

West Shore

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The WEST SHORE offers the Best Medium for Advertisers of any publication on the Pacific Coast.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1900.

We ought to have an Oregon Exhibit association.

The census is rapidly being transformed from a farce to a fraud.

The man who demonstrates his affection for his wife by buying her a seal skin sacque this year will find her twice as dear as before.

Every day's delay in organizing an association to manage Oregon's exhibit at Chicago lessens the chances of securing an appropriation.

The census shows that the national rate of increase since 1880 has been only—but what is the use of speculation? The census shows nothing except that it shows nothing whatever.

In view of the recent discoveries of the value of nickel as an alloy with steel, Oregon may well congratulate herself that she possesses the greatest body of nickel ore yet known in this country.

Electric execution is now before the supreme court of the United States. It is doubtful if that body can be sufficiently impressed by dramatic narrations of the Kemmler episode to induce it to declare that mode of execution cruel.

It is a pitiable thing to see papers purporting to be genuine American newspapers appealing to race prejudice to gain votes for the candidates they support. The love of money lies not at the root of half as many evils that afflict this country as does politics.

It is said that Mr. Porter heard there was "something rotten in Denmark" and went to see it; but he soon learned that neither there nor anywhere else in Europe was there anything as rotten as his census bureau; hence his speedy return to his first love.

Calculations of silver men of the quantity of that metal available for coinage seem to have been wildly unreliable. Notwithstanding the purchase by the government of 12,276,478 ounces, the visible supply is larger than it was when the law went into effect; hence the decline in price.

Idaho adds her voice to the general complaint about the census. Boise City has been recounted by the board of trade of that place, with the result of finding that one-third of its population has been omitted from the census. Many mining districts were not visited at all by the enumerators.

A man has a hard time of it trying to be elected according to law in South Carolina. Haskell, the independent candidate, has been notified that if he is elected by means of the enforcement of the registry law "the temper of the people" is such that they will not submit. It is difficult to understand why they have any elections at all in that state. A nominating convention is sufficient.

The wonder is that men will fight for, and commit murder for, claims in Oklahoma that offer them little besides an opportunity to starve to death upon them when secured. With all the opening still existing in the northwest for settlers to secure valuable land for a song, nothing but an ignorance that borders upon lunacy can be pleaded in excuse for such conduct as is being daily telegraphed from that almost desert land.

Count of Paris is cutting a splurge among the French Canadians. It may gratify his vanity a little, but it is difficult to see what other good he will derive from it. His chief claim to consideration in the United States is that he helped McClellan play at war on the peninsula, but, somehow, the people have never admired the game played by that great procrastinator and his brilliant staff, however much they honor the brave army they used as their plaything.

As the cartoon on the back page shows, the erroneous impression that the Oregon World's Fair commissioners are charged with the duty of making a state exhibit has been dissipated, knocked from the track by the exhibit train. In this connection WEST SHORE desires to extend a hand of welcome and congratulation to Commissioner Klippel, who has, as a private citizen, placed himself squarely upon its platform of an exhibit association and an appropriation of \$250,000. Verily, the grain of mustard seed sown by WEST SHORE has grown to a great tree, and its branches may yet afford shelter to the twenty-thousand-dollar commissioner from the "forks of the Willamette."

The attention of the farmers and capitalists of the northwest is called to the beet sugar industry. The government now offers a bounty upon all sugar produced in this country, and this, with the wonderful soil and climate of this region, ought to render the cultivation of the sugar beet by our farmers and its manufacture into sugar by our capitalists, mutually profitable; California is preparing to go into the industry on a large scale, and we ought not to be far behind. There is no danger of overdoing the business, for with all that we can possibly produce for many years to come, millions of pounds of sugar will have to be imported annually. Here is a channel through which agriculturists may reap a direct benefit from the legislation of the last session of congress. The subject should be taken up by the boards of trade and thoroughly investigated.

The director of the mint talks like a school boy on the question of mining. He predicts the early exhaustion of the great silver loads because of the increased activity in working them, as though it were but a matter of a few months to work out a great quartz lead. He also says there have been no new silver bonanzas discovered within the last year or two. If he would take a trip through the northwest, visit the Cœur d'Alene, Colville, Kootenay, Okanogan and a dozen other comparatively new and unknown silver districts, he would learn that the silver bonanzas now being prospected and soon to pour their store of white metal upon the market are as ten to one to those now being worked on a large scale. Railroads are being built to tap these districts, millions of dollars of capital are being invested in them, and great preparations are being made to open the mines on a large scale. Never in the history of the country has there been so many silver districts or so much capital invested in silver mines as at present, and new discoveries are constantly being made.

Her majesty's war ship *Cordelia* has shelled a number of villages in the Solomon islands in consequence of recent massacres committed by natives upon white settlers and traders. This is the tenor of recent intelligence from New Zealand. The truth of the matter is that English and German vessels are engaged in an infamous slave trade, or, more politely, "contract labor" trade, by which in the past few years 10,000 natives have been transported from those and adjacent islands to the plantations and forests of New Zealand, New Guinea and other places, where they are held in bondage more revolting than that of the African slave in this country before the war. Some of the conscienceless traders engaged in this horrible business have been killed by defrauded and indignant natives, and her majesty's war vessels, as well as those of the great potentate of the "Fatherland," have been punishing the natives and asserting the power and honor of their governments. Thus the march of civilization keeps up its steady tramp in the island-dotted waters of the South Pacific.

Stanley is suffering a little just now from the attacks of friends of the late Mayor Bartellot, whose stories detract somewhat from the rosy halo surrounding him. The facts are that the journey through Africa was a cruel thing, accomplished by force, and left a trail of blood behind it. But it was done in the name of civilization, and we, looking at it from our side, applaud as a hero the man who invaded the country of peaceful tribes and forced his way through at the rifle's mouth. How the outraged natives view it, or how many fresh graves they have near their villages, can not concern us, the apostles of civilization. Of course, if some other race, farther advanced in science than we, should send an expedition to blast its way through the United States, and filled the land with mourning for those who were slain in the hopeless effort to stop the invaders, we might feel differently about it; though, to be consistent, we ought not, since it would be simply for the advancement of the cause of "civilization," and, of course, for our own good. What are we, that we should oppose the march of science.