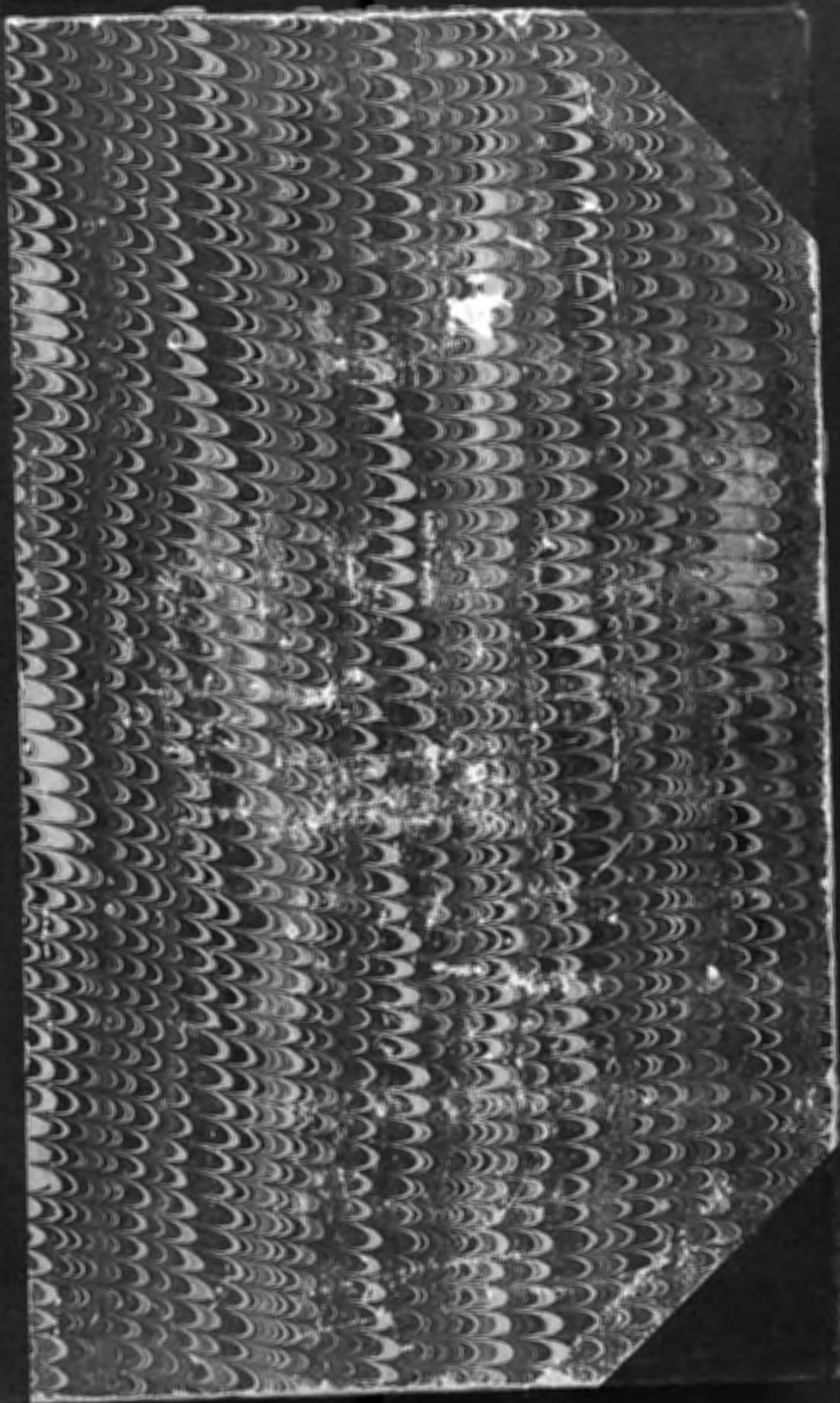


Comp
59



33074
California Scrapbook
59 post-ink



THE HOME OF PREHISTORIC AMERICANS
Anthropologists are not the only ones who find interest in the pueblos of the southwestern Indians, the principal tribes of which, the Teos and Hopi, are still living in community houses built by their forbears centuries ago. Probably nothing of greater interest to the traveler can be found in a summer's journey than the pueblos of Arizona and New Mexico.

Views of the news

By MANCHESTER BODDY

Monday, February 10, 1941

DEATH VALLEY, Calif. — Well, we've turned old McGinty out to pasture in the little oasis where Furnace creek loses itself in the desert; we've hung the nosebag on a peg where it won't get chewed to shreds by pocket mice and pack rats.

With profound regrets we are leaving the desert.

Our one consolation is that when we return—even though it be in the physical form of some member of a generation yet unborn—the desert will be here almost exactly as we leave it today.

I don't know that I would want to say as much for the city toward which I am heading, but even if I did, I would be guilty of wishful thinking unjustified by any rational basis of probability.

ONE of the many lessons the desert has taught me may be worth recording.

At first, like others, I was overwhelmed with the vastness of the open spaces, the ruggedness and height of the mountains and the extravagant display of color.

Then, as the days passed, I became fascinated with the "little" things.

Even the tiniest fragment of rock has a story to tell.

I can understand now what a scientist like Don Curry at Caltech means

when he says he would be happy to spend his life on this particular bit of the earth's surface.

He finds the story of creation told in the beautiful sign language of the rocks.

He finds mystery stories too: late chapters of the life

history of the earth buried beneath chapters written tens of millions of years earlier.

Then there is the desert's beloved French Gilman, one of California's few really great botanists.

Nothing, apparently, can lure him away from his desert.

He knows every shrub and every plant, it would seem, but like the true scientist he is, he is aware only of how little he knows and of how much there is to learn.

Here in his nursery he works with his native plants—not even deserting them in summer when practically all others, including the desert Indians, retreat to the cool shade of the pinon trees high in the Panamints.

NOT everyone can live on the desert. But practically everyone can develop a "hobby"—and a very useful one, too.

And that is the lesson the desert has taught me.

The automobile, the airplane, the radio have given this generation a shocking view of great spaces.

But they have diverted its eyes and mind from the "little" things close at hand; the earth beneath its feet—the shrubs and flowers by the side of the road.

If a man is to enjoy a degree of life satisfaction and maintain a balanced, wholesome attitude toward life during these strenuous days, he must compensate for what the automobile, the airplane and the radio have taken out of his life, by developing a hobby that will bring him back to the interesting earth.

Hear Manchester Boddy tomorrow night at 9:15 on radio station KFI.

SOCIETY

Forty-second Wedding Anniversary Celebrated

A dinner party honoring Mr. and Mrs. M. French Gilman on their forty-second wedding anniversary was held Saturday evening at the Gilman Home ranch with Miss Mabel Gilman as hostess.

Covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. Gilman, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Nelson, Miss Anna Martin, Louis Morris, W. L. Chase and Miss Gilman.

August 16, 1899, M. French Gilman took as his bride the very charming and much loved teacher at the government school on the Morongo reservation, Miss Sarah Morris, and through 42 years of sunshine and shadow, they have faced the world together happy in their love. Their romance was one of the sweetest love stories of early Banning.

The two have much in common to make their life together happy. Both are interested in church work, improvement of the Indians, the beautiful in nature, and both have been teachers. Mr. Gilman served for one year as principal of the school at North Ontario, now Upland; and Mrs. Gilman taught in Missouri before coming to Banning, and at a number of Indian reservations, where her husband was located after their marriage.

Mr. Gilman entered the Indian service in 1906 and served in various capacities and at a number of reservations until 1916 when he and Mrs. Gilman returned to Banning.

The Gilman home on North Eighth street was one of the show places in the city until Mr. Gilman entered the government service as botanist at Death Valley National monument several years ago. Both Mr. and Mrs. Gilman took great pride in growing choice and unusual plants and trees.

Through the years Mr. Gilman has carried on botanical and ornithological research work and received considerable recognition, some of his writings having been printed by the department of ag-

riculture and distributed throughout the land. He has received much encouragement from his wife, who is very proud of her husband and the work he has done in the field of science.

Mr. Gilman, in turn, has delighted in his wife's ability to be an excellent homemaker and community leader at the same time; and with that old time courtesy, which is rare in the present generation, shows the same thoughtful attentiveness to his bride of forty-two years ago that he did on their wedding day.

The entire community will join in congratulations to this much loved couple.

INDEX.

A	B	B
B	C	C
D	D	E

INDEX.

S	S	S
T	U V	W
W	W	X Y Z

F
 A
 ar
 th
 ve
 ni
 wi
 ess
 Mr
 Ne
 Mo
 ma
 ma
 cha
 at
 Mo
 Mo
 sun
 face
 in t
 one
 of e
 T
 to n
 Bot
 wor
 dian
 both
 Gilr
 prin
 Onta
 Gilr

THE HERALD

OF BANNING, CALIFORNIA.

Louis Munson.

THE MISSION INDIANS.

We propose to give to our readers the facts of the Indian situation in this locality. This article will be confined to a brief account of the Mission Indians in general. Next week we shall treat of the Indians of this Pass, and later, of the government policy toward them.

The Indians of Southern California are an inglorious people. The first records we have of them represent them as inferior, physically and intellectually. Like the climate of the region, their characters are devoid of extremes. They have renown neither for prowess in war, nor eloquence in council. The strain of nobility was never in them. They are different from all other Indian tribes on the continent. And this point is to be borne in mind. We are speaking of the Mission Indians of Southern California. All we say is of them alone. What the government's policy should be toward the Apaches of Arizona, we are not now saying, although we would be glad to have power long enough to compass the absolute extermination of that tribe of fiends. But between the Apaches and the Mission Indians is a hemisphere of difference. The Mission Indians are a distinct people, of peculiar traits and requiring special treatment from the government. As a people, history delineates them as the commonest of heathen.

They get the name Mission from the fact that, for a period of about fifty years, extending from about 1780 to 1830, they were a sort of voluntary serfs to the great Mission establishments of Southern California. The

Missions along this coast, from San Francisco to San Diego, twenty-one in number, the dismantled remains of which are to-day the only historical monuments to be seen, were founded by the Franciscan Monks. The one at San Diego was established in 1769, and that of San Francisco in 1776. The Missions had large landed possessions, herds of cattle, sheep and horses, vineyards and orchards, and there were attached to them schools, a sort of nunneries for the Indian girls, workshops, storehouses, chapels, and the entire equipment of a community. The Indians became converted to the Catholic religion, and lived attached to the Missions in a patriarchal commune. They did the labor, being guided and instructed by the Monks, and accumulated vast wealth for the Missions. In 1834 the Santa Cruz Mission property was estimated at \$97,361.96. In the year 1830 the government of Mexico acknowledged a debt due the Missions of \$400,000. In 1834 the Missions raised 122,500 bushels of grain, and had 424,000 head of cattle. There were then 30,600 souls attached to the Missions. The Mexican government gradually confiscated the Mission property, and in 1831, the priests abandoned them.

The Mission Indians to-day are as civilized as the low Italians or Bohemians of our cities. They wear ordinary American clothes, and look like mulattoes. Nearly all speak a mongrel Spanish, all speak their own Indian dialect, and some speak English. They live in villages or settlements scattered over the country. The men work on ranches and at common labor, and occasionally a squaw can be secured to do domestic work. They subsist on all sorts of food, according to their means, from acorns to beef. We regard them a little more reliable than workmen of other nationalities of the same grades of intelligence. Of course there are exceptional men among them who have dignity and considerable honor, but the bulk of them is of

the common run of humanity. They can be distinguished from other men of the same grade in few things. They have that stolidity characteristic of their race. Indians haven't the tongue facility—they understand all the uses of silence. They are perfectly harmless and have hardly any firearms. Their homes are adobe, frame or thatched according to their condition. But the faintest trace of religion is left with them. Every man who can, owns one of their breed of small horses, begins to ride it at two years old, and stoves it up just as soon as hard riding and neglectful treatment can do it. Generally the men ride and the women walk. The Mission Indian, as a type is eminently uninteresting. He never heard of thrift or providence. He possesses his rude home, mayhap some scrawny ponies and lives like a bird on the featune of the hour. He has not the humor, and emotion and ambition of the Negro, nor the industry of the Chinaman, yet he has all the faults of both.

There are five main tribes of the Mission Indians, namely, the Seranos, the Digenos, the San Luis Reys, the Coahuillas and the Owongos. They are found scattered through the valleys of San Bernardino and San Diego counties. The inhabitants of each village have a name of their own, generally borrowed from the locality. The Mission Agency headquarters at Colton, has charge of all Indians in a tribal state, South of San Francisco. Besides the Mission Indians in this Agency are the Tule River Indians and the Yuma Indians. There are in all 3127 Mission Indians, according to this year's census. In 1873 there were said to be 4000 Mission Indians. There are nineteen reservations of government lands in California for Indians, nearly all being in San Bernardino and San Diego counties. The Indian Agent is charged with the care of the Indians, the protection of their reservations from trespass, the maintenance of their schools, the enforcement of the laws prohibiting the selling of

liquor to them, and exercises a general guardianship over them. Through him, the government furnishes them at times with seeds and agricultural implements. At the Indian Agency is a physician and a superintendent of schools. As we purpose next week describing in detail the Potrero Indians in this Pass and their mode of life, that will illustrate their tribal government and other features of their life that otherwise would be appropriate here. Between the Mission Indians and the Mexican laborers among us, we see no difference. They are not dangerous, nor helpless nor romantic, and are worthy of public attention not for anything uncommon about them, but because of the extraordinary policy of the government toward them.

The bulk of the Potrero Indians belong to the tribe of Soranos. There are Coahuillas among them. It is said by some that the Coahuillas are a branch of the Soranos. No other tribes than these are represented among the Potrero Indians.

When a crime is committed among them, the culprit is brought before the captain, and in more serious cases before the chief. There is sometimes a trial by jury—the jury being selected by the friends of the accused and of the prosecution agreeing upon certain jurors. Punishment is inflicted by means of a fine, or by whipping with a raw hide on the bare back. In case of theft, the culprit is compelled to return the stolen property, and take his punishment. The sheriffs execute the sentences of whipping. Fifty dollars is a heavy fine, and fifty lashes is a severe punishment, although sometimes 100 are given. The victims have been known to faint from the terrible punishment. Murder is now left to the State and Federal authorities, but in early days, hanging was frequently done pursuant to a sentence of the chief.

The Indians are mongamists, and the marriage ceremony by the chief or

captain is simple. The parties are asked whether they desire to be man and wife and are so pronounced, in the presence of witnesses, and dismissed with fatherly advice. Divorces are granted on any grounds that the chief, captain and alcaldes consider sufficient. Upon a decree of divorce, the property and children are divided according to the chief's best judgment. Immediately after divorce, the parties are free to marry again. Not so with widows and widowers. They must remain single for a year after they are bereft, and a violation of this law is punished with a heavy fine, and the parties compelled to separate. Unchastity is tried and punished, if complained of by the family of the guilty party. If one man runs away with another man's wife, he is followed and brought back and severely punished. On the whole, this patriarchal rule of a chief, according to no written code, but by the dictates of that sense of justice that pervades the breast of humanity, is admirable in its simplicity. The more complicated system of administering justice among civilized men, at its best, is the instrument of much injustice, and seems cumbersome and unwieldy beside this direct and simple code of the Mission Indians.

The men of the Potrero Indians are tolerable laborers, and are hired extensively on the ranches about the Pass. The Banning Land and Water Companies nearly always have some Indians in their employ, and in the course of a year pay them a large sum of money. They are paid about 25 cents per day less than white men. But none of them labor for the love of it. While the heads of families at the Potrero are usually tinkering about their places at some job, the unmarried and young men are inveterate loafers. They lie about the village, or ride to Banning and stand about the streets, by the day. They will hang about the school-room, and even inside and stand in stolid attention to the work, for hours. The women are

untidy in their housework and are idle and lazy.

The only hopeful feature about the Indians, and the one sensible thing about the Government's policy toward them, is the school. We can account for this extraordinary exception to the universal stupidity which characterizes the Governmental Indian policy in this section, by considering that the necessity of education was so simple and self-evident a proposition that it got into the Governmental mind—usually closed to less obvious although equally valuable suggestions. The school at the Potrero is a success. By some accident, the teacher selected by the authorities is a good one. Miss Sarah Morris, the young lady in charge of the school, to begin with, is a thorough woman—a thing too rare in these days of insipid young women. She is entirely competent, enthusiastic, and conscientiously interested in her work. There are thirty scholars in attendance. They are very tractable and teachable. Ready in penmanship—indeed superior to white children in that branch, they progress in their studies satisfactorily. The great difficulty is to overcome their natural stolidity and shyness. The pupils who talk English easily in the school work, cannot be induced to say a word outside. In inelegant weather Miss Morris is compelled to stay at the Potrero, and the entire lack of sociability of the Indian is shown by the fact that not a woman in the place ever visits her or pays her a womanly attention.

The Indians in the Pass are not troublesome, they are useful. The labor of the men is in demand, and there is a crying want for domestic service from the women. But few squaws can be gotten who will or know how to do housework.

We cannot close our account of these Indians without mentioning, and making our acknowledgments to Capt. Jno. Morongo, the Government interpreter. We are indebted to him for

much information, most courteously given. We believe him to be a thorough gentleman, and regard his influence over the Potrero Indians, of whom he is practically chief, as most wholesome.

In our next issue we shall show the policy of the Government toward the Potrero Indians.

The word potrero means meadows, and all over Southern California are fertile spots, frequently at the mouths of some canyons through which run streams, that are called potreros. The Potrero in this Pass, where the Indian village is located, and from which this particular congregation of Indians take their name, is about four miles North-east of Banning at the mouth of Jost Canyon. No finer body of land is in the whole Pass than that which surrounds the Village. Level, moist and inexhaustibly fertile, under intelligent cultivation, it could be made a Paradise. Here exist the Potrero Indians. About twenty homes make the entire settlement. Two or three of them are adobe houses, whitewashed and rather neat; others are of lumber or boards, and still others of thatch entire. All are small. The thatch houses are simple in construction. Poles are set in the ground at the corners and about the sides at intervals. Rushes and reeds from the swampy ground are laid parallel an inch or two thick, and tied with twigs and bark into a sort of matting. This is fastened around the posts, with above width, overlapping until a wall is made from five to seven feet high. The thatched roof is on the same plan. The village straggles for a third of a mile up and down the stream. There are no regular streets. A wagon road wanders alone, but by paths lead you from house to house. About most of the homes is an irregular patch of ground, enclosed with a primitive fence. The fence is made by sticking limbs or poles into the ground for posts, and stringing on them light poles and branches, which are tied to

the posts with willow twigs. The fence wouldn't turn any enterprising animal. There are no animals, except the ponies and a few cattle, to demand a fence. We never saw a hog about the place. Dogs infest it like vermin. The ground enclosed, never exceeding ten acres, and generally less than five, is in some cases in alfalfa, sometimes in garden—mainly beans. There are one or two orchards, and some vines, but there is no cultivation worth mentioning. It is the merest trifling. The village life, as it appears to a stranger, is the essence of monotony and stolidity. We never saw the place when a dozen old squaws could not be seen squatting about. An ordinary squaw can outsit the most maternal hen on earth. She drops into a heap as graceless as a half-filled bag of barley, and there she sits, not merely by the day, but by the generation. A red bandanna about the head, a calico dress and shoeless feet make a not enticing vision. Indian women, when not too old, have one grace that their more civilized sisters might well imitate. They are as straight as poplars, and carry their heads high and proudly. They wear no hats or bonnets, but have the Mexican way of throwing a colored shawl over their heads, and we have in mind one Indian woman who has the carriage of a Roman matron. They are not pretty in their youth, but we have seen mature females that were fairly comely. In the matter of chastity they are neither better nor worse than other people on their plane of intelligence. Besides the Indians in the village there are a few families scattered about within three or four miles, and a few tramps down in San Bernardino valley who are classed with the Potrero Indians. In all they number 219 souls. Pickaninnies, papooses, animated mummies, bucks, squaws and all, the Potrero Indians muster but 219; yet that is a sufficient number to provoke from the milky bosom of this munificent Government enough puling nonsense to

cripple the business and interfere with the comfort of every inhabitant of the Pass, while at the same time it paralyzes every aspiration of every Indian interested.

These 219 Indians are comprised in about thirty families.

There is preserved among the Indians a government and social organization of their own, by which all matters among themselves are regulated. Just now there is no chief at the Potrero, but a call has been issued for a council to elect one to-night. The chief is the supreme authority among the Indians. He is the Judge to whom cases are appealed from the captain; he is the counsellor of his people, and the respect for his authority which pervades the Indians, considering their

lack of discipline, is astonishing. Next in authority to the chief is the captain. This office is held at the Potrero by an Indian known as Pablo. Next to the captain are two alcaldes. These alcaldes, the captain and the chief form the judiciary of the community. Matters of controversy are presented first to the alcaldes. Civil difficulties, if not too important, are settled by them. Criminal matters and graver civil ones are taken by the alcaldes before the captain, and if his decision is unsatisfactory, or if he is unable to decide, they are taken to the chief. There are two sheriffs whose duties correspond to those of constables. Debts are collected and punishments inflicted among themselves in ordinary cases, entirely independent of State or Federal law. If a debtor neglects to pay, his creditor goes before the alcaldes and the debtor is brought before them by the sheriff. If they determine the debt to exist, the debtor is compelled to make an inventory of his property, and is given a certain time within which to pay the debt. In default of payment within the time, the sheriff seizes and sells enough of his property to pay the indebtedness.

Dr. Dorchester's Visit.

Dr. Daniel Dorchester, accompanied by his wife, under the local guidance of Prof. Beach, was in Banning visiting the Indian school at the Potrero on Wednesday. Dr. Dorchester is the National Superintendent of Indian schools. He is a Sunday-school-aspected individual, of a type very common in the Indian service, but withal a genial and intelligent gentleman. He is engaged in a tour of inspection of the Indian schools. He has visited about one-quarter of the schools under him, and has been eleven months doing it. The job involves a very agreeable jaunt at the government's expense from one end of the Union to another, and will probably result in a voluminous report—valuable for its information and instructive in its suggestions—which but few likely will read, and the Doctor's successor likely will ignore. In the course of a very interesting interview, the Doctor spoke in terms of the highest commendation of Miss Morris and her work at the Potrero. He said she was doing some of the best work in the entire department. This is no news for us here. We respectfully recommend to the Doctor, and to all in authority in his department, to come and sit at Miss Morris' feet, and they will learn more about Indian education in a week than all the conferences at Mohony from now till doomsday will teach them. The Doctor finds the government schools making better progress than the contract schools. As to exporting Indians to Virginia and Pennsylvania and polishing them up under pressure, and then returning them to their people to tarnish again, the doctor has a level head. He is in favor of educating the Indians on his reservation and among his people if possible. The Doctor seems to have the pedagogues' notion that grammar and physiology and decimal fractions will regenerate the Indians, but favors mixing these cure-alls with some industrial training. He says the prospect for an Industrial school for Indians in this section is not good. One will come in time, but he hardly thinks Gen. Vandever's bill for the school will pass. The Catholic school here will not receive any government aid unless Commissioner Morgan changes his present policy. The Doctor is from New England, we believe, impresses you with his conviction that he has tasted of the tree of knowledge somewhat like all good New Englanders, and is just about what we expected to see.

Rank Misinformation.

The prime difficulty in securing satisfactory Indian legislation is the prevalent and prevailing ignorance of Congressmen on the subject—dense as midnight gloom and undissipatable as the impalpable potencies of a plague. It is assumed that the citizens of the regions where Indians live do know their characters, their wants and their possibilities. If they do not, who on earth can? But our experience in the matter is that the aforesaid assumption is true only in the most limited sense. For instance, we have not seen a ranker ignorance on the subject of the Mission Indians displayed anywhere than has found utterance in the press of Southern California. We are reminded of this fact by a characteristic article which appeared in the San Bernardino *Courier* of last week. It recited a state of affairs among the Indians of this Reservation that was as far from the truth as if the account had emanated from the fancy of a writer in Egypt. The article involved a bitter attack on Agent Rust and Capt. John Morongo, and glorified young Will Pablo, who has been aspiring to the captaincy of this Rancharie. The simple facts are that a few of the Indians here have elected Will Pablo to be the Captain of this village. The agent has refused to recognize him. Young Pablo is notoriously unfit for the place. He has deserted a good wife and refused to support her; has advised his followers to have nothing to do with the farming implements which the government has furnished for the use of these Indians, and to keep their children away from the government school, and not to have any communication with the teacher (who, by the way, is a most exemplary Christian young lady, devoted to her work, full of self-sacrifice, has for three years lived and labored among all these Indians like a ministering angel and up to this difficulty has maintained a flourishing school and a most wholesome influence). We have no disposition to defend Agent Rust from the general charges preferred against him by the Indians. In these they all joined, John Morongo among the rest. We know nothing about them. Nor are we defending John Morongo generally. In this special matter, however, wherein the *Courier* gets so violent, we know of our personal knowledge that Maj. Rust and Jno. Morongo

were absolutely right, that the side espoused by the *Courier* is perniciously in the wrong, and that with a blind recklessness, not uncommon in that unreliable journal, the *Courier* has exploited its fevered rhetoric about a matter of which it knew nothing.

The *Redlands Facts* is another ignoramus in the premises. It says in the course of an article on the Indian Commission: "For instance, a portion of the town of Banning is on land owned by the Indians, the white people having no claim to a title." That is a bald, unvarnished lie. All the town of Banning is on land duly patented by the government, and the white people of the town of Banning have as clear a title to their homes as have the white people of Redlands. Moreover there is not an Indian within 10 miles of Banning who has a shadow of title to a single foot of land for which deplorable fact the Government of the United States is primarily and exclusively responsible. If you propose to exercise yourselves, gentlemen, on our Indian question, come up and learn something about it, and quit guessing and being duped.

Redlands is doing the coy act now. Somebody has suggested the removal of the county seat to that young colony and it has set her bosom all a flutter. She does not want to appear anxious. It would be unmaidenly to be forward in the premises, but her stays can hardly contain her palpitations. "You want me to be your capital" says she, and casts an adorable look at the questioner. "Isn't San Bernardino a nice old lady," and a roguish twinkle in her eye as she changes the posture of her voluptuous young figure challenges comparison. "Of course it would be an honor, and I would try to be worthy of it," pursues this witching creature, with a demure drooping of the lids, "but you know the old lady and I are friends—at least, we have been lately," and the wickedest little smile steals out at the suggestion of an affinity so impossible. "Oh, I oughtn't to think of it, but it was awfully kind of you to mention it," with another killing look. "It would be awfully jolly though, wouldn't it, but—" etc., etc., chatters on the excited Miss. Well, far worse things could happen this county than selecting as its capital and bride that young won-

ember: "There is prevailing in this pass at this time a spell of weather that must tempt angels to leave the asphodel-starred shores of their high abode. The sunshine is as warm and comforting as a mother's love; the shade as refreshing as a summer shower. The nights are resplendent with moonshine. Through the day there sweeps by the breath of the desert, smooth and furred like a seal's skin. At night faint stirrings of the medicinal ether that serves us for an atmosphere suggest the whirr of spirit wings and the voices of angel visitants. The hills approach in their distinctness, and like devotees in the confessional lay bare their every fault. The dark line of the hill crests against the lucid sky as distinct as penciling on ivory. From matin bell to matin bell every hour is a sweet legacy, and sleep is a robber who despoils us of so many hours of glory."

a Democratic Assemblyman impossible, and to effect such object the man who drew the line of demarkation perpetuated one of the most scandalous gerrymanders on record. Why, The Needles and Calico are tucked onto Riverside. Geographically, the lines of the Assembly districts are the most misshapen abortions that geometrical madmen ever conceived. They run here, there, everywhere. They gouge hither, gyrate thither, jump in, around, about, through, backward, forward—are now circular, then coil upon themselves like a writhing eel; bend in, bulge out, double and twist, advance and retreat, loop into into labyrinths, and, in fact, run chaotically in gerrymandering insatiety of partisan hoggishness.—*San Bernardino Courier*.

We had made a few mild criticisms on the Assembly districts but we did not suppose that they were any such monstrosities as this. We trust that Messrs. Streeter and Lynch will not lose any sleep contemplating these "misshapen abortions," "writhing eels," and "gyrating circles" into which they have divided the county. The *Courier's* description makes us shudder, but we presume the county will survive this infliction of geometrical and geographical madness.—*Record*.

There is prevailing in this Pass at this time a spell of weather that must tempt angels to leave the asphodel-starred shores of their high abode. The sunshine is warm and comforting as a mother's love, the shade as refreshing as a summer shower. The nights are resplendent with moonshine. Through the day there sweeps by the breath of the Desert, smooth and furred like a seal's skin. At night faint stirrings of the medicinal ether that serves us for an atmosphere suggest the whirr of spirit wings and the voices of angel visitants. The hills approach in their distinctness, and like devotees in the confessional lay bare their every fault. The dark line of the hill crests against the lucid sky is as distinct as penciling on ivory. From matin bell to matin bell every hour is a sweet legacy, and sleep is a robber who despoils us of so many hours of glory.

ing's Natural Distinctions.

Plain stretched from where off to the south for 20 miles, the area was as fertile as our land, it would be a positive gain to this town. For it would not an inconsiderable fragment of a very considerable country, all of which was as good as Banning. As it is those piling foothills down there stop the unrolling of our marvelously fruitful fields, and fence them in as if they were predestined for divine preserves. Walled by noble mountains to the north and south and limited by the Desert's cloth of gold on the east, this valley lies like a rich robe hemmed and embroidered by the incomparably sublime needlework of nature. It is defined in extent, limited and set before the world signally. There is so much of it and no more. You can look up from the coast 100 miles away at San Jacinto's Peak and know that Banning nestles at her base. Our watch-towers signal clear across the State. Few people realize that the San Geronio Pass is the only great highway through the Sierra Nevada and Coast Mountains for a thousand miles of their length. This Pass is one of the features of American geography. Add to this geographical and topographical importance further happy attributes; that the gently sloping floor of the Pass is naturally so even that most of the fruit land put out this season needed no grading at all to make it irrigable; that its altitude gives an excellence to its deciduous fruit that can be equaled only in mountain districts comparatively inaccessible; that its climate is on a great trunk line for the East and doubtless will be on another; that it has a water supply unsurpassed in purity and reliability, and the combination is irrefragable. The Creator distinguished Banning and her future is secure.

Poor Galway.

From its foundation there has been associated with THE HERALD a bright and beautiful little mare yecept "Galway." On Saturday last she was burned to death in the fire elsewhere described. To our fond eyes Galway was the sweetest creature of her kind. Her light sorrel coat dressed a form of wondrous and varied grace. When careering free and unbrid-

led in playful circles, with head up and mane and tail floating like banners of gold, she was a dream of symmetry. Anon and in harness she would relax in to the very picture of docility. She drove light and subtly responsive to the lines like a bird. Under the saddle she was proud as a peacock and had a foot of velvet. Her white face expressed the whiteness of her temper. She was incapable of purposely doing harm. She was playful as a kitten, coy as a coquette, anxious to obey as a young wife, affectionate and trustful as a sister, and had an intuitive intelligence. Her master never remembers to have asked her to jump any obstruction, assume any burden or endure any hardship that she did not consent.

Three years ago we bought her for \$75. Beside her devotion, how paltry does that sum appear. A good horse is above price. She was a companion and a joy. She has for three years borne her master up and down these mountains without a murmur of complaint. Unsheltered in a rainstorm or worn with a hard day's ride, she had the same willing and meek spirit. We never could comprehend a man's moral right to command a horse. To us the service of this noble animal is the highest tribute which the universe pays to the human race. And we never have appreciated the unfathomable abyss which theologians define between the horse and man. We never heard a reasonable argument tending to prove the immortality of the human soul that would not lift a horse to heaven also. The conceit of the race would distinguish man from the brute by a break in the order of nature. Association with the gentle soul of the subject of these remarks convinced her master that the same virtues and intelligences which he found in men, in lesser degree lent their light to her. She loved all of her kind who would accept her proffered affection, she had a pride in her appearance, she enjoyed the act of obedience, she had gratitude, memory, conscience, imagination and all kindness.

She was a public character and favorite, and her horrible fate is but another illustration of the ruthlessness of nature, whom some suppose to be guided by a Special Providence. All the excellencies of this guileless creature could not avert from her a doom too cruel to describe.

The citizens of Banning with a beautiful and have tendered their sympa-

ties as if each of them had lost a friend, and Galway's master had sustained a family affliction. Bounteous tears were shed for her. We shall plant on her grave the handsomest tree which this climate will entertain. It must be everlastingly green, like our memory of her; it must bloom as did our affection for her; it must have a sweet fragrance, like her own spirit, and its graceful form and hospitable shade must be types of her own beauty and willing usefulness.

We believe that our illustrious and poetic friend Munson of the Banning HERALD, was the first editor to hurl the thunderbolt into the camp of anti-divisionists by saying that it is an "impertinence" for any one living outside of the boundaries of the new counties to object to carving up old counties. We can't exactly catch the phraseology, and the idea is spoiled without the phraseology. However, since Munson gave the cue, every divisionist editor has caught it up and passed it around. The idea has been elaborated in Riverside and Pomona until whole pages of paper have been filled with it. Bah!—*Times-Index*.

Of course when THE HERALD advanced the startling doctrine of local self government we had no idea that it would provoke such devastating retort as Bro. Haskell's bleat. Among the varied fates that are possible for a man who advances a notion that is new or offensive to the colossal big wigs of our county seat, we can conceive of none so utterly desecrating as to be subjected to a blast of Editor Haskell's contempt. It coils its fury around a man like the Briarean arms of a cyclone about a tree, and rends him limb from limb, strips him of his covering, wrenches him from the very roots of his self respect, and flings him down in a broken heap. After that entertainment the public do not demand that the argument advanced by the unfortunate victim be answered. Nevertheless we challenge the Daniel Webster of the county seat to frame an argument, through which an elephant couldn't jump, against the position at which he launches his woolly snort.

Up in the wilds of Banning they are trying to revolutionize dining room furniture by putting rocking chairs at table. Editor Munson, who is a sybarite in his way, approves the custom and inveighs against the stiff-backed chairs that make a man uncomfortable when of all occasions he most needs rest and satisfaction. A dinner, Banning people declare, is not a thing to be hastily bolted and got away

from, a practice which straight backed and hard-seated chairs directly encourage. On the contrary, a dinner is a thing to be enjoyed and every accessory of the meal should contribute to the general result. Arm chairs are regarded as pretty good helps, but the consensus of Banning opinion seems to approve of an easy rocker low enough to permit a man's legs to find their way under the table and swing clear when the rocker inclines backwards. In conversational interludes of course a man may settle back and suffice himself with rest and satisfaction. The opinion of the average waiter about this device is not given in Editor Munson's paper, owing perhaps to his objection to printing profanity.

In the above the editor of the San Diego Sun displays not only his brilliancy but his humanity. To be sure, dining rooms and dining were devised especially for the delectation of waiters. In our human confrere's dining room we might expect to see easy rockers, but they would be occupied by the waiters.

Mr. C. H. Ingelow prides himself as a man of versatility. John Hanna formerly was the lightning change artist of this town, and his mantle has fallen on the shoulders of his fellow Deacon Ingelow. Bro. Ingelow is a grocer, a school trustee, a Sunday school superintendent, Deputy District Attorney of San Diego county, horticulturist, attorney-at-law and last but not least road overseer. In this latter office he shines particularly. He has just begun operations on the roads in his district. He is a road builder from way back, and boasts that since his induction into office no vehicle has turned over anywhere on a road in the Pinery district.

An Accident.

On Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Agnes Tyson, the lady who presides over the fortunes of the Wifeless Tenement, drove out to the Potrero in the vehicle distinguished hereabouts as THE HERALD'S Office on Wheels. After she had reached her destination and come to a halt, the pony suddenly became frightened and wheeled with her and started on a run toward the bluff. On seeing the precipice it wheeled again and ran back. By this time Mrs. Tyson was unseated and was thrown in front of the wheel, dragged a piece and run over before she got free from the cart. Miss Sarah Morris, who had come out to greet the visitor, was a helpless spectator of the affair and was by the unfortunate lady's side in an instant. Miss Morris assisted her into the

school house and attended to her wounds with that resource and sympathy that have been displayed by so many sick beds in Banning. Dr. King was immediately sent for, and upon examination found the face and head of the sufferer very badly bruised and disfigured, but no bones broken and no serious injury done. On Tuesday morning she was brought home and is now doing nicely. After disposing of the passenger, the mare and cart took a short cut through the orchard back of the Indian school house and brought up against a barbed wire fence, where ensued one of those horrible lacerations that are the specialty of barbed wire. In a moment a beautiful and useful and ordinarily docile animal was mangled so that it had to be killed. With the good fortune, that so often misses the right object, the inanimate part of the outfit escaped unharmed. Our cart and harness are intact.

Miss Sarah Morris, in addition to the manifold public services which she has already undertaken, conceived the notion of training a choir to assist in public worship at Banning. Accordingly she collected a number of the young people, and inaugurated the movement with spirit and enthusiasm. No sooner was the matter under way than she received an anonymous letter, very cruel and insulting in tone, and advising her to desist from the choir undertaking. The letter created much indignation among Miss Morris' friends, and steps were taken to discover the author. From evidence at hand we are very well satisfied as to the source of the unsigned epistle, and that source ranks itself pretty high in the religious circles of this town. Anonymous letter writing is miserably small business. It belongs to the category of spying through key-holes, reading other people's letters, and such low-grade diversions. The act is more despicable when directed against a young lady who is far from any relative, standing alone, doing a work involving high courage and great sacrifice, which has provoked the heartiest recognition from the United States government, and whose ministrings to the sick in this community have been saintly. We know of lips now cold, that, could they speak, would bless the name of the Christian-hearted girl. And as we tread on this snake in the grass and charitably withhold its name, we assure Miss Morris that her kindly efforts on behalf of this community are appreciated, and what of chivalry and true decency is among us, is her shield and defense.

The *Kaleidoscope* suspends its patent innards long enough to drop a patronizing tear over the fancied prospect of Banning being gobbled into San Jacinto county. The *Kaleidoscope* seems to know of some course by which the present faint prospect of that calamity could have been averted. Possibly we made a mistake when we failed to consult that able authority in the premises, but we will give Editor Kiplinger a box of cigars if he will suggest how we could have been any better off than we are. Confine your attention young man to the limits of your information. Banning today is like a pair of breeches that two men are trying to wear. We cannot be much worse off than we are. But we doubt if foreign tinkering editors can prescribe for us.

BANNING'S BAL MASQUE.

The Village Bursts into a Bloom of Festivity.

The sun rose and set on Friday of last week with the splendor that commonly attends those diurnal events in Banning, and her citizens came and went about their affairs, without giving any intimation of the social phenomenon that was to punctuate our history and mark an epoch in the career of this place, on that eventful evening.

Hitherto Banning had essayed a few modest roles in the way of social diversion, but they had never been pretentious nor had involved any considerable venture. We have heretofore paddled about in the shallow waters of light musicales, festivals, evening parties and dances, but have taken good care to skirt close to the shore and keep within easy hail and reach of the shoes and stockings and other nameables of our unassuming and dignified security, which may have been laid aside for the sake of our timorous excursions. Nothing have we ever before attempted that assumed for its success any originality, or ingenuity or happy imagination, or facile contrivance, or resource that we had no right to expect in this, our mountain hamlet. Were our social resources represented by a Jersey cow, we could say that we had always milked her with moderation and consideration, and never had called upon her to produce chocolate *en clair* or butter-scotch ready made. We were satisfied with a fair allowance of good Jersey milk, and had the discretion to know the difference between a cow and a confectionery.

But the time became ripe for something ambitious. Faculties hitherto unexercised began to awaken and longings for something signal and untried began to thrill through our body social. A dangerous period this in a community's life! It frequently breaks out all over the system with a malignant rash of private theatricals, that may entail frightful and permanent consequences. The good and repressive training which we had confined ourselves to stood us in good stead, and the stirrings within us were allowed time to mature. Finally, with the tact of a field marshal, Madame Fraser, who has had in charge the majority of our entertainments this season in the interest of the piano fund, announced that we should have a *Bal Masque* at the hall. Society's eyes opened incredulously, like a maiden's on the arrival of her first love-letter—but the glowing prospect soon fixed its gaze. The Madam diligently sowed the seeds of her enthusiasm and disposed her forces with skill.

Early throughout the village were humming the excited contrivings of all our young people. Banning had had a new bugle call. She was commanded to outdo even her own happy exploits in the past. She responded like a thoroughbred who had never been appealed to in vain, and the method of her response and the success of it, is

THE BURDEN OF THIS PAGE.

Friday night was one of those soft, moonless nights, that fill the obalices of this Pass like a rich potion, and woo its denizens to dreamless rest. By nine o'clock, ignoring the manifest intimations of the elements, the grotesquest company that has ever gathered here since that shadowy time, when witches danced on these wild and rolling heaths, and goblin spirits herded their flocks of browsing souls along these heights, assembled in the Fraser-Kelley Hall. Bosom friends were leagues removed in strangeness—husbands lost their wives, the faces of our familiar company were transformed, and instead of the fair ladies and brave gentlemen who usually constitute our society, there trotted and stalked and gambled and minced and waddled and tripped, a motley crowd of many nations and few tongues, whose unique conduct entertained one another and the spectators profusely. The costumes were adequately varied and the characters assumed were well sustained. Through the entire gamut from handsome little Fauntleroy to Nurse McFadden, each imper-

sonation was satisfactory. Nothing was tawdry, nothing extravagant, and ingenuity abounded. Delightful surprises were on every hand, clever conceptions beguiled every turn, and the disguises were complete. The unmasking was a general revelation, and everybody had the pleasure of feeling that he had successfully evaded the prying eyes of most of the party.

We hasten to introduce the readers of *THE HERALD* to this interesting company individually.

Necessarily first comes the Big Four, composed of Nurse Marjory McFadden, and her trio of triplets. This aggregation of altitude and girth and infancy had a total height of 24 feet 3 inches, and an accumulated weight that only a set of hay scales could register. The imposing form of Conductor Harrison was beneath the gown, and the ambrosial curl of his irresistible mustache lay immediately beneath the elevated proboscis of Nurse McFadden. The material of her flowing robe was a pyrotechnic pattern of calico, an ample white apron flowed out from her waist, and a cap that would roof some cottages in Banning covered her head. Her solicitude for her infants was touching, and the character, utterly unguessed by most present, made one of the most memorable figures of the evening. Its satisfactoriness was only equaled by the immensity of the proportions.

The triplets would have been exact duplicates if there hadn't been so many of them. Messrs. Barker, Kelley and Ed. Martin acted this miracle of fecundity. Their costumes were identical and consisted of immense white Mother Hubbards, falling like Niagaras in one plunge from the shoulders to the feet, huge Normandy caps, ample bibs, and white mits. It was a work of art to bring such masses of matter to so perfect a likeness. One of the infants brought the crimson to a good matron's face by perpetrating the cunningest crow and infantile note of hunger possible and reaching his arms for her. The triplets will be remembered long—it would have to be a brief memory that would recollect them short. Nurse McFadden and her vigorous charges baffled the curiosity as completely as they dominated the festivities of the evening.

The perfection of the nights in this climate, and particularly in this mountain altitude, must have been the occasion of three ladies impersonating that graceful conception. Mrs. Phillips and Miss Lit-

tlepage represented the season in the fullness of its splendor, when its charms were as palpable as its retiring nature allows. Their costumes were elegant in fit and finish. Miss Littlepage was in full evening dress and her shapely throat and arms needed no sprinkling of star dust to signal their symmetry, or to enhance their fitness to contribute their flashing contours to the expression of that witching time, when

"In full-robed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths."

Another sable figure, twinkling with stars and crescents, portrayed that shadowy hour when the sickle of the moon hangs low above the western marge and the stars throb softly over the snows of our guardian peaks. No white arm nor bosom glints through this unbroken garb of dusk. Clouds of black tulle float about her like wandering shadows, and from beneath her mask flash lights like the glowing orb of Venus. Upon removing the disguise this impersonation is remarkably improved. Miss Massey's rich beauty crowns her costume as if nature had made them for one another. Her dark hair, her ruby lips, her lustrous eyes and mantling cheeks constitute an ideal picture of Night. A decided brunette, she was predestined for the part and had a charter from nature to act it. The modesty that belongs to this lady as truly as her complexion was expressed in her costume, and the demureness and repose that are her special traits, were appropriate charms in a delineation of that hour of peace that precedes the dawn.

The crowning surprise of the evening was imported from Santa Barbara. A petite figure danced among the maskers, the gayest of the gay, and the riddle of the onlookers. Whose was that plump and sprightly form, whose those tiny, twinkling feet? It was a Gypsy Princess, tricked out in gold, and red, and black velvet, and with jaunty head gear. She knew everybody and sparkled for all, but from what garden in Banning that blossom had been plucked puzzled the nicest intuition. It was that bright partridge, Mrs. Richard Reagan, who had stolen in on the evening's local to grace our masquerade. Had anybody dreamed of her presence, her disguise would have been in vain, for the bubbling vivacity and the trim figure of this popular little lady are too well known to be mistaken.

The Devil came late, but he did appear when that innocentest of young men, Mr. Bert Yerington, glided onto the floor. He was a tall and graceful party, and had a courtly way, and one needed no exercise of the fancy to picture him stealing the honey of a Marguerite's innocence with a serpent's guile. But upon discarding the cloak and mask, Mr. Yerington appeared in red doublet and black trunks, and was a spectacle of classical elegance. His features are finely moulded, his carriage is pleasing, and he made no inconsiderable bid for the honor of appearing the most distinguished gentleman on the floor.

Messrs. French and Herbert Gilman represented respectively a stalwart Turk and a richly caparisoned Spanish gentleman. Their make-ups were very handsome, but the personalities of these two young men are almost too decided and distinctive to be concealed under any common disguise. Mr. French Gilman is not any dilution of himself. He is very rankly and very thoroughly Mr. French Gilman. He is not facile to divest himself of his own traits, and most likely will live and die the strong and vivid impersonation of no other character than that of his mother's oldest son.

The exploded but memorable myth of our school days, in which the fair Pocahontas played so thrilling a part, was received delectably by Miss Alberta Armstrong. That dinky Princess' repute for beauty was in no whit impaired by her counterfeit of Friday evening. Miss Armstrong could not have chosen a costume more suited to her own distinctions, and it was the universal verdict that she had framed her charms with consummate taste. She was completely unrecognizable. There is a dramatic element in Miss Armstrong that assisted her in her assumption, and gave it lifelikeness. In all her experience in exercises for the entertainment of the public she never was more happy than at this ball, and of all the occasions when she has appeared in the full bloom of her captivations, she may count Friday night as among the chiefest.

A striking detail of the evening, and one that attracted all eyes again and again, was a rich green gown that invested one of the neatest forms in the room. It was quickly interpreted as Spring. From the shoulders sprang and hung luxuriant tresses of green ribbons in imitation of grass, and the skirt and bodice were starred with yellow butter-

cup and daisies. Her head dress was a huge inverted buttercup, and throughout, the costume was vocal with significance. Miss Gilpatrick is one of the latest additions to our society, and may smile at the audacity with which Banning appropriates her. But she must blame her own engaging ways for that. She is too direct and reasonable a person to be a fitting type of spring in those latitudes, where that season is coy and tantalizing, and fruitful of as much dissatisfaction as pleasure. In Southern California, however, the young lady fairly symbolizes that beautiful season, which is incapable of any harsh aspect, which is to be relied on one day and all days to be cheery, and smiling, and gracious, and comely, and tastefully attired.

Miss Maggie Bridge traveled the farthest from her real disposition to find an alien character, of any participator in the evening's illusions. She borrowed the feathers of Vanity, and for a while strutted about in those false emblems. The most modest and retiring of all our ladies, if possible, asked to be detected in such strange trappings. Her dress was a conceit in light blue, and a most becoming one. The removal of the mask disclosed how bold was the stroke. It was a well devised ruse, and made a dainty and attractive element in the carnival.

Naturally far Cathay lent some of her almond-eyed children to the composition. Messrs. Hugh Carpenter and Martin Urton, as pink clad and blue clad Chinamen respectively, had little the symptoms of having fared on rice and birds' nests and such meagre fare. There was robustness about them, and a virile activity that did not set naturally under the roots of their pig-tails. Howsoever, these gentlemen had the true Mongolian's diligence, and husbanded the evening's opportunities for fun with Oriental thrift.

A nearer approach to a perfect type of Wu Sung, the pipe hitter, the rat eater and the tea drinker from Hong Kong, who now "talked allee samee Melican mau heap foolee," was personated by Mr. Hunkins. His long body was robed in not too ample habiliments of black, his shanks were encased in the most glaring of white hose and he shuffled about with genuine cooley grace. His pig-tail paralleled his spine in an unbroken convex curve, and his voice was not recognized. Mr. Hunkins was one of the decided successes of the night, to which he is to be credited with having sacrificed a very promising and almost Nazarene beard.

Young-stout-arm-with-the-dimple-in-his-chin, chief of the Ogallala Sioux, pranced in with the nimbleness of a fox and the stealth of a lynx. His costume was a triumph of Mrs. Rodway's ingenuity and Indian lore, and made a figure plucked from the virgin forests of this continent in pre-Columbian times. The crown of feathers, the bow, the leggins bound with beaded work and the real moccasins composed a historically accurate representation. Mr. Walter Hathaway's lithe grace carried this delineation cleverly, and had there been anybody else in the community capable of the performance it would have baffled all guesses.

It was a splendid companion piece to Miss Armstrong's Pocahontas.

Mr. Chas. Hamilton as Don Carlos cut a braver figure than usual. He has a shapely limb to encase in trunks, and a hat with trailing plume sets off his crown better than any latter day fashionable dice box with which he has discommoded himself. A rich velvet cloak, over a doublet of like material, gave him a dignity that his tailor fails to catch. Mr. Hamilton's was one of the really handsome make-ups and suited him.

Mrs. Chas. Bridge, as a music girl with her instrument, was a stranger to most of those present. Her costume was bright and appropriate, and her figure easily distinguishable amid a company so many of whom live in this mountain air for the medicine of it.

Mrs. William Meadows indulged her patriotism in a costume of red, white and blue that accentuated her beauty, and lent an interesting unit of variety to the general display. Mrs. Meadows is one of the young married ladies of this town who carry the responsibilities of a home of their own as jauntily and as gracefully as they did the lighter cares of girlhood. She is a valuable fraction in this community in all its benevolent or social efforts.

Mr. Meadows had a pleasant costume that displayed his manly figure in its abundant glory. Mr. Meadows has a marked individuality in the turn of his leg, and when he so far forgot himself as to insert that tell-tale member in knee breeches and long stockings, he published himself most effectually. We are not insinuating to strangers that Mr. Meadows is knock-kneed or bench-legged, his limb is neither crooked nor scraggly, indeed it is a very pretty and well-kept appendage, but there is something in

the cut of it that is characteristic, and if any of that gentleman's friends were to meet his legs paddling over these hills by themselves they would know at once to whom they should be returned.

Mr. Frank Clancy's plaid belly will leave its checkered impression on all who saw it for many weeks. It was one of the unique anatomical designs that ever obtruded itself into space. It was supported by a figure clad in breeches and claw-hammer coat of brilliant black and white plaid, and ample waistcoat of red and black check. In walking, it straddled its legs and straightened back to bring its center of gravity nearer home, and was deliciously comical. Mr. Diedrich Bierschnapps was great abdominally, and was not exactly suited to a crowded ball room. He would have been more at home in an unimproved ten-acre lot. He forgot to black his boots, but the omission was unnoticed by him, and he bumped his upholstered and good natured way through the company without any serious external or internal disturbance.

Two quaint females haunted the entertainment whose identity nobody fathomed. They were accounted as witches, and wore long flowing robes of figured red creton trimmed with black, and high pointed red caps. Their noses were flaming red, as also their mouths, but they left their brooms outside. They glided about mysteriously, and were free to weave their deadly charms on any victim they chose. There was no Salemity about this ball, and even witches were free and welcome guests. The astonishment was general when this silent pair discovered themselves to be Mrs. Tyson and Mrs. Emma Martin, who selected these novel characters as vehicles in which to go on a lark.

Mrs. Ellis assumed the sombre habiliments of a Sister of Charity. There was need for a jolly monk as companion piece. There is no lack of respect for the saintly ladies who wear these sober uniforms as an outward symbol of their renunciation of the common pleasures of life, when their garb is borrowed to lend variety to a festive hour. It is rather a tribute to the tastefulness of the attire and the sweetness of the character which it announces. Mrs. Ellis without effort can counterfeit the demeanor of a nun. The quiet and smiling manner that is her common envelop, would suit exactly in the frame which she wore on Friday evening.

Miss Josie Forquer as an Italian peasant girl was a butterfly of animation. Many of her friends knew her. Her make-up was most appropriate to her and allowed her natural piquancy better expression than any other costume that she ever wore. She would be a more vivid and effective personality did the fashions of this infernally ill-dressed generation permit her to array herself in something with individuality and life to it. Miss Forquer going about in the long and characterless straight-jackets that custom compels her to wear always suggests the notion of a squirrel in a tin can. The

white full waist, short, red skirt and white overskirt and black bodice formed a fetching outfit and as fitting to the wearer as his top-knot to one of our mountain quail.

Miss Jessie Forquer's Pitti Sing was well carried off and rightly chosen. There is no complexion, eyes and hair in Banning better calculated to equip an effective Japanese maiden than Miss Jessie Forquer's. Her coloring is rich, her skin clear and her eyes and hair dark. And she made no mistake in her selection. While the Japanese costume has been made familiar by comic operas it is always picturesque. It enjoys the distinction of being the only female gear known that can rival in unaccountableness and outlandishness that now endured by the ladies of Christendom. In point of comfort and convenience the probabilities are that Pitti Sing has the decided advantage over Kittie Smith.

Miss Pickering introduced a breath from Dakota with her representation of snow. A robe of heavy white material with wide flowing sleeves, unbroken by any bit of color readily led the mind to fancy a northern landscape of rolling open, clothed in a mantle of virgin snow. Snow is one of the most unobtrusive of things. It is noiseless in its coming and beneficent in its stay. And in respect of those attributes Miss Ina Pickering was in no way incongruous as its typifier. She is one of those soothing personages, constituted to stroke feathers the right way and to drop balm from her finger tips.

Mr. Chas. Bigley in evening dress wore a simple mask.

Mrs. Jos. Seymour was among the dancers masked, but essayed no character.

Miss Carrie Gilman was conspicuous by her nonparticipation in the gaities, as was also Miss Minnie Lemon.

THE HERALD was the recipient of some distinctions at this ball which warmed its vanity like an infusion of rare old rye. If at any particular time, or on a charitable average, this newspaper ever appeared with any considerable fraction of the comeliness or ingenuity with which it was portrayed on this occasion it has indeed scored a success yet undreamed of in the conceit of its humble editor. Of course every rose has its thorn. And the assumption by that fractious young dude, Mr. Wm. Clancy, of the character of this newspaper is the thorn that protrudes from the stem of the rose into which we are now suffusing our proboscis. The young secretary is not the sweet and star-eyed creature, who, as the ideal of this journal, has danced for us on the uplands of fancy, and beguiled the tedious way, and inspired us to such poor endeavor as we could. Whiskers, go to! It was an impertinence in you! It was a caricature, and we only leave you unskinned from considering the fact that Madam Fraser dressed you up as a counterpart of herself, to render more complete her disguise. She forgot though to cover up the back of your neck, and right there was your weakness, as in the days of old Achilles' was in his heel. Don't flatter yourself, William, that there is anything pink, and peachy, and maidenly, and biteable about that spot in your anatomy at the edge of your back hair. It was an adroitness in Madam Fraser to take you along as her double—and the two costumes hid a puzzle. The dresses were made entirely of back numbers of THE HERALD. The skirts hung in heavy plaits and were trimmed with a row of the maps of Banning about the bottom. These maps, and various typographical features of the paper were cunningly utilized in novel effects. Paper caps surmounted the heads and Capt. Fraser failed to know his wife through so illustrious a costume. Truly THE HERALD never had so brilliant an issue. And as truly did it never contemplate itself with more satisfaction. While to Madam Fraser is to be ascribed the success of this memorable time, for her fertile mind and tireless fingers contrived many of the costumes and her enthusiasm stimulated everybody in the premises, she has most generously contributed her conspicuous position to emphasize the honor which she paid THE HERALD. This we appreciate, her we thank and our bonnet will set jauntier on our crown for many a day.

Upon unmasking Madam Fraser assumed the costume of a Flower Girl that ranked among the triumphs of art and beauty on the floor. Under a profuse blonde and curly wig, tripped a figure in a black velvet skirt reaching to the boot-top line, a polonaise of a soft white material, with a string of purple flowers across the front, and the highest heeled of dainty boots.

Miss Iva Armstrong, in white and pink tissue paper, slashed with THE HERALD's headings, was a captivating portrait of our dream. Under her broad-brimmed hat, she seemed an airy child of spring, bright as the freshest blossom, and welcome as the zephyr of sweetest perfume. It was a bold idealization to paint THE HERALD in the full radiance of Miss Iva Armstrong's young beauty. No edition of this sheet ever approached within bird flight of that. It was a honeyed compliment she paid, and were we to preside over the columns of this newspaper until all that adorned our worn-out pall was a fringe of thin white hair straying over our coat collar, the picture made by Miss Armstrong would still stand for THE HERALD's genius.

Mrs. J. P. Bird, in the dress of a Roumanian peasant girl, seemed to be enjoying the evening's pleasures with as great a zest as her little daughters. The dress was a harmony of colors, and transformed Mrs. Bird into a petite young creature, true to her name, birdlike in its trimness and alertness. This lady has been a liberal dispensation to this village. Her genial co-operation is always on tap for every social scheme. She is a universal favorite, and if this climate will just lay itself out to restore to her home and to her reunited and most charming of families this good friend of Banning, it will find itself repaid in an appreciation whose manifestations we already enjoy.

Miss Susie Bird as Yum Yum hid herself completely. A wig of abundant blonde hair deceived everybody, and the little lady has become taller than we have kept account of. She seemed the height of her mother. Her graceful dancing and roguish ways gave effect to the part, and made her an enticing bit of oriental life.

Miss Marion Bird was the least of the gay maskers, but was the bright and particular star of the evening. It was a privilege to see this intelligent and handsome child personating Little Lord Fauntleroy. Since Mrs. Burnett depicted this character, it has come no

nearer perfect realization than it did here in Banning at our masquerade. The sweetness of its disposition, the precocity of its mind or the charm of its features, were none of them scrimped in Miss Marion's presentation. The crime of masking the angelic face was not committed. In the little suit of black velvet, with white satin waist, the true young Lord stood forth. And then the beautiful self possession of her, the deep and lustrous eyes, soft as a dumb brute's, and the invariable grace of her, and the symmetry of the little figure, combined to make the most entrancing picture. It is Mrs. Bird's duty to preserve it. The child should be photographed and opportunities allowed for admirers to secure the picture. Ten dollars was offered for one in our hearing. Her father should see it.

.

With this exquisite child lingering in memory we dismiss the gay company. The *Bal Masque* was a success. It was genuinely entertaining, and carried out worthily. It was successful because somebody led and organized it, and the rest enthusiastically followed. There are communities that cannot demonstrate socially because a chronic jealousy allows nobody to lead. The shallowest pate in the world is the one that is afraid of being led. Nothing ever got anywhere that wasn't led. When there arises in a town like Banning any one competent and willing to lead the social life, pass him the reins at once and let everybody get in the wagon. We hope the growth of cranks and hold-backs and grumblers and all such malcontents will be long delayed in this town. We congratulate our people on this ball—which is more than a mere evening's diversion. It is an evidence of a sociability, an intellectuality, a prosperity and a happiness without which life here would be a dreary existence.

over a half century ago: "I am not accustomed to the language of eulogy; I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women, but I must say that if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during the war. I will close by saying, 'God bless the women of America.'" Abraham Lincoln was the speaker. He knew and he put it all in simple words. Isn't it a beautiful compliment?

in the county division fight is ludicrously pitiful. She is not in it decidedly, yet she is the most deeply to be affected. The war rages over her head. She is shackled by the Constitution to San Bernardino, yet she is as unwilling a captive as ever was dragged at the chariot wheels of power. Colton has an intense love for Riverside. She would precipitate herself into Riverside's arms if only she could. Colton has already incurred the displeasure of San Bernardino. And should it eventuate that the friendship of Riverside should be withdrawn from her in county matters, how diligently San Bernardino would discipline her. Colton knows so well how she would do just as Riverside is doing were she in Riverside's place, that she hasn't it in her heart to contend against her own manifest injury. There is a great deal of chivalry in Colton's neutrality in this matter. We admire her pluck. She knows how to stand by her friends, and we trust she will live to learn how truly profitable is that business of standing by one's friends.

Mr. Munson's Sudden Death.

RIVERSIDE, April 23.—Louis Munson, editor of THE BANNING HERALD, died here today of hemorrhage. He was at Arlington to assist in receiving the President, when he was suddenly taken with hemorrhage and died almost instantly.—*Associated Press Dispatch.*

Assemblyman Lynch and Banning.

Assemblyman Lynch is busy patching up the battered reputation which he brought back from Sacramento. And step by step he has been removing false impressions and getting in a more favorable light. He goes a step too far in his zeal, however, when he resorts to a falsehood to justify his course in regard to Banning. He squarely betrayed his constituents in this town, but we have not seen the good of abusing him for it, and have for us been remarkably easy with him. But he don't seem to know when he is well off. In the course of an article in his defense the *Times-Index* says:

As to Mr. Lynch's pledges to place Banning all in San Bernardino county, he refrained from his efforts in that direction at the special written request of Louis Munson, editor of the Banning HERALD, who wished action in that regard delayed until the Riverside county bill was disposed of. When that bill was defeated it was too late to act further in the matter.

Now the facts are that when here during the campaign, Mr. Lynch pledged our people to secure the passage of a measure that would so modify the boundary line between the two counties in the neighborhood of Banning as would place all this Pass in San Bernardino county. In course of time he wrote the editor of the HERALD, asking for an exact description of the proposed boundary line. Meanwhile the Riverside project had been sprung, and the Legislature was in session. In answer to his letter, the editor of THE HERALD enclosed a draft of an amendment to the section of the Political Code defining the boundary line, that would effect our purpose, in a letter. In this letter Mr. Lynch was advised:

1. Of the unanimous wish of this community to be in Riverside county, if that county was formed, and of our earnest desire that he so represent our wishes to the Legislature at the proper time.

2. That if Riverside county was formed, our boundary line matter would thus be fixed.

3. Of our wish that he prepare and introduce a Bill fixing our boundary line and have it ready, in case the Riverside bill failed, to press to a passage.

We preserved no copy of the letter, and only recall the foregoing, which was its chief burden. If not in this letter, in other reliable ways Mr. Lynch was advised of our opposition to being embraced in the San Jacinto county schema. Now what did Mr. Lynch do?

1. He never prepared or presented our boundary line bill at all; so that had action been taken on the Riverside measure earlier than it was, he was in no position to carry out his pledge to us. More than that, he tells a falsehood to shift the blame of his negligence on the shoulders of the editor of this paper. We call upon him to show up the letter in which we directed him not to present our Bill, but show up all the letter, no garbling.

2. When the time came to present the wishes of the Banning people in respect of Riverside county, Mr. Lynch went before the Committee on County Bounda-

ries and presented the bastard petition of sixteen names which Hughes Thomas beat up in the brush hereabouts in behalf of San Bernardino, in the very presence of our delegate, Mr. Barker, who had a petition of 69 voters of Banning, which were all the voters but three, in favor of Riverside county, and who had already advised Mr. Lynch of that fact. It is needless to say that when Mr. Barker got the floor before the committee he very effectually uncovered Mr. Lynch's treachery.

3. Mr. Lynch never offered an amendment to the San Jacinto Bill taking us out of that proposed county, as in representing us he should have done, but instead voted to put half this town in San Jacinto county.

The simple fact is that Mr. Lynch in this Riverside county matter represented the city of San Bernardino and did her entire bidding. He favored the San Jacinto scheme, and did not present our Bill for a changed county line because it would have been fatal to the San Jacinto measure.

We have not been inclined to persecute Mr. Lynch. We pity him, but we do not want to be lied about.

BANNING WAS IN IT, Apr 23 1891 And the President Stepped on Banning Soil.

Banning pretty unanimously took a holiday on Wednesday morning to pay its respects to President Harrison. At a late hour on Tuesday afternoon it was learned that he might stop and the clause were notified to be on hand. By the hour of 11:15 when the Presidential train rolled in, flags were hoisted about the station, festoons of wild flowers were strung, the depot was decorated with magnificent stems of Yucca, and 300 delighted and expectant souls all went to eyes and ears. The day was the superbest of the season. A sky of limpid blue arched from Grayback's white cowl to San Jacinto's rugged peak. The floor of the valley was covered with a carpet of green so rich and refreshing that the sight plunged into it as for a bath. Between played a breeze, caressing as a whisper of love and soft as perfect sympathy. The schools had a holiday and all the children were present, each armed with a bouquet of our incomparable wild flowers. Miss Morris brought in her Indian

charges from the Potrero and they bore rich offerings of rare flowers from the Potrero canyon. The St. Boniface school for the Indians sent its full delegation of a hundred in charge of Father Habu and two Sisters of St. Joseph. Almost every other soul in Banning swelled the audience to what for us was imposing proportions. Conductor Perkins had the train stopped just at the crowd, and as it came to a standstill President Harrison stepped from amid a group of ladies and gentlemen on the rear platform and looked expectantly for his cue to one of those happy speeches of which he is so masterful a maker. Mr. Munson stepped forward and said in substance: "Mr. President—the people of Banning are highly delighted at their privilege of being the first colony to welcome you to the State of California. We live a long way from the seat of Government, and here in our mountain home are indeed remote from anywhere; but we are as loyal American citizens as you can find on this continent. You are tremendously welcome to Banning, and we would be grateful to hear a word from you." Whereupon the President dropped from his lips one of those timely gems for which he became famous during the campaign preceding the election. He said that although we were far in distance from the seat of government, yet he was sure we were nearly bound and close to it by ties of loyalty and patriotism. He expressed his pleasure at meeting the people of Banning, and his appreciation of their welcome.

When he had concluded, some one in the crowd announced that this was a great Sunday school town and the people were anxious to see Mr. Wanamaker. That cheery gentleman announced himself and his pleasure to meet us. Mr. C. H. Ingelow passed up a beautiful bouquet of roses which was from Baby Ingelow to Baby McKee. The President announced that Baby McKee's youth had prevented his making this trip and introduced his grandmother, Mrs. Harrison, who bowed her acknowledgments. The verdict of the crowd was that it was a case of *pulcher filia pulcherrimae matris* (if that is the phrase).

The President and Postmaster-General Wanamaker then stepped from the train and proceeded to shake hands with all the school children, including every head of the little Indians. Matron Pierson presented her daughter, Miss Dora, for the President to shake hands with. Mrs. Harrison was advised that the ladies of

Banning had put aboard the train, for the party's delectation, a box of fruit grown in Banning and preserved by Banning ladies, for which she expressed her thanks. A choice collection of canned plums, pears, figs, raspberries and other varieties that are Banning specialties had been put into an elegant redwood box and put in charge of the steward. A telegram to the following effect had been sent to the President at Yuma before it was known that he would stop:

"Banning, the gateway to Southern California and the first fruit colony which you will reach in this State, sends you loyal greeting and welcome. The ladies of Banning would be pleased to contribute to the provisions of your party some Banning fruit preserved by them, and thus humbly participate in the entertainment offered by California to the Chief Magistrate of the nation. An instant's stop at this station will suffice to put the fruit on board." Unfortunately the telegram was not delivered, but its entire object was attained when the train stopped anyhow. Meanwhile Capt. Fraser had found Senator Felton on the train and was introducing him to the crowd. Kinney Brown had his anvil going lustily as the train pulled in and as it pulled out. Our scribe discovered Gov. Markham in the fore part of the train with Messrs. Steve White, ex-Mayor Workman, Del Valle and Hervey Lindley of Los Angeles, and Mr. Stump, chairman of the State Republican Central Committee, among whom he renewed and made pleasant acquaintances.

Altogether it was a delightful affair. As the train pulled out the crowd cheered lustily and the school children bombarded the Presidential party with bouquets of wild flowers. The ladies' contribution of fruit for which credit is due Mesdames Gilman, Pierson, Fraser, C. H. Ingelow, Hargraves, W. H. Ingelow, Yerington and Miss Morris, was unique and effective. The wild flowers that grow in this Pass and in the mountain canyons were certainly curious and interesting to strangers. So that although a small town we were able to make an impression. The presence of so many Indian school children suggests that ours was an aboriginal, if not strictly original, reception.

The Last Sad Rites.

The remains of the late Louis Munson were cremated at Rosedale cemetery in Los Angeles last Saturday at 11 o'clock.

There were present E. P. Clarke of the Ontario Record, Scipio Craig of the Redlands Citrograph, D. L. Burton, an uncle of the deceased from Indiana, Dr. J. C. King and Messrs. Barker, W. B. Clancy and Kelley of Banning.

At the crematory chapel short services were held, comprising brief remarks by Mr. Barker, Scipio Craig and Prof. Clarke.

It was the request of deceased, that at the time of his death, the only demonstration should be some spoken tribute of some intimate friend. The last good-byes of these three gentleman were tender and full of feeling.

But it seems to us that no man ever so entwined himself to the affections of everyone who knew him as did Louis Munson, and that the aptest tongue could never half express our deep grief at the severing of the tender ties which so long had bound him to us; that only silent memory, which will ever be our constant companion, can lighten our sorrow or cheer our loneliness.

The ashes have been put into a beautiful urn, and will be sent to Mrs. Kate Munson, the mother.

Munson's Last Article.

That favorite exchange, popular and weighty with the entire Southern newspaper fraternity, THE HERALD OF BANNING, containing the "last of Munson's writing," reached us this week with columns encased in the solemn printers' badge of mourning, "turned rules." This sad reminder of the late decease of Editor Munson at Riverside last Thursday, caused almost universal expressions of sorrow at what seems an untimely death. Brilliant and forceful minds are so few, that the actual withdrawal of one

from among us such as was the editor of THE HERALD, means an intellectual loss seldom replaced. About an hour before the hemorrhage which caused his death occurred, Dr. Gregory of San Jacinto, in passing through the reading room of the Arlington, discovered Editor Munson writing at a desk and being motioned to approach, the doctor stepped up to his

chair. Poor Munson was busy with an article which was entitled "Rats Leaving a Sinking Ship," and which was suggested to him, he said, by the fact of several prominent men leaving San Bernardino, one of whom Mr. Davis, was leaving that day to locate in Riverside, and Byron Waters had left a few days before to make his home in San Francisco. As Mr. Munson had political reasons for favoring Riverside and had lent a hearty support for the formation of a Riverside county, he probably felt that his often expressed convictions were being verified. An hour later he breathed his last, and the article remained unfinished.—*San Jacinto Register*.

The following letter from Mr. McIntyre, City Attorney of Riverside, is one of the most beautiful of the many touching tributes to the memory of Mr. Munson:

RIVERSIDE, Cal., April 24, 1891.

CAPT. FRASER, Banning, Cal., *Dear Sir:*—I wish you would express for me to the friends and relatives of Louis Munson my sincere sorrow in their loss. I held him in the highest personal esteem, and in his death the county has met with its greatest loss in the five years that I have been here. Bright, brilliant, with profound convictions of right and wrong, and the courage to express them at all times, his place cannot be supplied in this county. The people of Riverside, and myself in particular, shall never forget his love for Riverside and his unflinching loyalty to its interests at all times and under all circumstances, and his memory should be forever kept green in this community.

Very truly yours,

W. J. MCINTYRE.

Bro. Louis Munson, in his last paper, regrets that Banning had not preserved some of its fine fruits of last season for the Carnival exhibit. Since his death most of us regret that we had not preserved some of his beautiful writings, which nothing but a file of THE HERALD for the past two and a-half years can now reveal in their fulness and beauty. Notwithstanding that our editors are frequently severe in their treatment of each other, when the bright individuality of such as THE HERALD is extinguished, we realize a loss to the profession and the country, and also that there is a genuine bond between us that is stronger than common friendship. But we can only turn to the scrap-book for an attenuated record of the life work of a departed brother.—*Azusa Pomotrophic*.

Perhaps no newspaper man on the Pacific coast could in dying arouse the personal interest and sympathy of all other journals as did the late lamented Louis Munson. He was a genuine gentleman of the best type—bright, incisive and original. He was the very epitome of the autumn leaf in the solitude of Eastern valleys, brightening at the close of existence.—*Santa Barbara Independent*.

Mr. Munson was, in our opinion the brightest writer in Southern California. It was a pleasure to read his paper, even though the subjects treated upon were of no interest to the reader. The press of Southern California has lost a representative whose place can never be wholly filled. Although not personally acquainted with Mr. Munson, we feel as though we had lost an old and dear friend.—*National City Record*.

In the death of Louis Munson of THE BANNING HERALD Southern California loses one of its brightest and most forceful writers. True genius spoke through the medium of his facile pen, and platitudes were thrust aside by his keen perception of ideas and engaging originality, yet in the years we have known him never a line or word appeared in his paper that expressed other than true nobility and the chaste sentiments of an ideally pure manhood. His life work is finished, but the deeds men do live after them, and in years to come the memory of Louis Munson will be cherished by his co-workers in the field of thought. Of him it may be truly said, in the language of Pope:

"Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful and in honor clear.
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
And praised, unenvied by the muse he loved."

—*Pope's New Era*.

Mr. Louis Munson, editor of THE BANNING HERALD, died suddenly of hemorrhage of the lungs on Thursday last, at Riverside, where he had gone to assist in receiving the President. In the death of Louis Munson the newspaper profession of Southern California loses its most brilliant light. His perceptive faculties were keen; he possessed a clear insight of character, was versatile and brilliant, original in his style of writing and manner of putting things. Mr. Munson was a young lawyer practicing in Chicago, when failing health sent him to Banning, where he established THE HERALD. THE HERALD made Banning and Munson made THE HERALD. Had health been given him, he would have made a name either as a lawyer or a journalist.—*Santa Paula Chronicle*.

LOUIS MUNSON DEAD.

The only incident that marred the pleasure of the reception of President Harrison to this city yesterday was the sad death of Louis Munson, editor of the Banning Herald, which occurred at 3 o'clock at Arlington station, when a large number of representative citizens of this city and San Bernardino county were waiting for the Presidential train. Mr. Munson was standing talking with quite a number of friends, when he was taken with a coughing spell and started to get into a buggy when his strength failed him and he sank partly on one of the seats and partly against the wheel the blood spurted from his mouth in streams. Willing hands caught him before he fell to the ground and Dr. C. J. Gill, who happened to be on the ground, was quickly summoned. All that could be done for the dying man proved of no avail and he passed into eternity within fifteen minutes after he was attacked with the hemorrhage. In the death of Lewis Munson, San Bernardino county loses the best newspaper man that has ever resided within her boundaries, and Riverside the best friend she has among the newspaper men of the neighboring towns. Deceased was a native of Indiana and thirty two years old at the time of his death.

A Tribute to Mr. Munson.

MUNSON, Bavaria, May 21, 1891.
Permit another expression of sincere regret and sorrow at the death of Mr. Louis Munson, late editor of THE BANNING HERALD, the news of whose decease has crossed the ocean, to awake among the exiles here those sympathetic emotions to which he himself was so keenly alive, and to which he gave such timely and eloquent expression; always finding in the most overwhelming sorrows the one kernel of consolation, offering together the word of condolence and hope; and with a manly straightforwardness and warm humanity that disdained all canting phrases and reached the heart with the directness of simplicity and truth.

Since THE HERALD has already devoted itself to a generous expression of the admiration of his friends for his great talents, amounting perhaps to genius, it may be most fitting that I speak in behalf of his many lady friends—of his chivalric consideration for all woman-kind. While shielding them from that too public comment and criticism that his good taste would deplore, he yet took every occasion for giving them words of cheer and commendation in whatever line of duty he found them doing faithful work. He seemed to feel an especial pleasure in making his keen wit and trenchant rhetoric do the work of the swords and spears of the chivalric knights of earlier days.

Surely Banning is already rich in the memory of men both good and great, whose few short years forbade a world's appreciation, yet whom she, having known them so well, can keep in her heart a perpetual blessing and inspiration. Though their visible presence has faded from her sight, her affections still hold them, and their principles, their deeds and their aspirations live after them.

Mrs. D. T. NEWTON.

LOUIS MUNSON.

It becomes the sad duty of this community to pay a final tribute of affection and esteem to the memory of the man we loved so much, and to whom we are so deeply indebted. We deem it appropriate to devote this issue of THE HERALD to an expression of our sentiments. Only those who enjoyed the acquaintance of our friend can appreciate our sorrow and our loss. We present to our readers a sketch of Mr. Munson's life by his most intimate friend; a synopsis of his brilliant editorial career, prepared by a brother of the press; an estimate of his ability as an attorney, by a prominent member of our county bar; a recognition of his worth and usefulness as a citizen, by one honored among us. Last Monday the people of Banning met in public assembly to honor Mr. Munson's memory. The meeting was spontaneous, the hall crowded, the people sincere in their effort. We append the secretary's report of the proceedings. We also copy from our exchanges a sufficient number of views to furnish a composite mental photograph of the position Mr. Munson occupied in Southern California. We trust by these means to make our readers more familiar with the intellectual brilliancy, the nobility of character and the grand courage of the man who has so often contributed to their enjoyment and profit.

SKETCH OF MR. MUNSON'S LIFE.

Louis Munson was born in Mitchell, Indiana, February, 1859. He entered the State University at the age of 15 years, and graduated with high honors, being second in his class. During his college career he represented his Alma Mater at an oratorical contest at St. Louis.

After leaving college Mr. Munson taught school at Crotherville, Indiana. The next year he went to Chicago, and commenced the study of law; was clerk for some time in the office of C. W. Needham, a leading lawyer of that city, and with whom he would have been in partnership had not ill health overtaken him. After being admitted to the bar his talents at once asserted themselves, and he was making rapid strides to the front rank of his profession when the dread enemy, consumption, drove him to a more congenial climate.

Mr. Munson came to California in the summer of 1887, and after stopping some time in San Diego went to the Sweetwater dam camp, where he stayed about three months with his friend, Mr. J. D. Schuyler, the eminent engineer.

In the fall of the same year he came to Banning and remained with us until the end of that painful struggle which we daily watched with anxious interest, hoping that he whose life meant so much to us might be spared for at least a few more years of brilliant usefulness.

Mr. Munson's most important work in Banning was the founding of THE HERALD, which first saw light in August, 1888. It at once became recognized as a power, and each issue was eagerly looked for, not only by its home readers, but also by a large circle of friends in the East as well as on this coast.

It was the writer's privilege during Mr. Munson's sojourn with us to be one of his intimate friends, and the trait in his character that impressed me most was his indomitable courage, no matter what his sufferings were. No matter how weak his poor body, he was ever ready to respond to any call we might make upon him, whether social or public. We recognized him as a leader, and he never failed us, though some of us know that compliance with our demands sometimes amounted to martyrdom.

His wit and brilliant attainments were always ours to command. No social gathering, no public meeting, was complete unless he was able to take a prominent part.

How few of us can realize the iron will that enabled him the day before he died, when physically so weak home, to offer greetings to our President. The only signs of his sufferings were those evident in the poor, pinched features as he proudly lifted up his face to his Nation's Chief and bade him welcome to his adopted home. Not satisfied with this sacrifice, he went the next day to Riverside, having been appointed on the reception committee of that place; but nature refused the oft-repeated call, and Louis Munson died as he had lived, trying to do his duty.

Another of his prominent characteristics was his intense honesty—his abhorrence of anything having the appearance of dishonesty almost amounting to a mania.

He was a faithful friend, a dutiful and loving son and an honest citizen.

M. G. KELLEY.

REPORT OF THE MEETING.

On the evening of April 27th a large number of the citizens of Banning met at the Fraser-Kelley Hall for the purpose of appointing a committee to draft resolutions on the work done here by Editor Munson, and their sincere sorrow at his untimely death, and to arrange for the publication of THE HERALD until otherwise provided for.

The meeting was called to order by C. O. Barker, who stated the object of the meeting and nominated Judge Kelley for chairman. Mr. Kelley was elected.

Dr. King moved that Judge Kelley be elected business manager of THE HERALD for the term of six weeks, or until other arrangements could be made.

Motion seconded by Captain Fraser.

Judge Kelley was unanimously elected.

C. H. Ingelow made a motion that a committee of five, whose duty it should be to edit THE HERALD and draft resolutions of regret, be appointed by the chair.

The motion prevailed.

Judge Kelley appointed Messrs. J. F. Bird, Dr. J. C. King, French Gilman, W. H. Ingelow and W. S. Hathaway.

Dr. King suggested that as E. P. Clarke of Ontario Record and Frank F. Oster of Colton were personal friends of Mr. Munson they be requested to contribute articles to the next issue of THE HERALD.

Carried.

Rev. Cross, Father Hahn, Dr. King, C. H. Ingelow and Captain T. E. Fraser spoke feelingly of their dead friend and paid high tributes to his character and ability.

AN ESTIMATE OF MR. MUNSON'S NEWS-PAPER WORK.

My first visit to Banning was in the summer of 1888. I was told then that a young lawyer stopping there for his health was about to start a paper. Familiar as I was with pioneer newspaper work in Southern California, I thought that the venture was a risky one, and I wondered at the courage or foolhardiness of the projector of the enterprise.

I did not see the first few issues of THE HERALD but when one reached me, I was much impressed with the generous local support which the paper received. I think about the first HERALD which I had was the number containing an account of the Republican County Convention held in October, and I recall yet the sensation of pleasure with which I read the crisp, keen comments on the proceedings, and especially the bright character sketching of some of the gentlemen who participated. I felt then that a new star, of the first magnitude, had arisen in the journalistic sky of Southern California. The following March we began printing THE HERALD. For over two years I have carefully read every proof of the paper, so that I feel as if I was in a position to judge of Mr. Munson's newspaper work with some degree of fairness.

It seems to me that the first thing which always impressed the reader of THE HERALD was a certain quaint originality in Mr. Munson's style. His writing was *sui generis*; no matter where you saw it there was no mistaking the brand. There was a happiness of characterization, an originality of illustration, a brilliancy of expression, and a freshness of humor that made whatever he wrote readable. It had a certain unique and pleasing flavor peculiarly its own. Even the commonplace items about the coming and going of the citizens of Banning were put in such an original form that the stranger enjoyed reading them. This ability to make the trivial interesting I regard as one of the highest qualifications for success in country newspaper work, or in fact for newspaper work in general. A concert or a ball would furnish Munson material for a column or even half a dozen columns, and the account was sustained in interest from beginning to end.

The diction often seemed strange but was usually very correct. In reading proofs I frequently struck a word that was new to me, but an investigation usually

the
risk

showed that it was in good use and strikingly appropriate. Occasionally words were coined, but they hit the mark squarely. Some of the rhetorical and grammatical constructions were unusual, but they helped give force or clearness. Mr. Munson's command of language was remarkable and seemed to come from a full fountain; he wrote readily and rapidly; his articles came from his pen as finished products—there was no elaboration or correction. He never seemed to lack for themes, and whatever topic he touched on he handled with marked ability.

Mr. Munson was fearless; he loved the truth, as he understood it, and he hated shams and hypocrites. He was mistaken sometimes, but he never flinched from what he thought was duty. He had high ideals of the mission of a newspaper and never hesitated to raise his voice against wrong or abuse. Most of us feel the necessity of being somewhat politic about

our denunciations. We can hurl our anathemas at distant evils, but we hesitate about going for a man who can come in the next morning and order out his ad. or take a dozen names from our subscription books. Munson never seemed to be trammelled by considerations of that kind. He not only represented with signal ability the general sentiment of Banning on such issues as county division and the Indian Reservation, but he was equally bold in expressing his opinion regarding the foolishness of multiplying church organizations in Banning, the injury to the community of people who stood in the way of public progress, or stupidity of a local jury. He took sides on the local questions without regard to its effect on the finances or popularity of his paper. He fired hot shot at an unworthy preacher or a pestiferous water grabber with equal vigor and impartiality.

Yet it seems to me that he was rarely unfair or petulant. In his state of health he might have been excused from some irritation of manner, but that sunniness of disposition that marked his life characterized his newspaper work. If frank and cutting in his attacks, he was decent and dignified and his opponents could respect him.

THE HERALD has done a great work for Banning. It has made the mountain village famous, and I do not wonder that the people of Banning loved Louis Munson living and honor his memory dead. It is said that the "healing climate" whose efficacy he sang so potently should

have failed to reach his case, but such is often the irony of fate.

Without previous experience in newspaper work, Mr. Munson in less than three years made for himself a reputation that would have given him an honorable place on any of the great papers of the coast. The lamp in which burned his brilliant intellect has been shattered; and there is no newspaper man in Southern California but is glad to pay his tribute to the luster of the flame that has all too early been quenched.

E. P. CLARKE,
Editor Ontario Record.

MR. MUNSON AS A LAWYER.

Every reader of THE BANNING HERALD knows that Louis Munson was a brilliant journalist; few people, however, are aware that he had already attained a considerable degree of distinction at the bar, before the exigencies of ill health diverted his enfeebled energies from the comparatively arduous field of the law, to the less exacting one of journalism. It was my good fortune to be associated with him professionally in various legal matters of more or less importance, since his coming to California. To me, therefore, is assigned the grateful task of writing of him as a lawyer.

Although yet a young man at the time of his death, Mr. Munson had, as already intimated, laid deep and broad the foundation of a successful legal career. I believe the three great requisites for permanent success at the bar are, in the order named, character, industry, and knowledge of the law itself; the first and second are inborn; the third is acquired. Without the first two the last will do no good, but may, on the contrary, lead to much that is bad. Without the first one the second and third taken together are more dangerous to society than the third alone. They are the breeders of dissension, the stock in trade of the shyster. But given the first and second, the third will follow naturally and as a matter of course, making the sum total of the prerequisites to success; provided always, the possession of these talents inclines towards the law.

In character, Mr. Munson was pre-eminent. Manliness was his chief characteristic. Truth, honesty, sobriety and loyalty—these elements were so much a part of his nature that he seemed unable to account for their absence anywhere. He had the true lawyer's instinct for ar-

instinctively allied himself with the right and the oppressed. Chivalric to a romantic degree, he would go out of his way to aid the weak, or to deal strong oppression a blow. But whether with you or against you, and you always knew which, he was equally fair, manly and straightforward, and you knew not whether you admired him the more as an ally or as opponent. Herein he appeared as the true lawyer, loving the law not for what it might yield him in dollars and cents, but because it was the law; because it sought justice and right in an orderly and systematic manner. There are many attorneys in the world, but few lawyers; but among these few was Louis Munson.

Nor is this merely post mortem eulogy; it is an honest conviction derived from an intimate knowledge of the man, his thoughts and purposes. He felt of the law as he felt (and often expressed himself to the writer) concerning public office: Its greatest attraction was in the fact that it gave the office-holder such a magnificent opportunity to be a man.

It is a noteworthy fact that the lawyer of 30 or 35 has already laid the foundation which is to support that superstructure called reputation, in which he is to live at 50; that fame, like a laggard squire, follows 20 years after his knightly master and his heroic achievements. Had Louis Munson lived, in health and strength, to the age of 50, he would have been known as a great lawyer; but having died nearly 20 years earlier, he had not that fame, but he was the true lawyer, nevertheless.

FRANK F. OSTER.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, The editor of THE HERALD OF BANNING, Mr. Louis Munson, has been removed from his position among us by the hand of death, and

WHEREAS, We, the people of Banning, sincerely mourn his departure, therefore, be it

Resolved, By us, that our paper has suffered an irreparable loss in the death of the man who founded it, and who lifted it to a position of prominence among its fellows. Be it further

Resolved, That our community has lost one of its most worthy and useful citizens; one to whom we could point as a model of uprightness, energy, business capacity and true generosity. Be it further

Resolved, That, as individuals, we have lost a friend so true, so helpful and so kind that nothing can fill the void remaining, save the memory of the departed. Be it further

Resolved, That, in order to express to his friends elsewhere the sentiments that we, his townspeople, cherish toward the late Louis Munson, these resolutions be ordered printed in THE BANNING HERALD, and that a copy of them be respectfully forwarded to the family of the deceased by the secretary of this meeting.

The death of Louis Munson, editor of THE BANNING HERALD, is a positive loss to Southern California journalism. A man whose rhetoric was polished, whose wit was as bright as the flash of a mirror, whose literary style had all the charm of purity and precision, whose stock of information was large, whose culture was evidently as broad as it was refined, and whose ideas were not circumscribed by his narrow horizon, Munson was a thirty-two page journalist in a one-column town. His cleanly edited and really meritorious BANNING HERALD was, by all odds, the brightest newspaper among our coast exchanges. There is something inexpressibly sad about a light so bright as his going out with such appalling suddenness. *L. A. Express.*

The *Champion* is this morning advised that Mr. Louis Munson, the founder and noted and able editor of THE HERALD OF BANNING, dropped dead in Riverside yesterday. Death was undoubtedly caused by internal hemorrhage, as he was a victim of that fell disease, consumption. He was a lawyer by profession and an editor by the circumstance of ill-health leading him to the climate of Banning, in the San Geronio Pass, between Mts. San Bernardino and Jacinto. He believed that climate prolonged his life and that of many others. His death takes from the editorial fraternity one of its ablest and most conscientious members. His paper, though edited in a small place and printed in Ontario, had become widely known and a most welcome visitor to all who had the pleasure of reading it. It may be truly said: Another good and useful man has gone beyond the dark river where all must sooner or later go. — *Chino Champion.*

Louis Munson, of THE BANNING HERALD, died at Riverside on the 23d inst. Although not personally acquainted with Mr. Munson, we have been an interested reader of his paper for the past two years. He was one of the brightest men in the Southern California newspaper fraternity, and the craft will sorely miss him. He was a victim of consumption. — *Monrovia Messenger.*

All Southern California will deplore the loss to journalism of Louis Munson, of THE BANNING HERALD, who expired last evening while en route to meet the President. Louis Munson was a brilliant writer and a good man. He had

OBITUARY.

June 9, 1896

Died, at his home in Banning, Monday evening, Jan. 7th, Morgan G. Kelley. Born in Rochester, N. Y., in 1865. Entered Hamilton college, but ill health compelled a change of climate and he went to Minnesota, and from there came to Banning. Lived in Banning for six years and seemingly was improving, but that fatal disease, consumption, had too firm a hold, and after a severe cold and illness he gradually failed. He leaves no relatives nearer than cousins, as his parents both died while he was young.

Funeral services were held at his home Wednesday afternoon, Rev. McCunn officiating, and he was then taken to his final resting place beside his father and mother, in Rochester, N. Y.

Morgan G. Kelley came to Banning about six years ago, seeking relief in the climate for consumption. For a time he improved very much, but the disease was only biding its time to strike him down. He engaged in business with W. S. Hathaway in a general merchandise store, and afterwards joined with Capt. T. E. Fraser in building the brick block where the postoffice is located. Was elected justice of the peace, which office he filled in a most satisfactory manner. About two years ago he bought out his partner's interest in the store and owned it until recently, when failing health compelled him to sell out. One of our best business men, he has built up the town, erected a fine dwelling house, and was a citizen to be proud of, and not easily spared.

The death of Morgan G. Kelley is an irreparable loss to Banning. A thorough gentleman in every sense of the word; a business man of sterling worth and integrity; a public-spirited citizen; in fact a man whom it might be considered a privilege to know. And words fail to convey a proper expression of his worth and the esteem with which he was held in our midst. "The elements so mixed in him that nature might have stood against the world and said 'This was a man.'"

All Banning unites in deploring his loss, and extends the most heart-felt sympathy to the bereaved relatives and near and dear friends.

On Monday afternoon, quietly and peacefully, our friend and fellow-townsmen fell asleep; so quietly, that those about him scarcely knew when the spirit left the body, which had been its home all too short a time.

The disease with which he battled so bravely had uncomplainingly, had for some months been gaining ground, and his friends saw with sorrow his loss of strength. His gradual giving up of the little social pleasures, which he used to enjoy, caused his young friends to lose interest in, and practically abandon their usual amusements.

He was a favorite with young and old—always public-spirited and generous—and his kindly manner, unflinching courtesy and rare dignity proved him to be by nature and breeding a thorough gentleman.

His loss to the community is great, and while we mourn the fact that one so young, capable of enjoying life and of doing so much good should be taken, we cannot but be thankful that his suffering is over; that the spirit is freed and the poor tired body is at rest.

To his relations upon whom the loss falls heaviest, we extend heartfelt sympathy.

"He is not dead
He is just away."

BANNING, January 9, 1895.

† A Tribute to M. G. Kelley. †

That "death loves a shining mark" is no trite saying to the people of Banning who have witnessed Mr. Kelley's unequal struggle with that relentless foe, consumption, and have sorrowed to see him at last succumb.

Mr. Kelley was one of those rare combinations of physical beauty, fine intelligence and forceful character. Young, handsome and wealthy; three adjectives that place the world at a young man's feet—and yet unspoiled. A man who could, when threatened with hereditary disease, give up his beloved college, and later, unusually bright business prospects in a great city, where the brightest and fairest claimed him as of their kind, to come and gracefully make his home in our little mountain hamlet; his only reward being a respite for a few years from his disease.

Fate was kind to us in bringing him

to our midst, and no greater tribute can be paid to his worth than the fact that among these strange people he made ties as strong as those of blood. Affection pure and unaffected sat around his bedside and sorrowed as only those can who know they are losing helpful friendship, gentle and kindly companionship, and know that death with cruel force is stilling a great heart and crushing out a great nature.

A SAD DEATH.

Aug 26, 1898

Mr. Frank J. Clancy Dies Suddenly
in Banning.

GONE TO HIS ETERNAL HOME.

A Shining Mark for the Grim Archer—A Popular
Young Man Mourned by the Entire Community—Sketch of a Life Prematurely Ended.

The startling, sudden and sad intelligence of the death of Mr. Frank J. Clancy, which occurred Saturday afternoon at the residence of his brother, W. B. Clancy, threw a shadow of grief over all. He left Banning for a brief visit to Colton last Tuesday night, after which he went to Los Angeles, accompanied by his sister, Miss Maggie Clancy. They returned to Banning Friday noon. Saturday afternoon about 1 o'clock he drove up town in a buggy with his brother and mingled with his friends in his customary genial way. He was apparently enjoying improved health. He returned to the home of his brother ostensibly for the purpose of taking his sister and sister-in-law out for a pleasant drive. He assisted the ladies into the buggy and was about to regain his seat when he was suddenly stricken with a hemorrhage. He reentered the house and fell upon the floor dead.

When the announcement of Mr. Clancy's death reached the citizens it occasioned less surprise than sorrow. The friends and late associates of this worthy and popular young gentleman have for some weeks expected such sad tidings. Since he resigned his position as notary public it has been evident that those who were near to him by the ties of blood and friendship that the lamp of life, waxing weaker and weaker, and feeble each day, must soon be extinguished.

Mr. Clancy had been an invalid for more than six years. The rapid encroachment of that fatal malady, consumption, drove him from the channels of active business life in his eastern home to the mountain air of Southern California. He came to Banning from Yate City, Ill., with his brother, Mr. Will B. Clancy, some six years ago, and for a time thereafter was encouraged by partial restoration and hopeful of complete recovery. But it was not to be. It had been decreed otherwise. He commenced to improve and gain in strength under this stimulating climate. He soon entered into the affairs of men, acting in various capacities. Last spring he sadly realized the return of the fatal symptoms. His search among the mountains and beside the sea for the antidote which science was powerless to supply only served to prolong his life but a few short years. Vain quest! Vain as the search of Ponce de Leon for the waters of life-giving fountains?

Mr. Clancy was in the twenty-eighth year of his age, and was born in Yate City, Ill. His mother died when he was quite young. His father, a prominent and influential citizen of Yate City, and a brother and sister residing in Banning, survive him.

The funeral services of the deceased took place Sunday afternoon at the residence of Mr. W. B. Clancy, and were largely attended. By request, Dr. J. C. King, an intimate friend of the departed, delivered the eulogy, and reviewed the story of a noble life in a manner touching and impressive. The remains were accompanied to the cemetery by one of the largest funeral processions ever witnessed in Banning. Every conveyance in the town and suburbs formed in line.

Many beautiful floral designs were laid upon the casket and about the grave of the dead by friends and acquaintances. Among those who contributed flowers were Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Bradfield, of Colton, Mrs. S. L. Summers, Mrs. C. Sweeters, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Tyson, Miss Alberta Armstrong, and Miss Jessie Forquer.

There was no more popular man in the business and social circles of Banning than Frank J. Clancy. Honorable and upright in his business relations, gentle, generous and pure in his social intercourse, it is no wonder that the news of his death has brought such profound sorrow to many hearts, and that many a tear has been shed in silence as the mind called up the vision of his kindly countenance, his gen-

tle eye, and his lovable character. Inexpressibly sad is it to stand beside the bier of one so prematurely taken and contemplated the noble character of a most worthy life. He stood a man among men, honored, loved and respected. Unswerving in his integrity, unmovable in his honesty and unshaken in his convictions, religious and moral, Frank J. Clancy passes from among us, and the world is better for his having lived. We cannot in so brief a space and short a time do justice to the life that has ended, but perhaps another day we shall endeavor to pay a tribute to the character that lives and will continue to live as long as manhood is admired of men.

A Friend's Tribute.

— 8 8 8 —

DIED—Saturday afternoon, August 26, 1893, at Beaumont, Frank J. Clancy, a native of Illinois, aged 28.

To the careless eye of the stranger, the above simple notice may seem worthy only of a passing thought, forgotten as soon as read—but to these who know the sad circumstances which it records what a burden of woe, what hours of desolation and anguish, what bitter, blinding tears does it not suggest! For no common man was Frank J. Clancy, and no ordinary sorrow is his loss. Lovely in person, winning in manner, above all, possessing an amiability of disposition almost angelic, he was an object of interest to all who knew him; an incarnate sunbeam, filling his niche in life with beauty and brightness; the center around which clustered many bright hopes and fond ambitions; the love crowned king and idol of a brother's and sister's affection.

When crushed by so great a bereavement, how hard for stricken hearts to still rebellious murmurs, and trustingly whisper, it is well! to look above and beyond the darkened present to where softly falls the sunshine of resignation and peace! to stretch out hands of faith to catch that patient submission which is the precious interest of tears! to feel that if in kindness and in love their departed one for a brief space was lent to cheer them, in kindness and in love even greater is he now recalled!

Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lesson which such deaths will teach, but let no man reject it for it is one that all must learn, and is a mighty universal truth. When death strikes down the helpless and the young, for every frail form from which he sets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise in shapes of mercy, charity and love, to walk the world and bless it! Of every tear that sorrowing mortal sheds on such green graves, some good is borne, some gentle nature comes. In the destroyer's step there springs up bright creations which defy his power, and his dark path becomes a ray of light to heaven. If it be true, this sweet sentiment we have quoted from the child lover, Dickens—and who can doubt it?—then not in vain did noble hearted Frank live! Wisely was it ordained that he should be called hence ere his tender and sensitive spirit hardened beneath the indurating tones of sad experience or his fair soul received the tint of sin, for the memory of his pure loveliness is a precious legacy, a sanctifying influence making holier the lives of those who so fondly loved him.

In thinking, too, of this sweet human blossom, "fading timelessly," there is a touching appropriateness in the season when he bade farewell to earth. No leaden, wintry sky frowned down upon the new-made grave; there was no funeral march of hurtling storm or of wailing winds, but instead, the golden splendor of unclouded sunshine or the white glory of midsummer moons; flower censers swung sweet incense, attendant zephyrs softly whispered, and bird choirs chanting a fitting requiem for one whose voice made music in so many hearts. Sleep, sweetly cherished brother and friend, the while the sunshine and the dew weave a low green tent to shelter thy dreamless pillow. Not unattended is thy deep repose for loving thoughts keep there a ceaseless vigil and troops of angels guard the sacred spot. Calm be thy rest, undisturbed by earth's fret and

fever, unbroken by haunting visions of sin and woe, joyful be thy awakening on the bosom of him who called you home to rest.

"Oh! death where is thy sting:
Oh! grave where is thy victory.
But Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

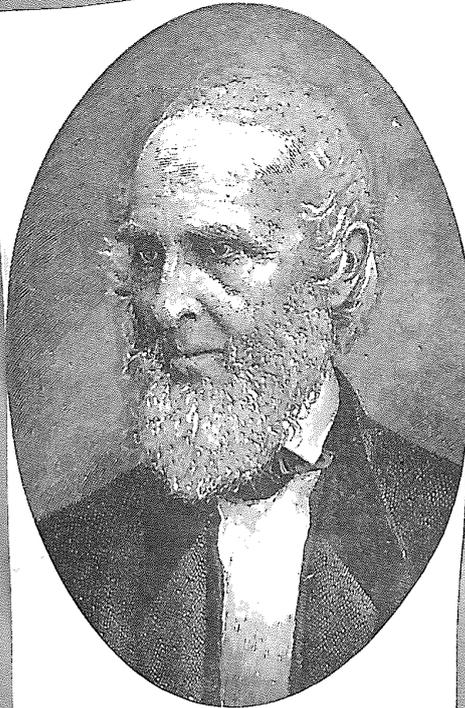
J. L. E.

† A NOTED INDIAN DEAD †

Captain John Morongo, a noted Indian leader and government employe, died at his home at the Potrero village about three miles northeast of Banning, on the morning of July 18. The Captain had been confined to his bed for a number of weeks with pleurisy and other complications.

In the death of Captain Morongo, the Indians have lost one of their wisest men. The Captain spoke fluently several languages, as well as several dialects. He has been more or less associated with all the Indian agencies of this Southern district, and had a wide influence for good among his people in Southern California. In the death of Captain Morongo the government has lost a very faithful employe; likewise his people have lost a very valuable friend and servant, one that was ever mindful of their interest as well as their duty to the government.

In the death of Captain John Morongo Riverside county loses a useful citizen, a man who was doing a noble work for his own people and who had the confidence and respect of both Indians and whites. His best efforts for years have been given for the civilization of the Mission Indians. His example has been uniformly on the side of law and order, industry and good citizenship, and his influence as Indian Police was very strong among the Indians of Southern California. The writer last saw him at the closing exercises of the Perris Indian school last June, and his interest and pride in the showing made by the dusky children—many of whom were from his own reservation, and several of whom were relations of his—was a touching sight. He was a fine example of the type of manhood that may be developed in the Indian, and his death is a severe loss to the cause of civilization among the Mission tribes of Southern California. The teacher, the preacher and all who are interested in seeing the Indians take their place in the industrial world beside their white brothers, had in Captain Morongo a warm friend and ally, and they will sincerely mourn his death.



John Greenleaf Whittier

This excellent cut is used by kind permission of Houghton Mifflin & Co.

AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
*O love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!*

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

*Thave but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.*

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
*And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.*

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The telegraph informs us that John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet, died peacefully yesterday at Hampton Falls, N. H.

He was born of Quaker parents at East Haverhill, Mass., on the 17th of December, 1807, and was, consequently, in his eighty-fifth year. He was to the end of his days a consistent member of the Society of Friends.

With Whittier passes away the last of that quartette of, hitherto, the greatest American poets—Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell. We know not what the future poetic genius of our country may develop, but the four men who have made a name for themselves wherever the English language is spoken are those whose names have just been given. They were all born in Massachusetts, even Longfellow, whose birthplace was in that part of Massachusetts then known as the "District of Maine," which was not separated from the Bay State until 1820. All four of these kings of American song lived beyond "three score years and ten," and all began to sing in their teens songs that will live as long as the English language, and each one wrote poems the very year of their death. The Atlantic Monthly for September, 1892, contains a noble tribute from Whittier to Holmes, written only four weeks ago.

It may be truly said that Whittier was the most American of American poets. He had fewer advantages than any of his peers of song, but, perhaps, he had more of the "divine afflatus." Bryant, Longfellow and Lowell had the benefits of a classic education and of foreign travel, while Whittier had neither the advantages of a college course nor of that greater education—foreign travel. He never left the shores of North America. In his "Last Walk in Autumn" he refers to his untravelledness when he says,

"I know not how in other lands
The changing seasons come and go;
What splendors fall on Syrtian sands,
What purple lights on Alpine snow."

Still, he recognizes that the power of the imagination can make one a travelled man, for, in the same poem, he tells us how he has journeyed abroad:

"Yet on life's current he who drifts
Is one with him who rows or sails;
And he who wanders widest lifts
No more of beauties jealous yells
Than he who from his doorway sees
The miracle of flowers and trees,
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,
And from cloud minarets hears the sunset
call to prayer."

Those who are acquainted with his poems will find that many of them are on old world themes, and involve a

minute knowledge not only of foreign countries, but of towns, cities, and of small localities in those lands: He is never caught tripping even in the smallest detail. His power of imagination, together with his reading, made him exceedingly familiar with foreign lands. More than a generation ago a lady from the city of Jean Jacques Rousseau and of Sismondi asked Whittier if he had ever been to Switzerland. He modestly replied: "No, I have never been there, but"—and his large black eyes dilated with a wonderful sparkle—"I have seen the Alps!" Therefore he, by his powerful imagination, overcame the disadvantages arising from the want of foreign travel.

As to his poems on American themes, some English critics have placed him first because he has written more truly in regard to the people of America and their environment, both moral and natural, than any other of his compeers. And yet he, perhaps, of all our poets has been the most wanting in personally putting himself forward, either at home or abroad, or in taking care of his poetic children. He did not know until 1857 that a fine edition of his poems had been published in England. Whittier's beautiful poem entitled in his works "The Vaudois Teacher," was as familiar as a household word with the Waldenses (the Vaudois) of Northern Italy, and among the Protestants of France. It has since been translated into Italian, and committed to heart by all the Italian Protestants. It had become classic in French without the author's name attached, and yet Whittier knew nothing of this foreign tribute to his genius until an article in the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette made him aware of it.

From his own lips and from his sister, Elizabeth's, Rev. J. C. Fletcher of Los Angeles, who knew him for forty years, learned many things of his life. He informed Mr. Fletcher in one of their conversations that at the age of eighteen he taught school in East Haverhill, and he added: "I think many of my

scholars knew as much, or more than I did." He has told us his boyhood story, in "The Bare-foot Boy," and in "Snow Bound." While he derived from his mother a rich poetic inheritance, he tells us in his poem entitled, "Burns," with the subtitle of "On Receiving a Sprig of Heather in Blossom," how his poetic nature was developed from the day when, for the first time, he read the Scottish poet, and

"Sang with Burns the hours away
Forgetful of the meadow."

Whittier was a farmer's son, and thus, perhaps, so easily caught the spirit of and entered into sympathy with Burns, whom he more closely resembles than any other poet which America has produced.

One portion of his poems tells the story of his life when it cost something for a man to declare himself an abolitionist. He struck strong and sturdy blows at the very root of slavery. His Quaker principles would make him take the side of the slave, but while thousands of the Society of Friends held the same views none of them voiced anti-slavery sentiments and sent them ringing and singing red hot from the anvil as did Whittier. Lowell, in his "Fable on the Critics," published in 1848, says of Whittier:

"There was ne'er a man born who had more
of the swing
Of the true lyric bard and all that sort of
thing."

And then, in reference to Whittier's anti-slavery poems, Lowell declares that

"Our Quaker leader off in metaphorical fights
For reform and whatever they call human
rights
Both singing and striking in front of the
war
And hitting his foes with the mallet of
Thor."

While he was so deep in earnest in this crusade, he never lost his Christian faith in the darkest hours. In this he was one with his friends William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, and did not run into infidelity like Clapp and some other old-time abolitionists. His anti-slavery poems answered their purpose and their times, and, perhaps, hereafter will be read less than any other of his compositions, although many of them are of fine poetic quality.

Whittier was not only a profound American patriot in every sense of the word, taking a deep interest in the political status of the little town of Amesbury, where he lived so long, in the politics of Massachusetts and of the Union, but he took a warm interest in the struggles for freedom over the world. The upheaving of Europe in 1848 enlisted his deepest sympathy, as may be seen in his lines to Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, to Garibaldi, and others. Several times did he represent Essex county in the Massachusetts Senate, and could have had higher honors if he had not positively refused them.

As to his religious views, they are most clearly stated in his poems. He was a member of the Orthodox Society

of Friends, was a great reader of the Bible and was a most steady attendant at the "meeting," both on the First day and on any other day of the stated reunions of the Friends.

In his religion he was one of those who, to use his own language in one of his poems, "wrestled with God." His "My Soul" is as deep in its heart searchings as anything in Thomas A. Kemper. "My Psalm," "The Eternal Goodness," "Our Master" and others—parts of which are found in all our hymn books—not only show where Whittier's trust on earth was, but that he had in his heart

"Immortal love, forever full,
Forever flowing free;"

and that, as he shows, salvation by Christ is

"No fable old, nor mythic lore.

No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet

A present help is He:
And faith has still its Oilvet,
And love its Gallilee."

Whittier's first and only love was a sweet Quaker maiden, which the few initiated could point out in three of his poems. That he knew experimentally how to write of love, any one may see by reading that sweet New England idyl, "Among the Hills."

He had naturally the highest, holiest regard for woman, but that regard was cultivated to the highest degree by the companionship of his noble mother and sister. He never sneered at progress of any kind, but was always a kind and healthful common sense promoter of every good cause.

The place he will hold as a poet posterity will determine. Much will doubtless be sifted, but there are some of his poems that will never die. "Maud Muller," "The Red River Voyageur," "The Eternal Goodness," "Among the Hills," "Snow Bound" and many others will ever give delight and will bless mankind.

Of America's masters of song, Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell and Whittier have already joined the choir invisible. Dr. Holmes alone remains, and he has passed his eighty-third birthday. All of these men have been great in character as well as in genius, and we may well wonder when we shall look upon their like again. Of the number, Whittier will be generally accorded the second rank in the realm of art. But as a preacher of righteousness he was the greatest of them all; and his work will be none the less cherished for the fact that it is sermon and song in one.

A FAMOUS SONG.

How "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" Came to Be Written.
New York World.

It was while returning home from Europe in 1832 that Emma Willard wrote the famous ballad, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

In mid-ocean a terrific storm set in and the frail ship was tossed about by the waves. The passengers were all badly frightened, except Miss Willard, who seemed to undergo the whole experience with a feeling of gratitude.



Emma Willard.

Soon after the storm had abated she appeared in the cabin and read the first verses of the ballad.

The Duc de Choiseul was among the passengers, and he went into ecstasies about the piece. He prevailed upon Miss Willard to finish it. She did so, whereupon the Duc set the words to music, but the air is not the familiar one known now.

Emma Willard wrote many other poems, but none of them ever became so popular as this one.

CRANKS.

What is a crank? Well, there is not a very vast margin between a crank and a genius.

When Newton had the courage to tell the world that he had made a discovery, that same ungrateful world arose en masse and called Sir Isaac a crank. He had had the audacity to discover a truth. Gravitation was nothing new it had existed from the beginning, but Newton discovered it.

He was a crank in 1700; he was a genius in 1800.

There is a very narrow margin between the crank and the genius.

When Franklin bottled the lightning, and turned the key, the public said he was wild. It was impossible. But the name of the great American has outlived the names of those who thought him a crank.

Whitney and Fulton and Howe were all cranks in their day.

Cyrus Field was a crank. Whoever heard of anything so preposterous as the Atlantic cable. But the name of Cyrus Field will outlive the centuries.

When Grant made up his mind to take Vicksburg, a great many men, who knew naught of the odor of gunpowder, and less of the music of the rifle ball, declared that the matchless Ulysses was, beyond all controversy, a crank. He had undertaken an impossibility. He converted that impossibility into a victory. The crank became the victor, and all the world acknowledged his genius.

No one took stock in Edison at first. He was considered a crank, with a head full of wheels, but those wheels kept up their grind, and they ground out imperishable fame for the crank of Menlo.

There are thousands of men wearing out their gray matter, overtaxing their strength, and burning the midnight oil, who, sooner or later, will perch upon the ladder of fame, and on a rung very near the top.

But we today regard them as cranks. Has it ever occurred to you that possibly you are a crank yourself?

Mrs. Quinton then presented the following memorial:

WHEREAS, The Women's National Indian Association for four years knew well the wise and efficient work of the government school teacher at Pechanga, Cal., Mrs. Mary J. Platt, a work so absorbing and loving as to know no vacation and no limitation save that of physical strength; a work which changed the character and practices of the people for whom she labored; which made them a true temperance society; which barred out impure schemes and thus antagonized evil doers by its effectiveness; and

WHEREAS, The Association heard with grief and horror of the brutal murder of this beloved teacher September 20th, 1894; therefore

Resolved, That the Women's National Indian Association earnestly petitions the Indian Department of Government for the sake of all its teachers on Indian fields, as well as for every consideration of justice and humanity, to spare no effort to bring to light and to just punishment the perpetrators of this deed, and to make public the motives which moved to it so far as these can be known.

The profound feeling of the convention was evident in its reception of this resolution, which was unanimously adopted, and Mrs. Bullard, of Massachusetts, expressed the hope that it could be presented in Washington without delay.

Martyred Mrs. Platt.

Our missionary Supt. of southern California, Rev. Wm. H. Weinland, in the *Christian Herald*, gave a sketch which will interest our readers. We call special attention to the resolution adopted by our Convention in reference to the murder of Mrs. Platt, and hope that all who can do so will bring influence to bear towards a faithful investigation of the case. The article alluded to says: "Five years ago Mrs. Mary Platt, a widow, from San Diego, Cal., about forty years of age, was sent to reopen the government school for Indians at Pechanga. No school had been held

there for some time. Shortly before Mrs. Platt's arrival, when on a missionary journey, I came to Pechanga, and was directed to the vacant school room as the only suitable place in which to sleep. There was scarcely an entire pane of glass in the building, locks on the doors were broken, and entire panels were missing from the doors.

"Returning that way some days later, I found Mrs. Platt at work teaching in that wretched school room. Upon her arrival the Indians told her plainly that they did not care for school, and that she might as well go home again. But nothing could turn Mrs. Platt from her path of duty. The school then started was carried on successfully by her until she fell at her post of duty.

"Being an earnest Christian, she labored for the spiritual well-being of the Indians, who are nominal members of the Catholic Church but neglected and in gross ignorance and superstition. Seeing that the Indians suffered greatly from debauchery and prostitution at the hands of unprincipled white men she set about breaking up the wicked practices in vogue. Thus she placed herself in direct antagonism to the worst elements among whites and Indians. Upon one occasion the chief of the tribe, knowing of some plot against the teacher, quietly took his place on her front porch and kept guard while she slept. On July 4, 1891, her school house was burned to the ground, not through accident, but undoubtedly at the hands of an incendiary. The following autumn Mrs. Platt was on hand as determined as ever.

"During the night of September 20, 1894, Mrs. Platt was foully murdered at her post of duty, and the school house burned to the ground to conceal the crime. Covered in

vestigation has failed to reveal the criminal, though the details of the murder point rather to the brain of a fiendish white man than to that of the sluggish Indian. She fell a martyr to the cause of truth and right. Noble and lofty was the purpose of her life, unflinching her courage, unquestioning her dependence upon Him who promised 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'

The following remarkable little poem is a contribution to the San Francisco Times from the pen of Mrs. H. A. Deming. The reader will notice that each line is a quotation from some one of the standard authors of England and America. This is the result of a year's laborious search among the voluminous writings of thirty-eight leading poets of the past and present. The number of each line refers to its author below:

Life.

1. Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2. Life's a short summer, man a flower.
3. By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
4. The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
5. To be is far better than not to be,
6. Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;
7. But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb
8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9. Your fate is but the common fate of all;
10. Unmingled joys here to no man befall.
11. Nature to each allots its proper sphere;
12. Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.
13. Custom does often reason overrule,
14. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15. Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven;
16. They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
17. Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
18. Vile intercourse, whose virtue has no place.
19. Then keep each passion down, however dear,
20. Thon pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
21. Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
22. With craft and skill, to ruin and betray.
23. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;
24. We masters grow of all that we despise.
25. O, then, I renounce that impious self-esteem;
26. Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
27. Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave;
28. The path of glory lead but to the grave.
29. What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat—
30. Only destructive to the brave and great.
31. What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32. The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
33. How long we live, not years but actions tell;
34. That man lives twice who lives the first life well.

35. Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend
36. Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
37. The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just;
38. For, live we how we can, yet die we must.

1, Young; 2, Dr. Johnson; 3, Pope; 4, Prior; 5, Sowell; 6, Spenser; 7, Daniell; 8, Sir Walter Raleigh; 9, Longfellow; 10, Southwell; 11, Congreve; 12, Churchill; 13, Rochester; 14, Armstrong; 15, Milton; 16, Bailey; 17, Trench; 18, Somerville; 19, Thomson; 20, Byron; 21, Smollett; 22, Crabbe; 23, Massinger; 24, Cowley; 25, Beattie; 26, Cowper; 27, Sir Walter Davenant; 28, Gray; 29, Willis; 30, Addison; 31, Dryden; 32, Francis Quarles; 33, Watkins; 34, Herrick; 35, William Mason; 36, Hill; 37, Dana; 38, Shakespeare.

Lucky and Unlucky.

Lee surrendered on Friday.
Moscow was burned on Friday.
Washington was born on Friday.
Shakespeare was born on Friday.
America was discovered on Friday.
Richmond was evacuated on Friday.
The Battle was destroyed on Friday.
Queen Victoria was married on Friday.
Fort Sumpter was bombarded on Friday.
Napoleon Bonaparte was born on Friday.
Julius Caesar was assassinated on Friday.
The Mayflower pilgrims landed on Friday.
The battle of Waterloo was fought on Friday.
Jean of Arc was burned at the stake on Friday.—*Exchange.*

A Modern Version of Maud Muller.

Maud Muller, junior—summer's day,
Raked the meadows sweet with hay.
The Judge came limping down the lane;
He sighed and seemed to be in pain.
His face was thin and darkly tanned,
Mosquito bites adorned his hand.
His uniform was sadly soiled,
His linen, too, must needs be boiled.
His saber clanked as near he drew;
Sweet Maud looked up, said "How d'ye do!"
"I've been away to war," said he.
"Indeed!" said Maud, quite cheerily.
"You fought the Spanish hordes!" said she.
"No; flies and insects," answered he.
She said: "You heard the horrid shell,
And groaned as some poor comrade fell!"
"Ah, yes," he said, "deep groans were mine
But mostly when 'twas time to dine."
"And stormed you not some Cuban hill?"
She asked, her voice grown strangely still.
"Alas!" said he with sorrowing look,
"I stormed naught save the army cook."
"No Cuban hill!" she said. "Oh, fudge!
I'm disappointed in you, Judge!"
Then with a sigh she turned away
And raked the meadow sweet with hay.
The soldier-Judge tramped on again,
And sighed, "Gosh hang the war with Spain!"
Alas! for soldier, alas! for maid;
Alas! for those who at Tampa staid.
Alas! poor soldiers for warfare wishin',
But always, alack! delay in transmission.
For of all sad words of tongue or type-
writer,
The saddest are these: "I'm an unfought
fighter!"

THE SAINT AND THE SINNER.

Heartworn and weary the woman sat,
Her baby sleeping across her knee.
And the work her fingers were toiling at
Seemed a pitiful task for such as she—
Mending shoes for the little feet
That pattered over the cabin floor,
While the bells of the Sabbath day rang sweet
And the neighbors passed by the open door.

The children played, and the baby slept,
And the busy needle went and came,
When, lo! on the threshold stone there stept
A priestly figure and named her name:
"What thrift is this for the Sabbath day,
When bells are calling and far and near
The people gather to praise and pray?
Woman, why are you toiling here?"

Like one in a dream she answered low:
"Father, my days are workdays all.
I know not Sabbath. I dare not go
Where the beautiful bells ring out and call,
For who would look to the meat and drink
And tend the children and keep the place?
I pray in silence and try to think,
For God's love can listen and give me grace."

The years past on, and with fast and prayer
The good priest climbed to the gate of rest,
And a tired woman stood waiting there,
Her workworn hands to her bosom pressed.
"O saint thrice blessed, mount thou on high,"
He heard the welcoming angels say,
When meekly, gently, she passed him by,
Who had mended shoes on the Sabbath day.

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Man's life is a game of cards. First
its "cribbage." Next he tries to "go it
alone" at a sort of "cut, shuffle and deal"
pace. Then he "gambols on the green."
Then he "rises" the "duce," when his
mother takes a "hand" and, contrary to
Hoyle, "beats the little joker" with her
"five." Then with his "diamonds" he
wins the "queen of hearts." Tired of
playing a "lone hand" he expresses his
desire to "assist" his fair partner, throws
out his cards and the clergyman takes a
ten dollar bill on a "pair." She "orders
him up" to build the fires. Like a
"knave" he joins the "club," which is
"low," too. If he keeps "straight" he is
oftentimes "flush." He grows "bluff,"
sees a "deal" of trouble, when at last he
"shuffles" off this mortal coil and passes
in his "checks." As he is "raked in" by a
"spade," life's fitful "game" is over, and
he awaits the summons of Gabriel's
"trump," which shall "order him up."

If I Should Die To-night.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face,
Before they laid it in its resting place.
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving
thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Friends on which the willing feet had sped—
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more
to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully:
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And smitten in the old familiar way,
For who would war with dumb, unconscious
clay!
So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

O friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow;
The way is lonely; let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn,
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn;
Forgive! O, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

—CHARLES MACKAY.

WHAT "SING A SONG OF SIX- PENCE" MEANS.

You all know this rhyme, but have you
ever heard what it really means?
The four-and-twenty blackbirds repre-
sent the twenty-four hours. The bottom
of the pie is the world, while the top crust
is the sky that overarches it. The open-
ing of the pie is the day dawn, when the
birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight
is fit for a king.

The king, who is represented sitting in
his parlor counting out his money, is the
sun, while the gold pieces that slip through
his fingers, as he counts them, are the
golden sunbeams.

The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen,
is the moon, and the honey with which
she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the
garden at work before her king—the sun
—has risen, is the day dawn, and the
clothes she hangs out are the clouds. The
bird who so tragically ends the song by
"nipping off her nose" is the sunset. So
we have the whole day, if not in a nut-
shell, in a pie.—*Exchange.*

THE PACHANGOS.

The Indians Immortalized by Helen Hunt Jackson.

Only About Two Hundred of the Tribe Living in Temecula Canyon.

Mrs. Platt's Work Among This Queer People — Efforts to Improve Their Condition — Her Sad Death.

LOS ANGELES, Sept. 29.—(To the Editor of The Times:) Where is Pachango, or Pichango? The Times recently had an account of the murder of Mrs. Mary J. Platt, the faithful teacher of an Indian school, and the burning of the school building at that place.

Having been told that the tribe of Temecula Indians immortalized by Helen Hunt Jackson in "Ramona," are now called Pachango Indians, and that they lived in San Diego county, I started out with a team a few months since to find them. From Los Angeles to Riverside, by way

of Pomona and Chino, is fifty-five miles, then up through the Temescal Canyon to Lake Elsinore is twenty-five miles, and from there south to Temecula is fifteen miles. At this place we found the first person who ever knew the existence of a place called Pachango.

It was about four miles south in a canyon running into the Peló Mar Mountains. Our informer, a wealthy rancher, seemed to be well acquainted with the Pachango tribe, and we asked him if they formerly owned all the extensive lands around Temecula and what he thought of the story Mrs. Jackson had written about them. "Well," he said, "I ought to know something about it, because I am one of the white robbers she tells of, who ran them off. I was one of the San Francisco company who bought this tract and I came down to manage it, and when our stock went into the Indians' fields they ran it out, and sometimes killed them, and so we had to take legal measures to eject them and I suppose it was pretty hard for them to be turned off the land they had always lived on, but it was our land and that settled it."

About half a mile south of Temecula we forded a fine stream running as much water as the Los Angeles River, known as Santa Marguerita, and while watering our horses, an old man in a farm wagon drove up. We remarked that it was a fine stream, and asked if it was not used for irrigation. "Well, no; not much now; the Indians used most all of it, but since they were driven off it all runs to waste down the Temecula Canyon, where the

Santa Fe was washed out." "Did the Indians cultivate the land better than the present white owners?" we asked. "I should say they did," he drolled out;

"this country don't look much like it did when they were on it. It seems like it was cursed since."

As we turned off the main road, and took a side road to the reservation, we noted an Indian on a high hill mount his horse and ride swiftly over a narrow trail leading up the canyon, and we wondered why our approach had so startled him. About one mile up the canyon we came upon the schoolhouse, which also contained the teacher's living rooms. At this place the canyon widens into a little valley with perhaps fifty acres of good bottom land. Here about 200 of the 800 Temecula Indians have existed eighteen years, hoping that the promised allotment of land would be made by the government. They are without doubt the poorest cared for tribe in Southern California. The women take their washing two miles up the canyon because there is very little water in the wells, and in the dry season there is no water at the schoolhouse. Mrs. Platt told some of her early experiences at the reservation, which give an insight into the Indian character, as well as her own devoted life. Mrs. Platt said: "The former teachers have been scared away, three having come and gone during that term. Drunkenness, gambling and fighting were

common among the Indians, and a set of white scoundrels who hung around the reservation and lived off the labor of the tribe.

"When I learned of the condition of the work, I thought I was needed right there, and I determined to go and to stay. My introduction to them was a little funny. Upon leaving the train at Temecula station, I was accosted by two Indian girls, the older one being about 8 years of age. 'Are you the teacher?' said the larger one. 'Yes,' I replied. 'Are you Protestant or Catholic?' was the next question. 'Why, I am a Protestant,' I replied, much surprised at the little questioner. 'Well, you'd better get right back on the train and go away, then, for we don't want you here,' was the saucy rejoinder.

"Putting my hands on each of the children's shoulders, I said: 'Oh, no, I have come to stay, and I am going to be your teacher, and I hope you will like me.' So, finding that they could not get rid of me, they showed me to where an old Indian was sitting, with a government wagon, who seemed much chagrined that I had persisted in going to the reservation. After the first night I began to realize what had been the method of frightening away the teachers. A little noise under the window, a stick scratching the ground, or pebbles thrown on the roof of the house, and a dozen other tricks, every one of which proved the perpetrators to be mischievous boys. After a week of this kind of annoyance, some of which was quite bold, the captain, Mateo Pa, came in, and, after sitting some time in silence, grunted out: 'Teacher afraid?' To which I replied: 'No, teacher not afraid. Of whom should I be afraid?' 'Teacher no afraid of Indian?' queried Mateo, with a surprised accent. 'Afraid of Indians? Why, no; they are my friends, and I am their teacher. I would be afraid of some of the white men around here, were it not that the Indians would protect me.'

"The captain said nothing, but remained in deep silence several minutes; then rising to go said thoughtfully, 'Yes, Indian protect you; protect teacher.' Never from that time has an Indian disturbed

me or shown himself aught but a faithful friend. I commenced with a Sunday-school, and spent much time talking with the young men about their intemperance. Finally I started a pledge and in a few months had almost every male member of the tribe, including the captain, faithfully

keeping a total abstinence pledge. During the first year a number of the scattered Temecula Indians gathered for a fiesta with our people, and brought liquor with them. There was some drunkenness among them, but their stay was shorter than common, going away in about a week. Several months later I accidentally learned that Mateo Pa had brought his blanket and slept on my doorstep every night that these Indians were in our village. At the Indians' annual fiesta comes the harvest time for all the gamblers in the surrounding country. Fifteen or twenty whites and Mexicans come in and with liquor and games fleece the Indians. I was a trifle anxious for our young men as the time approached for their outing, and called Mateo in to talk with him, for he was my strongest support. He thought that all who had signed the pledge would keep it, and he promised to try and exclude liquor from the tribe, and at the risk of his life he kept this promise. The fiesta came and with it the low white hang-ons. Our people kept away from them, and refused their liquor, and most of them gradually took themselves away. A few more persistent bantered three or four of our men to play with them, and, choosing a secluded place, the game started, and soon liquor was passed around, but the captain, learning what was going on, walked into their midst, took the whiskey and threw it on the ground. This was the first time an Indian had asserted himself against these white men, and, although that day was our triumph, Mateo and his teacher have won the hatred of a lot of worthless white scamps. Now I have no fear of our people going back into degradation unless some unforeseen enemy appears. Some months after this Maj. Rust, the Indian agent, hearing of threats being made against me by these gamblers, came and handed me a revolver and said: 'Keep that always loaded and handy, and if any of those scoundrels come around to bother you or the girls, shoot them.'

Mrs. Platt seemed not to have thought of harm from the Indians, and little need had she, for in every home the mothers looked to her as the only one able to stand between their daughters and the white beasts. Jake Burgman, former Sheriff of San Diego county, and now living at Smith Mountain, speaking of a lady teacher at another Indian school said: "I knew that woman to take a six-shooter from the school and go into the woods and drive white men away and bring her girls back from the brush."

Mrs. Platt was this kind of a brave woman, although her skillfully laid plans with the help of Mateo, served her a better purpose than a six-shooter. No stranger could come into the canyon without a sentinel informing the captain, and he, if necessary, warning Mrs. Platt.

During my visit there, a letter came to Mateo from Father Ubach, asking him to participate in the white man's fiesta. This looked simple enough, and kind in the father, especially as he gave them to understand there would be plenty of

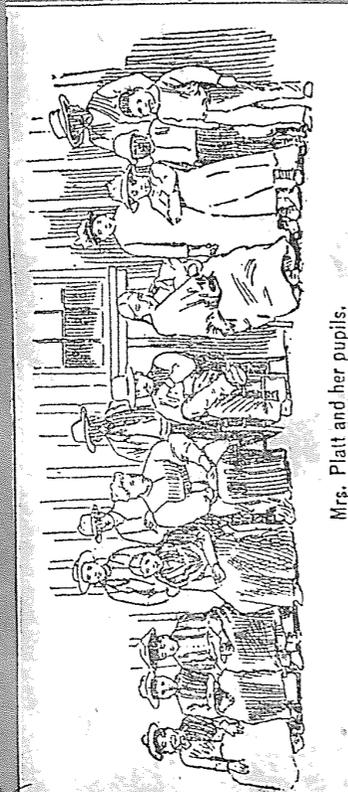
money, "big pots full of silver and the Indians could help themselves," they said. But Mrs. Platt had heard that the white people of San Diego were expecting an exhibition of the Indians dancing in their war paint, and she dreaded the degrading influence it would have upon her people. Patiently she had labored to cultivate a self-respect among them, a putting away of savage customs, and a Christian modesty in the women. Now to think of her men and girls, dancing almost nude before the gaze of the curious, was a bitter draught. She argued almost one day to persuade Mateo not to go, but without avail. He said Father Ubach's letter was like a command and they would have to go, but that none of them would dance in war paint or drink any liquor. I learned afterward from a letter of Mrs. Platt's that the captain was unable to keep that promise, as the men and women did dance, and some of the men got drunk. Mrs. Platt said it looked like the undoing of her work and she could not tell what might come of it. Whether the long delay in the government's setting apart suitable lands for these Indians, or the degrading influence of the San Diego fiesta, with whisky, could so change this whole tribe that they would put her out of the way, who had been so close a friend, I cannot tell. That she was murdered seems plain. Perhaps by an Indian, perhaps by a white man, but that there is sadness in the cabin of old Grevonia Pa and sorrow in the heart of Juan and Isabel Macarro, I have every reason to believe, for surely this loss is as great as the taking away of their Temecula land.

A MARTYR'S DEATH.

For five years past, Mrs. Mary J. Platt has been a teacher in the Pichango Indian Reservation at a village near Temecula, Cal., and has faithfully performed her duties, educating the children and endeavoring besides to instil Gospel truths in their youthful minds. She has made many sacrifices for the sake of her pupils, and has at different times been in grave peril. Lately her body was found in the ruins of her burned cabin, and there were evidences that she had been murdered. Mrs. Platt has been kind to the savages on the reservation, and it was not believed that they would have offered violence; but that they have added another name to the long list of those who have literally given their lives for the cause of Indian evangelization, seems now beyond a doubt.

It may not be generally known, that John Marongo, who was held up and paid for as a "model Indian," and who was well attended in his last illness by competent physicians, nevertheless was treated by the Indian medicine men, who gruesomely stripped him of his shirt and then by biting open his breast, sucked out the sickness! We ad-

chapter for the 1st Arizona Reg. Father Dilly of Flagstaff volun- of Catholic Indians? interfere with the freedom of conscience hope so. Or will those who announce



Mrs. Platt and her pupils.

Mr. Heinemann said of Miss Morris' work in the Potrero school, that she was one of the best teachers in the service. He mentioned particularly her faculty of making the work eminently practical. The children carry home articles of clothing and other useful things which have been made in the school. The parents are pleased with the work which their little ones are doing, as parents are all over the world.

Miss Morris has dainty living rooms in the rear of the school; the wood-work is painted a pretty blue and dull salmon tints and these are the prevailing shades in the window shades, portieres and ornaments of the rooms. This object lesson is of great value in Mr. Heinemann's opinion for the children become accustomed to beautiful and homelike surroundings. Mr. Heinemann also commended Miss

All things will come to him who waits,
But here's a rule that's stickier;
The man who goes for what he wants,
Will get it all the quicker.



The home and family of Juan and Isabella Macarro.

Morris' work on the grounds; at her own expense she bought trees and shrubbery and the children are taking great pleasure in watering and caring for them. It is an inspiration to all earnest teachers when their work is judged by a gentleman of such experience and professional ability as Mr. Heinemann.

The Indian school service has met with a serious loss in the death of Prof. C. T. Beach, formerly Superintendent of Schools in Kansas, and more recently Supervisor of Indian Schools in Southern California, where he won the esteem and affection of all officers and teachers with whom he was associated.

Great people with great names have had their little names as well, but they have not paraded them. It is delightful to us to know that Mrs. Carlyle was Goody to her crustily affectionate husband; that the reserved and dignified George Eliot was Polly to her nearest and dearest; that Mrs. Browning never discarded the odd nickname of Ba given her by her brother before he was old enough to pronounce Elizabeth. But who can imagine these women of taste and genius as introducing themselves to the public under their pet names?

It is a sign of improved taste and improved manners that with us the reign of the "ie" and "y" is passing, and the reign of the full name coming in. For the sake of the general improvement it is possible to pardon even the over use of the British hyphen; if Smith-Jones be not desirable, at least it is better than Lou and Mattie.

TO HIS HOLINESS, POPE LEO XIII.

[The Queen of Spain has asked the Holy Father to pray for the success of the Spanish cause.—Press Dispatch.]
Don't you do it, Holy Father, do not send a single prayer
Up to God to bless the Spaniards, or their worthless lives to spare;
Sure, religion was unminded by the inquisition pack,
Till they fooled with Yankee Doodle and got stretched upon their back,
Now they ask you in their terror up above to intercede,
To protect them from destruction in this hour of dreadful need;
Ere Her Majesty you answer will you ask her to explain
Why she didn't seek your counsel before blowing up the Maine.

"When the devil he was ailing"—sure you know the adage well—
He would like to be an angel, and not a paramour in hell;
Now the dons have got a colic, but our gallant Yankee tars
Will adjust their indigestion with a dose of Stripes and Stars;
And, your Holiness, just watch them hunt the vermin to their holes—
We'll consent to let you offer up some masses for their souls—
But a single word don't murmur to the God of truth and right,
To enable them to meet us with a chance to win a fight.

Think of how this glorious nation always opened wide its doors,
To receive the tortured people driven off from foreign shores;
And, your Holiness, remember in the days of 'forty-eight,
How the Yankee ships were laden to the water's edge with wheat
To relieve the starving people of poor Paddy's sainted sod.
Those whose hearts have never wavered to your Holiness and God,
Where was Spain among the nations? Did she hungry peasants feed?
Not a mouthful, while our people never thought of crime or creed.

Now, by gosh! we will repay them just the same as sixty-one;
We will help brave Yankee Doodle to annihilate the don;
So upon your knees assist us, for religion here is free;
Every church in peace may flourish, from the mountains to the sea;
And if for no other reason than to praise Almighty God,
Either inside a cathedral, or upon the verdant sod,
You should send a kind petition up through Jordan's golden gates
To the Lord to always bless us here in these United States.

Holy Father, now remember, don't articulate a word
To the glorious God of battles to assist the Spanish sword;
For we've Dewey; and we've Sampson; yes, and gallant Fighting Bob;
Toll to fill with souls of Spaniards we have given them the job;
And I guess the Lord will aid them, for the veterans of the Maine
'p before His great tribunal got the first word in on Spain;
Twas a damnable explosion, but the Yankee cannon barks
Put a vengeance for our sailors in the stomachs of the sharks.

Don't you do it, Holy Father; Spain's not worth a tinker's dam,
And, besides, the Lord has always made a chum of Uncle Sam;
I no disrespect am showing by addressing you this song;
I was mad to think she'd ask you to assist in doing wrong;
Think of all the starving creatures she sent Weyler here to shoot!
Did she in those days consult you? No, that treacherous galoot
Was encouraged in his slaughter; but our Yankee ships and tars
Will above their graves in Cuba float the glorious Stripes and Stars.
—[Shandy Maguire in Oswego Palladium.]

"The sacred duty to country and flag—the priceless blessing of the safety of homes and honor, under protection of that flag must be learned at the mother's knee, or the lesson is never well learned. The strength of our country rests in its citizen soldiers, they are not common soldiers. 'Hearts of oak are our ships; hearts of oak are our men,' who go down if need be for country and its flag. Has the civilian at home no honor to bestow? Questions as to the proper use of the flag are asked every day, and every day witnesses its desecration through ignorance, incurable unless the loyal women educate our people out of it.

"First, no other flag should ever be placed above it; second, no printing should be on it; third, no portrait should be stamped upon it; fourth, it should be floated above us. Its habitat is the pure air of heaven; fifth, it should never be used as a covering for a refreshment table; sixth, it should never be used as a rug to be walked over.

"The soldier's motto is the correct one, 'Above us or about us.' Seventh, every one protected by it and the laws of the country should honor it. It should never be called 'a rag' by any one on American soil. These rules can be taught and learned and practiced, and, if not, then the loyal women of America, through the power of their great organizations, should ask of Congress that the rules of the army and navy be adopted for all citizens to observe.

"The flags time-honored, blood-stained, powder-burned, bullet-riddled, the dear old flags, are the most precious possessions among government trophies in Washington. Not one was ever trampled under foot of men. It remains for those who stay at home in safety to do this. We need more patriotism in the daily life; more love of country, more training for the final test, 'fineness of frame and firmness of hand'; mothers will do this best.

In Havana harbor our vessel lay.

'Twas night. From the city, across the bay
Came the glitter of lights by the water-side;
And, echoing over the flowing tide,
Came strains of music. No cause there seemed
To think of danger. They little dreamed,
Who slumbered on board that fatal night,
Or they who watched, that the morning light
Would greet but an hundred souls, where then
Were numbered three hundred and fifty men.

But upon our vessel, the noble Maine,
Was centered the frenzied hate of Spain.
Each Spaniard cursed her because she flew
A glorious banner—red, white and blue—
That stood for the freedom that Spaniards hate,
For justice to all, both small and great;
They cursed our noble ship that lay
At anchor there, in Havana Bay.

Half-mast to-day the banners fly,
Mourning the death of those who lie
In Havana Bay, with the shattered wrack
Of a ship that will nevermore come back.

Was there treachery done? We shall know: And then
Shall the Spaniard learn that ten million men
Impatiently wait, if need, to die
To avenge the death of those who lie,
Waiting the call of the Judgment Day,
With their murdered ship, in Havana Bay.

The Stars and Stripes.

This is the tribute Charles Sumner paid to the Stars and Stripes. It is well worth preserving:

"Here is the national flag! He must be cold, indeed, who can look upon its folds rippling in the breeze without pride of country. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air, but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen States to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue proclaim that union of States constituting our national stellation, which receives a new star with every State. The two together signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language, which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity; red for valor; blue for justice; and all together—bunting, stripes, stars and color—blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands."

WHEN A CHINESE BABY TAKES A NAP.

WHEN a Chinese baby takes a nap people think its soul is having a little rest, going out for a walk, perhaps. If the nap is a long one, the mother is frightened. She is afraid that her baby's soul has wandered too far away, and cannot find its way home. If it does not come back, of course the baby will never waken. Sometimes men are sent out on the street to call the baby's name over and over again, as though it were a real child lost. They hope to lead the soul back home.

If a baby sleeps while it is being carried from one place to another, the danger of losing the soul along the way is very great. So whoever carries the little one keeps saying its name out loud, so that the soul will not stray away. They think of the soul as a little bird hopping along after them.—*The Little Worker.*

NO WOMAN'S portrait appears on our postage-stamps; no man's on our coins. The postage and revenue stamps of Uncle Sam form a picture-gallery comprising forty-eight great Americans—presidents, statesmen, financiers and warriors. Washington appears on twenty-five stamps, Franklin on twenty-one, Jefferson on thirteen, Jackson on ten, and Lincoln on every issue since 1866 except the Columbian series. Since 1875 it has been against the law to have the portrait of any living man on any of the stamps, notes or other securities of the Government. There have been two hundred and fifty different kinds of postage-stamps issued in the United States since 1847.

The value, color and portrait of each postage-stamp in our present series is: one cent, blue, Franklin; two, carmine, Washington; three, purple, Jackson; four, velvet-brown, Lincoln; five, light brown, Grant; six, light maroon, Garfield; eight, lilac, Sherman; ten, milori green, Webster; fifteen, deep blue, Clay; fifty, orange, Jefferson; one dollar, black, Perry; two dollars, sapphire blue, Madison; five dollars, gray-green, Marshall.

BISMARCKIANA.

Characteristic Stories and Sayings of Creator of Imperial Germany.

[New York World:] "God made man in His own image and Italy in the image of Judas."

Of universal suffrage he said: "It is the government of a house by its nursery."

"If Austria has astonished the world by its ingratitude, England will astonish it by its cowardice."

"Radicals," said he, "are forever wanting the unattainable, like the Russians, who crave cherries in winter and oysters in summer."

"When I wish to estimate the danger that is likely to accrue to me from an adversary, I first of all subtract the man's vanity from his other qualities."

On one occasion of obedience to his wife, Bismarck remarked: "It is surprising what a man will do to enjoy peace in his own house, after having had a thorough taste of war."

Of himself and his relations with Frederick William Bismarck once said: "The King regarded me as a kind of egg out of which he might be able some day to hatch a minister. It was a long time before my poor mother could be persuaded that in hatching me she had not produced a goose."

At a banquet given by the English Ambassador in Berlin, Bismarck, speaking of peace and war, remarked: "Why, after all, Attila was a greater man than your John Bright. He left a greater name in history. The Duke of Wellington will be known in history as a great warrior, and not as a pacific statesman."

Bismarck was showing a friend round his house, some time ago, and as he laughingly pointed to the ponderous and forbidding iron safe in his wife's bedroom, he said: "You see, my wife acts as my cashier, and let me tell you that a man who trusts his wife with his financial interests has discovered an infallible way to save money."

After the day on which Bismarck was shot at (May 7, 1866,) by Karl

Blind, his wife said: "If I were in heaven and saw the villain standing on the top of a ladder leading down to hell, I would have no hesitation in giving him a push."

"Hush, my dear," replied Bismarck, "you would not be in heaven yourself with such thoughts as those."

When his son was married he kissed his daughter-in-law's hand, and to a friend who remarked that he seemed to find great pleasure in kissing young women's hands, he said: "My old master used to say that when a lady kisses one's hand it is an official intimation that you are an old man. As long, however, as you are allowed to carry their tiny hands to your lips depend upon it there is a drop of young blood somewhere in your veins."

He was caught in a storm as he was strolling through the woods near Kissingen and a servant girl ran out of a restaurant and offered him an umbrella. He thanked her courteously and, taking her arm, escorted her to a place of safety. Then he gave her a kiss, which she accepted with good grace, saying: "You have done me a

great honor, Prince." To which he replied: "On the contrary, it is I who am in your debt, for believe me, my dear, you have indeed given me great pleasure."

Shortly after Bismarck had taken his seat in the First Prussian Parliament in 1849 an opponent said: "You alone in all your party have always treated us with politeness. Let us make a bargain. If we gain the upper hand we shall spare you; if fortune should favor you, you shall do the same by us."

Bismarck's reply was: "If your party has its way life will not be worth living; if ours is victorious there will have to be executions, but they shall be conducted with politeness up to the last step of the ladder."

A few years ago the chancellor, who was shaken in health, seriously made up his mind to retire. He had placed his resignation in the hands of the Emperor, but the aged monarch returned it to him in a few minutes with a single word for answer, "Never!"

Yielding to the urgent wish of his master he remained in office. At the first audience afterward His Majesty said:

"I cannot understand why you want to retire; here am I, much older than you, but I can still mount my horse."

"Just so, sire; that's the rule," answered Bismarck. "The rider always holds out much longer than his horse."

At the close of his official career he said to some friends at Friedrichsruh: "I have seldom been a happy man. If I reckon up the rare minutes of real happiness in my life I do not believe they would make twenty-four hours in all. In my political life I never had time to have happiness. But in my private life there have been moments of happiness. I remember, for instance, a really happy moment in my life, and that was when I shot my first hare. In later years it gave me pleasure to see my fringed meadows and plantations thriving and at home I took pleasure in my wife and children."

Bismarck fell in love at a friend's wedding with the young woman who became his wife, and presently wrote to her parents to ask her hand.

The good people were naturally much surprised at a direct attack like this, they were very simple folk, leading a very quiet life, and they were rather frightened at the reputation for high living which the candidate enjoyed.

As, however, their daughter intimated in discreet terms that she did not look upon the young gentleman with an unfavorable eye, Herr von Puttkammer wrote to young Bismarck, inviting him to come and see them.

Every one did their best at Reinfeld to give the visitor a suitable reception, Fraulein von Puttkammer's parents put on an air of grave solemnity, and she stood with eyes moistly bent upon the ground.

Bismarck, on alighting, threw his arms round his sweetheart's neck and embraced her vigorously before anybody had time to tell him that his conduct was hardly proper and correct. The result was, however, an immediate betrothal.

Prince Bismarck was very fond of telling this tale, and was careful always to finish the story by this reflection: "And you have no idea what this lady has made of me."

VOLUMES OF GRIEF.

Mourning for the Grand Old Man at Home and Abroad.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

LONDON, May 19.—[By Atlantic Cable.] Every other topic in Great Britain dropped out of sight before the passing of Mr. Gladstone. In two places, perhaps, was the tension most keen and heartfelt—the House of Commons and Hawarden.

Just before the House rose yesterday, a telegram from Mr. Gladstone reached Lord Stanley, announcing that his father was sinking. Already before his death, the hush of grief seemed to fall over the scene of his triumphs, and from the present men turned to the past, recalling sayings and doings.

A great lion lay dying, his old colleagues, his one-time enemies, his followers watching his last long fight with his last and implacable foe, as they watched in days past his fight against foes whom he could overcome: true to himself, he was yielding slowly, inch by inch. It was generally felt at St. Stephens that his dying was but the sequel to that great scene witnessed four years ago, when, his last speech spoken, he quitted the house without one work of spoken adieu.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Long and Useful Career of William E. Gladstone.

William Ewart Gladstone has long been considered the great moving force of modern politics and of the power that sways the new democracy. In his public career of nearly sixty years he has been more intensely admired and more bitterly hated than any contemporary statesman. Born in Liverpool, in December, 1809, he was educated at Oxford, and graduated in 1831 with highest honors.

His great ability became evident at an early age, and he took a leading part in the work of the college. He made his first address of any note, at the Oxford Union, in denunciation of the Reform Bill, and the proposed extension of the franchise. Since then the great speeches of Mr. Gladstone have formed an important part of parliamentary literature, culminating in the supreme effort by which he took the House by storm in 1886, in his magnificent defense of home-rule in Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone made his initial address in the House of Commons in 1832, and since then he has been four times Prime Minister to the Queen of England.

He has always been a firm believer in the joint mission of the Anglo-Saxon race, and of late years has used every effort to bring about Anglo-American arbitration. He belonged to the "peace at any price" party of Bright and Cobden, having had all his life a constitutional horror of war. It was this policy that led him to favor the reference of the Alabama claims to the Geneva tribunal, and afterward to pay without a murmur the demand for indemnity made by the United States.

It was the same desire for peace that led to his final retirement from public life in March, 1894. He bitterly opposed the bill to increase the sum appropriated for naval expenditures. Under his rule, the British navy was greatly reduced in strength, and the contest finally became so sharp that Mr. Gladstone made his growing infirmities an excuse for retirement.

He refused the offer of an Earldom, and a seat in the House of Lords, preferring to remain "the Great Commoner," and he has passed the last few years of his life at Hawarden Castle, his country seat, near Liverpool. Although by far the most prominent man in politics in his time, his contributions to literature have been considerable.



THE RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

MISSION INDIANS OF CALIFORNIA.

THAT Southern California was once peopled by very many Indians, is well authenticated both by the testimony of very old Indians and by various proofs of Indian habitations in hills and valleys where no Indians have lived within the memory of living man. The ravages of disease and the evils of civilization, unattended by its safeguards, as is frequently the case among a people emerging from barbarism, has greatly depleted their number until today there are scarcely three thousand of them left, and the process of depletion is still going on. They are living in about thirty villages, ranging in population from a few families to three hundred of all ages, and are scattered over San Bernardino, Riverside and San Diego counties. In choosing the location for their homes, there being



A BELLE OF LONG AGO.



A RELIC OF THE LAST CENTURY.

at that time but few white people to dispute the possession of lands with them, they invariably settled at or near the water sources. Later experience has shown that this choice was not in all cases the wisest, for, while most of the reservations have some water, the onward march of civilization has deprived them of water supplies which science and capital have made both available and abundant, and also of lands which are the most valuable when irrigated. In consequence, they are for the most part, confined to the poorer lands, which, as compared with the better portions of Southern California, are as skim milk to cream, or even worse. The Indians live, not in tepees or wigwams like the Indians of old, but in homes of more or less pretension. Civilization has made considerable progress among them, and just so far as they are able, they have adopted

civilized ways of living. In the average home are found decent beds and bedding, table and tableware, in some cases a sewing machine, and even an organ. The custom of destroying dwelling and contents after each death in a family, which prevailed until recently, tended to keep the people in perpetual poverty, but as this relic of barbarous superstition is being dropped, their homes are gaining a more prosperous appearance. The tule reed wickiup is being displaced by the more comfortable adobe or frame house, and one by one what to white people are absolute necessities of life, are finding their way into Indian homes.

In this work of progress, the schools have accomplished a great and a good work. Besides the two contract schools, the one near San Diego, the other at Banning, both under Roman Catholic auspices, the government maintains ten schools for the children of the Mission Indians. One of these, located near Perris, is an industrial school, where the Indian children are clothed and fed, taught trades, music, and the ordinary branches of a public school education. Quite a number of the more advanced scholars have been transferred to the more advanced schools, such as Carlisle, Phoenix and Haskell Institute.

On the reservations there are nine day schools, of primary and grammar grades, located at the Potrero, near Banning; Sobobo, near San Jacinto; Martinez, near Indio; Pachanga, near Temecula; Cahuilla, Rincon, Mesa Grande, Agua Caliente, near Warner's ranch, and at Capitan Grande. These camp schools have been potent factors in the progress of the Indians generally. The teachers in every case are self-sacrificing, patient, whole-souled workers for the good of all the people in the reservations, not content with mere school-room routine, but ever seeking to lend a helping hand in the upward struggle of the people toward light and civilization. The order and the neatness of the schoolrooms and of the teachers' apartments are object lessons which have their effect on the Indian homes. The rudimentary knowledge of English is carried home by the children

and is imbibed by the parents, greedily by some, unconsciously and even reluctantly by others.

Considerable difference of opinion is found among neighbors and friends of the Indian, and even among the workers themselves, regarding the ground which ought to be covered by Indian education. The utilitarian cries out against music and the higher branches and even against the Indians being encouraged in playing baseball and football. Of what practical benefit, say they, are these things to the Indians? Better teach them to make baskets, or some industry that will bring in money. On the other hand, the Indian needs to be roused from his stolidity. Brains and talents he has, but they need drawing out and development, and in the uplifting of any race, the better and the broader the education given to the brighter ones, the more capable leaders they will become, and the greater their influence upon their own people.

Southern California is practically without game or fish, two sources of food supply which Indians in other States enjoy. However, the Indians are children of Nature, and Mother Nature supplies them with articles of food upon which white people could not live. The Indians on the desert have a good supply of mesquite beans, which they gather each summer, grind into meal, and then eat as mush, and it is a fact self-evident to all who have seen them, that Indians living on this diet are exceptionally fat, and their general health compares favorably with that of Indians living more as white people do. To them flour, sugar, coffee, etc., might be said to be luxuries, not necessities. Mesquite beans form the staple article of subsistence.

Those living in the mountains gather acorns, which they know well how to prepare and make palatable, and acorn mush is relished by those able to purchase flour. Barley is generally considered unfit for human consumption. But the Indian roasts it, separates it from the chaff, then grinds it in a mortar and thrives upon it. In the spring of the year the stalks of the Spanish dagger are gathered, roasted and when thus treated, have a taste not unlike that of green peas. Prickly pears, when properly treated, are eaten not only by Indians, but also by white people who have cultivated the taste. Those who have water to irrigate with, raise beans, corn, pumpkins, watermelons, peas and some deciduous fruits. The Indian of all peoples knows how to sink himself to circumstances. When he has plenty, he can gormandize beyond all telling and when he has little, he can live on less than white people would think possible. But a custom which is to be condemned, and one which leads to disease and death, is that of eating the flesh of cattle which have died of bloating, and in some cases even of disease. This cannot help but vitiate their blood, cause scrofula and break down the constitution generally. The custom is almost universal.

Like every other race and people, the Indian must have his seasons of social recreation. This he finds in what he calls a "feast" or "fiesta," though eating does not always form the principal feature, and it may be held only once a year or every week, as fancy dictates.

Indian fiestas are of three kinds. First, there is the fiesta which embodies ceremonials of his own, old, native, heathen religion—for he has a religion of his own, distinct from either Catholicism or Protestantism. Such fiestas usually last a week, and consist of the feather dance, singing of old songs and recounting the old traditions. It is difficult to learn much concerning these old customs and traditions, for apart from the fact that many are ashamed of the old ways, the Indian dialects have changed in the course of time, being unwritten, and few can give any clear interpretation of their meaning. Among these fiestas is the fiesta of the dead. Each family prepares a doll or an image of the departed, dresses it in a new suit of clothes complete, and with much weeping and imposing ceremonial, casts it into a fire kindled for the purpose. Whether they think that the dead profit by these gifts thus burned, is difficult to say. In some cases, hundreds of dollars' worth of new clothing is thus burned while the living go barefooted or beg cast-off garments with which to clothe their nakedness. Such a custom is not only painful to contemplate, but it is marvelous that it has survived more than a century of civilizing influence.

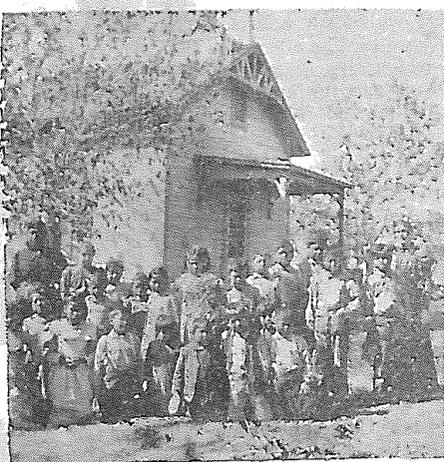
Another class of fiestas are purely of a religious nature, being the manner in which the various saints are observed, though frequently the conduct of the participants is anything but saintly.

The third class of fiestas are those of Mexican origin, and are more of a secular nature. They are characterized by horse-racing, betting, gambling, dancing, and the other attendant evils. These fiestas usually attract the hoodlum element from far and near. The peddler is there, and if, under the innocent guise of fruits and other commodities in his wagon, he does smuggle in contraband liquor, where does it come? For the effects of liquor are seen right and left. The United States Indian policeman is always present on duty to prevent the sale of liquor and to maintain order; but liquor is seldom found excepting by the thirsty, and should even a dozen Indians be put in the calaboose for being drunk, all are ready to put the entire programme at the next opportunity.

One of the greatest causes of poverty among the Indians, not only is money thus thrown to the winds, but much valuable time, which ought to be spent profitably, is worse than wasted. One Indian school teacher, who related a pitiable tale of poverty among the people of her reservation, replied to the question how many fiestas did your people hold last year and what was their duration: "Last year they held thirteen fiestas, each lasting one week." More than a quarter of a year spent in idleness and debauchery of the worst kind! This is enough to impoverish any people, and government winking at such demoralizing practices but its wards is greatly to blame for the resultant evils.

In the spring quite a number of Indians go out shearing sheep. Usually some bright Indian secures the contract to shear as many flocks as possible, and thus becomes captain of his band of shearers. Sometimes the women accompany the men, and they are gone from home for a month or more. The price paid is from 50 to 60 cents per head, and an expert Indian can shear sixty head in a day, and even more. Not bad wages by any means! But as a rule they get liquor, and what is not spent in this way, is gambled from them by sharks, so that they return home more demoralized and as poor as they went out. It will be an undisguised blessing to the Indian when sheep shall have been driven forever from Southern California.

Basket-making is a purely Indian industry, and one which brings many a hard-earned dollar to the most desolate



A GOVERNMENT INDIAN SCHOOL.

ing. These baskets are made almost exclusively by older women. A woman of 50, even, will frequently decline to make baskets, saying, "I am too young." The baskets are made of small coils of straw, made with willows of tender growth, often prettily colored with native dyes. Various points enter into the

of the value of the basket, such as smoothness, neatness of weaving, size and shape, and quality of the dyes used. The native dyes being difficult to prepare, women are sometimes tempted to use diamond dyes, but the value of the basket is always lessened thereby, for the native dyes are more durable. Patiently, these women sit, day in and day out, working sometimes two weeks on a basket which sells for a few dollars. However, these few dollars, added to the husband's earnings, means more to the Indians than the purchaser can ever imagine. As work-baskets, button-baskets, card receivers, waste baskets and photograph trays, these articles are useful and ornamental. If purchased through the teachers of the Indian schools, better values are received, and the Indians always receive the full value of the prices paid.

Mexican-drawn work is also made by many of the women. The designs are generally handsome, and the work is done upon apron or handkerchief chaste. To those who are inclined to assist the deserving, no better avenue is offered than by encouraging these purely Indian industries.

The government has provided the Indians with



A BASKET MAKER AND HER WARES.

Indians, plows and other farming implements, besides the seed with which to fence their lands, and in time past law seed has been furnished them. The result of this varies necessarily with the location of their reservations, quality of soil, etc. Last year the drought was hard on Indian farms, as well as on others. But in spite of last year's failure, and in the absence of no seed being furnished them this year by the government, many Indians have purchased seed for themselves, and their little farms are looking very promising since the last rains. In some sections where the white men grow deciduous fruits, the Indians have become expert orchardists, and this industry has adapted on reservations where climatic conditions permit. One Indian was found who last year set out 100 apricot trees, and last week they were found to be thriving well.

Not all reservations are situated favorably for agriculture. Cahuilla Reservation lies at an elevation of nearly four thousand feet, and frosts visit it both too early and too late to make any industry excepting cattle-raising possible. The Indians, however, own scarcely any cattle of their own, and unless they be permitted

to pasture white men's stock on shares, it is difficult to see how they can derive any benefit from their reservation.

The government proposes to give each Indian who is the head of a family twenty acres of arable land, with all the water that circumstances will permit. The Indian is to receive this land as his, and to receive papers attesting such ownership. But the land is to remain inalienable for a period of twenty-five years, at the end of which they are to receive deeds therefor. That their lands should remain inalienable is absolutely necessary, for in no other way can they be protected against being shiftlessly squandered and the Indian reduced to destitution. The Indians have now reached a point where this giving of their lands to them in severalty should be pushed. They are ready for it. They practically hold their lands in severalty as it is, and when once each little ranch is properly surveyed and staked, and the Indian is assured of permanent possession of the land he cultivates, industry and thrift will be vastly stimulated. And that which stimulates industry should be encouraged. As wards of the government they have been coddled and carried as babes in arms, until it is surprising that there is any manhood left in them. But that there is good foundation to hope for future growth in independent manliness is evidenced by the following incident:

Hearing that the Indians were suffering and needed help, a former Indian agent wrote to a friend living and working among them, inquiring as to facts and offering to help. A formal council was held, and the offer formally discussed and answered. In substance the reply was: "While thanking our friend and former agent for his kind offer, we would remind him that we have never needed to have food issued to us by the government, and we do not need it now."

The more intelligent of the Indians themselves understand that the future welfare of their people de-



UNITED STATES INDIAN POLICEMAN.

pend largely upon their learning self-reliance. "Give us our rights," say they. "Give us our lands. Give us the privilege of voting, and let us take our places beside the white man. And while some Indians will go to the wall, this treatment will bring the greatest good to the greatest number of our people. So long as the government gives us everything, many of our people do not try to help themselves, but fold their hands and wait to be helped. Just as soon as these learn that they must help themselves, they will do it, and not before."

This is a common-sense view, and one which is endorsed by the workers in the force whose length and quality of service renders their opinion especially valuable.

That the present generation is very far in advance of the last is plainly seen, and it does not require the roseate-hued glasses of sentimentalism to see that the rising generation will be many paces in advance of their parents, when their day shall have fully come.

WILLIAM H. WEINLAND.

Banning, (Cal.) April 6, 1899.

THE INDIAN SCHOOL

The Closing Exercises at Ferris Last Thursday

(The following graphic account of the closing exercises of the Ferris Indian school was written by James Morago, one of the Indian pupils.)

The closing exercises of the Indian school, which took place on Thursday, June 2, 1898, were largely attended by parties from Redlands, and the surrounding neighborhood. In the forenoon the pupils were very busy getting things in shape for inspection. In the girls' building was a grand display of work accomplished by the boys and girls, which more than surprised the numerous visitors. This consisted of school work, sewing, ironing, washing, baking, cooking, confectionery, shoemaking, carpentering, fancy work, rugs, etc. At 2:30 p. m. we had our military dress parade and drill; at 3:30 there was a band concert by our school band of twenty pieces. After the band concert was over supper was served to the visitors in the children's dining-room; meanwhile the children were having their lunch out in the open air.

The feature of the day was the entertainment, which came off at 7:45 p. m. Our assembly hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and still at that, I do not think we accommodated half of the good people who were present. It would be a low estimate to say that fifteen hundred people were present, including the 400 adult Indians who were here from the reservations. A feature of the program was a debate, "Resolved, That the fish rag has been, and is, of more benefit to humanity than the hoe." Sent to the River-side, Colonel Ritchie for the judges, Mr. Arthur Wright of San Jacinto for the judges. The question was argued by our Indian debaters on both sides, of course the men debaters did not wish to gain the decision, and I presume the judges had the same feeling, hence the decision was given to the girls.

To say that the visitors were surprised at the progress made does not express it.

INDIAN'S FARMING

The following interesting paper was read before the Farmers' Institute at Banning by Rev. Wm. H. Weinland, missionary to the Indians, his subject being: "Agriculture Amongst the Indians."

To many persons this subject may appear quite marvelous. The Indian a power! Agriculture amongst the Indians! Methinks I hear some one say, "What next?" Our local wit answers that question by suggesting the topic, "Preachers as financiers." But perhaps that topic is not so marvelous, either, as some suppose.

But seriously, gentlemen and ladies, the Indian farmer is not an anomaly. He is a fact, a nineteenth century fact. The Indians of Southern California today are removed many degrees from the blanket Indians of the plains, and from the painted, feathered bundles of non-committal laziness created by an uninformed imagination. The world doth move, and poor Lo is moving along with it. As we stand upon the threshold of a new century, we behold the evolution of a new Negro, a new woman and a new Indian. The emancipation of the first from the bondage of slavery, was done after much bloodshed, by the stroke of a pen; the emancipation of the latter from the slavery of superstition, of laziness, and of wild barbarism, while not accomplished without much sacrifice, is the outcome of peace and harmony between a weaker and a stronger race. The fact that this subject finds a place on the program of this Farmers' Institute, and that the Indians themselves are attending and profiting by this institute, is an omen which I hail with joy, and I express to you my hearty appreciation of the honor conferred upon me by being permitted to address you on this subject.

THE PAST OF THE INDIAN

In order to arrive at a proper understanding of our subject, it is necessary to glance a moment at the past history of the Indians of Southern California. These Indians are known as the "Mission Indians," which name is derived from the missions, or more strictly, industrial farms founded among them by the Catholic Fathers during the preceding century, and maintained well into this century. At these industrial institutions the Indians learned to work, and the old ruins of these massive buildings are a witness and a testimony to this fact. There the Indians learned to make adobes, build houses, shear sheep, care for cattle, irrigate and many other useful things. When these missions came to an end, the Indians carried with them into their freer life much of this industrial education. The length and breadth of land was before them. In every case they choose the well-watered spots for their houses. There being but few white people in the land, they were not crowded for elbow room and their cat-

tle ranged at will. Having but few wants, civilization, with its artificial needs and requirements, not having arrived as yet, but little sweat of the brow was required in gaining a livelihood, since Mother Nature cared for these simple-minded children of nature. In the vanguard of civilization came the cattle man, the lack-a-day vaqueros. One point that is often overlooked by the critic of the Indian is the fact that he learns more through the pores of his skin than through his ears; that from his neighbors he assimilates more than he receives by direct instruction; that consciously or unconsciously his neighbor becomes his model, whom he follows, though it be but afar off. And thirty, fifty years ago who was the neighbor and the model whom the Indian imitated? Not the Banning fruit grower, not the modern agriculturist—for these were not in the land as yet—but the vaquero, who disdained actual toil, and who if he could ride a good horse, own a fine saddle and spurs, sport a nobly sombrero, and have plenty of cigarettes with which to while away the weary hours, was happy and contented. The onward march of civilization drove the vaqueros to the back country and to the desert, and a tardy Government permitted the Indian likewise to be relegated to the back side of nowhere.

I am not one of those who cry out against the great wrongs inflicted upon the Indian by robbing him of his hunting ground. It takes hundreds of acres to maintain a savage, while one acre will maintain a man with brains and of education. The United States Government can well afford to welcome to its shores millions of industrious, brainy foreigners, who will help swell the chorus of nineteenth century progress, but the United States cannot afford to maintain within its borders a single savage in his savagery. But the fact remains that when our paternal Government awoke to the need of providing laws and homes for the Indians, and when ambition for something better than the old life awoke in the breast of the Indian, the onward march of civilization had already driven him out of the fertile valleys and pushed him into nooks and corners which nobody wanted. Hence today, when the average Indian no longer follows the lack-a-day vaquero as his model, but tries to follow in the footsteps of his energetic and scientific neighbor-farmer, he finds that neighbor striding along as with seven-league boots of favorable conditions, while he himself can only follow in Cinderella's slippers, because of unfavorable conditions. Therefore, the Indian might well say, in the words of the old lady whom a friend asked "How do you do?"—"I often do wonder that I do do as well as I do do." Some years ago a group gathered about the stove in one of our stores on a rainy day. An Indian was a member of that group. The subject under discussion was Indian ranching, and

to a question put by a white man as to how he was progressing in the art of working in Mother Nature's garden, the Indian replied: "There are many things which I do not know as yet, but I am learning." The guffaw which followed cut to the quick. Let the laugh at Indian progress forever die from your lips. "I am learning," is the watchword of every progressive man, and "I am learning" has come to be the watchword of the Indian likewise.

You ask What do the Indians cultivate? I answer, they raise some corn, wheat, barley, alfalfa, beans, peas, watermelons and some fruit. Largely what they raise is only for their own consumption, agriculture among them not having developed to a point where they flood the markets and reduce the price current, though I am informed that this point has been reached by some other tribes more fortunately situated. Some hay, both barley and alfalfa, has found its way to market in Banning from the Potrero, and Banning ladies prefer to buy early peas of the Indians rather than of the Chinamen. And what is true of this reservation is true in varying degree of every other reservation in Southern California where conditions are at all favorable. Some progress has been made, though the future is big with undeveloped possibilities, which call for patient energy and wise directing.

In this connection, I wish to speak of the possibilities of a twenty-acre Indian ranch. The United States Government gives each of the Indians who are heads of families twenty acres of arable land, time and bread in lamenting that you were not given forty acres, let us see what can be done with twenty acres. Twenty acres of arable land with water, free of taxation, is a bonanza not to be sneezed at. Let us plan a little. First of all, clear the land. Dig up those cat claws. Cat claws are a sign and a symbol of the old time, "poco-tempo" Indian; but you are not of that class. So dig them out and away with them. Then fence your twenty

acres. Your neighbor will respect it better when you respect it enough to clear it and fence it. Then I would recommend the following division of your land: Put out five acres of the best fruit. Don't plant a little of everything, for it is difficult to care for and sell a mixture. If in a good location, plant apricots; if in a higher altitude, apples do well, and always sell well. Put out three acres to alfalfa. Put in seven acres to wheat or barley. If careful to blue-stone your seed before sowing, the grain is less likely to smut just before harvest time. That leaves five acres for house, barn and for such crops as beans, corn, pumpkins, etc. Let me say, with regard to your fruit trees, don't go to an unprincipled nurseryman and let him sell you any poor stuff in the line of trees which he could not sell to white men. Go to some white man whom you can trust, and let him select for you standard varieties which he knows will do well.

After your trees are planted, take good care of them. Keep your horses and cattle out of your orchards. Better let your horses feast on your last year's straw hat than on your trees.

Keep more cows and less worthless horses. A poor horse will eat as much and destroy more than a good cow, while the cow will always bring money to your pocket.

Keep less hungry dogs and more industrious chickens. Hen fruit pays better per pound than any other kind of fruit.

Work more for yourself on your own ranch. You work for Mr. C., earn \$1.25 per day—perhaps \$30 per month—perhaps \$300 per year. That is all you have for your year's work. You have planted trees for Mr. C., pruned, cultivated, picked fruit, etc. What has Mr. C. gotten out of your year's work? He's got out of his orchard which you worked for him those \$300 which he paid you in wages, and probably \$300 more for his own pocket. Now, had you worked just as hard and just as carefully for yourself as you did for Mr. C., you would have for yourself both wages and resultant profit. So, I say, work more for yourself.

And, lastly, learn to depend on yourself. Don't look to the Government for wagons, plows and seed, and idly fold your hands if Uncle Sam does not give them to you. The proudest Indian today is the agency Indian—the Indian who looks to the Government for supplies which he can earn if he will. The Indian who is doing best is the Indian who asks favors of no one, but who rustles for his living the same as his white neighbor.

It is gratifying to note the fact that industrious, self-respecting Indians on various reservations in Southern California are resenting the report that they are starving and in need of charity. They say they have got to learn of an Indian starving for want of food; that while some have but little wheat, others have more, and that an Indian never refuses to help his needy neighbor. The really deserving seldom receive the benefit of Government rations. In almost every case they are a premium paid to shiftlessness and laxiness.

Banning, Cal., April 4, 1899.

THE RESOURCES OF THE UNITED STATES

- Seven per cent of the world's area.
- Six per cent of the world's population.
- Seventy-five per cent of the world's corn.
- Sixty-six per cent of the world's cotton.
- Sixty-six per cent of the world's petroleum.
- Forty per cent of the world's iron.
- Forty per cent of the world's coal.
- Thirty per cent of the world's manufactures.
- Twenty-five per cent of the world's wheat.
- Forty per cent of the world's railroads.
- Thirty-five per cent of the world's banking power.
- Thirty per cent of the world's wealth.

INDIANS IN 1497 GREW MELONS IN IMPERIAL

El Centro Attorney Digs Up Some Interesting Information in the Great National Library on History of the Country in Which He Lives

Attorney M. W. Conkling of El Centro is fond of delving into the past to find facts connected with real history. While on his trips to Washington during the time he served the irrigation board as attorney, Mr. Conkling spent much of his time in the great national library, and took occasion to look up the very early history of Imperial county.

Those who believed that prior to its comparatively recent settlement, there was nothing much of record about it; are surprised to learn that cantaloupes were raised by the American Indians who roamed its wastes, as early as 1497. The plants were irrigated by the overflow waters of New river according to the records.

A government surveyor reported in his official records in 1859 that the Indians in what is now known as Silsbee, raised corn and beans, "irrigating them with rain water they had saved up." Think of it! Those Indians knew something even in that day of irrigation from the streams that run in certain seasons.

ARE AMERICANS LESS BARBEROUS THAN THE TURKS

Former Agent Gives a Brief History of the Indian Troubles and Makes a Plea for Help to Save Them From Starvation

A former Indian agent, H. N. Rust of Pasadena, writes the Los Angeles Express in regard to the Indian question, as follows:

"I have noticed with interest the articles in The Express concerning the pitiable condition of the Pima and Maricopa Indians, and wish that every reader would ask himself, 'Whose fault is it that the Indians of Warner's ranch and Sacaton reservation are in a starving condition; is not individual responsibility resting upon each American citizen to correct this great wrong?'

"We hear of the barbarism of the Turks and the savagery of the Filipino. Let us ask, are they more guilty than ourselves? American citizens allow our representatives to rob the Indian citizen of Warner's ranch of the land of his fathers owned by occupancy long before the white man discovered this country. The United States acquired this country from Mexico and in so doing received these Indians as wards of the United States and guaranteed them the rights and protection as such.

"These Indians never have taken up arms against or caused the United States any trouble whatever; peaceable and self-supporting they have lived quietly as did their fathers in their simple primitive ways. They first began to realize that they were wards of the United States when they were informed that this great, humane, Christian government to whom they owed allegiance had given title to their homes and the graves of their fathers to the white man, and the latter immediately proceeded to drive them away and they had no right to go anywhere.

"This has been repeated under government authority wherever the Indian has occupied an acre of good land in Southern California.

"About twenty years ago, the Temecula Indians were driven off the lands they occupied and Mrs. H. H. Jackson related many facts in her novel, 'Ramona,' calling attention to the great wrong done by the government, but the Indian was driven back into a worthless canyon, entirely unfit for occupation.

member having protested against the crime or having done anything to correct it?

"And now comes this report from Arizona calling for help to save a people from starvation.

"About 1890, while Indian agent, I was instructed to visit the Pimas on the Sacaton reservation, observe their methods of irrigation and cultivation, and report. I did so.

"I saw these people, who are now destitute, peaceable, industrious and self-supporting. They used the waters of the Gila river intelligently, growing large quantities of wheat of the finest quality. With their agent I examined their water supply and saw that the white man was taking the water from them in large canals, and that if allowed to do so they would soon take all the water from them. I saw also above Florence a natural site for a dam and large reservoir which should conserve the run-off of a large watershed, furnishing enough for Indians and white men for many years. I reported my observations and urged the necessity of immediately building a dam, thus providing for both Indian and white settler as well.

"Survey was made, but the work was not ordered, the reason given being that the site was not suitable. I have since heard that the real reason was that such a dam would flood a valuable mine, so the Indians must wait. Later another site further up the stream has been surveyed and recommended and congress has been urged to make a suitable appropriation, which if carried out would accomplish what ought to have been done years ago.

"Friends of the Indian have pressed this claim for years, knowing that starvation must come to this people unless they could have the water which belonged to them. Now all can see that unless immediate relief reaches them they must starve. The Rev. Whittier of Pasadena has spent months urging congress to build the dam, so that congressmen are not ignorant of the necessity.

"Now Agent Hadley has gone to Washington to urge congress to make an appropriation to save this people from starvation! Who now is at fault?

"Thus I have enumerated facts which come within our own knowledge, not far away in Turkey, but in our own boasted Christian country. I have presented the facts within my knowledge to our senators, and now urge all persons who can have any influence in congress to use it at once, hoping that by our importuning they may be led to act promptly and be just to the Indian."

ARE AMERICANS LESS BARBEROUS THAN THE TURKS

Former Agent Gives a Brief History of the
Indian Troubles and Makes a Plea
for Help to Save Them
From Starvation

A former Indian agent, H. N. Rust of Pasadena, writes the Los Angeles Express in regard to the Indian question, as follows:

"I have noticed with interest the articles in The Express concerning the pitiable condition of the Pima and Maricopa Indians; and wish that every reader would ask himself, 'Whose fault is it that the Indians of Warner's ranch and Sacaton reservation are in a starving condition; is not individual responsibility resting upon each American citizen to correct this great wrong?'

"We hear of the barbarism of the Turks and the savagery of the Filipino. Let us ask, are they more guilty than ourselves? American citizens allow our representatives to rob the Indian citizen of Warner's ranch of the land of his fathers owned by occupancy long before the white man discovered this country. The United States acquired this country from Mexico and in so doing received these Indians as wards of the United States and guaranteed them the rights and protection as such.

"These Indians never have taken up arms against or caused the United States any trouble whatever; peaceable and self-supporting they have lived quietly as did their fathers in their simple primitive ways. They first began to realize that they were wards of the United States when they were informed that this great, humane, Christian government to whom they owed allegiance had given title to their homes and the graves of their fathers to the white man, and the latter immediately proceeded to drive them away and they had no right to go anywhere.

"This has been repeated under government authority wherever the Indian has occupied an acre of good land in Southern California.

"About twenty years ago, the Temecula Indians were driven off the lands they occupied and Mrs. H. H. Jackson related many facts in her novel, 'Ramona,' calling attention to the great wrong done by the government, but the Indian was driven back into a worthless canyon, entirely unfit for occupation, having no permanent water and very little tillable land, and later this worthless land has been allotted in severalty to those poor, peaceable Indians—a cruel crime.

"The last of the San Fernando Mission Indians were evicted by Judge Widney and associates, who wanted the land and water to enable them to establish a theological seminary. Under his order certain occupants were evicted during the rainy season. This was done under authority of the United States.

"I saw one poor family whose members found temporary shelter under the ruins of the old San Fernando mission in an outbuilding, without door, windows or food. Two old women were lying sick upon the ground in a most pitiable condition, and one died from exposure. Later the old man and his wife went back into a small canyon, so poor that no one else wanted it, and the last time I saw them they were living there in a brush and mud hut with less than one-fourth of an acre of tillable land.

"Can any citizen of California re-

member having protested against the crime or having done anything to correct it?

"And now comes this report from Arizona calling for help to save a people from starvation.

"About 1890, while Indian agent, I was instructed to visit the Pimas on the Sacaton reservation, observe their methods of irrigation and cultivation, and report. I did so.

"I saw these people, who are now destitute, peaceable, industrious and self-supporting. They used the waters of the Gila river intelligently, growing large quantities of wheat of the finest quality. With their agent I examined their water supply and saw that the white man was taking the water from them in large canals, and that if allowed to do so they would soon take all the water from them. I saw also above Florence a natural site for a dam and large reservoir which should conserve the run-off of a large watershed, furnishing enough for Indians and white men for many years. I reported my observations and urged the necessity of immediately building a dam, thus providing for both Indian and white settler as well.

"Survey was made, but the work was not ordered, the reason given being that the site was not suitable. I have since heard that the real reason was that such a dam would flood a valuable mine, so the Indians must wait. Later another site further up the stream has been surveyed and recommended and congress has been urged to make a suitable appropriation, which if carried out would accomplish what ought to have been done years ago.

"Friends of the Indian have pressed this claim for years, knowing that starvation must come to this people unless they could have the water which belonged to them. Now all can see that unless immediate relief reaches them they must starve. The Rev. Whittier of Pasadena has spent months urging congress to build the dam, so that congressmen are not ignorant of the necessity.

"Now Agent Hadley has gone to Washington to urge congress to make an appropriation to save this people from starvation! Who now is at fault?

"Thus I have enumerated facts which come within our own knowledge, not far away in Turkey, but in our own boasted Christian country. I have presented the facts within my knowledge to our senators, and now urge all persons who can have any influence in congress to use it at once, hoping that by our importuning they may be led to act promptly and be just to the Indian."

Matchless Navajo Blankets.

The Primitive Looms on Which They are Woven.

BY EVA R. GAILLARD.

A NAVAJO Indian of today weaves a blanket in the same primitive style of loom used by them before the first European saw America.

The loom on which even the finest blanket is woven, is made by suspending a straight pole, around which a rawhide rope is loosely wound, between two trees, at a height of seven or eight feet from the ground. A second pole, more slender than the first, is suspended by the rawhide rope, and below this is a third one, to which the ends of the warp are tied, is suspended.

The first pole takes the place of the "main beam" in a modern loom; the second would be the "supplementary yarn beam," and the third would be the "yarn beam" proper.

A fourth pole is fastened to the lower ends of the warp, and from this, two heavy stones are suspended to keep the warp hanging straight and taut.

The weaver sits on the ground and with one stick with which to separate the threads of warp and another, shaped like a large knife, with which to pound the wool into place, weaves from the bottom upward, until the warp is filled to a height where she can no longer work easily. She then lowers both "yarn beam" and "supplementary beam" by loosening the rawhide rope around the "main beam" and wrapping the part of the blanket already woven around the lower beam (pole) and goes on with the weaving.

The highest grade blankets were woven from the ravelings of a fine woolen cloth, brought from Turkey, and known as *baletta* cloth. For this cloth the Navajos paid six dollars a pound and used the ravelings for the filling in their blankets, which were known as *Baletta* Blankets.

No blankets of this grade have been woven during the last quarter of a century, which fact has increased their value until they sell for two hundred dollars, or more, and are practically unattainable at any price, those in existence being in the hands of Pueblo Indians, wealthy Mexicans, and professional collectors.

Some weavers trace a pattern on the ground and follow it, but as a rule, the worker thinks out the design as fast as the work progresses.

In earlier work the same pattern was rarely used twice, and almost as rarely was a blanket woven with a different design on the two sides, nearly all being single-ply, or alike on both sides.

Color is a matter of religion to an Indian, and to a Navajo red is the most sacred of all colors, hence the more of it found in a blanket the more valuable it becomes. Scarlet, indigo-blue, and white were the only colors used in the finest of the oldtime blankets, but in those of later make black, green, and yellow is found.

In some so-called Navajo blankets violet, purple, and dark brown is found but no collector will buy one containing these colors for they know them to be held as accursed by the Navajos, and the finding of them in a blanket stamps it as a fraud.

Another sure mark of unguineness is the finding of a curved line, or a complete circle. These are never used, though crosses and diamonds (the Navajo emblems of the evening and morning stars) are sometimes used, but the most common patterns are made up of straight or zigzag lines.

The best blankets are now too rare to be put to any common use, but even when more plentiful than now they were too wiry, as well as too valuable, for use as bed covers and were only used for display in the wigwams, or worn by the chiefs as *ponchos*—that is with a slit cut in the center through which the head was thrust, the blanket then resting on the shoulders and falling as a closed cape on occasions of great importance, and even then being carried in a roll, oftener than worn.

The cheaper blankets, woven for common use, are about five feet wide by six feet long, half an inch thick, and so soft and pliable that they make ideally perfect bed blankets. In color they are, as a rule, a light gray with cross stripes of blue, black, yellow, or red, and sell at from two to eight dollars each.

For this grade, the Navajos shear their own sheep, card, twist, and dye the wool, but for the second grade they buy a heavy German-wool yarn.

Last Day of Mourning.

DESCRIPTION OF AN IMPRESSIVE INDIAN CEREMONY.

By a Special Contributor.

IT was Manuela's last day of mourning. From early morning until sundown, from my tent, I watched the Indians pouring into the little desert village of Mecca. From the north, south, east and west they came. From Martinez, the near-by Indian reservation, they came on ponies so poor and weak that they looked ready to drop. Buggies that had seen their best days years ago rattled into camp.

Near nightfall, single file, came the weary old men and women who were not rich enough in this world's goods, to possess vehicles or ponies. A squaw, so old and wrinkled that you wondered if she were living here before the mountains were brought forth, headed the column. Then followed an aged man who wore a big brown derby hat that looked like a piece of old stove pipe that had been battered and cast aside. He tottered as he walked, but looked happy as a child, for was he not able to come to the fiesta, though there were Jose and Ignacio and several others too old to make the journey from Martinez to Mecca, and would miss the good time? After the old woman and man followed other Indians, old and ill-dressed. Slowly the line of weary pedestrians moved along and disappeared in the near-by grove of mesquite trees, where Manuela lived.

One year before, Manuela's boy, a lad of ten years was taken ill and died. Soon after this event her husband left her and went away with another squaw, and so she was left alone with her sorrow. She was used to earning her living, and now she had an object to work for, and not mere existence. She must give a feast for Antonio, her son who was dead, and have her friends come from far and near. So during one year that the Indian custom said Manuela must mourn for her son, she toiled, making baskets and washing for the few white families in Mecca. And now, at the end of the year, flour, frijoles, tamales, coffee and sugar she had in plenty to offer her guests.

Quickly fell the December night, but still the Indians continued to come to the fiesta. Soon camp fires were started and horses picketed for the night, and happy the horse seemed that found his quarters under a mesquite tree, from the munch, munch that could be heard as the sweet mesquite beans were found on the ground or still hanging on the tree. The smell of the Indians' supper was wafted to my tent as I hastily finished my last slice of bacon and a hoecake, for I was going to see the fiesta also, and I wanted to see it all, and I did not intend to be late. I quickly locked my tent by tying the strings of the flaps together, and stepped to my friend's tent, that was just a few yards away.

My friend and her husband were ready, so we started for Manuela's camp. Behind us came other white people going to witness the strange rites of the red man. And glad we all were of something to go to, for it was seldom that one peaceful day or night differed from another at this desert watering station. Of course, we could watch the long trains that stopped for water, and listen to the remarks of the tourists that were westward bound, when they saw the large palms at the station loaded with their black berries, then see the brake-beam tourist trying to make sure of a berth as the train

pulled out. There were the Mexican huts to visit where the women cook outside, and see them sitting on the ground patting out tortillas. Once in awhile miners would come to the one general merchandise store that Mecca boasted of for supplies, and then, possibly, we would hear snatches of song sung in broken notes.

There was no moon to guide us, but the growling of numerous dogs soon told us we were at the Indian camp. The dogs received kicks and commands from their owners to get out of the way when our party appeared.

In a hut, and a corral-like place that surrounded it, the Indians were gathered. Standing erect in the very center of the crowd, with his hand resting on a tall pole, stood a guard, an Indian policeman. Seated on the ground in a circle, several old men were singing the song for the dead, the same song that the tribe of Serranos had sung on such occasions as this for centuries. Near them, three old women were dancing in a slow, solemn manner, and singing as they danced. In a high, cracked voice, one old man would commence the chant, then the other singers would join him, and the thud, thud of the dancing squaws' bare feet on the earth kept time. Then the song would die away for a few moments, only to be started again and repeated over and over.

The small fires of coals, the only illumination, gave but a dim light, and the faint smoke that gathered in the inclosure gave the place a dismal look. The chant, the sound of the dancers' feet, a dog's angry growl, or a subdued word spoken were the only sounds. Near us in the outer circle the young Indians were gathered. They took no part in the weird performance, and with the passing away of the old Indians will pass the old customs.

At the end of the year of mourning it is a Serrano custom to make an image of the dead one that has been mourned for, and at the grave of the deceased, at break of day, burn the image. Then the mourning is over. Manuela had her boy's image made, and earlier in the evening, before the palefaces came, it had been shown to her friends. We were curious to see it, and hunting up the Indian chief and slipping several pieces of silver into his hands begged to see. We told the chief we were Manuela's friends. He nodded, and my friend and I started on a short but difficult journey, with the chief as our guide. We knew our friends were watching us and that no harm would befall us, but we did not feel any too brave.

The mourners were singing their solemn song as we stepped over dogs, sleeping squaws, passed the guard and singers and dancers, stumbled over more dogs, then jumped over a bed of glowing coals and found ourselves at the door of the hut. Inside the room the earth floor was covered with little black sleeping babies and dogs crowded together, but we made our way to Manuela. She was dressed in black and stood by a table covered with a blanket of many colors. Slowly she lifted the covering, and there before us lay Antonio's image. Tenderly she took the image in her arms, and then stood it up in front of her for us to see. But we were not the only ones to see it, for the Indians near the hut's door saw it, and such howls and moans as they made I hope never to hear again. Manuela wept, and the Indians near by were weeping also, and uttering mournful sounds.

The image, made of straw, was just the size of the dead boy and dressed in a new suit of clothes, new shoes, and wore a little crush hat. White cloth formed the face, and silver 25-cent pieces, with holes in them, were sewed on for eyes, while the nose and mouth were crudely drawn with pencil. The moaning and crying grew louder, and more Indians were now adding their howls, and the noise was deafening. We were pleased to have the image covered again and make our way out.

We left the mourners and went where we saw several camp fires, a short distance away. The Indians were preparing to play pione, an Indian gambling game, when we reached the camp. Five men made up a certain amount of money, and their opponents, numbering the same, also put up an equal amount, and it was all handed to some trusted member of the tribe who was not going to play in the game, and he was to give it to the winning side. Near the camp fires a row of squaws seated themselves on the ground, then another line of squaws sat down facing the others. Then came the gamblers and took their places in two rows directly in front of the two rows of squaws. Between them they placed a blanket. The leaders of both sides sat opposite each other at the end of the row of men, and at their sides were twenty-five small twigs. Every man playing had a string around each wrist with a loop in one end to slip in a short stick. Each player had two sticks. One was colored black and the other one was white.

The squaws began a song, and swaying their bodies they kept time. The men took the blanket in their teeth, and swaying and singing as best they could, began the game. Under the blanket their hands were busy placing the black and white sticks in their hands. Soon the blanket was allowed to drop, and all of the men's hands were raised high in the air, tightly clenched and concealing the sticks they held. The leader of one side pointed to the hand of the leader of the other side that was supposed to hold the white stick. If he guessed correctly, one of the opposing side's twigs was passed over by the leader to add to the opposite side's pile. If the leader guessed and failed in his guessing, then no twig was given from the opposing side. Again the leader guessed which hand of the next man on the opposite side contained the white stick, and so on down the line. Then it was the other leader's turn. The men and squaws were singing and swaying all of the time, but no word was spoken. Again the blanket was raised, and the black and white sticks were placed to suit the players. Then the blanket was lowered and the guessing commenced again.

By this time all of the white visitors had left the mourners to sing their song unmolested, and were eagerly watching the game of chance. We knew that when either side got the fifty twigs the game would be over and the pile of money theirs, to be divided among the five men. It looked to us, as we watched, that the game would soon end, as one side had all of the twigs but one, and the excitement of the players was intense, we could see from the expression of their eyes. But their song never varied nor ceased. Then the twigs began to move back to the other side. We asked an Indian near us how long a game of pione usually lasted. He smiled and said that sometimes it would last but a short time, but one game he remembered was begun one evening and lasted all night, and not until another night came was it finished, though not a squaw or gambler left their place while the game lasted. And I pondered on the Indian's power of endurance, on that, for

instance, of the aged squaws, who had commenced dancing for the mourner's song early in the evening, and who would dance without ceasing until it was near morning and time to leave for Antonio's grave. They were the same squaws who for years and years had danced for the dead whenever the mourning song was sung.

Looking around, we noticed that nearly all of our white friends had left the camp, and not knowing when the game of chance would be finished, we thought best to follow their example.

It seemed but a short time after I reached my tent when I heard the Indians preparing for departure. Soon I heard the rattle of vehicles, and looking out, I dimly saw the procession pass, and as I heard no song from the camp I knew the Indians had finished their game and left for Martinez.

At daybreak, on Antonio's grave in the Indian burying ground, the image was burned. The fiesta was over, and Manuela returned home. Her last day of mourning had passed.

MAUDE BARNES.

While they are often spoken of as "dispossessed of their lands, by the whites," their present holdings are not inconsiderable! The Indian reservations set apart by the United States for the 270,000 Indians (about one-third of our population of 76,000,000) have an area of 119,000 square miles, about one-thirtieth of our entire territory! Each Indian has pro rata from nine to ten times as much land allowed him as is allowed to the average American citizen, since 76,000,000 of inhabitants of our territory, have in all but 3,603,000 square miles.

These Indian reservations are equal in area to the entire States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Maryland, and Delaware, with over two-thirds of the great State of Pennsylvania in addition! Although a large part of the land on these reservations is valueless for farming or grazing purposes, the "landed interests" involved in the "Indian question" are seen to be immense. Coal and mineral deposits of all kinds, still farther complicate the interests involved.

Too many have studied carefully the progress of Indians toward useful American citizenship, the best plan seems that which brings Indian children away from the reservation with all its debasing influences, to a well-equipped school which cares for them and, through its "outing system," places the boys and girls for six months of the year, in the wholesome homes of Christian farming folk or villagers. Here they earn their way, by doing farm work, house work and "chores," and they attend the public school of the district, and by associating with civilized people in home life, they see civilization "from the inside." Careful supervision of all such people is maintained by the teachers of the non-reservation school in which they are enrolled. They are sent only to homes where people of a sound character will receive an Indian child from motives of philanthropy and Christian helpfulness. One who looks over the hundreds of postal cards and letters received at the school each week as "reports of progress" from the homes where these Indian children are placed, is delighted at the evidence of helpful interest in and love for these Indian children. After four or five years of such life, "Christian civilization" can never be an unmeaning word to the Indian child who has known its light and warmth in school and home.

This "Carlisle system" seems to many friends of the Indian the best system. But all the various forms of schools are doing good work. And the most hopeful feature of the "Indian problem" today is found in the act that if a system of schools even no better than the present shall soon be extended to the 20,000 Navajo—the only large tribe still without schools—ten years from now there will be few Indians under 40 years of who have not received something of education.

Get them into the public schools of the States and Territories as rapidly as possible! Do not keep Indian children, or Indian men and women, separated from other Americans, herded by themselves. When they live among whites, and live the home-life and the school-life of whites, pay taxes, and vote, and share in local affairs, they are as good citizens as any we have. They are as easily assimilated in our American neighborhood life and political life, as are the Scandinavians and the Germans—more easily than are the ignorant Polish laborers who come to us from old centers of civilization.

ALL OF CALIFORNIA

*So old she called with her lips of song,
She called with her breath of musk,
From peaks where the sunlight lingers long,
And the vales in the purpled dusk;
She called to the seas with tides of tang,
To the ships of the far-off fleet,
And they came in the lure of the song she sang,
With their white sails, to her feet.*

*So, like a mother with bursting breast,
She claimed the brood of the seas;
The flaming lips of her love she pressed
Upon them, about her knees.
She crooned them to sleep on her bosom fair,
Where their happy hearts were lain,
And they laughed to her eyes, above them there,
Like their old, warm skies of Spain.*

*With cheeks of olive and eyes of night,
They laughed in her glad caress;
And she gave them her Land of the Living Light
For their wandering feet to press.
She gave them her Land of the Sun and Shine,
Where the seas and the deserts part,
And they brought her gifts of the fig and vine,
And wound them around her heart.*

*She called again, and with spendthrift hands,
She dowered their wildest dreams—
She flung at their feet the golden sands
That slept in her shining streams.
Came many a wanderer then that trod
The paths of her treasured springs,
Whose feet with shoon of silver she shod,
And clothed them in robes of kings.*

*So hath she called with her lips of song,
Of old, with her breath of musk,
From hills where the sunlight lingers long,
And the vales in the purpled dusk,
And so from her soul's unwearied love
Rings her voice with its olden thrill—
From the seas below and the skies above,
She is calling, calling still.*

JOHN S. MCGROARTY.

IT IS to the pagans that we owe our English names of the days of the week. They worshipped the sun and moon, and their gods and goddesses were those of nature. Sunday is Sun's day; Monday, Moon's day. Tuesday was named for Tiu, a Saxon god; Wednesday for Woden, the chief of the Norse gods; Thursday for Thor, the Norse god of thunder, war and agriculture; Friday for Freya, the Norse Venus, wife of Woden. Saturday is Saturn's Day and a half holiday was decreed for that day as far back as the time of the Saxon King Edgar, A. D. 958. So the Saturday half-holiday is really a very old custom.

Poppies and Yuccas.

THE poppies are abroad in the land again; the flame of them is upon the upland slopes and in the green carpets of the valleys. "Cup of gold," the Spaniard called the poppy. Go forth, brother, and feast your eyes upon them now in the emerald springtime of the year.

And soon the yucca will be in bloom at the feet of the great hills. "Candles of the Lord," the Spaniard called the yucca. Yea, candles of the Lord on God's green altars. Go forth to them, brother, and pray.

Unspeakingly sweet is this land of California. There is no other country half so fair. It is of old, yet it is ever new. Great were they whose footsteps trod its sunny trails in the mighty past. But, greater still shall be the race that is to be in the generations to come.

YOUNGSTERS IN WAR

Answering the argument that lads of 18, 19 and 20 are too young for war, a student of history presents an impressive list of heroes who won glory before they wore of age. There was George Washington, for instance, who was a major with a fine record before he was 20. There was Alexander Hamilton, who was captain of an artillery company at 19. There was Captain James Lawrence, of "Don't Give Up the Ship" fame, who entered the navy at the age of 16. David Farragut is said to have been an ensign at 12.

Lord Kitchener, the creator of the modern British army, saw active service before he was 20. The Duke of Wellington was an ensign at 18. Napoleon was a lieutenant at 17. Marshal Ney was a cavalryman at 18. Alexander the Great won his first battle when he was

HISTORY OF "LA MARSEILLAISE"

The French anthem, which will be sung at the Thursday session of the Woman's club, was the inspiration of Rouget de l'Isle, a young officer who was stationed at Strassburg. During one night in the spring of 1792 with the mayor, the latter requested his guest, who at one time had been a teacher of music, to compose a song for the volunteers, who were about to leave. Returning to his lodgings, M. Rouget de l'Isle in a fit of enthusiasm, wrote in one night the words and music of one of the most stirring melodies the world has ever known. It was first sung at the civic dinner at Marseilles hence the name. The volunteers sang it as they marched into Paris and almost immediately the rousing strains of "La Marseillaise" were heard in every corner of France.

The authorship of both the words and music has been disputed, but Rouget de l'Isle's claims were fully and finally established in a pamphlet which appeared in 1865, written by his nephew

That's What Tongues Do Sometimes

SPEAKER CANNON was telling Senator Depew how on one occasion, when dining at the White House, President Taft surreptitiously removed from his plate several slices of tongue. Affecting to be very much annoyed by such practical joking, Mr. Cannon concluded with the question:

"Now, Chauncey, I'd like to know what would you do to anybody who treated you in such a manner?"

"Do!" exclaimed Mr. Depew. "If any man meddled with my tongue I'd lick him!"

The Kind That Makes Bryan Tired

AT A RECENT Missouri Chautauqua a man came to William J. Bryan and told him: "I have always voted for you ev'ry time you've run, Mister Brine, an' I'll be glad to vote for you agin, as often as possible." Mr. Bryan thanked him and a fellow lyceum worker said: "Don't you get awfully tired of having men come up and declare they've always voted for you and always will?"

"No, indeed," said Mr. Bryan. "The people that make me tired are the ones that say they've never voted for me and never will."

EVERYONE—AT LEAST EVERYONE INTERESTED IN POSTAGE stamps—knows that King George of England possesses one of the most famous and complete collections in the world, but most folks do not know that as an expert operator on the typewriter he has few equals—none, so far as is known, among royalty. But in our own democratic United States he has an active rival in President Wilson, the crackle of whose little machine, in his private workroom at the White House at night, sounds more like that of a wireless than anything else.

Where Colonel Roosevelt Belonged



IN THE English royal library at Windsor, in the center of the magazine table, there is a large album of pictures of many eminent and popular men and women of the day. This book is divided into sections—a section for each calling or profession. Some years ago the Prince Edward, in looking through the book, came across the pages devoted to the pictures of the rulers of the various nations. Prominently placed among these was a large photograph of Colonel Roosevelt.

"Father," asked Prince Edward, placing his finger on the Colonel's picture, "Mr. Roosevelt is a very clever man, isn't he?"

"Yes, child," answered King George with a smile. "He is a great and good man. In some respects I look upon him as a genius."

A few days later, King George, casually glancing through the album, noticed that President Roosevelt's photograph had been removed and placed in the section devoted to "Men and Women of the Time." On asking the Prince whether he had removed the picture, the latter solemnly replied: "Yes, sir. You told me the other day that you thought Mr. Roosevelt a genius, so I took him away from the kings and emperors and put him among the famous people."

TO most people 0 is just 0, and it is the clever man who can make something out of nothing. That is what The Rev. E. Egerton Warburton wrote when a young lady requested his cipher:

A 0 u 0 l 0 thee,
Oh! 0 no 0 but 0 me;
Yet thy 0 my 0 one 0 go,
Till u d 0 the 0 u 0 so.

A cipher you sigh-for, I sigh-for thee
Oh! sigh-for no cipher, but sigh-for me;
Yet thy sigh-for my cipher one ci-for go
Till you de-cipher the cipher you sigh-for so.

This is what another man, Dr. Whewell, wrote:

A headless man had a letter (0) to write;
He who read it (naught) had lost his sight.
The dumb repeated it (naught) word for word:
And deaf was the man who listened and heard (naught).

When He Was Annoyed

THE German Emperor, when annoyed at anything, has a habit of tugging at the lobe of his ear. While in England at the time of Queen Victoria's funeral he received a telegram, and opened it in the presence of one of his small cousins, a boy of six. Something in the telegram did not altogether please His Majesty, and he at once began to tug at his ear. The little fellow noticed it, and the following took place:

"Why do you pull at your ear?"

"Because I am annoyed, my lad."

"Do you always do that when you are annoyed?" asked the boy.

"Yes, my lad."

"And when you are very, very much annoyed, what do you do?"

"Then," said the great war lord, "I pull somebody else's ear."

Famous Poems.

RECESSIONAL.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Rudyard Kipling, whose pen has earned fame and fortune both in verse and prose, was born in Bombay, India, on the 27th of Dec., 1867. His father was principal of an art school, but the son received his education in England. His stories of garrison and native life gained for him wide fame at the age of twenty-five years. His first work was of an editorial character on a newspaper at Lahore, India, where his moments of leisure were devoted to the story-writing that made his name a familiar one in England before his return there in 1889. William T. Stead gave him the title of "Laureate of the Empire" some years ago. His marriage to a Vermont girl, and his residence in Brattleboro, Vt., from 1893 to 1895 are well-known to New England people. The poem "Recessional" appeared, unheralded, in the London Times one June morning in 1897, after the delirium incident to the Queen's jubilee had spent itself, and when everybody supposed the last word had been uttered and the last song sung. One class saw in it a eulogy of England's greatness and at once suggested that it be adopted as the national hymn, while others read between the lines a veiled, yet terrible indictment of a traditional policy of conquest and slaughter in the name of religion, and in the refrain, "Lest we forget," saw a sword-thrust at the whole nation for its sins. The Times printed the poem immediately beneath the Queen's letter of thanks to her people, and commented on the verses to the effect that her Majesty's religious and moral sense would bring her fully into the spirit of the poem; adding, moreover, that it was well in such a time to accept a warning against boastful pride and a reminder that there is a spiritual side to national greatness as well as a question of multiplying ships and big guns. The poem seems to have an added significance at this time, pending King Edward's coronation, and in view of the long-continued war against the little Boer republics in South Africa. Indeed, it seems to contain a prophesy not disclosed at the time of its writing.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dunes and headlands sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.

WHERE ALMOND BLOSSOMS BLOOM AT BANNING

Did you ever see the beauty in-the
sunset's after-glow?
Of the sparkling, dazzling radiance of
a sunrise o'er the snow?
Both these glories are united in one
grand and brilliant show,
Up at Banning in the springtime when
the almond orchards blow.

Very early in the springtime, ere the
wild flower shows its head,
And all other nut and fruit trees are
quite stark and seem quite dead,
Then the sturdy almond blossoms, with
a bright and beauteous glow:—
Glorious Banning; in the springtime,
when the almond orchards blow.

Old "Jack Frost" seeks to destroy them,
but they laugh him quick to scorn;
And his ice-spears change to dew-drops
in the rosy-tinted morn.
If you seek relief from trouble and the
fret of care below,
Take a trip right up to Banning while
the almond orchards blow.

—W. W. AYERS.

[Note—The author of the above is a respected business man of Highgrove, who attended the banquet of the Associated Chambers of Commerce at Banning last Friday evening.—Editor].

Advised Carnegie Not to Prosecute

ANDREW CARNEGIE at a recent dinner told the following story:

"I was traveling Londonward on an English railway last year," he said, "and had chosen a seat in a nonsmoking carriage. At a wayside station a man boarded the train, sat down in my compartment and lighted a vile clay pipe.

"This is not a smoking carriage," said I.

"All right, Governor," said the man. "I'll just finish this pipe here."

"He finished it, then refilled it.

"See here," I said, "I told you this was not a smoking carriage. If you persist with that pipe I shall report you at the next station to the guard." I handed him my card. He looked at it, pocketed it, but lighted his pipe, nevertheless.

At the next station, however, he changed to another compartment.

"Calling the guard, I told him what had occurred, and demanded that the smoker's name and address be taken.

"Yes, sir," said the guard, and hurried away. In a little while he returned. He seemed rather awed and, bending over me, said apologetically:

"Do you know, sir, if I were you I would not prosecute that gent. He has just given me his card. Here it is. He is Mr. Andrew Carnegie."

The Return to the Pepper Tree.

A few years ago some citrus growers were crying "Down with the pepper tree; we shall never get rid of the black scale while the pepper tree remains." All of which was true, but was not all of the truth, for the black scale will always be with us even though there were never a pepper tree in California. Every one who cut down a grand old pepper tree now realizes that they lost something they cannot replace. With us the pepper tree has become so common—so matter-of-fact that we do not fully appreciate its beauty. But watch and listen

to a party of new-comers who view for the first time; no matter from what section of the country they come, their enthusiastic praise is little short of rapturous. "What beautiful, plummy, feathery foliage; what gracefully-drooping branches; what a profusion of glowing scarlet berries; what a beautiful and harmonious blending of flowers, fruit and foliage, such intense and clearing-out colors; what a grand habit, such sturdy, patriarchal trees." These are but a few of the exclamations of praise bestowed on the modest, blushing pepper tree (tis only the female tree that furnishes the deep-blushing berry.) In the face of this how do we neglect it—no water, pruning, cultivation—yet the pepper "pursues the even tenor of its way," uncaring and uncared-for. Whenever its branches droop sufficiently to interfere with the peregrinations of man, it is usually attacked by ax and saw in a truly barbarous manner, yet so soon as the vandals have disappeared it puts forth a new and rapid growth of long, graceful, drooping branches as though to hide its nakedness and shame with nature's mantle of living green.

OH, YOU CALIFORNIA

If you can beg, borrow, hire or steal a seat in your neighbor's automobile, don't fail to get out into the country some one of these California spring days, and see California's wild flowers at their absolute best, says the California Outlook. Never since cultivation disputed with nature the mastery of the fields, were the flowers more abundant, and never were they finer than this year. Never were the poppies so golden, the lupines and the larkspurs so blue, the blueeyes so like flecks of California sky, the "paint brushes" so crimson, the lady slippers so snowy white, or the cream cups and the daisies so yellow. Red and green and gold and crimson and pink and yellow and blue and purple, the fields stretch away in dazzling perfection, beyond the power of words or pigments to portray, and almost beyond the power of ones eyes in one view to see. And here is the kiss of the California breeze, the glory of the California sky, the transparency of the California sun, and the wine of California ozone to stir the California heart to true California living.

What Lincoln Wanted to Know



"I VISITED President Lincoln one day," said General Wilson, "with my brother-in-law.

"A few days later I visited the President again with my brother-in-law, Senator Dixon, of Connecticut, and a constituent of his, who was six feet ten inches tall. Well, we met, and for the first and perhaps the only time in his life the President was flabbergasted by the sight of a man looking down on him by six inches.

"Finally his face was overspread by that lovely smile of his and he said: 'My friend, will you permit me to ask you a question?'

"Why, certainly, Mr. President."

"I want to know," said Mr. Lincoln, "if you can tell when your feet get cold."

The Bootblack's Generosity



WHEN Paderewski was on his last visit to America he was in a Boston suburb, when he was approached by a bootblack who called:

"Shine?"

The great pianist looked down at the youth whose face was streaked with grime and said:

"No, my lad, but if you will wash your face I will give you a quarter."

"All right!" exclaimed the youth, who forthwith ran to a neighboring trough and made his ablutions.

When he returned Paderewski held out the quarter, which the boy took but immediately handed back, saying:

"Here, Mister, you take it yourself and get your hair cut."

WHEN BRAND WHITLOCK WAS APPOINTED MINISTER to the Belgians, all his friends rejoiced, and so did he, for he hungered for the peace and quiet the office promised wherein to complete a novel that had been rolling around in his head for years. He was deep in the writing of this book when war broke out. Since then, what he has done is proudly known to every American—and every European, for the matter of that. Yet, when Minister Whitlock was here last year, an old friend referred to the novel. Whitlock sadly shook his head, smiled and said: "I'm afraid that poor heroine and poorer hero will never be married. The minister, you know, is too busy otherwise to attend to them."

Three Letters.

The Kaiser's letter to Frau Meter on the loss of nine sons in the late war:

"His Majesty, the Kaiser, hears that you have sacrificed nine sons in defense of the Fatherland in the present war. His Majesty is immensely gratified at the fact, and in recognition is pleased to send you his photograph, with frame and autograph signature."

An Italian mother's beautiful letter on the loss of her son in the late war:

"I do not know how to write, signor captain, for when I was a girl there were no schools. My grandson is writing for me. I am the mother of Italo, your orderly. It was destined that he should die. It was much better that he should die for his country than that he should end in some other way, perhaps badly. . . . We thank God that Italo has had honor. He has been buried by his companions. The priest has given him absolution. . . .

"Was it you, signor, who gave my name to those gentlemen who came with money because Italo is dead? It was not from pride, nor to mortify anyone, but I could not take it. You see, for me to take money would be like having sold my son. I have given my son."

Lincoln's immortal letter to Mrs. Bixby on the loss of five sons in our Civil War:

"Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of our bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."—[Pacific Mutual News.

GOD KEEP AND GUIDE OUR MEN

By J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

(Tune "America" Key F.)

1

God bless our splendid men,
While they the right defend,
God bless our men.
Make them all brave and true,
Faith in Thyself renew,
Teach them the best to do—
God bless our men.

2

God keep our valiant men,
From all the stain of sin,
God keep our men.
When Satan would allure,
When tempted, keep them pure;
Be their protection, sure,—
God keep our men.

3

God lead our glorious men
Against the hosts of sin,
God lead our men.
Do Thou the vict'y send,
And, with the battle's end,
Triumphant peace extend,—
God lead our men.

4

God save our noble men,
Send them safe home again,
God save our men.
To Thee the praise belongs,
For righting all our wrongs;
To Thee we lift our songs,—
God save our men.

History of The Statue of Liberty

Nearly every child in the United States knows that in New York harbor stands a large statue called "Liberty Enlightening the World."

But do you know that the statue was made by a French sculptor named Frederic Auguste Bartholdi and given to our country by France, and was erected on Bedloe's Island in the harbor in 1876.

The immense bronze figure of liberty that stands a few inches more than 111 feet was designed for the hundredth anniversary of American independence which was celebrated in 1876. It took many years to make this statue and it was not until 1881 that it was brought to the United States. During the next five years money was raised to build the foundation by the people of our country and the statue was dedicated October 28th, 1886, being the highest in the world and weighing 450,000 pounds. From the base of the foundation to the torch are 403 steps. The right arm that is raised is 42 feet long, the hand measuring 16 feet, while Liberty index finger is eight feet in length; the nail on the finger is 13 by 10 inches. In the arm is a ladder that has 54 rungs on it.

The nose is more than four feet long, the head more than 17 feet long.

The mouth is three feet wide; ear to ear is 20 feet. The torch is almost 300 feet above the mean tide of the bay and twelve people can stand on the platform at the foot of the torch. In the head is a similar platform, where 40 can comfortably stand.

Such a large statue; that cost when complete about \$600,000; was a wonderful gift from France and the powerful electric light that is operated by the lighthouse of our government, lights the New York harbor and the Atlantic Ocean for many, many miles.—*Boston Herald.*

THE FLAG IN HISTORY.

The resolution for the adoption of the Stars and Stripes as the American emblem was passed by the Continental Congress June 14, 1777. An American ship, the Columbia, carried the American flag around the world in 1787-1790.

The American flag was first displayed in a foreign port from the mast of the American schooner Bedford of Massachusetts, which arrived in the British Downs February 3, 1783.

The first American flag for the U. S. Navy was flung to the breeze by John Paul Jones, the first American naval officer to engage a foreign foe. The flag had but twelve stars on it and it flew at the top mast of the good ship Ranger.

France recognized this flag while it floated over the Ranger, and this act also constituted the recognition of the young American government.

Every battle ship of the United States Navy is entitled to 250 American flags every three years, although there are many renewals during that period. The cost of the flags for each ship is \$3,000, which total a large sum for the entire navy. The army uses equally as many.

The original flag was made in Philadelphia, from bunting imported from England in 1776, just before the Declaration of Independence was promulgated.

I think it is the duty of every man to go to church. Frequently I have to listen to sermons that bore me. But the church has contributed so enormously to civilization, its service to society is so great, that irrespective of all other considerations I feel I ought to support it and to attend whenever I can.—Theodore Roosevelt.

THE NEW FLAG

There will soon be a new flag on the sea. It will show the national red, white and blue shield in the middle of a white field, the shield supported by an anchor, with the letters U. S. S. B. running across the white space.

The letters stand for "United States Shipping Board." There may be nothing especially poetic in them, but there is plenty of imaginative appeal in the design as a whole, and in the thing it represents.

This flag is the symbol of our new merchant marine. If it receives the official approval of the administration, as it is expected to, it will fly over the 98 steamers taken from Germany, over 300 vessels commandeered from private shipping companies, over the ships lent to the United States by Cuba, over all the craft acquired by the shipping board from all sources, over the thousand new ships ordered built and other thousands that may follow them.

It may become the most famous flag afloat. It will fly in all the seven seas. It will be familiar in every port of the world. It will be a visible token of sea mastery, a proof that the seas are free despite the arrogant fiat of Prussianism and the menace of the U-boat assassination. And if that flag disappears at the end of the war, its purpose served and its work accomplished, it will leave us the finest merchant fleet that ever sailed salt water.

About the Flag

There is a question among many, no doubt, as to just when and how the flag should be displayed. The fixed occasions are as follows: It should be displayed at full staff on Lincoln's birthday, February 12; Washington's birthday, February 22; battle of Lexington anniversary, April 19; Memorial Day, May 30; Flag Day June 14; battle of Bunker Hill anniversary, June 17; Independence Day, July 4; battle of Saratoga anniversary, October 17; surrender of Yorktown anniversary, October 19; Evacuation Day, November 25. On Memorial Day the flag should fly at half staff from sunrise to noon, and at full staff from noon to sunset.

The military ceremony observed to show proper respect for the flag of the United States requires that the flag shall not be hoisted before sunrise, nor be allowed to remain up after sunset. At "retreat," at sunset, civilian spectators should stand at "attention" and uncover during the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner." Military spectators are required by regulation to stand at "attention" and give the military salute. During the playing of the national hymn at "retreat" the flag should be lowered, but not then allowed to touch the ground. When the national colors are passing in parade or in review the spectators should, if walking, halt, and, if sitting, arise and stand at "attention" and uncover.

When the flag is flown at half staff as a sign of mourning it should be hoisted to full staff at the conclusion of the funeral. In placing the flag at half staff it should first be hoisted to the top of the staff and then lowered to position.

The national salute is one gun for each state. The international salute is, under the law of nation, 21 guns.—Exchange.

INDIANS CLING TO CUSTOMS

Last Saturday evening there occurred at the Morongo reservation near Banning a sort of fiesta, yet in the form of a memorial service, for the time had come when according to custom, the tribute of the tribe must be paid to the memory of their dead.

Imagine one of the most beautiful nights that ever glorified the universe. A soft breeze blowing from the ocean, swaying the trees and making melody for ghosts to dance to! The round, full moon, shedding its beams over a picturesque landscape, dipping into the depths of sombre canyons and revealing mountain peaks that stood like bold sentinels against the sky. High in the foothills of the Potrero a campfire marked the scene of the celebration and served as a beacon light for the scores of pilgrims flocking to the celebration by road and trail. On they came, old Indians who had no doubt participated in many a tribal fray and knew more about a war dance than the Merry Widow waltz; young men and women and dusky papooses—sometimes a half dozen rode in a rig drawn by an unwilling pony which seemed sorry that the road was up-grade.

Now an interesting and unique scene was spread before us. Away with your grand opera, the squawking prima donna and the electric footlights! Away with your imitation of a wild west show, with their Chicago cowboys and pretentious train robbers who dare not hold up a woman's train! Get back to the day of primitive man and follow

on: Here was being enacted a scene that may have been reproduced annually since the day Balboa first located Los Angeles.

The Indians had constructed a temporary temple especially for this service. It was made of poles and coarse hay and was perhaps 14x30 feet in size. There was no spare room inside this structure; it was packed with Indians and whenever a dog saw an opening it would squeeze in and become one of the audience. There were only two reserved seats in the house, and these were occupied in the center of the room by two old Indian men, with lusty voices. They led the chant which ran something like this: from A flat to G whiz: Ho-hi-bo-ki-o-um and repeat. Repeat? well, we guess they did. Strange that it is within the power of human endurance to keep up a lively chant for hours, but those two old fellows did it for hours at a stretch and were apparently as fresh at the close as at the beginning of the opening stanza. Whenever their enthusiasm threatened to wane, a number of women would arise to their feet and join the demonstration, folding their hands over their breasts, looking downward and stamping the ground heavily with one of their heavy feet, in perfect time with the chant.

Outside the building a livelier spirit pervaded. Here, Indians were playing various games peculiar to their race. Peon is their favorite game. It was as mysterious as poker or dominoes, to us; but in playing peon it seems you sit down with seven other fellows, four on a side.

All players seize a quilt between their teeth, jump into the air like a scared jackrabbit, yelp like a wounded coyote, juggle a lot of sticks and after an hour or two win or lose the game.

In all these demonstrations, put forth to commemorate the dead, there are no fears shed and no emotion is shown. Even in the weird chant, the stolid features of the red man do not reveal any passing emotion that he may feel. His cold, impassive stare keeps the world guessing whether he is happy or a man of sorrows. Let us hope that he appropriately mourneth on this occasion.

The program lasts the night through, and just as the first rays of the morning sun awaken the birds and beasts of the field, a tremendously impressive and interesting act is played. This is the burning of the bodies of the members of the tribe who have died during the year—in respectful effigy. Large dolls are made—one for every Indian that has passed on to the happy hunting grounds since the last previous celebration. Often these dolls show wonderful attainments of tailoring, having silver dollars for eyes and other coins for ears and nose. These dolls are consumed by fire.

These celebrations in the past have been attended by drunkenness and debauchery, owing to the introduction of liquor by unprincipled whites. So thorough has been the war against liquor, by government officials, that trouble now is not even anticipated. Constable deCrevecoeur and the Reservation police had no trouble in handling the crowd Saturday night. The moon was full, and that was all.

BURN DOLLS FOR INDIAN DEAD.

DOLEFUL IS CEREMONIAL AT MORONGO RESERVATION.

Mission Tribe Holds Annual Exercises in Memory of Departed Friends at Banning—Gambling and Peon Enliven the Curious Proceedings—Stakes Are High.

BANNING, Oct. 13.—The annual exercises of the Indians of the Morongo Reservation have just come to an end. The fiesta was held for the purpose of perpetuating the memory of their friends who have passed to the happy hunting grounds during the year. This ceremony occurs annually on October 11 and 12. It is participated in by members of other branches of the Mission tribe. On this occasion delegates were present from San Jacinto, Coachella, Mission Creek and Palm Springs. The writer attended the fiesta night before last.

The night was beautiful, with a full moon lighting up the somber peaks and cañons of the San Bernardino Range. In the foothills, perhaps at an elevation of 800 feet above the Southern Pacific main line, a large bonfire marked the location of the celebration. All roads leading to the reservation were lined with conveyances of every description carrying for the most part Indian passengers.

UNIQUE SIGHT.

The campfire revealed an interesting and unique sight. Here had been erected for this occasion a building of poles and straw, about fourteen by thirty feet. From this frail temple a series of weird sounds came. The interior was fairly packed with Indians, and papooses and dogs filled in the waste places. In the center of the room two aged ex-chiefs were seated on stools, leading the death chant. They kept this song up for hours and were apparently not fatigued. Occasionally, when enthusiasm threatened to wane, a number of squaws would get on their feet and join in the chant.

SOLEMN RITE.

There was no hilarity in this house of worship. Indeed it appeared to be a solemn rite, and was participated in actively only by the older Indians, the younger generation being interested spectators.

Outside the building there was a freer atmosphere. Gambling games held the attention of many Indians. "Peon" was indulged in by contesting teams from various reservations. Eight Indians are in the contest, four on either side. A lot of sticks are used, and these are juggled under a dirty quilt which the Indians hold in their teeth. While doing this the play-

ers keep up a weird chant and it is then that the other side is supposed to guess the particular stick that wins. The side that gets all the sticks first, takes the game. Sometimes it requires hours to play a single game. The stakes are high. The winners in the Morongo contest received \$60 for the first game.

BURN HUGE DOLLS.

At sunrise the ceremonies revert to the serious side, for at this time huge dolls are burned as effigies representing the Indians who have died. Three deaths having occurred at this reservation during the year, three dolls were sacrificed amid much lamentation. The dolls are often beautiful and costly, with silver dollars sewed on for eyes, and half dollars for ears, etc. Their raiment is usually fine, and bears testimony to the wonderful handiwork of the Indian women.

This unique ceremony has been handed down from time immemorial. Although both Catholic and Moravian doctrines are taught to these Indians, they still cling to the customs of their forefathers.

True to the Indian nature, there are no sobs nor tears in evidence at these memorial services. Throughout the ceremonies the Indians show no emotion.

OUR CITY DIRECTORY.

Banning Hath-a-way to welcome the stranger. The city throws ajar its Gates, and a Barker bids the wanderer sail his bark from the Shores of Beaumont through peaceful Waters Devine and mingle in fellowship with a King, a Prince and an Earl. Time and tide Wait for no man, and Banning Hughes its way through the Wood to the path to fame, making the joy of living in the South-worth-while, and affording the weary traveler a Tripp to Havens of rest after the Ball. Shirley goodness and mercy will Chase us during life's little day, with no Person to Backus any Moore, while we walk a-Wright. Sutton-ly we will press on life's journey, gathering sweet Williams and for-get-me-nots by the way—Just as happy as a Miller and busy as bees with a Hol-comb. And Fountains of Rich joy will play among the Lemon groves where Birds sing joyously. For nature has been a Tudor amid the trials of life, and he who runs may Reid. It isn't Innes to do otherwise, though we lose our Hydes.

Indian Names

Many of our rivers, lakes and mountains have Indian names of which the original meaning has been lost, largely because of changes in spelling which have made their tracing back to the Indian derivatives difficult. Indian names are Winnipeg, meaning "at the beautiful lake, and Mississippi, meaning not "Father of Waters," but "great river." Missouri is the "great muddy," Michigan "the great sea," and Mackinac is "great turtle," a name given because of the resemblance of the island to a turtle. It is to be noticed that the prefix "miche" in its various forms means great.

Connecticut means "long river," Wisconsin, which is much changed in form from the original Indian, stands for "wild rushing river." The name Massachusetts is variously interpreted. Roger Williams thought it meant "blue hills," while others interpret it as "arrowhead hill," a name first applied to one of the islands in Boston harbor. Minnesota is "sky water." Kentucky is another doubtful name, thought to mean "bloody ground" from the frequent Indian battles fought there or from the red color of the water of the river of that name.



Commissioner Booth-Tucker

SERVED IN INDIA WITH HIGH HONOR

*Frederick Booth-Tucker
Gave Many Years to Work
as Salvationist*

The late Commissioner Frederick St. George De Latour Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army, who died in London July 17, last, was one of the ablest and most loved of the officers of that great organization.

He was born at Monghyr, Bengal, the son of a judge in the Indian civil service, in 1853, and came of a family that has been closely identified with India for the last 100 years. He was educated in England and in 1874 passed the examinations for the India civil service and served in the Punjab with honors.

Then a copy of the War Cry, the Salvationists' weekly publication, came into his possession. He became greatly interested in the work the organization was doing in England, where he attended meetings of the army.

Later he retired from the civil service and entered the service of the Salvation Army in India, where he served until the end came last month.

During the long years he served in India Booth-Tucker traveled from one end of that country to the other. He was known to hundreds of thousands of the natives, was on friendly terms with the priests in the temples, with Tomnies of the British Army and with all of the high officials in both civil and military life.

But it was not only in India that the commissioned fought. His battleground was Europe, as well as America, but his real life's work was done in India, where his heart was ever with that land's mystic people. He had no time for cants, creeds or dogmas, but believed in giving the people practical help and teaching them the lesson of the Christ.

He was frequently requested by the British government to lend his great influence with the people in putting reforms into effect and was awarded the gold medal of the Kaiser-i-Hind Order for his services.

ERAS of TRANSPORTATION



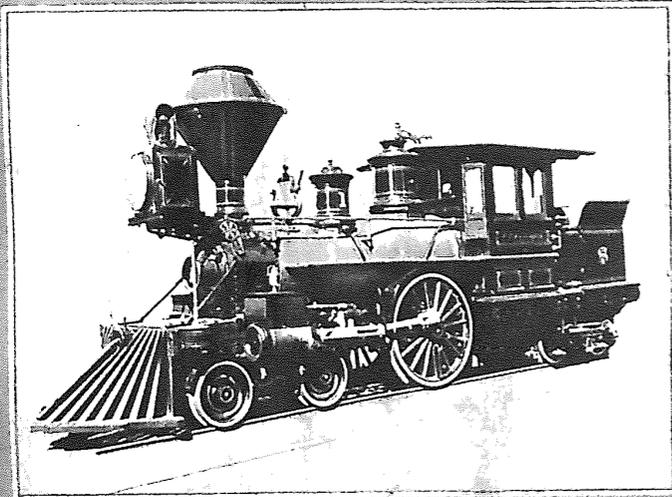
The pole drag of the Indians, a popular form of transportation with the West's first settlers. Klamath Indians of Oregon are shown using their ancient mode of travel. —© Herbert Photos, Inc.



Back to the prairie schooner, when plodding oxen provided motive power for the westward-moving pioneers of the covered-wagon era.



As the course of empire took its way west, transportation became a business and the stage coach made its bow. Here is E. T. McClanahan, 82 years of age, in the driver's seat of the old coach that he drove through Oregon and California for years.



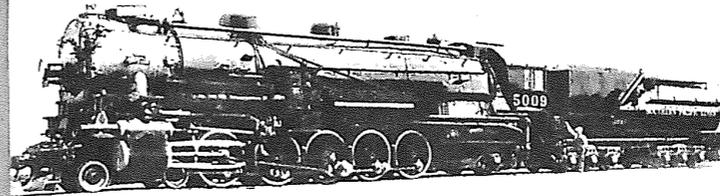
The grandfather of the present "iron horse." The C. P. Huntington No. 1, one of the first Southern Pacific locomotives, is a little over twenty-one feet long, has two driving wheels, and weighs 39,000 pounds.

Auld Lang Syne

[Clippings from the Banning Herald of January 21, 1892.]

The Herald man, through the kindness of Mr. C. O. Barker, now rejoices in the possession of the daintiest little mare in the Pass. She is a splendid buggy animal, and goes well under the saddle. She is known as "Sheep." This is a misnomer, however, as she ditched Mr. Barker and sprained his ankle when he was breaking her, and a short time ago she ran off the Smith & Stewart grade and landed a mixture of pony, cart and Urton one hundred feet below. She is very good natured with us, however, and we are quite proud of her.

It is gratifying to be enabled to announce in this issue that work will be commenced on the plant for the lumber yard at once. Mr. Pierson was in Los Angeles Monday in consultation with Mr. Blinn. The plans of the sheds and office were agreed upon, and, doubtless, before this paper is issued, the cheerful sound of the hammer will be heard in the land. The main shed will be thirty by eighty feet long, and two stories high. The office will be sixteen by thirty feet. The lumber for the buildings was shipped from San Pedro yesterday. Mr. McCoy of Beaumont and Capt. Pierson will put up the buildings. This lumber yard means a good deal for Banning, and it will stimulate the erection of buildings to a wonderful degree. Banning is all right.



A leviathan of the rails. This oil-burning locomotive, one of a number recently put in service by the Southern Pacific, has three cylinders, is 101 feet long, and weighs 688,200 pounds. It has ten driving wheels and generates 3,800 horsepower.

Banning has always borne an excellent reputation for solidity, there have been no cliques or factions, and the people have generally stood together. We are afraid now, from the way things are shaping themselves, that there is going to be a line drawn. Age seems to be the difficulty. At a recent party it was decided to invite only the young people, and Messrs. Barker, Armstrong, Hathaway and Frank Johnson were left out. The "frying size" had a nice time at their party, but now the four gentlemen named above have formed a club and named it, "Ye Knights of ye Olden Time" and promise to set up opposition in social matters. It's astonishing how little reverence some of these giddy youngsters have for honorable old age.

Dr. King is taking a little of his own medicine just now. The "grip" has him in its deadly clutch.

Secretary Clancy has been indisposed for a few days. "Whiskers" is such a frolicsome element of our street life that he is sadly missed when he fails to appear, and we all feel a sympathy for him.

Excerpts From The Herald of Banning of January 3, 1891.

C. O. Barker is expected in Banning on Friday. He will be accompanied by his father from Galesburg, Ill.

M. Hambleton and wife have followed Mrs. Lulu Carpenter, and are established in their old winter quarters at the Carpenter mansion.

Henry Williams and wife and daughter of Illinois, who are here to enjoy the notable climate of this place, are occupying Mr. Fountain's house.

Miss Jean Percival, who has been making a very extended visit to relatives in San Diego, returned to Banning on Tuesday evening's local train, cleared up Wednesday.

W. H. Yerington, the engaging gentleman who sells more groceries about our Southern California than some people have hay, together with his family, spent New Year's in Banning.

A prominent Riversider assured us that Palm Valley was about to be resuscitated. He assured us that he knew that a goodly sum of money was about to be put into that place. We hope the rumor is true.

Capt. Fraser took the Friday night's train for San Francisco. Attached to it was a special car containing the body of his friend, Captain Floyd, who recently died in Philadelphia. He went to attend the funeral.

The feat of securing for the Riverside opera house the Emma Juch Opera Company on New Year's night was a notable one. Only the extra demand on time of the holiday season prevented a party from Banning going down.

President Barker, after an extended search, has found a horse fit to drive with his spirited bay colt. Strange enough, it is the colt's dam. She is brown, about the colt's height, of somewhat finer mould, but built like a deer. Fine limbed and nervous, she is a beautiful animal, and we await with much interest the spectacle of the new team commanding our avenue. Trot 'em out, Mr. Barker.

The Christmas ball Friday night was a success under very adverse circumstances. A combination of untoward things kept away a number of gallants whose sinewy calves usually weave grace upon the floor, and oddly enough the contingent of ladies was usually liberal and choice. Among these latter, very noticeable was the charming delegation from Ontario.

Miss Sadie Phillips and Miss Ida Ed sign literally graced the occasion. Their becoming costumes, their grace and comeliness made them prime favorites of the evening, and evoked from our gentlemen a very cordial attention. Miss Glenn Will of San Bernardino, who is not an unfamiliar figure in Banning, was also present. Mr. Vail's quartet discoursed music.

We take pleasure in announcing that Madame Fraser will produce another of her delightful entertainments on Tuesday evening. It will be mostly musical in character, the supply of that order of talent in the town being at present varied and copious. Miss Percival is at home, Mr. Bird will be here, and he has a voice like a calliope if he can be induced to use it, and some very melodious people are at The Banning. A feature of the evening will be the disposition of the Slydesque family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Slydesque, Master and Miss Slydesque and the infant prodigy. We recommend this enjoyable entertainment to everybody in the Pass.

On Monday judgment was rendered by Judge Morris in the suit of F. S. Goldsberry vs. William Luske, and Mr. Goldsberry awarded the value of the peaches he had sold to Mr. Luske. We believe this leaves every person who dealt with Mr. Luske in these parts whole.

William Gibbs, with his son, S. E. Gibbs, and his family, have rented Mrs. Davis' cottage on San Gorgonio avenue. Mr. S. E. Gibbs is an invalid and is here to try our wondrous air. The home of these new arrivals is in Wyandotte county, Ohio.

J. F. Bird of the Pullman Palace Car Company of Chicago will visit his family in a day or so. He left Kansas City on New Year's day. His daughter, Miss Susie, is more than impatient to see him, and she expects him to deliver her Christmas present in the form of a new watch.

Frank F. Oster of Colton, the popular young lawyer, who came so near being our next district attorney, has formed a co-partnership with W. J. Curtis, late democratic candidate for Congress, succeeding Judge Geo. E. Otis at San Bernardino. The combination ought to be a strong one.

The winter teachers' examinations are in progress; there are over thirty applicants, several of them recent arrivals from the East. This is a very large class for winter.—Ex.

Items Clipped From the Herald of Banning of January 24, 1891.

W. S. Bliss of Carson City was in Banning on Tuesday investigating the colony plant. He was shown over the domain by President Barker.

Mr. Ellis, whose purchase of twenty acres we noticed some time ago, has made it thirty, and will put out the tract to French prunes. Onward the march of the prune empire makes its way.

W. B. Tobey of Carson City, Nevada, made Banning a flying visit on Monday evening. Mr. Tobey's smile over Banning's prosperity and growth grows broader every time he comes to town.

Miss Wade of Beaumont, whose piano solo was so pleasing a feature of the program on Monday night, fits into a Banning performance like a stopper into a bottle. We trust that she will be less of a stranger to this town than she has heretofore been.

Mr. Barker has ordered of the California Nursery 100 Mission olives. This is the opening of the Olive Ball in Banning. We expect to record the next buyers in the next issue. In our judgment no mistake can be made in planting olives in this Pass.

Mrs. M. A. Grimm is fitting up her new residence this week. It will be a needed addition to Banning. Her mother, Mrs. Morse, of Ontario, is with her.

Messrs. A. B. McCormick and J. R. Stephenson of San Jacinto were in town on Wednesday trying to seduce us from the Riverside project for county division. They promised to let us out of San Jacinto county after it got well started, if we would roll up our sleeves no wand help make it. The prospect is alluring, but as Banning is already committed to the Riverside scheme, we fear their rainbow promise must be in vain.

M. Hambleton's favorite diversion is trapping for coyotes. One morning this week he was rewarded by finding a victim in his trap, but he had no firearms at hand to kill it. Too many boulders were at hand to forego the sporting impulse to kill the varmint, so Mr. H. began heaving stones at his prisoner. He killed the coyote, but has been occupied since in looking for a valuable ring that accompanied one of the missiles. Moral: When out on a rocking expedition leave your jewelry at home.

John Charlton of Viola, N. Y., one of the Government Indian Commissioners, was in Banning on Thursday looking after the condition of the Potrero Indians. Mr. Charlton says the affairs of this reservation will be settled in three months. While we think he is too sanguine in his notions, his prediction is one of the many straws that point to the lifting of this reservation incubus that is the only obstruction in the way of Banning's progress.

Treasurer Hamilton of the old Church Aid Society advises us that he has in his hands of the funds collected by that organization, \$80.40. He does not know what to do with it. We think there should be no doubt about that. The organization is practically defunct. Its purpose has not been realized. There is no use for the money. Ordinary business principles suggest that the money be returned to the contributors. As a contributor, albeit a small one, we move that it be so returned, and respectfully ask the executive committee, consisting of Messrs. Hathaway, Fraser, King, C. H. Ingelow and A. Mackey, to instruct the treasurer to do so.

The total number of books drawn from the Pomona public library during the year 1890 was 3,645.

The new management of the Los Angeles and Monrovia rapid transit road propose to widen the track to a standard gauge.

The Weekly Press of Santa Ana was excluded from the mails last week for running a saloon ad. giving notice of a lottery drawing.

San Bernardino now boasts a Joss house.

The Yuma Sentinel proposes to develop the resources of that interesting summer resort by grafting chestnuts on the live oaks, castor beans on the mesquite and olives on the palo verde, thus turning out ready-made orchards, as it were. The tamarind will also grow well, we believe, on the tamale tree, which is indigenous to Arizona. The cottonwood trees, which line the Colorado river, ought also to yield a fine crop of Middling Lowlands cotton, if properly grafted, while there is little doubt, under proper treatment and judicious breeding, a fine crop of short-horn cattle might be developed from the horned toad. The possibilities of the land of sunshine and silver are truly wonderful.—Los Angeles Times.

We are informed that the entertainment of last Monday evening was the opening gun of the parsonage campaign of our Methodist brethren. It

would be folly for them to take its success as a fair augury for the scheme. The fact is that the entertainment owes its success to the young ladies, who undertook to float it, and

whose claim upon the gratitude of the community for past favors was too great for it to deny them any request. That the proceeds of the evening were to go for parsonage purposes was kept a careful secret. Now what does this parsonage mean? It means a series of entertainments for the next four years. It means a constant drain on the generosity of this town. It means the exclusion of all other public enterprises. It means one bottomless gopher hole, and yawning petition for money, before us for years. And in the end, what have we? A Methodist parsonage! Of no use to a Presbyterian minister, or a Congregational minister or to any good and holy man, other than a Methodist, who might come along and be most acceptable to us, and willing to be a resident minister to the whole community. If we build a Methodist parsonage, why not a Baptist one, or a Presbyterian one? This town built a Baptist church. Is not the lesson of that enough? We now have, or are soon to have, a resident Baptist minister. We have already a resident Methodist minister. A Presbyterian minister illuminates this region once a month, or something like that. There are not 250 human beings in the town. We are in a fair way to show up as a community of priest-ridden noodles. This is an extraordinarily generous town. All good projects are liberally supported. It is very easy to abuse that fine liberality. It is very possible to so harness it in the support of superfluous ministers, and the building of superfluous church edifices, as to leave it helpless when a call for real charity shall come. Many poor invalids come here that need help. Our delectable climate invites sick people here who demand financial aid. We need to conserve the resources of our generosity. To stem this onrushing sectarian tide, we suggest the formation of a "society to prevent Banning from being bled to death by a multiplicity of churches." We make this suggestion in all seriousness. Let the young men of the town unite, agree to refuse support to more than one minister at a time, and to refuse any help to superfluous projects, and it will be an organization as wholesome in influence as it will be creditable to their good sense.

Miss Zora Hargis, a social light in all the countryside bordering on Lower California, arrived on Saturday evening's local to visit her friend, Miss Jean Percival. This sprightly young lady is a welcome addition to Banning society.

J. F. Bird of Chicago was detained two days on his trip out, and did not arrive until Tuesday evening. He was in time to contribute his discriminating musical taste to the intelligence of the audience that listened to the entertainment that evening.

On the evening of the 19th the Rev. George W. White of San Bernardino will lecture at the Fraser-Kelley hall on the subject, "The Black Napoleon." At the conclusion of the lecture oysters will be served and music discoursed. The music is under the direction of Misses Percival and Hargis.

Mrs. R. D. Carpenter has returned from an extended trip through the East, and is as glad to get back to her Southern California home as was the dove which Noah pushed out to wing its lone way over the unshored bosom of the flood to return again to the precincts of his floating menagerie.

Three Banning young people took the January examinations conducted by the county board of education. They were Miss Ella Morris, Messrs. Herbert and French Gilman. Mr. French Gilman took the highest grade certificate, and we suppose is entitled to be dubbed Professor Gilman hereafter. Mr. Herbert Gilman took the primary grade certificate, missing the first grade certificate by a misunderstanding as to the requirements in the form of the answers to certain problems given in arithmetic. He solved the problems correctly, but learned too late that he had not set out the solution as elaborately as required, otherwise he would have been professor, too. Miss Morris received a certificate, and was offered a school at once near Daggett, which she accepted and is now on duty. This is a good record for our young people, and we heartily congratulate them upon it.

A picturesque feature of the landscape of the San Jacinto valley on this side of the town consists of numerous inscriptions on stones and stumps and logs of an exhortive and religious effect. "Heaven or Hell Awaits You," "Repeat of Your Sins," "Believe on Jesus and Be Saved," and like legends, seem to infect the road and jump out at one like highwaymen. We can imagine a nervous invalid being made frantic by these injunctions thus

springing from the ambush. The idea appears to be that some soul will be taken by surprise and scared into convictions before it can recover. The Word of God peeping around corners and jumping at one from the roadside is playing a unique role. Truly it would be a valuable conversion that could be effected by such novel and startling means.

POPPY LAND AT BANNING

Again the flame of the poppy is spreading itself over the hills and in the green carpets of the valleys. California has been wonderfully blessed in the possession of this beautiful flower which so charms the eastern visitor. When snows cover the ground to an almost unfathomable depth in the East, sunshine and flowers are the predominating features which crown Southern California at this time of the year, and brings the feeling that there is no place like it.

The Spaniard, in speaking of the poppy, called it the "cup of gold," which is indeed a very suitable name, for they resemble in their various shades of yellow and orange, tiny cups. The sight of a poppy field at a distance first has the resemblance of fire and in coming in closer contact with them they change in color and we feast our eyes on the wonderful products which Nature has produced with her magic wand.

Because of the rare beauty and abundance of this flower, California years ago adopted it as her state flower and it will perhaps remain the gem of the state for many years to come. Other flowers may get tired of living and showing to the world their beauty, but when Nature calls the poppy to hold up her head and beam with all the glory she possesses, the poppy never fails and every year finds their numbers greatly multiplied. With their tiny fern-like leaves and straight, graceful stem they have been used by the artist as a favorite study. Looking straight in the face of the poppy one seems to meet another face, one that is soft and velvety and which has a noble character. The artist has found the poppy life difficult to portray because of the fineness of character. It is hard to do justice to the tiny, human-like flowers which envelopes so much beauty.

Many persons have taken this wild flower from its home in the mountain or valley or along the roadside where Nature has planted it, and planted it in their yards under cultivation; but it is a plant which care cannot improve.

There is no mother so watchful tentative as Nature and to try to prove her ways is of no avail.

Grown-ups as well as children forward to the time when they on their sunshades and swing flower baskets over their arms start out in quest of the poppy. They are used to splendid advantages for decorating purposes because of their color, which will harmonize with any other flower, and even use them to carry out a color scheme in perfection.

Mary Garden, who gave up her place on the stage to make her "California Song" popular, has stirred the hearts of the people and impressed them most deeply with the fact that it is here Nature gives of her best. There is no other country half so good and although it grows old in years it remains young in beauty.

BIRD STUDY CLASS AT "ACACIA PLACE"

Study of Thrasher and Inspector M. F. Gilman's Splendid Collection of Southern California Birds. A Most Enjoyable Afternoon Class Members

(Daily Press Special News Service)

BANNING, March 7.—The next meeting of the Bird Study class will be held with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Hanna in Colton Wednesday, March 28. This was decided at the meeting held Sunday afternoon at "Acacia Place," the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Gilman. The meeting Sunday afternoon proved to be a most enjoyable one.

The study of the thrasher was taken up most informally and the work was supplemented by Mr. Gilman's collection of the different varieties in Southern California and Arizona. Mr. Gilman is an authority on birds of this section, and is a frequent contributor to the "Condor." His collecting is done on scientific lines and for scientific purposes. Some of his specimens may be seen in the national science museums throughout the country.

Clever guessing contests, using the names of birds as answers to questions, was the relaxation of the afternoon. The first prize going to Mrs. Wall of San Bernardino, and the consolation to Judge Hanna of Colton. Mrs. Gilman had carried out the "bird" idea in serving refreshments, tiny chickens decorating the plates, and bluebirds the table covers and napkins. The home was beautiful with almond blossoms and ferns.

A BANNING SUNRISE

Arise, ye sluggards, and see a Banning sunrise! In order to get a good view of the sunrise it will be necessary to shake off the arms of Morpheus, at this season, at about six-thirty a. m. Pretty hard work to turn out so early, but the prize will prove worthy of the effort.

The old sun comes beaming up the San Gorgonio Pass like the face of a boy with a new kite. The dawn is heralded by an azure haze stretching as far as eye can see over the vast expanse of the Colorado desert. The azure hue is soon lost in the deeper blue—the morning light is breaking! Flashes of gold appear on the horizon away to the east of Mount San Jacinto, and in a minute the summits of this mountain and Old Grayback are flooded in a blaze of glorious light.

The sunlight creeps slowly down the mountain sides, until at last Old Sol comes up smiling over the desert hills, and it is morning in the San Gorgonio Pass.

A profusion of colors, the like of which is denied the eyes of many peoples where sunrises are commonplace things and devoid of beauty. The aridity makes the sunrise in Banning a scene wonderful to behold. Perhaps the sunrise in Palestine is as wonderful as here. It should be so, for Palestine and Banning are geographically and climatically very much alike.

A very happy time was had by the members and guests present, who were Judge and Mrs. Hanna, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Hanna and children, Dr. Wiggins of Colton; Judge Wall, Mrs. Wall and Miss Ell and Mr. and Mrs. La Niece of San Bernardino; Messrs. Edwards, Pierce and Hegner of Claremont; Dr. West, Beaumont; Mrs. Gilman, Mrs. Millington, Miss Gilman, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Gilman and Arthur Gilman of Banning.

The next meeting will be held with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Hanna in Colton March 28.

Misses Sarah and Ella Morris, who formerly lived in Lamar and have many friends here, returned from California last Friday. They are both engaged in educational work in California, Sarah having charge of an Indian school at Banning, and Ella is connected with a school at Colton. The young ladies expect to visit the World's Fair before returning.

WEDDING BELLS RING FOR RIVERSIDE FOLKS

Prominent Couple Slip to San Francisco to Keep Secret, But Telegram Spills the Beans—Ding, Dong

When Supervisor C. D. Hamilton asked for a two months' leave of absence the other day, his friends cocked their heads on one side and smiled knowingly at one another. And today comes a telegram from San Francisco stating in terse terms the fact that a marriage license had been issued to "Miss Pearl Theodora Noble and Mr. Charles Beéandray Hamilton." The gentleman in the case is the aforementioned Charlie.

Miss Noble took time by the forelock several weeks ago, and resigned her position in the county surveyor's office. For the past week she has been in San Francisco, the guest of her sister Miss Beatrice Noble. When "Charlie" left for the north "to attend a meeting of almond growers" his unmanly friends grinned at each other behind his back.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton will have a gorgeous wedding trip to the West Indies and Panama and South America. Probably they won't see a bit of the scenery, but it will take lots of time, and they plan to get back just before the two months' absence is out.

HONEYMOONERS BACK FROM LENGTHY TRIP

Supervisor C. D. Hamilton and Bride Return Delighted With What They Saw in Central America

Delighted with their tour of Panama, Cuba, Jamaica and South America, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hamilton are back home and receiving the congratulations of their friends.

It was a wonderful trip for the "honeymooners" and they enjoyed every mile of the journey, which took them to hundreds of the places of interest in Central and South America. Mr. Hamilton now is convinced that it is a hard matter to get away from California. No matter where one travels he is certain to see some of the products of the valleys and foothills of the "Golden state."

This was the case down in Havana, where some of those delicious apples from Oak Glen were seen on the stand of a fruit vender and selling at 40 cents a piece. Quite a price for California fruits, but then they do not raise Oak Glen apples in the equatorial regions.

Another pleasure to the "honeymooners" was the trip through the Panama canal, the great waterway built by President Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Hamilton says one would naturally expect confusion and not a little noise in the process of shipping one of the great ocean steamers through the canal, especially through the great locks, but he says this task is accomplished in a systematic way and not the least confusion is apparent. "The trip through the canal was one of the most delightful features of the entire tour."

The Riversiders, while they enjoyed Havana, the big city of the West Indies, were not favorably impressed with the city from a standpoint of beauty. The narrow streets, the narrow pavements and the congested traffic made them realize just what the wide streets of Riverside and other Southern California cities mean to the traveling public.

The streets, some of them, are not more than eight feet wide and the pavements about two feet. "It is impossible for two persons to walk abreast in the center of the heavy traffic and one has to step to the street often to make progress in the narrow thoroughfares," Mr. Hamilton says.

Another thing that was very pleasing to the Riversiders was that travelers' checks, good as gold in the mint in America, and supposed to be in all parts of the world, were not being accepted at the banks because of an edict of moratorium.

The beaches of Havana, supposed to be one of the greatest seacoast resorts of the western hemispheres, were disappointing. Havana people are not strong for surfing, is the conclusion reached by the Riversiders.

The visit to Jamaica was a delightful one, especially the 300 mile motor ride into the interior. The traffic in bananas, pineapples and coconuts was interesting to the tourists.

The inlet where Christopher Columbus was supposed to have dropped his anchor was visited. This was one of the historic points enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton. A stop was made at a port of Columbia at the mouth of the Magdalena river, the largest stream in Columbia. The river is a mighty stream. Its width at the mouth is from a mile to a mile and a half and has its source back in the mountains 500 miles. Taken all in all the trip was a wonderful one.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Smith, No. 138 West Thirty-first street, was the scene of a quiet wedding at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning, when Miss Sarah Morris and French Gilman of Banning were married. Rev. Dowling of Pomona officiated. The bride's sister, Miss Ella Morris, was the maid of honor. The bridal party left for Long Beach for a brief visit. The decorations throughout the house were pink and green. Mr. and Mrs. Gilman will be at home at Banning after September 1.

NORM

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF AMERICAN SCHOOL TEACHERS.

NORMAL INSTRUCTOR.

MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF AMERICAN SCHOOL TEACHERS.

PAID UP IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.

Editor and Publisher.

The Normal Instructor is published the last week of every month in the date it bears. Should subscribers send their remittance to the time they will receive the magazine in due time.

DINNER AND PROGRAM AT BAPTIST CHURCH BY LADIES' AID WITH MEN AS GUESTS

Minstrel and Coronation Cast Entertained; Mrs. F. M. Butler, Miss Dimple Maberry, Dr. W. Dwight Pierce and Rev. F. E. White Give Interesting Talks.

An excellent dinner and program was given last Friday evening in the Baptist church basement by the Ladies' Aid, at which those who participated in the recent minstrel show and coronation of the king of dancing were guests of honor.

Miss Dimple Maberry gave a humorous poem dedicated to the men of the church. Dr. Pierce made a talk on "Looking Forward," and told the plans for progress in Sunday school and young people's work in the church, both spiritually and socially. Rev. F. E. White gave an address for the 1925 program. He stressed on the importance of fellowship, especially in the visiting and ministering to the sick people of Banning. and that the members of the church should have an open house to each other.

A very interesting historical sketch of the Banning Baptist church had been prepared by Mrs. F. M. Butler, who came to Banning in 1885, which she read. The main points of the paper follow:

The meeting of organization was held in the school house at Banning on Sunday, Feb. 18, 1883. Those present were Rev. W. H. Latourette, S. Z. Millard, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Dunlap, R. F. Roth. Mr. Roth was elected secretary. It was voted that a Baptist church be organized, to be known under the name of Banning Baptist church.

On April 15, 1883, a council composed of delegates from the Baptist churches of Riverside and San Bernardino, having met at Banning, the church was recognized and received into fellowship. The five charter members were Mr. and Mrs. S. Z. Millard, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Roth, Mrs. W. K. Dunlap.

Church and Sunday School were held in the school house, a mere shanty with a few rough desks and benches as furniture. Banning was simply a railroad station in a sparsely settled community. A fight was the usual Sunday diversion.

The church had no pastor, and had preaching but once a month. Rev. Chas. Button of Riverside, Rev. John Fulton of San Bernardino and Rev. W. H. Latourette of Los Angeles Association preached alternately, each once a quarter.

At a meeting held Jan. 20, 1884, steps were taken towards securing funds for a new church building. Rev. Button stated he had the promise from C. W. Filkins of a lot and \$50, on condition that the church would erect a suitable building on the lot. A committee was at once appointed to solicit funds for such an edifice. The committee visited every home in the Pass, traversing the country on horseback from beyond Beaumont on the west to Cabazon on the east.

The building was occupied on December, 1884, although it was not entirely finished. It was neither ceiled nor plastered, nor had it any chimney and consequently could not be heated.

Mr. Phineas Banning, after whom Banning was named, gave financial aid to the church in 1883.

On Dec. 7, 1884, the church received its first settled pastor, M. E. G. Sibley, at that time being called and ordained on Dec. 17, 1884.

A list of the pastors who have worked here follows:

- G. S. Bailey, 1886.
- S. J. Nunn, 1887.
- J. S. Norris, 1888.
- Rev. Gaston, 1889-90.
- J. H. Cross, 1891-93.
- W. F. Binney, 1894.
- W. J. Bingham, 1895.
- Rev. Smith, 1896.
- A. Freeman, 1897-99.
- J. F. Hollenbeck, 1900.
- C. W. Iler, 1901-02.
- W. C. Whitaker, 1903.
- Rev. Bradshaw, 1905.
- James Robertson, 1907.
- N. A. Harkness, 1908.
- E. E. Harkness, 1909.
- N. A. Harkness, 1910.
- Rev. Mathews, 1910-14.
- Rev. Hobson, 1915.
- F. E. White, 1916 to the present time.

During the term of Rev. Cross, 1891-93, the first Ladies' Aid Society was organized.

During Rev. Iler's term, 1901-02, the first parsonage was built.

The new church was begun during the term of Rev. N. A. Harkness, 1908.

WEDDING BELLS RING FOR RIVERSIDE FOLKS

Prosperous Couple Slip to San Francisco to Keep Secret, But Telegram Tells the News—Ding, Ding

When Supervisor C. D. Hamilton asked for a two months' leave of absence the other day, his friends caught their breath on one side and smiled knowingly at the other. And today came a telegram from San Francisco stating in terse terms the fact that a marriage license had been issued to "Miss Pearl Theodore Noble and Mr. Charles Douglas Hamilton." The gentleman in the case is the aforementioned Charles.

Miss Noble had time by the week-end several weeks ago, and resigned her position in the county supervisor's office. For the past week she has been in San Francisco, the guest of her sister, Miss Beatrice Noble. When "Charlie" left for the north "to attend a meeting of absent growers" his numerous friends gathered at each other behind his back.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton will have a gorgeous wedding trip to the West Indies and Panama and South America. Probably they won't see a bit of the country, but it will take bits of time, and they plan to get back just before the two months' absence is out.

HONEYMOONERS BACK FROM LENGTHY TRIP

Supervisor C. D. Hamilton and Wife Return Delighted With What They Saw in Central America

Delighted with their tour of Panama, Cuba, Jamaica and South America, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hamilton are back home and receiving the congratulations of their friends.

It was a wonderful trip for the "honey-mooners" and they enjoyed every mile of the journey, which took them to hundreds of the places of interest in Central and South America. Mr. Hamilton was in amazement that it is a hard matter to get away from California. He wishes where one travels he is certain to see some of the products of the valleys and foothills of the "Golden State."

This was the case down in Havana, where some of those delicious eggs that come out of Cuba were seen on the stand of a fruit vendor and selling at 10 cents a dozen. Quite a price for California fruit, but then they do not come out of Cuba either in the export-

Another pleasure in the "honey-mooners" was the trip through the Panama canal, the great waterway built by President Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Hamilton says one would naturally expect canalmen and not a little more in the process of digging one of the great canal structures through the canal, especially through the great locks, but he says this task is accomplished in a systematic way and not the least confusion is apparent. "The trip through the canal was one of the most delightful features of the entire tour."

The 8 Popular Similes.

As wet as a fish—as dry as a bone,
As live as a bird—as dead as a stone;
As plump as a partridge—as poor as a rat,
As strong as a horse—as weak as a cat,
As hard as a flint—as soft as a mole,
As white as a lily—as black as a coal,
As plain as a pikestaff—as rough as a bear,
As tight as a drum—as free as the air,
As heavy as lead—as light as a feather,
As steady as time—uncertain as weather,
As hot as an oven—as cold as a frog,
As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog,
As slow as a tortoise—as swift as the wind,
As true as the gospel—as false as mankind,
As thin as a herring—as fat as a pig,
As proud as a peacock—as blithe as a grig.

—Kuchang.

Supervisor. Various people are being for nothing, as the conclusion reached by the government.

The trip to Jamaica was a delightful one, especially the 300 miles motor ride into the interior. The traffic in banana, pineapple and coconuts was interesting to the tourists.

The boat where Christopher Columbus was supposed to have dropped his anchor was visited. This was one of the historic points enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton. A day was made in a part of Cuba at the mouth of the Magdalena river, the largest stream in Cuba. The river is a mighty stream. Its width at the mouth is from a mile to a mile and a half and has its source back in the mountains 100 miles. Taken all in all the trip was a wonderful one.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Smith, No. 211 West Broadway street, was the scene of a quiet wedding at 1 o'clock Wednesday morning, when Miss Sarah Marie and French Gibson were married. Rev. Dr. Irving of Panama officiated. The bride's sister, Miss Ella Marie, was the maid of honor. The bridal party left for Little Beach for a brief visit. The honeymoon throughout the honeymoon was and green. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson will be at home at Berkeley after September 1.

Since Rev. White came here the basement has been built, and paid for, the parsonage has been remodeled, and in one more successful year the church will be out of debt, this work having been financed by the Ladies' Aid and accomplished

under the presidency of Mrs. M. French Gilman.

Exercises attending the laying of the corner stone of the new church were held Sunday, Oct. 9, 1910. Dr. Field, president of Redlands University, delivered the principal address, and other ministers participating were Revs. Stavely, Weinland, Harkness and Lucas. The new edifice is the result of a meeting held January 5, 1908, when the matter of building was discussed and a committee appointed. A building committee consisting of Messrs. Gilman, Chase, Grubbs, Tripp and Wing, solicited the funds for the new building. Miss Anna Martin, at that time secretary of the Ladies' Aid, donated the corner stone.

Banning Saturday Afternoon Club Enjoys Delightful Jaunt to Persia

(Special Press Correspondence)
BANNING, March 15.—Members of the Saturday Afternoon club had the pleasure of journeying from Banning to Hamadan, Persia, this week, with Mrs. J. W. Cook as guide. Through a travel letter sent to club members Mrs. Cook told the details of her trip to the foreign land in which she and Dr. Cook, with their four children, will make their home. Mrs. Mary Cook, Dr. Cook's mother, and his niece, accompanied them and will remain in Hamadan for a year.

Leaving New York on October 19, the party crossed on the Hamburg-American line, visiting Hamburg, Berlin and various points in Russia and Poland before reaching the Caspian sea, where they embarked for Persia. The trip across the mountains, a distance of 500 miles, to Hamadan, was made by auto, and Mr. Cook compared the trip to that from San Diego to El Centro, except that a greater altitude is reached on the Persian trip.

From the tone of Mrs. Cook's letter, her friends feel that she and Dr. Cook are happy to be back in Persia after their 12 years' ab-

sence and that except for furloughs they expect to make it their permanent home.

Mrs. Cook described a Christmas service at the Christian church there, conducted by Rev. Mr. Allen, and told details of their own home, which proved very interesting. She spoke of a group of young Persian women who came to their home for instruction in the care of their children. Evidently foreign shoes, clothes cut on Paris patterns, and bobbed hair are fashionable among the young people, although they do not go on the street without their "chaddar."

Dr. Cook is very busy. He is in charge of a 40-bed hospital and two dispensaries. Mrs. Cook, too, is a busy person. She has been asked to act as advisor to the teachers in the Faith Hubbard school. An American teacher has gone to Hamadan with them and the little school of 11 pupils, which includes the four Cook children, is well under way.

As an interesting addition to the program, Geo. J. Gross, formerly of Philadelphia, who is spending some time in Banning, gave a very in-

teresting talk on Persian rugs. A display of weaving, designs and colorings, 36 beautiful woven and needlework rugs of Caucasian, Turkish and Persian style. Rugs from Tzitzzi, Dalhistan, Kubistan, Amak, Sehna, Sehna Khitan, Saruk, Kirmanshah, Fereghan, Kirman, Hamadan, Bakhtiari, Shiraz, Samarkand, Undjar, Daghestan and Nubistan were displayed, and each one seemed a gem. One very lovely small rug, a Kirman, which Mr. Gross calls "Moonlight," was shown. Runners, house rugs, tent pieces, a powder bag, a purse, a cradle, saddle, clothes, prayer rugs and a very handsome hearth rug were among the lovely pieces of the art of weaving which the club members were privileged to see.

At the close of his talk Mr. Gross was given a rising vote of thanks and appreciation, and appreciation for Mrs. Cook's letter was also expressed.

Music for the afternoon was provided by Miss Gertrude de Forge, who played "The Raindrop Prelude" (Chopin), and MacDowell's "Scotch Poem" and "Clair de Lune." Mrs. Geo. E. Wing and Mrs. B. B. Ellis were responsible for the dainty decorations of pink and lavender sweet peas.

A PIONEER CITIZEN LAID TO REST

Charles M. Morris, whose death occurred at his home in this city on February 2, belonged to the company of pioneers that has been affiliated with the writing of Banning history by their participation in the events of the town since an early day.

Mr. Morris had been ill with heart trouble for a number of years and, during the past year, suffered severely, but his perseverance brought him out of the sick room on all these occasions until the last illness, which began about two weeks previous to his death.

Decedent was born in Macon, Ill., December 29, 1865, and, therefore, lived to the age of 56 years, 1 month and 4 days. He came to Banning in 1889, when he was only 23 years of age, and was united in marriage here with Miss Minnie Lemon, a daughter of Mrs. Jennie Lemon of Fourth street. To this union two children were born, and one, Miss Myrtle, survives her father. Her mother also survives, and they are very lonely in their home, in their great bereavement. Mr. Morris also leaves to mourn, three brothers and two sisters, L. B. Morris, Oakland; Frank Morris, Santa Cruz; L. A. Morris, Orange, Mrs. E. W. Davis, Los Angeles, and Mrs. M. French Gilman, Banning. All were able to attend the last rites here.

Mr. Morris was energetic in his work and faithful to his friends. An outstanding principle of his life was his fidelity to every trust reposed in his keeping. He loved the open spaces of the desert and his work as overseer for C. O. Barker's cattle interests took him into the isolated places for years. His services were appreciated because of his faithfulness and his ability to lead men in the pursuits of agriculture and horticulture.

The funeral, directed by Wiefels & Son, took place from the home Monday at 2 o'clock. Rev. W. H. Weinland had charge of the service, and Revs. White and Palmer assisted. R. E. Dillon sang "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." The pallbearers were Messrs. Hauverman, George Fountain, Clem Sweeters, Harris, Holcomb and Fenton. A large number of friends of the fami-

ly attended the service, and the remains were laid to rest in Sunny-slope cemetery.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to all who, in countless ways, did all they could to help us bear our great sorrow and to brighten the days of the one who has gone.

MRS. CHAS. M. MORRIS,
5-c MYRTLE MORRIS.

PALM CANYON IS NATIONAL MONUMENT

Feb. 9, 1922
Banning Record
Feb. 9, 1922

Palm Canyon is again in the limelight. The bill creating a national monument out of the canyon has passed the House and has been sent to the Senate, where the California Senators are expected to push it through to a successful conclusion.

The passage of the bill will mean that a tract of 1,600 acres near Palm Springs will be set aside for the purpose of preserving large groves of native Washington palms.

Numerous business men of Riverside county have been urging the passage of such a bill for some months to protect and preserve these trees, said to be the only wild palms in the United States, from tourists and motion picture companies, which might do injury to the palms, if the trees should remain out of federal jurisdiction.

The success so far attained is good news for the residents of Palm Springs who have labored hard to make their town the successful resort that it is.

With its hot springs, permanent Desert Play, wonderful winter climate and a national park, Palm Springs should make remarkable progress as a big spot on the map.

French Gilman Aiding Government in Improving Wild Species He Has Discovered in State

BY CORNELIA D. DODDS

Did you know that Southern California has its own native stone fruits? Marshall French Gilman of Banning has found five: two cherries, a mountain plum, an almond and an apricot. A year ago the government appointed him Federal Collaborator in Agriculture, assigning him an acre in which to experiment for the purpose of obtaining from this wild stock foundations for highly cultivated varieties suited to the peculiar soil and climatic conditions of this region.

A year is too short a time for the completion of such an experiment and the department discourages premature publicity, but the record of Mr. Gilman's past work convinces one that he will make these wild trees valuable.

It was at the annual flower show at Banning that I first met Mr. Gilman, a spare, bronzed man with eyes blue as the gilia he was arranging. He acknowledged our introduction, adding with a smile:

"I thought it would be a good plan to group the different varieties together. We have five kinds of gilia, and," with enthusiastic satisfaction, "eight pentstemons! Two hundred and fifty species in all."

PIONEER BOTANIST

What forays in the dusty desert, what searchings in leafy canyons, what climbs to mountain heights these wild flowers signified. For Banning, embowered in orchards, nestles between the foothills of the San Bernardino and San Jacinto ranges, just where the Southern Pacific emerging from the Colorado desert enters San Geronimo Pass.

"That is the desert. Smoke or Ghost tree which grows below sea level," said Mr. Gilman, as I paused before a branch of wreath-like gray, "and that," as I exclaimed over a miracle of crimson, "is the 'Snow Plant,' found more than a mile above."

"There is no better naturalist in the State," declared a Banning resident, and as I listened to the information given to visiting botanists I believed her. With humble miner's lettuce and lordly confier he was equally familiar.

French Gilman is the son of pioneers. His mother crossed the plains in '51, a child of 3 with her parents from fate concealed by naming them Smith. They obtained grants to portions of the vast San Geronimo rancho which lay north of the present sites of Banning and Besumont. J. M. Gilman, the father, came by way of the Isthmus in '63, settled near the Smiths and married the little girl, now grown, who had preceded his eighteen years. Their home became a station for stages traveling between Los Angeles, San Bernardino and Yuma.

WIFE AIDED WORK

"French" was born just when the railroad was beginning to link the stock ranges and grain fields of

Southern California with the Eastern States. Children of the Mission Indians were his earliest playmates, but other white families soon came in and a school was started. During his boyhood there was no high school in Banning,

and he never attended one elsewhere. But lack of formal educational advantages did not prevent this pioneer lad in a mountain valley from becoming a scientific authority in universities.

His inheritance from his mother of a love for birds and flowers gave a good beginning. Such books on natural science as Steele's "Fourteen Weeks" were sometimes helpful, but often disappointing, because they lacked descriptions of our coast forms.

Doubtless it was a girl, Miss Sarah Morris, who came from Missouri to teach in the Indian reservation near Banning, who gave him encouragement and the necessary material for real scientific botany.

At this time Mr. Gilman was forest ranger and horticultural inspector, but after his marriage to Miss Morris they left California to engage in governmental Indian work at Fort Lewis, Colo., where he was made industrial teacher, farm expert and disciplinarian. Later, at Sacaton, Ariz., he was connected with the co-operative experiment station, where the Pima strain of Egyptian cotton was developed. From here the Gilmans moved to Modoc county, he becoming superintendent of the Modoc and Piute tribes, she continuing to teach. While engaged with these children of nature, these two never ceased to study the birds and plants of different localities and to make faithful records. Their present home in Banning contains many souvenirs of those days—woven baskets, rugs, beadwork and silver.

EXPERT ORCHARDIST

Out under a dripping faucet they have placed a concave stone mottle. Vines and ferns make it a spot of dewy freshness to which birds come and drink. In a way it blends the Gilmans' past and present.

"But French is a natural hayseed," laughs Mrs. Gilman. "He wanted to get back to Banning orchards."

His father was one of the first and most successful fruit growers in the Pass section, and, as his son expresses it, "I have been in the orchards game ever since I was big enough to work." Sixty acres of apricots, prunes, peaches and almonds yield him annually tons of superior fruit.

"You have found orchards profitable financially, haven't you?" I hazarded when calling at his home, but with twinkling eyes which I think meant "Yes," he parried, "Oh, that's nothing!" and led me to his "nature garden."

Here on a sunny slope these two nature lovers have transplanted

such lovely things as blazing stars, desert verbenas, Modoc thistles and the scarlet larkspur, while in striking contrast by a pile of rocks grow various cacti.

"No botanist has ever seen a cactus of this sort blossom," said my host, indicating a spiny specimen. "Last season this one was in bud, but I left it for two or three hours and when I returned it had bloomed and faded. You see those buds? This year I shall be more vigilant."

"I suppose you call your nature study an avocation," I suggested, "but hasn't it brought you into contact with the university?"

BRILLIANT WRITER

"Oh, yes," he answered with delight, and thereupon mentioned this or that eminent professor who had found him out and gratefully accepted his lore. Then he showed me treasures I had not suspected—case after case of birds—warblers, flycatchers, woodpeckers, arranged with orderly precision. And at last, upon my eager response to a hint from Mrs. Gilman, he lent me copies of *The Condor*, a magazine of ornithology printed at Berkeley, containing theses by himself on such subjects as "Bronzed Cowbirds," and "The Woodpeckers of the Arizona Lowlands." Even to an untrained person they are interesting reading, clear, scientific, but touched with humor.

The quiet, alert boy who forty years ago made friends with the birds of San Geronimo Pass little dreamed that today a noted ornithologist would say of him:

"What appeals to me in Mr. Gilman's writings is his accuracy, his fidelity to the truth as he ascertains it. His studies have resulted in his making some real contributions to the scientific knowledge of southwestern bird life."

In the midst of his toil as an orchardist and of his study as a scientist, French Gilman finds time to serve efficiently as school trustee, City Councilman, director of a local drying plant and of the Southern California Fair.

But he will not relax his vigilance over that experimental acre whereon he is striving to make those five native stone fruits yield their contribution to the enjoyment of the fruit lover and the enrichment of the orchardist.

IA, JANUARY 31, 1924

TERRIFIC BATTLE WAS WAGED IN BANNING

On Tuesday at one o'clock Banning was the scene of a devastating war in which thousands lost their lives. Two armies of rival nations came together in an age-old conflict, the one fighting from its earthen breastworks, while the other fought in the open in skirmish formation.

The two rival nations maintained their headquarters on San Geronimo Avenue near the Highway, one on each side of the sidewalk. One army was bent on a peaceful extension of its territories, while the other was aggressively attacking and ambushing its neighbors.

Standing over the contestants and refereeing the battle was the gigantic stature of an entomologist armed with forceps and deadly cyanide tube, and as each personal combat came to the final clinch, down swooped the forceps and the combatants perished in the confines of the tube.

This was in fact an unusual battle. A colony of termites, known commonly as white ants, but in reality not ants at all, were swarming. Out of two tiny holes there were emerging the awkward winged sexual termites ready for their nuptial flight, crowding over one another in their anxiety to reach the air and try out their wings. And standing within the entrance were the white wingless warriors, with their great brown heads, armed with ferocious looking mandibles. It was their duty to guard the nest. The winged termites are so much shorter than their wings that they have great difficulty in flying and are quite clumsy at the job.

Across the sidewalk was a busy colony of black ants. The entrance of their hole was swarming with busy workers, and the larger, more ferocious warriors. And from this hole there poured out a stream of warriors, crossing the sidewalk in the direction of the termite colony. These aggressive black ants would make a grab for each termite warrior or winged form as it emerged and quickly gained the control, stinging its victim and carrying it back home to serve as food for the baby ant larvae. The termite warriors fought back, but in vain, for if an ant was in trouble another came to its rescue.

The termites are destructive creatures, usually living in wood, boring through it until it is a mere shell. In such a case as this we are almost glad to see the ants come out victors.

Thus the struggle for existence goes on. Many of the termites escaped and will form new colonies, but nature's checks and balances were in full swing on Tuesday.

Dr. W. Dwight Pierce was the entomologist who refereed the great battle.

MISSION CREEK LANDS SURVEYED

INDIANS ARE ADAMANT IN THEIR DETERMINATION NOT TO BE MOVED FROM HIGHLAND TO MISSION CREEK, EAST OF WHITEWATER RIVER; DISLIKE TO LEAVE THE OLD HOME

The lands of the Mission Indians at Mission Creek have been surveyed for allotment and the government will be ready to parcel the real estate out to individuals among the Mission tribes.

It had been planned to move the Indians of the Highland district to the new development at Mission Creek. This plan met with opposition from the Indians, who want to remain at their old home near San Bernardino, and also from the business interests of Highland.

It appears likely that the allotted lands at Mission Creek will not attract any Highlanders. The lands carry water rights, and there is plenty of big game hunting and a perfect winter climate.

SMILES FOR HISTORIANS

[Christian Science Monitor]

Back in the year 1861 a New York newspaper printed this news item:

"A man about forty-six years of age, giving the name of Joshua Coppersmith, has been arrested for attempting to extort funds from ignorant and superstitious people, by 'telephone,' which is obviously intended to the human voice any distance over metallic wires so that it will be heard by listeners at the other end. He calls the instrument a 'telephone,' which is obviously intended to imitate telegraph, and win the confidence of those who know the success of the latter instrument without understanding the principles on which it is based. Well-informed people know that it is impossible to transmit the human voice over wires, as may be done with dots and dashes and signals of the Morse Code, and that, were it even possible to do so, the thing would be of no practical value."

In years to come will historians wear the same knowing smiles when they read in the political speeches and editorial broadsides of today that war will never be entirely abolished?

GILMAN GIVES CORRECT VERSION OF NATIVE FRUITS

Editor Banning Record:

Dear Sir: I have read with varied emotions the biography, or shall I say obituary, of Marshall French Gilman in the last issue of your paper. It seems to have been copied from the Los Angeles Times. Was it a mere coincidence, I wonder, that it originally appeared just beneath letters dealing with the life of the great T. R., who once characterized certain scientists as "nature-fakers"? It was certainly suggestive.

In the sub-head it is stated that I "discovered," and in the first paragraph it is said I "found" five native stone fruits in Southern California. The impression conveyed is entirely erroneous as the plants in question have been known for years. I do not know just who discovered them, but have to enter a plea of "not guilty."

The plants are as follows: Prunus emarginata, bitter cherry; Prunus demissa, western choke-cherry; Prunus ilicifolia, evergreen or holly-leaved cherry; Prunus eriogyna, wild apricot; and Prunus fasciculata, wild almonds. Only two of them are at all edible and effort is being made to find if any of them can be utilized as root-stock on which to bud or graft the cultivated fruits of our orchards.

It may show poor taste and worse judgment to question a feature article in a great metropolitan daily, but when the same article appears in a reputable family journal like The Record, it is a time to get busy. In justice to myself and to the general public, a mistake like that should be corrected, hence these few lines.

Concerning certain other parts of the article, that is a matter of personal opinion, and I might try to be appreciative of same and say "Thanks for them kind words." As to the color of my eyes; since reading about the "discovery," said eyes have approximated spectrum red.

Respectfully,

M. FRENCH GILMAN.

NICKNAMES OF THE STATES

By Richard Slade, Los Angeles
Every State in the Union has a nickname. In some cases the nickname pertains to a certain flower, mineral or plant that happens to grow in that particular State, while in other cases the nickname is merely applied as a matter of custom. You will find it very interesting to look over this list and some day, who knows, it may come in handy with school work. At any cost save it for reference. The nicknames are:

Alabama—Yallerhammers.
Arizona—Apache.
Arkansas—Bowie.
California—El Dorado.
Colorado—Silver.
Connecticut—Nutmeg.
Delaware—Blue Hen's Chickens.
Florida—Land of Flowers.
Georgia—Cracker.
Idaho—Gem.
Illinois—Prairie.
Indiana—Hoosier.
Iowa—Hawkeye.
Kansas—Sunflower.
Kentucky—Blue Grass.
Louisiana—Creole.
Maine—Old Drigo.
Maryland—Cockade.
Massachusetts—Old Colony.
Michigan—Wolverine.
Minnesota—Gopher.
Mississippi—Bayou.
Missouri—Ozark.
Montana—Bonanza.
Nebraska—Cornhusker.
Nevada—Sage Brush.
New Hampshire—Granite.
New Jersey—Jersey Blue.
New Mexico—Sunshine.
New York—Excelsior.
North Carolina—Tar Heel.
North Dakota—Sioux.
Ohio—Buckeye.
Oklahoma—Sooner.
Oregon—Webfoot.
Pennsylvania—Keystone.
Rhode Island—Little Rhody.
South Carolina—Palmetto.
South Dakota—Coyote.
Tennessee—Hog and Hominy.
Texas—Lone Star.
Utah—Deseret.
Vermont—Green Mountains.
Virginia—Mother of Presidents.
Washington—Evergreen.
West Virginia—Panhandle.
Wisconsin—Badger.
Wyoming—Equality.

CALL OF CALIFORNIA

Of all she called with her lips of song,
She called with her breath of musk,
From peaks where the sunlight lingers long,
And the vales in the purple dusk;
She called to the seas with tides of tang,
To the ships of the far-off fleet,
And they came in the lure of the song she sang,
With their white sails, to her feet.

So, like a mother with bursting breast,
She claimed the brood of the seas;
The flaming lips of her love she pressed
Upon them, about her knees.
She crooned them to sleep in her bosom fair,
Where their happy hearts were lain,
And they laughed to her eyes, above them there
Like their old, warm skies of Spain.

With cheeks of olive and eyes of night,
They laughed in her glad caress;
She gave them her Land of the Living Light
For their wandering feet to press.
She gave them her Land of the Sun and Shine,
Where the seas and the deserts part,
And they brought her gifts of the fig and vine,
And wound them around her heart.

She called again, and with spendthrift hands,
She dowered their wildest dreams—
She flung at their feet the golden sands
That slept in her shining streams.
Came many a wanderer then that trod
The path of her treasured springs,
Whose feet with shoon of silver she shod,
And clothed them in robes of kings.

So hath she called with her lips of song,
Of old, with her breath of musk,
From hills where the sunlight lingers long,
And the vales in the purpled dusk.
And so from her soul's unwearied love
Rings her voice with its olden thrill—
From the seas below and the skies above,
She is calling, calling still.

—John S. McGroarty.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

There seems to be so much misunderstanding as to the proper manner in which the American flag should be suspended in front of a building that we append herewith, for the information of our readers, the following extracts from the United States army regulations:

The flag should not be raised before sunrise and should be lowered at sunset. It should not be displayed upon stormy days or left out over night.

When the flag is displayed at half staff, it is lowered to that position from the top of the staff. It is afterwards hoisted to the top before it is lowered.

On Memorial day the flag should be displayed at half staff until noon and then hoisted to the top of the staff, where it should remain until sunset.

When the flag is formally raised, all present should stand at attention with hand raised to the forehead for the salute.

The flag should never be allowed to touch the ground in the raising and lowering of it.

The correct way to salute the flag, as required by the regulations of the United States army, is standing at attention, raise the right hand to the forehead over the right eye, palm downward, fingers extended and close together, arm at an angle of forty-five degrees. Move hand outward about a foot, with a quick motion, then drop to the side.

When the colors are passing on parade, or in review, the spectator, if a man, and if walking, halt; if sitting arise, stand at attention and uncover.

When the "Star Spangled Banner" is played all present should rise and stand at attention until the end. The playing of the hymn as a part of a military is prohibited and it should not be played as an exit march.

When the flag is placed over an altar or table the blue field should be at the left as one faces the table or the front of the altar (from the body of the musician). Nothing should rest upon the flag when used as a cover, unless it is the Bible, and it should never be so placed that it can be struck by a sword.

When portrayed by an illustrative process, the staff should always be shown at the left of the picture with the flag floating to the right.

In crossing the flag with that of another nation, the American flag should be at the right, and it should be at the right when carried in a parade with an alien flag.

The flag should always be so arranged that it hangs in straight lines and never draped. Stripes of red, white and blue banding can be used effectively for drapery.

When the flag is hung lengthwise the top of it should be at the right as one faces it.

No advertisement or lettering of any sort should ever be placed upon the flag nor should it ever be used as a trademark. It should not be worn as a whole or part of a costume and when worn as a badge it should be small and placed over the left breast or to the left collar lapel.

When hung on a pole, the blue field should be at the end of the pole.

When hung against a wall, the blue field should be at the right hand.

When the flag is used out of doors it should be allowed to fly in the breeze.

DAILY GREETING

A PATRIOTIC CREED

To serve my country day by day
At my humble post I may,
To honor and support her Flag,
To live the best of which I long,
To be American in deed
As well as in my patriot creed.

To stand for truth and honest toil,
To tell my faith plain, of old
And keep in mind the debt I owe
To those that died that I might know
My country prospers and free,
And pass this heritage to me.

I stand always in brother's host
Be guided by the men we love;
For God and country I must live,
My heart for God and country give,
No art of mine that man may know
Must shame the name American.

To do my best and play my part,
American in word and heart;
To serve the flag and bravely stand
To guard the glory of my land;
To be American in deed,
God grant me strength to keep this
creed. —Edgar A. Snow.

THE DESERT

Tonight the wondrous shadows
Weave Minerva's web upon the hills;
The barren mesas throw Venetian
Colors to the skies;
A million years of sleep has been her own
Beneath the watchful presence of
The Master's eyes.

Could you who sense no truth in life
And know no thoughts to slip into a prayer,
Could you but feel with me tonight
The pulse of God
In just one breath of Desert air

Redeemed, your unshrived soul would turn
With out-stretched arms toward God,
All restlessness of aimless years
Would, quivering, cease
In this grand hour of hours
Which whispers o'er my silent Desert, "Peace."

—Carrie H. Allen



There is no death; the stars go
down
To rise upon some other shore,
And hark! in heaven's jeweled
crowns
They shine forevermore.

And ever here we, though unseen,
They feel immortal spirits stand,
For all the boundless universe
Is life—"There are no dead."

FINDS NATIVE FRUITS HERE

M. FRENCH GILMAN AIDING GOVERNMENT IN IMPROVING WILD SPECIES HE HAS DISCOVERED IN STATE, TWO CHERRIES, MOUNTAIN PLUM, ALMOND AND AN APRICOT

(By Cornelia D. Dodds in Los Angeles Times)

Did you know that Southern California has its own native stone fruits? Marshall French Gilman of Banning has found five: two cherries, a mountain plum, an almond and an apricot. A year ago the Government appointed him Federal Collaborator in Agriculture, assigning him an acre in which to experiment for the purpose of obtaining from this wild stock foundations for highly cultivated varieties suited to the peculiar soil and climatic conditions of this region.

A year is too short a time for the completion of such an experiment and the department discourages premature publicity, but the record of Mr. Gilman's past work convinces one that he will make these wild trees valuable.

It was at the annual flower show at Banning that I first met Mr. Gilman, a spare, bronzed man with eyes blue as the gilia he was arranging. He acknowledged our introduction, adding with a smile:

"I thought it would be a good plan to group the different varieties together. We have five kinds of gilia, and," with enthusiastic satisfaction, "eight penstemons! Two hundred and fifty species in all."

Pioneer Botanist

What forays in the dusty desert, what searchings in leafy canyons, what climbs to mountain heights these wild flowers signified. For Banning, embowered in orchards, nestles between the foothills of the San Bernardino and San Jacinto ranges, just where the Southern Pacific emerging from the Colorado desert enters San Geronimo Pass.

"That is the desert Smoke or Ghost tree which grows below sea level," said Mr. Gilman, as I paused before a branch of wraith-like gray, "and that," as I exclaimed over a miracle of crimson, "is the 'Snow Plant,' found more than a mile above."

"There is no better naturalist in the State," declared a Banning resident, and as I listened to the information given to visiting botanists I believed her. With humble miner's lettuce and lordly conifer he was equally familiar.

French Gilman is the son of pioneers. His mother crossed the plains in '51, a child of 3, with her parents from fate concealed by naming them Smith. They obtained grants to portions of the vast San Geronimo rancho which lay north of the present sites of Banning and Beaumont. J. M. Gilman, the father, came by way of the Isthmus in '69, settled near the Smiths and married the little girl, now grown, who had preceded his eighteen years. Their home became a station for stages traveling between Los Angeles, San Bernardino and Yuma.

Wife Aided Work

"French" was born just when the railroad was beginning to link the stock ranges and grain fields of Southern California with the Eastern States. Children of the Mission Indians were his earliest playmates, but other white families soon came in and a school was started. During his boyhood there was no high school in Banning, and he never attended one elsewhere. But lack of formal educational advantages did not prevent this pioneer lad in a mountain valley from becoming a scientific authority in universities.

His inheritance from his mother of a love for birds and flowers gave a good beginning. Such books on natural science as Steele's "Fourteen Weeks" were sometimes helpful, but often disappointing, because they lacked descriptions of our coast forms.

Doubtless it was a girl, Miss Sarah Morris, who came from Missouri to teach in the Indian reservation near Banning, who gave him encouragement and the necessary material for real scientific botany.

At this time Mr. Gilman was forest ranger and horticultural inspect-

or, but after his marriage to Miss Morris they left California to engage in governmental Indian work at Fort Lewis, Colo., where he was made industrial teacher, farm expert and disciplinarian. Later, at Sacaton, Ariz., he was connected with the co-operative experiment station, where the Pima strain of Egyptian cotton was developed. From here the Gilmans moved to Modoc county, he becoming superintendent of the Modoc and Piute tribes, she continuing to teach. While engaged with these children of nature, these two never ceased to study the birds and plants of different localities and to make faithful records. Their present home in Banning contains many souvenirs of those days—woven baskets, rugs, beadwork and silver.

Expert Orchardist

Out under a dripping faucet they have placed a concave stone metate. Vines and ferns make it a spot of dewy freshness to which birds come and drink. In a way it blends the Gilmans' past and present.

"But French is a natural hayseed," laughs Mrs. Gilman, "He wanted to get back to Banning orchards."

His father was one of the first and most successful fruit growers in the Pass section, and, as his son expresses it, "I have been in the orchards game ever since I was big enough to work." Sixty acres of apricots, prunes, peaches and almonds yield him annually tons of superior fruit.

"You have found orchards profitable financially, haven't you?" I hazarded when calling at his home, but with twinkling eyes which I think meant "Yes," he parried, "Oh, that's nothing!" and led me to his "nature garden."

Here on a sunny slope these two nature-lovers have transplanted such lovely things as blazing stars, desert verbenas, Modoc thistles and the scarlet larkspur, while in striking contrast by a pile of rocks grow various cacti.

"No botanist has ever seen a cactus of this sort blossom," said my host, indicating a spiny specimen. "Last season this one was in bud, but I left it for two or three hours and when I returned it had bloomed and faded. You see those buds? This year I shall be more vigilant."

MAYOR GILMAN RESIGNS; GOES TO DEATH VALLEY

Mayor M. French Gilman on Monday received orders to report for duty in Death Valley. He will leave Sunday for a six-months stay in that famous region and will be in charge of work in the national park service under the direction of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, with which he has been affiliated for a number of years.

Mr. Gilman, because of his enforced absence from the city, tendered his resignation as mayor and councilman at a special meeting of the city council held Tuesday evening. This closes an honorable and efficient term of service in that office, extending over a period of sixteen years. Mr. Gilman's counsel and advice on community matters has been greatly appreciated by the public and his colleagues on the city board.

Mr. Gilman has spent one-fourth of his life as a member of the Banning city council. This city was incorporated in 1913, and Walter S. Hathaway became the first mayor. Four years later, in 1917, Mr. Gilman was appointed to the council, and has been re-elected to office at the expiration of each term. He became mayor after the resignation of former Mayor J. W. Quackenbush.

Mrs. Gilman will remain in Banning for the present, although if conditions for residence are right she may go to Death Valley for awhile.

Death Valley will not prove a strange land to Mr. Gilman as he has visited that section on seven different occasions on business for the Department of the Interior.

Civilian Conservation Corps camps in Death Valley are to be ready for occupancy by the 25th inst., according to Camp Superintendent J. M. Smith.

There are already sixty-four enrollees, four commissioned United States army officers and two enlisted men at Cow Creek, where the camps are being constructed. Three springs

"I suppose you call your nature study an avocation," I suggested, "but hasn't it brought you into contact with the university?"

Brilliant Writer

"Oh, yes," he answered with delight, and thereupon mentioned this or that eminent professor who had found him out and gratefully accepted his lore. Then he showed me treasures I had not suspected—case after case of birds—warblers, flycatchers, woodpeckers, arranged with orderly precision. And at last, upon my eager response to a hint from Mrs. Gilman, he lent me copies of *The Condor*, a magazine of ornithology printed at Berkeley, containing theses by himself on such subjects as "Bronzed Cowbirds," and "The Woodpeckers of the Arizona Lowlands." Even to an untrained person they are interesting reading, clear, scientific, but touched with humor.

The quiet, alert boy who forty years ago made friends with the birds of San Geronimo Pass little dreamed that today a noted ornithologist would say of him:

"What appeals to me in Mr. Gilman's

writings is his accuracy, his fidelity to the truth as he ascertains it. His studies have resulted in his making some real contributions to the scientific knowledge of southwestern bird life."

In the midst of his toil as an orchardist and of his study as a scientist, French Gilman finds time to serve efficiently as school trustee, city councilman, director of a local drying plant and of the Southern California Fair.

But he will not relax his vigilance over that experimental acre where on he is striving to make those five native stone fruits yield their contribution to the enjoyment of the fruit lover and the enrichment of the orchardist.

are being concreted and a 28,000-gallon concrete water reservoir is being built.

Col. Arnold of March Field, has supervision of Death Valley camps. He plans having fresh vegetables, meats and perishables transported to the camps by bombing planes twice a week.

DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY TO MOVE OUT AS GILMAN PLANS TO MOVE TO VALLEY

Metropolitan newspapers are publishing the report that Death Valley Scotty is moving out of the valley, just as another interesting character is moving in.

M. French Gilman, who will go to Death Valley Sunday to take charge of affairs there, has never attempted spectacular stunts such as have made Scotty famous, but he has probably contributed more to the scientific data now on record regarding the Valley than any other man. It was because of his knowledge regarding Death Valley and the surrounding region, that Mr. Gilman was selected for the position.

Mr. Gilman never met Scotty in his scientific excursions to the Valley, and he regrets that the pioneer desert prospector is leaving.

Scotty says he is moving. His \$1,000,000 castle that has won world-wide renown is to be left behind.

It is reported that the castle is passing into the hands of others, but Scotty declines to give any definite information. "Just say I am pulling up my stakes, and am going—that is all I care to say just now," he announced. "You may say that the castle and all it represents in labor, money and love of home is but a molehill compared with the monument I am now planning to build. It may not be in sight of Death Valley, for I am moving out of the confines of the government park.

"But I am still sticking to the desert. Just say I am sticking to the desert, that's all."

RESOLUTION

A resolution of the city council of the city of Banning expressing its regret at the resignation of Mayor M. French Gilman and its appreciation for his sixteen years of diligent and faithful service in the interest of the city.

Whereas, the city council of the city of Banning having received the resignation of its mayor and fellow councilman, M. French Gilman, which resignation is to take effect the 23rd of October, 1933, and

Whereas, Mr. Gilman has served the city in one capacity or another for a period of sixteen years and has shown by his words and actions his great interest in the progress of this community.

Now Therefore Be It Resolved, that the city council of the city of Banning go on record as voicing its appreciation for his long and faithful service and by resolution express its keen regret at the termination of their mutually pleasant and agreeable association.

Passed and adopted this 17th day of October, A. D. 1933.

H. F. Wiefels,
W. J. Phillips,
G. T. Woodworth,
H. W. Dill.

FRENCH GILMAN HAS FLOWER NAMED FOR HIM

M. French Gilman, who has been engaged in agricultural experimentation in Death Valley for several years, and who has become a nationally-known authority in botany, was recently given the honor of having a flower named for him. This flower is called the *Gilia Gilmanii*, and is one of several which have been named for Mr. Gilman.

During the past few weeks Mr. Gilman has been making educational records which will be used in nature study classes in the public schools.

COLORS OF MOST FLAGS ARE SAME

Uncle Sam Has No Monopoly on
the Use of the Red, White
and Blue.

EACH HUE HAS SIGNIFICANCE

American Standard Said to Be an Evolution and Combination of Designs Long Antedating the Revolutionary Period.

The principal colors in the flags of all nations today are red, white and blue in diverse combinations. Here and there green is shown, but red, white and blue are the colors of nineteen out of twenty-five national flags and are the colors of practically all the flags of the nations of Europe.

The significance of national colors goes back to the days of heraldry and many of the devices displayed on flags are either heraldic designs or have been derived from such designs. Red stands for courage and military fortitude, blue symbolizes loyalty and truth and white stands for peace and sincerity. In the Italian, Irish, Brazilian and Mexican flags green is one of the colors, and in heraldry this color signified hope and joy. Black, which appears in the German flag in combination with red and white, stands for constancy.

Standard of Minute Men.

A historian has written that the farmers in the battle of Lexington carried the "cornet" or standard of the Three County troop. That banner was devised for a troop of cavalry raised in the counties of Essex, Suffolk and Middlesex, Massachusetts, in 1659. The office of color bearer of this troop became an inheritance in the Page family of the Bay colony. The flag was carried in King Phillip's war in 1676. When the Minute Men were organized, Nathaniel Page, III of Bedford, Mass., took the old flag out for use at drill. When the midnight alarm was sent out, Captain Page snatched up the old flag and carried it to Concord, where "it waved above the smoke of that battle."

This flag is preserved in the public library at Bedford, Mass. It is of maroon or crimson damask silk, and on it is an outstretched arm with an up-lifted sword in the hand. The arm, hand and sword are worked in silver. On the flag are three circular figures, which it is thought were put there to represent cannon balls. The words "Vince et Moriture" (Conquer or Die) are on a gold scroll.

The design of the American flag may be said to be an evolution and combination of colors and designs long antedating the American Revolution. The flags that were carried by military organizations in the colonies before the outbreak of the Revolution were not British flags, but organization flags.

Inspired by Union Jack.

The British ensign or Union Jack was the inspiration of the American flag. The Union Jack is a combination of the English red cross of St. George on a white field, the Scotch white cross of St. Andrew on a blue field and the Irish red cross of St. Patrick. The combination of the English and Scotch flags was agreed on in 1606, soon after the union of England and Scotland under James I.

The word "Jack," as applied to the British flag is supposed to be a corruption of "Jacob," which was the common abbreviation of "Jacobus," the Latin for James. The introduction onto the flag of the cross of St. Patrick came later. England's Union Jack traces its origin to those remote times when knights rode in the lists and the red cross of St. George on its white field goes back to the Crusades and the Hundred Years' war with France—a war that calls to mind such stirring names as Crecy, Agincourt and Poitiers.

The American flag carried in the battle of Bunker Hill had on it the cross of St. George and a pine tree, the symbol of Massachusetts. It is written by historians of the American flag that when the first flag to represent the united colonies was devised, as many horizontal stripes of red and white were introduced as there were colonies, and as at that date the colonies were not independent, but merely in revolt of the denial by the English government of "their rights as Englishmen," the ensign of England, the superimposed crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick, were retained by the Americans in the upper staff corner of the flag.

WHERE PRESIDENTS HAVE BEEN ENTOMBED

With the eyes of the country focused on the cemetery in Marion, O., the final resting place of Warren G. Harding, it is fitting to consider the burial places of the twenty-five other presidents of the United States who have died.

John Adams and his son, John Quincy Adams, lie in the Congregational cemetery in Quincy, Mass., and Monroe and Tyler are buried in hollywood cemetery, Richmond, Va.

Probably the tomb of no President, or of any American, is better known to the people of the United States than that of Washington. It is a simple, vine clad vault of brick on his estate in Mt. Vernon.

A plain obelisk marks the final resting place of Thomas Jefferson. It stands in Monticello, his estate near Charlottesville, Va.

A small cemetery in Montpelier, Va., contains the bodies of James Madison and his wife.

A doomed canopy supported by Grecian pillars shelters the old-fashioned tombstone over the body of Andrew Jackson at the Hermitage near Nashville, Tenn.

The body of Martin Van Buren lies in the old Dutch cemetery in Kinderhook, N. Y., the town in which he was born.

The vault in which lies the body of William Henry Harrison is on the bank of the Ohio River, at North Bend, O.

A square pavilion of simple design on the grounds of the capitol of Tennessee in Nashville shelters the graves of James Knox Polk and his wife.

Zachary Taylor's grave is in Springfield, Ky., five miles from Louisville.

The body of Millard Fillmore lies in Forest Lawn cemetery, Buffalo.

The grave of Franklin Pierce is in the cemetery in Concord, N. H. Beside his body lies that of his wife.

James Buchanan is buried in Lancaster, Pa., beneath a mossy stone on a side hill overlooking the country side.

The first President to receive a monument of national character was Lincoln. This stands in the Oak Ridge cemetery in Springfield, Ill., where he was buried.

Andrew Johnson was buried in Greenville, Tenn. The grave is marked by an obelisk.

President Grant lies in a mausoleum on Riverside Drive, New York City. The body of Mrs. Grant was placed beside that of her husband in 1902.

In Oakwood cemetery, Fremont, O., lie the bodies of Rutherford B. Hayes and his wife.

A mausoleum in the Lake View cemetery, near Cleveland, contains the body of James A. Garfield. Chester A. Arthur is buried in a public cemetery in Albany, New York.

Grover Cleveland is buried in the Cleveland plot in Princeton cemetery in Princeton, N. J.

Benjamin Harrison is buried at Crown Hill cemetery, Indianapolis. William McKinley's body lies in a vault in Canton, O.

President Roosevelt's grave is in Young's Memorial cemetery, Oyster Bay, N. Y.—[Kansas City Star.]

LAST WORDS OF SOME OF OUR PRESIDENTS

The late President Harding's last words, spoken to Mrs. Harding, who was reading to him, were: "That's good! Go on! Read some more." The words indicate he was not expecting immediate death any more than were those attendant at his bedside.

Most of the Presidents, whose last words have been preserved, were aware that the end was approaching. A short time before death President McKinley chanted the hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee." His last audible words were: "Good-by, all; good-by, it is God's will. His will be done."

Resignation also marks the last words of George Washington, John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson and Zachary Taylor. Washington said, "It is well." Adams, "This is the last of earth. I am content." Jackson, "Now, Lord, lettest thy servant depart in peace." Taylor, "I have endeavored to do my duty and am ready to die."

Only three of the Presidents thought in their last moments of matters of state. William Henry Harrison, but one month a President, thought of his official duties with his last breath. His last words were, "The principals of the government; I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more." John Adams, who had been ex-President for twenty-five years, thought of his old political opponent, Thomas Jefferson, who he knew also was at the point of death, and his last words were, "Thomas Jefferson still survives." Adams and Jefferson died the same day, July 4, 1826, exactly fifty years from the day both had signed the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson's mind turned to that great occasion, and his last words were, "This is the Fourth of July."—[Kansas City Star.]

What Our Presidents Saved.

If Hayes, as is said, saved \$44,000 a year, he had at the end of his four years a tidy little sum of \$176,000 as a souvenir of his Chief Magistracy of the nation. And if he invested this at 5 per cent, he enjoyed for the balance of his days from his Presidential savings an income of \$8800 per annum.

Garfield was in office only five months before he died, but Arthur, who succeeded him for three and a half years, is believed to have saved over \$50,000 in that time.

Cleveland went into the White House a poor man; he retired to private life with a competence. A large part of this estate

he acquired through wise investment at the behest of his friend, the financier, E. C. Benedict, but the initial capital came from his savings from the Presidential salary.

Benjamin Harrison is believed to have spent only about half of his salary.

McKinley went to Washington in debt. During his five and a half years as President he managed to pay off his debts, and on his death, Mrs. McKinley was found to be adequately provided for.

Roosevelt saved money in the Presidency. He received, during his lifetime, in legacies from his father and other relatives sums that aggregated between \$175,000 and \$200,000. His estate, on his death, amounted to very nearly a million dollars. While in his later years he received a handsome income from his writings, his savings were partially represented by accumulations laid aside during his seven years in the White House.

Taft was in debt when he became President. After four years he was out of debt and had a little money laid by.

What was the Presidency worth in cash to Woodrow Wilson? We know that previously to 1912 he had practically nothing, and that early in 1921 he bought a residence in the city of Washington and paid for it \$150,000, all in cash or its equivalent. At the same time he is planning to spend a similar amount on a country home, and is so independent that he can casually refuse an offer of \$250,000 for a book on the Peace Conference. And this is the man who twenty years before had applied to the Carnegie Fund for a pension.

It is true that Mrs. Wilson has a small fortune, but no such amount as is indicated here.

It is altogether likely that Mr. Wilson saved \$50,000 a year, at least, during each of his eight years in high office. This \$400,000, added to the income from his books, an income greatly accelerated, due to the prestige of his station, has made him independent.

Judging by the new President's early months in office it is hard to see how he can fail to retain something of a nest-egg out of that monthly check of \$6250.—[Richard Barry in Leslie's.]

DAILY GREETING

Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again.

—Luke 6:38.

1885—On Job Forty Years—1925

By E. P. CLARKE

Forty years ago my brother, A. F. Clarke, and myself got out the first number of the Ontario Record; and that statement can be made rather literally, for A. F. did most of the mechanical work and I wrote or compiled all the matter that appeared in this issue. I even "inked the forms" on the Washington hand press while A. F. pulled the lever on the old "man killer." I sincerely wish that he was husky enough today to do the same thing.

From that day down to the present, I have been "on the job" in newspaper work practically every day, Sundays not excepted—nine years in Ontario and 31 years in Riverside on the Riverside Daily Press. I have enjoyed a few vacations, it is true, but whether I was on the train, in an automobile, or enjoying some form of sight-seeing, I was always making mental notes for future articles, writing down suggestions in my note book, clipping out articles or items from papers or magazines that would form the basis of articles, or actually writing letters to the paper. I spent part of one winter in Washington; but practically every day, I did a certain amount of work for the Press. I have been ill a few times; but as soon as I could hold my head up, I have always insisted on sitting up in bed and having the exchanges spread out before me for review. That review and the operations of a more or less active mind invariably resulted in suggestions that I would have telephoned to the office. And thus I mistrust I made myself very much of a nuisance both at home and to the people in the office.

I have detailed this history of 40 years with some frankness and particularity, because I have an impression that the record is rather an unusual one.

We did not get the first edition of the Ontario Record off the press until the evening, and I recall the fact that as we worked over the press in the tedious process of pulling the papers off one by one, we could hear the coyotes howling outside; they were not far away either. That fact will suggest conditions at Ontario when this newspaper venture was launched. Los Angeles at that time had a

population of about 20,000, about two-thirds the present population of Riverside. There was not a single paved street in the city and the business district was limited to the area between the Plaza and First Street. The population of Los Angeles in 1890, after the boom of 1886-88, was only 50,360. Riverside was founded in 1870 and this city was farther along in its development in 1885 than several of its neighbors. The population was about 3000 or 3500. In 1890 the population was 4683. Riverside shipped only 450 cars of oranges in 1885 and that total shows that the great industry of the valley had not developed very much as yet; the raisin crop was still an important one. Pasadena was a fruit colony that had just begun to put on city airs. Redlands had not been started; and Long Beach only had a few hundred population. The growth of Southern California in these forty years has been marvelous; and no "booster" in 1885 ventured to predict the wonderful things that have been realized. To paraphrase the words of Virgil, I can say "All of these things have I seen come to pass; and in their realization I have had some small part."

I confess that I feel a bit lonely when I recall the fact that I know of but one newspaper man still in active service in Southern California who was engaged in that field of activity when I started back in 1885. That man is Henry Kuechel of the Anaheim Gazette. He has been blind for several years but is still doing editorial work on the Gazette; and that paper has survived as a weekly, while most of the other weeklies of that day have become dailies. The Ontario Record is still issued as the weekly edition of the Ontario Daily Report; and the Report is the only daily in this territory that still issues a weekly. J. H. Roe, L. M. Holt, E. W. Holmes and R. J. Pierson, long identified with the Riverside Press are all dead. Other editors prominent in Southern California forty years ago who have answered the call of "thirty" are Col. H. G. Otis of the Los Angeles Times, Col. H. Z. Osborne of the Los Angeles Evening Express, H. G. Tinsley of the Pomona Progress, Warren Wilson of the San Bernardino Times, and Scipio Craig of the Citrograph. C. A. Gardner and John W. Wood of Pasadena, pioneers in newspaper work in that city, are both living, but they are not active any longer in the newspaper field. J. P. Baumgartner of the Santa Ana Register, R. C. Harbison of the San Bernardino Sun, Lyman King of the Redlands Facts, Edgar Johnson of the Fullerton Tribune, C. H. Prisk of the Pasadena Star-

News, and W. F. Prisk of the Long Beach Press-Telegram have all seen long service in newspaper work in Southern California; but they started later than 1885.

I think it is no exaggeration to say that I can do as heavy a day's work in the newspaper office today as I could forty years ago, or at any time during that period; and with forty years experience, I ought to do the work more efficiently. I do not have the presumption to say with Paul that I "have fought a good fight;" but as I look back over these forty years, I can truthfully say that I have tried to fight that sort of a fight. I have endeavored to make the Ontario Record and the Riverside Daily Press serve the interests of those communities and the larger interests of the state. I have tried to be honest and independent and use the editorial and news columns of the paper to promote progress, to inspire optimism, to aid good government, and to advocate civic righteousness. I hope when 1935 comes, to be still "going strong" and ready at least to make a start on a second fifty year period of newspaper service.

THE FLU!

Oh, yes, I've got the flu!
A nice how-do-you-do!
To have to lie here helpless
With so many needing you!

There are many forms of ailment
That one can well endure,
But when you get the flu, it has
the drop on you,
And not a bally, bloomin' thing will
cure!

You are down and out!
Yes, that is true!
There isn't a spot
You care to call you.

Your head isn't human;
Your skin is cold and clammy;
And, oh, how you long
For your dear old mammy!

For when you get the flu
Life seems to near the end,
And it surely is the time
When a feller needs a friend.

Did I hear you say, "Cheer up!"
To one who has the flu?
Forget it! You'll know why
When you're a victim, too.

For you can't bring cheer and comfort
To a friend with aches and pains.
You might just as well forget it
And wait till misery wanes.

Even sunshine has deserted
All the live-long week,
And you gaze upon the clouds of gray
With feelings very meek.

Somehow the somber setting
Accords with your condition;
You feel sorry for yourself
Without the least contrition.

You're down on luck; you lose your pluck,
And more, your self-esteem;
For, oh, we sick and feeble mortals
Can't be even what we seem.

One can't even tell his troubles
To a dear and distant friend,
For fear you sneak a germ or two
Beneath your flowing pen.

And thus we hug our troubles
All through the dreary day;
Longing with a fight good will
To get up and run away.

But just as sure as every cloud
Has its silver lining,
There comes to we poor mortals
A day to cease repining.

For, after all, when pain is gone,
'Tis easy to forget;
And when the golden sun doth
shine,
Ah, they cease to fret.

The azure blue of sky above
Gives hope and joy once more;
We grasp again the reins of life,
Eager for work, as of yore.

A crowning joy on that first sunny
day,
Which lifted my soul nigh,
Was a beautiful bunch of acacia,
Left by a friend passing by.

It carried the breath of budding
spring,
And the message of joys to be,
As well as the tender thought of a
friend,
Who so kindly remembered me.

Its long, graceful branches,
With their delicate perfume,
Gladdened well my lonely heart,
And brightened all the room.

There is nothing so cheery
As its pure yellow flowers,
They weave a spell of magic
Throughout the endless hours.

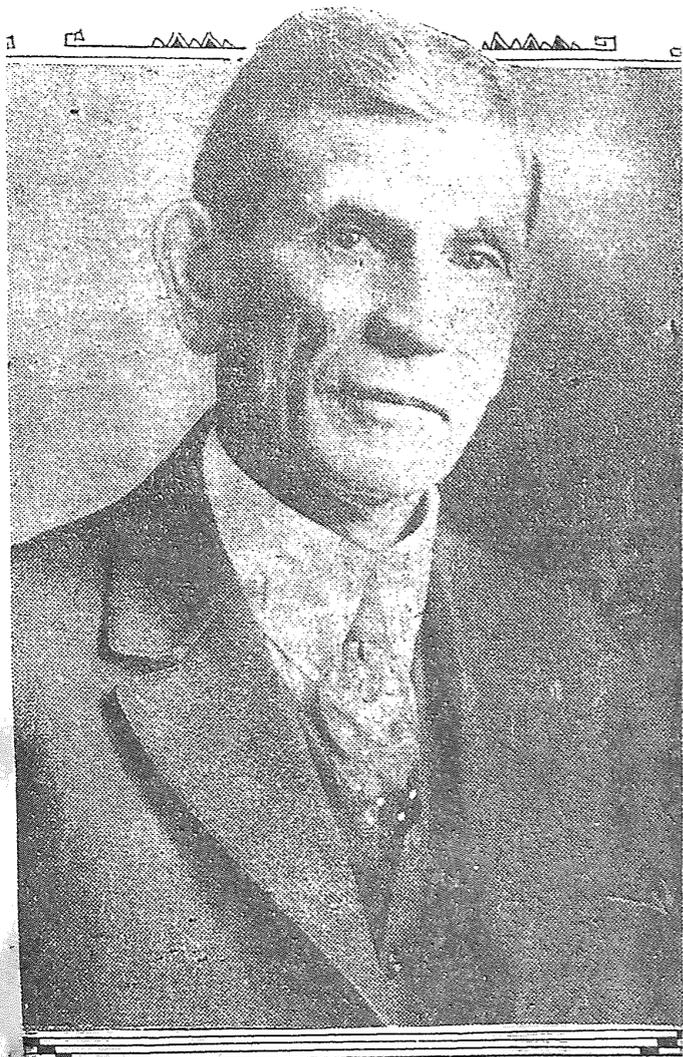
The acacia of yore was held sacred,
as told,
And I truly can feel why 'twas
so;
For it carries the spirit and love of
one's God
Right into the depths of your
soul.

So here's to the friend, with a
heart of gold,
Whose flowers scatter love by the
way;
May God bless and keep her; may
good luck untold
Be showered on her path every
day.

With Apologies—By "A Victim."

SAWYER DECLARED STORY HERO

Feb. 19-1928
Friends Say Ontarian Twain Character



History Learned After Death
Thomas Sawyer, who died early this month.

ONTARIO, Feb. 18.—Tom Sawyer, who died the 7th inst., was the original hero of the Mark Twain book, according to the story that is being told today by friends of the dead man.

Although he had been a pioneer of Ontario, Tom Sawyer did not let it be known that he was the youth who is said to have inspired Mark Twain to make that immortal characterization of boyhood life on the Mississippi River.

Mark Twain, however, stated that his character of Tom Sawyer was drawn from a composite of three boyhood chums. It is assumed that the Ontario resident who bore the name of the hero was one of three youths whose characteristics helped to make up the Tom Sawyer of fiction.

The story of the death of Thomas Sawyer of Ontario was carried in the newspapers, and an elderly man who had also toiled and sweated on a Mississippi River steambot as a boy, saw the story, and came to Ontario to talk with the widow of the man. He told of the Tom Sawyer who rode the Father of Waters on a steambot, and told that it was on the boat that Mark Twain saw the lad and took him as his leading character in the book he wrote of that name.

After Tom Sawyer left the river boats he went with the W. O. Winston Railroad Contracting Company which was a railroad track laying firm, of Minneapolis. He toiled for them for twenty-five years, and helped lay the Milwaukee tracks out through Montana and North Dakota. Then he strung wires for the Western Union Telegraph Company, and trudged the desolate lands bearing heavy rolls of wire and clambering telegraph poles. On a particularly hot day in Wisconsin he broke under the strain of heat and hard work, and became critically ill. He developed heart asthma from which he never fully recovered, and which caused his death.

Tom Sawyer's father, George W. Sawyer also worked on the railroads, and helped to lay the first track in the United States, on the Boston-Maine road, between Boston and Lowell.

Tom's mother was a true Irish lassie. Born on the Emerald Isle she came to America where she was wed to George W. Sawyer. Her Irish wit and happiness was born into her son Tom, and it was that wit and cleverness which evidently drew Mark

Twain to the lad. Tom's only sister lives in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. She is Mrs. Flaviilla Pineo, the last of the Sawyer family.

Tom Sawyer loved the mountains as well as he did the rivers. He was for many years a guide in the San Bernardino Mountains, and with his wife lived in a cabin at Camp Baldy. He seldom talked of himself, said his widow, and when directly questioned whether he was the hero of Mark Twain's great book, only smiled an answer.

He was buried in Bellevue Cemetery, Ontario. His widow has leased the Tom Sawyer cabin at Camp Baldy, and has taken up residence at Las Palmas Hotel, Ontario. His death occurred in Phoenix, Ariz., where he had gone in vain effort to regain his health.

Hoover's Cousin Succumbs After Recent Stroke

HEMET, Sept. 13.—Mrs. Paul G. Ward, cousin of President Hoover, and wife of this city's Superintendent of Schools, died this morning. Death was due to a paralytic stroke a week ago.

Funeral services will be conducted at 2:30 p.m. tomorrow from the Ward residence here, with Rev. Elias Jones, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, officiating.

Mrs. Ward was born March 15, 1868, at Tipton, Iowa, and had lived many years in California where her husband had been principal of high schools at Banning, San Jacinto and Red Bluff as well as here. She leaves her husband and three children, Edward of Los Angeles, Louise and Mrs. Frank Ruskauff, here.

Hemet citizens were shocked this morning to learn of the passing of Mrs. Paul G. Ward, wife of the district superintendent of the Hemet schools and president of the county board of education.

Mrs. Ward's death occurred early this morning at the home on East Florida avenue, the result of a paralytic stroke suffered a few days ago.

The funeral will be held from the home Saturday afternoon at 2:30 with Rev. Elias Jones of the Presbyterian church officiating.

Mrs. Ward passes at the age of 61. The family settled in Hemet seven years ago, since which time the husband has been prominent in school activities at Hemet. It was not generally known that she was a cousin of President Herbert Hoover.

Besides the husband, the deceased leaves three children, Mrs. Pauline Ruskauff of Idyllwild, Edw. C. Ward of Alhambra and Miss Mary Louise Ward of Hemet.

(Special Press Correspondence)

HEMET, Sept. 16.—Funeral services for the late Mrs. Paul G. Ward, who passed away Friday morning at her home here, were held Saturday afternoon at the Ward home on East Florida avenue. A large number of friends of the deceased, who was loved

by everyone who knew her, were present at the service, and there was a beautiful collection of floral pieces. Rev. Elias Jones, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, officiated at the service and music was furnished by a quartet from the Presbyterian choir.

Interment was made in the Valley cemetery by Roulston & Harford, the pallbearers being A. A. Birdick, E. G. Garrison, Dr. J. B. Weston, Charles W. Howard, C. L. Emerson and French Gilman.

Mrs. Ward was born March 15, 1868, at Tipton, Iowa, but had lived in California for many years. Be-

fore coming to Hemet seven years ago when Prof. Ward assumed the superintendency of the Hemet valley school system, the family had lived at Red Bluff, Banning and San Jacinto, in each of which cities Prof. Ward was high school principal.

Dr. A. E. Marden, while on his annual vacation in California, this summer, spent a day with Mr. and Mrs. M. French Gilman, who for several years were in the Indian Service on the Pima Reservation, Mr. Gilman as expert farmer and Mrs. Gilman in charge of the Blackwater and Santan Day Schools. Later Mr. Gilman was Superintendent at Fort Bidwell, California. They have been at their home in Banning, California, for nearly two years now; their large fruit ranch is one of the finest in that part of California, eighty acres in apricots, almonds, olives, peaches and prunes. They have an unusually good crop this season of all these fruits. Their home is delightful, the parlor, library and sitting room being decorated in a very artistic way with a selected variety of Indian baskets, bead-work, and many curios; to visit them is a privilege and pleasure, always to be remembered and cherished. Inspector Linnen, of the Interior Department, was a visitor at the Gilman home in the early summer.

THE PASSING OF HOYT HUMPHREY.

Pioneer Citizen, Whose Name Is Inseparably Linked To The History of Barton County, Went To His Eternal Rest, Early, Monday Morning—For Nearly Sixty Years, The Name of Humphrey Has Stood Above One of The Prominent Businesses In Lamar—Humphrey Family Is One of The Oldest And Most Purely American, Upon The Continent—Founder Came To New England, Nearly Three Hundred Years Ago—Special Request of Mr. Humphrey Was That The Quiet Simplicity Of His Life Be Carried Out, When He Was Finally Laid To Rest—He Had Stood A Thousand Times In The Presence of Death, And He Went, Unafraid, And Even Anxious To Meet The Summons—Will Sleep By His Late Wife At Carthage.

Hoyt Humphrey died at his home in this city, Monday morning at 3:30. Mr. Humphrey had been at the brink of death, for a week or more, before the end. He finally sank into a coma, and passed peacefully and peacefully, as a child drops into deep slumber.

It was announced that any friends, who wished to look, for the last time, upon the face of the dead, would be welcome, at any time, Tuesday forenoon, as they would be also, as the family and others were ready to start to take the remains to their last resting place at Carthage, somewhere from 1:30 to 2:00 o'clock, Tuesday afternoon.

The passing of Hoyt Humphrey, removes to the past, one of the pillars, in the temple of Barton County's history. He had resided in Lamar, for fifty three years. He owned, at the time of his death the business, that had been his for

more than half a century.

Mr. Humphrey fell into bad health about five years before his death. Up to that time, he was present practically every working day in the big hardware, furniture and undertaking establishment, that bears his name.

For a big part of his life, he did the undertaking for Lamar, and the major part of Barton County. How many a family, in this community today, that has been ministered to, in the hours of death, by his kindly and sympathetic hand!

Mr. Humphrey had a shrewd kindly humor, through which he was wont to express his views of life. He was kindly, though not demonstrative. Those who knew him best will all agree, that he was not wont to speak of the absent unkindly. The writer had personally known, where Mr. Humphrey's friendship had cost him dearly. But he never heard him make a complaint, because of the price.

Hoyt Humphrey was born at Granville, Ohio, September 8th, 1848. He was the son of Darwin and Marietta Humphrey, who came to Ohio, from Connecticut. The Humphrey family is one of the very oldest, in America. It is descended from our early Puritan Fathers. Michael Humphrey, the first Colonial ancestor, came to America, in 1643. David Humphrey, another member of the family, was an aide of General Washington, during the days of the Revolution. Later, he became American minister to Portugal, and was the first to import Merino sheep to the United States. Daniel Humphrey, another of the Connecticut line of the family, served twenty seven terms in the Connecticut legislature.

Mr. Humphrey grew up in his native village of Granville, Ohio. Before he attained his majority, he went back to Hartford Connecticut, and for several years, held a position in Hawley's Wholesale

Seed House, at that place. In 1870, Mr. Humphrey came to Lamar. At first he was clerk in the store of his brother, the late J. J. Humphrey. In 1872, he became a member of the firm, and, up until after the death of his elder brother, eleven years ago, it was known as Humphrey Bros. Following the

death of Mr. J. J. Humphrey, in 1912, it became Hoyt Humphrey, which it is to this day. It is here worthy of note, that from 1866, the time when Mr. Humphrey's brother settled in Lamar, up to the present day, representing, as it does, a period of fifty seven years, the name of Humphrey has stood above one of the leading businesses of the city.

Mr. Humphrey was one of the original organizers of Lake Cemetery Association. Public interest in the association soon died down, and the whole burden was left upon Mr. Humphrey. The money with which the present board made the most notable recent improvements in the cemetery, was accumulated by Mr. Humphrey, and turned over, voluntarily by him to the new board. So it is only just to say, that the cemetery, as it stands today, is in the greater part, a monument to his memory.

Mr. Humphrey was one of the oldest masons in Lamar. He had been a member of the local chapter, for nearly forty years.

June 26, 1876, Mr. Humphrey married Miss Ella, daughter of the late W. N. Wills, another prominent Barton County pioneer. She preceded him to the land beyond the sunset, by exactly ten weeks. Their two daughters, Mrs. Don West, of this city, and Mrs. Marion Wallace, of St. Louis, survive them. Mr. Humphrey is also survived by his sister, Miss Anna Humphrey of Lamar.

He had looked on death, for many years. He had performed the last sympathetic service for the dead, in a thousand stricken homes. But, while he stood, so of-

ten, in the midst of bereavement and sorrow, he looked into the eyes of death without fear. He was willing, aye waiting, to go. It was his special request that there be no ostentation no elaborate ceremonial, when he was laid to his last long rest. The quiet simplicity of his life, he did not wish belied, at the end.

CLARK CRAYCROFT, DEAN OF JOPLIN ATTORNEYS, DIES

Veteran Leader in Civic Affairs for Fifty Years Succumbs at Hospital After Long Illness.

WAS 81 YEARS OLD

Came to Joplin When 28 and Became Prominently Identified With Various City Activities.

Major Clark Craycroft, 81 years old, dean of Joplin attorneys, an active participant in civic affairs for the last fifty years and a leader in the Masonic lodge, died at 7:45 o'clock last night at St. John's hospital.

From the time he came to Joplin, when 28 years old, he had taken an active part in the city's development and progress. He taught school for the first two years after his arrival, later branching into law, which he studied at the University of Missouri, and it was in that field that he was most widely known.

First Fire Chief.

He was the first fire chief, being appointed in 1882 and serving until 1884. He was a member of the park board from 1902 until 1912. He was elected president of the civil service commission when it was organized in 1914, and served on the board until the time of his death.

Mr. Craycroft was a Master Mason and a Knight Templar. He was the oldest living past master of Fellowship lodge, No. 345, and was an honorary life member of Blue lodge, by virtue of fifty years of continuous membership. He was past eminence commander of Ascension commandery, No. 39.

He was made major of the Fifth regiment, Missouri national guard, in 1883, and was familiarly known as Major Craycroft from that time.

Mr. Craycroft also served as a member of the board of education two terms, and was a member of the State Board of Geology and Mines for several terms.

He was active in democratic politics and was a leader in political councils for many years.

He requested last night, just before his death, that Perl D. Decker of Joplin and John Sea of Independence, Mo., deliver the funeral eulogy. The Blue lodge will have charge of services at the grave, with a Knight Templar escort.

Funeral to Be Monday.

Funeral services will be held at 3:30 o'clock Monday afternoon at the Frank-Sievers Undertaking Company parlors. Burial will be in Fairview cemetery. Honorary and active pallbearers will be chosen from the Jasper County Bar Association.

Mr. Craycroft was born in Washington, D. C., May 27, 1847. He was married to Miss Alma Sergeant, daughter of John Sergeant, pioneer mining man, in Joplin, May 1, 1882. His wife died in 1899.

For the last fifty years Mr. Craycroft had resided at Third and Wall streets. He had been confined to St. John's hospital for the last year.

He is survived by a sister, Mrs. J. N. Murphy, 710 Roosevelt avenue.

Mr. Craycroft came to Joplin to settle in 1873, after having studied law and being admitted to the bar, but it was in 1871 that he first saw the town, and that was by accident.

First Here in 1871.

Graduating from the University of Missouri in 1871, Mr. Craycroft was desirous of getting into business or adopting a profession. He was asked to accompany a friend of his from Cooper county who had inherited a farm in Jasper county, near the present site of Carl Junction, who was going to visit the place. Five days were spent in the trip from Cooper county, and they arrived at the farm in August. At that time Mr. Craycroft had never heard of Joplin. He walked along

Center creek prairie where he came to the old Manlove ford and, taking off his shoes and stockings, waded across the creek and came out in the woods' south of the stream, walking south half a mile or so. Reaching the prairie between Center and Turkey creeks, partly from curiosity and partly because he thought he could scare up a turkey, he crossed it and came to Turkey creek. He crossed it and then made his way up the valley, now Sunshine Hollow, and there discovered Joplin, which at that time was in the Joplin creek valley.

He walked on up through the mines and met John B. Sergeant at the old shaft where he and Mr. Moffet had first struck lead. He little dreamed then that he would be the son-in-law of the mining king.

Desirous of finding a place to get his dinner, he inquired of Mr. Ser-

geant who told him that Mr. "Money-maker" was building a restaurant and bakery up the hill. When he arrived at this place he found that the building had not yet been completed, or the furniture in place (two carpenters were then working on the building, one shingling the roof and the other making a table), and was informed that if he would wait awhile he could be served, as one of the tables was almost completed. When the table was finished, Mr. Craycroft drew up a chair, sat down and ate the first meal to be served in the eating house which for twenty years after occupied a prominent place in Joplin history.

Admitted to Bar.

The mining camp made such an impression on Mr. Craycroft that, after having read law and been admitted to the bar, he returned, arriving here the second time in April, 1875.

On his second visit Mr. Craycroft came to Joplin with only \$4.65 in his pockets. His library consisted of two books, and he possessed, in addition, a silk hat and a long-tailed coat. He lost the hat in Shoal creek while saving a friend from drowning.

During the summer of 1881 the matter of organizing a military company for Joplin was talked of, and, in response to a call issued by Mr. Craycroft and several others, a meeting was held and preliminaries taken for the organization of the state guard. The company was christened the Joplin Rifles and Mr. Craycroft was chosen first lieutenant.

In 1882, on the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic, the captain retired to become the post commander and Lieutenant Craycroft became Captain Craycroft.

In 1883 Captain Craycroft became major of the Fifth regiment, Missouri national guards, which was composed of the Carthage Light Guard, the Joplin Rifles, Springfield Light infantry, Peirce City guards and Lamar guards.

In 1882, after the completion of the water works, the city council took up the matter of organizing a fire department and Mr. Craycroft was chosen as the first chief. He retired from the department in 1884.

In 1910 Mr. Craycroft was elected president of the library board.

QUANTITIES of beautiful blossoms, many exquisite gowns characterized the wedding last evening of Miss Roba Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pendleton Smith of No. 1503 Wilton Place to Clarence Leroy Variel, which was solemnized by the Rev. Dr. Warren F. Day in the Independent Church of Christ. Miss Smith was attired in white crepe meteor satin with overdrape of marquisette trimmed with real lace. Her bouquet was a shower of bride roses and lilies of the valley. A long tulle veil fastened with orange blossoms finished the toilette. Mrs. Guy Culver Smith of Little Rock, Ark., sister-in-law of the bride, in a handsome creation of white satin, draped with chiffon cloth, was matron and the maids included Miss Eula Smith, Miss Creta Augustine of San Rafael, Miss Carolyn Lenz and Miss Lou Johnstone Ward. The first two young people were attired in pink, while the Misses Lenz and Ward were in green. The matron and maids carried arm bouquets of Cecil Bruner roses. R. H. F. Variel, Jr., stood with his brother as best man and the ushers were Carroll King, Phillip Thatcher, Alfred Salisbury, and S. Gordon Ingle, Jr., of San Diego. The pews in the church were marked with huge bows of pink tulle and clusters of carnations and over the pulpit was a large arch of ferns suspended from which were baskets of enchantress carnations and tulle. Carnations and Cecil Bruner roses in artistic profusion brightened the home where a reception for members of the bridal party and relatives was held. Mr. and Mrs. Variel left last evening for an auto trip along the coast and after December 1, will receive their friends at No. 1503 Wilton Place. The bride is a graduate of the Los Angeles High School and later attended Stanford. She finished her education in Europe, where she traveled extensively. Mr. Variel is an attorney of this city and a graduate of the University of California.

Miss Estelle Summers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Summers, No. 1738 Seventh avenue, was married at her home this morning to Mora E. Smith, Rev. Will A. Knighten performing the ceremony at 10 o'clock.

The bride wore a dainty creation of white silk trimmed with Chantilly lace, and her only ornament was a rare string of pearls collected in the Orient by the groom. Two young sisters of the bride, gowned in white lingerie frocks, the Misses Mamie and Lucille Summers, held ribbons to form an isle to the altar, and a cousin, little Mary Carpenter, was the flower girl.

An especially attractive arrangement of white carnations, white roses and ferns were used to ornament the home. Mrs. H. W. Brewer played the wedding marches, and Miss Kathleen Lockhart, a cousin of the groom, who has just returned from Europe, sang "Oh, Promise Me" and "Because."

Mr. and Mrs. Smith left today for San Francisco and other northern points, expecting to be absent one month. After November 1 they will be at home to their friends in Imperial, where the groom is owner of a large ranch. Mrs. Summers, who has been a teacher in the public schools of Imperial for some time, is popular with many friends there.

Home Wedding This Morning

Miss Estelle Summers and Mora E. Smith were married at 10 o'clock this morning at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Summers, 1738 Seventh avenue, parents of the bride. Rev. Will A. Knighten performed the ceremony and Mr. Summers gave his daughter away. Two young sisters of the bride, the Misses Mamie and Lucille Summers, in dainty white lingerie gowns, held ribbons to form an aisle to the altar and a cousin, little Mary Carpenter, was the flower girl.

White and green were the prevailing colors in decorations for the affair and the arrangement was especially attractive. Miss Summers wore a gown of white silk trimmed with Chantilly lace and her only ornament was a string of rare pearls collected by the groom when in the Orient a year ago.

Music was a special feature of the service. Mrs. H. W. Brewer played the wedding marches and Miss Kathleen Lockhart, a cousin of the groom, who has just returned from a four months' sojourn in Europe, sang "Because" and "O Promise Me."

Mr. and Mrs. Smith left today for a wedding trip to San Francisco and the Yosemite, intending to be away a month. They will make their home in Imperial, where they will be ready to receive friends after Nov. 1. The groom is owner of a large ranch there and his bride formerly taught in the public schools.

LAST RITES FOR PIONEER CITIZEN HERE TODAY

Banning mourns today the loss of a stalwart citizen, one who has been a part of the community life for many years. C. A. Reid, venerable citizen, patriot and friend, passed away at his home on San Gorgonio, south, in this city, at 10:30 o'clock on Christmas day.

Mr. Reid came to Banning with the early pioneers and engaged in the mercantile business here. He was of that sturdy Midwest stock whose influence has been felt for good in a thousand cities and hamlets in the New West. He saw Banning develop from a little frontier town into a thriving city. In all his association with the public he exemplified the highest ideals, and gave of his time to the public service, and no one was held in higher regard than this good man. The highest respect of old and young was felt toward Mr. Reid throughout all his years of close contact with the people of the community. He befriended many in their time of trouble and was a true Christian. Integrity and honor were a part of him and many a tear is shed because his gentle spirit has been called from earth. Yet there is

consolation in the knowledge that his was a life well rounded out in service and that the influence of such a life is not garnered with death's harvest, but will live on throughout the years.

Reviewing the long life of our departed friend, a local contributor has penned the following:

The death of Charles A. Reid, one of Banning's best-loved pioneer citizens, occurred at his home in Banning on Christmas morning, after a severe attack of influenza, bringing deep sorrow to the hearts of his friends. Mr. Reid, who had just passed his seventy-ninth birthday, was born in Adams county, Ohio, on December 11th, 1849. When a small boy he went to live in Illinois, going afterwards to Missouri where he bought a farm. When he visited his old home in Ohio later, he met Miss Verda Jane Summers, who became his bride on Feb. 21, 1877. The young couple journeyed to the Missouri farm near Lamar where they made their home for some years. Seven children were born here, Ruby, Frank, Laura, Enos, Charles, Hannah and a child who died in infancy. In 1890 the "call of the west" again sounded loud, and Mr. and Mrs. Reid came to California, and settled in Banning where a number of friends and relatives had come earlier. Banning was then a village of about four hundred people, and Mr. Reid has been one of the "builders" of the community in business, church and educational circles. His general merchandise store on the corner of San Gorgonio and Livingston Sts. was known for many miles about. Mr. Reid was especially fond of children, and they responded to his kindly manner and his smile, in a wonderful way. Among his young friends his store was known as the "cookie store," as no child ever left it without a cookie or a piece of candy to further cement his friendship. Mr. Reid retired from business only a few years ago. It was natural that he should be interested in the schools with his family of nine children, Lillian, Kelley and Ruth having been born in Banning. Soon after his arrival here, Mr. Reid was elected a

member of the Board of Trustees of the Banning schools, and an outstanding piece of community service was his continuous service for more than twenty-five years, most of the time as president of the Board. Hundreds of students of the Banning schools will remember receiving the diploma, that started them out on their life's career, from Mr. Reid. In church circles Mr. Reid served as a deacon of the Methodist church here for many years and was a very active member.

A little less than two years ago Mr. and Mrs. Reid celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at the home of their daughter, Miss Lillian Reid, in Whittier, with seven of their sons and daughters, their grandchildren, and many "old time" friends and relatives about them. This was a day of wonderful happiness to Mr. Reid whose devotion to his wife and family was one of his fine qualities. Because of his keen sense of the true value of things, both real and spiritual, and because of his

happy friendly manner with everyone he met in the "day's work," Mr. Reid made friends too numerous to count in his long years of residence here, and Banning as a community will miss him deeply. To have given much to the world in his family of splendid sons and daughters, to have made the lives of his friends the better and the richer for his having lived, and to have left behind a memory of gentleness and love in the hearts of all who knew him, this has been the achievement of Mr. Reid in his lifetime.

Mr. Reid is survived by his widow, Mrs. Verda Reid; his daughters, Mrs. George M. Fountain of Indio, Mrs. John Prince of Fresno, Miss Lillian Reid of Whittier, Mrs. Harold Bell of Seattle; his sons, Prof. Frank G. Reid of Long Beach, Dr. E. C. Reid and Charles O. Reid of Riverside, and M. Kelley Reid of Banning; sixteen grand-children and two great-grandchildren. One daughter, Laura Reid Handshy, passed away last August. Funeral services will be held at the Banning Methodist church Thursday afternoon at two o'clock, the Rev. T. F. Allen officiating.

Celebrates 84th Birthday; Still Enjoys Fishing

In honor of the eighty-fourth birthday, J. W. Craycroft, an elder in the Christian church, Modesto, was presented with a cake adorned with that number of candles by the Loyal Men's class of the Sunday school, of which he is a member, Sunday morning.

A short address of congratulation on behalf of the class was delivered by F. W. Cooke, which was responded to in a feeling manner by Mr. Craycroft. Coming to California in the early sixties, Mr. Craycroft was for many years a minister in the Christian church, and he told his classmates something of the early trials of that denomination in California.

In his talk Mr. Craycroft mentioned incidentally that he could claim a distinction that perhaps few if any men in Stanislaus county could look back on, in that he had shaken hands and conversed with Abraham Lincoln, before he became president. The occasion was at one of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, which took place at Springfield, Illinois, when Mr. Craycroft was just coming into young manhood.

"Mr. Lincoln was lying on a lounge when we were ushered into his room at the hotel," said Mr. Craycroft, "and I remember distinctly with what friendliness he arose to greet us."

Brief talks dealing with the work of Mr. Craycroft while in the ministry and its wide influence for good were made by W. S. Utter and Mr. Reed.

The large angel cake for the occasion was made by Mrs. Reed.

Mr. and Mrs. Craycroft have been residents of Modesto for about 20 years. Notwithstanding Mr. Craycroft's advanced age, he is an ardent fisherman, and the coming of the morning's light often finds him already on the stream, ready for as long a day of sport as any man fifty years his junior.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Ellis, at Mannford, Okla., last evening at 5:30 o'clock, occurred the marriage of their daughter, Miss Mary Morris to Mr. Forest Miracle. Rev. Willott read the ceremony. The couple arrived here last evening and are at the home of Mrs. Jack McConnell, sister of the groom. Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Seamon, Miss Doris Seaman, Mrs. McConnell and children and Miss McConnell, of this city, accompanied the groom from this city yesterday to Mannford for the wedding. Following the ceremony, a wedding supper was served, after which the party left for this city. Miss Morris was formerly a teacher in the schools here, and was justly popular with all who knew her. She possesses many lovable traits of character. Mr. Miracle has large business interests in this section and is held in high esteem. It was the plan to keep the marriage a profound secret and every precaution was taken to prevent it becoming known.

Davis-Morris.

Miss Ella Morris and Ernest William Davis, both of Los Angeles, were married last evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Smith of No. 133 West Thirty-first street, Rev. J. T. Davis, pastor of the Riverside Baptist Church and father of the groom, performed the ceremony.

The entire house was decorated with a scheme of green and rose, pink carnations and pink roses being combined with ferns and potted plants. An alcove of greenery sheltered the bridal couple during the pronunciation of the service, and even the leas and cakes served as refreshment were kept in harmony with the color scheme.

Mrs. M. French Gilman, a sister of the bride, served as matron of honor, while the groom was entirely unattended. While the knot was being tied Miss Eula Smith softly rendered the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin."

Miss Morris was a teacher in the Seventh-street school, being well known to many people throughout the city, and is as deservedly popular as the groom. Fifty guests were present. Mr. and Mrs. Davis will make their home in this city.

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

Darling I am growing old—
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow today—
Life is fading fast away.
But my darling you will be,
Always young and fair to me,
Yes my darling you will be—
Always young and fair to me.

CHORUS

Darling I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow today,
Life is fading fast away.

When your hair is silver white,
And your cheeks no longer bright
With the roses of the May—
I will kiss your lips and say,
Oh! my darling mine alone,
You have never older grown,
Yes my darling mine alone—
You have never older grown.

Love is always young and fair—
What to us is silver hair.
Faded cheeks, or steps grown slow,
To the hearts that beat below,
Since I kissed you, mine alone
You have never older grown,
Since I kissed you, mine alone,
You have never older grown.

A PIONEER CITIZEN

LAI D TO REST 1901

Charles M. Morris, whose death occurred at his home in this city on February 2, belonged to the company of pioneers that has been affiliated with the writing of Banning history by their participation in the events of the town since an early day.

Mr. Morris had been ill with heart trouble for a number of years and, during the past year, suffered severely, but his perseverance brought him out of the sick room on all these occasions until the last illness, which began about two weeks previous to his death.

Decedent was born in Macon, Ill., December 29, 1865, and, therefore, lived to the age of 56 years, 1 month and 4 days. He came to Banning in 1889, when he was only 23 years of age, and was united in marriage here with Miss Minnie Lemon, a daughter of Mrs. Jennie Lemon of Fourth street. To this union two children were born, and one, Miss Myrtle, survives her father. Her mother also survives, and they are very lonely in their home, in their great bereavement. Mr. Morris also leaves to mourn, three brothers and two sisters, L. B. Morris, Oakland; Frank Morris, Santa Cruz; L. A. Morris, Orange, Mrs. E. W. Davis, Los Angeles, and Mrs. M. French Gilman, Banning. All were able to attend the last rites here.

Mr. Morris was energetic in his work and faithful to his friends. An outstanding principle of his life was his fidelity to every trust reposed in his keeping. He loved the open spaces of the desert and his work as overseer for C. O. Barker's cattle interests took him into the isolated places for years. His services were appreciated because of his faithfulness and his ability to lead men in the pursuits of agriculture and horticulture.

The funeral, directed by Wiefels & Son, took place from the home Monday at 2 o'clock. Rev. W. H. Weinland had charge of the service, and Revs. White and Palmer

assisted. R. E. Dillon sang "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." The pallbearers were Messrs. Hauverman, George Fountain, Clem Sweeters, Harris, Holcomb and Fenton. A large number of friends of the family attended the service, and the remains were laid to rest in Sunny-slope cemetery.

THERE IS NO DEATH

By Bulwer Lytton

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! That dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer
showers
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life,
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away;
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad these scenes of sin and
strife,
Sings now an everlasting song,
Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same,
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe,
Is life—there is no dead.



Eve, "My Wonderful Grandmother"

"The seeing of her, talking to her, is a tonic to me. She has something I haven't. At ninety she has happiness, with contentment—a thing that belongs to her generation. I envy her the complete success she has won in the art of living under what to me, a modern, seem desperate hardships"

BANNING LOSES LOYAL CITIZEN

POPULAR CITIZEN PASSES TO ETERNAL REST AT HIS HOME HERE FOLLOWING LONG AND PAINFUL ILLNESS OF MONTHS; SORROW OVER HIS DEMISE IS KEENLY FELT IN BANNING.

At his home on Ramsey street, this city, Monday, June 16, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Judge Chas. H. Ingelow laid down the burdens of life and answered the call of his Maker.

The end came after months of suffering and was not unexpected. His condition was very bad on the previous Saturday and no hope was held out, from that time on, for his recovery.

Judge Ingelow came to Banning 41 years ago. He was admitted to the bar in Lamar, Mo., in 1881, and located in Banning in 1883. Banning at that time was only a little town on the frontier, and as mercantile pursuits seemed to offer more opportunity than law, Judge Ingelow engaged in the general merchandise business here. Later he sold this business and again took up the practice of law. For many years he served San Geronimo township as justice of the peace, and when Banning became an incorporated city he continued to serve as justice of the township and recorder of the city. He handled the numerous cases, arising from the legalized liquor traffic, without fear or favor, and when the Volstead law became effective he continued to conduct his court for the best interests of society.

Judge Ingelow was very generous, and his kind-hearted manner made for him countless friends along his journey through life. His ambition was not to acquire material things so much as to serve his fellow men

and leave a name which should be recalled with kindness by those with whom he was associated through life.

Judge Ingelow was born in Australia, and upon coming to America he completed his education in Missouri. He was united in marriage in that state with Estella Carpenter, who with two children, George Ingelow and Mrs. Earl Viau, survive him. Three children had preceded him to the better land. Had Judge Ingelow lived until August of this year he would have attained the age of 69 years. His married life was happy and extended over a period of 48 years.

Banning has lost a citizen, in the passing of this good and conscientious man, whose place in the community life will be hard to fill. He was ever ready with his aid and service to further the interests of the community in which he lived. In the World War period he served faithfully in Red Cross activities and was for years a loyal attendant at the M. E. church.

In his last hours, Judge Ingelow showed that fine degree of patience and fortitude which had characterized his life. He was ready to go and was unafraid.

The funeral service was held in the Methodist church yesterday afternoon, the address of the occasion being delivered by Dr. E. A. Palmer, who was assisted in the service by Rev. R. W. Plannette. A large number of sorrowing friends and relatives were present, and it was a sad pilgrimage that wended its way to the silent city of the dead, where the earthly temple of "one loved and lost" was tenderly laid to rest.

The funeral service was under the direction of Wiefels & Son.

Charles A. Reid

An estimable and well-beloved citizen of Banning, Cal., Charles A. Reid, received the supreme gift on Christmas morning—surcease from the burdens of his years, climaxed by a long era of extreme bodily weakness.

It was the privilege of Mr. Reid to pioneer across the continent from Adams county, Ohio, where he was born in 1849. In four states he left the impress of high integrity in every line of personal and communal association. His widow, nee Alverda J. Summers, of Locust Grove, Ohio, whom he married in 1876, shares with him in the high example of a sterling sense of consistently giving day by day, their best to their own large family, a numerous relative clan and to church and civic activities.

The writer, a contemporary of Mr. Reid, knows of no one more garlanded with incalculable achievements of the sane, orderly, unostentatious life. He and his wife, sainted to their own, raised a family of nine children beyond compare.

Laura M. Handshy passed away in August of this year in the full fruition of a beautiful life. The other eight children are in mid-stream of successful effort, two of whom are identified with the business life of Riverside, viz., Charles O. Reid of George N. Reynolds Co., and Dr. Enos Carpenter Reid; also Frank G. Reid of Long Beach; Ruby R. Fountain of Indio; Hannah R. Prince of Fresno; Lillian Reid of Whittier; M. K. Reid of Seattle and Ruth E. Bell of Seattle.

CHARLES A. SUMMERS,
Christmas 1929 Los Angeles.

Miss Sarah Morris, daughter of W. E. Morris of this county, is slowly recovering from a serious affection, a disease of the knee joint. She has been confined to her bed at the residence of C. H. Ingelow, and has been a great sufferer. She has the sympathy of the whole community.

Miss. French Gilman, of Banning, California was a visitor at Sacaton and the Phoenix School last week. Mr. and Mrs. Gilman served with exceptional credit for many years in the Indian Service at Banning and among the Pima. The day schools we have visited where these good people had been in charge showed beauty in the landscape in the way of trees, gardens and well kept grounds, which can only come from the personal touch of one who cares.

IN MEMORIUM

Sarina Gregg Carpenter was born Oct. 29, 1834, in Round Hill, Loudon county, Virginia. Died in Los Angeles, California, May 10, 1912. She was married in 1852 to Robt. D. Carpenter, of the same county in Virginia, to whom she bore five children, viz: Mabel A., Enos Gore, Estelle J., Hugh M. and Charles W.

During her long and eventful career she pioneered entirely across our continent; four different times confronting the frontier with its call for the stout heart and its meed of deprivation. In the 30's she crossed the Alleghenies by carriage, over the then famous National Pike into Adams county, Ohio. There she saw the magnificent primeval forests being felled and burned as the stubble to make way for the empire of which we now reckon.

In 1852 she journeyed as a bride via the Prairie Schooner route over the flats and thru the swamps of Indiana and Illinois to Macon county of the latter state. Here near Decatur, Illinois, all of her children were born. In this interim of her life she saw the environment so picturesquely portrayed by Eggleston in such books as the Hoosier School Master evolve into the convention of polite life.

1870 saw her again with face set to the West. This time southwest Missouri beguilingly beautiful under a June sun made a stopping place for twenty-four years—these years involved a weary struggle with malaria a disease to which she was always particularly susceptible.

In 1884 she was transplanted

to the land that fulfilled her heart's desire, the land of the western sun—California.

Here in Banning for twenty-eight years—in her autumnal days she drew to herself as she always did the people of the best fibre and wore a fealty that strengthened and endured to the end. There is a word combination—sweet-thoughted—that fully expresses the underlying principle of her character. It was surely a piece of human dross if she could not find therein something of the making of a man. It was always a joy to sit with her in a public place, to see her extract with her strong selective instinct the beauty, the strength, the pleasing characteristics and delineations from the faces of the humantide as it flowed by; the unlovely and the weaknesses were always minimized.

As a mother she achieved the highest ideal. No child of hers ever heard her voice raised in anger or saw from her an exhibition of "nerves." Her life was filled with patience, fortitude and Christian charity—these great fundamental qualities combined with her charity of vision, her mental scope, her superb sanity gave to children in all these latter years a companionship and friendship that was incomparable; her loss leaves to them a void and emptiness that aches as nothing else has ever done before.

She surely exemplified by her beautiful life the text from Prov. 31:29 "Many daughters have done virtuously but thou excellest them all." A Daughter.

"Sister and I" was the subject of a fine recitation by Miss Nannie Morris, whose excellent impersonation riveted the attention of the audience. Many regarded her effort as a prize winner.

REV. W. H. WEINLAND IS LAID TO REST IN SUNNYSLOPE CEMETERY

People of all creeds united last Tuesday in paying last honors to Rev. W. H. Weinland at funeral services conducted in the Community Methodist Church. An hour before the announced hour people were assembling in the auditorium where the casket lay at the altar rails backed by a bank of flowers. One whole side of the building was reserved by the Indians whose tribute of respect also consisted of supplying the pall bearers who carried the body to the graveside.

At the console Mrs. Dean Van Norman opened the service and was followed by a solo by Miss Windle.

The address was delivered by an old-time friend of the deceased missionary, Rev. F. E. White, pastor of the Baptist Church of Corona. Rev. Oerter read the scripture lessons and the ritual, and represented the Moravian Church. Rev. Crawford Trotter who led the prayer represented the Community Methodist Church.

Following an eulogy and brief history of Rev. Weinland's remarkable missionary career delivered by Rev. White, he preached a sermon touching on the fragrance of a holy life, with frequent references to the triumphs of the veteran of the Cross who had laid down his labors.

At the graveside the simple and dignified service of committal, according to the Moravian rites was sung by the Indian friends and others, and the ritual read by Rev. Oerter. The impressive services were concluded by Rev. Fred Wight of the local Baptist Church who dismissed the large crowd with the solemn benediction.

The pallbearers were John Morongo, Desiderio Laws, Theodore Armijo and John Linton, from Morongo Indian reservation, and Joe Lomas and Edward Kintano from the desert.

A male quartet sang, the members being Messrs. Dillon, Hemmerling, Barnes and Hendricks.

William Henry Weinland was born January 23, 1861 in Bethlehem, Penn. He entered a boys' school and later was graduated from the Moravian College and Theological Seminary.

In 1883 Dr. Sheldon Jackson appealed to the Moravian church to establish a mission among the Eskimos of Alaska. Mr. Weinland volunteered for mission service and was sent to Alaska on an exploration trip as companion to an older man.

After deciding on the proper location for the new mission station, Mr. Weinland returned to the states, where, on March 10, 1885, he was united in marriage to Miss Caroline Yost. This couple, accompanied by a classmate and his bride, started to Alaska to establish the first Moravian mission.

A Norwegian carpenter was sent along to build the house in which the missionaries were to live. While unloading the lumber at the site chosen for the mission station, this carpenter was drowned, and the two young men were left with the task of building the missionary shelter alone. Two daughters, Elizabeth and Caroline were born to Rev. and Mrs. Weinland there.

When the rigors of the climate endangered Rev. Weinland's health, and the elder daughter became seriously ill, it was found best to return to the states. Rev. Weinland was sent to a pastorate in Iowa where the eldest son, Henry was born.

Interest in the Indians was aroused by the writing of Helen Hunt Jackson's book "Ramona" and the Women's National Indian Association appealed to the Moravian church for a missionary to work among the Indians of Southern California.

Again Rev. and Mrs. Weinland became pioneers, living for a year in San Jacinto. The Morongo tribe, through their leader, Capt. John Morongo, asked that the mission be established on the Morongo Reservation. In 1890 the church and parsonage were built and the first mission station established.

Rev. Weinland traveled much on the reservations of Southern California and even to Yuma. Other mission stations were opened and his work became for a time, that of a superintendent. During these

years four sons were born, George, William, James and Clarence.

Declining health made Rev. Weinland seek relief in the desert climate. In the fall of 1929 a complete breakdown made it necessary for him to resign from all mission work. His resignation became effective, December 31, 1929. On March 7, 1930, death released him from the suffering which had become increasingly hard to bear.

He is survived by his wife, four brothers, two sisters and all of his children except one son, William.

Thus, at the age of 69 years, was ended forty-five years of active missionary service, forty years of which were dedicated to the Indians of Southern California.

Banning Mourns Death of Daughter of Indian Captain

(Special Press Correspondence)
BANNING, March 7. — Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, for Mrs. Annie Morongo Laws of the Morongo Indian reservation, who died early Tuesday morning following a very brief illness.

Annie Morongo was the oldest daughter of the late Captain John Morongo, and was 49 years old. She had lived nearly all her life at the Morongo reservation, going to school there, in Banning, and at Sherman institute. About 20 years ago she married Mauricio Laws.

Although she had no living children of her own, Mrs. Laws was a "mother" to every child with which

she came in contact. She was a musician, and was pianist of the Moravian church, of which she was an ardent member for many years. As a community service worker, and a friend to her people in need of help or council, Mrs. Laws had few equals among any group of people of any race. She was sympathetic and had a wonderfully sweet disposition.

The words of comfort to the bereaved community, which filled the little church to overflowing, were spoken by the Rev. Eugene Oerter, pastor of the church. Beautiful floral tributes bespoke the sorrow of Mrs. Laws' many friends. Surviving her are her husband, Mauricio Laws, her brother, John Morongo, and her sister, Mrs. Sarah Morongo Laws. Interment took place at the Morongo Protestant cemetery.

ANOTHER FAMILIAR FIGURE CROSSES THE GREAT DIVIDE

Annie Morongo Laws passed away early in the day of March 4. She was the oldest child of Capt. John Morongo and his wife Rose. Capt. John was known to every one in the pioneer days of Banning. He read and wrote English although he was self-educated. He was the government interpreter for many years and he was very ambitious for the education and advancement of his children, five in number. They were Annie, Ella, John, Sarah and a half sister. Of these five two survive, John and Sarah.

These children were kept in the day school regularly until the government school opened at Perris. Then they were all taken there and kept until after each graduated.

Mrs. Weinland, the missionary's wife, had given Annie a good start in instrumental music which Annie continued at Sherman and became so proficient as to be given musical work at the school on a salary. Annie, like her parents, was tender-hearted, sympathetic and ever-ready to take an orphan or homeless one in to her home and life. She sewed for the needy and was a veritable Dorcas in their community life. Her influence over her people was always for good and she played the piano in church as late as last Sunday, though she has been afflicted greatly for several years. Only forty-nine years of age she went after one night's sickness. The numerous floral tributes attest the many loving friends that she had among Banning's white population as well as on the reservation. The

West Side school, where she worked the P.T.A. was closed, this affording an opportunity for teachers and pupils to attend the final services.

Funeral services were conducted yesterday at 2 o'clock, and interment was in the reservation cemetery. Rev. Oerter of the Moravian mission participated at the last rites.

FUNERAL HELD IN BANNING FOR NOTED WOMAN

Mrs. Laws, Oldest Daughter of Captain Morongo, Leader Of Reservation, Dies

(Special Staff Correspondence)
BANNING, March 6. — Funeral services were held Wednesday at 2:30 p. m. for Mrs. Annie Morongo Laws, oldest daughter of the late Capt. John Morongo, of the Morongo Indian reservation. Mrs. Laws was raised at the reservation and was beloved by the entire village as well as by her many friends in Banning. The Moravian church, in which the funeral services were held, was filled with sorrowing friends, and the floral tributes were exceptionally beautiful.

Mrs. Laws was 49 years of age. Her education was gained at the reservation school, in Banning, and at Sherman institute. She was a musician and for years has been pianist at the Moravian church. As a community worker and a friend to those in need of help, she has lived a life of helpfulness seldom equaled in any community. Mrs. Laws had no living children of her own, but she was a "mother" to the many children who came into contact with her. Although she had spent some time recently in the Soboba hospital, she had recovered sufficiently to be very active.

Mrs. Laws was taken violently ill Monday night, and in spite of the care of a doctor and Miss McClintock, the reservation nurse, she passed away early Tuesday morning. Funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Eugene Oerter. She is survived by her husband, Mauricio Laws; a brother, John Morongo; and a sister, Mrs. Sarah Morongo Martin.

W. H. WEINLAND PASSED AWAY AT THERMAL, FRIDAY

March 10, 1930

Announcement of the death of Rev. W. H. Weinland was received in this city Saturday morning, causing deep sorrow among the hosts of friends of this beloved follower of the Man of Galilee. Rev. Weinland passed away at his home in Thermal Friday night after a long and painful illness. He had taken treatment for a number of years, and while at times he showed improvement, his bodily infirmities gradually brought him to the Great Divide.

Rev. Weinland was a pioneer missionary of the Moravian faith. In the early days he was stationed in Indian mission work in Alaska where he endured the privations incident to pioneer life in that rigorous climate. Mr. Weinland was then comparatively a young man, and took his bride to the Northland.

Some years were passed in Alaska and then Mr. and Mrs. Weinland returned to Southern California. The veteran minister had charge here of the extensive mission interests of the Moravian church in Southern California, particularly at the Morongo Indian reservation near Banning. Mr. Weinland was an able adviser to the Indians and a conscientious and upright worker in the mission field.

Besides Mrs. Weinland, there are left to mourn the children as follows: James of New York, Henry of Sonoma county, Elizabeth of Thermal, Carrie of Ventura, G. Ferdinand of Ohio, Clarence of New Jersey, William, another son, lost his life in the St. Francis dam disaster at Saugus.

Funeral services will be held at the Methodist Church in Banning Tuesday (tomorrow) afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. F. E. White of Corona will officiate.

Death of Pioneer Minister Is Mourned by Pass Communities; Started Work Among Tribesmen

Subjects for Services Today Are Announced By Banning Pastors; Series Closes

(Special Staff Correspondence)
BANNING, March 8. — News of the death of the Rev. W. H. Weinland at Thermal on Friday morning has reached Banning friends, and in his passing another Banning pioneer has gone to his reward. The Rev. Mr. Weinland was born in 1861, but came to this section of the San Geronio pass in 1888, and had made his home here continuously for 42 years. In his youth he was a Moravian missionary to Alaska, going there with his bride in the early days of the church missionary program in the Far North. Their two older children, Carrie Weinland Pierce and Miss Elizabeth Weinland, were born there.

When Mr. Weinland's health broke under the rigors of the northern climate, he was returned to Iowa, where he lived only a short time and where his son, Henry, was born. At this time the Moravian church decided to open a mission field among Southern California Indians, and sent Mr. Weinland here to organize the churches. He held the position of district superintendent, with churches near Escondido, at Warner's Ranch, in the Cahuilla valley, at San Jacinto, at the Morongo reservation near Banning, and at Thermal. In his travels about this territory and in his contract with the Indians he had gathered a vast fund of information and facts in 42 years, which it is unlikely anyone can duplicate in regard to the tribes with which he worked.

His was a life of abundant service, enriched with the devotion of a splendid wife and family. The Rev. Mr. Weinland exchanged churches last year with the Rev. Eugene Oerter, of Thermal, who came to Banning, the Rev. Mr. Weinland going to Thermal; but in spite of failing health he has "carried on" faithfully. Funeral services will be held in Banning, but plans have not yet been perfected. Surviving the Rev. Mr. Weinland are his widow, his daughters, Mrs. Carrie Pierce, of Ventura, and Miss Elizabeth Weinland, of Thermal, and his sons, Henry Weinland, of Santa Rosa; the Rev. Ferdinand Weinland, of Uricksville, Ohio; Professor James Weinland, of New York city, and Clarence Weinland, of Newark, N. J. One son, William, preceded his father in death, having been a victim of the bursting of the San Francisquito dam two years ago.

