

No greater manifestation of the perversity of human nature has ever been shown than the incidents attending the invasion of Oklahoma, the Sioux reservation and the Cherokee strip. For half a dozen years settlers hung on the outskirts of Oklahoma, ever and anon making a raid into the forbidden territory, only to be summarily driven out by the soldiers stationed there. So persistent were they in organizing these invading parties and in lauding to the skies as a second "land of promise," a region that afterwards proved to be far inferior to the average land of the United States, that they earned the title of "Oklahoma boomers." It is a safe assertion that had they come farther west and settled upon government land open to occupation, they would have been well established in a good home of their own, in a better climate and possessing land with a better soil than Oklahoma can offer, long before that region was open to occupation. But forbidden fruit is always coveted, and this is the reason why the boomers neglected the better thing they might have had for the taking and strove to gain the worse that was forbidden them. In the Sioux reservation last year this was repeated, and again this spring in the Cherokee strip. On the last page of this issue is an engraving, showing the disappointed boomer on the home trail. All his bright hopes have been crushed. The iron hand of the military has been laid upon him, and he has collapsed. He went in with a rush, jostling and racing with others as excited and eager as he, but now he is coming out again with a dejected air and a dilapidated outfit. If he only knew it—and it is his own fault if he does not know it—the northwest offers him free more than he can ever hope to gain by "booming" in the Cherokee strip or anywhere else. But the chances are that he will hover on the outskirts of the promised land until finally he can enter it in safety, only to learn, what he ought to know now, that the land is not worth the trouble. Let him come to the northwest where he will find in reality what his hopes only see in Cherokee.

May 1st is the date set for the inauguration of the eight hour system wherever the unions feel strong enough to carry it into effect. One of these strongholds is Portland, where already considerable friction has developed between the unions and contractors. Bricklayers, plasterers and carpenters gave notice some time ago that after May 1st they would work but eight hours a day, and claim that this notice is sufficiently definite and has been given a sufficiently long time in advance for contractors to make their estimates upon buildings accordingly. This is undoubtedly true, provided the contractors are willing to accept eight hours for a day's work. The increased cost of building will fall, in the end, upon the

owner of the property, and he will, through the contractors, make a vigorous opposition to the movement. In some trades, undoubtedly, eight hours are more exhausting of strength and vitality than are ten hours in other trades. Beyond question it would be better for the laboring class physically, and even intellectually were the increased leisure properly employed, to work but eight hours per day. It is equally beyond dispute that the price of all commodities must advance to maintain the equilibrium. Were it possible to make eight hours a day's work in all trades and in all places at the same time, conditions would soon be adjusted to the new situation and the final outcome would be that the workman would get just that much less for his work, either by the reduction of his wages or the increased cost of everything he purchased. To adopt the system in a few trades only and in selected localities throws the burden upon others than the workingmen, and the natural result will be a vigorous opposition. Unless there be an amicable settlement of this question before the first of May, building operations in Portland will be seriously interfered with.

This issue of WEST SHORE contains a double page engraving of "The Portland," the new hotel just thrown open to the public. This mammoth hotel was built by a stock company, the stock holders being a number of the citizens of Portland who went into the enterprise for the public good. Such an hotel has long been needed, and as it could only be secured by the investment of a large sum of money, the citizens took the matter in hand. From being last among the cities of the northwest in the matter of houses of public entertainment, Portland has quickly jumped to the first place. Nothing to rival this magnificent hostelry can be found in this region, and it will no doubt stand without a rival for a long time. Tourists will now say that Portland possesses the best hotel in the northwest, not the worst as formerly, and the undesirable reputation the city has gained in this respect will gradually fade away.

Fortunate are the people of the Pacific coast that the storms which make such a severe appearance in print are confined to the mountains, and not, as in the east, in populous districts where they cause great distress and loss of life and property. An unusually mild winter in the east and an unusually severe one west, has led our eastern friends to pity us, but as our storms were chiefly in the mountains, rather to be seen and heard of than to be felt, we have not really earned their sympathy. On the other hand we can now, with genuine cause, pity the people of the recently storm-devastated district.