

LACK OF LOCAL PRIDE.

An Impartial Stranger Frankly Criticises Our People.

What is the Matter With Sacramento?—The Question Plainly Answered.

When the following conversation was had with Mr. Samuel, no idea of putting it into print was entertained. Subsequently it was thought to be worthy the consideration of all Sacramentans, and since the truth can harm none, and error if it exists should be brought to light, the statements of Mr. Samuel to a Record-Union reporter have, with the consent of Mr. Samuel, been reduced to writing, and are herewith given to the readers of the SUNDAY UNION under the belief that they will do good.

Mr. L. Samuel is general manager of the West Shore, an illustrated journal that has long been published at Portland, and that has done good work in making the claims of the Northwest country widely known. The business of Mr. Samuel and his associates in thus attractively presenting the claims and beauties of the towns, cities, and lands of the upper States of the coast, is endorsed by the highest authority and the foremost men of all that section, whose letters he bears highly endeavoring him. The West Shore, he says, never solicits for illustrations or enlargements. It takes up a section and presents an account of it, with no other compensation than that the journal receives in the ordinary course of business. This policy has won success for it, and in continuation of it, Mr. Samuel has entered upon the illustrating of California in like manner, and has already taken views in this city, in San Francisco, throughout the Sacramento Valley and in some parts of Central and Southern California.

Mr. Samuel was asked by the Record-Union reporter what he thought of this city.

"I like it," was the reply, "but it has serious drawbacks, rather one that overshadows all others."

"Indeed! What are your opportunities of judging us?" "I spent my boyhood here. I received my education here; some of the tenderest memories of my life cling about Sacramento; I love the place, and I visit it quietly every year and spend some time amidst old scenes. I am an observer by occupation, and so I think, under the circumstances, that I can speak of Sacramento fairly, and with love for her and yet with strict justice to the truth."

"But have you other places in mind with which to compare us?" "That is just it; I am a traveler. I visit all parts of the coast, all towns, cities and productive or promising sections of the land between Chicago and Portland, and north to the British possessions, and have made Portland, Or., my home for nineteen years, and have seen all the Northwest development of that time and been active in it."

"Well, I guess you are competent to judge, Mr. Samuel. Now, then, tell us what you find to commend, and what to object to in Sacramento."

"Dear in mind that I did not invite this conversation."

"That is correct. The Record-Union invited it."

"Very well. Sacramento is a beautiful city. It will, outside of its business districts, compare favorably with any city of the West or North of like size, and with many much larger. Its residential section is exquisitely attractive and beautiful; its shade and foliage are delights to the senses. The business section is behind."

"Why, do you think?" "Because you have too many property-owners who take no pride in their town, and are content if old shells bring in the coin. By inquiry, I find none of them suffer for lack of coin. But you are improving. The new bank building is the handsomest structure for its size on the coast, and I except none. There are several solid-looking and fine business structures, and others are now building, stone walls are supplanting rotten wood, the streets are better and better every year. I come, new railway lines are built along them, and there is a visible improvement in the air of business sections."

NO LOCAL PRIDE. "Well, then, what is the matter with Sacramento, otherwise than what you have stated about landlords?"

"Lack of local pride." "Is that all, sir?" "My dear sir, that is enough, and too much. Enough to choke a town, if it does not kill it. Towns neglected by their own people will not flourish, I do not care when there are. They may exist, but not flourish."

"How do we lack in local pride?" "You are careless to strangers. No one invites a stranger to see the town. No one says to the new-comer here for a few days 'Have you visited our Art Gallery? Have you seen the Capitol? Have you driven over our handsome streets? Have you special interest in this, that or the other thing, and what is there we can show you young and most like to see?' Any one who has seen any of our lovely semi-tropic vegetation here. Don't you think that shows lack of local pride?"

"Probably you are right."

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UNDENIABLE FACTS. "I know that I am right. I am not saying this to hurt you, but for your good. If you do not see this, but for your good, I had to ask half a dozen there are people before I found one who could tell me a fact about a public institution of your town that every one ought to be eager to pop into the ears of every stranger who comes here. I won't say what it was, the ignorance and indifference were too show."

"Well, but does any one repulse strangers here?" "Yes, they do. I went to the Secretary of one of your foremost institutions, and most important. Maybe my business was not in his sight good. Maybe it is not the kind you like here. Possibly I did not know the way, and he did not know me. Well, this Secretary of a great institution, that can build your town that every one ought to be eager to pop into the ears of every stranger who comes here. I won't say what it was, the ignorance and indifference were too show."

"How do you do in Portland?" "Oh, there, and all up North, every man in a town owns it, or you'd think he did from the personal interest he takes in it. The moment you arrive some one comes to make your stay pleasant. If it is a day in our town, for instance, we seek to the new arrival, do you care for fine scenery? Yes! Then, take that line of cars, or that, and go up to the heights and see five of the grandest of all mountains, snow-capped Hood, Jefferson, Adams, Rainier, and St. Helens. Here in Sacramento no one ever thinks of telling the visitor that from the dome of the Capitol he can see 300 miles of the loftiest Sierras clad in snow, their slopes robed in green and gold; why, his sight was a week's journey to see. I heard one of these strangers ask a business man where the Art Gallery was, and the business man said 'down that way,' jerking his thumb indefinitely over his shoulder. Why they would mob a Portland man who would treat a visitor so coolly."

VISITORS NEGLECTED. "But do you think this conduct general?" "I know it is. All the week I have been here, and I have had no man say to me of all I have met, have heard no one say to any of the many strangers here, go see that, go see this, visit the so and so, drive here, drive there. Have heard no one give any one an invitation or information as to business attractions, lands, homes, manufactures, or anything else. All up north you can scarcely enter a town without feeling that all hands are striving to make your visit pleasant, and you are amazed at the many things, curious, instructive and useful, even the smallest and most ordinary places have to show. As a result scores of people who come to see remain to reside."

"Is it so further East?" "Yes, go to St. Paul, and you will be astonished at the effort made to show you everything worth seeing. Why, you find it hard to tear yourself away, and you invest in the place in spite of yourself. Fact! Go over to Minneapolis, and they will try to discount St. Paul. Yet they are all a very busy people."

they have beautiful homes, beautiful surroundings, and get good prices for lands. I find an immense fruit trade, an excellent jobbing trade, immense manufacturing, insurance, large pay-roll output, surpassed rail facilities, a good country all around you, central location in the middle of a section that I think will have great progress soon—so I can't see why any one should fail to be contented here with wealth and plenty. If poor and sick they would be miserable anywhere. I can't see why Sacramentans should not thank Heaven for living in so favored a spot. I thank Heaven your people are merciful, too."

"Why, up north if any man had talked against his town as that Secretary talked to me, the people would have taken him, inside of an hour, to the edge of town and told him to depart, never to return. Further over East they might do worse by him."

"I was in a Pullman car a few weeks ago in Dakota, in the midst of a storm of snow and sleet. I happened to say to a fellow traveler, 'What a country. I can't see why Sacramentans should not thank Heaven for living in so favored a spot. I thank Heaven your people are merciful, too.' And then he opened up in a defense of Dakotans, and tell you I admired that gallant fellow for his loyalty to Dakota."

LACKING IN LOYALTY, TOO. "Do we lack loyalty to Sacramento?" "Yes, sir, I think from all I can find out, we do. I wish we had them in Portland and as able as they are here to give. I see the work of progressive merchants and builders and live men, and I hear others railing at them because they have pushed. I find a stranger putting in his coin to build a road, and I am told that some of your oldest citizens fought him inch by inch, and even some officials did all they could to shut the man out."

"You have electrical overhead wire roads in Portland?" "Yes, sir. We bid for them. We cultivated people to build them. We glory in them. We have six overhead electric roads, and have never had an accident. We have one cable line, and three horse-car lines, and the last of the latter goes out of business inside of three months, in favor of electricity."

"Well, you think ill of us then, I fear?" "No, sir, I like the people here. They are kind, have hearts full of hospitality, are gracious, and altogether a lovable people. Oh, no, I like them, or I would not go through some of the things that Sacramento that I deplore the apathy of your people. I'll tell you the trouble in a word or two. They think of their town as a whole, so often. It is because I love the people think of their town first. I tell the cities of the Northwest every feature of interest is known in detail to all citizens here, few are known to any. Up north bitter enemies clasp hands for the town, and to interest a stranger in it before he gets his name on the hotel register, and every where is utterly alone, and no one takes the slightest interest in making him acquainted with the points of the coast, its thirty miles of drives, its parks, galleries, churches, schools, State buildings, business, soil products, situation, homes, manufactures, sights, landscapes, its sporting grounds, its driving park, its suburbs, its trade, and so forth. That is all I complain of. Stand together for your town, and run out the fellows who stay here and still abuse the place by shaming them."

A recent invention is an electric mineral ore detector, by which it is claimed that the presence of ore may be instantly detected. By this means a comparatively inexperienced person is able to tell whether the sample contains ore or not.

NEW PUBLICATIONS. H. S. Crocker & Co. of San Francisco have sent from their press a work of great value to a very large and important California industry. It is entitled "The Raisin Industry; a Practical Treatise on the Raisin Grapes, their History, Culture and Curing," by Gustav Eisen. The work is placed for sale in Sacramento with H. C. Megeer, Fourth street, between J and K. Mr. Eisen is a practical raisin-grower and a large shipper, and has made the industry a close study for many years. By training, reading, experience as a grower and observation here and abroad, Mr. Eisen is especially qualified to speak upon the subject treated in this work. The book we recognize as one of high merit and great usefulness. Professor Hilgard, of the State University, says of it, "It is certainly a most timely work, and one that the author's training and experience have fitted him peculiarly to undertake. I congratulate him on the raisin industry of the State upon the forthcoming work, in which I recognize from the outset the Germanic thoroughness and a certain adherence to facts that do not always characterize such publications." Professor E. J. Wickson, also of the State University, says: "I discern in the work abundant information and faithfulness in details of practice which will constitute it the standard treatise on the raisin. I congratulate the author sincerely upon his most excellent work." Colonel Forsyth, of Fresno, the World's Fair Commissioner, writes: "It is a concise history of raisin-grape growing, and is a practical guide for raisin-growers, containing full and reliable information about how to plant and grow the vines, and how to cure and pack the raisins. With this book in hand the inexperienced farmer or clerk can safely engage in raisin-growing with expectation of success from the very start."

"Curing" for February is a thoroughly representative of the best to last. Osbert Howarth, who was sent by "Outing" to the Azores on a cycling tour with rod, gun and camera, gives his interesting experiences. Rowing at Oxford introduces the under-graduates of America to their kinsmen across the water, and furnishes, in a profusely illustrated article, a delightful and accurate picture of college life in England. "Curling" from an enthusiastic chronicler in G. E. Gordon. "Turkey Tracking" in Canadian Rockies, yet seen from the safety of W. Sandys, and in fishing for the Silver King, Mortimer Murphy puts before his readers another of the popular sports of Florida's delight and excitement from the sunny shores of Charlotte Harbor to the frozen depths of the sea of Azoff, is a tramping more entertaining to read than any book, yet seen from the safety of the other; and A. P. Talbot, who contributes the Azoff article, has had residence in a certain part of the world which he has availed himself