

MARCH 9,

1889.

President Harrison's Cabinet.

Secretary of State—Jas. G. Blaine, of Maine.
Secretary of Treasury—Wm. Windom, of Minnesota.
Secretary of War—Redfield Proctor, of Vermont.
Secretary of Navy—Benj. F. Tracy, of New York.
Secretary of Interior—Jno. W. Noble, of Missouri.
Postmaster General—Jno. Wanamaker, of Pennsylvania.
Attorney General—W. H. H. Miller, of Indiana.
Secretary of Agriculture—Jeremiah Rusk, of Wisconsin.

A cabinet is not a representative institution. It is the President's prerogative to select for his advisors such men as he chooses, irrespective of locality. Gen. Harrison has made up his cabinet from a variety of considerations. Geography is not the basis of it. Mr. Blaine's appointment is in response to the demand of his great following. We regard Mr. Blaine as qualified to be an advocate rather than an executive and conservative diplomat. We want to see some American great enough to quit politics. The great climax of Mr. Blaine's career was the declination of the Presidential nomination last summer. We regret to see that climax marred by his acceptance of any office. But his great capacity is in the people's service. Mr. Windom is the fit appointment of the whole. Representing the great Northwest, having been Garfield's selection for the same place, and being abundantly capable and thoroughly honest, he is the right man. Gen. Tracy is the pontiff the President has applied to heal the chronic sore in New York. We hope the virtues of the application will cure the malady. He is a great man and his appointment is not simply soothing—it is entirely creditable. Mr. Miller is Gen. Harrison's law partner, and we doubt not his presence in the cabinet will give more personal satisfaction to the President than any man in it. That he was the law partner of Gen. Harrison is a complete guaranty of his fitness to be Attorney General of the United States. Gen. Noble was an army companion of Gen. Harrison and is the other man besides Mr. Miller whose choice was prompted by personal considerations. Mr. Wanamaker represents the business element of the country. His conspicuous success makes him a type of American business enterprise. He is a noted philanthropist. We trust he will inject a little more good business method into our postal service.

The Pacific slope really was not en-titled to a cabinet appointment—none the less it aspired to that honor with a spleen-pleasure in welcoming to these courtless did gall. We are sorry it did not succeed. It is a good working cabinet—sion, the law. In these peaceful haunts, a lawyer can lay aside his belligerence, unbing his dignity, and be a real jolly and trustworthy companion.

The New Administration.

Like one who, after wandering on strange shores and housing under alien roofs, comes back to the security and pence of home, the American people now find themselves under the shelter of a Republican administration. We have been on an odd excursion. For a time we abandoned old leadership, and took for our guide an amateur from Western New York. We are entirely ready to resume the leadership of a statesman. The four years' interim of experiment is enough. We have been led various ways, and have suffered much embarrassment and confusion. We are again on a highway, and plumed heads wave in the van.

When Benjamin Harrison became chief executive of the United States, we unfurled the banner of our national pride, and lifted it as high as our patriotism could reach. For four years it has been packed away; it is now on duty.

President Harrison's inaugural was a business-like manifesto. It is neither gorgeous in rhetoric nor prodigal in

promise. It has the unpretentious but sterling ring of business. Patriotism first has voice in some remarks anent the solemnity of the occasion, and our prodigious growth in the last century. Appropriately, the announcement of a policy begins by an avowal of adherence to the system of a protective tariff, for on that issue was he elected. The bugbear of a Southern policy was disposed of in the following nuggets of common sense. "I have altogether rejected the suggestion of a special executive policy for any section of the country. It is the duty of the executive to administer and enforce in the methods and by the instrumentalities pointed out and provided by the Constitution, all laws enacted by Congress. These laws are general, and their administration should be uniform and equal. At this point and in another part of the address, there is robust talk of election outrages. "The man who has come to regard the ballot box as a juggler's hat, has renounced his allegiance." "The freedom of the ballot is a condition of our national life, and no power vested in Congress or in the executive to secure or perpetuate it should remain unused upon any occasion." The spirit of the murdered Clayton would say amen to that. The most significant utterance of the whole was upon our foreign policy. The Monroe doctrine is announced in clear, unmistakable words. Our countrymen will be relieved to hear so definite and so firm a course laid out for our diplomacy.

The political dudes will be shocked to hear a President announce that "It is entirely creditable to seek public office by proper motives," and "Honorable party service will certainly not be esteemed by me a disqualification for public office." Good by "offensive partisanship!" Patriotism was never so maligned in the politics of this country as when Cleveland discovered partisanship to be offensive. It is refreshing to hear such good stalwart talk about civil service. No cant! no millinery—plain sense! Every Republican in this country can be a good Republican without offending a Republican President. Says Gen. Harrison of his civil service policy, "Retrospect will be a safer basis of judgment than promises." Beautiful conservatism that wastes no words in pledges and allows no testimony but acts! THE HERALD has invested its entire confidence in Gen. Harrison. We believe in his character; we believe in his ample ability; and we rise from a perusal of his inaugural perfectly satisfied with our investment.

J. W. Mastick, of Alameda, a light on the San Francisco bar, is at The Banning, and left for his Nevada home last Saturday. When we first came to Banning, a tottering pilgrim to this Mecca of pure air, we found the cheer of Mr. Longabaugh's genial personality the next best tonic to the climate. And ever since, at goodly intervals, our existence here has been enriched by his resourceful company. Is it good comradeship you want, good cheer, good help or good advice? You do not apply to Uncle Sam in vain. There is gold in both his head and heart. And we look upon his departing figure with genuine regret, made endurable by the faith that in time we shall number him among our neighbors.

Mr. M. G. Kelley and ye editor spent Friday night of last week in Los Angeles, and renewed their youth in listening to Modjeska's bewitching rendition of "Imogene." Nature was in a generous mood when she made Modjeska, and Fortune was kind to men when Modjeska became an actress. The stage serves more

purposes than those of morality or pure art. It is the public gallery wherein the world may see some of the finest specimens of the race. The physique of John McCullough was a spectacle in itself. Many people still derive joy from the remembrance of Neillson's loveliness. The beauty, the voice and the grace of Modjeska are precious possessions of ours to-day, cherished as dearly as the masterpieces of art. To the world she is an illustrious less jewel; to her art she is a vindictive disciple; to the stage her life is a vocation, and her career will be an unforgettable glory.

What Shall be Done with the Mission Indians?

Before entering upon any discussion of the policy to be pursued toward the Indians of Southern California, we should determine what are our relations to them—our authority, our object and our duty in our dealings as a government with them. In No. 11 of THE HERALD we said: "The great mistake of our whole Indian system lies in the fact that it is based on the idea of financial obligation to the Indian. What little right to property the Indian had, he was entitled to have protected. But it was inconsiderable, and entirely absorbed in the moral rights which sprung from his peculiar relations to the white man. When the white man stepped upon this continent and confronted the Red Man, there arose a mighty obligation for the white man to perform. The Red Man was his inferior and in his power. The necessities of humanity had decreed that no longer on this continent was there room for a nomad. The white man's obligations consisted simply in doing what would benefit the Indian most. It was not a matter of dollars, it was a matter of humanity. The Indian is a ward of the government. Beautiful ideal! But he is not a creditor of the government. The government owes him his moral welfare—an obligation infinitely superior to any financial one." In our idea of the government's moral obligation to the Indian, we place no limit to it but that of conscience and reason. His moral welfare comprehends his material welfare, as the ocean comprehends an island. A father is responsible for the training of his son. The amount of money he gives the son is of consequence only as it affects his character. It may be best to stint the son in money—indeed it generally is best. The father's object is not to make a rich man, it is to make a good man. The government's object should not be to make the Indian wealthy—the probabilities are that that would be to him a deadly harm. The government's object should be to make of the Indian a good citizen. The government's authority and duty toward the Indian comes from its superior power and intelligence, and the necessities of the situation; its object in dealing with him comes from its humanity. Thus premising we return to our query, What shall the government do with the Mission Indians?

First—they should be provided with homes. Each family should be allotted a definite piece of land whereon it may have its home. In allotting lands in severalty to the Mission Indians, three questions arise, to wit: How shall they be allotted, where, and in what quantity.

It seems unwise to give the Indian a fee simple title to his home, with free power of alienation. On the other hand, it makes him a serf to the soil or home-land if he has no power of selling and buying. The object would be to assure him a home, and if that can be done well. If his title were such that he might exchange it for an equally good home elsewhere, the purpose would be answered. Nobody would dare take advantage of him in an exchange, if the title to the Indian homestead depended on the fairness of the exchange. By making his home exchangeable in this way, he cannot sell it for anything else but another home, nor is he such an ineradic-

able fixture that his own or the public necessities cannot be accommodated. At present we believe all the Indian settlements are within reserved public lands. In locating homes, the Indian's present location and home attachment should be considered, and the advantages of soil and water. The permanency of an Indian's home depends more on his attachment to it than on the natural advantages of the site. We do not believe the Mission Indians as a people will make their homes the sources of their support. In selecting sites therefore, we believe the wishes of the Indians should be consulted. If this be done, there will never be any massing of the Mission Indians. A herd of Indians like a herd of cattle or of boys are not as amenable to good influences and management as they are in fewer numbers. The more they are scattered, the more surface they expose to the influence of the white man's better living. Another matter to be considered is the wishes of their white neighbors. In our last issue we emphasized the importance of kindly relations between the Indians and whites; and in settling the Indian question it should be so adjusted if possible as to leave no occasion for friction between them. There is plenty of public land, and an adjustment might be possible that would be satisfactory to all. How much land should be allotted to each Indian is a question to be carefully considered. Difference in locality, differences in the occupations of the people must be considered. But one thing must be determined, and that is whether land shall be allotted the Indians on the theory that they are farmers or laborers. That is a question for those to decide who are called thereto. If the Indian will till the soil and support himself on a farm, give him an adequate ranch. If he will not farm, but allows his land to lie idle; if he is only a laborer, capable of working for daily wages, then a farm would not only be wasted on him, but would be a constant obstacle to his diligence in earning wages. Our humble judgment is that the Mission Indians are not farmers and will not be made so. They are not provident. A farmer sells his crops in large lumps, and must live on the proceeds until the next season. The profligacy of the Indian would prompt him to spend the proceeds of a harvest at once, and leave him without provision till the next year. We believe the best course for the Indian to pursue is to labor for wages—earning from day to day his sustenance, and learning from his white employer the various industries. And we believe that the allotment of Indian homes should be made in view of their capacity as wage earners. There is no greater drawback to the Indian's progress than their old communal system that is recognized and perpetuated in our reservations. Individual ownership is the greatest spur to accumulation and industry. And the quicker the change is effected from the system of common property to one of severalty ownerships the better.

Besides giving the Indian a home, the government should provide in the most liberal manner for his education. It should also provide him with the best legal talent for advice and maintenance of his rights. The limits of this article will not permit of our enlarging on these two provisions. That we defer until some later issue.

Candidates for Our Pulpit.

Some officious person took it upon himself last week to direct to Banning a minister seeking a "field." The man came with his wife, threw himself on our tender mercies, occupied the pulpit, accepted as presents his board bill and tickets to Colton and left. Now, we have an entirely competent committee to select for us a minister. The probabilities are that our depravity is not so near moral gangrene that we cannot wait until the committee has made a selection. And we beg to suggest to such persons as have our spir-

itual comfort at heart, that if they know of a minister who in their judgment will suit us, the proper method of proceeding is to put our committee in communication with him. We do not want to have precipitated upon ourselves all the theological asteroids that are wandering about through this patch of space.

The many friends of Mrs. D. O. Barto, who spent a part of last winter in Banning, will be shocked to learn of her death. She died at Los Angeles on Monday night. She had been an invalid for two years, and for some time has been aware that her malady was fatal. Death anywhere is a hard fact to realize; but there are some spirits so bright that our minds utterly refuse to attach to them the silence of the grave. Mrs. Barto was one of these. She was made for joy; grief had no affinity with her. She religiously buried her cares and kept their graves covered with flowers of cheerfulness and content. During her last days her wonted brightness let no one know that she walked in the awful shadow. In her the world lost a gentle, gracious woman, of the kindest tact, the nicest culture and a sparkling wit. She knew the art of companionship. Her friends in Banning join with her friends elsewhere in the sincerest grief at her death.

Mr. Jno. Tutain is up from Mission Creek where he now makes his home. He brings some gamey yarns. He reports that in three nights himself and companions and dogs killed 17 wildcats. We have no fish stories to vend from this arid country, but on wildcats we are at home. We tender the above statement as a starter.

The Crematory at Los Angeles.

Our original barbarism clings to us more in the disposition of our dead than it does even in war. We know of no savage people whose treatment of their dead compares in repulsiveness and horror with our own. What do we do? We put them in the ground. The grave is a cold, dark, damp, worm-infested tenement that every soul contemplates with inexpressible dread. The process of dissolution in the grave is the most offensive we can conceive. And it is prolonged a hundred times the period that would complete it in the air. The ghastly things that lie under the fancy landscape garden of the cemeteries of this country would fill our streets with gibbering maniacs, could they be adequately conceived. The fact is, that the grave is the resort of our cowardice; we get the dead out of our sight, and think we are done. It is our method of shirking our responsibility to the dead. Custom and habit have given to our method of burial a fictitious sanctity. The bald fact is that we put people in the ground simply to get them out of our sight; and once there we do not care, nor do we dare to think on their situation.

When a man dies, his body must return to the original elements. That process must take place. All the service we can do to the dead is to so treat them that our memory of them living be not ghostified by the facts about them dead. By our method of burial, we attach to the recollection of every one who dies, the odor of putrescence. No man of imagination can contemplate his departed friends free from the awful consciousness of dust. We owe it to the living who must contemplate death; we owe it to those bereft, who must contemplate their dead, to make the final dissolution of the body a decent process. There is but one practical way to do this—that is by cremation. It shortens the process to the minimum of time. In three hours it does what the grave prolongs for years; and it leaves a residue clean and contemptible. Picture two fathers, each of whom within a few months has lost a beautiful daughter. One was cremated, the other buried in the ground. As each father sits alone at the midnight hour, contrast the subjects of their thoughts. To one no hideous

thing exists. The utterly gone like a converted into a thought that float in a shadow on his child as a shadow rowed by any awfully with the other. I things in life, and our prejudices—the is so slowly accept that there is a California. At L ization known as of Southern Cali Sinsabaugh is pro Moyné Wills is grandson of Dr. I ton, Pa., who built America. Dr. I means, and of a been attached to way," and noted f advocated cremat self a private crem incinerated was the Hungarian exile wife of Ben. Pittu cremated, and in Moyné himself. at Washington, P. Dr. Le Moyné's service of the re Two years ago the Southern California much like the one purpose was to ha families' use, and mulgate their view Rosedale cemetery. The building is 24x7 feet, of sim a portico and pill rooms, a plainly-fu in front, and the the reception room and have services during the proces like. The furnac It is of ordinary f ducted by flues al it escapes. The over the furnace, ceive any body. is an aperture wh as to come into th srmed before em The oven has d with fire-brick. I ture or window through which th combustion can windows have li must be lifted w Bodies are usuall fins. It is suffici them wrapped in alum water. It i the coffin and al society must be n in advance, so th heated. It is qu ready, and entai A heat of 2000 °C The sheet of alu as it is being put oven. The fee i The expense of great that it req crematory is not and is maintaine accommodation cremated here. days to prepare fuel used is the k must be careful sumed in from o first half hour of body through th after that time, t heat, and the sk ashes drop. The form of a bra bouquet that lay in ashes, and cou bones do "not c residue is not ash