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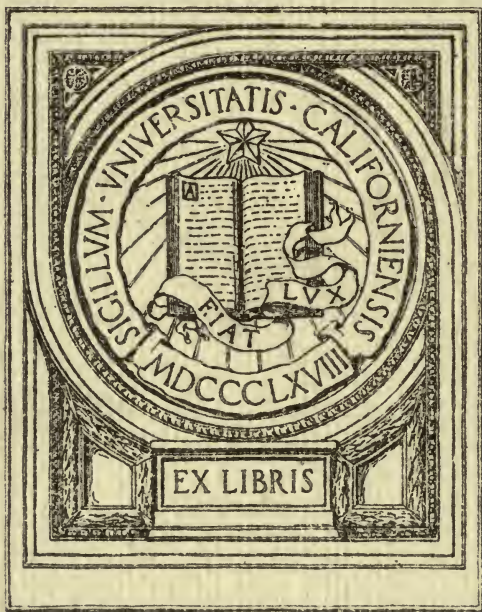
# AND OTHER STUFF

BY M. E.

(F. WEBER BENTON)

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*F. Weber Benton*



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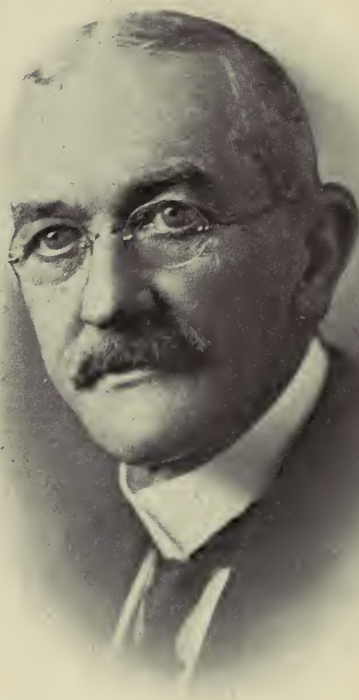
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M. E.

(F. WEBER BENTON)

# I

Being the autobiography of my own life, together with

## OTHER STUFF

and Pomes

By M. E.

( F. WEBER BENTON  
Keep this under your hat )

With pig-pen sketches by Dud Logan, Tay Garnett, F. I.  
Weatherbee, Gus Luley and the author

## HIMSELF

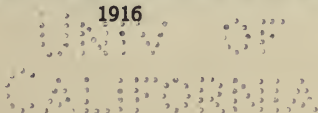
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1916



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By F. Weber Benton

TO THE  
ASSOCIATION



# I

## THE PREHISTORICAL PERIOD—AND THEN SOME

I first saw the light when I saw wood, and I have been doing it ever since. I was born early in my career, in the year 1855 B. C. (back country or British Columbia, same thing) in the merry month of May, on the eighth day thereof. I am sure of it for I was there.

I made things lively for awhile. Everybody within earshot knew I was on earth and they know it yet. I was fated to be noisy, even to the color of my sox, but no matter.

Anyhow, to leave off where I began I saw wood at an early age and my life has been one see-saw after another up to and including the present political period—if it doesn't snow.

To say I have made my mark in the world would be putting it mild, altho the least said about that the better, so I'll put the lid on that right now before I go any father—or mother. Nuf ced, that's a parent.

As time passed on I grew older—couldn't help it you know, and finally became a boy, notwithstanding I had never been anything else, but who cares? Still I'm telling you. Listen:

355418



The Plan was a Suck-cess

I, AND OTHER STUFF



Acquiring a Fair Ink-ling of the Business

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

Among the many commendable traits in my character, it devolves upon me, as the author of my own life to chronicle the fact that I was boyish, and when I say I was the author of my own life I do not mean that I was, at that time, a self-made man, being boyish. Catch my drift? Years later, however, when still older I took occasion to claim that I was a self-made man, people said I had nobody to blame but myself.

**DO NOT STOP HERE,  
READ RIGHT ON.**

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

### THE KID PERIOD

But I digress. More time passes and still I live, but how and why nobody will ever know. That is my own secret, not a soul knows it but myself, my own family, the general public and a few others. 'Tis well!

At the age of three I began to walk and say a few words but I failed to acquire flesh commensurate with my growth, so my mother concluded to bring me up on the bottle, and the plan was a suck-cess, therefore



The Boss

I have stuck to it ever since, that's why I am always in such good spirits.

Later on I went to school but I knew more than the teacher and quit. She asked me how to spell kat and I wouldn't tell her.

Still time went on and I entered into commercial life as "Devil" in a print shop. I did very well for awhile, acquiring a very fair ink-ling of the business

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

but I was ambitious. I yearned for fame and aspired to the editor's chair but the boss said he wanted it himself.

He agreed, however, to start me toward it by making me a reporter. He said I ought to inspire confidence, having such an open countenance. My first



An Open Countenance

story was a corker; it was entitled "The Tale of a Red Sweater, or, Prince Peelum, the Hair to the Throne," by Haul Kane (copywrited by him).

Haul Kane, you know, was my nom de pulme at

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

that time, but afterwards I signed myself Joe Kerr, Lord Helpim, O. U. Gillie, F. Weber Benton, O. Fudge and numerous other fictitious names to hide my ident-



Him

ity as I was constantly in danger of being mobbed. To show what a good story my first one was, it is herein set forth—or fifth, in all its horrible de tales, verbatim, as follows:

See Next Page

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

### THE TALE OF A RED SWEATER, ETC.

Once there was a king who had a son whose front name was Harry and for that reason it was suspected that the offspring was the heir to the throne, altho he had no hair apparent, being bald. The king's name has long since been forgotten but it matters not since the name of the prince remains, in fact he still lives but does not live still, being a hair-um scarum fellow and full of pranks, prunes and other ingredients. Often he was accused of aspirations to a crown, chiefly on account of his kingly heir.

Once upon a time he had an opportunity to go to war but he declined the honor, fearing that he might kill some thing besides time, not saying, however that he was not brave for it is related of him that on several occasions he had been in noted engagements, principally with women, and always came out victor, except for the matter of small court costs and insignificant alimony. However, he was a great admirer of the fair sex and never went to war with any other nationality.

Yearning, therefore, for a kingdom he aspired to one, in fact sought it and to him has been ascribed the celebrated words, "My horse for a kingdom," or words to that effect. But that has nothing to do with the red sweater which would have played an important part in this historical narrative had it not been lost in the wash, therefore further reference to it in this sad tale would be untimely, which, perhaps, is all for the best as this meek and modest garment was ever wont



## I, AND OTHER STUFF

to shrink from publicity to the point of disappearing—especially after an encounter with the tub.

We will therefore return to the prince since the sweater would not. We find him alone except for a few friends who joined him around the flowing bowl, however, they did not appear to break into his solitude but rather dispelled it by their conviviality. Upon the present occasion he was present as usual, which generally was the case when he was not absent, therefore let him rest in pieces, if not intact.

# TURN OVER

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

### PERIOD OF THE FOURTH ESTATE

Well, how's that? Some tale, eh? And now about I again:

Ofttimes as I would take my faithful pen in hand (I always write with my hand) and a cheroot in my face, thots would crowd themselves upon me in such



With Pen in Hand

numbers and with such rapidity that I frequently began at the end and finisht at the beginning, but nobody knew the difference. Therefore as a cub reporter I was a bear, in fact I soon became IT when it came to hot stuff.

Still I was not satisfied. I hungered for more glory. I hankered for laurels of the stage, the blare of the brass bands and the glare of the footlights, so

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

a actor I became—for one consecutive night. I did Hamlet and when the curtain fell on me you could have heard a cannon roar.

However, I escaped with my life, hence I am still living.



## IT

My next adventure was matrimony. One would think that after all the misfortunes I had known that I would have avoided others, but I was ever reckless, what was life to me? and so I took unto myself a wife. I will not enter into particulars of my married life or the little details incidental thereto. There are some

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

things too sacred for the public ken. That is the funny part of it. Do you get me? My wife did.

I will say, however, that there are worse things than being married—whether you believe it or not. And now that I recall it, I never had a chance to get lonesome, there was always something going on, always merriment and hilarity, and between the piano and the children life was a continual dream, some-



I did Hamlet

thing of a nightmare, don't you know?—so much so at times, when I felt a longing for peace and quiet I would steal down to the shop of my friend, the shoemaker, as he bugled the popular songs of the day.

But I am ahead of my story. Back up!

**DON'T HESITATE, THE WORST IS YET TO COME.**

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

### PERIOD OF JOURNALISTIC ACTIVITY

Prior to my connubial entanglements, as it were, I had realized the ambition of my life. I became an editor; yes, indeed, not only editor but owner of "The Watts Weakly Warbler." A contemporary was mean enough to insinuate that my only chance to edit a



When the Curtain Fell on Me

paper was to have one of my own as no other paper would give me a job, but I paid no attention to him, in fact I never paid anything if I could help it.

Being the owner of a paper was one reason why I married. I had to find some use for the merchandise I got for subs. and ads.

As editor of the Warbler I didn't do a thing to my contempt-uaries and they knew it. Bill Jackson of the Try-Weakly Scissor (he calls his paper scissor because it's all steal) got tanked one day and I announced the fact in the Warbler, saying he was drunk, and when the next issue of the try-weakly came out—a day late—he denied the charge, saying he was only slightly intoxicated, but that was bad enough as there



Little Details of Married Life  
16

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

are several persons in Watts who are opposed to intemperance.

Running a paper is a very exciting business, and sometimes dangerous. An editor has to be careful about saying harsh things of people; it isn't always good policy to call a man a horse thief, or a liar or such things—unless you know your man pretty well.

But the best thing about a newspaper is making a "scoop." The Warbler scooped the Scissor once. It was when a big bum busted in Berlin, but the Scissor didn't have a word about it, in fact the issue contained no war news whatever and the secret leaked out when he published, in the following issue, a double-leaded scare head editorial accusing someone of having stolen his paste pot and shears. The next week, however, he managed to acquire a new set of these editorial accessories and the usual assassinated press dispatches appeared.

Some very embarrassing things also happens sometimes in an editorial office; for example, one day the imp came bouncing excitedly in and said:

"All our subscribers are coming in to pay a friendly visit."

Of course we were not prepared for the reception, having only two chairs, but I was equal to the emergency and hustled the kid out to borrow another while I sat on the beer keg.

At first I thought they had come to pay a friendly call as the devil had stated, but great was my surprise and chagrin when each and all three said they had come to cancel their subscriptions.

# I, AND OTHER STUFF



He Bugled the Popular Songs of the Day



## I, AND OTHER STUFF

One thing I like about the newspaper business is the lot of exchanges that come in, and an editor needs a stack of good, interesting reading matter and the stuff in them helps to fill up and saves a lot of writing, in fact we find all kinds of matter in them that is almost as good as we can write myself.

Among my favorite exchanges are, the Spookville Sporadic, The Maketown Megaphone, and the Bugville Bugle. They all have some well known contributors such as Mr. Washington Post, Atlanta Constitution, N. Y. Herald, etc., and they are certainly some writers. I see their names in a good many papers.

**FEAR NOT, PROCEED**

I, AND OTHER STUFF



A Big Bum Busted in Berlin

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

### PERIOD OF PERIODICAL PEREGRINATIONS AND THE PERFECTLY PROPER PURSUITS OF PLEASURE

During my life, that is, up to the present time, I have been a great traveler. Once I went clear from Watts to Wilmington, half way across Los Angeles County, accompanied by my racing turtle mascot. While in Los Angeles I had a great time. I took in two five-cent picture shows and a trip on a trolley car to one of the parks, and walked back. Altogether I spent forty cents in two days seeing the sights. Los Angeles is a dangerous place to live in, several times I came near being run over by the street cars and automobiles. It's all right for a visit but me for the quiet life in the rhubarbs.

Since taking up my residence in Watts I have become somewhat prominent in municipal matters and it's more than likely that I will be elected to some public office, in fact it is rumored that I am to be nominated for the office of Bill Collector on commission. I have always wanted to be a commissioned officer.

There is much more that I could relate about I but modesty forbids the giving of publicity to some of my acts and fear of prosecution holds my pen in check regarding others. Hence my silence.



On to Wilmington  
22

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

### PERIOD OF MATRIMONIAL MOMENTS

Returning to my melancholy moments I shall dwell briefly on events leading up to and culminating in my capitulation to the little god of Love called



Stenographers Love Lobsters

Cupid. Seven times did I escape him but the fourth time I was grabbed quick, and had to stand for it.

I came within one of getting the first girl I courted. When I asked her to be mine she said, "No," if she had said "Yes" I would have had her. She was a

I, AND OTHER STUFF



A Gentle Creature

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

stenografter and said she would not allow any man to dictate to her. What she wanted was a lobster, something she could handle. Stenographers love lobsters, you know.

I passed up the next one, who was a suffragette, a gentle creature, but I thot it best to let her suffer alone and I am told she is talking suffrage-yet, and pants for publicity.

My third courtship was brief, the girl didn't marry me, but threatened to. Finally I met my Water-Lu—all by accident. I called up a girl on the fone to invite her to a show. "Is this Miss Rubberneck?" says I "It's her," she says. "Well," says I, "I called you up to propose—" "Oh! dear," she gurgles, "how sudden, but I'll marry you; what is the name please?"

Now I know what they mean when they say they've got my goat.

That's my finish. I married, and to a girl I had only seen twice, once at the butcher shop and when I called her on the fone.

I was informed that she had money and was afflicted with some kind of incurable complaint. but I would not allow the latter to influence me against a connubial alliance, in fact the vision of being a wealthy widower had always been an alluring one to me, so I accepted, but alas, she not only lacked lucre but proved much too long for this world, the only consolation being that she was a wife I could look up to.

The moon of honey had scarcely begun before I regretted my rash act and I was mad enough to seek my own destruction and tried to do so but just as I

She  
was  
too  
long  
for  
this  
World





I, AND OTHER STUFF



They Got My Goat



"Say, looka here, we don't want no tramps hangin' 'round here."

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

was in the act a onery cop comes up and says: "Say looka here, we don't want no tramps hangin' 'round here."



I See My Finish

So, I say, that's my finish. After a man is married there is nothing more to tell, or that should be told, so good night.

## THE END OF THE TAIL

“STRETCH”

I, AND OTHER STUFF



Me

I, AND OTHER STUFF

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*Other Stuff*

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## I, AND OTHER STUFF

### TIPS

Now we come to the subject of tips and in this connection it may be remarked that of tips there are several kinds. In the last place there are ostrich tips but they come high and we will pass them by with but a passing glance. In the fourth place we have finger tips fol-



"How you puff out your chest as you toss the taxi a piece of silver in full view of the bystanders."

lowed by betting tips and tipping the boat but the tip de luxe is the porter and waiter tip.

With what sense of magnanimity and self respect you flip the bell hop a shiner when he deposits the ice water on your tabourette, how you puff out your chest

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

as you toss the taxi a piece of silver in full view of the bystanders. But what greater pride is there for man than to deposit a V on the waiter's tray at the grill and with an imperious wave of the hand and a non-chalant air murmur softly "Keep the change," for then



A Little Supper with a Dainty Dame

she may justly suspect that you have money and are a good spender. What a glorious reputation! Think of it, boys, she will tell the girls the next day of the swell time she had and how "she blowed" a Johnnie for half of his week's salary.

I, AND OTHER STUFF



A Bowl of Soup and a Brace of Buns for a Whole Dime



## I, AND OTHER STUFF

Then there is the porter on the Pullman. What if he takes his ease all the way, he certainly is "on the job" at the journey's end, gives you a few gentle taps



Feeding His Face at Fifteen Cents a Throw

with his ponderous broomlet and if you don't cough up everybody in sight rates you as a cheap skate.

There is at time, however, to tip and a time to es-

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

cape the luxury ; for instance, the Johnnie who spends half of his week's salary on "a little supper" with a dainty dame knows of most inexpensive joints where he can feed his face for the balance of the week at 15 cents a throw and have enough of the filthy lucre left



A Cabaret Queen

on Saturday night to rescue his sox from the laundry.

Sandwiches and dairy lunches in solitude are the penalties for the reputation of being a good spender, while the dainty dame who orders everything on the bill of fare at the evening spread, when she leaves her

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

work the next day at noon, slips into a nearby cafeteria and punishes a bowl of soup and a brace of buns for a whole dime.

Now it is said that the "Lord loveth a cheerful given" and that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," wherefore the good pastor so fervently impresses this fact upon the minds of his attentive hearers, but the wise ones of which usually drop a nickel in the contribution box since it makes more noise than a dime.

Were it not for tips the waiters and porters would find it necessary to practice economy, for they in turn must have their high life and it is with ghoulish glee that they dissipate the hard earned dollars of the Johnnies in midnight orgies in the glitter and glare of the bright lights of the underworld. So "on with the dance, let joy be unrefined," "fill up the bowl" to swell and belle, for all are "tipsy good fellows" while the lucre lasts.

So here's to the chappie who tips,  
To the damsel with ruby red lips,  
They are birds of a feather  
And they flocketh together,  
The chick and the Johnnie who tips.

## GOOD NIGHT

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

### HAMMOND AIGS, THE BRIEFLESS BAR- RISTER.

By Joe Kerr, per Simmons.

Mr. Aigs, of Watts, can boast of a most novel and checkered career. In the beginning it may be related



Practicing at the Bar

that he was born at a remarkably early period in his life, so early and soon, in fact, that all the details of that sad event has entirely escaped his memory; fur-

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

thermore his parents are said to be rich, but respectable, notwithstanding.

As may be suspected his youth was spent before he had become a man, but that did not appear to make any difference with him, it had to be done, and he



Succeeded in Having His Client Convicted

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

reconciled himself to the inevitable; therefore, he grew up from a child—as is usual, but he did not seem to mind it.

At the age of twenty-one he decided to adopt some profession but for a time he could not make a selection. Many suggestions were offered by his friends, but all were rejected. However, he finally decided to become a doctor and a doctor he became, but he did not last long as such; he got disgusted when his friends called him “a grafter” because he grew new skin on a man’s nose and called his “a skin game.” And when he reduced a dislocated hip they accused him of pulling a man’s leg. “Nothing doing,” he said, “no doctor for me.”

Next we find him practicing at the bar; this suited him better—that is to say, it was a more agreeable occupation, but not so profitable—the treatment was too costly, being mostly on him, and the legal fraseology drifting into such salutations and expressions as “What’s it going to be?” “Have one on me,” “Join us,” “Just one more,” “Four fingers,” “Set ’em up again,” “It’s on the house,” etc. On many occasions he found himself addressing the judge in eloquent oratory, saying, “Not guilty, your honor.” And then again, pleading before a jury of his own countrymen, he would demand a “change of venue,” recommending the bar at Watts. Once he instituted a habeas corpus proceeding but it became a dead issue just because it was a corpus.

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

### Hammond Aigs Has a Watch Case in Court

Mr. Aigs had four children and they were said to be his own, in fact there were certain indications that they were; to begin with in some respects they were like him, so much so that the neighbors called them bad Aigs. Mr. Aigs admitted it. He also claimed his right to have four children as well as fore fathers. He however, only had one mother—that is of his own—until he married, but the less said of that the better. Of sisters he had many—by adoption and altogether his was a large family which necessitated his providing for their maintenance as their needs were many, altho it cannot be said that they were needy; this may seem a paradox and it is, so let it go at that—whatever it is.

Therefore, in consequence of the necessity of getting a living—notice we say “getting” where others might have said “earning”—he decided to decide upon some occupation and for a time occupied a cel—self appointed position as head waiter in a cannery but was shortly canned to quote the vernacular of the gamin, so he turned him again to the law, concluding that a knowledge thereof would aid him materially in keeping out of jail. So a lawyer he is and a lawyer he remains—not the remains of a client but of his frugal daily repasts.

One day he had a case in court, in fact, courts are where cases are tried and where lawyers try to try them. It was not often that he had a case but this was a time he did have one. He was retained by a man accused of stealing a watch. The watch was placed in evidence and the prisoner in jail.

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

Mr. Aigs made a strong plea for his client and succeeded in having him convicted. As a result the prosecution endeavored to confiscate the watch but in the excitement the lawyers appropriated the works, the judge took the case under advisement and kept it, and Mr. Aigs was relieved, therefore no longer retained, while he complained that the prisoner for merely taking the watch is doing time.

"That joke," said the judge, "is very bad, Aigs," with a heavy accent on the last two words.

### **Hammond Aigs Continually at the Bar**

Among the several cases tried in court by Mr. Aigs was the most remarkable one of a youth by the name of Gunn who had been pinched for licking a stamp, the arresting officer, referring to the young man, called him a "son of a Gunn" and charged that he wrote an unseen letter to his father. Mr. Aigs, as the attorney for the defendant, claimed that his client, as the son of a Gunn, must be a pistol, he, therefore, asked that the elder Gunn be subpoenaed to testify, believing that upon a report from the Gunn the pistol would be discharged. The old man, however, was "half shot" and his testimony regarding the value of the injured stamp was so damaging that Mr. Aigs could not make the cast stick in the court, the judge claiming that the stamp was stuck on the prisoner.

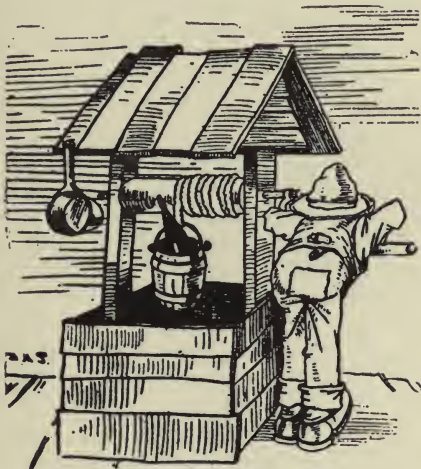
And just because the attorney for the defense lost the case he was fired by the elder Gunn.



## I, AND OTHER STUFF

### WHAT OUR ARTIST DREW.

Upon imagination strong he drew,  
For drawing was his hobby;  
He drew a lot, John on the spot,  
And John was neat and nobby.



And Also Drew His Breath

He drew comparisons odious  
And also drew his breath;  
Some corks he drew, tho just a few,  
And then drew near to death.



"HE DREW ATTENTION TO HIS  
STYLE AND TO HIS CLOTHING TOO."

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

He drew a sketch, he drew the line  
At one-piece bathing suits;  
He drew four kings and other things  
And then drew on his boots.

He drew a salary fabulous,  
A pension also drew,  
He drew attention to his style  
And to his clothing, too.

He drew a blank, 'twas not a stare,  
And then he drew a prize;  
He drew his gun, tho just in fun  
To give his friends surprise.

He drew imaginary lines  
In Mex. and then some beer;  
He drew a fine across the line,  
And then drew to his bier.

He drew his brother to one side,  
In conversation slow;  
He spoke so well of so-called he—well,  
And then withdrew below.

He drew his girl unto his breast,  
He drew her close to him;  
He held her tight (she said he might),  
Beneath the gaslight dim.



He Drew His Girl

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

He drew up near, and then drew back,  
He drew a pail of water,  
He drew some sighs, and also flies,  
A gift his girl he bought her.

He drew a stein of foaming beer,  
'Twas by his father made,  
And tho his father was no Jew,  
Hebrewed it in the shade.

He drew the stein of beer to him,  
No longer was he blue,  
He said, "this is no Jewish junk  
It Israelite in hue."

He drew a cork all gleefully,  
(He had an awful thirst)  
'Twas not because he liked the stuff,  
But done for "safety first."

He drew a paper from his coat,  
He drew his share and quit ;  
He drew his sword and stabbed a board,  
Then drew he on his mitt.

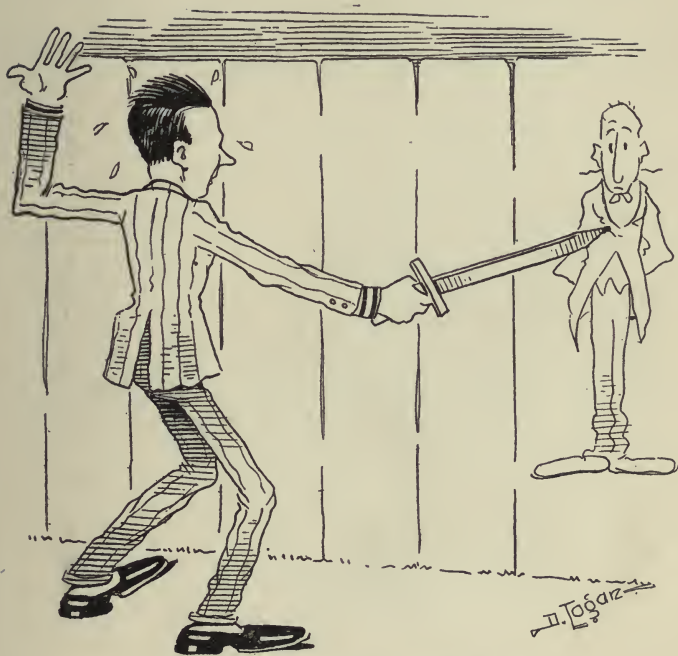
He drew suspicion to himself,  
Did this young draughtsman bold ;  
He drew a map upon his lap,  
Likewise a stack of gold.

I, AND OTHER STUFF



He Drew Some Sighs and Also Flies

I, AND OTHER STUFF

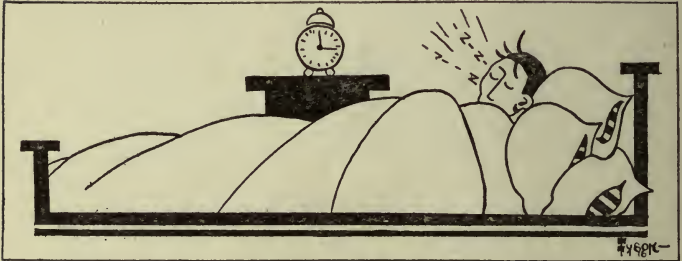


He Drew His Sword and Stabbed a Board

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

He drew a long black pencil mark,  
Across his barroom score;  
He drank some rye and bye and bye,  
He loudly called for more.

He drew most every other day,  
On his small bank account;  
He drew so much it left him such,  
A very small amount.



He Drew the Downy Covers Up

He drew the curtains of his den  
And hied him to his bed;  
He drew the downy covers up,  
To hide his sleepy head.

And now our tale is nearly done,  
'Tis drawing to a close;  
Our artist snores, no more to draw  
Till draws he on his clothes.



I, AND OTHER STUFF

THE CUR DOG

They call him a cur, maybe so,  
'Cause my dog has no pedigree,  
But he's honest and true and I know  
He's a mighty good friend to me.



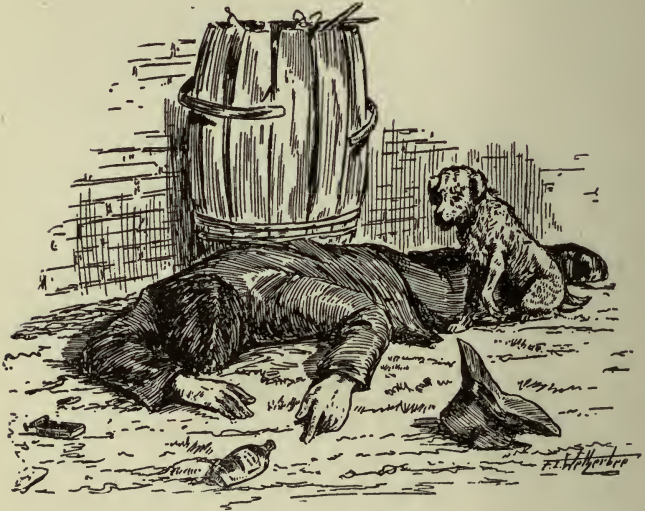
The Cur Dog

No matter if ill fortune finds  
Me parted from friends of the past,  
And grub is nil in the larder,  
He faithfully shares in my fast.

The wife of my bosom grows weary  
Of my luck and humble fare,  
And says she is going to mother  
But Towser won't follow her there.

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

He 'bides with his sorrowful master  
No matter if rich or if not,  
He's always the same to his loved ones,  
And fondly he shares in their lot.



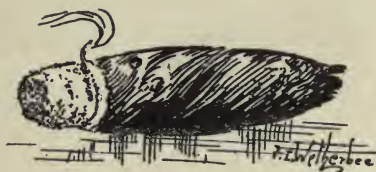
Even Unto Death

When Dame Fickle Fortune forsakes me,  
Then follows each cherished friend,  
But the cur, tho he be, will ever  
Be constant and true to the end

## I, AND OTHER STUFF

When death overtakes his beloved one,  
The dog then is there at his side,  
Nor does it matter whether it was  
As saint or a sinner he died.

Ah, well, you have friends when you prosper,  
And there's welcome for you everywhere,  
But it's ever the same to Old Towser,  
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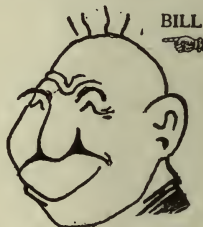
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