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THE tourist season is coming on apace, and soon our Eastern exchanges will be filled with correspondence from every conceivable point in the West, the tone of the effusions depending largely upon the physical condition of the writer. If he is strong and healthy, able to endure without fatigue the long journey, or to stand the sudden changes in climate his rapid transit from valley to mountain and from one region to another inflicts upon him, he will write most glowing accounts of the pleasures of the trip. But if his health is poor, if the journey fatigues him, and the climatic changes affect him so unpleasantly that he confines his observations chiefly to an occasional flattening of his nose against the car window, as his attention is called to some fleeting object, his letters will declare the scenery to be tame, the country a barren waste and the people unmannerly boors. It is useless to advise travelers not to write hasty letters; as well advise the rain not to fall. And yet not one but will admit his judgment, be it rose-tinted or sombre, to be formed upon a slender array of facts. It is as foolish for a man to express an opinion upon the merits of this region, after simply passing through it by the ordinary routes of travel, as it would be to turn a few leaves of the Bible and then discuss gravely the contents of the sacred volume. This country can not be seen by skimming through it on railroads or coasting along its shores in ocean steamers. What does a man know of Oregon who comes to Portland by steamer and then goes East over the Northern Pacific? To be sure, he has skirted along the very edge of two sides of the State, but has learned no more of it than could be learned of Illinois by a journey down the Ohio and up the Mississippi. Even a trip

up the Willamette Valley, made in the usual flying style, will add but little to his stock of information. The same is true of one who makes the usual tour from Portland to Puget Sound, and then across Eastern Washington by rail. Accustomed to see the track bordered on either hand by cultivated farms and handsome residences, the mile after mile of sandy desert through which the road runs in Eastern Washington impress him unfavorably. Being a superficial man—and nine-tenths of the human race are far from being profound—he at once concludes that there is no agricultural land at all. For miles on either side are vast stretches of agricultural and grazing land—farms that under the most shiftless management produce more wheat to the acre than any land his eyes ever rested upon—yet all this passes for nothing because he fails to see it. We welcome visitors cordially; we delight to give them information; we desire to have them write and talk about us; but we earnestly beg that before they express an opinion they will branch out from the usual lines of travel, and even ask a few sensible questions of sensible men, and thus give themselves an opportunity to form a just one. We are aware that these precautions will have but little influence upon one whose opinions are dictated chiefly by his liver. Of him we despair utterly.

OREGON needs a strong infusion of new blood, or, rather, new ideas—not new in an absolute sense, but new to Oregon. She must learn to diversify her agricultural industries, so that each section will not only be self-sustaining, but will produce for its own use all the varied products of which it is capable. These reflections are educed by the fact that the hotel at Alkali, situated in the midst of the great cattle region of Eastern Oregon, uses condensed milk and imported butter for its tables. They are deepened by the added fact that one of our leading commission merchants recently made a fruitless trip as far as Rogue River Valley in search of fruit. Though he found plenty of men who expected to have fruit to sell this fall, he was unable to convince them that it must come to market in an attractive form. They could not see why they should be required to buy new boxes, when they could get all the old barrels and soap boxes they wanted for nothing, not even when they were informed that to do so would add more to the value of the fruit than the cost of the boxes. These are two reasons why new ideas are necessary; and there are many more.

THE first of Mr. Newton H. Chittenden's series of articles on "Queen Charlotte Islands" appears in this number. The writer is still engaged in the work of exploration, the letters to THE WEST SHORE being the first report of his operations to reach the public. Attention is also called to the article on "Alaska."