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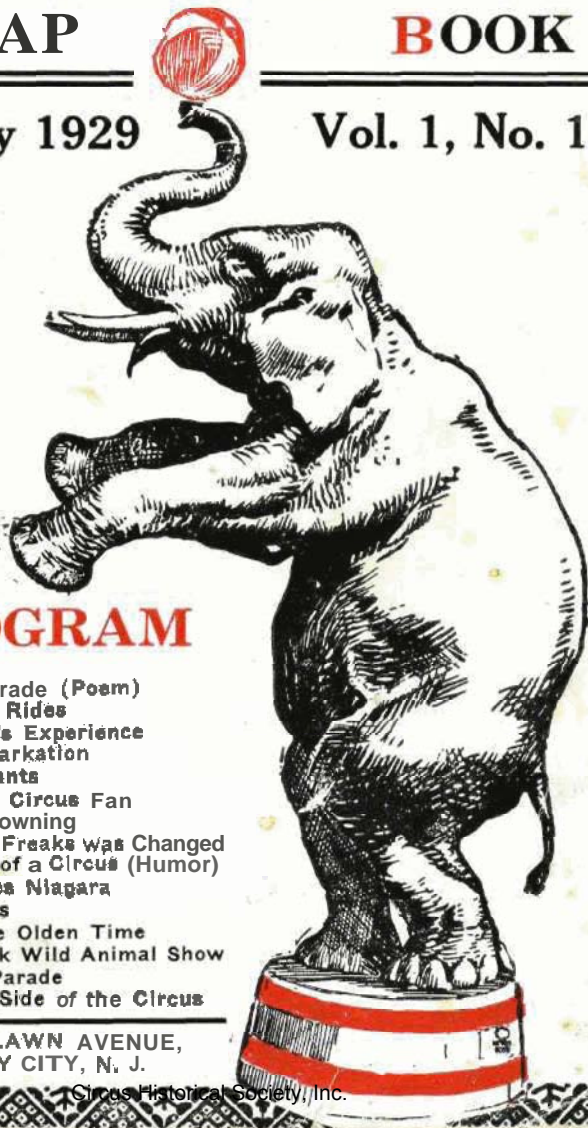
# CIRCUS

CRAP

BOOK

January 1929

Vol. 1, No. 1



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41 WOODLAWN AVENUE,  
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Circus Historical Society, Inc.

**THE CIRCUS SCRAP BOOK'S PORTRAIT GALLERY  
OF CIRCUS CELEBRITIES**

**1. JAMES ANTHONY BAILEY**  
**Born: Detroit, Michigan, July 4, 1847.**  
**Died: Mt. Vernon, New York, April 11, 1906**

## THE CIRCUS SCRAP BOOK

### *The Passing Parade*

The Circus! The Circus! The throb of the drums,  
And the blare of the horns, as the Band-wagon comes;  
The clash and the clang of the cymbals that beat,  
As the glittering pageant winds down the long street!

In the Circus parade there is glory clean down  
From the first spangled horse to the mule of the Clown,  
With the gleam and the glint and the glamour and glare  
Of the days of enchantment all glimmering there!

And there are the banners of silvery fold  
Caressing the winds with their fingers of gold,  
And their high-lifted standards, with spear-tips aglow,  
And the helmeted knights that go riding below.

There's the Chariot, wrought of some marvelous shell  
The Sea gave to Neptune, first washing it well,  
With its fabulous waters of gold, till it gleams  
Like the galleon rare of an Argonaut's dreams.

And the Elephant, too (with his undulant stride  
That rocks the high throne of a king in his pride),  
That in jungles of India shook from his flanks  
The tigers that leapt from the Jujubee-banks.

Here's the long, ever-changing, mysterious line  
Of the cages, with hints of their glories divine,  
From the barred little windows, cut high in the rear  
Where the close-hidden animals' noses appear.

Here's the Pyramid-car, with its splendor and flash,  
And the Goddess on high, in a hot-scarlet sash  
And a pen-wiper skirt, O! the rarest of sights  
Is this "Queen of the Air" in cerulean tights!

Than the far-away clash of the cymbals, and then  
The swoon of the tune ere it wakens again,  
With the capering tones of the gallant cornet,  
That go dancing away in a mad minuet.

The Circus! The Circus! The throb of the drums,  
And the blare of the horns, as the Band-wagon comes;  
The clash and the clang of the cymbals that beat,  
As the glittering pageant winds down the long street.

From the Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley.  
*Published by Harper & Brothers.*

# *The Circus Scrap Book*

Volume I.

JANUARY - 1929

Number 1.

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Address: 41 Woodlawn Avenue.....Jersey City, N. J.

Subscription Price: One Year \$1.00.    Single Copy: 35 Cents

Application for second-class matter pending Post Office,  
Jersey City.

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NOTE: We are in the market for old scrap-books, clippings, articles, etc., having to do with the Circus. Postage must be enclosed in order to assure the return of unavailable material. Suitable material will be paid for on acceptance.

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## *Our Ballyhoo*

THE CIRCUS SCRAP BOOK does not enter the periodical field to fill a long-felt want. It will be happy if it half fills it. It does not enter the arena of magazine literature intending to do wonders. It does not expect to make a fortune; nor lose one. Perhaps it will see more gold on circus wagons than it will ever see in its treasury. We do know, however, that this little magazine will have a definite aim. Stated tersely, its purpose is to keep alive the thrills of the Circus. THE CIRCUS SCRAP BOOK will bring out of the past, those things having to do with this great pastime and its people; it will allow Circus items to live again to give us the same pleasure experienced by our forefathers Who read them,

It is an established fact that the Circus is an American Institution; one that stands unchallenged by censorship. The Circus is here to stay as long as humanity gets a kick out of seeing animals, aerialists, leapers, tumblers, jugglers, clowns,

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Circus Historical Society, Inc.

## THE CIRCUS SCRAP BOOK

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freaks and the myriad of other things for which the Adjective was invented.

The Circus will remain on Earth because it is the Fountain into which Old Age dips for rejuvenation. Show me a man who does not care for the Circus, and I will show you a man from whose soul the spirit of Boyhood has entirely vanished.

Primarily we will print material culled from old books, old magazines, old newspapers, from anywhere if we think it is of value as circus literature.

will also print contributions from living writers who know their subject, and we will endeavor to secure from Circus men accounts of the high-spots along the road over which they have trouped. We will ask them to take another look backward over the vista of glittering spangles and golden sawdust and tell us those things which thrilled them then, so that we can be thrilled by them now. We have a host of Circusy things in our mind which we will attempt to do with this periodical.

it is our intention to print all that the years will allow us to gather, and then live in the hope that someone, some able Circus historian or biographer, will write The History of the American Circus. We have had the Outline of This and That, but we need an historical writer to outline in a sober, sensible, easy-reading, accurate manner a history of this great pastime. We will try with all of our ability, if any, to put into this magazine material helpful to such a history.

THE CIRCUS SCRAP BOOK will not, for the present, be a news-stand periodical. It will be sent out by private ~~at~~ & only. It will be a publication for & honest-to-and loyal Circus Fans; for men and women who get a thrill out of the spread of the Big White Tops, the brass of the Circus Bands and the gold of its Wagons.

We will have little stories of the Big Shows and big stories of the Little Shows, weighed entirely by their value to our readers.

We will endeavor at all times to maintain a Circusy atmosphere and the things we do we will try to do well, rather

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than do too much in a wrong and disinterested manner. One thing we will not do and that is to claim the largest circulation in the world. Our circulation will depend entirely on what you do for us among your friends. This will be your paper, and the editor will be your research man flitting from library to library, and from newspaper office to newspaper office—and from wealth to poverty, perhaps—digging out those things which we think will be of interest to those who are daffy about the Circus—like ourselves.

And now, lad-dees and gents, having used up a great many words to tell you all about our Show—too many, perhaps—step in and look us over. *W d s* hoping *a*-you *a* will be of interest to you, and if an act pleases, do not fail to applaud, for such applause will encourage us to go on and do better and bigger things. The man who says he does not like applause has a torpid liver. WE like it! It makes us put all we've got into our act.

Our portfolio is just bulging with meaty material about old riders, old aerialists, old clowns—all anxiously waiting to creep into the pages of future issues of our little periodical. It has taken years to gather it. Rich material, too, the kind you cannot afford to miss if you are at all interested in the CIRCUS. And you won't miss them if you'll subscribe NOW. The magazine will be a quarterly, but if you feel that we are accomplishing our purpose, tell us so. You might encourage us to come out more frequently.

We confess that we will need your support. We will not to hide that fact. We feel that there are enough circus hearts filled with the Spirit of Youthfulness—and pockets filled with One Dollar bills—to make this wee bit of a magazine a success. Time will prove that.

And now step in an' see the little Big Show. We'll let y'in once for the small sum of Thirty-five cents or Four Times for a Dollar. Don't crowd. Don't neep under the canvas, but walk right in.

THE EDITOR.

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## *The Man Who Rides*

Interview with the Champion Bareback Equestrian  
James Robinson.

(*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*, April 20, 1884)

A small man with dark keen eyes, fine regular features, smooth brown hair, slight mustache and closely knit compact figure, evidently a man of the world and at ease with it—so much so that his five and forty years were borne more lightly than by most men at thirty—this was "The man who rides," James Robinson. He was met last night by a reporter of this paper and in response to queries, modestly gave an account of himself:

"I was born in Boston in 1838. When I was turning into my tenth year, I went to New York and then apprenticed myself to John Robinson, dropping my first name Fitzgerald, and taking my employer's name, which I have worn ever since. Right here I may just as well tell you that I am the only Robinson who has been known as a rider, excepting John Robinson or any of his family. I stayed with John Robinson nine years, during which time I received my board, clothes and spending money. Did I earn my money? You can judge of that for yourself. For instance, we put in the winter of 1848-1849 in Florida. It was the first time a circus ever visited that State. We had an eighty foot round top tent and about thirty head of horses. I did 3 that time eighteen acts each day, nine at each performance. I opened by riding principal gad act. Then I rode two ponies and carried Alex Robinson's son. Alex was John's brother. Then I did the running globe, tumbling, lead in leaping, rode a carrying act with Alex's daughter, vaulted and rode the Indian act. Then I introduced bareback riding. You did not know that I was the original bareback rider did you? Well, it is true. Not only in this country, but also in Europe. In 1856 I left Robinson and went with Spaulding & Rogers who took out the first show that ever travelled by rail. In 1857 I went to Europe. When it was announced that there was an American

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who rode a horse without a saddle or pad, and turned somersaults while the horse was in motion, they did not believe it and sneered at the idea. "Hi suppose as 'ow the bloody Yankee heats a beef-steak in the hair while 'e's a-doing of it, doesn't 'e?" some said. You can be assured my act was a great card and on May 14, 1858, by royal command, I rode in the Alhambra Palm, Leicester Square, London, before Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and her husband Prince Albert and their children and a suite of about six hundred. The Queen presented me with a handsome douceur.

"In 1850 I went to Germany and rode a year at the Circus Renz.

"In 1860 I went back to London for a year.

"I came back to America with James Nixon and in 1862 I traveled for the last time with Old John Robinson. Then I joined the Thayer & Noyes Show one season and in the fall went to Cuba with Chiarini's Italian Circus. During my stay in Havana in the winter of 1864-1865, the citizens of Havana presented me with the Championship Belt and up to this time no one has ever disputed my right to wear it. I may display it in a public window during our stay in Cincinnati.

"In the spring of 1865 I came back to the States and during the season was with Howe's European Show. In 1867 I went again to Europe with the American Circus. They stayed in Paris during the Exposition."

### *More About Jimmy Robinson*

Here is what Gil Robinson writes about Jimmie Robinson in his book "Old Wagon Show Days" published by the Brockwell Company, in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1925:

"My father's circus was a wonderful school for the development of performers of all kinds. Practically all famous riders of the nineteenth century was at one time or another enrolled under his banner. Many of them were apprentices when they started with him, and received their training under his watchful eyes. James, or as he was better known, Jimmie

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Robinson, the greatest bareback rider that the world ever produced, won his initial successes under my father's management. He was not related to our family. His real name was James Fitzgerald. He was legally bound to my father, who changed his name for professional reasons. He and James Hernandez, another apprentice and a remarkable rider, had a riding contest in Washington, D. C., in the year of 1857, for the championship of the world. Jimmie Robinson won the title and he held it against all comers until he retired from the sawdust arena. Years afterwards he went to Australia with the Cooper & Bailey's Circus. At the close of the circus he shipped his horses to Marseilles in big crates. The lumber would probably have been thrown away if a stranger had not approached the rider and offered him one hundred dollars for it; this excited Robinson's curiosity as to the value of the wood, and the reason for the liberal offer, and finally the lumber was turned over to him at a price to pay all traveling expenses of the horses and three people from India to France. The wood, which Robinson had regarded with indifference and which was comparatively cheap at the point of embarkation, was solid mahogany.

"One season when Jimmie Robinson had been engaged by Mr. Bailey at a salary of \$600 a week to tour Australia, the tour proved so unprofitable that the show was temporarily closed. Robinson insisted on being paid his salary during the lay-off. Mr. Bailey, in an effort to frighten him, declared that if he persisted in his demand, the show would be reorganized and taken to India, where thousands of the natives were dying of the plague.

"That's all right, Governor," said Jimmie. "You can take the show to India or Hades so far as I am concerned. Just you furnish the transportation and put up the big top and make the ring, and I'll be there prepared to ride as usual." Bailey was as good as his word. The show went to India and Jimmie was there and rode as usual."

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**EDITOR'S NOTE:** If any reader has more bona-fide information or data regarding this rider, other than that outlined in the foregoing, please submit same for our consideration at our usual rates. If a good photograph of Jimmie Robinson is in the possession of any reader of this magazine, we would like to borrow it long enough to have an inset printed therefrom for our Portrait Gallery of Circus Celebrities. We will guarantee its safe return.

## *A Lion Tamer's Experience*

(From an old Scrap-book, 1884)

with Robinson's circus," said Mr. Neylan, the celebrated lion tamer, "I became acquainted with Bill Reynolds, the well-known lion performer, and became a fast favorite with him. He was sick quite often, which made it necessary to withdraw that feature of the entertainment.

"I was in the habit of playing *with* the lions outside the w e , and one day I asked the keeper who had charge of the if he would let me go inside. He laughed at me, and said that I would be glad to come out mighty quick. I looked about for a cowhide, and being unable to find one, seized upon a broom handle, and started in. There were three animals together in the cage, the famous lion Old —, the pet lioness Jennie, and a beautiful tiger. I was about s — years of age at the time, and very strong.

"The moment I entered, the animals regarded me as an intruder, and Old Prince began to look warlike. I beat him vigorously with the broom handle, and before I left the cage he was humbly submissive, and, with the other animals, would promptly do my bidding. I told the manager that I had found a man to take Reynolds's place, and would produce him that night.

"Evening came, the cage was drawn into the ring, and at the appointed time I appeared, greatly to the surprise and bewilderment of the manager. As I started toward the cage he shouted:

"'Come away; you'll be eaten up.'

"But I went on with the performance, and the behaved beautifully. At another time Robinson had a young lion, three years of age, of great strength and ferocious disposition. I determined to tame him, and selecting an cage with two partitions, I had it drawn into the woods one bright day. There I had a terrible encounter with him for three hours. The enraged beast refused to obey the lash, and it became necessary to use hot irons instead of a rawhide. After he had been subdued I petted him for a time, furnished him with a good meal, and we became the best of At the close of the encounter I was almost entirely stripped of clothing."

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Mr. Neylan was asked if he ever f a d himself in extreme peril.

"Well, yes," replied Mr. Neylan; "I was placed in a uncomfortable situation. One day I had occasion to enter the cage of Jennie, the pet lioness, to repair it. The sound of the hammer employed in driving nails appeared to frighten her, and suddenly she fastened her teeth in the calf of my leg. I had the presence of mind to let her alone, although she was tearing my flesh terribly, and seizing my hammer, I watched my opportunity, when she had caught my wrist between her teeth, and thrust the handle d m her throat, choking off her hold. Then she sought to leap upon me, and stripped me of my clothing, besides leaving the bloody imprint of her claws upon my back. The blows of the hammer did not seem to have any effect, and at the right moment one of the keepers, my danger, seized an iron bar and belabored her vigorously, while I kept up an accompaniment with my hammer. We conquered her at last, and I left the cage to dress myself and my wounds. She never disturbed me again, and was always tame and gentle.

"The best time to begin to break lions," said Mr. Neylan, "is when they are cubs eight to ten months old. My practice devote an hour a day in the training, always exercising was t on empty stomachs, and feeding them immediately afterward. If the animal is gentle and submissive, he should be treated kindly; but if he is inclined to be stubborn and ugly, then you must obtain the mastery by a vigorous use of the cowhide. They are inclined to be treacherous even when most frolicsome and gentle, and it can be shown that the majority of lion performers who have been killed have allowed their @\$\$ too much liberty.

"The place to use the cowhide is over the face and eyes, to blind and confuse them. It must not be thought for an instant that one can look them steadily in the eye and thus disarm them. The lion does become somewhat blinded by a steady gaze, but the moment he lowers his head and gives it an ominous shake, then look for danger, and the more promptly the lash is applied the better.

"The tiger is more inclined to be treacherous than the lion, and it is more difficult to train one. I have trained Asiatic, African and Mexican lions, and some of them have developed remarkable powers of intelligence and sagacity."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Are the methods described in the foregoing article correct? Will some animal trainer of note tell us?

*Barnum's Embarkation*

(*Harper's Weekly*, November 2, 1899)

All the heavy material to be taken to London by the Barnum "Greatest Show on Earth" was put on board the Anchor Line steamship FURNESSIA, at the Prentice Stores in Brooklyn, on Saturday, October 19th, and on Sunday the vessel sailed away with as strange a cargo, probably, as ever was loaded on a ship. The pier was cumbered all day with elephants, camels, zebras, horses, band wagons, Roman chariots, trunks, chests and the numberless articles, large and small, that are more or less important in the composition of the Great American circus. No great circus had ever before made the voyage to Europe, so there was no precedent for the method of handling and of the properties; but measurements had been so carefully made that a place was assigned for everything, and every cage, wagon and elephant fitted into its place snugly, as if the show spent most of its time on water.

Although the steamship lay by the side of the pier, the large animals and the heavier articles were not taken on board from the wharf, but were put on large flat lighters and from that hoisted to the deck with slings. Thus the elephants and camels and horses went on board without difficulty, none of them offering any serious objections. The smaller animals were in boxes made especially for the purpose, none of them confined in the cages in which they were exhibited. Mr. Barnum did not take along his entire menagerie, because the Englishmen were so used to seeing lions and tigers and other natives of hot countries that those animals would have been no novelty in London; he confined himself to the distinctively American animals, such as white and black fallow-deer, buffalo, prairie dogs, panthers and water-buffalo, the only "foreigners" taken along, such as the elephants and camels, being trained performing animals.

The question of providing so many ~~so~~ animals with food during the voyage, was solved by freezing the

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fresh meat in cubical cakes and then packing it in refrigerators between layers of ice.

Besides the properties the FURNESSIA carried 209 employees of the show in her first and second cabins, everything being under the charge of Treasurer M. F. Young. Among the first-cabin passengers were Mr. H. L. Watkins, Mr. Bailey's private secretary, Henry Barnum, the show manager who, notwithstanding his name, is not related to the great American showman; general superintendent Frank Hyatt; master of transportation Byron V. Rose; and William Newman, "Elephant Bill," who had charge of the elephants. In the second cabin were a large number of Zulus, cowboys, freaks, hostlers, grooms and animal men, and twenty-one colored people, of both sexes, who composed the Jubilee singers. The FURNESSIA carried no passengers but members of the company — but it was necessary to take in some other — & because the weight of the animals was not sufficient to load her properly. Instead of going to Glasgow, her usual port, she sailed for London direct.

This was only a part of the great show. The CITY OF ROME, which sailed October 16th, carried over one hundred and sixty of the principal performers in her first cabin and a great number of animals. Mr. Barnum himself sailed in the ETRURIA on October 12th, with Mrs. Barnum and Mrs. Barnum Seeley, his grandson, and probable successor. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey sailed in the VICTORIA AUGUSTA October 17th.

The CITY OF ROME carried all of the advertising material which is expected to make the Englishmen open their eyes. It weighs more than eighty tons and will be pasted all over Great Britain. Fifty thousand sheets will be pasted in London alone and that there is ample room there for them is shown by a letter received from Mr. W. H. Gardner, the general agent, just before the FURNESSIA sailed, in which he said of the bill-posting: "It will be nearly all ladder work, some of the bill-boards being fifty feet high. No one puts anything in the windows here, but we will show them how." Thirty-eight bill-posters, all in uniform, went over in the CITY OF ROME, and the advertising paper they will handle cost \$166,000.

This trip to Europe has been under consideration for some time, but it is not expected that it can possibly do much more than pay the enormous expense which will be more than \$350,000 for travelling, besides \$12,000 a day for the one hundred days the show will remain in London. Mr. Barnum

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says he is willing to spend \$100,000 to show the English what an American Circus is. The show will be given in London only, in the Olympia in Kensington, a building considerably larger than the old Madison Square Garden, and to which additions have been built for this occasion at a cost of \$10,000. Kiralfy's "Nero; or, The Fall of Rome," has been annexed to the show and will occupy part of the main building. This alone brings 800 performers into view at one time, and the entire number who will appear in public is 1,240. Excursion trains will be run with 4 parade in connection with the Lord Mayor's procession on November 9th.

Barnum and Bailey are large stockholders in the new Madison Square Garden, and they will have the show back in New York by the middle of March, in time to give the first performance in the new building. All the animals and other properties taken across the ocean are fully insured against loss or damage by fire or water, and of the whole vast company, the only representative now left in America is Mr. R. F. Hamilton, the press agent.

### *Famous Elephants*

*(The Troupier, December 22, 1917)*

The first elephant brought to the United States was known as "Old Bet."

"Bolivar" was with the Van Amburgh show during the season of 1845.

"Pizarro" had at least one notch in his trunk in the way of a keeper killed at Peter Bonga, Va.

"Columbus" had several notches and finally died at North Adams, Mass.

"Queen Anne" died from drinking a barrel of ice-water.

"Mogul" was burned on shipboard.

"Mlle. D'Jek" played in New York in 1834.

"Tippo Sultan" was in the United States in 1836 and 1837.

"Siam" died at Zanesville, O., from chills contracted during a storm.

"Old Romeo," a most vicious animal, died in Somerstown, N. Y., in 1834.

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"Tippo Sahib," a well-trained pachyderm, came over in 1832, and died at the Van Amburgh show's winter quarters in Indiana.

"Hannabal" died at Cumberland, Md., in 1856.

"Major" of the Van Amburgh show, was but 36 inches in height.

"Lalla Rookh" was a wonderful elephant. She used to perform on the tight-rope. She went bathing in the river in Indiana on a Sunday, took cold and died. Owned by Howes and Cushing and purchased from them in 1854 for \$5,000 by Dan Rice.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Let's get up a Who's Who among the Elephants. Who have YOU to propose?

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### *Answering the Circus Man*

Who married the widow of the dwarf, Tom Thumb?

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Tom Thumb (Mrs. Charles S. Stratton) wed Count Primo Magri, whom she had met six years before and who was an intimate friend of General Tom Thumb. Count Magri was also a dwarf, born in Italy.

The Count lived quietly upon his estate, devoting his time to study, until he was thirty years old, when he became acquainted with an American traveller, who induced him to make a tour of this country on exhibition. With his naturally refined instincts he opposed the idea; but the many advantages of travel, of meeting distinguished people, and seeing many new things were presented to him by his American friend, and he finally consented and came to this country in 1875.

He traveled through the South and West under the stage name of Count Rosebud. In 1879 he met and was introduced to General and Mrs. Tom Thumb in the railroad depot at Springfield, Massachusetts, and from that time dated a friendship which the Count regarded as one of the pleasantest experiences of his life. After the death of General Tom Thumb, his friendship with the widow continued, and they became engaged to be married. After their marriage the couple went to the Count's estates in Italy.

Who was James R. Davis?

James R. Davis, better known as "Jumbo" Davis was in the show business most of his life, the greater part of his time as an agent for Barnum, and was known to circus and show people the world over. He got his nicknames of "Jumbo" from the fact that he purchased the big elephant for Barnum and had it brought to this country. In his boyhood he was for a time a page in the Capitol Building, but very soon afterwards drifted into the show business, which he stuck to for the rest of his life. He was for

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many years one of Barnum's most trusted agents, and travelled all over the world seeking and purchasing curiosities. In his capacity as Barnum's agent he crossed the Atlantic nine times. He also acted for a time as Manager of the Curiosity Syndicate, by which Circus Proprietors hired out their freaks for a tour of the Dime Museums connected with the syndicate, which extended throughout all of the principal cities of America. He was for a while connected with the Doris Circus as railroad contractor. Shortly after C. E. Kohl and George Middleton left the employ of Barnum to start in the Dime museum business, Davis joined them and became manager of the West Side Museum in New York city. He later went to Cincinnati to manage the Vine Street museum, which belonged to the same firm, and was at this work when he died, still a very young man. He had been in rather poor health for several months, being affected with bronchial and lung trouble which left him badly emaciated. The cause of his death, however, is said to have been heart disease. He was at work right along until the museum closed, feeling as well as usual. He left a wife, but no children. Mr. Davis was well educated and was an exceedingly able man in his line of business. He was very popular with the profession and had many friends in Chicago, and in Washington, D. C., his native city.

EDITOR'S NOTE: What do you want to know about the circus? If there is anything about which you would like to be informed, let us know about it and we will attempt to dig it out.

### *Clowns and Clowning*

*(Cincinnati Gazette, June 3, 1883)*

To most people a clown is a down, take him in whatever guise you will, and the fool in motley, with the cap and bells, not a whit from the punchinello of a pantomime. Yet this merry man of the arena is not a new found acquaintance, by any means, and can boast his descent almost directly from the classical times. Having figured, as some assert, in the ancient MIMI of the ATELLANIAN fables. Harlequin and Punchinello, both of whom retain the character of jesters, wags and buffoons, find a place in dramatic history of all Nations, and it is believed existed among the Romans before the of Plautus, continuing to play their frolics during the middle when the legitimate drama was unknown. Indeed, the images of these grotesque characters have been discovered by antiquarians on Etruscan vases and, among the characters in the earliest of our English plays, the fool frequently occurs. Though the term clown and fool are improperly used as synonymous by these early writers, and the fool denoted, in

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some of the old plays alluded to, either a natural, as they were then called, or a witty hireling, retained for the purpose of making sport for his employers, a clown was a perfectly distinct character, and one of much greater variety.

Richard Tarlton and many other actors, as far back as the time of Ben Jonson, had distinguished themselves as

In 1723 the pantomime clown began his reign upon the English stage, the circus fool coming many years later. In December of the year mentioned, Rich, the London manager, produced the first regular pantomime at Lincoln's Inn Theatre, entitled "The Necromancer, or, The History of Dr. Faustus," which Doran tells us conjured all the town within the ring of his little theatre, and raised harlequinade above Shakespeare and all other poets. In a divertisement of this description, presented by Mr. Rich several years afterwards, the name Grimaldi appears as Pantaloon and in 1758 this same famous clown relieved the tragedy of RICHARD III as enacted by Mossop, by appearing 4 comic dances between the acts.

Our modern circus clown is a direct descent of Punch and was brought into being, as one might say, by Old Astley, of London, who died in 1814. Philip Astley was a famous rider who first exhibited equestrian pantomimes in which his son, who survived him for a short time, rode (as it is said) with great grace and agility.

Astley had amphitheatres (famous establishments they were, too,) in London, Dublin and Paris and migrated with his actors, bipeds and quadrupeds from one to the other. Belzoni, the celebrated Egyptian antiquarian, who unearthed many famous tombs at Thebes, and earned great distinction the discoverer of the entrance to the pyramid, was at one time a clown in Astley's London house.

With Rickett's Circus, which was the first that ever exhibited in the United States, the clown was transplanted to American soil and today is such an institution in our midst that tented exhibitions like Barnum's, Forepaugh's and Robinson's are compelled to have not one, but a dozen or more; and so great is the difference in their skill and the character of their performances that they are classed under almost as many different heads. Four distinct species of clowns are recognized by our showmen, i. e., the Talking Clown, the Silent Clown, the Pantomimic Clown and the Trick Clown.

Of Talking Clowns Dan Rice is undoubtedly the greatest that ever lived, having achieved such fame as to be able to

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command a salary at one time of \$1,000 a week with all expenses paid.

Dan was the best of the so-called Shakespearean jesters and was paraded about the streets in a coach-and-four with a handsomely-bound copy of the great William's works before him when, had his life depended upon it, he could not have spelled out a single word of the text.

Away back in the 50's when old Van Orden was travelling about the country at the head of a circus, Dan Rice was the possessor of an "educated pig" which he exhibited in a side canvas. Fortunately for Dan, Van Orden's down, a fellow of no great reputation and so addicted to his cups as to be utterly unreliable, was incapacitated for work by intoxication and Dan was called upon at short notice to take his place. Van Orden had the brains and Dan the impudence, so between the two, jokes—enough to carry him through the performance—were strung together and to the surprise of everyone made the most remarkable hit with his antics, his reputation increasing day by day until, within a very brief space, he stood at the head of his profession.

Long before Rice's debut, however, great clowns were not wanting and John May, John Gossin, Sam Lathrop, Sam Long, Joe Pentland and Old Dan Gardner reigned supreme. May, Gossin and Long were a peculiar trio, each in turn acting in the capacity of liege lord to the famous Madame Delphine who, in her time, had no fewer than seven husbands. Each of the three poor fellows alluded to died of softening of the brain, some said owing to the poisonous effects of the bismuth with which they whitened their faces, while others insinuate that bad whiskey and a scolding wife proved more baneful than the compound blamed by many as the cause of the great Fox's taking off.

Considering the number of clowns that have died in the asylum some, like poor Fox and May, having to be confined in padded cells and harnessed in straight jackets, Old Gardner of all the early clowns was about the only one that died possessed of anything, and yet his ear4 career was less promising of any, he having first appeared before the public in the character of a female impersonator in a minstrel show and a very poor one at that. However, he was well fixed in after years and lived to be honored and respected by a large family of children some now among the best-known people of Philadelphia.

However, it must be remembered that the salaries of

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circus performers in those days were nothing as compared to what is paid now,

Gossin, it is said, got but \$80 a month and was W-  
pelled to & in the putting together of the show wherever  
an exhibition was given. "We had no canvassmen even when  
I began the business," said a well-known rider, John Wilson,  
in conversation upon the subject the other day, "and the  
clowns, riders, performers, in fact everybody connected with  
the show, had to turn out, rain or shine, to put up the canvas,  
build the ring and look after the horses."

Old man Walcott, Teddy Walcott as he was familiarly  
known in times gone by, now the business manager of Buffalo  
Bill's Wild West, was one of the most famous of talking  
clowns just before the breaking out 4 the war, and for years  
he travelled with Spaulding & Rogers' Show, receiving, as a  
compensation, little more than \$10 per week, while at present  
the most ordinary talking clowns are paid from \$75 to \$150  
per week throughout a long season. Dock Thayer, Jim Meyers,  
Jerry Reynolds, Pete Conklin and the Pastors, Tony and Billy,  
each shone resplendent for a time in the sawdust arena, but  
of the lot Tony is today the only one possessing either m u -  
tation in money. Tony Pastor was apprenticed to Old John  
Nathan, and having proved a failure at everything else, he  
was put to clowning. His first reputation was made under the  
management of Jerry Mable as a singer of comic songs and a  
few seasons afterwards he stepped from the ring to the stage,  
since which time his career is known to you.

"Do you know how clowns are made?" asked a famous  
wearer of the motley of a Commercial Gazette man the other  
day. "I'll tell you; when a man has proved himself utterly  
incapable of anything else in the ring; when he can neither  
ride nor tumble, do a rope act or swing on a trapeze, they  
smear his face with bismuth and glycerine, put a striped suit  
upon his back, and he is a full-fledged clown. Tony Pastor  
was dumped into the ring after this fashion, and is today a  
millionaire, simply because as a boy he was too trifling for  
any other line of business."

Buck Gardner, Nat Austin, Ted Croust and John Lowlow  
are among the next batch of celebrities, the last-named being  
the best known jesters today. Lowlow and Old Si of the At-  
lanta Constitution were boys together, both running away  
from home when mere lads to join Uncle John Robinson's  
circus, then exhibiting in the South. Small soon tired of the  
rough life, however, and returned to his home, and sorrowing

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parents, while Lowlow journeyed on toward the North and now, at the end of twenty-five years' service in this one how, finds himself owning some most valuable property in the City of Cleveland. Talking clowns like Lowlow and his companions, are fast becoming a thing of the past, however, the silent clown now usurping his place.

Of the eight or nine clowns with the Barnum show, all are of this description, and it is a rule with the management of that concern that as soon as a man opens his mouth, he is handed his salary and dismissed.

The silent clown proper is a sort of a "Lone Fisherman" indeed, and this famous character is said to have been suggested to the author of "Evangeline" by a performance witnessed at the circus. The silent clown is as different as the Humpty Dumpty of the pantomime as is the latter from the Shakespearean jester. He is a quite peculiar fellow, comical both in his make-up and expression of face and usually wanders about the ring in a listless sort of a way, as if naturally unmindful of the presence of other people. This style of business was introduced to our tented shows by the two celebrated European clowns Chadwick and Wheel. Both were large and powerful men and without saying a word would stumble into the ring, pick up a pony, trick mule or even some famous rider or acrobat and carry them off under one arm in spite of their struggles.

Ash, of the Robinson circus, first taught his business by John Wilson, then equestrian manager of the show, is accounted one of the best silent clowns and acted a "Lone Fisherman" almost as laughable as that of the original Harry Hunter.

The Trick clown, common to almost every circus, is another peculiar species and although distinct from all others, may be either of the talking or silent sort. The Trick clown is usually an acrobat disguised in motley who, after floundering about in the ring to the great delight of the rustics, suddenly jumps upon a horse and discovers the fact that he is quite a skillful rider. Among the tumblers he sometimes proves the best, and as a bar performer is frequently hard to

The first of our Trick clowns was the great Frenchman, Oriole, who made his appearance in Paris about 1850 and who, it is claimed, was the first man who ever did a somersault on a horse. George Adams, the pantomimist, before taking to the stage, was famous among trick clowns, having served his apprenticeship under Cooke, the great

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Englishman. He was "creeked" when quite a boy—that is, he had certain joints in his back so twisted as to render him supple—and it is doubtful whether any clown who ever stepped into the arena could at all compare with him. Coming from a great family of circus performers, M— proved an exception to the rule of the general worthlessness of clowns as gymnasts or riders and before ever putting white on his face had won for himself an enviable reputation as a rider, bar performer and tumbler.

Of the many pantomime clowns the most celebrated within remembrance of any of the present generation were undoubtedly the Ravels; indeed it is claimed that the first pantomime ever produced upon the American stage "Jocko, the Brazilian Ape," was with these people as principals. The Ravel Brothers, (Mazetti, Gabriel, Francois and Antoine), each have nothing added to their fame at this day. They were the greatest of all pantomimists and are equally as celebrated in Paris as afterwards in this new-found home. Pantomime in all essentials is the same no matter whether it be French, English or Italian; yet there is, to the acute observer, a difference in clowns, the English or American being just as distinct from the others today as when in 1700, even before the time of Rich, the first crude pantomime was given in London. The Martinettis came over from Paris with Ravels as "property men" and gradually as one after the other of the famous brothers dropped out of the company assumed the vacancy until in the end "Mazumma, the Night Owl," "The Red Gnome" and the other famous pantomimes were played by them and not by the Ravels. However, the Martinettis never amounted to much, nor did the Leland family who came first after them. Maffit and Bartholomew and others some little notoriety in these same pantomimes, but the next great success after the Ravels was that made by George Fox at the Olympic Theatre, New York, in 1867. As Humpty Dumpty he has never had his equal and is admitted by all to have been the funniest clown ever seen upon the stage. Tony Denier and George Adams were the nearest approach to Fox, the last named having fairly won the distinction of being the greatest of living pantomimists with the probable exception of the Hanlons who, however, strictly speaking, do not come under the head of pantomime clowns.

As to salaries, the pantomime clown is the best paid of any, \$200 and \$300 a week not being considered at all out of the way as a compensation for their labors and the Ravels, Fox, the Hanlons, George Adams and even those less celebrated among them have, in their day, earned ample fortunes.

## *How the Word "Freaks" Was Changed*

*(From An Undated Clipping)*

The word "freak" was first changed to a more euphonious word in England in 1899, while Barnum and Bailey were exhibiting there. Here is what Harvey L. Watkins says about it in his "Four Years in Europe with the Barnum & Bailey Show."

The uprising of the freaks occurred on Friday, January 6, 1898, when Dame Nature's oddities in meeting reached the conclusion that the word "freak" was approbious and without any special meaning, particularly so as a very large number of those who constituted this department are free from any peculiarities to designate them as different from the ordinary being and it was therefore determined that the word "freak" should be from this time on abolished and a committee was appointed to select another word in place of the objectionable one.

The fact of the meeting became known to the London press who devoted columns in ventilating the grievances of the revolters and as a result hundreds of letters were received from all parts of Great Britain suggesting a new word. Mr. Bailey, anxious to gratify their wishes, suggested the calling of a meeting for the adoption of a new title. Accordingly on Sunday, January 15, a second conference was held and after due deliberation and a general discussion of the letters received from the clergymen, professors, savants and others and carefully considering the merits and demerits of all the suggestions, the word "Prodigies" submitted by Canon Wilberforce, of Westminster Abbey, was adopted as more nearly indicating their peculiar individualities than any other, all agreeing from that time forth to be known only by that appellation and that they would endeavor to have all other sons, who were exhibiting in American and other abide by their action.

A committee was appointed to wait upon Mr. Bailey and acquaint him with their action, requesting him to hereafter

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substitute the word "Prodigies" for that of "Freaks." This committee in fulfillment of its mission presented themselves at the manager's office, were graciously received by Mr. Bailey who listened to their statement and immediately gave instructions that all signs be at once changed, substituting the new word and that in future all publications should refer to them only by the new title. The press department, ever on the alert for material which would prove good reading, grasped the opportunity thus presented and the revolt of the freaks was printed in all parts of the world.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are very anxious to get clippings or stories, biographical or otherwise, about Freaks. Not casual comment, but historical data.

### *Bankrupt Sale of a Circus*

By BILL NYE

(*Laramie, Wyoming, Boomerang, 1878*)

As I write these lines my heart is filled with *bit-* and woe. There is feeling of deep disappointment this morning that has cast my soul down into the very depths of sadness. Some years ago the legislature of Wyoming conceived the stupendous idea that the circus, instead of being man's best friend and assistant in his onward march through life, was after all a snare and a delusion.

This august body then passed a law that fixed the licenses of circuses showing in Wyoming Territory at \$250, which was of course an embargo on the show business that, as I might say, laid it out colder than a wedge so far as Wyoming Territory was concerned.

The history of that law is a history of repeated injury and usurpation. Our people were bowed down to the earth with the iron heel of an unjust legislature and forced to drag out the weary years without the pleasures which come to other States and other Territories.

In the midst of this overhanging gloom, there were two men who were not afraid of the all powerful legislature, but boldly lifted up their voices and denounced with clarion tone and dauntless eye the great wrong that had been done to our people.

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One of these men was a tall, fine-looking man, with piercing eye and noble mien. He stood out at the front in this unequal war and with his silvery hair streaming in the mountain zephyrs, he told the legislature that a justly indignant people *would* claim at the hands of her law-makers a full and ample retribution for the tyrannical act.

Judge Blair, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Wyoming, whether at the social gathering or at the quarterly meeting, never lost an opportunity to condemn the unrighteous act or to labor for its abolishment. He fearlessly adjourned court time after time in order that the jury might go to Denver or Salt Lake to attend the circus; and embodied in one of his opinions on the bench the everlasting truth that "the usurpation of the people's prerogatives by the law-makers of any State or Territory, in so far as to deprive them of a divine right inherent in their very natures, and compelling them to undergo a slavish isolation from the Mammoth Aggregation of Living Wonders and Colossal Galaxy of Arena Talent, was unjust in its conception and criminal in its enforcement." (See *Boggs vs. Boggs*, 981.)

The other dauntless antagonist of the tyrannical law was a young man with pale seldom hair, and a broad open brow that bulged out into space like a sore thumb. He was slender in form like a parallel of longitude, with a nose on him that looked like a thing of life. This young man was myself.

Together we talked in season and out of season, laboring with the law-makers with an energy worthy of a better cause.

We met with scorn and rebuffs on every hand, and the cold, hard world laughed at us, and unfeelingly jeered at our ceaseless attempts. But we labored on till last winter, when the welcome telegram was flashed over the wires that the despotic measure was no more.

Then there was a general joy all over the Territory. Judge Blair sang in that impassioned way of his, which makes a confirmed invalid reconciled to death, and I danced. When I dance them is a wild originality about the gyrations that startles those who are timid, and causes the average, unprotected ballroom belle to climb up on the platform with the orchestra, where she will be safe.

Bye-and-bye the young man with the step-ladder and the large oil paintings, and the long-handled paste brush came to town, and put some magnificent decalcomania pictures on the bill-board and fences; and Judge Blair and I patted each other on the back, and laughed seven or eight silvery laughs.

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But in the midst of our unfettered glee a telegram came from Denver that the circus that had billed our town had been attached by the sheriff. It seems that the elephant had broken into a warehouse in Denver and had eaten 160 of hay, worth \$100 each in the Leadville market. The owner of the hay then attached the show in order to secure pay for the hay.

This necessitated a long delay and finally a sale of the circus. Everything went, the big elephant and the baby elephant, the band chariot with a cross-eyed hyena painted on it, the steam calliope that couldn't play anything but "Silver Threads Among the Gold," the sacred jackass from North Park, the red-nosed baboon from New Jersey, the sore-eyed prairie dog from Jack Creek, the sway-backed grizzly bear from York State, and the second-hand clown from Dubuque, all had to go.

Then they opened a package of petrified jokes and antique conundrums that had been exhumed from the ruins of Pompeii. It seemed almost like sacrilege, but the ruthless auctioneer tore these prehistoric jokes from the sarcophagus and knocked them down to the gaping throng for whatever they would bring.

The show was valued at \$2,000,000 on the large illustrated catalogues and bright-hued posters, but after the costs of attachment @ sale had been paid there only \$231 left.

Oh, what a sacrifice! How little there is in this brief transitory life of ours that is abiding. How few of our bright hopes are ever realized. How many glad promises are held out to us for the roseate future that never reach fruition.

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### JO-JO

**JO-JO**, the famous Dog-Faced Boy, so long exhibited by Barnum and Bailey, died at Salonica, Turkey, from pneumonia, on January 31, 1904. His name in private life was Theodore Peteroff. He made his first appearance in New York in March, 1885, as one of the principal exhibits of Barnum's Circus at Madison Square Garden. He was about five feet in height, and his entire body was covered with a thick growth of hair, which, together with the peculiar formation of his head, gave him a striking resemblance to a dog.

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## *Blondin Crosses Niagara With a Man On His Back*

*(From the Buffalo Courier, August 18, 1859)*

Probably the largest crowd that ever assembled at Niagara Falls was present there yesterday to witness M. Blondin the Niagara River upon his rope carrying a man upon his shoulders. About half-past four o'clock M. Blondin entered the enclosure and proceeded to the end of the rope on the American side. His appearance was a signal for a general which was responded to from the other side of river. He was dressed as on former occasions, in silk tights, bare-headed, and had on his feet rough-dressed bear-skin shoes. In a few minutes after his arrival he ascended the rope with his balancing pole and started to cross the river.

M. Blondin occupied something over one-half hour crossing, most of the time being spent in his performances on the rope. He remained upon the Canadian side to rest and refresh himself some fifteen or twenty minutes and again appeared upon the rope. This time he had his agent, Mr. Henry Colcord, a man weighing about 136 pounds, upon his back and his balancing pole in his hands. He proceeded down the rope slowly and cautiously as if feeling every step until he was about one hundred feet from the Canadian side, when Mr. Colcord dismounted and stood upon the rope immediately behind M. Blondin.

They here remained to rest about three or four minutes when Mr. Colcord again mounted and M. Blondin proceeded, still walking very slowly and stopping occasionally to balance himself. They stopped five times in crossing and each time Mr. Colcord dismounted and again resumed his position. He had his arms around M. Blondin's neck and his legs rested on the balancing pole. He was in his shirt sleeves and wore a straw hat. About twenty-two minutes were occupied in traveling the first half of the rope and the balance in twenty, making forty-two minutes from bank to bank. In reaching the landing, M. Blondin was much flushed and appeared very much fatigued, while Mr. Colcord was pale but did not betray any signs of fear.

## *Circus Hoodoos*

Culled from a Chapter in "Reminiscences of Dan Rice," written by Maria Ward Brown and published by the author at Long Branch, N. J., in 1901.

You may not know it, but there are hoodoos in the circus business as well as in other lines of trade. The only difficulty is to be able to know what the hoodoo is and get rid of it. I remember once old John Robinson's circus constantly lost money on the Central States circuit, where two seasons before it had made an unusually successful tour. Old man John couldn't understand it, but finally concluded that it could not be among the members of his staff, neither was it one of the performers, for every one on that side of the circus had been with him the season before, which was one of unequalled prosperity. In perplexity he began to reorganize the other parts of his concern, and new hands were discharged by the wholesale. At last he discovered the hoodoo. It was a side-show lecturer, who always wore an alarmingly red necktie. As soon as the lecturer was discharged the circus prospered.

Phineas T. Barnum one season had a hoodoo that stayed with him until his employer was well-nigh ruined before he was discovered and discharged. In that instance the Jonah was a very clever plate-spinner. The trouble with the hoodoo is that he does not imagine the ill-effects of his mere presence in the circus.

Adam Forepaugh's worst hoodoo was a cross-eyed candy butcher, and his great circus had very bad luck until the vender of sweet-meats was discharged.

John O'Brien's hoodoo was a sweet-faced, soft-spoken lady performer, who brought him mighty bad luck until he rehired her.

Old Van Amburg made barrels of money and prospered travelling through the country with Scriptural mottoes painted upon his wagons, but all that changed as soon as he employed a peg-legged cook. His ticket-wagon receipts at once fell off amazingly, there was bad luck in the ring, constant desertions from his company, and several valuable animals died.

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Now, a red-headed girl or lady in the company is always said to bring luck to the circus. Call it auburn hair, if you prefer, but the redder her hair, especially if she be a performer, the better the luck the little lurid locks will bring. I have had them more than once in my circus, and so know whereof I speak. I recall one in particular, Mlle. Germaine de Greville, otherwise Eliza Butcher, of Ohio. When she joined my company, business at once began to boom and continued to boom throughout the several seasons % was 4 my employ. I presented her with a magnificent well-trained white horse, and her hair was so dangerously red that, when performing upon her snowy charger, she looked like a rocket flashing around the ring. My success while she was with my circus was really wonderful and mystified the most experienced circus proprietors of the country. I knew one of the secrets of that success, but kept silent. Eliza knew that she was appreciated by her employer, and, upon completing her turn in the ring, was often presented with a magnificent bouquet of flowers. But, despite my thoughtfulness, I at last lost little 'Lize. She went and got married, and to the homeliest man that ever drew breath. When her boy twins were born she split my name in two and gave each one half.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Have you a hoodoo? Let us know about it.

### *A Circus in Ye Olden Time*

(Reminiscences of a Circus by One Who Saw It  
Seventy-one Years Ago.)

*From The New York Clipper, April 2, 1881.*

(This Would Therefore Describe a Circus of 1810.)

From a recently published work by Mrs. S. A. Emery, of Newburyport, Mass., entitled "Reminiscences of a Nonagenarian," we learn that the first circus came there in the year 1810. From the above-mentioned work we extract the following minute description of the nature and extent of that circus as it appeared in her native town of Newburyport, then one of the most popular and wealthy towns in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

"The third of May, 1810, the first circus that ever visited

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Newburyport into town. It was an Italian company the management of Messrs. Cayetano & Company. A broad pavilion was erected in an unoccupied lot; this was furnished with seats in the pit which surrounded the ring; above was a gallery, with boxes, comprising the dress-circle. There was a — for musicians. The exhibitions were given on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. The doors opened at half-past three and the performance commenced at half-past four. Tickets to the boxes were \$1.00; to the pit, 50 ¢ children under ten years of age, one-half price. The performance @ — with 'grand military manoeuvres by eight riders.' As the company consisted of but six upon its arrival at the Wolfe Tavern, the proprietor of the circus applied to the landlord to fill the cortege. He referred him to Samuel Shaw and David Emery as the two best military riders in the town. This was prior to the formation of brass bands. The music consisted of half a dozen performers playing the bugle, clarinet, bass viol and violin. As the moment arrived for the performance to commence, at the sound of a bugle call, in dashed the eight horsemen, in a showy uniform, in single file; they rushed around the ring; then followed a series of feats of horsemanship and military tactics. I do not think I should have known either Mr. Shaw or Mr. Emery had they not given a little private signal. The military exercises over, Master Tatnal performed several gymnastic feats. He was followed by Master Duffee, a negro lad, who dreak down the house by feats of agility, leaping over a whip and hoop. Mr. Codet signalized himself in feats of horsemanship. Mr. Menial, the clown, amused the audience by buffoonery and horsemanship. Mr. Cayetano executed on two horses the laughable farce of 'The Fisherman, or the Metamorphosis,' with a foot on each horse. He rode forward habited as the fish woman in a huge bonnet and uncouth garments. Riding around the ring he divested himself of this and several other suits, ending in making his final bow as an elegant cavalier. The young falcon next performed feats of horsemanship and vaulting, danced a horn-pipe and other figures, ending by dashing around the ring standing on the tips of his toes. The trained horse 'Ocelet' postured himself in various ~~mi~~ and took a collation with the clown. Mr. Cayetano performed 'The Canadian Peasant' and feats of horsemanship with hat and glove, terminating by the leap of the four ribbons, separated and together. Mr. Cayetano performed the barmaid with young Duffee on his shoulders

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as 'Flying Mercury.' Then came a trampoline exercise by Messrs. Menial, Codet and the young Falcon; somersaults over men's heads, and a leap over six horses. The next scene was 'The Pedestal' of the trotting horse knowledge posed in different attitudes. The performance concluded with the 'tailor riding to Waterford upon the unequalled horse Zebra,' by Mr. Menial, the clown. This was a most laughable farce, Zebra, being a donkey, trained to the part. This elicited a storm of applause and the performance ended with cheer after cheer. The circus gave universal satisfaction."

The reminiscences further relate that on "the first of June, 1810, this same circus visited Portsmouth, N. H., and learning that a large fire had destroyed part of the town of Newburyport, an exhibition was given at Portsmouth, by the circus, for the benefit of the sufferers;" and the venerable chronicler adds: "Such a noble charity from foreigners and strangers was duly appreciated by our townsmen, and it was with genuine grief that, some three years after, they received the tidings of the loss of the entire company on their passage from New Orleans to Havana."

The Clipper was indebted to Fred Lawrence, Director of Publications of the Adam Forepaugh Great Shows, for the above extracts.

### GEORGE C. LOCKHART

This well-known elephant trainer was accidentally crushed to death by one of his elephants at Walthamstow, a station near Longon, England, on the morning of January 24, 1904, while superintending the unloading of the animals from a train. It is understood that the beast became frightened and pressed against Mr. Lockhart, crushing him to death.

George Lockhart was regarded as one of the greatest animal trainers in the world, and his act created quite an impression, both in Europe and America. His family had been in the circus business for many years and he naturally drifted into it too, making a reputation for himself abroad as a wonderful handler of elephants. With three elephants, Mr. Lockhart made his first appearance in America, at Proctor's Pleasure Palace on September 2, 1895, remaining in this country about two years, during which time he played leading vaudeville houses. Returning to Europe he retired for a time, but again exhibited his trip of elephants on the Continent in 1902, and remained in active business up to the time of his death.

## *Carl Hagenbeck Wild Animal Show*

By B. WORQENTHAU

*Written for THE CIRCUS SCRAP BOOK*

The Carl Hagenbeck Wild Animal Show, direct from Hamburg, Germany, made its American premiere at the World's Fair, Chicago, during the year 1893. It was here that it fell to my lot to become associated with this marvelous aggregation, chiefly among which were its Four-footed performers ~ ~ Their acts were various, and never lacking in thrills.

One of the most startling acts of the show was that in which a magnificent specimen of the "King of Beasts" did his stunts astride the back of a gaily-caparisoned horse as the latter trotted around within the steel-barred circus ring.

One day, this horse died suddenly.

The season was too far advanced to send to Hamburg, the Hagenbeck quarters, for another. So Chicago was scoured for a substitute. The task was far from easy; the horse must possess such attributes as were necessary to fill the exacting requirements.

Eventually, a vigilant scout found what he sought for between the shafts of a laundry wagon. The horse was then taken to the local Hagenbeck quarters for grooming. Soon after, he blossomed forth as a full-fledged star of the steel-barred arena. The transition was simple and quickly accomplished. Here is the story:

A ring was constructed in a space directly behind the arena building. The "star" was soon broken in to run about the ring. After which, the end of a long-handled whip was permitted to rest lightly on his back. This was followed by a small bundle, the bundle being gradually increased in size and weight. Next came a regulation riding pad. At the proper time, a regulation band took its place beside the ring and played its inspiring circus music,

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Then a hound, a Great Dane, was introduced to the horse. The horse offered no objections to the hound's presence upon his back. Later, the hound was metamorphosed into a "lion." His tawny skin was fashioned from some underwear of the right hue, supplied by Beketow, our Russian clown, a genius in his line. And, from somewhere, the versatile Beketow produced a "lion's head." Clothed thus, the bound made quite an impressive and passably ferocious looking "lion."

When the "lion" leaped nimbly to the horse's back, the horse, not bothering as to the genuineness of his rider, unconcernedly continued his circling about the ring. Which ended the horse's elementary training prior to his becoming a regular member of the Hagenbeck family.

The next step was to the steel-barred arena. Here came the crucial test—the introduction of the strange horse to His Royal Majesty himself!

In anticipation of trouble, the horse's back was covered with a heavy leather blanket. Protecting his head and neck was a leather hood profusely studded with vicious-looking spikes.

The band took its accustomed place and struck up its exhilarating music. The horse, followed by the hound minus his makeup, (the hound was now for exhibition purposes only, not protection,) trotted about for a few times, then, at command, took his position to one side.

Now came the circus attendants, armed with prods. Some deployed themselves just outside the arena cage while others arranged themselves ready to rush in in case of emergency.

At a signal, the arena door was opened and the lion rushed in. Without even a single glance at the horse he leaped to his accustomed position on the bridge which extended laterally from the steel bars, and serenely waited for his cue. All was tense as the trainer gave the word to the horse. The animal responded without hesitation. He trotted around the Arena and under the bridge, the lion poised to drop on his back. Another command, and His Majesty was standing astride the horse as it unfalteringly cavorted around the ring. In fact, the least concerned in the entire proceedings were those two animals so strangely divergent in their natures.

The act proceeded with the lion crouching, one moment forward over the horse's neck, the next in a backward posture, or hanging well down over the animal's haunches. And the human onlookers breathed more freely.

## THE CIRCUS SCRAP m a

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Offhand, as nearly as memory serves us, the entire process of making over the laundry horse into a star, did not cover a period of more than two weeks. And mornings only at that.

The training of animals, domestic and wild, is summed up briefly:—Patience, with *never violence at any time.*

We have sat day after day watching Beketow break in a number of new arrivals—wild peccaries. They certainly were a stupid lot. But with patience, coaxing, urging, and his usual good humor, Beketow soon had these ungainly brutes coming and going at his command.

In conversation with Ed. Darling, acknowledged star lion tamer, he informed us that all the protection a skilled trainer actually required when doing his act, was a short, stout whip and a pistol loaded with blank cartridges.

"A blank cartridge exploded full in the face of an insurgent lion," he explained, "will quell his fighting spirit on the instant."

Darling was a powerful man. It was child's play for him to carry a full-grown lion on his shoulders across the arena. He was noted for his absolute fearlessness.

On one occasion, while in We arena with his five performing lions, he had carelessly thrown aside his whip and pistol. He had just finished Ma act and the animals were grouped at one side of the cage. In bowing to his audience Darling had momentarily turned his back on his beasts. Suddenly a shout went up as a lion, enraged at something, began sneaking on the trainer. Darling turned in a flash. And met the oncoming brute with a well-directed, powerful right-hander between the eyes. Before the astonished lion could recover his surprise Darling had quickly possessed himself of his whip and pistol. But he had no occasion to use for the chastened and subdued monarch of the jungle had already slunk back to his companion. Without further ado, Darling bowed himself out of the cage.

It used to set our nerves all a-tingle when we witnessed this intrepid trainer throw aside his weapons of defense and lie down calmly among his five lions grouped closely together in the centre of the arena. The climax would come when he would force open the mouth of one of the beasts and nonchalantly place his own blond head within.

It was following one of these hair-raising stunts that we asked Darling if he ever experienced any fear, and just what

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effect these continued hazardous performances had on his nerves.

"When I enter the arena," he explained, "I wouldn't hurt a fly. But when I am leaving, I could kill any man who crossed me!"

We recall the early Sunday morning, before the Exposition grounds were open to the public for the day, Darling's ~~down the~~ Midway with one of his lions at his side. Suffice it none remained in sight to question his right of way.

Despite the daily risks he incurred we never heard single accident befalling this master of the King of Beasts. Some time after severing our connection with the show we learned of his death through natural causes.

Another equally fearless trainer was Wm. Philadelphia, an undersized blond German, with fierce, upturned mustaches. He and I had become close pals.

Commenting one day on the absence of medals on his breast, and referring to those worn by his fellow-trainers, he sniffed contemptuously, as he explained in his broken English:

"Here ist ein medal; here ist ein odder; und here ist ein odder."

In all, his body carried over forty "medals." But his valor as a trainer of wild beasts was none the less diminished.

Philadelphia performed with a magnificent specimen of the genus "*Felis leo*," known as Black Prince. At completion of his horseback riding, Prince would take up his position on a pedestal in the centre of the arena, his gaze fixed on the entrance. He would watch hungrily as an attendant handed Philadelphia a long pole, at the end of which dangled a haunch of beef. Then, as Philadelphia, playing for the plaudits of his audience, would tease Prince by offering him this delectable tidbit, only to pull it away again, Prince would snarl and growl and show his fangs as he clawed savagely for his meal. Nor was all the clawing directed at the meat.

We were in the box office one night, when our manager, Mr. Ed. Hoffheimer, came rushing out. He was bursting with emotion as he announced, "Black Prince got Philadelphia!"

We hastened into Philadelphia's dressing room. His upper lip, the left side, was torn completely apart, his clothing bespattered with blood! It was then we learned how, approaching too closely to the pedestal, that Black Prince "got him." And that game little German, undaunted by the occurrence, had merely pressed his pocket handkerchief to his lacerated lip and smilingly concluded his performance.

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The following night, his lip held together with several stitches, he insisted on doing his regular turn. On the third night, owing to the abnormal size of his lip, he was induced to retire until the wound had healed permanently.

When we commented to him on the accident he only smiled.

"Ein odder medal fur mich," he said.

Contrary to public opinion, the lions were never fed before entering the arena. To do so would only have rendered them sluggish and unamenable to the control of their trainers. The bits of meat given them during the performance were little rewards for having performed some stunt; the real meal came after the completion of the act. On Sundays, when not performing, they went meatless, their diet being milk.

One of the most daring things witnessed by us occurred in New York "off stage." The lion, lying down with a meatless bone between his forepaws, was licking unctuously at it. A hulk of an attendant entered the cage, a broom in hand. On his entrance the lion rose to his feet and growled a warning as he stood guard over his bone. The attendant deliberately proceeded to his chores, then as deliberately shooed the snarling beast into a corner. After which he picked up the bone and calmly backed out of the cage. This was an "act that called for more than ordinary courage.

"Willie" Judge, still a young man, an attendant and assistant trainer, was almost torn to pieces by a group of wild animals he was practicing with at the close of the show in Chicago. It was only through the prompt and herculean efforts of his companions that he was finally rescued and off to a hospital. Later, he joined us in New York, smiling and game, ready to take up his duties once more.

Dainty Fraulein May Berg, as fearless as the men trainers, had her left shoulder and armpit badly lacerated by a treacherous leopard while in Chicago. She did not faint away. When her wounds had healed she was back again giving her daily performance as though nothing had happened to her.

One of the groupings of the show was known as the "animal pyramid." This consisted of an assorted array of beasts on pedestals, the top one being occupied by a polar bear. Prior to our opening in Philadelphia, a "dress rehearsal" was in progress. Each animal went to his individual pedestal without delay. All but the polar bear. He refused absolutely to go to his pedestal. Coaxing, pulling, shoving, were without avail. Finally a block and tackle was secured

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to the top of the cage immediately over the centre of the highest pedestal. One end of the rope was fastened about the bear's neck, the other end manned by some attendants. Much against his will, the stubborn brute was forced to ascend to this centre pedestal. Thrashing about, he slipped off pedestal just as the rope became entangled in some manner so as to prevent his prompt lowering to the ground. As he hung, choking, in midair, an alert attendant shinned up the outside of the cage and quickly severed the rope with a pocket knife. After Mr. Bear's contact with the floor of the cage he required no further coaxing. At command, he readily took his position and completed the picture.

The prettiest picture of the entire show was one staged by Herr Mehrman, arena manager and trainer. In this picture, His Royal Majesty, a rich, red mantle draped from his shoulders, a golden crown atop his head, was drawn about in a golden chariot by two beautiful specimens of the family "Felis tigris," with two Great Danes in attendance as footmen. This act never failed to elicit the thunderous applause of the onlookers. Herr Mehrman was a quiet, unassuming gentleman; the direct antithesis of what one would expect to find in such a fearless trainer.

Over the entrance of the Hagenbeck building on the Midway, in Chicago, was a steel-barred enclosure. Here, before each regular performance, was given a free show, a taste of what could be expected on the inside. In this enclosure, Penje, alternated by Savade, would place a bit of raw meat between his lips, and the lion, standing upright, his forepaws resting on the trainer's shoulders, would salvage the morsel for his own. It was good "bait," usually followed by an aced mah to the box office.

Ever hear of "showman's luck?"

The sum of \$2,000 was refused for the Great Dane used the act by Penje. Shortly after, the hound developed T. B. and it became quite painful to see him try to keep up with his part of the act. He was finally relieved of his suffering by a of chloroform.

Just inside the entrance to the menagerie, in Chicago, was a large cage containing some two hundred monkeys. With the coming of chilly days the ranks of these simians were sadly and rapidly depleted. Each morning found more little bodies still in

And there was "Lily," the only dwarf elephant in cap-

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tivity. She was six years old and, as memory serves us, in the neighborhood of three feet in height. \$6,000 was once refused for her. A few nights later, following the close of the day's shows, she was found dead in her cage. We do not recall the exact cause of her death. However, the next morning, the carcass was shipped to Milwaukee. It is still to be seen in the public museum on Wisconsin Avenue.

Carl Hagenbeck, owner of the show, has since gone to his reward. In life, he was a fine specimen of manhood, a trifle over six feet in height, straight as an arrow. He was of kindly disposition, soft spoken, always the gentleman. It was a privilege and a pleasure to have been associated with this master-showman—the peer of such of his time.

### CLOWN TRICKS

**"Peter Jenkins Act"—Invented by William Sholes,  
Bareback Rider.**

Ringmaster and clown come into the ring. The ringmaster says "Ladies and gentlemen, I take pleasure in announcing the appearance of Mademoiselle La Rosa, the world's most accomplished equestrienne, in her sensational bareback act". A magnificent horse is then led in. Suddenly an attendant rushes in from the pad-room, whispers something to the ringmaster which shocks him. Turning to the audience the latter announces, "I am sorry, ladies and gentlemen, to be obliged to announce that Mademoiselle La Rosa has been taken ill and will not be able to appear tonight." Then a seedily-dressed man arises from a seat among the spectators. He seems to be under the influence of liquor. He shouts: "This show is a fake. I come here to see that lady ride, and I won't be humbugged." With this he starts for the ring. All the while he carries on a running conversation with the ringmaster. "You seem so smart," says the ringmaster, "I suppose you think you can ride?" "You bet I can," the stranger replies and starts for the horse. The ringmaster tries to restrain him, saying: "That horse is dangerous; I warn you that you will be hurt." But the man ignores the warning. He takes off his coat and goes through the business of clumsily mounting. At last, after an effort, he reaches the horse's back, pulls a bottle from his pocket, takes a drink and then makes believe he has difficulty in riding. Then the man's clothes start to fall away from him. In a moment he stands revealed, clad in tights and spangles. He proves to be a graceful and accomplished rider.

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## *The Passing Pard*

L. B. Lent, the old-time circus propretor, was at one time a partner of P. T. Barnum, touring the country with the "greatest show on earth," having for its principal attraction Tom Thumb and ten elephants. Then Chicago was a two-days' stand and Barnum's partner used to relate with much gusto the joke he played on Barnum. The partners were quartered in a tavern which stood on the site of the present Tremont House and in retiring Mr. Lent gave orders that Mr. Barnum should be called at an early hour and served with a cocktail. Everyone knew Mr. Barnum's hatred of liquor and his feelings could well be imagined when he was aroused the next morning by a darkey who pounded on his door and called out "Time to get up, Mistah Barnum. Open de doah an' let me in wif yo' cocktail."

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A man may train a dozen wild lions and yet fear to face a scolding wife.

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Adam Forepaugh always travelled with his show and often purchased the provisions for his employees' meals. Once in Holyoke, Mass., he was purchasing a quantity of provisions a grocer, telling him to charge them to the steward of the Forepaugh Show. When he had completed his purchases he said; "Isn't there something in this for me?" the remark being instigated by the fact that the stewards of the hotels, steamships, etc., are frequently bribed by those from whom they make purchases. The grocer quietly handed him a two dollar bill and then extended a bill to be marked "correct" by the supposed steward. The circus manager wrote upon it "O. K. Adam Forepaugh." The grocer gazed upon it and then looked as though he wished the earth would open up and swallow him. Forepaugh said nothing and walked away. But he held onto the two dollars.

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There is an elephant with one of the Big Shows who, in order not to forget the person who does him an injury, ties a knot in his trunk.

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The most pleasing word-picture of what the circus stands for is contained in the Foreword of Josephine De Mott Robinson's book entitled, "The Circus Lady." It is a masterpiece. She writes:

"To the Outside World, life under the 'Big Top' spells Romance and Mystery. To me it spells life and love and duty and home. The glamour it holds for me has been, and always will be, the joy and peace of work well done.

"No doubt the applause was always sweet in my ears, but sweeter even than that was the joy of knowing that I was physically able to do the thing of which the applause was there before to me, who listened

to him with my whole heart from childhood, the Beeping of my fit was a second religion. — I let myself go and slumped in my work, I should have felt almost as if I had committed a crime.

"Triumphs and hardships, both more extreme than in other courses of life, are perhaps the lot of us of the Inside World. The tears and smiles of life come a little closer together for us. Joy or tragedy is always just around the corner, and where others, more home abiding, may ease up a bit now and then and relax their vigilance for a moment, we of the circus must obey the one never-changing law of our world—that the show must go on.

"And to accomplish that, the will must be strong and the patience deep, and so the body grows strong through them. That was my father's creed, and it me well."

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Circus performers are serious-minded because they are so in-tents.

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Having read some of Courtney Riley Cooper's excellent circus books and stories, we feel sure he will be as much amused as we were at reading the following clever bit of tomfoolery which appeared in The Billboard, September 19, 1914:

### THE HON. PRESS A-AGENT.

By Courtney Riley Cooper, Press Agent Sells-Floto Shows.

Oh, Rol-lo, see the cir-cus press a-gent!

What is the cir-cus press a-gent do-ing, fath-er?

He is beat-ing a type-writ-er, son.

Why does he beat the poor thing, fath-er? I thought cir-cus press a-gents took type-writers out to dinner and bought them wine.

Hush! Hush! Rol-lo! They do. But it must not be known. That is charg-ed up to en-ter-tain-ing news-pap-er men.

But, is that not wrong, father?

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Circus Historical Society, Inc.

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Yes, it is not wrong, Rol-lo, as long as the press can get a-way with it on the swin-dle sheet.

And what is a swin-dle sheet, fath-er?

A swin-dle sheet, embez-zle-ment doc-u-ment, as Buck Mas-sie calls it, is an in-ven-tion for making the aud-i-tor cuss the press a-gent.

Do man-y peo-ple cuss the press a-gent, fath-er?

Yes, man-y people, Rol-lo. When he does not give r-way duc-ats, the ones who ex-pect-ed them cuss him. An' when he does give them a-way, the show cuss-es him.

It must be a grand life, fath-er!

Oh, it is, son! Noth-ing to do but get stuff in-to the pap-ers.

And is that eas-y, fath-er?

It is a cinch, Rol-lo. Es-pec-fal-ly when the ci-t-y ed-i-tors are kill-ing ten col-umns of news a day and the com-posing rooms are yel-ling for rub-ber type with which to set the war news!

When I grow up, fath-er, I shall be a circus press a-gent.

Oh, Rol-lo! Rol-lo, my son! And I had held such hopes for you!

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There are so many fakes nowad-ays that a real freak is a curiosity.

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When one thinks of the glorious *early* career of Dan Rice, how pathetic it must have been to read the following in one of the Chicago papers under date of March 24, 1885:

"Dan Rice, the circus clown is running a ten cent circus in the French Quarter of New Orleans. He talks sadly of the good old days when his Floating Palace was the sensation of the Father of Waters and thousands upon thousands of people journeyed from far and near to see him. He gave an entertainment a few nights ago, when not three hundred persons were present and about one-third of those were professional and other dead-heads."

And to think that in 1865 Forepaugh paid Dan Rice \$25,000 a year to join his show, and during the seasons of 1866-1867 he received \$27,500 a year, the largest salary ever paid to a circus clown.

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### 'MEMBER?

Who remembers the good old days, when the "Equestrian Director" used to be called the "Ringmaster"?

—or—

Who remembers the good old days, when the "Musical Director" used to be called the "Bandmaster"?

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## *The Business Side of the Circus*

By HARTLEY DAVIS

(*Everybody's Magazine*, July, 1910)

The circus has become a highly organized business machine that sells amusement and instruction upon a big scale. Formerly it was a speculative enterprise, and rather more uncertain than most gambles. In the old days, the owner was primarily a showman. He eliminated the business idea as much as possible, hiring men to do this end of the work for him. Nowadays the business idea dominates the circus, and the showman is subordinated to the financier.

Probably the greatest show man that ever lived was P. T. Barnum, and he was a fairly good business man—for a showman. But when he tried to fight the business idea, introduced into the circus world by James Anthony Bailey, he found it more powerful than the show idea. Whereupon Barnum proved his wisdom by joining forces with Bailey; and the two, forming a combination that made the perfect circus machine, became supreme in their world.

Now it is a mooted point whether Barnum or Lincoln made the epigram about fooling all of the people part of the time, and part of the people all of the time; at any rate, Barnum lived up to it. There was much more morality in the advertisements of the Barnum show than in the show itself. Bailey's idea, on the other hand, was not to fool the people at all, but to make the circus clean, honest, above reproach inside and out. Anything that was not straight was abhorrent to him personally and, furthermore, he believed straight things would pay better in the long

Until Bailey became a power in the circus, graft was one of its chief sources of income, although it was never mentioned under that name. It was called "privileges." In the old days the circus sold the gambling privileges, as it did the candy privilege, the concert privilege, the side-show privilege and ever so many others. The late Adam Forepaugh was very ingenious in evolving graft games. Once some of his subordinates protested against a

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who was begging regularly at the main entrance. Forepaugh said he hadn't the heart to drive away the poor a creature. It transpired that she paid him \$20 a week for the privilege of begging.

As a rule, too, all of the privileges were run dishonestly. Bailey, however, had secured his first real start as an owner of legitimate privileges, and he found he could run them honestly and make money. When he rose to ownership, he abolished rental or sale of privileges, concentrating everything under his own control. He made a circus conform to our recognized business laws; he standardized and systematized it.

The function of business is to give security, to insure, in so far as is possible, certain profits. To accomplish this, business attempts to eliminate, to the greatest extent practicable, element of risk, which may mean huge losses and enormous profits. Under the old regime a circus run by a showman often made huge profits one season, only to collapse in the next. The showman, always an outrageous optimist, forever trusted to chance. He never could estimate what might happen. But Bailey always knew how much he could lose and how much he could make. He was always prepared for any emergency that confronted him.

While Bailey was revolutionizing the circus, six brothers Baraboo, Wisconsin, were making their way upward in the show world. They started on nothing, the older brothers, gradually drawing in the younger as they grew stronger. They realized the wisdom of Bailey's business idea, and they had the same personal principles.

Each brother mastered the details of the circus business, then each specialized in some one department. Their motto was that of the Three Musketeers: "One for all and all for one." Today the five Ringling Brothers (one died about a year ago) dominate the circus field in America, even more completely than did Barnum and Bailey. They own the Barnum and Bailey show, the Ringling Brothers show and the Forepaugh and Sells show, the three largest in the country.

The two biggest shows nearly alike as possible, each have eighty-nine cars. The Forepaugh and Sells show has fifty-five cars. Their nearest rival, the Hagenbeck and Wallace show, has thirty-five cars. Gollmar Brothers show with thirty cars and the Cole Brothers with twenty cars, round out the list

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of the more important circuses. Of course there are many smaller ones.

Each of the *two* biggest circuses represents a cost of about \$3,000,000, although it is doubtful whether either of them could be duplicated for that sum.

Suppose we go a little way into the details of the cost: in the first place a big circus has to have a pretty big manufacturing plant, maintained **4** its winter quarters. All the big circuses build their own flat cars. Because they do not conform to the standard in size and construction, it is cheaper for the circus to build them than to go to the big car manufacturing factories. Nevertheless the railroad transportation equipment averaging sixty-three flat cars, fourteen Pullmans, ten coaches, two private cars, represents an investment of nearly half a million dollars. Then taking the figures of the two largest shows—there are sixty-two chariots, band wagons and floats which range in cost from \$9,000 for the biggest one drawn by forty horses, down to \$2,000. There are one hundred and forty-two cages which cost, exclusive of decoration, \$1,500 each. The big circuses do all of their own decorating, for the same reason that they build their own cars—it is cheaper in the long run. In addition to these show vehicles, there are the baggage wagons and blacksmith wagon, the cook wagon and many others, bringing up the total of all of this equipment to about \$409,000.

The wardrobe of a big circus nowadays is very expensive. In addition to the costumes for the people—and nearly a thousand take part in the parade, each having a costume or a uniform that the show provides—there are the gorgeous trappings for the horses, elephants and camels, the banners and flags. The big show must not save a penny at the sacrifice of gorgeousness and the materials must all be of the best, because of the wear and tear. They must last two seasons, the fine ones this season becoming the rainy-day ones next. Therefore, *the* annual outlay for sartorial splendors is about \$150,000, and this does not include the ring costumes, which the performers must themselves supply.

Obviously, circus harness, too, because of its elaborateness and quality, is very expensive and there is an enormous quantity of it. The total runs over \$100,000.

The biggest shows carry between 650 and 700 horses and ponies. The 40 baggage horses cost about \$350 each, and about a hundred of them have to be replaced each year. Of the 60 bareback horses, perhaps one-third are owned by the

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performers themselves, and there is no estimating the value of a lot of trained bareback animals. The total value of the 42 special parade animals, 30 Arabian stallions, 40 Sam—breeds and jumpers,  $\frac{1}{2}$  trick horses and 60 ponies, with baggage horses, is about \$400,000.

As for the menageries, those of the Barnum and Bailey and the Ringling shows, are valued at about \$750,000 each. But the estimate in different circuses and at different times varies widely—from a half million dollars to twice that sum. Plainly, a thoroughly acclimated wild animal that takes kindly to circus life is worth two or three times as much as a green one that may die in a few days or weeks. Then in the case of the most expensive animals, like the rhino, the fact that three or four are on the European market may cause the price to drop from \$10,000 to \$5,000. The rhino is a mighty delicate animal, so far as life is concerned, however little he may look it. The hippopotamus, equally valuable, but harder to secure, has much more vigor in captivity. Then there is the giraffe, one of the hardest animals to keep alive with a circus or anywhere in captivity, because even when they don't succumb to disease, the creatures insist on breaking those long necks—which is not, after all, remarkable. There are very few giraffes in captivity, but because of their high mortality a circus will seldom pay more than \$7,000 for one. Most circus owners prefer to accept the dictum of the man who saw the long-necked creature for the first time: "There ain't no such animal." With the Barnum and Bailey show is a pair that have travelled for eight years, which gives them an enormous circus value. In addition, they have a Baby, the second one born in captivity, and the only one that ever lived. Naturally these animals are beyond price.

The law of supply and demand regulates the price of green elephants, and it varies accordingly. Then, too, the size and temper have much to do with their value, and of course the trained ones command about twice as much as the others. Green elephants bring from \$1,000 to \$5,000 under normal conditions.

Another animal whose value is difficult to appraise is the chimpanzee. A green one may sell for from \$300 to four times that amount, while an acclimated one may be worth \$2,500. A highly trained chimpanzee is held at the most absurd price when he becomes a real performer. For few of them are susceptible of "advanced education," and all of them

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delicate creatures, likely to succumb to the slightest cold. But the big monkey folk are very valuable to the circus.

For other equipment: there are no fewer than 19 tents with the big shows, covering some 20 acres of ground. They do not cost so very much in themselves, but when one adds poles, cordage, seats—the main tent seats 15,000 people—mechanical stake-drivers, lighting apparatus, and all the rest, the total cost amounts to more than \$100,000.

If you should add these figures, you would find the total considerably short of \$3,000,000. For one thing, all of the investment for the winter quarters has not been included—the grazing land, the exercising arenas, the living places for employees, and scores of other things, which add, perhaps, \$200,000. Furthermore, the traveling mechanical equipment for the show carries a paint shop, a harness shop, a making establishment, and so on; and these with other off-shoots, represents an investment of about \$100,000.

There is a mighty important item of half a million that is invested in the bank, a surplus that is really an emergency fund, without which no big circus could be sure of existing through a season. Part of it is deposited in New York, part in Chicago and part in St. Louis. It is at all times subject to a telegraph order to forward actual cash. The circus works on a cash basis always when it is on the road; about the only bills paid by check are the printing bills. In the old days the showman took all kinds of chances. But the modern circus simply insures itself against loss, and carries the insurance itself, just as many business concerns carry their own fire insurance. For there is always danger of a railroad wreck or a fire that may destroy half the show; or there may be a prolonged season of bad business, due to bad weather. One

when Mr. Bailey owned the Forepaugh show, at the beginning of the season it had seven successive weeks of heavy rain. If he had not an emergency fund to draw upon, the show would have been swamped, for the total losses for the first two months were nearly a quarter of a million. But the owner was prepared for the unprecedented, and the show finished the season with a profit.

So much for the investment. The operating expenses begin with the wintering of the circus, apart from all repairs. For convenience sake, the car is made the unit. The

that the show spends in winter quarters represent an expenditure of more than a thousand dollars for each car. So the big shows start on the road with a running expense deficit

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of about \$90,000. Then, on the road, there is a cost of about \$85 a day for each car; the unit charge is larger for the smaller shows, amounting to upward of \$100 a car. Therefore, when the big show is traveling, it must pay out from \$7,500 to \$8,000 a day for seven days a week, while it has an income only six days in the week.

The largest single item of expense is the salary list, which amounts to \$2,800 a day—a little less than \$2.80 a day for each of the thousand employees, which shows that the average income of circus workers is very moderate, although it should be remembered that they get also board and lodging. The cost of food supplies for man and beast about \$1,500 daily, and, curiously enough, it is about equally divided between them, the individual cost of each meal being twenty-five cents, which amounts to \$750 a day for the employees.

The salary list of the four hundred performers, exclusive of the workers, amounts to about a thousand dollars a day, on an average, although it varies as acts are changed. The most highly paid acts are the "thrillers" which the press agent announces as "death defying"—and there is no exaggeration. The famous "Dip of Death" stunt, in which a young woman tobogganed on a property automobile that turned a somersault, commanded a thousand dollars a week, of which the young woman who risked health and life received \$125 a week, while the remainder went to the owner of the act.

It is interesting to note that the danger of riding down that chute and making a complete revolution in the air, had no terrors for ever so many young women. During the two years this "thriller" was featured, applications for the job averaged ten a week throughout the season, and they were from well-to-do young women who were not particular about the salary.

"Dip of Death" was a valuable feature of the show of its advertising value, and it made the kind of sensation that has a powerful appeal, especially to people whose lives are such that they do not often have an opportunity to enjoy real excitement. And that was the only reason it was retained. For the real circus folks themselves, from the owners to the grooms, and especially the performers, despised the "act" because its appeal was wholly in its danger, and the question of skill did not enter at all. It could be strapped to the seat and make the journey successfully—unless the machine broke down.

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But when the 'thriller' requires personal skill and strength, then the circus people admire, no matter how fool-hardy *it* may be. Why "Desperado," in the Barnum and Bailey show, who dives head foremost from the top of the arena, onto an inclined plane, is considered a real performer. It takes tremendous nerve and nice skill to make that leap, for the slightest variation means death. "Desperado" gets \$600 a week for two performances a day, and the other performers consider it a fair salary.

The aerial and the acrobatic acts are given mostly by troupes, or "families," of from four to ten; and the salaries range from \$75 to \$300 a week for the act.

Time was when the principal bareback rider was the highest-priced performer in a circus; but that is all changed now. Each year one or two of the old time stars appear when the circus shows in New York, and always the same conversation is repeated again and again.

The old star wags his head sadly, and remarks that bareback riding has gone to the dogs.

"But the modern riders do all of the tricks you used to do, including the somersault," someone protests.

"Yes, they do the tricks; but how do they do them? There is no finish, no grace, no style. The art of bareback riding is lost. Why, we used to stand before a mirror for an hour at a time practicing kissing our fingers to the audience and almost every movement received as much attention."

It is true. There are no riders like the handsome James Robinson and ugly Charles Fish, the most graceful human beings I ever saw on a horse. The rush of the modern arena performance, with its many acts going on at once, and all timed to the minute, has done away with artistic riding.

No longer, therefore, do the riders get big salaries. Few receive more than \$126.00 a week, even when they furnish their own horses.

James Robinson's salary of \$600.00 a week in gold—equal to twice that much in the purchasing value of today—is perpetuated in a story at James A. Bailey's expense. Bailey took his circus to Australia, with Robinson as one of the great features. It happened that there was talk of an epidemic in the territory where the show was booked; and Robinson, who knew no fear in the circus ring, was terror-stricken by the thought of disease. Also Mr. Bailey saw that Robinson was not a big feature in Australia so the showman suggested

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to the rider the possible danger, with the delicate intimation that possibly he would rather remain behind.

"Mr. Bailey," said Robinson, after a moment's thought, "if you pitch your tents in hell, I'll ride there as long as you pay me \$600 a week."

The clowns alone are a very expensive feature of the big show. The Barnum and Bailey and the Ringling shows each carry fifty fun-makers, and they get from \$35 to \$150 a week. They are highly valuable, but still \$76,060 a season, not counting their living, seems a lot of money to spend on them.

Advertising expenses—the second largest item—reach a of \$1,700 a day. The "paper," which means all advertising matter, from wondrous lithographs that make the countryside brilliant, if not beautiful, to the handbills, \$800 a day. Newspaper advertising averages \$300 a day; and the balance is expended in operating the advance cars and in paying the charges of posting.

In the old days circus advertising campaigns, like political campaigns, were long drawn out. Nowadays both are shortened and kept at a high tension. The circus advertising begins just three weeks in advance of the circus. The whole countryside within a radius of twenty miles—that is about the maximum distance people will drive—and the railroad points within a radius of fifty miles are plastered with lithographs. The general idea is to arrange the route of a circus so that its average jump will be about a hundred miles.

Transportation charges vary from \$300 to \$1,500 a day, but the average is little above the minimum, because of the long stops in cities. Two weeks in Chicago, a week in Philadelphia, a week in Boston keep the average down. In a whole season, by the way, the show will lose not more than one day in traveling, Sundays excepted.

There are many expenses connected with a circus that the outside world never hears about. For instance, the legal charges amount to \$75 a day on the road. This includes the salary of a high-priced lawyer, who always travels with the circus and is the hardest worked man with it, next to the bandsmen and the ticket sellers. If a small boy is kicked by a horse; if there is a dispute over a feed bill; if grafting officials try to cause trouble, the lawyer is called upon to make settlement.

Then there is a physician to look after the employees and to see that the strictest sanitary laws are obeyed. A drug

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wagon and a chemist supplement him. The work people pay nothing, but the performers must pay for the physicians themselves. You see, the hazard of the act is a factor in determining the salary, and the performer takes all the risks. There is a veterinary, with two assistants, who has a pretty big drug store of his own. It takes a lot of work to look after all the many kinds of animals, and the vets don't loaf much. Law and medicine together coat the circus a deal more than \$100 a day.

License and ground rent are varying quantities. Some wise communities provide both for nothing. Others, especially in the South, demand as much as \$1,500 a day for the alone, upon the theory that the circus takes a great deal of away from the community. This is one of the most established of fallacies. Instead of being a drain, a circus is, as a matter of fact, usually a distinct asset to a community where it exhibits. It not only leaves a considerable part of its receipts behind, but it brings to the exhibition place thousands of people who spend money there, even if the stores on Main street are deserted during the parade.

The circus begins to spend money in a town three weeks before it appears there. The advance men—125 of them, with the big shows—have to be boarded. There are livery bills and bill-posting privileges. The men make personal expenditures, and the newspaper advertising mounts up. Then, when the show arrives, there are the food supplies, the transportation charges, the license and ground rent. And the personal expenditures of the circus folk are nearly a thousand dollars a day, although, of course, the larger cities benefit most from these.

Also, it should be remembered that the circus is essentially the poor man's show, viewed from the standpoint of the cost to him. It is almost impossible for an individual to spend more than \$1.50 on himself. The highest priced seat costs a dollar. The concert and the side-show each cost ten cents. It takes capacity and greater courage for one person to consume more than thirty cents worth of peanuts and pink lemonade.

While the expenses of the circus are highly varied, it has but two sources of income—the sale of tickets and of refreshments. It is a curious fact that the side-show and the refreshments, which cost very little to install and very little to oper-

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ate—the total number of employees involved being not a tenth of the whole—yield nearly half of the net profits of the modern big circus. The side-show, the first of the exhibition tents to go up and the last to come down, makes, net, from \$400 to \$500 a day under normal conditions, while the candy, peanuts and lemonade yield a profit of about \$300. When the circus management can make the main show equal the profit of these two “by-products,” it is content, because its energy is directed toward insuring a certain ten per cent on the investment, which places it on a par with most commercial enterprises. Some especially good years may show a profit of \$500,000, but that is only 16%, a not unusual return upon far more conventional business enterprises in which there appears to be far less risk. But the truth is that the circus risk isn't so great as it seems.

The big circus men know they have a show that people are eager to pay money to see, if they have the money and the time. And the latest, and perhaps the most effective, business development is the system by which the show is taken to places where there is money. This is called “routeing” the show.

In the old days it was decided in what territory the show should travel—east, west, north, south—and then it was booked straight through that region, with careful consideration for the jumps, that is, the distance between the towns where it exhibited. Then the route was blindly followed—very often until the show “went bust.” Nowadays a big circus is never booked more than six weeks in advance, and so perfect is its organization that the route can be changed four weeks in advance without serious loss. Indeed, the secret of the financial success of the modern circus lies largely in its ability to move swiftly to the communities that have money.

Crops and the weather are the foremost factors in determining the route of the circus. And the enterprising gentleman bent upon cornering the products of the field studies crop and market condition no more closely than does the “routeing” expert. He supplements government reports on crops with those made by his own special scouts; and he knows as much about weather as it is given to us poor mortals to know. By the way, the circus doesn't always object to rain—that is, a little of it. A nice, quiet, steady rain will often largely increase receipts, because the farmer can't work in the fields and he is glad of an excuse to go to the circus.

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If crops are big everywhere, the problem of determining the route is easy. All that has to be considered is the time of showing. The circus that doesn't have regard for the farmers' busy season is courting disaster. It may do well one season, but the farmer never forgives a circus that shows in harvest time or when he needs his men most. Of course, the best season is after the harvest, and the big shows follow it from the south to the north. The next best time is before harvest that promises bountifully.

This question of time is highly important. For years it was the custom of the circus to show in New England in the autumn, and then New England was a notoriously bad territory, no matter how prosperous the business conditions. And there didn't seem to be any good reason for it.

Finally an able circus psychologist tackled the problem, attacking it from many sides, only to be baffled. Like most problems that seem insolvable, the difficulty was in its absurd simplicity. Thinking he had perhaps struck the solution, the circus expert advised a spring tour, but the suggestion with small encouragement. The experiment was made, however, and the circus reaped large profits. Nowadays New England is fine circus territory, because it is always visited the spring.

The explanation? It's very elementary: Factory employees, who have exhausted their resources, which wan capacity for enjoyment as well as money, on the many summer parks with circus features, and other outdoor amusements, haven't much interest in a circus that comes along in the autumn. On the other hand, a circus that exhibits before the summer parks open, finds the workers hungry for that form of amusement.

Of course, a circus has small use for a place where a strike is in progress; and a street car strike is worst of all. For instance, this year the Barnum and Bailey show came near cutting out Philadelphia from its itinerary because of the street car troubles there.

Always the rule with the circus is to follow prosperity, and that is why it always appears in communities in their prosperous years. Drouth or rust may keep the big show out of Minnesota and the Dakotas; a cyclone may make it skip Kansas; or the boll weevil may drive it away from Texas, which, despite the high license fee—\$1,500 a day in Houston—

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is the richest territory of all in prosperous years, after the cotton is picked,

For the handling of all its money, the circus has, in the ticket wagon, a private traveling bank of its own. There are really two ticket wagons, one for reserved seats, and another—the main one—where the regular admissions are sold. Through this street wagon, with its two big safes, passes the money the circus takes in and all it pays out. It comes in very rapidly at times, for the modern ticket man is marvelously expert, making the old-time "lightning ticket-sellers" look like amateurs. Bookkeeper De Wolfe, with the Barnum and Bailey show, has a record of selling 3,000 tickets in an hour—fifty tickets in sixty seconds. In the grafting days the ticket-sellers' job was worth thousands of dollars a season. Nowadays there is no grafting at all, and so expert are the sellers that, in a whole season, the difference between money and tickets will be less than a hundred dollars, and that is as likely to be against the ticket-sellers as in their favor.

Over each ticket window is a rack, divided into compartments holding a hundred tickets each. The seller takes about ten tickets at a time in one hand—the whole ones on one side, the half ones on the other—and makes change with his free hand. The silver that comes in he sweeps into a drawer, while the paper money—which the ticket man abominates—is swept into baskets or to the floor.

As soon as the rush is over, all the windows save one are closed, and the men begin to count the money, the small silver being sealed in rolls, the silver dollars placed in canvas bags containing five hundred each, and the bills arranged in packages.

Very soon after the sale is ended, the treasurer begins paying out money, all the local bills being settled in the afternoon, while the assistants continue counting not only their own receipts but the money taken in by the reserved seat wagon, the side-show, and the privileges, if there is time. But usually there is not, and the final counting up and settling are not finished until the next morning. Then, unless salaries—which are paid weekly—are to be considered, the surplus is placed in a buggy and taken either to a bank or to an express office, according to the distance it has to go to the banking center. For instance, from all points east of Pittsburgh it is cheaper to ship the actual cash by express

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it is to buy exchange on New York, which costs about a dollar a thousand, on an average.

In the ticket wagon, as in every other department of the circus, it is perfect system that enables the force to get through the day's business. The organization of these huge amusement enterprises has, indeed, become so highly perfected that it is practically automatic.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This describes a circus of nineteen years ago. We will consider at our usual rates an article from an authoritative source giving costs as of today.

### BENJAMIN LUSBIE, LIGHTNING TICKET-SELLER

Benjamin Lusbie was born in New York, October 16, 1839. His original vocation was that of a telegrapher, and he was employed for a time in that capacity in the service of the Erie Railroad. He first sold tickets at the Old Burton Theatre, New York. In 1861 he was employed at Barnum's Old Museum, and for many years he was the ticket-seller there. It was while with Barnum that he acquired his marvelous rapidity as a ticket-seller, which brought him fame in and out of the profession, as the quickest dispenser of show tickets in the world. In 1870 he joined the circus and menagerie of Dan Gardiner and Company, where he attracted the attention of Adam Forepaugh, by whom he was employed the succeeding season.

In 1872 and 1873 he traveled with the Barnum shows under the W. C. Coup regime, and was one of the leading attractions of the show. In 1874 he rejoined Adam Forepaugh and remained continuously in his employ until 1882, when he entered the service of Meyers and Shorb. The season of 1883 found Mr. Lusbie in feeble health, and he passed the winter in Philadelphia, strong in the hope that in the coming spring he might again be able to "Follow the Red Wagons." It was very easy for him to sell more tickets than two men could take. It is stated that while in the employ of Barnum, he once disposed of six thousand tickets in an hour.

For years Mr. Lusbie was treasurer and bookkeeper of the Forepaugh show, and he performed manifold duties that usually require the services of several persons. Diminutive in stature and light figure, Ben "weighed a ton" in energy and courage. His vocabulary was copious and his temper irascible. He died July 8, 1884.

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