

## ROASTS EVERYTHING IN THE ANGEL CITY

O.W. Orcutt, Visitor From  
the East, Full of  
Grievances

WRITES HIS HOME  
PAPER ALL ABOUT IT

Even the Soil Produces Nothing  
and the Lamp Posts Yield  
Him No Delight

To learn the news about yourself  
you must go away from home, is  
about the way a famous old adage  
runs.

And the latest news about our-  
selves, that is Los Angeles, appears  
in the Worcester (Mass.) Telegram  
of February 20, which, under a black  
scare head, publishes a letter from O.  
W. Orcutt of that snowbanked town  
that reads thusly:

"Owned by railroads.  
"Los Angeles no place for the poor  
man.

"Dreams of wealth are not realized.  
"O. W. Orcutt writes about con-  
ditions."

Wouldn't those headlines stop a  
chug chug wagon? And to think that  
we in Los Angeles have been enter-  
taining Orcutt. This Orcutt is suf-  
fering from mental indigestion and  
writes strabismicities. He sees wrong  
in everything and everything is wrong  
in him, and his fairness and sense of  
justice is wrapped up in that horrid  
case of indigestion.

### Orcutt Not Believed

That Orcutt is not believed at home  
is shown by the appended letter and  
the spirit breathed by the writer also  
shows that Orcutts are the exception  
and that only once in a generation  
does the state of Massachusetts rid  
herself of the Orcutt variety of hu-  
manicus freakus.

The letter is as follows:  
WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 20, 1905.  
17 Wellington street.  
Editor Los Angeles Herald, Los An-  
geles, Cal:

Dear Sir—The writer takes the lib-  
erty of inclosing herewith for your  
perusal a clipping from one of our  
local (Worcester) papers of this date,  
and, as a citizen of Massachusetts and  
this fair city, begs to voice an indigna-  
tion that it seems as if every fair-  
minded person, and especially those  
who have ever visited your state and  
city, should feel upon reading such an  
article.

Much of that which this Mr. Orcutt  
writes is true, so far as my personal  
observation has taken it in, but his  
article is so full of unreasonable and  
exaggerated statements that such part  
of it as might have proven acceptable  
and interesting to many of us is  
dwarfed into insignificance by a lot of  
scurrilousness, which if it were not so  
extremely nonsensical might be amus-  
ing.

I, too, have visited your city, as well  
as other parts of your state, and, as  
evident in the case of our friend Or-  
cutt, I went there a comparative  
stranger; but unlike him, who, it  
would appear, has been "up against  
it" good and hard, I found your city  
clean and wholesome. There were some  
fleas to be sure, but I allowed that, as  
Mark Twain said in reference to the  
dog, they were sent by God just to re-  
mind us that we were human. I  
found your people agreeable and hos-  
pitable; your business men gentleman-  
ly, up-to-date, and comparing quite  
favorably with those of our own city.  
Your public servants, especially the  
poor policeman and your railroad em-  
ployees were civil and attentive to duty.

I patronized your barbers and had  
as good service and at the same price  
as is afforded by my Worcester or  
Boston artist. I saw your "cheap"  
Chinese help, though not in as large  
numbers as our friend Orcutt seems to  
have seen, and, whatever your local  
opinion may be, I am free to say that  
were I a citizen of your state I would  
employ them every time in preference  
to much of the poor white help you  
have, even if the wages were the same  
(and I pride myself upon being in-  
tensely American).

I visited some of the places that Mr.  
Orcutt claims to have seen, but my  
vision was neither obscured by my  
love for Massachusetts nor blinded by  
prejudice, and how any sane person  
could visit the places and see the  
sights which our friend describes as  
"not much anyway" without having  
a lasting impression of their beauty  
made upon his mind is beyond my  
comprehension.

I fear that the hopes of our friend  
Orcutt were raised too high before he  
started for the land of sunshine and  
flowers, but aside from a natural dis-  
appointment he may have experienced  
in not finding a veritable heaven, he  
seems to be suffering from an aggra-  
vated attack of blues or homesickness.  
Whatever it may be, I sincerely trust  
that he will remain with you long  
enough to become better acquainted  
with a truly fine country and a fine  
people, and that, having been more  
successful in finding the dollars he  
may have gone for, he will have the  
manliness to write another letter to  
his local paper and frankly acknowl-  
edge that he was just a trifle mistaken.

The fact that Massachusetts is, in my  
opinion, one of the best, if not the  
very best, for a live man to live in  
(and get a living), and that everything  
considered, Worcester is one of the  
finest cities in the land, does not in  
any way detract from my respect and  
admiration for the great state of Cal-  
ifornia, the city of Los Angeles and  
other nearby places Mr. Orcutt men-

tions, and those who have contributed  
so largely to its building up.

I write this with the utmost respect  
for my late fellow-townsmen, but in a  
spirit of fair play, and I trust that you  
will feel like sparing the space to  
make it public.

Very respectfully,

HERBERT LINCOLN ADAMS.

In the language that follows is the  
way that Orcutt paints the glories of  
sunny southern California:

To the Editor of The Telegram:

I hope your readers may profit by  
what I have to say in regard to south-  
ern California. The railroads out here  
write up all they can about the south-  
ern part of the state, and tell of big  
inducements for men to come to Los  
Angeles. Most all, or a greater part of  
the real estate men have their offices  
in tents; yes, nothing more or less than  
tents; then they advertise land cheap,  
\$5 down, \$1 a week.

It is all a graft, and the eastern man  
who comes out here for health and  
wealth gets taken in, too. I call to  
mind a trick a barber played on me. I  
went in to get a shave. He shaved me,  
put hot towels on my face, and let me  
go. I handed him out a silver dollar  
and he gave me back 15 cents. A  
chum of mine got the same as I did,  
but it cost him \$1.50. They try and get  
all the eastern people they can to come  
here, and get their money; and they do  
it, too.

Even the little newsboys are onto it,  
too. There are two evening papers  
that sell for 1 cent, and good papers, too.  
One will hear the boys sing out,  
"Two great papers for a nickel." They  
are learning quickly, I tell you, to  
make money.

The police are very good; they never  
catch anyone, unless it is some poor  
hobo, and they take him and make him  
work in what they call the chain gang.  
This class of people help build the  
streets of Los Angeles. A man who  
gets out of funds is taken in, and has  
to wear the ball and chain anywhere  
from thirty to ninety days.

Of street lamps, the city has very  
few, and they are a good ways apart.  
That makes holdups easy, and there is  
lots of that sort of thing done. The  
thieves go so far as to knock a man  
down and rob him within 100 feet of the  
police station.

### No Fragrance in Flowers

There are fine flowers out here, but in  
midwinter one may as well try and get  
fragrance out of a stone. One cannot  
see any green grass, but can ride for  
miles, and all one can see is dusty  
fields and a few green trees and sage  
bushes. The dust will soil any clothes  
one can put on, there is so much alkali  
in the ground. When it rains it seems  
to me it comes down salt water instead  
of fresh. When a man buys land he  
has to buy the water. It is all irriga-  
ted land out here. All the orange  
groves and everything is irrigation.

The eastern man who thinks he can  
come out here and raise vegetables and  
get a living makes a big mistake. I  
will tell why. The greater part of the  
vegetables are raised and peddled out  
by John Chinamen. There must be  
about 4000 of them in that line of busi-  
ness, and no man out here will try to  
do it, a native, I mean, so why should  
a man from the east think he can? The  
chink will sell cheaper every time  
than the white man. There must be  
about 8000 to 10,000 chinks in Los An-  
geles, and they are right in the heart  
of the city. The chink is no fool.

### Chinese Sell Certificates

Here is something that they do out  
here. Take a Chinaman that has been  
in this country fifteen or twenty years  
and wants to go home. He sells his  
papers to some Chinaman from Mexico,  
and when the authorities find out about  
him not having papers they deport him  
to China. That gives him a free trip  
home; he is money in and the United  
States is out a good round sum.

The town is overrun with carpenters  
and brick masons. They can't work  
more than half the time, so they tell  
me, and I feel sure it is true, because  
they don't build many brick buildings,  
but nearly all cottages, about 20 by 30,  
or 30 by 40 feet. We call them shacks  
back home. The postoffice is a one-  
story structure and has a tarred roof.  
But I will say there are a few fine  
buildings in the city.

I took a run down to San Pedro.  
They crack that town up in the east.  
All there is there is lumber yards and  
a few saloons. One to read of it in the  
east would think it was a great place.  
The land down there is not very good  
and low down and there are very dirty  
streets. This place is twenty-five  
miles from Los Angeles, and it takes  
the electric cars an hour and a half  
to run down there. They run every  
forty-five minutes. They don't make  
very good time on the electric cars out  
here. They have very small cars, and  
the rails are not as far apart as in the  
eastern states, it being a 3½-foot gauge.

### Japanese Employment Offices

I would like to speak of the Japanese  
employment offices. There are about  
twenty-five or thirty of them, and the  
people in Worcester will see that there  
are a few little brown men in Los An-  
geles. They will work for nothing, and  
they and the chinks will ruin this  
country in time.

I think the climate is good, but one  
can't live on climate alone, and when  
it rains, there being no sewers, the  
water is a foot deep even in the main  
streets, and it doesn't dry off for four  
or five days. The mud is like a paste,  
and once it gets on the clothes it is  
hard to get it off and it always leaves  
a stain.

They have a new way of building  
big blocks out here. They make the  
base just the same width as the top,  
way down into the ground some twen-  
ty feet or more, and when there comes

a good rain it washes the underpin-  
ning all away.

There is nothing up to date out this  
way that I can see. Everything comes  
from eastern states. All the street  
cars are from St. Louis, and so on with  
all one sees.

### Railroads Own Country

The railroads own this country and a  
man coming in here cheap from the  
east thinks he can go back for the  
same as it cost him to get out here,  
but it will cost anywhere from \$10 to  
\$20 more to get home than it does to  
get here, as I will show you. I came  
out here for \$66.50, and went up a few  
days ago to see what I could go home  
for by the same line and was told for  
\$73.75, and furthermore they even went  
so far as to tell me I did not get out  
here for that money.

Sunday is about the same as any  
other day. Rum shops are open and so  
are billiard and pool rooms, and one  
can see men any Sunday morning  
shaking dice for the cigars. Go into  
some of the saloons Sunday night and  
one will see men playing cards at a  
table in one end of the room, with a  
big pile of poker chips piled up. This  
is the truth, and the police don't see  
it, or, if they do, don't say anything.  
I was out one Sunday morning and  
came to a church on one of the many  
streets in this town. The windows  
were open and I could hear most all  
the preacher said, only for one thing,  
and that was that there was a pool  
room on the other side of the street  
with doors wide open and a large  
crowd in there, mostly young men,  
making a loud noise and playing pool.  
Carpenters work Sunday. In fact,  
it is no day of rest out here  
in the city of angels.

### No Place for Poor Man

A poor man never wants to come here  
for work; it is no place, but a man  
with plenty of money can have a good  
time. One will hear people say: "Why,  
just see the blue sky!" I think the  
sky is just as blue in Massachusetts as  
it is anywhere on God's earth.

I hope you will print this, as it may  
save some poor man from losing all he  
has in this world. A man coming out  
here with only about \$500, and all he  
has got to do, he thinks, is to get off  
the train, ask the first man he meets,  
and he is going to get work then and  
there. Let him try it. He will find  
he will spend most of the \$500 before  
he gets out of Los Angeles.

The drinking water is so bad that one  
thinks when he first tastes it, it must  
be a dose of salts. These people cut  
here call it fine water. It may be to  
the native, but not for me.

All that keeps Los Angeles up and  
before the world is the eastern men  
coming out here to pass the winter.  
The real estate man meets him at the  
depot, sells him land, tells him what is  
in store for him, gets his money, puts  
up a shack for him, and that adds one  
more to the lost list who have been  
roped in.

A man to make money here wants to  
get into real estate at once, put up a  
tent, hang out his shingle, and then the  
money comes in on every trainload.  
He gets all the E. Z. marks if he looks  
out and gets to the station on time.

### Visited Pasadena

I went over to Pasadena, the  
crown of the valley, as the  
Spanish used to call it. It is  
not a very good name for it. Pasade-  
na is in the foothills and about ten  
miles from Los Angeles. It costs four  
bits, 50 cents, for the round trip, two  
electric lines, short and long. It was  
an extremely hot day when I went  
there, and I did not enjoy it much.  
There was nothing to see anyway. One  
can go up into Mt. Lowe from there,  
but it is not worth the time and money.  
It costs \$2.50 from Los Angeles to Mt.  
Lowe and return.

One sees no paper money out here,  
all is gold and silver.

The living out here is high, and so  
is rent, a four-room house being from  
\$15 to \$20 a month. One cannot get  
any good steak or in fact any good  
food, without paying for it, I tell you.  
I dropped in a store the other day and  
asked the man in charge what he  
looked for a bushel of potatoes. He  
looked at me hard and says, "How  
many pounds are there in a bushel?"

San Gabriel was the residence of the  
early Spanish fathers, this place being  
selected in 1771 for a mission. It is  
still standing, and there are still  
meetings there. One thing that struck  
me as funny is the way Franciscan  
fathers did in the early days. There  
is a wall of cactus around the church,  
and they used to catch the poor In-  
dians and keep them there until they  
would join the church. It must have  
been hard on the poor Indian.

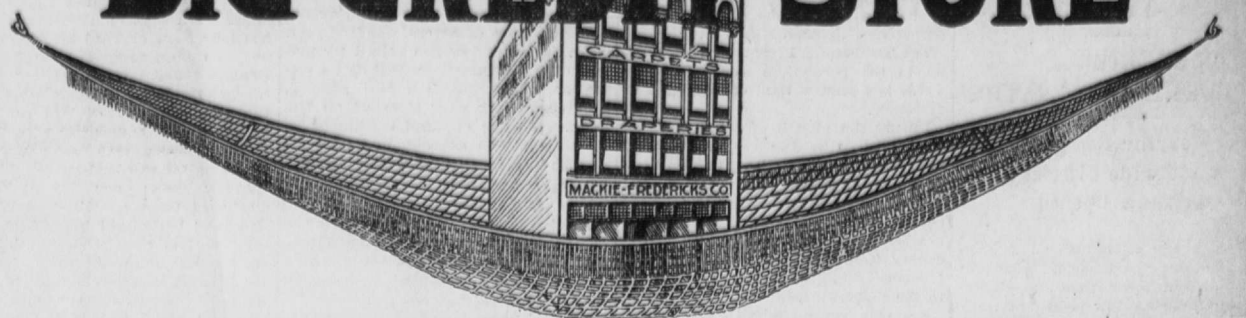
### Old Adobe Houses

The old adobe houses look queer.  
Most of the Mexicans live in that kind  
of house, made of brick dried in the  
sun, about ten feet wide and twenty-  
five feet long. Three stools, with most  
of the legs gone, an old table, and  
once in a while a stove is found. All  
eat and sleep in the same room. I did  
not see anything but Mexicans, and  
don't know as there is anything but  
them out near San Gabriel. They are  
a dirty set, take them altogether.  
There is a little Mexico in Los An-  
geles, up in the north part of the  
town, and joins Chinatown. They are,  
as one would think, all in one. It  
looks that way; but on looking again,  
you can pick out the adobe buildings  
easily.

Six daily newspapers are published  
in Los Angeles. They cost 5 cents a  
copy for all morning issues, so you see  
one has to pay to read out here. I get  
your ever welcome paper here every  
week, and see the home news. The  
news stands charge a nickel for it;  
but I would rather give that price for  
it than not see what is going on in the  
world.

I would like to pen a few lines about  
the old cribs up in the north end, on  
Alameda street. The steam cars run  
down that street, and a few years ago  
the cribs were in full blast. It used  
to shock the tourist coming  
in that way. Prostitution was  
rife. They are trying to get rid of the  
cribs, and may in time, but it will be

## GET INTO THE SWING OF BUYING AT THE BIG CREDIT STORE



# MATTINGS

Our new importations, coming direct to us from China and Japan are here now. The very clever designs and the material are far ahead of what is usually brought to this country. The prices are lower than similar quality commanded in the past. We shall introduce the line this week with a special that is well worth 25c a yard, at

15 Cents

# RUGS

Today we show the first of the new rugs. The designs and colorings are brought out in a beauty and strength that makes them the most attractive rugs that have been presented in many seasons. They are all of the standard makes, including Bigelow Axminsters, Bigelow Wiltons, Beauvais Axminsters and French Wiltons. You will be impressed with their great beauty at once.

# LINOLEUMS

German Inlaid Linoleum just imported, such as we will display today is the finest in real value and designs that has yet come to us; and the new English Inlaid Linoleum excels anything ever before produced by the factories in England. We are offering the new English Cork Carpet at prices that made it the best and cheapest covering for floors ever manufactured.

# CURTAINS

In clearing out our stock for the new Spring importations, shortly to arrive, we have set aside for a special sale at big price cuts a lot of odd pairs and two and three pair lots of curtains and portieres. They are all late arrivals and have sold quickly because of their exquisite patterns and quality. The best will certainly go first. Being the last of their lots the prices are cut about one-half.

543-545-547 30 BROADWAY

Our model Colonial  
cottage built in the store  
will suggest just how to  
furnish your home.

**Mackie-Fredericks Co.**  
Los Angeles, Cal.

If you are house-hunting,  
we can supply you with a  
cottage or flat through our  
Free Renting Department.  
Absolutely no charge.

hard work to do so, as the city is full  
of that class of people to this day. The  
police don't drive them out.

### More Police, More Hold-ups

The city put on fifty new officers  
Thursday, and a chum of mine re-  
marked there will be more holdups  
now, and, sure enough, in twenty-four  
hours there were six holdups. Two  
masked men entered a cafe, drove all  
the waiters upstairs, and took \$250 out  
of the till. Then they ran out; a big  
policeman took after them, but a shot  
from the robbers took all the ardor out  
of him. He made up his mind it would  
be safer going the other way, so made  
tracks any way but the way the rob-  
bers were going.

I have only seen two policemen since  
I came to Los Angeles, but of course  
there are a lot of them.

There are lots of fleas out this way,  
and one wants to get a room in a new  
house, or he will be eaten up alive.

Down at Long Beach it is fine; but  
one wants to look out and not go in  
bathing, for he may lose his pocket-  
book. There are lots of light-fingered  
people in and around Long Beach and

Los Angeles, so it pays the newcomer  
to look out for his money.

I will try and give from time to time  
an accurate account of Southern Cal-  
ifornia, and hope if any poor man is  
intending coming here that he will  
profit by what I say, and should he be  
pig-headed enough to try his luck, he  
will find I have told the truth.

A. W. ORCUTT.

Los Angeles, February 13.

### Relatives Will Not Claim Body

The body of Bernard Heiland of  
Mondovi, Mich., who committed sui-  
cide at the Lorraine hotel last Friday  
night, will be buried in Los Angeles.  
Yesterday a telegram was received  
from a son of the deceased. The tele-  
gram stated that the relatives were  
unable to send any funds for the  
shipping of the body and asked that  
interment be made in Los Angeles  
with whatever arrangements could be  
agreed upon by the county.

### TO PREVENT THE GRIP

Laxative Bromo Quinine, the world wide Cold  
and Grip remedy, removes the cause. Call  
for the full name and look for signature of  
E. W. Grove, 25c.

### FUNERAL OF CHARLES WELLS

#### Last Rites Over Remains of Promi- nent Angeleno

The funeral of Charles M. Wells was  
held at the home, 2515 South Main  
street, yesterday afternoon. A large  
number of his former friends and ac-  
quaintances assembled for the last  
rites. Dr. J. S. Thomson, pastor of  
the Independent Church of Christ,  
officiated. Burial was at Rosedale  
cemetery. The following, who were  
associated with the deceased in his  
public work, acted as pall bearers:  
Niles Pease, O. T. Johnson, J. H.  
Spies, John Goode, Hedden and  
George Steele.

A majority of the officers of the  
chamber of commerce were present.  
Mr. Wells was twice president of the  
organization. Many beautiful floral  
offerings attested to the high esteem  
in which he was held. Noticeable  
among these were designs sent by the  
chamber and by the Elks.

If you want to go east, C. Haydock,  
Agent Illinois Central R. R., 253 S. Spring.

HOLLENBECK LODGE, NO. 319,  
F. and A. M., will confer the sec-  
ond degree Tuesday evening, Feb-  
ruary 28. J. WILL DICK,  
Secretary.

### WORK BASKET HER CASKET

#### Widow Had Ordered Her Ashes Buried in Sewing Receptacle

Special to The Herald.  
NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—In accordance  
with a clause in the will of Mrs. Con-  
stance Miller, an aged and wealthy  
widow of New Rochelle, her ashes  
were deposited in a work basket she  
had used for years and buried in a  
grave alongside the resting place of  
her husband, John Bents Miller.  
The strange burial took place in  
Woodlawn cemetery, the grave being  
dug in the frozen ground.  
Mrs. Miller always had a fear that  
she might be buried alive, and in order  
to prevent that she left a stipulation  
in her will that her body be cremated.  
The undertaker placed the ashes in a  
glass jar, which was tied into the  
basket.