

A Tenderfoot
In
Southern California



BY
MINA DEANE HALSEY



17 Nov. 1861. Stationary at [unclear]

From

Mr. & Mrs. J. Blaylock

Roland Halsey

A TENDER FOOT

IN

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(DOWN TO DATE)

BY

MINA DEANE HALSEY

AUTHOR OF

WHEN EAST COMES WEST

NEEDLES AND PINS

WHISKERETTA

ETC.



NEW YORK

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This is an autograph edition
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Mina Deane Halsey

Some autograph - and
has that makes sense
with
with

TO GENE

And to the thousands of Angels (without wings) who are contentedly floating through life out in God's country, and to the thousands who live in hopes of some day doing likewise, I dedicate this little book.

FOREWORD

Much has been written about California, and Southern California in particular, as the native or the average citizen sees it. To the tourist, spending the winter in this garden spot, many little occurrences happen daily, that pass unnoticed by those living here, and to this end, this small volume is offered in memory of the many joys and trials combined, experienced by one of the ever-present tenderfeet.

THE AUTHOR.

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A FLEA-BITTEN TENDERFOOT



WHEN I came out to California, Bill, some blamed idiot who knew it all, advised me what to bring.

He said—(and I'll bet my old pair of suspenders he never *saw* California) says he,

“Dont take any winter clothes out there with you, its such a hot country you wont need 'em.”

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Wall, I didnt, and by gum, I like to froze to death.

All I had in that blamed trunk of mine was some peck-a-boo underwear and drop stitched stockings.

I wore a summer suit and a straw hat out on the train, to keep cool, and was snow bound on the way to Los Angeles, and frost bitten, by gum, after I got here. It sure was a cold night when we pulled in, and as the train was four or five hours late, I footed it up town, to a hotel.

I didnt put up at Mr. Alexandria's or the Van Noose, as I heard on the train they charged you extra to blow your nose, if you stopped there. So I found a room on Main Street (which is nothing to be proud of) and the landlady hollered after me, as I went

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up the stairs, not to blow out the gas.

I didnt.

By gum, I was so stiff with the cold, I kept it burning all night to melt the icicles I knew must be hanging to the end of my nose. There was only one measley pair of summer blankets on that bed, and the pillows were so small, I came blamed near losing 'em in my ear before morning.

I went to bed with all my clothes on, and the rest of the night I laid there and shook until I jarred the bed, and some fellar who had a room under mine, pounded on the ceiling, and told me to make less noise up there.

I couldnt help it—the slats in the old bed were loose and rattled, any way.

If ever I was lonesome, Bill, and

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wanted to go home, I did that night.

It wasnt because I was alone, either —no, not that, for I'll bet I held up over one hundred fleas in different sections of that bed and on me, before morning, and every one of 'em was as big as a rat.

Now of course I dont really mean to say that they were that big, but by gum, they looked so to me that night. You know I never saw a real, healthy, hustling California flea before. I could see their eyes shine as they looked at me, and I'll swear some of 'em had on glasses and carried lanterns so they could find me easier.

There were old gray beards among 'em that had voted for years, and I'll bet hadnt had a square meal since the last tenderfoot slept in that bed.

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I found out afterwards, that they dont bite the natives—skins are too thick—but a real tender, juicy down easter, is as much of a treat to 'em, as a porterhouse steak is in a bum boarding house.





ROOMS FOR RENT



HONEST to goodness, Bill, I had no more idea what I was going up against, when I started out hunting rooms in Los Angeles, than a good-natured turkey has on Thanksgiving Day, when she sees a fellar with a smile on his face, and a hatchet in his hand, sneak up behind her.

A man on the train told me the best way to do was to rent a room or two,

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and take my meals any old place. I must have found some of the "old" places first, and some were older than others, Bill. This fellar said there were two hundred rooms for rent in the Westlake district, and I must have got around to 199½ of 'em before I felt that I had had my money's worth, and took his word for the few I'd missed. I got back to the hotel somehow, but suffering Kansas!—my head ached, my knees had given out altogether, and my stomach rolled and pitched so I couldn't eat anything for days.

Of all the sights, and the sounds, and the smells, Bill, I ever had thrown at me, shoved down my throat, plastered all over me, in the sixty odd years I've been on earth, I found 'em that first day, hunting rooms.

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There were sights in some of those rooming houses that old P. T. Barnum would have mortgaged his circus to have got hold of—there were sounds in those rooming houses that any first-class crazy house would have been ashamed of; and smells—well, I can't seem to find the right words to make it plain as I wish I could, Bill. Anyway, my stomach didn't get settled down and feel at home for over a month, and for weeks every blamed automobile that passed me, that had a smell to it, cost me the price of a bromo seltzer. I had to take so many bromo seltzers that some of the drug clerks reached for the bottle whenever they saw me coming in the door, and one fellar asked me if I didn't want to buy out half the business. I thought I knew

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just about what I wanted when I started out hunting for rooms, but, by gum, I changed my mind worse than any female you ever heard tell of.

Why, Bill, you don't know enough to last you over night, after you've been through half a dozen of those rooming houses!

Fact.

I'll bet my mouth was wide open and my tongue hanging out by the time I got to the last place. I remember I was so "all in" that I said "yep" to everything the woman told me, and handed out \$5.00 deposit on a room I wouldn't put my old shoes in, just to stop her talking and give her a chance to get her second wind. Why she looked like she'd bust a bloodvessel, if

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she didn't stop talking long enough to swallow.

Bill, you never even *heard* of a "kitchenette," did you?

Well, by gum, *I've seen one*—yes, sir, had to live to be 65 years old, to know what a "kitchenette" was.

No, you're wrong, Bill—they ain't anything like the kids get in their heads at school—nope—but I can swear that some of 'em was alive, for the landlady insisted on showing me just how much was furnished for \$25 a month, and some things must have been thrown in for good measure, because she didn't mention anything extra for some of the things *I* saw.

Now, Bill, a "kitchenette" is a kind of a room that the fellar that built the house forgot to put in until after the

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house was finished, and then woke up and saw his mistake. So he finds a closet, that ain't big enough for him to shave himself in, even if he uses a safety razor, and he starts in to locate his "kitchenette."

Why they give the thing such a long, respectable name, and then saw it off at both ends, and take a tuck in the middle, I dunno.

When the landlady opened the door, I only got one foot in, but, by gum, I had to back out, Bill—couldn't turn around for fear of dislocating the cook-stove.

She said everything was so handy in a "kitchenette," because you could put a chair in the middle of the room, and do all your cooking without even getting up.

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I told her, if there had been a *re-volving* chair in the "kitchenette," I might have paid a deposit to hold it, for fear some other blamed fool would get it away from me, but seeing as she had neglected so important a matter as that, I didn't dare take it, for fear I'd get tangled up in the furniture, and some morning she'd find me hung up on one of those pot-hooks, dead as a door nail.





WHEN IT RAINS



HERE are three things in California that are different from the same three things any where else on earth.

They are sunshine, moonshine, and rain. I might add the biggest liars for the fourth, but that is another story.

I've seen it rain some in my time, but by gum, when it rains in Cali-

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ifornia, its got all the rest of the country skinned to death. Where one drop lights on you in a back east rain-storm, a bucketful strikes you in the same spot, out here.

It rains in sheets, in blankets, and in comforters, and then some. Every drop certainly must be a comforter, for you never saw people so tickled to death over a rain-storm as these Californians are.

Every blamed man, woman and child, acts like they'd struck a gold mine in their own back yard.

The kids dance up and down and cry, "Now we can get our red wagons"; the wife will smile and say, "This will bring the automobile the old man promised me", and the old man—if he's a farmer, he's out

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talking it over with his nearest neighbor, both of 'em soaking wet, but with a smile that wont wash off and crying out, "Bully, bully, keep it up, keep it up! Its raining dollars, every drop." If he's a store keeper, he is smiling and nodding to every one who comes into the store, rubbing his hands together all the while, for it means "Dollars" in big letters to each and every one of 'em. Thats why they are so happy.

They aint out here, any of 'em, for their health, altho many a one has found it.

Health is laying around loose anywhere in Southern California. Its here in chunks, and if you've got life enough in you to draw a long breath, you wont have to draw very many, be-

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fore you begin to realize, they taste different, and make you feel like a kid back in school days when you played hookey and went fishing.

California air kinder gets you all over. Your musty old lungs aint had such a treat in all their life before, and they are already beginning to open up and grow larger, same as everything else does in California.

And when after one of these glorious rains, the sun comes out—I mean the real California sunshine, not a blinking, watery-eyed sun, peeking around the corner of a cloud, and then dodging back for fear some one saw it—(the back home kind)—no sir-ree, I mean the real thing that just beams on you, and throws a shine over everything until your eyes hurt, and you

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wonder if it aint made of different stuff than the kind you left back east in Illinois.

It makes the trees come back to life and grow young again, the flowers open up in brighter colors than before, and the hills are carpeted with green velvet, as far as the eye can reach.

And a funny feeling comes creeping over you—they've all got it out here—but for the life of me, I cant describe it to you. You'll have to come out and feel it for yourself, Bill.





AUCTIONS



I MUST say I never saw such a town for having auctions as Los Angeles.

For a fact, I counted nineteen auctions one night on the two main streets inside of eight blocks.

Most of 'em were Japs selling out, going home, they said, but inside of a week, these same fellows were having an "Opening" giving away

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presents, further up town in another block.

They aint the only heathens selling out in that town, either.

One night when I was bumming around town I just naturally strolled into a jewelry auction.

That auctioneer was sure a dandy. He sold those suckers—men suckers I mean—solid gold watches for \$1.95 *guaranteed*.

There were plenty of women suckers there; yep, bunches of 'em, and they bit harder than any man in the crowd.

They bid as high as five cents at a jump, and bid right over their own bids, until the auctioneer tickled so hard, he had to blow his nose to hide the laugh.

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His face was as red as a beet, and he nearly busted holding in, while he kept on saying,

“Lady, dont let it get away from you for only half a dime. If you cant use it for a cake spoon, you can use it to spank the baby with.”

Then some reckless woman would risk five cents more, and get it.

Mebbe when she counted out her change, it was all in nickles and dimes, and the old pocketbook was busted at both ends and mighty flat in the middle, but she held her head high as she sailed out of the store, with a silver plated baby spanker, and ten chances to one, she was an old maid, with no immediate prospects.

But there were others in that crowd—not old maids, but suckers. Yep, he

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hooked me, all right, and before I knew it, I had paid \$1.75 for a genuine diamond scarf pin as big as a marble and just about as brilliant.

I met Jones as I came out of the auction, and as he had been lingering in Jim Jeffries Saloon (all in big electric lighted letters) I could plainly see that a few more smiles on his part, would make that diamond scarfpin I had just bought, look like Jeffries sign on a foggy night.

Yep, they have fog in Los Angeles.

The Angels will tell you its "Unusual," but by gum, it fogs so hard here sometimes, that you have to follow the car tracks to find your way home.

I had to pay for several glasses of "Oh-be-joyful," before I could con-

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vince Jones that he needed that diamond scarf-pin the worst way, and I obliged him by taking in exchange, a sore-eyed bull pup, he'd bought on a street corner that afternoon, that was two-thirds fox terrier and the other part mule.





PASADENA'



PN Pasadena, meaning "Crown of the Valley," they have a street called Orange Grove Avenue.

I dont know why.

I didnt see any orange groves when I drove through there.

The avenue is also called "Millionaires Row," and "A Mile of Millionaires," for there are more millionaires

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on that avenue, than any other street of its length in the country.

The houses are certainly mighty fine—the fat pocketbook of the owners giving free rein to the builders of the castles, and the glorious sunshine of Southern California, doing the rest, in the way of flowers and beautiful lawns.

Yep, I paid a dollar a head for one of those two horse rigs that stand four deep at every street corner and nail a tourist the minute he steps off the street car. You know, Californians seem to know us, I dont know why—mebbe we look easy, or again mebbe its the cut of our trousers—still, they spot a woman tourist just as easy, so of course that cant be the reason, because—well, any way, they catch a tenderfoot with, “ Carriage to all the in-

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teresting parts of the City, sir," and its dollars to peanuts, some female in the crowd will roll her eyes at you and say, "Oh, what a lovely day for a drive," and its all off.

So you dump your overcoat, and your kodak and your lunch basket and your umbrella, and a bunch of wilted poppies, you've been carting around for two solid hours (to please some fool woman who "just couldnt resist gathering the beautiful things") you dump all of these into the nearest rig and also four or five hard earned dollars into the driver's pocket, and set back and make a bluff at enjoying yourself.

Speaking of California poppies. Of course, as I say, after you've carted a wilted bunch around for a few hours, you aint much stuck on 'em, but with-

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out a doubt, they are the finest wild-flower, the sun ever blossomed out.

In color and shape they look like our eastern buttercup, only their color is a brighter orange, and one flower is as big as twenty of 'em put together.

And say, Bill, when you look ahead of you, up on the side of a little sloping hill, at the foot of the mountains, and see a solid carpet of these flowers as big as a city block, and bigger—its kinder makes you draw a long breath, and feel funny inside.

You know the feeling you get when some one flings the old "Stars and Stripes" out in a good stiff breeze—you know Bill, something kinder like geese pimples go scooting up your backbone and end in the roots of your hair—well, thats the same feeling that

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nabs you when you get your first sight of a California poppy field. Like a hungry kid in a pie factory, your eyes get bigger and bigger as you drop down in a field of these golden blossoms, and pick and pick and keep on picking, hurrying as fast as you can, for fear the other fellar will get a bigger bunch than you do. There aint no strings on 'em—you're welcome to pick all you can carry away.

This last dont apply to the golden beauties on trees—California oranges. To these you are *not* welcome, not even if it would give you the pleasure of saying “you picked them off the trees yourself,” which means a whole lot to an easterner, who only sees oranges wrapped up in tissue paper, for sale back home.

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You know, its a surprise to me that these Californians who are eternally hooping up the glorious climate, on paper and otherwise, and spending a whole lot of money shipping East printed folders by the carload, to get the California Bee, buzzing in your head, until you'd almost give the farm away to get rid of it—you want to go to California so bad—you know, its a wonder to me that some of the fellars that have the most say so in the Angel City, dont buy an orange grove at some bargain sale price, and allow all tourists holding return tickets East, the privilege of going into a real orange grove and picking, say, half a dozen oranges, all by themselves.

That would be the biggest advertisement Los Angeles ever dreamed of, and

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it would beat reading over a lot of some other fellars ideas, all to holler.

New Years day I went over to Pasadena to the Tournament of Roses. This is a "doings" held in the Crown City every year, and the natives and tourists for miles around come to admire the show. Just why it is called the Tournament of Roses, I dont know. To be sure, there are some roses, more carnations, and mostly geraniums. But right here let me say that the geraniums in California, are the finest flowers you ever set eyes on. By gum, they are prettier than half the roses back home, for the bunches of blossoms on each stalk are as big as my two fists, and the color of 'em is away beyond anything I can describe to you.

A hedge of these scarlet beauties

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beat a hedge of bum roses any time and any where, even back home in Illinois.

Them's my sentiments, only dont let the editor of the home paper get hold of it, Bill.

I owe him a little money and I dont want to get him riled up.

The floats were all right, and some pretty girls, a few, were mixed in among the flowers, but Los Angeles flowers and Los Angeles girls knock 'em all to holler.

The Tournament or the flowers or the girls aint a smell side of the Fiesta the Angel City hands out to visitors each year in May. It's the prettiest thing you could ever dream about, Bill, and that aint no printed folder talk either.

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I've seen two of 'em and hope to see a good many more before I die. In some few ways Pasadena is ahead of Los Angeles. Its the only spot in the country whose citizens, as a whole, think there is no place like it. A while back they had a revival meeting in town.

There was a good sized audience and after they had all got pretty well worked up, the preacher shouted, "Now all you folks that want to go to Heaven, stand up."

All jumped to their feet, except one little fellar, who stuck his hands in his pockets, and kept his seat.

The preacher looked at him mighty hard and called out,

"Do you mean to tell me you dont want to go to Heaven?"

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“Nope,” he answered, “Pasadena is good enough for me.”

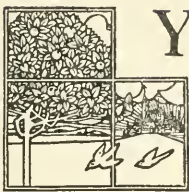
And that is about the way they all feel that live here—good enough for them.

I heard one of 'em say once he'd rather be a California jackrabbit, than a New York millionaire.





HOW TO SPEND YOUR MONEY



YOU know, Bill, when a tender-foot lands in Los Angeles, it comes

just as natural for every one of 'em to do the same thing the fellow did before him, as it does for a six months' old baby to stick everything into his mouth he can lay his hands on.

Yep, there are a lot of things in the way of "indoocements" in Los Ange-

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les that I'll bet ain't been missed by a "show-me" since the town put on its first suspenders.

There's Mt. Lowe, for instance, a most wonderful trip, that every tourist who has the price just about breaks his neck to take, and when he looks up the incline and sees what a blamed good chance he's got of breaking it, he'd back out and go home, if he wasn't afraid some fool woman would laugh at him.

Then there's Chinatown, a collection of smells you would never believe could be gathered together under the blue canopy of Heaven. Why, after leaving the rose gardens on the other side of town, and dropping into this nest of pigtails, it's like finding a dilapidated piece of limburger cheese

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'way down in the middle of marshmellow sundaes.

Marshmellow sundaes? Nope, ain't nothing to do with a Methodist prayer meeting, Bill; you'll have to guess again.

They grow 'em out here; not Methodist prayer meetings, but marshmellow sundaes. Yep, they grow 'em on sodywater trees, great, big, juicy ones, with a cherry on top. But back to Chinatown, with its pigtails and punk! Why, Bill, I smelt of punk for a week after I went on that trip through Chinatown.

What's punk?

Why, punk is—er—punk is, well, darn it, it's just *punk*, that's all. Don't ask so many fool questions, Bill.

It ain't a bunch of honeysuckle,

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b'gosh, I can tell you *that* much. Go out in the back yard and burn up a pair of old rubber boots—then shut your eyes and *smell!* Just as good as a trip through Chinatown, and a whole lot cheaper.

Here's a Chinese poem, Bill—*honest*—and by the looks of it, I should say the “chink” that wrote it was a bum writer.

Yep, I know it looks like turkey tracks in the snow back home, but it's the real genuine article just the same. Think of a fellar writing a love letter to his best girl and handing out a thing like that, Bill! Why, I can smell punk just looking at it. Fact; that poem is chuck full of punk to any one that ever got a whiff of it.

I can't read the blamed thing for

若尔立意欲遊唐人埠
則請于下午三點鐘
或八點鐘到嗶市呢
市打大殮館而見蘭
匿便可指引無悞矣

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you, Bill, but, by gum, I believe I can dance it.

Then there's the Chutes—no shooting the day I was there—place looked like Garvanza on a busy day—game law must have been on. I bought out the peanut stand and filled up the animals, drank a couple of glasses of beer hoping I'd "see things," but nothing showed up, so I decided to wait until next Fourth of July and go out again. They say they have to hang the "standing room only" sign out on holidays, and I'd rather hang onto a strap in a crowd any time than to have the whole car to myself, Bill.

Then there's Santa Monica and Ocean Park—no prettier spots on earth. Born and brought up together, used the same soap, and wiped their

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face on the same towel, but they ain't no relation, no sir-ree; they don't love each other worth a bean.

Then comes Venice—next door neighbor to Ocean Park; so close together they could have their arms around each other if they'd a mind to; but nope, they've both got a chip on their shoulders waiting for some one to bump into 'em.

But never mind. The old fellar that figured out how he could transform that cast-off land of bogs and slime into the beautiful little "dago" city he has, is worth taking your hat off to, Bill. They say he had an uphill fight from start to finish, and he ain't finished yet. Some few people down there thought they *saw* his finish, but he fooled 'em.

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A man that will go through what he has "for his country" and still be able to smile is made of the kind of stuff that will wash without fading.

Then there's Catalina Island; that's another sure thing in the way of sights that every tourist takes in. That trip will flatten out your pocket-book and likewise your stomach, and do more fancy work to your liver in about three shakes of a lamb's tail than a healthy windmill inside of your diaphragm could figure out in a month and a half.

The water between here and Catalina has been up and a-coming since Time began, and if it ain't the *meanest, dog-gorndest* piece of water that ever picked a fight with a man, then your Uncle Eben don't know how old he is. It does beat the Dutch, Bill, how a fel-

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lar will blow in good hard-earned cash, just to find out how it feels to wish he was dead.

Another beach is called Playa Del Rey; in plain U. S. everyday talk is just King of Beaches. I don't know whether its French or Dago, Bill, or whether the fellar that named it was just trying to see what he could do if they gave him long enough rope.

Anyway, I got a fish dinner down there that I'll remember as long as I live. Yes sir-ree.

Got a bone in my throat—that's reason enough, ain't it? Good dinner—fine—but I lost money on it, b'gosh, for that blamed fish bone went down with the first mouthful. I tried to get 'em to give me my money back, but there was nothing doing. They

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claimed I'd spoilt the shape of the fish, and they couldn't sell it to anybody else.

I told 'em to go ahead and make fish chowder out of it—I'd give 'em back the bone just as soon as I could find it, but they was so blamed pig-headed about it, they said they couldn't see it that way.

I told 'em I had given 'em a mighty good idea, and I'd bet a barrel of hard cider the next fellar that ordered fish chowder down there *would* "see it that way."

Gosh, Bill, I'm glad I didn't order a fried egg, can't tell, might have got a *wishbone* in my throat!



BARGAIN SALES



LOS ANGELES is the greatest town for bargain sales. One store or another, has 'em every day out here.

I got into the middle of a stocking sale once, and when I got out, and took account of stock, I didnt have all the clothes on I started in with, but I had two pairs of women's polka dotted stockings wound around my neck, and another pair in my pocket.

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Its a wonder I wasnt arrested for shop-lifting.

I never saw such actions in all my life, Bill. Women, big and little, grabbed and pulled and hauled, and grunted and groaned, and seesawed back and forth, each one trying to spend some poor devil-of-a-husband's hard earned dollars, while he was racing around town trying to "do" some other poor devil, to make both ends meet. Mebbe the hat he wore was last years and his shoes were out at the sides, and run down at the heels, but his wife was a close buyer and would, no doubt, bring him home a pair of light green socks, embroidered in yellow polka dots.

In the scramble, one woman got hold of a single stocking, and another

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woman side of her, got hold of the mate to it, and a few jerks pulled them apart.

And do you think either woman would give up her stocking?

Not much!

The clerk called the floor walker and he called the manager, but there was nothing doing. One of 'em said "she wouldnt let that piefaced female have that stocking if they called the police."

So they each paid for one stocking and kept it.

One woman bought seventeen pairs.

"A woman cant have too many pairs of stockings," I heard her say. "This nasty yellow pair, I'll save until next Christmas and give 'em to Mrs. Brown, to pay her for that old ten cent

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handkerchief she sent me last Christmas.”

Think of it, Bill—seventeen pairs of stockings these hard times—I’m glad I aint married, b’gosh.

The Angel City has plenty of mighty fine stores, barring a few whose bargain sales (in big red letters) are carried on midway a dinky little entrance door, where customers have to crowd and push their way through a bunch of half baked females buying real lace at 2 cents a yard.

For a solid half hour, these women will stand, first on one foot and then on the other, hanging onto their bargain like a bull pup to an unwelcome pair of pants, waiting for a not over bright, gum chewing girl, who is frantically trying to add up nine times

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two, while she chews off the end of her lead pencil, and lifts her rat up an inch or two higher at the same time.

Oh, I tell you Bill, its all very well to make fun of women going to bargain sales. If they *do* get a bargain, by gum, they earn it.

Just one genuine bargain sale would lay out any strong man in about thirty seconds, and yet a frail and delicate woman, who cant possibly do her own housework, will get up before daylight so she can be down to the stores before the doors open, and for two mortal hours, she'll push and shove and squirm her way through a barricade of bargain crazy females, the sight of which would turn back a crowd of husky football players any day.

A TENDERFOOT

Packed in like sardines, around a 2 x 4 table, grandmothers and grandchildren, wedged in three and four deep, are panting and struggling, as they blindly push an arm through a small opening and grab hold of anything they can reach on the table.

Whatever they grab, they hold onto, for fear they wont get hold of anything else.

And when they get it home, and come to their senses, they wonder what in thunder they bought it for, anyway. The poor over worked husband uses a stronger word than "thunder," but her word means just as much to her, Bill, and its more ladylike.

And for a free sample of "Near Food" she will charge to the front of an army of wild-eyed females, who

A TENDERFOOT

like herself cant see a sign with the word "Free" on it without stopping.

You never saw a woman get three feet beyond a "Free" sign, Bill, without turning around and going back, to ask, "What is?"

No-sir-ree.

Its just as impossible for her to do it, as it is for her to rub her eye, without opening her mouth at the same time.

They *have* to do it.

I got tangled up in a bunch of "free sample" females one day, and after the floor walker had dragged me out and unhitched my necktie from my left ear, he told me to go round to the side door and he'd give me a square meal. I had lost two teeth in the mix up but a "Didnt hurt a bit," dentist, whose

A TENDERFOOT

smiling face I'd know if I met it in a custard pie, in a "come-back" restaurant—dug out the roots for me, and didnt hurt a bit—mebbe!

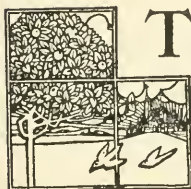
Once when I felt he had gone down about three feet, and was still going, I asked him if he thought he was boring for oil, or just digging post holes.

That fellar ought to strike oil some day, for he certainly wasnt afraid of work.

I'll bet, Bill, if he ever finds a fellar with a big enough mouth, he'll get into it with a pick and shovel and locate some mining claims before he quits.



MT. WILSON AND PASADENA



THE trip up Mt. Wilson makes me heave a good many sighs to write about, Bill. In fact, I heaved so many sighs for a couple of weeks after that trip, that I had mighty hard work making anyone believe I had a good time. But I did. It was worth heaving sighs for a month to take that trip—you can't just exactly see it that way, while you are on the

A TENDERFOOT

trail, but afterwards—afterwards, Bill, when the sore spots have all quit their talking—when your liver has quit galivanting around inside of you, and your floating kidney has been lassoed and trotted back into place—then, Bill, you begin to remember the beauties you saw with only one eye, while you kept the other one glued on the blamed jackass that was trying his best to give you all the extras he could think of for your money.

It takes four—five—six or seven hours to get up the trail, according to your mule, and it only took *me* somewhere around forty minutes to come down. Of course, most people don't hurry so on the down trip, but you know some things are forced upon us in this world, and that jack-

A TENDERFOOT

ass of mine certainly knew his business.

I don't know how to swear much, but there are times when cuss-words come kinder natural to a man, and I *sure did* surprise myself, Bill.

There were some wonderful sights all along the way, and the glories of a Mt. Wilson sunset, Bill, can't be described with a stub pen that scratches like this one does.

Nope—I'd have to be a school marm, and know the dictionary by heart, to find the kind of words to do it half justice, and then, your education has been so neglected, Bill, you wouldn't know what I was driving at.

They told me that a sunrise beat a sunset all to smithereens, but I didn't see a single sunrise while I was up

A TENDERFOOT

there, for about the time the sun was climbing over the peaks I was getting in my heaviest work and, next to eating custard pie, I'd rather sleep than do anything on earth.

Yep—I hope if I'm ever drowned, Bill, I'll be drowned in custard pie, the real deep kind, like mother used to make.

Mt. Wilson is the nearest station to Heaven yours truly ever expects to get. It's six thousand feet nearer Heaven than Pasadena is, but you can't make Pasadena people see it that way, even if you measure it for 'em. No sir, they ain't got no time to argue with any fellar with a tape line. Pasadena is the real thing, and you might just as well let every blamed one of 'em have the last word about it, for they've all

A TENDERFOOT

got their fingers crossed, and had 'em crossed so long, by gum, they've grown that way.

One day last summer, when the thermometer had stood just about all it intended to take, and had " rizz " up and sizzled over the top like foam on a glass of soda, I stood for two solid, never-to-be-forgotten hours in the shade of a spreading telephone pole with my fingers crossed, legs crossed, and, in fact, so cross inside and out, Bill, I didn't get the kinks out of me for days. I was *side tracked*, waiting for a street-car that the conductor told me was liable to be along almost *any* minute, now,—mebbe!

Well, the first car that hove in sight was loaded to the muzzle, and it didn't even hesitate.

A TENDERFOOT

The second kicked up such a Kansas cyclone before it got to me, that not a blamed soul on board knew I was there.

Bill, you know that playful little breeze that carried off the pigsty last summer back home, and scattered our pork all over the neighborhood—you remember it?

Well, the rumpus that street car stirred up on its way down hill had that cyclone fricasseed with mushroom sauce.

When I came to, I remembered I was only three feet from the sidewalk, but somehow I'd lost the points of the compass, Bill, and after hunting a long while for the sun, and locating it, I struck out for shore.

In my hurry I didn't find the curb,

A TENDERFOOT

for the warning toot of an automobile—sou' by sou'west—decided me to move on immediately. I made a run, and slid along the gutter on my stomach for a couple of yards, cleaning up in front of some woman's house without charging her a blamed cent for it, and when I picked myself up and tried to get my bearings, I'll be hanged if that same woman didn't holler out the window at me, "to keep off the grass—couldn't I see the sign!"

Now, Bill, you know there are moments when your feelings are so hurt you can't get sassy to save your life. Well, that was one of 'em. I was sure hurt, inside and out, and I knew my appearance was against me. I didn't *dare* sass her, for I saw a bulldog, with full-grown teeth, through the slats in

A TENDERFOOT

the fence, and there was a policeman coming up the street.

I'd seen many a man run in on suspicion that looked a whole lot better than I did, Bill. My clothes had suddenly changed into a sunburnt, punkin' color; there was a hole big as my fist in one of my pant legs, and my shirt—well, Bill, my shirt was a good stand-off between a street sweeper and the hole in one of mother's doughnuts. But, by-gum, I still had that dog-gorned transfer in my hand, hanging onto it like it was a life preserver.

I saw another car go by with a "Take next car" sign hanging in the front window, and one followed five minutes later marked "Special," but I had long ago lost all my interest in street cars, and wouldn't have flagged

A TENDERFOOT

another one of 'em if I'd had to walk back to Los Angeles.

Pasadena may be Heaven under *some* circumstances, but what I had occasion to call it that day was a shorter, more forceful word, Bill, and rhymed with—well—it was a long way from Heaven, when there wasn't any street cars running.

I found a kid and gave him a quarter to stay there and use up that blamed transfer, so I could get even with the street car company.

The kid was willing—he called it a “puddin’.”

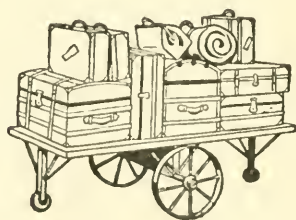
Mebbe it was—but I'd had mine, and I ain't stingy.

The only *real* thing I've got against Pasadena, Bill, is, that they have snakes in their canyons and no *sure*

A TENDERFOOT

remedy in town for a man that gets bitten—nope, not a drop, Bill.

“Lydia Pinkham’s” and “Castoria” is the best thing they can do for you, even if you show ’em the bite.





THROUGH TOURISTS' GLASSES



HHEARD two tenderfeet talking on the way up town from the depot the other day.

At almost every street corner in Los Angeles, you'll find little tamale wagons standing.

One fellar saw the sign, "Tamales" and asked the other one what they were.

"Oh, they're a kind of bird they

A TENDERFOOT

have out here," he said, looking very wise—and to the conductor as he passed through the car, said "We want to get off at Fig — Fig — Fig —"

"Figueroa Street," jerked out the conductor, and the tourist nodded wearily, as he grunted something about "the damned dago names out here, anyway."

Speaking of street cars, Bill, I've got to give Los Angeles the whole palm tree for having the finest street car service in the country.

There are more cars, going in more directions, than you can imagine, and they also have more home made rules, than any street car company in the country.

When tourists come to town they sit up and take notice of the wonderful

A TENDERFOOT

breed of street car conductors Los Angeles is blessed (?) with.

If you should forget to ask for a transfer the minute you drop a nickel into the dirtiest paw you ever saw on a man, then you've paid your way into the circus, and the fun begins.

If the passenger happens to be a big fellar, and could without any effort knock the smart conductor down, he'll only get a hard look and his transfer—if its a little fellar, that couldn't lick a fly that was stuck on sticky fly paper, he'll shrivel him up to the size of a peanut in just about two seconds.

If its a woman, and a fat and sassy one, he'll kinder back off and tell her to ask for her transfer when she pays her fare, and all he'll get out of it, is

A TENDERFOOT

“Aw gwan, yer pipe’s out”! and he’ll meekly hand out the paper.

But the tired little woman, with a lot of “cash and no delivery” groceries piled up in her lap, who is getting home from work, and who is so done up, she hasnt got life enough left in her to care whether a man smokes in her face or not—she gets hers in bunches, and then some.

After he has jawed until his tongue aches, and has spit out everything he has in his mouth, except a big chew of tobacco, he shoves the transfer under her nose, and leaves her wondering why the good Lord ever made such a thing and called it “Man.”



CALIFORNIA YARNS



YOU know, Bill, California has the name of being the home of the biggest liars on earth, but that dont mean the "birth-place" of 'em, b'gosh.

When you come to think of it, most of the people out here came from the East and they are the ones that are doing the lying, not the natives.

Old Sam Watkins, who used to be a deacon in the church back home, and

A TENDERFOOT

led all the prayer meetings, and took up the collections—he's been out here for five years, and by gum, of all the liars I've run across in California, he takes the whole bakery.

He told me more double-back-action lies in five minutes, than you could count on both hands, and feet, too, and sir, he never turned a hair doing it.

When he told me about "oysters growing on trees" out here, somewhere, I had to say, "Why Samuel! How can you lie so!"

He says its a fact!

Mebbe it is—I dont know.

He also told me of a fellar out here, who planted some pumkin seeds, and by gum, before he could get up off his knees, and run, the vines came up and choked him to death.

A TENDERFOOT

Well, now you know, Bill, when a deacon of a church, tells you such fairy tales as that, you can imagine what an every day citizen of Los Angeles can fire at you.

He told me one more.

Once when they had a thunder storm out here, the lightning struck a mother hen, with eight little chicks under her, and killed every blamed one of 'em, but never hurt the old hen a bit.

By gum, now I come to think of it, I'll bet a doughnut, that was the very old hen I had served to me one day, out at Casa Verdugo, for a spring chicken. Casa Verdugo is a mighty swell Spanish restaurant, just out side of Los Angeles.

No-sir-ree, thunder and lightning

A TENDERFOOT

wouldnt have any effect on that hen, for I tried every thing from a pocket knife to a saw, I tipped the waiter for, and then couldnt see where I had made any headway, even on the white meat.

After I'd sweat so you could wring out my undershirt, I gave up, and ordered some tamales.

I got 'em, and they were bully but only those who have eaten "hot tamales," at Casa Verdugo, will understand and marvel how I could have lived to tell the tale, when I say I ate six of 'em, before I threw up my hands and told the waiter to turn on the hose.

If the place that never freezes over, is any hotter than those tamales were, I'm going to travel the "straight and narrow path," mighty carefully the rest of my days.

A TENDERFOOT

I aint going to take any chances—
no-sir-ree.

I'll send one home for your mother-in-law, Bill. Put in a little extra cayenne pepper, and a dash of Tabasco sauce,—as the cook books say—then take a trip out of town for a few days, until the hot spell blows over.

One of 'em *ought* to bring on paralysis of the tongue—still—I know you've tried everything, and nothing seems to work, in her case.





THE WHYS AND WHERE
FORES



SINCE I've lived
in this boarding-
house, Bill, we've
only changed
landladies seven times in three
months.

Just as soon as I get used to one
woman's biscuits, and manage to get
my stomach trained down to her kind
of cooking, she ups and sells out at a
profit.

Mebbe the next woman that tickles

A TENDERFOOT

the cook stove don't know a biscuit from a door knob, and, by gum, after you've eaten a few of her kind, a package of hard-tack looks mighty good to you.

I'd quit staying here long ago if it wasn't for a little redheaded, freckled-faced kid named Bennie that has kinder adopted me, and tags along with me whenever he gets a chance.

He's a cute kid, Bill—out here all alone, and, by gum, he's so homely it would make the tears come to your eyes just to look at him. He's some relation to the landlady, and I don't know which has the most to be sorry for. Says he's got to go back home to-morrow, poor kid, and he's cried so hard about it for the last week or two that his face looks like he'd run up against

A TENDERFOOT

a swarm of bees. Can't see his eyes at all—nothing there but the slits. He's promised to write to me just as soon as he gets home, and I've promised to send him a box of horned toads and tarantulas, so he can have some fun with the natives. Bennie says he's going to be President some day when the Democrats get half a show.

Mebbe he will—I dunno.

There's many a man that started in on a farm, and landed in the—poor-house.

Speaking of farms, Bill—Southern California is one great big valley of mighty fine farms—big farms and little farms, all kinds of farms you can ask about are located around Los Angeles.

Flower farms—carnations, calla-lily, sweet-pea and violets—acres of 'em, if

A TENDERFOOT

stead of the little old eight by ten gardens we have back home.

Pigeon farms down by the riverbed—where you can see one hundred and twenty-five thousand fluttering, flying, cooing birds any day in the year.

Ostrich farms—where the poor fellows start in an egg and come out feather dusters.

Alligator farms—where the 'gators start in, wiggly little "critters," and come out traveling bags, hand bags and pocketbooks; and frog farms, Bill, that are responsible for more cussin' than any cat concert your back fence was ever guilty of.

Frogs' legs are all right when they're *fried*, Bill, but they don't mean much to a man who needs sleep mighty bad,

A TENDERFOOT

unless they're served to him hot with melted butter and a stein of beer.

I ain't had any—I mean frogs' legs, not beer—since I came to town. Our landlady ain't lived in California long enough to know a dish of frogs' legs from a dish of stewed prunes—anyway, if she does, she's keeping it to herself.

She says prunes are awful healthy—*awful*—mebbe they are, I dunno.

But *I* ain't sick—except of stewed prunes, and I'm so dog-gorned sick of stewed prunes that my stomach gets right down on its knees and says its prayers every time a dish of 'em comes on the table



WHEN EAST COMES WEST



THE N. E. A. was out here a year or so ago, and they certainly had a great time. They were all in on anything that was free, and almost everything was open to them, and no questions asked. A fellow that runs a tamale wagon told me a good story about them while they were here, and I'll tell it to you.

'A bunch of women members went

A TENDERFOOT

into a cheap popular restaurant, where a full meal is only ten cents. The leader told the boss, as about seven of them filed in, that they were "tourists."

"Needn't a told me," he grunted.

"And we are here with the N. E. A.," was added.

"Sure," he said, without taking any interest.

"We would like to patronize your restaurant," she continued.

"All right," he said, looking out of the window.

"We shall remain here about two weeks, and if we come here we would like to get rates."

"*Rates?* On a ten cent meal? Soup, meat, vegetables, ice cream and coffee? Say woman, I've seen cheap guys in

A TENDERFOOT

pants, but a female what will ask for rates in a ten cent hash house, is the limit. You beat the female that came in here yesterday, and told the waitress that she came out here with a ten dollar bill and only one undershirt, and she didnt intend to change either of 'em until she got home. Rates on a ten cent meal? Nix! Vamoose!" and they were glad to vamoose, which means "hike" in California, Bill.





OUT IN GOD'S COUNTRY



TELL me, Bill,
where on earth
could you travel
one hundred miles

for one hundred cents?

Nowhere, but in Los Angeles!
And it's the most for your money you
ever thought you'd get, too.

And let me tell you, some of those
miles are worth dollars instead of cents
to anyone on earth. Some of those
miles along the glorious old ocean

A TENDERFOOT

would make you get mighty quiet inside all of a sudden, Bill, and before you knew it, you'd be thanking the Good Father for being allowed to live and breathe into your moth-eaten old lungs such air as only California is blessed with.

If there's a mite of "worth while" in your make-up—if there's an ounce of the "real thing" in your soul, it's bound to come to the top on a trip like this, Bill, or you ain't worth shoveling up and dumping into the dirt barrel.

If you can sit still and see that great stretch of ocean all a-glisten in the sun—if you can look up overhead and see a sky that's bluer than the eyes your sweetheart used to have—if you can throw your head back and take in a breath of air that reaches clear way

A TENDERFOOT

down to your corns, b'gosh, and tastes good all the way going down—if you can do all these things and a whole lot more, and not find a drop of water in the corner of your eye or on the end of your nose, why, Bill, you'd call Paradise itself Lonesometown.

Nope—there ain't many of us that don't get a “still” feeling inside of us at times, for there's a spark of *something*, clear 'way down inside of *somewhere*, that we all have to listen to *sometimes*, only it ain't allowed to talk very often.

We keep it muzzled or chloroformed until it's so little and frail that, whenever it tries to make itself heard, its voice is so pitifully weak we're liable to be ashamed of it, and choke it off with a “made” laugh.

A TENDERFOOT

Nope, I ain't joined any church since I got here—I'm only a traveler out here in God's country, and I'm just glad I'm living, that's all.

Bill, I wish you could raise enough dough to get out here before you die.

It would even be worth while to mortgage the farm and find out that there is something else in the world besides digging potatoes and feeding the pigs. You ain't done much else for forty years to my knowledge.

Your old woman ain't seen nothing but a sink full of dirty dishes and a tub full of dirty clothes for *over* forty years. Think of it, Bill, just think of it! She'd drop dead if you ever gave her one measly dollar to spend all by herself and forgot to ask her what she

A TENDERFOOT

did with it. Think of *that*, too, Bill, while you're dusting out the cobwebs in your conscience.

Life ain't *much* to a man on a farm, and for a *woman*—well, if, without knowing it, that old woman of yours got hold of the wrong ticket when she died, and finally landed in the place where you can't buy ice for love nor money, Bill, she'd only fold her hands, poor thing, and say: "Well, it's kinder warm here, and I always hoped I could have just *one* dish of ice-cream when I got to Heaven, but, no matter—it's a change, anyway, and I can get along somehow, I reckon."

When I took this one-hundred-mile trip, Bill, my back ached all day long, carrying around the big white souvenir button they nailed on us when we

A TENDERFOOT

bought our ticket. Why, Bill, that button was as big as an eating house biscuit, and just about as heavy. We started out with a hungry looking crowd, a good-looking motorman and conductor, and a "down-to-date" guide, that certainly knew everything that ever happened in Southern California, and a few things that even the oldest inhabitant had forgotten.

We all gaped at the Giant Grape Vine, the "Jim Jeffries" of all grapevines, whose trunk (the grapevine's, not Jim's) measured eight feet around, and whose leaves were twelve inches in length.

When I tell you, Bill, they gather two and a half tons of grapes off this vine in a season, you'll think I'm lying,

A TENDERFOOT

but I ain't. It's a California story all right, but it's a true one just the same.

I saw a fifty-year-old rubber tree that was brought out here a little slip in a pot, and now it towers over all the houses, and is worth losing your dinner to see. They told me they gathered two crops of rubber boots off this tree every year, and had now grafted it to automobile tires.

Yes, I know, Bill, it sounds kinder "fishy," but I saw the tree—*crop had just been picked.*

We passed the town of Watts on the way to the ocean, and I wanted to see it mighty bad, I'd heard so much about it, but when we slowed up, there was an ice wagon standing right square in front of the town, so I missed it, by gum, after all.

A TENDERFOOT

This hundred-mile trip I've been telling you about is second cousin to the "Balloon Trip," another trolley ride that takes you scooting all over the country and brings you home in time for dinner. Why they call it the "Balloon Trip" I dunno, for it's all on land, Bill; nothing up in the air about it except the female that sat next to me in the car and growled all the way down and all the way back. I tried to lose her after the first ten minutes, but she hung onto me like a sewing machine agent, because she said I looked so much like her first husband.

Since I took this ride I've found out why every tenderfoot that goes back East has to pay excess baggage.

Moonstones!

Yep—one of the sights we took in

A TENDERFOOT

was Moonstone Beach, and I'll bet the only time I really ever got what you might call "loaded" was on *moonstones*, Bill. By gum, I carted round more than fifteen pounds of 'em in the hot sun for four mortal hours, and all the time I kept wondering what in *thunder* made me so tired.

When I got home and emptied my clothes, all I had left was a dime with a hole in it, and about a quart of sand in each shoe, but I'll bet I had \$4.98 worth of *moonstones* that would easy cost me \$15 to have polished up in shape to be worth looking at—if you *liked* moonstones, and I never did like 'em, anyway.

When you buy your ticket for the "Balloon Trip," they hand you out a little blue silk ribbon to pin on, to ad-

A TENDERFOOT

vertise the fact that you are a "Rube" to everyone who takes the time to gape at you.

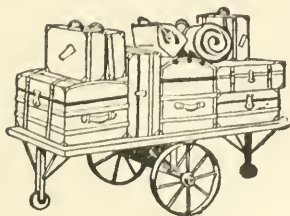
After I pinned mine on, I felt like a "W. C. T. U." out for an airing on the water wagon, and the only thing that reconciled me to wear the blamed thing was the fact that the stops we made on the trip to the ocean were "dry ones."

The conductor told me the only way I could get even a *smell* of "Here's Hoping" was to go *in* bathing, be taken with a cramp, holler "Help," and when they dragged me out, if I laid still enough for them to think I was dead, they *might* pour some of the awful stuff down my throat to be sure about it.

I had a good mind to take a chance

A TENDERFOOT

at it, but our time was short, and the guide said he'd tried it once himself, and all *he* got was some Jamaica ginger.





LOS ANGELES STREETS



GOT into Los Angeles in ample time to go through their annual tearing up period.

You know, there is something funny about this. Just as soon as winter comes, Los Angeles begins to tear up its streets from one end to the other.

All summer long, when mighty few strangers are in town, there is nothing doing. But just as sure as fine sun-

A TENDERFOOT

shiny weather begins, then an army of dagos and greezers march forth, and proceed to dig up every blamed street in town.

It is just the same, year in and year out. Its got to be a joke with the tourists, for Los Angeles wouldnt look natural to 'em, when they come out to spend the winter, if the whole shopping district wasnt well nigh impassable.

They will finish putting down a macadamized street one day, and by jingo, during the following night, I'll be hanged if some fellar hasnt figured out how to tear it up. Needn't take my word for it, Bill.

Here's another fellar kicking through the columns of a Los Angeles paper.

A TENDERFOOT

SPEED THE DAY!

Will there ever come a season,
When the workmen will abstain
From ripping loose the asphalt
On Broadway, Spring and Main?
Speed the happy, gladsome morning,
When with joy our brimming cup
Will slop over, with this edict:

DO NOT TEAR THIS PAVEMENT UP!

After you've cussed yourself sick, trying to squirm your way under horses' noses and women's four-story hats—falling over a couple of hundred little wooden saw-horses the workmen stick up any old place in the middle of the street, while they patch up a few dozen holes—go and hire an automobile at \$4.00 per hour

A TENDERFOOT

(—yep, they soak you that much in the Angel City) and take a ride out into the country or through the beautiful residence portion of the town.

The country and residence portion is all right—glorious sunshine and views, and the finest, clearest air that ever dusted out the cobwebs in your lungs, but suffering Peter, the roads—the roads!! Bill, I never worked so hard and paid \$4.00 an hour for the privilege of doing so, in all my life—never!

We hit every chuck hole from Pasadena to the ocean. Now, when I tell you this, it means a whole lot more to me, than it does to you, for it is a sore subject to look back on, I tell you.

They have more varieties of “Bullyvards” around Los Angeles,

A TENDERFOOT

than that man Heinz has pickles—57 varieties wouldnt cover 'em.

There are little holes and big holes, long holes and short holes, holes you fall in all over, and the kind you pull in after you, on your way down. There are mud holes, water holes, oil holes, dust holes, in fact, Bill, every known variety of chuck holes you ever thought of, can be found in and around Los Angeles.





MT. LOWE



AS all tenderfeet are expected to do, I took the trip up Mt. Lowe. Its all right, that trip is, except that it makes you feel that if you ever get down on the level again you'll go to church a little oftener, and be prepared for the next world.

By gum, there are spots on that trip, and then some!

A TENDERFOOT

I went up with a fellar named Smith, and as we got half way up that blamed incline, I got to thinking pretty hard.

You see, Bill, at the bottom of that incline, there's a solid wall of rock, fifty feet high, not more than twenty-five feet from where those cable cars stop.

Yes-sir-ree, I got to thinking that if anything busted, and we shot back down hill, they would never be able to tell which was me and which was Smith when they gathered us up to ship back East in the baggage car.

You bet I kept my mouth shut and I guess I held my breath too, for some-way I kinder felt that too much laughing and loud talking would jar that dinky car and mebbe loosen something.

A TENDERFOOT

I was mighty glad when I reached level ground at the top of the incline.

Then began a foot race for another dinky car, a bobbed tail electric this time, that takes you on further up the mountain to Mt. Lowe. There were about seventy-five people all trying at once to get into one lonesome little car, that groaned with only twenty-five aboard, but they all got on somehow or somewhere, and the rest of the ride we wiggled up and down, in and out, around corners and across squeaking little bridges, that looked like they'd go down for a cent and a half, and all the time everybody was "oh-ing" and "ah-ing" and no wonder.

Say Bill, if you ever get to California, dont miss this trip. They skin you on the price of it, all right, but its

A TENDERFOOT

the most satisfying "skinning" I've had since I came out here.

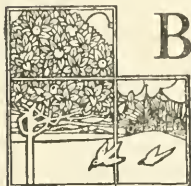
Be sure and take your mother-in-law along, Bill, and half way up that incline, if there's anything on earth you want, ask her for it, while you are hanging onto the side of the mountain at an angle of 65 degrees.

You'll get it all right, if she's got wind enough left to say, "Yep!"





COUNTING MY MONEY— MEBBE!



BY gum, Bill, I own more oil stock than that man Rockyfellar does.

I've got stock in every blamed company that ever opened up, from Los Angeles to the City of Mexico. Some of it is paid for, some of it is half paid for, and some of it never *will* be paid for.

Some of it is mine, only it ain't—installment plan, Bill—and I'm going to let go of every share of it.

A TENDERFOOT

They're the only ones I *can* let go of, b'gosh; the others are mine for "keeps."

Why, Bill, I've got a bunch of oil stock that would choke an elephant, and I've counted up my money—on paper—and figured out I'll have just \$3,333,333 inside of the next six months, if I don't wake up in the meantime.

I've looked for dividends so long, Bill, that the doctor says I'm liable to have *stigmatism* of both eyes, but when those dividends show up—well, like as not I'll send you a season ticket to California. Season's good the year round out here, so I'll bet you'll work that ticket till it hollers "help." If everything these oil fellars tell me works out according to schedule, mebbe I'll

A TENDERFOOT

send a special train back there for you and the old woman. Kinder surprise you folks back there to hear of your Uncle Eben buying out the Southern Pacific and taking a mortgage on the Santa Fé, wouldn't it?

That's what some of these oil fellars reckon I'll be doing before very long. Mebbe I will, I dunno.

The production of oil in California amounts to over \$50,000,000 a year, Bill. Looks like some fellars out here ought to be able to smoke two-bit cigars, don't it?

Say, did I ever look like a "Rube" to you—*honest?*

Sometimes I kinder wonder how these fellars knew I'd be so easy, and come and camped right down side of me until every blamed thing I had left

A TENDERFOOT

in my jeans was a horse-chestnut and a suspender button. Still, it's worth a lot to have some fellar, with a diamond in his shirt front that is big enough to stop a freight train, slap you on the back and call you "Colonel." Makes other folks open their eyes and think you're somebody when, 'way down inside of you, you know mighty well you're just a d— fool.

Of course, I got in on the ground floor, Bill, but sometimes I believe I was what they call a "skinch" out here. I never have asked anybody what a "skinch" was, but I'll bet it ain't anything to pin a medal on you for.

Speaking of medals—I hope some day I'll be able to pin a medal onto the fellar that had courage enough to nail

A TENDERFOOT

boxes of chocolate creams onto the backs of the seats in some of the play houses in this town. All over, you're sure to find little metal boxes marked "candy," not two feet from your pocketbook, that just sit and rubber at you until you can feel a dime getting so blamed hot in your pocket book, that you can smell leather burning. So you trot out the dime and drop it into the slit that's grinning at you and out pops a box of candy—mebbe!

By gum, I played that machine in front of me, three times—thirty cents—and nothing happened. So I tried the next one, and got a box of chocolates, that, honest, Bill, if one of 'em hit you, it would knock you down.

They had been there, well, some fellar said, since the show opened. I

A TENDERFOOT

dont know. I gave them to a kid in front of me that had the "wiggles" and they kept him busy the rest of the show.

They say a Los Angeles man will sell everything he owns if he can get his price for it, and b'gosh, I believe it.

Yes sir, everything he owns, except his wife, and between you and me, Bill, many a poor hen pecked man looks over the exchange column to find some other fellar, who like himself, is ready and anxious to make a trade in that line, on any old terms to suit.

Los Angeles is a great town for "swaps."

The papers every Sunday are full of 'em.

They'll swap anything from a half worn out tooth brush or a moth eaten

A TENDERFOOT

angora cat, to a ten acre orange grove with a nine thousand dollar mortgage on it, and some of 'em would sell the shirt on their back, if they could make a profit on it.

You know, Bill, I believe you could even make a good trade on your mother-in-law out here—nothing like trying, better bring her along, and trade her for a good setting of Rhode Island Reds.

Of course that might seem awful cheap for her, but old hens aint worth much out here—market is overstocked, and besides, Californians aint looking for trouble



SOME THINGS I
BOUGHT IN LOS
ANGELES



I BOUGHT a set
of monkey trip-
lets in a Japanese store for two
bits.

Two bits, Bill, is Californese
for twenty-five cents.

I got bit on 'em, too, for they sold
'em as low as five cents a set, later in
the season, and at last gave 'em away
with a package of Japanese incense.

Now, Japanese incense, Bill, is a lot

A TENDERFOOT

of stuff pressed together hard, like Spratts Dog Biscuits, only in smaller doses, thank goodness, and it is supposed to smell mighty fine when you burn it, but suffering Peter—a pile of rubbish burning in a Westlake alley, is a bunch of violets compared to it.

Glue, old rubber boots, out of date eggs, last years hamburger and over ripe limburger—all these and a few more, were never in their most “smelly” days, guilty of “acting up,” like real Japanese incense burning.

These little monkeys I bought, come in all sizes, from the little baby monks, to the old granddaddies. They all sit up in a row, three of 'em, and one has his hands over his ears, the second covering his eyes, and the third has his hands over his mouth.

A TENDERFOOT

I say "his," Bill, because they must certainly be boy monkeys—a girl monkey, would never live long enough to have her first picture made, if she had to close her mouth, and her ears, and her eyes. You know that yourself, Bill.

I asked the grinning Jap, I bought 'em of, what they were up to. All I could get out of him was, that they were the "three wise monkeys," and meant, "I hear no evil, see no evil, and speak no evil."

Mebbe they dont—I dont know.

I also bought a flea scratcher, at the same store.

Never heard of one, did you?

Waal, they are little carved ivory hands about as big as a half dollar, with the fingers drawn up, ready for

A TENDERFOOT

business. They are on the end of a long stick, and the trick is, to slide it up and down between the shoulder blades, and along your back bone, turning the gentleman over before he has bored a hole clean through you. They tell you in Los Angeles, that the people down in San Diego couldn't live without 'em.

They are fashionable down there, and I heard that some of the society leaders gave "scratcher" parties, the most graceful handler of the scratcher, winning the prize.

When you are in San Diego, they'll tell you this same story on Los Angeles.

With the exception of San Francisco, San Diego and Los Angeles love each other more than any two towns

A TENDERFOOT

I've run across. Cant say enough about each other, while San Francisco and Los Angeles love so strongly, they could eat each other up.

Speaking of fleas, you know, Bill, there are some people in this world who are so blamed mean, a flea wouldnt bite 'em.

I met the meanest man in California the other day, and if I ever set eyes on him again, I'll bust him up in business, buying arnica and court plaster.

That man told me the very first chance I got, to pick a ripe olive and eat it.

I did.

All I've got to say is, if ever I lay my hands on that critter, it will take him longer to close his face than it did me, after I ate one of 'em.

A TENDERFOOT

There are some things in this world that seem to stick right in your throat, no matter how much you swallow over 'em and I'll bet, I'll never be able to get the taste of that olive, below my wind-pipe. I'll send a couple of 'em home, Bill,—give 'em to your mother-in-law, and tell her to put 'em both in her mouth at once—that they have to be eaten in pairs, and if she lives through it, and still believes in you, she'll stand by you till your money gives out.





JUST DREAMING



BILL, didnt some fellar ask another fellar once, "what was more rare than a day in June?"

If he'd asked me, I'd told him, "a winter in Los Angeles."

If there's any place nearer Heaven on this earth, than a sunny winter day in Southern California, when as far as you can see, the grass is like a great green rug, and flowers of every color

A TENDERFOOT

and kind, are in bloom—when you can take your back home papers out under a big oak tree and lie down and read of some poor devil freezing to death, in a down-east blizzard—if there's any place, Bill, that can hold a candle to it on this earth, or any other, yours truly dont want to know of it.

Like the little fellar from Pasadena, this is good enough for your Uncle Eben.

If you didnt have a calendar in your vest pocket, and didnt see a newspaper every day, you'd forget what month it is out here.

To-day is the 9th of March, and its so hot, Bill, that if I was a dog, my tongue would be hanging out, and you could hear me pant clear across the street.

A TENDERFOOT

Wonder where the fellar was located, that wrote the song called, "Listen to the Nightingale." He wouldnt had to worked so hard, if he'd been sitting here under this old oak tree with me. He would have had to put on the brakes, to keep from writing too many verses, for he couldnt have told it all in one or two.

Now, I'd kinder like to write a song called, "Listen to the Turtle Doves," for there are twenty of 'em in the branches over my head, holding a concert with the same number of mocking birds, and I'll bet my bottom dollar, I could kill enough quail—if I was mean enough—within a hundred feet of me, to be arrested for having too many in my possession.

These quail are so tame, Bill, they

A TENDERFOOT

seem more like pigeons out in the barnyard back home.

This aint no lie.

You know yourself, I aint been out here long enough to get this everlasting lying disease in my system, and I'm willing to sit on top of a whole Bible factory and say what I've written is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but. I may be getting a little daffy on California, Bill, but there are two things I havn't got yet—bitten by a tarantula or acclimated.

From some half baked farmers back home, who came to see me, when they heard I was going "clear way out to Californy," I expected to be dodging tarantulas the biggest part of the time.

One of 'em heard they crawled into bed with you—another that you'd find

A TENDERFOOT

'em in your boots in the morning and that if you didn't shake your boots hard before you put 'em on they'd bite your big toe and you'd have to have your toe cut off, or turn 'em up for good and all.

The first night, when the fleas got after me, I thought of old Slim Peters, and remembered he said to take my jack knife and cut the toe off, just as soon as I felt the sting.

But when I started to get it, I remembered again, I traded it to an Indian on the way out to California for a string of glass beads and that was the only thing, I guess, that saved my toe.

I havent seen a tarantula yet, Bill, hard as I've hunted—only stuffed ones in the stores. But I'm still hunting,

A TENDERFOOT

for I've made up my mind to find one or bust, and I'll send it home to Slim Peters, C. O. D., when I do.

The natives tell you it takes a year to get acclimated—that means, Bill, getting the “back East” out of you, and the “California” into you. This has to happen to every one that stays here, just as the mumps and the measles are bound to come to every youngster, before he's been on earth very long.

There are so many things to make you wish you was young again, out here. When I was a young fellar and took the girls home from prayer meetings and quilting parties, I remember I used to think I was a pretty gay boy with the girls and I kinder “took” with 'em, cutting out many a “steady”

A TENDERFOOT

in those days, and I used to think the whole secret of it laid in my carrying the girls bouquets of Canterbury Bells and Sweet Williams.

That's the only kind of posies there was in the old garden at home, but what a wonderful chance a fellar in California has, to court a girl!

Flowers are dirt cheap everywhere, and Bill, its good for sore eyes to get a squint at the baskets of flowers you can see any day on the street corners of Los Angeles.

Carnations, all colors, for ten cents a dozen—think of it, and this in mid-winter, when back home you folks are wading through snow up to your suspender buttons, and blowing your stiff old fingers until your wind gives out.

And they grow out of doors, acres

A TENDERFOOT

of 'em, and in the sweet pea fields, they mow 'em down for market instead of cutting 'em. Life is too short to count 'em—one—two—three; there are millions of 'em and violets—you just never saw such a sight!

Solid banks of these purple blossoms are tucked into vacant spaces, up against the buildings, everywhere throughout the business district, and only five cents for a generous bunch, while each blossom is as big as a quarter, and has a stem on it a quarter of a yard long.

You neednt snicker, Bill, at what I've just said, for it's the truth, cross my heart. I know what I said about the biggest liars coming from back East, but you know me, Bill, and you know I've never lied to you yet, except-

A TENDERFOOT

ing on that horse trade last summer. These baskets of flowers on the street corners in the middle of winter, are the biggest boost to the Angel City it could possibly have. They speak louder to "the stranger within the gates," than all the printed stuff the Chamber of Commerce could hand out in a year.

Nothing but sunshine and balmy air can bring forth such glorious flowers in mid-winter, and the stranger jots these beautiful sights down in his memory, and they live and are talked of for years after, when about everything else he saw in California, is forgotten. And all the children and grandchildren for years to come will pull up to the big fire place, heaped high with blazing logs—when the

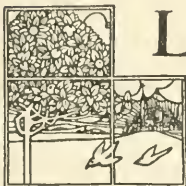
A TENDERFOOT

blinds on the old home back East, are creaking and rattling, and the unlatched barn door slams bangs as the fury of a real down east blizzard strikes it—they'll all creep up, and pulling their chairs a little nearer, sit and listen and listen, never tiring of hearing some member of the family, who once went "way out to California," tell the wonderful fairy tales (that are true) of this land of dreams.





WHAT KEEPS THE POT A-BOILING



LOS ANGELES is the best lighted city in the world, Bill—this is pure, unadulterated truth, every single word of it.

Of course, there are some spots around the edges of town where you have to feel your way along the fences to be sure you're still on the sidewalk, but if you're sober, you'll soon get to know just about how far you are from your boarding house by the "feel" of

A TENDERFOOT

each fence, and if you *ain't* sober, every blamed post is a good old friend, reaching out a helping hand to you. By gum, I named every one of 'em, Bill, and many's the night I've stood and talked an hour or so with 'em on the way home. I got enough courage from each one of 'em to brace up and go on to the next, and before I had really talked all I wanted to, I was home. So you see, Bill, street lights are mighty fine sometimes, but there *are* times when the city seems to be wasting money. But Los Angeles don't count the pennies wasted, or the dollars either for that matter, whenever she wants anything and wants it bad.

No sir-ree.

A while ago they figured out that they wanted more water, and they

A TENDERFOOT

wanted all they wanted of it, too; so, at a cost of \$23,000,000, the "Angel City" has got a water supply that the rest of the country is "pop-eyed" over.

And then they woke up to the fact that their roads were a little the worse for wear—kinder run down at the heel and frazzled out round the edges—so they voted \$3,000,000 worth of good roads' bonds, and by so doing the country out here will have two more things to swell up over. Only goes to show how "big" they do things in Southern California, Bill, and that's just what keeps the pot a-boiling out here.

This town is the first bidder at the sale, and the last bidder too, by gum, and when any town looks mighty wise, and kinder winks its eye, and thinks its going to beat her out, it ain't reck-

A TENDERFOOT

oned with the Angel City Booster Club. It's the biggest club on earth, Bill, for every man, woman and child that lives here (and there are over 450,000 of 'em) is an honorary member. I joined the second day I got here, and hope I'll be a director before I'm much older.

Fact.

Why, you know old Si Simpkins back home, the fellar that run for Senator, and didn't have any more show than a rabbit; well, he wrote me a letter the other day and addressed it——

Eben Slocum,

California,

Los Angeles,

and asked me in the letter what part of Los Angeles California was in.

Speaking about street lights, Bill,

A TENDERFOOT

there are four or five streets in the Angel City that are even more beautiful than "Little Nemo" ever dreamed about. Looks like the town is dressed up for company every night, month in and month out. Miles of light, Bill, miles of it, and it burns from dusk till midnight.

Kinder makes you throw out your chest to know you're even *boarding* in the Angel City, no matter if your landlady *does* turn off the gas at 9.30. She don't run the town, thank goodness. She's only a poor, weather-beaten down-easter, here to make a dollar. Lots of 'em bring their little stingy ideas along with 'em, Bill, but after they've been here a while, they get ashamed of themselves, and let it burn till 9:45 on *holidays*.

A TENDERFOOT

California is too big to live in and stay small—yep, even if you're broke. You've either got to warm up and hold out a glad hand to your fellow men or quit the country. Ain't no place out here for little minds and little souls, Bill; nope, country's too all-fired big.

The other day I cut loose from town, and got out into the great open country around Los Angeles. For months, every morning when I pulled up the shades and looked out over the rooftops at the great wall of mountains that guards this beautiful fertile valley, I've had a hankering to leave the hustle and bustle of town, and just go over to those old mountains and forget it all.

Seems like they've been a-calling me all these days—seems like I'd known

A TENDERFOOT

'em ever since I've known anything—seems like they keep a-reaching out to me like a loving mother does to a tired child, and altho' I know I'm a long ways from a child, Bill, there's many a time when a hungry feeling gets me, and I honestly wish I was just a tired little kid once more, with my old mother's arms wrapped tight around me. I'd make a pretty good lapful now, but I'll wager she'd be glad to stand it, if it was only possible.

Bill, don't you ever shame that kid of yours for crawling up in his mother's lap—let him crawl up there and be loved until he's so long-legged he has to wrap his feet around the rockers to keep from interfering. Don't you ever shame him, Bill—it will make a better man of him, and he'll be a bet-

A TENDERFOOT

ter life-partner for some honest little woman, later on.

An old mother's love can't hurt any man on earth, Bill, no matter how old he gets to be, and when you find the kind of fellar that turns up his nose at the truest love the Good Father ever put in the heart of a human, keep your eye on him, Bill—he'll bear watching.

Well, by gum, some "know-it-all" told me those mountains were only a stone's throw from Pasadena—only a stone's throw, mind you—just a nice little walk before breakfast—would give you a dandy appetite, etc., etc., but, thank goodness, I started out on a full stomach, Bill, or I never would have been here to tell the tale. I was so tired before I got even half way that I hired a kid to drive me up into

A TENDERFOOT

the foot-hills, and when he said "Go-long" and drove away and left me, I felt like a lost sheep a long ways from the feeding grounds.

But I wasn't lonesome—nope—kinder felt like I had father, mother, and all my relations just back of me, up in the canyon; and I shut my eyes, Bill, and dreamed I was just a little kid again, going fishing, with my mouth full of worms for bait.

But, of course, we all have to wake up, and I tell you, Bill, there ain't no use swelling up and blowing about how big you are in this world. Ain't no use of sticking your hands in your pockets and strutting around like a turkey gobbler, with all the gold fillings in your front teeth shined up like headlights on a behind time overland

A TENDERFOOT

train, because it don't mean anything, after all, Bill. If you could just stand in front of that big rock pile, called the Sierra Madres, for a minute with me, it would surprise you how quick you would shrivel up and look like a piece of lemon peel that some poor fellar had just slipped up on.

The longer I looked at those mountains, the more I began to realize what a measly, miserable, little shrimp I was, anyway.

Looked like I was just about as important and necessary to keep this old world going round as a little green worm I saw crawling under a leaf; and I had a pretty good opinion of myself, too, when I started out.

I sat down and listened to the birds singing all around me, and, Bill, meb-

A TENDERFOOT

be you don't think I listened for rattlesnakes, too, at the same time, for Pasadena was the nearest town, and although they have a "Red Cross" drug store there, there ain't a blamed drop of emergency medicine in stock.

No "first-aid-to-the-injured" there, Bill.

Ain't it a *shame!*





CATALINA ISLAND



CATALINA Island ought to be called the "Island of Beautiful Dreams."

"Catalina" don't do it justice. But I bet a cookie whoever named it took their first trip over to the island on a rough day, and didn't feel very flowery.

Catalina is an island out at sea—way out—and between it and the main-

A TENDERFOOT

land, there are more kinds of tides and currents and swells, than from here to Europe.

It only takes two hours to make you feel that life aint so much after all, and you'd just as soon quit now as any old time.

Some fellar told me not to miss the trip, so I took it, and I didn't miss anything but home and mother all the way over and back.

Oh, my! Oh, my! Bill, you've seen how a cork on the end of a fishline bobs around when a big wave strikes it, aint you? Well, that tug-boat I went over in, had a cork beaten to death.

It acted more like a bucking broncho than anything I've seen before or since.

A TENDERFOOT

It bucked sideways, and humped up in the middle, and kicked from all four corners at the same time.

I dont remember much about the beautiful view, and I haven't much to write about the "Grand old ocean" but I can truthfully say I parted with everything I had eaten in the last three years.

I laid down and threw up, and I stood up and threw down, until the elastic in my suspenders refused to work any longer, and I crawled under a settee and hoped some one would take pity on me, and knock me on the head.

There are times in a man's life when he has had enough, and had it rubbed in, too. I got mine on that galloping tug-boat, and I'll bet there are some

A TENDERFOOT

of those passengers I went over with, who are over there yet, afraid to try it again. They'd rather buy a lot and build, than to come back home.

I'd a been there yet if I hadnt found a feller with a hypodermic syringe, and gave him a couple of dollars to make me forget my troubles, and steer me to my room when I landed in Los Angeles.

On the boat going over, was a bride and groom. The bride looked very pretty as she tripped lightly down the gang-plank, and came aboard at San Pedro. But when we reached Catalina Island, I managed to pull the corner of one eye open long enough to get my bearings, and I saw the bride again—all that was left of her. Her beautiful curly locks were sewed on a piece of

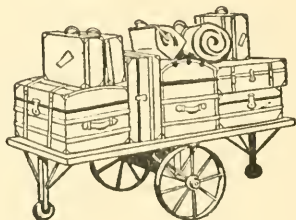
A TENDERFOOT

tape, and had worked out from under her own thin hair—her rats were shifted until they lopped over her right ear—she had lost most of her “dear little puffs,” in the bucket on the boat, and a little velvet bow was swinging, in the breeze, on the end of a few loose hairs. She was white as a sheet, and the two rosy spots on her cheeks—warranted not to fade when she bought it at the department store—made her face look like a Chinese lantern.

The weak kneed groom half carried her through the crowd of gaping summer visitors, who line up on both sides of the wharf at Catalina just to guy the poor seasick things that crawl off the boats. They geyed us all and had all the fun they wanted to, with us—none of us cared, by gum, if they'd sicked a

A TENDERFOOT

dog on us. One fellar hollered at me, "Hey, fatty, go back and get your hat," but as I had used my hat when I was in a hurry, before I could find one of those blamed buckets, I didnt stop to answer back.





HOMESICK



CALIFORNIA is called the land of flowers, and the first fellow that called it so, was no liar.

He must have been a native—a truthful man, and likewise a “Booster.” You never heard a native knock California—no—sir—ree. They’re always a boosting, and crowing, and swelling out like pouter pigeons, as soon as they begin to see us sit up and take notice.

A TENDERFOOT

Huh! dont they love to see our eyes stick out, and our mouths come open, while we gap at some of the glories of California—the land of sunshine—the land of gold.

And when we get homesick and say “ Good bye, we’re going home,” they only laugh at us—and Bill, its a kinder mean laugh, too—and they’ll say “ Oh, you’ll come back, they all do. I’ll give you just six months at the most, and I’ll bet you’ll come back with all your relations, and stay next time for good.”

So they slap you on the back, and give you a mighty warm handshake and say,

“ Good by, pardner, tell all the good folks back there to come out to God’s country, and be glad they’re living. Tell ’em they’ve only got one life to

A TENDERFOOT

live, and they're going through for the last time. Tell 'em if the Pilgrim Fathers had landed on the Pacific coast instead of the Atlantic, little old New York wouldn't be on the map."

And I'll be hanged, Bill, before you know it, you're so darned homesick you'd give your old trunk if you hadn't bought your ticket East.

You don't *want* to go home—you want to *stay!*

And when the train pulls out for back east, and you're on it, b'gosh, there's something inside of you that begins to swell up like a sponge, as you look out of the car window and see the flowers and orange groves slipping by.

You are only beginning to realize you are leaving it all, and may never come back again.

A TENDERFOOT

Sure, Bill, a man's a fool to cry, but I'd 'a dropped a few tears if I hadn't blown 'em out through my nose.

And let me add, Bill, as I am taking one last look out of the car window, at the fast disappearing, familiar sights I have learned to love, like a native born—let me add, God never fashioned another such wondrous spot, on the entire surface of this old earth.

There is only one *real* land of sunshine and its out here where the sun goes down.

THE END.

