

PRESS COMMENT.

"The Unique City of Astoria."

From the Astorian, December 16.

SOME time ago a youth, to fortune and to fame unknown, came canvassing for the *Northwest*, a magazine edited by a man who has never lost a chance to slur or ignore Astoria, and who has always been useful to his employers. It was announced that the December number of the magazine was to be resplendent with the choicest productions of pen and pencil, illustrating and describing Astoria. The skill of the artist was to vie with the ability of the writer, and the number in question was to be to Astoria the thing we long had sought, and mourned because we found it not. Incidentally the youth aforesaid bored every individual member of the Council in an attempt to have an appropriation made to "illustrate" the public buildings, and later on the Chamber of Commerce listened to the song of the siren concerning the advantages to be derived from "a map of the county." But the City Council and the Chamber of Commerce both felt that if any money was to be spent "illustrating" or advertising the city, that it could and would be done through some other medium than the publication of the gentleman who two years ago characterized the city as "a hamlet" and sneered at its pretensions.

"The article on Astoria is to occupy the greater part of the December number," so we were told, but took no stock in the statement. Oh, lame and impotent conclusion! The reading matter occupies less than three pages, and is a rehash of old statistics and weather-beaten statements. The "illustrations" are an alleged "view of Astoria, looking toward Tongue Point," a picture of the *General Miles*, the Astor House, the Clatsop Mill, John Hobson (the best engraving and the best thing in the book), D. K. Warren's house, Ross' Opera House," and a "distant view." The last is the worst. There may be worse pictures than that "distant view," but we have never seen them. The article says that the Astor House is situated near the O. R. & N. dock, and is the largest and best hotel in the city. Theodore Broomer must have given free board and lodging to the writer during the two hours he spent getting up the article on Astoria, though it is hard to see how he put in his time. Everything in it has a flavor of having been bought and paid for, and the only apparent reason that the article is no longer is that the patronage was not forthcoming. Like Hodge's razors that were made only to sell, the whole thing seems gotten up "for what there is in it." Men and institutions that have done a great deal for our little city are not mentioned at all. The "article," "illustrations" and all cost the most of us nothing, and the whole business is worth what it cost.

In pleasing contrast to the journalistic abortion commented upon above is the issue of THE WEST SHORE for June, 1883, which, without any flourish of trumpets or beating of drums, gave an excellent description of our seaside city and many fine illustrations, copies of which are preserved in many Astoria homes. That useful magazine, in the issue in question, gave three splendid views of Astoria; the public buildings, the principal business blocks and private residences, etc., were fully and fairly illustrated, and the whole thing was done with the neatness and thoroughness that characterizes the enterprising publisher and proprietor of THE WEST SHORE. Comparing the two but shows what a caricature is the production of the *Northwest*. More than two years have elapsed. New buildings have been erected, new streets built, new residences grace the hills and business portion; the finest

school house in the State outside of Portland (the best advertisement the town has), Captain Flavel's massive residence, Colonel Taylor's fine new house, and fifty others that might be named, all ignored—probably because the owners declined to "put up."

The Eastern Craze.

From the Portland Sunday Welcome, December 19.

ALMOST daily our child-like faith in the superiority of everything "Eastern" receives a shock. We are gradually learning that we can and do produce at home as good, or better, things of many kinds than can be procured abroad. Yet there are many of us who must eat "Eastern" butter and wear "Eastern" pants, and who continue to send East for manufactured work which can be produced as well and cheaply at home. Our disappointments are frequent; but though experience is a hard taskmaster, we seem determined to learn in no other way. This "Eastern" worship is the baldest kind of nonsense, but we still continue to wear patches on our knees for worshipping with our faces to the rising sun. A marked instance of this folly is that of the St. Paul *Northwest Magazine*. With much pomp and circumstance it was some time since announced that Portland and her sister cities were to be illustrated in that publication in the highest style of the engraver's art. As the *Northwest* was an "Eastern" magazine we naturally placed implicit reliance upon the highly colored announcement and looked for something "too utterly far beyond." It came and we collapsed. Instead of handsome engravings of Portland, we were treated to a collection of cheap photo-engravings of sketches by amateur artists, the subjects being a number of business buildings, inserted and paid for, simply for advertising purposes, several of them appearing twice in order to permit different firms to cover them with their signs. Accompanying these were the residences and portraits of some of our wealthy men, all put in "for a consideration," and a "View of Portland" which was but an indistinct reproduction of a photograph of about one-third of the city, taken several years ago, all done by the cheapest possible method—photo-engraving. The next number paid its respects to Vancouver and Astoria in the same manner, and met with very acrid criticism at the hands of the press at those cities. Says the *Independent*: "Such an apology for a view of Vancouver is a libel on the scenery of the Columbia River. If an enemy had employed that magazine to damage Vancouver it could not have been more adroitly done nor proved more effectual than this miserably managed advertising scheme." The *Astorian*, in paying nearly a column of compliments of a similar kind, thinks it drew a very large blank in the illustrating lottery. The fact is this "Eastern" craze is ridiculous, and never more so than in this instance. In our own illustrated magazine, THE WEST SHORE, we have an establishment that has a larger corps of high-priced artists than any magazine in the United States but *Harper's* and *Century*, and no other Eastern magazine, no matter what it may promise, can possibly give us anything comparable with it. THE WEST SHORE has promised a Portland number for January, and we have every confidence that it will give us something that will remove from our mouths the bad taste of this *Northwest's* fiasco.

A Profitable Investment

Can be made in a postal card, if it is used to send your address to H. H. Ilett & Co., Portland, Maine, who can furnish you work that you can do and live at home; few there are who cannot earn over \$5 per day, and some have made over \$20. Capital not required; you are started free. Either sex; all ages. All particulars free.