., an acre property. Nobody here ought to live on a lot. Land is so cheap that those who have homes at all can have large grounds,

And in this generous region a few acres means almost every luxury that the vegetable kingdom affords.

Fourth, in Banning everybody can have fresh fruits in season—fresh eggs, fresh milk, cream and butter. The great bulk of the world lives on stale things. Most people in the world who can have fresh fruits can have but a small variety. In Banning everybody can raise for himself a variety of fruit that is bewildering, if it is not absolutely exhaustive. The advantage of fresh poultry and dairy products, vegetables and fruit is, in our judgment, sufficient to turn the scale in favor of life in Banning in preference to any city life.

Fifth, in Banning there is the luxury of quiet and comparative peace. Noise is hideous. Crowds of men are repulsive. Cities reek in vice. Crime and calamity become colossal in centers of population. Pauperism is a canker on large bodies. Society is a tyrant in a city. In Banning we are free from all these things. One's ears are not outraged every minute of the day, nor his sympathy aroused to harrowing activity by sights of horror, nor his decency shocked by freaks of moral depravity.

Sixth, our air and our water and our climate perpetually and purely minister to us. Every breath we take is not the offal of some foul place. We know the pedigree of the water we drink; and no season visits us that is not a smiling one. Our winter, even, is green.

But we cannot hope to enumerate our luxuries. If contentment cannot reside in Banning bosoms, where can it hope to lodge?

Messrs. Hugh Carpenter and M. R. Wrton are bound to be great detectives some day. They are young men of extraordinary sagacity and courage. At the present writing they are somewhere out on the hot, dreary desert in search of the Oceanside murderer who has been in the San Diego jail ever since they started. We really hope they will not capture nor kill an innocent man, but we have our fears. We expect they will tell of hairbreadth escapes and bloody work if they return to town before they hear that their man has been caught. But if they happen to learn the true state of affairs before returning we don't anticipate that they'll have a word to say.

Journalists on a Jaunt.

Continued.

Last week we gave a brief account of the first two days' entertainment accorded the editors at San Diego. On Thursday morning the party boarded a train on the Cuyamaca railroad and went to the celebrated El Cajon valley. The Cuyamaca railroad is the new road to be built to connect with the Atlantic and Pacific and give San Diego more direct Eastern connection. It is said that the party who is backing the road lately bought a large block of Union Pacific stock. From San Diego, running a little north of east, the road leads through that mesa land that surrounds San Diego and is so productive when supplied with water. The soil is a red adobe, and is more scantily covered with vegetation in its natural state than the land around Banning. About 10 miles out Eucalyptus Pass, El Cajon valley bursts on the view. Circled by hills, level and occupied by many thriving ranches, as we descend into it, it seemed a veritable garden. The railroad extends clear to the head of the Pass, six miles beyond El Cajon, the village of the Pass proper, to Lakeside. Here was a spacious and imposing hotel, in whose dining room the editorial party of from 50 to 75 was comfortably and most bountifully cared for. The lands about the hotel are owned by a company whose enterprise is signified by the hotel and the improvements around. The present terminus of the railroad is at Lakeside, 20 miles from San Diego. On coming out from lunch a surprise was in store. The good people of the Pass had harnessed their bloodiest