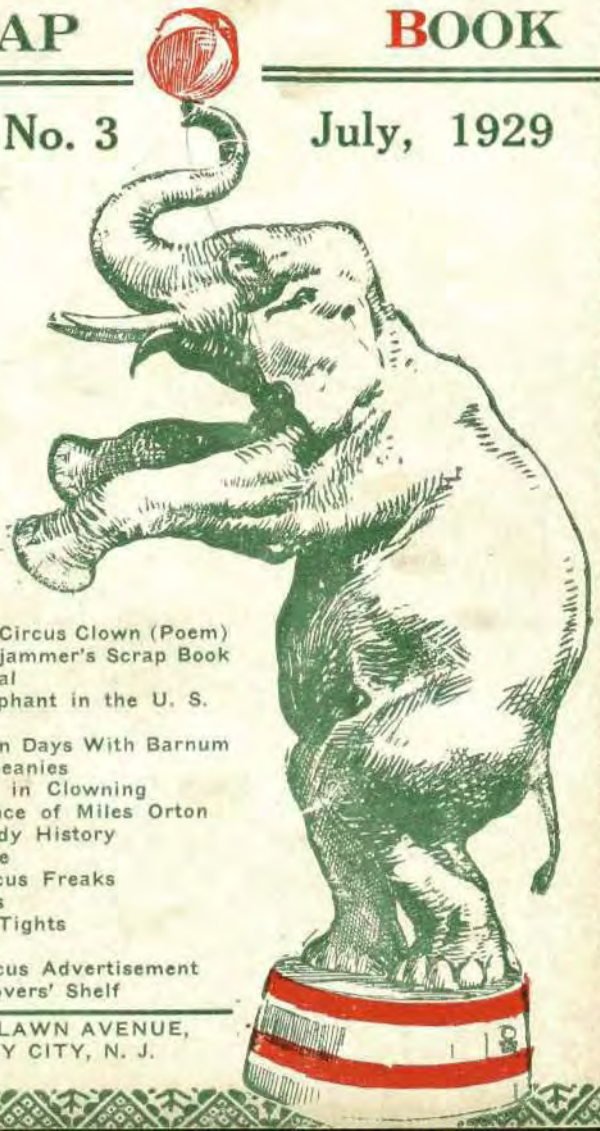
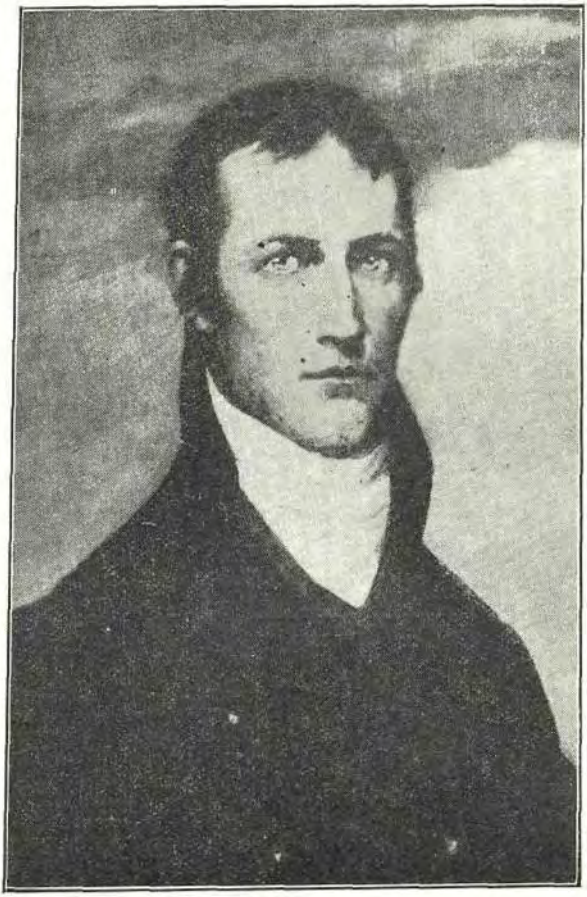
THE CIRCUS SCRAP BOOK

Vol. 1, No. 3 July, 1929



PROGRAM

41 WOODLAWN AVENUE,
JERSEY CITY, N. J.



3. JACOB CROWNINSHIELD
By Robert Hinckley after an Old Miniature. Courtesy of Peabody Museum, Salem, Mass. Jacob Crowninshield brought the First Elephant to America.

The Circus Scrap Book

Volume I. **JULY - 1929** **Number 3.**

F. P. PITZER - - - - - - - - - - Editor

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Circus Editorial

(*Published in the Virginia Daily Enterprize, Virginia, Minn., undated*).

Donated by S. CHAPMAN

This is a great day for Virginia, boys. It's one of the days of real sport, for the circus is in town. Most Virginia boys have been beside themselves with unalloyed joy since early yesterday morning when the first red wagons of the Yankee Robinson Circus rolled out of Chestnut street to "the lot." No mother need wonder where her wandering boy is to-night; certainly no father will. He's *out* at the circus grounds, where a fine brass band is playing, Down in dear old New Orleans, where a vagrant wind occasionally loosens a flap of canvas and gives fleeting glimpses of a wonderland beyond. His brain is in a whirl, for it has just been demonstrated to him that there are new wonders in the world. But it isn't fair to cite the boy as the only one who comes under the spell of the circus. As a matter of fact, it gets pretty nearly everybody's goat. One may be perfectly indifferent to circuses until the "Grand, glittering, gorgeous free street: parade with open dens of jungle kings and ponderous, prodding pachyderms" takes its splendid course down the village streets. after that there is a new spirit inside him, It fills one with unrest. Things go to the dickens with none to say nay and by the time the band in the big top breaks forth in the strains of some circus tune for the grand entry he is *the* middle of *a* frustrated, pushing, jamming, nervous crowd, elbowing, jostling, fighting his *way* to a space of vantage to *flee* the show. He can't help

The Old-Time Circus Clown

I wonder where's the circus clown, with all his fun and noise
The feller who jest ruled the ring, when you and me wuz boys?
There's lots o' funny fellers now that travel with the show,
But where's the old-time circus down we all knowed long ago?

I 'member, like 'twas yesterday, his every smile an' frown—
The capers that he cut up when the circus come to town;
How the old ringmaster nagged him; all his frolics an' his fuss,
Jest the best thing in the circus—was the old-time clown to us

When he smiled we fell to laughin'; when he laughed we gave a shout;
We was always watchin' fur him and a-follerin' about;
He used to come so reg'lar that we knowed him up an' down,
He was sociable an' friendly—was the old-time circus clown.

We would jump behind his wagon when he wasn't telling jokes,
An' he'd give a grin o' welcome; maybe ask us how's the folks;
He knowed the little boys and girls from Billyville to Brown
An' they loved him every *one* o' them—the old-time circus clown

I wonder where he's gone to now? The circus comes along,
An' the steam planer's playing of a screechy sort o' song,
There's half a dozen painted chaps in *every* street parade,
But their fun is mighty solemn to the fun the old clown made.

I wonder what's become o' him? I guess they've laid him by;
Warn't use to three-ringed circuses an' women kickin' high,
He kinder saw his time was up; the circus light growed dim,
An' he couldn't see the faces of the old boys cheerin' him.

He's gone an' gone forever, but on every circus day,
When I sit with all the children where the new clowns play,
My old eyes grow right misty, an' a tear comes tumblin' down
From an old-time circus feller for the old-time circus clown.

Frank L. Stanton.

The First Elephant in the United States

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. James W. Shettel, a writer of note, has made an exhaustive survey of this subject to prove once and for all the correct year when the first elephant was brought to America. Mr. Shettel at much expense visited libraries, museums, art galleries and newspaper offices to check up on dates and data, in many States of the Union, so that this account, which he has written exclusively for THE CIRCUS SCRAP BOOK should be authentic and correct. We are indeed thankful to Mr. Shettel for the time and effort he has given this research, so that our readers may be properly informed.)

By JAMES W. SHETTEL.

"If it succeeds, I ought to have the whole credit and the honor, too, of course, for it will be a great thing to carry the first elephant to

So wrote Jacob Crowninshield, of Salem, Mass., the young captain of the ship America, Nov. 2, 1795, to his brothers, John and George, in confiding his intention to bring a young elephant to the United States.

The elephant was then aboard his ship at Bengal, where had been purchased for four hundred and fifty dollars. It was described as two years old and almost as large as a big ox. Jacob had suggested to his brother, Benjamin, who was with him *on* the cruise, that they jointly buy the elephant and take it to America to be disposed of at a good price. But Benjamin was skeptical about the plan, so Jacob ventured alone.

No one up to this time had attempted to transport across the ocean an animal of the bulk of an elephant, although a few showmen had brought lions, tigers, ostriches, and smaller animals to the United States for exhibition purposes. Jacob was a shrewd enough Yankee to figure that, if he succeeded in landing his prize in America, he could get for it a figure far in excess of what he paid for it. And that is just what happened. Crowninshield sold his elephant for $10,000 and the new owner for years exhibited his purchase up and down the United States. Although these circumstances were familiar at the time, today they seem to have been forgotten and the honor of bringing the first elephant to the United States

it he has fallen under the spell of the American circus. He is a boy again and ha is vastly better therefor.

The modern circus is a great institution. It is better and mars entertaining than *ever.* It is worth the price. Now as ever they are talking about making the circus man pap mom license, talking about barring him from showing in the town at all. They say he takes all the money away. on the outside, listen to the band and the cheers of the people while the circus is going on and you will find yourself rapidly reaching a state of mind where you don't care If the circus takes every dad-busted nickel out of town, you'll be glad its here and you'll be sorry you're on the outside.

For all that we have had circuses with us so long, the greatest part of us don't know much about them. We do not understand or appreciate that they are a bright spot in the life of every country town. They are not to be classed with *a* carnival. That's another matter. They cost *a* pretty sum maintain. And the circus folk are not such a bad When you see the aerialists and the acrobats and the contortionists do their stunts to-night, remember that their acts are a certificate of character. They are possible only to, men and women who live the cleanest of lives. Many of them are the grandchildren and the great grandchildren of circus folk. They have a proud ancestry, but they live *in* a world by themselves And the funny clown never misses an opportunity to visit an orphanage or a children's hospital, where the waifs of the world and the sick are, to amuse them *with* his funny little stunts and bring a ray of sunshine to a usually cheerless atmosphere. The big "eight-hawss" teamster & a real man with a heart of gold, usually. He is doing his humble part in a mighty enterprize. His sleek, well-groomed, obedient horses are a pride and joy. He must be a man of character or they would never be intrusted to him. The litle lady in the abbreviated skirt, down on the bills as Mlle. Flora, equestrienne, perhaps has babies of her own whom she has taught say, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Sometimes they sav it in the dressing-room of the performers just before she goes on in a fluff of chiffon and rouge for her act in the big top. Most circus folk are intensely likable types. Most of them are much misjudged. What would life be without a circus? We are all better for the circus. Who wants to live in a town that never has a circus? What a "Hey Rube" kind of a community such a place must be: Hurrah for the circus!

May its shadow never grow less! Let's all go!

is not given generally to Crowninshield to whom it rightfully belongs.

The journey of Crowninshield's elephant from Bengal to New York City required four months. How interesting would be an account of the voyage. Unfortunately the details are not available. Captain John Crowninshield, Andover, Mass., a nephew of Jacob Crowninshield, had a large trunk filled with sea letters, including those from which the above facts were obtained some years ago. It was, suggested *then* he should place the papers in Essex Institute, Salem, Mass., and it was believed that he would do so. His death occurred April 9, 1896, and an inquiry since has revealed that the papers never reached the Institute.

The father of Nathaniel Hawthorne,, the author, was a member of the crew of *the* America. It is from *the* log kept by him that *the* date of the arrival of *the* elephant in New Park after a safe voyage has been fixed as April 13, 1796. The appearance of this ponderous animal doubtless caused a sensation in Manhattan. The newspapers of that day, however, were not equal even in Mew York City to the elaborate descriptions that one would expect so unusual an event to receive. There were no striking headlines. It was *pot* the custom those days. Greenleaf's New York Journal and Patriotic Register carried this brief item hidden away among its shipping news.

"The America, Captain Crowninshield, from the Isle of France, which he left January 13, 1796, has brought home an ELEPHANT from Bengal in perfect health. It is the first ever seen in America and a great curiosity. It is a female two years old and of the species that grow to an enormous size. The animal is sold for $10,000, being supposed to be the greatest price ever given for an animal in Europe or *America*."

All of this is correct, with the exception possibly of the statement that the elephant was a female. In writing from Bengal, Crowninshield had spoken of it as a male. Several times in New York City, it was refered to as a female, but after it started on its journey southward, it was always referred to as a male. But the Rev. William Bentley, who saw it in Salem, Mass., a year later said the elephant was a female, but commonly referred to as a male.

One very important fact was overlooked by the Journal and Patriotic Register in its article—it failed to name the purchaser of the elephant. He was said by John Davis, an Englishman, who met the elephant and its owner in the fall

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ELEPHANT

By the request and desire of many of the inhabitants of Baltimore-Town, and to facilitate to everybody the sight of so curious an animal, the Elephant will *he* seen for a few days only at a quarter of a dollar.

After leaving Baltimore, it is difficult to trace the elephant, sources of information in the South not being available to the extent they are in the North. Charleston was no doubt reached safely and sheltered the elephant during the winter.

Early in the spring of 1797, the arrival of the elephant wale announced in Philadelphia. This visit to the city of Brotherly Love proved to *Be* epoch making, for it was the occasion of the first appearance of the huge beast in a theatrical performance. The play was a benefit for Cooper, the famous tragedian. William Dunlap, in his History of the American Theatre tells that the elephant was hired for the night for sixty dollars and filled the house to overflowing.

The elephant's debut on the stage was advertised in these words in the American Daily Advertiser.

New Theater

The last week of performing before the Easter Holidays

Mr. Cooper's Night

This evening, April 3, will be presented (not performed this season) a celebrated Tragedy called

Alexander, the
or the Rival Queens.

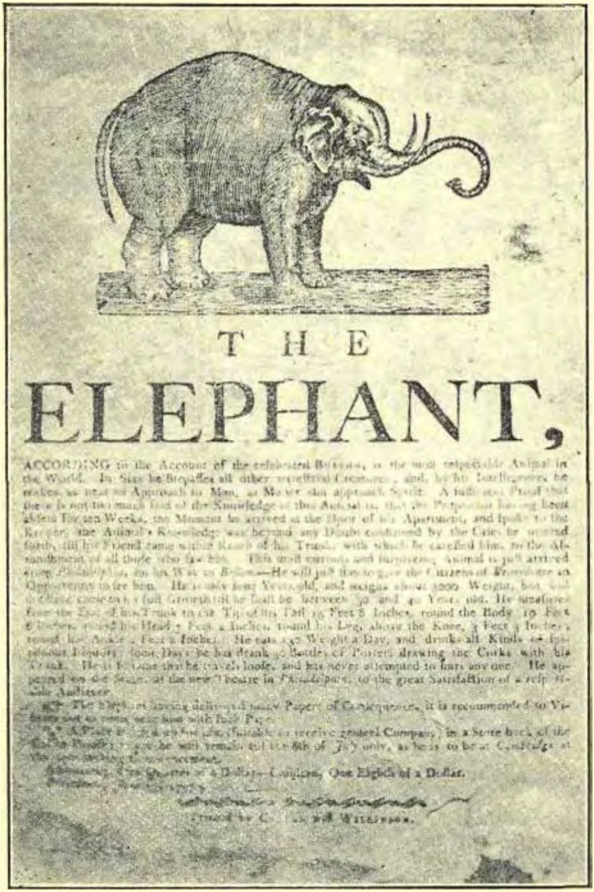
In Act I

The Grand Triumphal entry of Alexander into Babylon; in which will be introduced for this night only a Real Elephant, caparisoned as for war.

An occasional Prologue will be spoken by Mr. Cooper.

End of the Tragedy, a new ballet dance, (composed by Mr. Byrne,) called *The* Drunken Provencal, to which will be added, never performed here, a musical entertainment called The Adopted Child as performed during the two last winters in London, with the most unbounded applause.

Of this incident, William B. Wood, in his "Personal Recollections of the Stage" has left the following account: "During his first season, Cooper's services were not frequently required; and when benefits were arranged, Cooper an-



THE

ELEPHANT,

ACCORDING to the Account of the celebrated B[illegible], is the most respectable Animal in the World. In Size he surpasses all other terrestrial Creatures; and, by his Intelligence, he makes as near an Approach to Man, as Matter can approach Spirit. A sufficient Proof that there is not too much said of the Knowledge of this Animal is, that the Proprietor having been absent Ten Weeks, the Moment he arrived at the Door of his Apartment, and spoke to the Keeper, the Animal's Knowledge was beyond any Doubt confirmed by the Cries he uttered forth, till his Friend came within Reach of his Trunk, with which he caressed him, to the Astonishment of all those who saw him. This most curious and surprising Animal is just arrived from *Philadelphia*, on his Way to *Boston*.—He will just stop to give the Citizens of *Providence* an Opportunity to see him. He is only four Years old, and weighs about 3000 Weight, but will not have come to his full Growth till he shall be between 30 and 40 Years old. He measures from the End of his Trunk to the Tip of his Tail 15 Feet 8 Inches, round the Body 10 Feet 6 Inches, round his Head 7 Feet 2 Inches, round his Leg, above the Knee, 3 Feet 3 Inches, round his Ankle 2 Feet 2 Inches. He eats 130 Weight a Day, and drinks all Kinds of spirituous Liquors; some Days he has drank 30 Bottles of Porter, drawing the Corks with his Trunk. He is so tame that he travels loose, and has never attempted to hurt any one. He appeared on the Stage, at the new Theatre in *Philadelphia*, to the great Satisfaction of a respectable Audience.

☞ The Elephant having destroyed many Papers of Consequence, it is recommended to Visitors not to come near him with such Papers.

*** A Place is fitted up for the (suitable to receive genteel Company) in a Store back of the [illegible] where he will remain till the 8th of *July* only, as he is to be at *Cambridge* at the [illegible] Commencement.

Admittance, One Quarter of a Dollar—Children, One Eighth of a Dollar.

Providence, [illegible]

Printed by C[illegible] and Wilkinson.

Broadside Advertising First Elephant Brought to America. This Poster was used in July, 1797, at Providence, Rhode Island.

nounced the piece which he had taken as his selection. By the terms of the contract, Mr. Wignell insured to him a emtain profit on his night. But the day previous, his box sheet presented so meagre a promise, that he felt his liberal manager must be a considerable loser. If he felt unwilling should be the case; and observing that an elephant was on exhibition, it occured to him that this Asiatic luxury might save the manager and relieve him from the mortification of a beggarly house. He therefore issued an extra bill, adding the great animal attraction; and was gratified in consequence by a large and fashionabe audience."

Dunlap's comment was: "Those that had declined to take seats and support the best tragedian, although not so ined ap afterward, that had y$> played in America, filled the house to overflowing to see the stage dishonoured by an elephant." But it must be remembered that Dunlap had no love for the circus.

After its appearance in the Cooper benefit, the elephant left Philadelphia and started on its way to Boston. It stopped over for a short time in New York, exhibiting at 110 Front street, where the fact was noted that since the year previous it had grown considerably.

Among the towns in which it was exhibited before reaching Boston was Providence where, according to a broadside, "he will just stay to give the citizens an opportunity to see him." A place was "fitted up for him (suitable to receive genteel Company) in a Store back of the Coffee-House; where he will remain for a few days only, as he is to be at Cambridge at the approaching Commencement." The broadside, which was dated June 27, 1797, states that the elephant "by his intelligence makes as near an Approach to Man, as Matter can approach Spirit. A sufficient Proof that there is not too much said of the Knowledge of this Animal is that the Proprietor having been absent for ten Weeks, the Mement he arrived at the Door of his apartment, and spoke to the Keeper, the Animal's Knowledge was beyond any Doubt confirmed by the Cries he uttered, till his Friend came Ma-4 Reach & his Trunk, with which he caressed & & the Astonishment of all those who saw him." The weight of the elephant was given as 3,000 pounds. He measured "from the End of his Trunk to the Tip of his Tail 15 feet 8 inches, round the Body lo Feet 6 inches, round his Head 7 Feet 2 inches, round his Leg, above the Knee, 3 Feet a Inches; round his Ankle 2 Feet."

This "most respectable animal" drank all kinds of spirit-

ous liquors; "some Days he has drank 30 Bottles of Porter, drawing the Corks with his Trunk." The spectators were advised that "The Elephant having destroyed many Papers of Consequence, it is recommended to Visitors not to come near him with such Papers."

On August 2, the Columbian Sentinel, Boston, announced: "The Elephant is just arrived in Town and may be seen at Mr. Valentine's, Market Square, where he will stay but a few weeks."

The elephant was in Salem, Mass., September 1, for several days and among the visitors to the Market House, where it was exhibited was the Rev. William Bentley, who baa left this account in his diary:

"The crowd of spectators forbade me any but a general and superficial view of him. He was six feet four inches high. Of large volume, his skin black as though lately oiled. A short hair was on every part, but, not sufficient for a covering. His tail hang one third of his height, but without any long hairs at the end of it. His legs were still at command at the joints, but he could not be persuaded to lie down. The keeper repeatedly mounted him, but be persisted in shaking him off. Bread and hay were given him and be took bread out of the pockets of spectators. He also drank porter and drew the cork, conveying the liquor from his trunk into his throat. His tusks were just 'to be seen beyond the flesh and it was said had been broken. We say this beause the common language. It is a female and teats appeared just *behind* the fare leg."

From Salem, the elephant went to Marblehead, where it remained for three days. It was later exhibited in Beverly at "the new house opposite Capt. Goodridges." Other New England towns were visited, before cool weather set in, when the elephant turned its steps toward the home in the *South.* where the winter was spent.

According to the harbor reports of Philadelphia, the elephant was brought north by boat in April, 1798. It was again exhibited in the Pennsylvania city and other towns of the North during the succeeding months. On June 19, the Commercial Advertiser, New York City, is found advertising the return of the elephant from Boston and on exhibition Broadway, between Robinson and Murray streets. The citizens were advised that it was on the way to Charleston and would probably not come back to New York for four or five years it had ben seen in that city three or four times previous-

ly. Since landing in this country in 1796, the elephant added two feet to its height.

In September the elephant was in Lancaster, Pa., at Mr. Gross' hotel on King street, where it was to remain until the following Saturday evening "by the request of a number of respectable families." The price of admission was a quarter for adults and eleven pence for childen.

Some time later, John Davis, *the* English traveler, came across the elephant and its owner at Asheepo, S. C. Of this meeting, he has furnished the following lively account in his Travels in the United States:

"The place I reached was Asheepo, a hamlet consisting of three or more log houses, and the inhabitants of every sex and age had gathered round a huge elephant, which was journeying with his master to Savannah. Fortune had therefore brought me into unexpected company, and I could not but admire the docility of the elephant, whe in solemn majesty received the gifts of the children with his trunk.

"But not so the monkey. This man of Lord Monboddo was inflamed with rage ak the boys and girls; nor could the rebuke of his master calm the transports of his fury. I entered the log house which accommodated travelers. An old negro man had squatted himself before the fire.

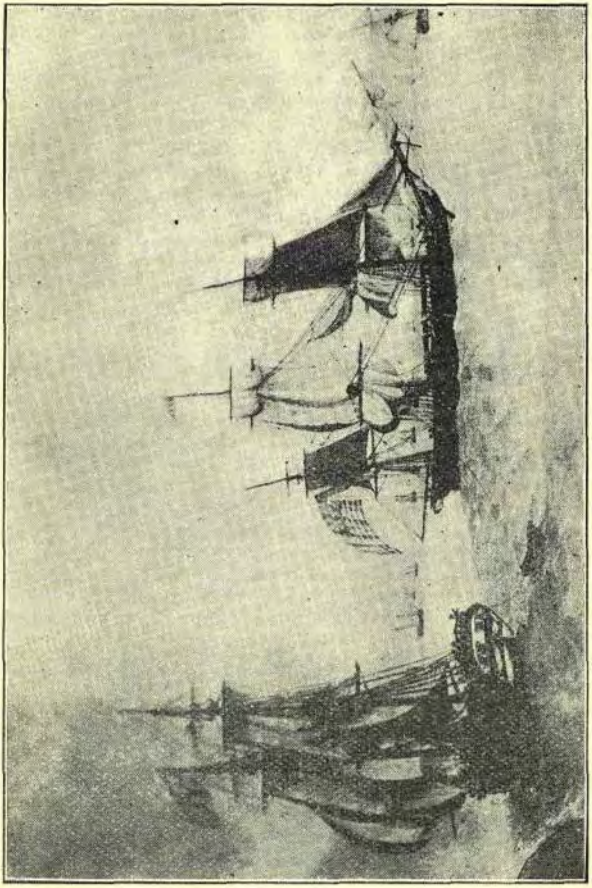
"'Well, old man; said I, 'why don't you go out to look at the elephant?"

" 'Hie! massa, he calf! '

"In fact the elephant came from Asia, and the negro from Africa, where he had seen the same species of animal, but of mu4 greater magnitude. Traveling, says Shakespeare, acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. And there being only one bed in the log house, I slept with the elephant driver. Mr. Owen was a native of Wales, but be had been a great traveler and carried a map of his travels in his pocket.

"Nothing shortens a journey more than good company on the road, so I departed after breakfast from Asheepo with Mr. Owen, his elephant and his monkey. Mr. Owen related to me the wonders of his elephant, which at some future day I may publish in a separate treatise; but they would be irrelative to my present journey, which towards noon I was left to prosecute alone. The elephant, however docile, would not travel without his dinner, and Mr. Owen halted under a pine tree to feed the mute companion of his toils."

What more fitting place to leave the elephant than din-



Ship America, which brought first elephant to United States, with Tiger of Boston at left. Courtsey of Peabody Museum, Salem, Mass.

ing under a pine tree in the South? To trace its further travels is no easy task. The remaining years alloted to *it* on earth, it may be supposed, followed *the* same routine as in the years which had gone before. Its itinerary took it to many of the same places and also into new territory. Whether it died a natural death, or fell a victim to the bullet of an assassin, as did some other elephants which came later to this country, is a matter of speculation. And we are similarly in the Bark as to the fate of the man, Owen, who guided the tours of the elephant over the United States.

Of Crowninshield, however, it is known that after his retirement from the sea, he became a merchant in Salem, Mass. His fellow citizens honored him by electing him a member of congress from his state. He was appointed secretary of the navy by Thomas Jefferson, but did not serve. His death occured at Washington, D. C., in 1808, at the age of 38. Captain Crowninshield was 26 years old, when he brought the first elephant to the United States.

For assistance in the compilation of the above information, acknowlegment is due: George G. Putnam, of the Evening News, Salem, Mass.; the John Carter Brown Library and the Rhode Island Historical Society, both of Providence, R. I.; the Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston, Mass.; the New York Historical Society, New York City; the Pennsylvania Historical Society, Philadelphia; the Pennsylvania State Library, Harrisburg; the Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore, Md., the Peabody Marine Museum, Salem, Mass., and William F. Worner, Lancaster, Pa.

Out *of a Windjammer's* *Scrap Book*

Donated by G. A. SEVERANCE.

(*Troy Northern Budget, June* 13, 1870)

LENT'S NEW YORK CIRCUS.

The New York circus has attained undisputed p——
ence among competing exhibitions of this kind in the U. S.
It is undoubtedly owing to the well earned reputation, now so

generally conceded, that it commands success wherever its big tents are pitched. For eight months in the year this circus is a fixture of New York city, where in its mammouth iron building on 14th St., it numbers among its patrons the very best people of the metropolis. The performers attached to this circus are engaged by the year, so that we see precisely the same acts, and performed by the same artists, that bring Out the New Yorkers in swarms every night and on Saturday matinees during the greater portion of each year. Good music, fine harm, splendid riders. expert gymnasts and liberal management are the distinguishing features of the New York circus, which accounts for the overflowing houses that greet them. The clowns are Joe Pentland, H. B. Williams and William Conrad, & it is a notable feature in their part of the performances that a discrimination is made between fun and vulgarity, and that none 3 the latter is ever heard at the exhibitions. The principal equestrians and gymnasts are Mlle. Caroline Rolland, Robert Stickney, the Levantine brothers, the great Melville and the Australian family. This year they have the finest military band that ever traveled—Prof. Boswold's brass and reed organization—which plays all the fashionable music of the day with an execution and effect never before produced *at* an equestrian entertainment.

The New York circus will exhibit this Monday afternoon and evening on the North Third street lot.

FEARFUL CONFLICT WITH A TIGRESS

(*From Frank Leslies Weekly Feb.* 16, 1861).

Whilst Maccomo was going through his performance with the Bengal tigers 3 Mauder's Menagerie, Liverpool, a tigress caught his hand in her mouth. Planting his knee in *the* small of the tigress's back, and pressing her against the bars of the cage, then seizing the lower jaw with the right hand, he held her powerless to do more than retain the left hand in her mouth. So cool was Maccomo in this trying position, that lookers-on thought it a part of his performance; but when Maccomo called to one of the keepers, "She has got my hand fast in her mouth, get a bar of hot iron," the truth of his dangerous position flashed through the minds of those present, and created the greatest excitement—one lady fainting away, others running from the painful sight. Four or five minutes elapsed before the iron rod was ready, during which time Maccomo stood as a piece of statuary, *not* a quiver of lip to show the pain he was enduring. When ready, the hot iron was applied quickly and surely by one of the keepers to one

of the large teeth in the upper jaw, and as though she had been electrified, her mouth sprang open. Maccomo, quick as lightening, drew his hand away, caught hold of a thick stick, struck the animal a terrific blow on the skull, brought her down, and forced bar to finish her performance before he left the cage. When Maccomo came out of the cage, his bleed— hand testified to the frightful struggle which && been going on between man and beast.

Covered Wagon Days With Barnum

Featured General Tom Thumb With His Wagon Show In 1851

By BILLY S. GARVIE.

By age,, tradition and celebrity of his early shows, the name of P. T. Barnum as a great showman stands out *in* circus history siwe 1851, in Hartford, Conn., the writer's home town.

His first visit was in June, 1851, travelling by wagon over dusty roads. The street parade was during the entrance of the wagons through the town.

Here is an old playbill:

GRAND ENTRANCE OF P. T. BARNUM'S ASIATIC
CARAVAN, MUSEUM AND MENAGERIE
The Cortege Comprises 110 Horses, 80 Men.
A Young Calf Elephant Will Carry Upon His Back the
Lilliputian General Tom Thumb,
SIX BEAUTIFUL LIONS FRESH FROM THE JUNGLES
A BURMESE BULL FROM ISLAND OF JAVA
GENERAL TOM THUMB WILL SING AND DANCE
Mr. Nellis, the Man Without Arms, Will Load and Fire a
Pistol, and Do Other Feats With His Toes.
A Fine Military Band Will Perform Popular Airs as the
Procession Enters the Town.
ADMISSION TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

A Personal Note

When we first launched THE CIRCUS SCRAP BOOK I was determined not to occupy, at any time, space for personal comment which I felt honestly belonged to my readers. This is POUR magazine not MINE. But one reaches the point where he must either talk *or* "bust" and I am not much on a bust. So I thought I would take this opportunityy to thank all those who have written such encouraging letters of commendation and congratulation about THE CIRCUS SCRAP BOOK, and I feel that the only worthy way of reciprocating all of these encomiums—that's high-hat for praise—is to tinue the magazine in such a manner that a subscriber need not feel ashamed to show it to his or her friends

I have received clippings, photographs, scrap books *and* other miscellany, with the broad, friendly comment "Use all or any part of it if you want to do so." Only to-day Clarence Auskings, General Agent for Hunt's Circus, sends me two passes "good for any place in the U. S. A." My dear friend, Maury Maverick, of San Antonio, Texas, who is always doing "surprisy" things, surprised me to-day with a fine manuscript file, gaudily decorated with circusy pictures and done up in a very eccentric manner. Like a kid I toted it all around showing it to the neighbors. And one night I got a special delivery letter from away out Oakland, California, wag, and on opening it I find that another dear friend, Jimmy Chloupek, sent me fifty subscriptions—I almost fell into my pajamas and evaporated. And then there was that—but what's the use. You're not interested in this stuff and in my over-enthusiasm I'm liable to bore you. All that I can say is that you have made me very, very happy. I have subscribers now In every State of *the* Union—almost five hundred of them—and I'm net a bit discouraged, for it must be remembered that this is not a newsstand publication, but the subscription list has been built up by recommendations of friends, and that is my only elm—to keep It of such a tone that you need not feel ashamed to recommend it.

Thanks for allowing me this space and don't think it Ego—that's high-hat for something or other—on my part for permitting you to smell of my bouquets. I promise never to do it again.

Lion Queens

(*New York Clipper, April* 16, 1892)

The sterner sex have not been allowed a monopoly of exhibitions in which wild animals, more or less under subjection, are forced to go through evolutions for the pleasure of lookers-on. So many women have been found to enter the cages of the huge felines that the title of "The Lion Queen" is perfectly well known in the annals of the circus menagerie.

About 1840, there was a showman named Rugg who wandered over England—just such a jack-of-all-trades as Charles Reade depicted in his story of that title. In the summer he went from fair to fair, now with the horse riders, now with the penny raree shows, then in a fit-up or temporary travelling theatre, or at a winter circus in town. He was accompanied by a girl, his daughter, who, like himself, "went on" in any capacity—"general utility," in fact.

In 1847, a speculator had a facsimile of Shakespeare's house built, taken to pieces and going from place to place, till it found a tolerably long sojourn at the Surrey Gardens, London, now built over, but then a popular resort. Miss Rugg procured the engagement to personate, like Little Nell at Jerley's, the "pointer out," addressed in Elizabethan costume, which became her admirably, as she had something of Queen Bess's masculine port and cut of features. She did very well. As is the excellent habit of theatrical and showfolk—whether they get proper credit for it or not—Daddy Rugg, of course, tried to be near his daughter, and had the luck to secure a London engagement as one of the witches in Macbeth; they are, after tradition, cast to low comedians; women—unless the masculine type of the Cushmans, rarely so appearing. Rugg's engagement at Astley theatre, where there was always a commingling of dog and other quadrupedal performers with the bipeds, led to frequent visits of Miss Rugg to that establishment, and she was given parts in pieces and familiarized still more with animals on the stage.

At this juncture, the Lord Mayor's Show Day came on; November 9th as a rule and the procession was given the attractions of any remarkable living curios, which were &owing in town. The usual idea is to show an elephant *for* India,

a lion for Africa, and so on. On this occasion there was a superfluity of elephants, two menageries displaying their collections—Rolls' and Smith's. Smith offered his creatures for the show free; and Rolls, not to be bluffed, announced a Lion Queen with his ferocities, to prove his advantages over his rival It was Julia Rugg. Her commanding stature, daring, her good looks, all made a rush for her manager's caravan, and the public did not care a rap for the counter attraction.

Smarting with the slight, Smith plunged into the war with newspaper articles and handbills, alleging that the people went to see the pretty and plucky girl, and that the lions of Rolls' were harmless as sausage rolls. A newspaper scribe also entered the ring with too much vehemence, and had the folly to assert that the fair Julia "performed" animals which had been drugged with narcotics. He went still farther, and offered to prove that the beasts were harmless with enervation, by himself going into the den, though he was decidedly an amateur. The English are nothing if not a wagering people, and you gain nothing by repeating to them that a bet is a fool's argument. Betting went rife over the offer of the reporter and despite Miss Rugg's statement that her playfellows were ugly customers, the journalist would not draw back. Julia consented to greet him if he would come for her cordial shake hands to where she would wait, in the end of her lion's cage, surrounded by her carnivorous friends.

The program attracted the greatest assemblage ever known at a wild beast show. Nearly everybody has had a journalist pitch into him, and so they flocked to see the tables turned by the feline claw. The penny-a-liner made his will, hired a dress-suit and came punctually to the supper, where, as Hamlet says, he would like to be eaten, rather than eat.

Three pair of lions and their females were growling round and round their prison, seeking an outlet, and whom they should devour—a silent, stealthy and methodical walk that considerably perturbed our adventurous scribbler; it is needless to say that among his band of backers-up were several jokers who tried to make him frightened under pretense of bolstering up his courage. Bnt it was not time for good or chosen advice.

The reporter drew himself up to his full height, and stepped within the perilous enclosure where Miss Rugg was occupying the remotest corner. Phi?animals interrupted their circular promenade and walked up to the rash intruder with startling familiarity. He certainly had the nearest possible

dew, so as to be able to tell whether they were stupified with narcotics or not.

At length one of the lionesses rubbed *up* against him like a cat, but from its power simply knocked him off his feet. He managed partly to save himself, so that he fell in a sitting posture. While the brutes sniffed him, and poisoned him with their pestiferous breath, he sought to charm them with coaxing glances and he appealed to the lion tameress with a repentent attitude. He did not know that any bearing but that of uprightness is vain against the animal kingdom; he was equally endangered by remaining where he was, as by arising among the restless beasts, which still threatened to rend him to fragments. At last one of the lions crouched, and uttered such a roar, that the hapless reporter thought that he would be its stuffing.

The spectators began to call out in affright and beg Miss Rugg to fly to the aid of the victim; but she would not hurry herself until she had full satisfaction. In the end she approached, and waving a torch which she carried, for protection's sake, she held out her whip horizontally for her pupils to go through their exercise by jumping over it at a run.

"Hoopla!" she cried; then to the reporter she added: "Arise and make for the door—look sharp!"

He did not require to be told twice; but as he was ignobly retiring, one of the lionesses slapped at him with her paw and carried away, as seamen say, the after part of his tailcoat and the nap of his pants. Nobody ever said that the Rugg lions were doctored after that.

Old Rugg, resigning any hope of rivalling Macready, turned naturally to the wild beast business and became engaged as keeper.

At the Antwerp Gardens, where, slipping in the lion's cage, he had *a* surly inmate leap on him. The daughter was on hand but outside; she had the readiness to fling a garden seat at the bars where it smashed and the brute released its prey an the crash.

As a counter attraction to Crockett, when travelling England, Miss Polly Hilton, alias Mlle. Pauline De Vere, was "put up" on the bills. As "The Lady of Lyons" was populer, she was additionally posted as "The Lady ot the Lions," a pun regarded as excellent.

The docile lion which crouched at the foot of Mrs. Sanger, the London Thanksgiving procession, will be remembered. As Miss Chapman this lady was a renowned Lion Queen;

there was always a pet lion about her house, in some way subdued, unlike that which Mme. Bernhardt was compelled to put *away* when it grew up into feeling its power. On the Continent ladies who would enter the dens were plenty as blackberries. The list begins with a Fraulein Schmidt, whose brother, Hermann, was a gentleman lion trainer, first to the intractable Polar bear. Mlle. Borelli had her hour of celebrity. A chorus lady in a burlesque house bloomed in to a Lion Queen from having gone into *a* cage for a wager and found it was her vocation. And one Mlle. Lebarriere came from Franconi's to Drury Lane to show the Cockney's that she dared let her hirsute scholars take lumps of sugar from her mouth.

People said there was more than the vulgar saw in the traditional belief in the immunity of women from the lion's paw. They recalled the verses of Spencer and the lines of the Elizabethan playwrights, whose Unas strolled the woods with Leo in a chain of horses; the Orientals hold the same creed, and the gallant Africans had that the gorilla, not to be outdone in politeness, hurts not the petticoats. All of this pretty fiction was rudely dispelled in 1850. Miss Helen Blight had been taken regularly into an aged lion's cage by her father, to bring in the rustic's coppers, till she grew up thoroughly fearless of the exaggerated puss. Attaining that home celebrity which commands an advantageous offer for abroad, continued her path of laurel and rose leaves in America, and returning she was slain by a royal tiger at Greenwich; two years later it attacked Maccomo, and had to be killed in turn. This tragic occurrence caused the Lord Chamberlain's prohibition to impend over all such spectacles, and the Lion Queen's dynasty is at an end in England.

First Lessons in Clowning

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

(*From "Pipefuls," Published by Doubleday, Page & Company, —1920*)

A medley of crashing music, pungently odd and exhilirating smells, the roaring croon of the steam calliope, the sweet

lingering savor of snow white grease paint, elephants, sleek barking seals, trained pigs, superb white horses, frolicking exquisite ladies in tights and spangles, the pallid Venuses of the "living statuary," a whole jumble of incongruous and fantastic glimpses, moving in perfect order through its arranged cycles—this is the blurred and ecstatic recollection of an amateur clown at the circus.

It was pay day that afternoon and all the performers were in a cheerful humour. Perhaps that was why the two outsiders, who played a very inconspicuous part in the vast show, were so gently treated. Certainly they had approached the Garden in some secret trepidation. They had visions dire jests and grievous humiliations; of finding themselves suddenly astride the bare backs of berserk mules, or hoisted by blazing petards, or douched with mysterious cascades of icy water. Pat Valdo had written: "I am glad to hear you going to clown a bit. I hope you both will enjoy the experience." To am overwrought imaginations this sounded a little bit ominous. What would Pat and his lively confreres do to us?

We need not have feared. Not in the *most* genial club could we have been treated better than in the dressing room where we found Pat Valdo opening his trunk and getting out the antic costumes he had provided. (The eyes of a certain elephant, to tell the truth, was the only real embarrassment we suffered. We happened to stand by him as he was waiting to go *on*, and in his shrewd and critical orb we saw a complete disdain. He spotted us at once. He knew us far interlopers. He knew that we were not a real clown, and his eye showed a spark of scorn. We felt shamed and slunk away).

A liberal coating of elom-white, well rubbed into the palms before applying; a rich powdering of talcum; and decorations applied by Pat Valdo with his red and black paint-stick—thew give an effect that startles the amateur when he considers himself in the mirror. Topped with a skull cap of white flannel (on which perches a supreme oddity in the way of a Hooligan hat) and enveloped in a baggy Pierrot garment—one is ready to look about and study the dressing room, where our fellows, in every kind of gorgeous grotesquerie, are preparing for the Grand Introductory Pageant—followed by the "Strange People." (They don't call them Freaks any more). Here is Johanes Joseffson, the Icelandic Gladiator, sitting on his trunk, with his bare feet gingerly placed on his

slippers to keep them off the dusty floor while he puts on his wrestling tights. As he bends over with arched back, and raises one leg to insert it into the long pink stocking, one must admire the perfect muscular grace of his thighs and shoulders. Here is the equally muscular dwarf, being massaged by a friend before he dons his pink frills and plumed bat and becomes Mlle. Spangletti, "the marvel equestrienne, darling of the Parisian boulevards." Here is the inevitable Charlie Chaplin, and here is the dean of all clowns, an old gentleman of seventy-four, in his frolicksome costume, as lively as ever.

Here is a trunk inscribed AUSTRALIAN WOODCHOPPERS, and sitting on it one of the woodchoppers himself, a quiet, humorous, cultivated gentleman with a great fund of philosophy. A rumour goes the rounds—as it does behind the scenes in every kind of show. "Do you know who we have with us today? I see one of the boxes is all decorated up." "It's Mrs. Vincent aster?' "Who's *she?*" interjects the Australian woodchopper, satirically. "It's General Wood." "Did you hear Wood and Pershing are here today?" Charley Chaplin asserts that he has "a good gag" that he's going to try out today and see how it goes. One of the other clowns in the course of dressing comes up to Pat Valdo, and Pat introduces his two pupils. "Newspaper men, hey?" says the latter. "What did you tell me for? I usually double-cross the newspaper men when they come up to so some clowning," he explains to us. We are left wondering in what this double-crossing consists. Suddenly they all troop down the dark narrow stairs for the triumphant entry. The splendour of this parade may not be marred by any clown costumes, so the two novices are left upstairs, peering through the holes in the dressing-room wall. The big arena is all an expanse of eager faces. The band strikes up a stirring ditty. A wave of excitement sweeps through the dingy quarters of the Garden. The show is on, and how delirious it all is!

Downstairs, the space behind the arena is a fascinating jostle of odd sights. The elephants come swaying up the runway from the basement and stand in line waiting their turn. Here is a cage of trained bears. In the background stands the dog catcher's cart, attached to the famous kicking mule. From the ladies' dressing quarters come the aerial human butterflies in their wings and gauzy draperies. On the wall is a list of names, MAIL UNCALLED FOR. One of the names is

"Tody Hamilton." That must mean old Tody, but we fear that letter will never be called for now, for Tody Hamilton, the famous old Barnum and Bailey press agent, who cleaned up more "free space" than any man who ever lived, died in 1916. Suddenly appears a person clad in flesh tights and a barrel, carrying a label announcing himself as THE COMMON PEOPLE. Someone thrusts a large sign into the hands of one of the amateur clowns and he is thrust upon the arena, to precede the barralled Common People round the sawdust ~br-cuit. He has hardly time to aes what the sign a *—— thing about "On Strike Against $100 Suits." The amateur clown 4 somewhat aghast at the huge display of friendly faces. Is he to try to be funny? Here is the flag hung box, and be tries to see who is in it. He doesn't see either Wood, Pershing or Mrs. Astor, who are not there; but a lot of wounded soldiers, who smile at him encouragingly. He better and proceeds, finding himself, with a start, just beneath some flying acrobats who are soaring in the air hanging by their teeth. Common People shouts to him to keep the sign facing the audience. The tour is made without palpable dishonour.

Things are now moving so fast it is hard to keep up with them. Pat Valdo is dressed as a prudish old lady with an enormous bustle. Escorted by the clown policeman and the two amateurs, Pat sets out, fanning himself demurely. Hullo! the bustle has detached itself from the old lady, but she proceeds, unconscious. The audience shouts with glee. Finally the cop sees what has happened and screams. The amateur clowns scream, too, and one of them, in a burst of inspiration, takes off his absurd hat to the bustle, which is now left yards behind. But Pat is undismayed, turns and beckons with his hand. The bustle immediately runs forward of its own accord and reattaches itself to the rear of the skirt. You see, there is a dwarf inside it. The two amateur clows are getting excited by time and execute some impromptu tumbling. One tackles the other and they roll over and over desperately. In the scuffle one loses both his hat and skull-cap and flees shamefacedly from the scene. It is asserted by our partner that "this went big." He swears it got a laugh. Pat Valdo hurries off to prepare for his boomerang throwing. Pat is a busy man, for he is not only a clown but he and Mrs. Valdo also do wonderful stunts of #& own in ring number —.

And there are moments of sheer poetry, too. Into the

darkened arena, crossed by dazzling shafts of light, speeds a Big white motor car. Bird Millman descends, tossing her cloak. "A fairy on a cobweb" the press agents call her- and @ two humble clowns watch entranced through the peep-holes in the big doors the phrase seems none too extravagant. See her, in a foam of short, fluffy green skirts, twirl and tip-toe an the glittering wire, all grace and slenderness and agile enchantment. She bows in the dazzle of light and kisses her hands to the crowd. Then she hops into the big car and la borne back behind the scenes. Once behind the doors her vivacity ceases. She *sib*, wearily, several minutes, before getting out of the car. And then, later, comes Mlle. Leitzel. She, like all the other stars, is said to have "amazed all Europe." We don't know whether Europe is harder to amaze than America. Certainly no one could be more admiringly astounded than the amateur clowns gazing entranced through the crack of the doorway. To that nerve-tightening roll of the drums she spins deliriously high up in giddy air, floating, a tiny human pinwheel, in a shining cone of light. One can hear the crowd catch its breath. She walks back all smiles, while her maid trots ahead saying something unintelligible. Her tall husband In waiting for her *at* the doorway. catches her up like a child and carries her off, limp and exhausted. One of the clowns (irreverant creature) makes a piteous squawk and begs us to carry him to his dressing room.

A trained pig, trotting cheerfully round in search of tid-bits, la retrieved from under the hooves of Mrs. Curtis's horse, which is about to go out and dance. The dogcatcher's wagon is drawn up ready to rush forth, and the trained terrier which accompanies it is leaping with excitement. He regards it as a huge lark and knows his cue perfectly. When the right time comes he makes a dash for a down dressed as an elderly lady and tears off her skirt.

One sf the amateurs was allowed to ride behind the kicking mule, but *to* his chagrin *the* mule did not kick as well as usual. Here was Charley Chaplin and some others throwing dice from a barrel. No matter how the dice are thrown they turn up seven. Into this animated gamble the amateur clown enters with enjoyment. All round him the wildest capers are proceeding. The double-ended flivver *is* prancing about. John Barleycorn's funeral procession is going its way. "Give me plenty of space," says Charley Chaplin to us, "so the people

can watch me." We do so, reverently, for Charley's antics are worth watching. We make a wild dash, and plan to do a tumble in imitation of Charley's. To our disappointment we find that instead of sliding our feet dig into the soft sawdust, and the projected collapse does not arrive. Intoxicated by the spice of circus odours, the steaming calliope, the galloping horses, we hardly know what we are doing half of the time. We hear Miss May Wirth, the Wonder Rider of the World, complaining bitterly that someone got in front of her when she was doing her particularly special stunt. We wonder dubiously whether we were the guilty one. Alas, it is all over but the washing up. Pat Valdo, gentlest of hosts, is taking off his trick hat with the water cistern concealed in it. He has a clean towel ready for his gratful pupils.

The band is playing "The Star Spangled Banner," and all the clowns in various stages of undress, stand at attention. Our little peep into the gay, good-hearted, courageous and extraordinary world of the circus is over. Pat and his fellows will go on, twice a day for the next six months. It takes ~ a tience and endurance, but it must be some consolation to know that nothing else in the whole world gives half as much pleasure to so many people.

A Reminiscence of Miles Orton

By JESSE BARTLETT McGEE.

At Gallatin, Missouri, in 1864, the "Glorious Fourth" was ushered in with, the usual noise of cannon firing and the shooting of small caliber firecrackers. The national family row had not been settled, yet the spirit of "76" was duly remembered.

make the occasion still interesting, this was Day." C. C. Orton's great hippodrome which had for several years been touring Europe had returned to the United States. Learning that the war was rapidly drawing to a

close, Orton had planned a trip through me middle west returning through the central north.

For many days bills on the barns, out-houses and old store houses had been studied by the "kids" and their pioneer progenitors. Everybody knew about the wonderful things which would be men under the coming "big top." Before daylight pilgrims from every corner of the county, and from surrounding counties began to assemble. They came a-foot, horse-back, in wagons and great lumbering "linch-pin" ox-drawn wagons whose spindles groaned and wailed like a pig under a gate. However they came, they all got there on time jubilant in anticipation of a great day.

The hour for the street-parade came, and with open-mouthed wonder we convoyed @@procession composed of imal cage-uncaged aim&, gaudily tinsled equestrians and equestriennes, all preceded By a most wonderfully gilded band-wagon drawn by forty gaily caparisoned, but horses. With all possible auguries for *a* favorable day the procession arrived at the show-grounds.

But Mr. Orton had failed to see, one 'Sim' Miller, the august proprietor of the worst dive in North West Missouri. "Sim" felt slighted and determined to make Old Man Orton painfully conscious of the fact. So, with fifteen or twenty of his associates, he met the procession at its journey's end and staged a riot that would have put Donny Brook to the blush. Sim, with a tent stake, opened the ball by cracking the of the "Strong Man." Immediately the cry "Hey Rube," came from all parts of the ground. Then for about fifteen minutes it was anybody's fight. Then & truce m declared and Sim's valiant force adjourned to the bar for reenforcements.

My father was county clerk, and I, a boy of 11 years was idling in his office when Mr. Orton accompanied by the sheriff of the county entered. Orton paid his license then in a voice strong with indignation, exclaimed:

"I have now paid my license, Mr. Sheriff, and I you to give me ample protection. If you do not, your county will pay all

The Result of Orton's Ultimatum

When the show opened at 2 P. M. there was 26 deputy sheriffs *on* the ground. The air was intense with excitement. Altho a riot was expected, no one staid away from the show, because, at that day and in that country, everybody went to a fight.

Contrary to *the* expectation of the officers—and *a* many of the people—there was no disturbance. Howevere, as Sim, like a wise general, had called in all his reserves and was liberally fortifying his force at his bar, the sheriff, being discrete as well as nervous, increased his force for the evening's entertainment.

At night everything seemed to be going smoothly. *The* program had been almost finished when a drunken tough slipped by the guard at the main entrance and attempted to enter the ring. My uncle who was *on* guard at that point seized him, and with the assistance of the manager of the show, was in the act of ejecting him when he informed them that the ring-master was an old boyhood friend from back east, and if they would permit him to greet his old friend he would leave the tent without further trouble. The manager, anxious to avoid another mixup advised the officer to grant his rein —

Sure enough the ring-master knew him and greeted him cordially, but aside, seemed anxious to get rid of him. But getting a tip from the manager, and noting that the audience was on toes to see how the controversy would terminate, delayed the intruder's ejectment.

The stranger declared he was a good bare-back rider, and wanted to join the circus. He said he could ride anything that wore hair.

"Well" said the man with the whip, "I'm going to try you, and if you fall off you are to leave the tent."

"All right," replied the drunk, "Bring on your horse, and if I don't ride him I'll leave."

A magnificent dark iron gray horse, the most supurb animal I have ever seen, was brought in. It took two attendants to hold him while the ring-master assisted the drunken man to mount. The horse broke away from the attendants before the rider could straighten up, and ran two or three times around the circle with the rider grabbing frantically at his main. The horse was then caught and *the* man assisted to his feet. Then the race began again. that man staid on his feet on the bare back of that runaway horse the audience could not decipher. After nearly falling off several times he kicked off his two heavy cow-hide boots. Then off came his old worn frock coat. Then followed his trousers which caused the ladies to place their fans over one eye. This left nothing to' come off but his shirt which was

no longer than it should have been. With desperate attempts he tried to make it longer, but finally becoming exasperated he jerked it off over his head, which made the ladies cover the other eye; but when they looked again there was Miles Orton, the old man's noted son, upon whom the crowned-heads of Europe had showered honors and medals,—the most fearless bare-back rider I have ever seen—turning forward back somersaults and riding that speeding horse from his ears to his tail.

I have seen the best that every big circus from that day to this has offered, but none, in my humble opinion, have compared to Miles Orton on that memorable evening.

Something M a twenty years ago, I drove into Plant City, Florida, where I now live, and saw a dog and pony show which was being operated under the name of Miles I met the old man—then about seventy—and talked with him about the pioneer days of the "big top." He had nothing to say of his past greatness, but the brightest of smiles chased each other across his wrinkled face when I mentioned the wonderful iron-gray horse. How well he remembered him! He said that altho the show was paying handsomely it would be his last trip. It was: He died a few days later at Key West.

More Circus Meanies

A facetious individual started the report that, for the purpose of feeding the animals in the menagerie, the proprietor of the Adam Forepaugh Show had arranged to purchase all canines impounded by dogcatchers, from the city authorities, in the various places visited. The newspapers elaborated the story and City Treasurer Adams, of Denver, Col., who is something of a wag himself, kept up the fun. The pious folks who devote their energies to the preservation and protection of dumb beasts got worked up over the proposed desecration of the yellow dog. The Humane Society invoked the aid of the law and proved by the statutes that it was more wicked to feed him to lions than to drown him. However, the Forepaugh animals have always enjoyed their raw beef, and there was never any thought of changing the menu.

Punch and Judy History

(*Frankfort, Pa., Register, Yaw,* 1896)

A Boston special says "Samuel Murdoch, who died last week, in New York City, was the originator of the Punch and Judy shows in the United States, and as such is entitled to more of immobality than falls to the lot of the ordinary showman. Murdoch was 58 years old, and half of that time conducted a Punch and Judy show inside the west gate of Boston Commons. Be first saw his little friends thirty years ago, when the Beck Brothers, London acrobats, introduced them to Americans. They employed Murdock to assist in the manipulation of the dolls. The reed trick, which is employed to make the figures apparently speak, was sedulously concealed from him, but he mastered it, and when the Becks departed, he set up in business for himself."

Our reporter, knowing that our townsman, Mr. E. Beck, 4520 Main street, bad a reputation of being a Punch and Judy operator, interviewed Mr. Beck in regard to the above account, and the following is what was elicited:

"In the Fall of 1866, *the* Beck Brothers, known as the London acrobats, sailed from England to this country, and first introduced the Punch and Judy to the American people, in the streets of Brooklyn, in the Spring of 1866, where Charles Dickens first saw them. His remarks in the 'New Jersey Bdependent will show that he, as well as *the* general public, was surprised that it had not been shown in this country before. He declared that 'the American Eagle would shelter, with its wings, many more such shows, which would prove a screaming delight to thousands of children and a hearty laugh to the aged, which equals ten dollars worth of doctors' medicine.'

"The late Samuel Murdoch was first employed By Beck Brothers as a musician in Boston, where they played for three years on the Boston Commons. While there, I taught him how to manipulate the figures. He did not master it himself, as the above article states."

Mr. Beck thinks the Punch and Judy exhibitions should be encouraged.

Circus Carnage

An Old Veteran Relates the Memorable Fights Between Circus Men and Villagers.

(*Chicago Times, December* 3, 1882)

"There has been many *a* man shot just as Longmire was. I know fifty cases like it. Every summer someone gets killed that way."

The remark was made in a restaurant last evening. There were three at the table—a reporter for the Times, the speaker and his friend. The reporter listened quietly and soon learned enough to convince him that *the* man possessed a good deal of information about circus fights. Introducing himself, the reporter desired to learn the man's story. He was communicative.

"I was just reading," said he, "a letter from Billy Cole and it set me thinking about men being killed with circuses. I have been with shows many a year; used to travel with Old Dan Rice and Uncle John Robinson and Forepaugh. I have seen many a tough battle between the people and the showmen. When I joined they used to hire canvasmen as much *for* their ability to fight as to work. They had more trouble then than they do now—kind of quieted down of late years. Shows were small and men with them few, and the people used to get the best of them, but that is all *gone*. They carry too many men for them nowadays.

"These rows generally took place in small towns and there were places where a fight was expected. Cohoes, N. Y., Oldtown, Me., Paterson, N. J., Pawtucket, R. I., Youngstown, O., Fall River, Mass., Steubenville, O., Champion, Ill., Mexico, Mo., Birmingham, Ala., and Scranton, Pa., and in fact every coal-mining or iron-working town in the country. In these places there were gangs of ruffians who started out in search of a fight when a show came that way. Down South the rows always start from one or two men having trouble and others taking sides. The disturbance comes in two ways, so to speak—there's either a row between the door-keeper or some other man with the show and one or two citizens, or else a gang goes down to clean the show out. Now the men

Turn to Third page.

with the show are just like a family all together from the owner down and the tent is home to them, as it were. When thousands or people come every day it fa not strange that some quarrelsome ones come among them. Men will get drunk and bring up at the door and then there is trouble. A canvasman watching a tent is just like a man watching his home. He will fight in a minute if the outsider cuts the canvas and if a crowd comes to quarrel he will yell "Hey, Rube!" which is the circus rallying cry and look out for war when you hear it. Almost every man about the show, no matter what he is doing, will start and rush to the place that cry comes from; and he will take any weapon be can lay his hands on, too. Sometimes the parties that cause the trouble are knocked down and the matter ends; sometimes others take their part and the fight lasts a long time. I have heard them yell "Hey, Rube!" many a time, and seen as bad fighting as I did in the war.

I was with Old Van Ambergh's show when they did tough work I tell you. There was the fight at Steubenville, Ohio, in 1857, when they killed three of the outsiders and lost a man in Murfreesboro, Tenn., when John Lins got killed. In 1858, at Toledo, a boy [illegible] to get under the canvas and a showman struck him. Some one raised the cry "Murder!" and there was a fight, and finally they arrested the whole show.

In 1865 we had it hat at Rockland, Maine. A party passed themselves into the side-show and tried the same game at the circus door. They were drunk. Billy Simpson, the *baas* canvasman, had men at the big show door ready far them and the mayor read the riot act and said he would deputize the showmen to keep order. The gang thought they could get in anyway and at last someone was bit and the cotillion commenced. It was a fine party to tackle and the way that gang was done up was a caution. Seven corpses, I Ink, and only one of them belonging to the show. When *we* got *to* Cohoes, N. Y., we had another just like it. There were tough men with shows then—the Townsend boys and the Bakers. Quiet fellows that never looked for a row, but did terrible work when they got in one.

As a general thing, in the Middle and New England States sticks, stones and fists were the weapons and few men were killed, but down South, where its a knife or a gun, things were different. There has been many a man buried in a

ring bank, I can tell you. Why, a ring bank is a ridge of dirt around a circus ring. They got drunk and went to the show, raised a row and got done up.

In Paterson, N. J., about 1853, Dick Sands was 'told the gang were going to tear his show to pieces, so he goes over to New York and got Top Hyer, the fighter, who then kept the Bench House in the Bowery. Tom got a gang and when the fight began it was a stunner. Hyer had about twenty men from the Bowery, and some friends in Paterson besides, and they went at it with a will. There has never been a big fight there since.

What was the worst fight? Why, that one in Jacksonville, Tex., with the Robinson show in 1873. Noyes' show had a fight there once and four were killed, and the Orton show got cut to pieces there. A bad town and bad men and circuses don't show at night there. One drunken fellow goes Into the Robinson Show and sits himself on the ring bank and they threw him out bodily. He went uptown and got a gang. They were going to run the show out of town. The town marshall told the men to protect their property and they did. The gang waited around until evening and when they were loading the show an the cars they commenced. Gil Robinson asked Uncle John what to do and the old man says "Let 'em swear all they want to, but if they shoot, give 'em the beat you've got." A shot was fired and they went at it. The show had about fifty carbines and they were in good hands. The fight began about half past three in the afternoon and lasted until eleven at night. They charged and fought in the streets and about the cars. Twenty three were killed and more than fifty wounded. It was a regular battle. The show lost seven men. They finally got the train away, but the people undertook to saw down a railroad bridge just out of town. As the train passed it a volley was fired and one man killed. The next day they were at Crockett (then Huntsville) Houston and Galveston. The authorities took the show-bills and sent out warrants for all the men whose names were on them, but tey were lost by the sheriff and that night Robinson gat his people and the most valuable part of the show on board a boat and went to New Orleans, leaving a good deal of property behind him and giving up a dozen towns he was billed to appear in. The show has not been in Texas since.

At Somerset, Ohio, in 1854, Barnum and Howes Circus had it with railroad laborers, twenty being killed, among them

several women. It all started born a drunken woman trying to take ten children in to the show without tickets. Seth B. Howes Show had a fight at Toronto in that same year and they threw the cages into the lake and burned the canvas. The riot act was read. There was no death, but plenty of blood.

In 1857 at Noonan, Ga., a young fellow shot at an elephant. They yelled "Hey, Rube!" and seven men and one canvasman died with their boots on.

The reason the show loses so few men is because they are prepared for fight. As soon as it commences they seize first weapon that they can find and fight as bull-dogs fight. No run there. They have to stay. If they run they are simply going away from home and assistance. Then, you say, practice makes perfect and they are generally cool and sober and know what to do.

Forepaugh got into a row in Kentucky and had a running fight for three days and they finally sent a regiment from Louisville to protect and get the show out of the state.

John O'Brien used to have what was called the Irish Brigade and woe it was to those that battled with it.

There have been several cases where the militia have been called out and the whole show arrested.

Cooper and Bailey's Circus had a fight at Quincy, Ill., in 1872, and a negro policeman was killed. The fire bells were rung, the militia came and every man belonging to the show was arrested and held until the following day when it was shown that the policeman was in the wrong and the circus man right. Harry Gize, the boss canvasman, was fined $400, however, for hitting the policeman.

DeMott and Hilyard's Circus was surrounded after a fight in Iowa a few years ago and all arrested.

There have been a hundred rows like these, but I cannot remember them all. Whiskey is the cause of most of them and in ninety cases out of a hundred the fight is forced upon the shows. They have either got to see their property destroyed, or do battle to protect it.

Places where colleges are located were usually bad, or used to be it the students have been taught to behave themselves. The Yale boys have been thrashed time and again at New Haven, and Ann Arbor used to be bad until Forepaugh's men taught them a lesson in 1880. A party of students who thought it smart, seated themselves all together and relying

their numbers for protection interrupted the performance. Any attempt to make them keep quiet usually leads to a row the young men find it easier to study than to whip a crowd of circus canvasmen. They got it at Ann Arbor from the Forepaugh Show, but the students followed to the next town and burned the canvas with vitriol. As I said before, these things are going *out* of fashion, though there were some terrible fights last year.

The Nathans' show had one at Amsterdam, N. Y., that *was* caused by a drunken party endeavoring to force its way into a side-show.

Murphy, the Irish Giant, who came to this country, with Hague's Minstrels, was with a show and in the fight he proved himself a good one, his size and strength serving him well. The gang was badly handled and one of them killed. At Indiana, John O'Brien's show had a row last summer and the doctors were busy for a few days. One *of* the showmen was beaten to death on the grounds. In this case, as in many others, the police were to blame. The circus pays a heavy license and is entitled to protection the same as any other establishment, but the officers sent to preserve order, usually go taking in all the friends they can, and while they are looking at the performance instead of doing duty outside, trouble arises between the eighteen-year-old boys and the canvasmen. When they do appear, a battle which could have been prevented by their mere presence is in progress and *life* in in danger. Sometimes the police themselves cause the trouble by the assumption of too much authority and even intoxication. A drunken officer at Dubuque shot an attachee *of* Forepaugh's dead in 1881 and was tried for his life for doing it, but was acquitted.

Besides these general rows I have told you about, there have been *a* great many cases in which a revolver has been drawn, usually by *a* drunken man, and the showman has dropped dead or was mortally wounded. Many an owner of a show has died at its door, some drunken brute who wanted to force his way in firing the fatal shot. John May, a clown with Mabie's show, was shot in Missouri in 1855 by a party that did not like his jokes. James McFarland, of the Spaulding & Rogers show, was killed at Liberty, Mo., in 1858. J. Leonard, a dour-keeper for Buckley's exhibition had his head cut off in Georgia by a man to whom be had refused admission because he was drunk. In 1866 Jack Ratz was killed *at* the door of Robinson's Circus In Crittenden, Ky., and a

fight followed in which five other lives were taken. Gil Eldred and Jack Robinson were killed in the same way at Lincoln, Ill., in 1869. That was a bad year for door-keepers and proprietors. Bill Lake, proprietor, was shot down at his door in Granby, Mo., Den Orton, of the Orton Show, was killed at the door while showing at Boston, Tex. Harry Whitby, of the Whitby and Cooper showfi was killed at the door in Louisianna. Col. C. F. Ames was fatally wounded at Dawson, Ga. These all occurred in 1869. Billy Lake's widow married Wild Bill Hickok and he used to stand at the door, gun in hand, but they never bothered him any. It takes a man of nerve to attend a circus door, especially in the South. It's all right in large cities, but when you come to the small towns where the wild boys come in filled up with red liquor and then go to *the* show its different. In Texas its not unusual fax a desperado to present a revolver when asked for a ticket exclaiming "There's my ticket." Sometimes they allow him to pass, but oftener a row ensues, and the man kil's or is killed. 4 is one of the dark sides of the show life but an interesting one."

And the Old Show Man began his meal.

Tattooing Circus Freaks

By JOHN K. WINKLER

(*From Collier's Weekly, February* 13, 1926)

Professor Charley Wagner, Michelangelo of American Tattoo artists, put the proposition fair and square.

"Look here, friend," he beamed, "if you'd like a crocodile tattooed an your thigh, I'll do the job for three and a quarter."

"Of course," cannily added the little man with the Windsor tie and brown suspenders, "if you want the crocodile's mouth open and all the teeth showing, "I'll have to charge you six dollars.

"Say, listen," he emphasized, "every man, woman and child should have an elegant piece of tattooing on him and her and it. Why, I can put the flags of all the Nations, the big ones I mean, on your chest for $4.50. *I'll* ink in a color sergeant, one of them big, tall fellows you'll be proud of, for

$2.50 extra. And it'll only cost you another dollar to have all forty-eight stars in the good old flag shining out clear and plain.

"That would make a gorgeous picture. But if you think it's a little too big, why, let me start you off with a small piece. I'm good in small, delicate art work, too. Did you ever look in the mirror and say to yourself: 'That face is all right, but something is missing?' You didn't know what it was you NEW. I'll tell you. You was longing for a mole!"

"Now I make a speciality of moles. Guess I am about the only real big tattoo artist as gives a club rate on moles. A mole just by itself for one person I charge 50 cents for But if you bring five friends with you I'll do all six of you for $2.

"If you are a girl of discrimination, and want a modest little tattoo piece, you can have a tiny lizard or chameleon embroidered about your wrist or ankle. Only $2.75. If you want something neat, but we warn you, a bit gaudy, you map have Cleopatra tattooed upon your instep. Same price.

"Or, girls, if you'd like something to match your new gown or one-piece bathing suit, how about a butterfly or a bluebird pansy perhaps. Or a small permanent beauty spot with one of your dimples as a setting. Or permanent ruby lips? Bargains at a dollar.

"If you've lost your dog, the tattooist will place the little fellow's likeness on your chest far $3. If you'd like something fanciful, something to show that you're a part of life's great scheme you *can* have a huge snake worked on your shoulder dear down to your wrist for $10. Of course, if you want the tongue protruding, you must pay a dollar more. And if, in addition, you insist upon having the tongue forked, there'll be an extra charge of 60 cents.

"For $25—(slight reductions in some cases)—you can have the likeness of any living beauty of stage or screen—Mary Pickford, Marilyn Miller, Gloria Swanson, Rin-Tin-Tin—Tattooed upon your chest. If you have a flair for celebrated events of song and story you may have immortalized upon your back—or wherever you may prefer—'Sheridan's Ride,' or the 'Bondage of Drink,' 'The Dying Umpire; or 'O'Grady's Goat!'

"Because of the required faithfulness in detail and the necessity for historical correctness, would you feel overcharged if you were asked to pay $35 or even $50 for one of these tableaux? Art—real Art—naturally comes high.

"Perhaps you'd prefer *a* new design. It shows a modern George slaying the Dragon. You recognize instantly the mild little hero as George V., King of England. This design is to be seen in *the* Original Black-Eye Barl[redacted]p, at the mouth of the Thieves' Highway on Chatham Square, New York. They think a lot of King George in the Original Ma&
%&& $&&& @& The King of =@— mu —
commented Charley Wagner, '%=a beautiful d?&~ fti four colors on his left arm—The King of England, father of the Prince of Wales! The King's dragon has big jaws, wide open, and sharp teeth, and some sf the finest spiked horns you ever saw. And steam that comes *oat* of his mouth.

"Of course," added Professor Charley, "that dragon isn't as fancy as the one I put on 'Mike the Bite', in 1890. Mike's had three talons and feelers like an octopus. Ah, that dragon was art! 'My dragon,' Mike used to say," Charlie chatted on, "got him his best handouts when he was on the road. One look at my dragon, Mike said, and the kids would steal mince pies for him, bulldogs would share their rib bones with him and cooks would invite him In to sample the roast beef!"

It's a long stretch from Buckingham Palace to the Bowery barber shop where for forty years black and bruised eyes have been "made natural." But Philosopher Charley, who has tattooed 300,000 men, women and children in his partitioned-off corner of the shop, says George and Mike are one under the skin—votaries of the needle and the indelible multicolored inks; victims of that human instinct to improve on nature. Professor Charley says love of body decoration is the main link between civilized folk and their cave-man ancestors. "Once 3 was talking to Kliko, the original dancing bushman. He was with Barnum & Bailey for years you know. Kliko told me he once saw a head hunter dancing around a missionary pot in the Kanahra Desert, in Africa, and that head himter had & &?—&— on his forehead carved with & sharp sto — we're all tattoed men and women at heart!"

"Say, ever had a skin picture yourself?" I blushed. The inquiry awakened memories of an occasion when a small boy, stirred by a flag-of-all-nations design on a sailor's forearm, mixed coal dust and spittle and jabbed darning needles into his flesh between thumb and forefinger. Those were the dear Huck Finn days when Lillian Russell and Lotta's pi — came with the && Caps and we used ta carve adolescent hearts *on* hickory trees with dripping arrows piercing our initials and those of our darling. "Well," the professor criti-

mildly when I told him, "You shouldn't ought to stopped there. Now,"—his placid dark eyes gleamed—"your skin would take snakes fine! Look at this design, a big boa constrictor swallowing rabbits. It can be done in ten colors. Ain't it a beauty? I could finish it on Wagner's Original Improved Electric Tattooing Machine in three %a—"

"Never mind, Charley," I soothed, "%&ka& of somehing else. How many tattooists are there in this country?"

The professor grunted, silently showed his assistant, Sailor Joe, where to place a frog's leg as a pattern, and repeated the question: "How many tattooists? Depends on what you mean. About 1,500 fellows, maybe 2,000 altogether, does tattooing in a way, part time or regular. But there ain't more'n fifty real tattooing ARTISTS. I mean those that don't trace out designs on your back or your arm, but put some real fire in their work. Have steam coming out of a horse's nose in winter time. Show they know something about life in the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

"I've trained lots of the boys. I sell them their new electric machines, and I know the good ones—real artists like 'Texas Bob' Wicks; Frank Morgan in San Francisco; Jim Lawson in Los Angeles and Barney Kruntz and 'New York Dutch' in Chicago. Old 'Dutch' is the only man who still hangs onto Band work. My machine makes 5,000 jabs to the minute. 'Dutch' can only make 150 or 200, but he says he tattooed by hand forty years ago and he's agoin' to die by hand.

"My old friend Professor Samuel F. O'Reilly, and Frank Howard, who was on the circus wheel for many years, grand men and real artists. When he quit being a 'tattooed man' Frank went into the profession in Boston. He just died after 50 years as an artist. Professor O'Reilly, who had a parlor near here, fell off a ladder and died in 1908. He was painting his house in Brooklyn.

"Then there are three mighty good lady artists, too. Lenora Platt of Norfolk, Va., Trixie Richardson and 'Tattooed Bobbie' who travels with the Johnny Jones circus in the South. I put some fine tattooing an Trixie and trained her myself. She practiced last summer at the beaches along the Jersey coast and put 10,000 pieces, butterflies and such like, on ladies"

The tattooing parlors cluster thickest in seaports. I had heard rumors that there were two sailors on the high seas somewhere who actually weren't tattooed. "It ain't so," said

Professor Charley, with emphasis. "If there was a jackie 'thout a piece of lucky tattooing on him, I'd know it. Nope, the sailor trade is steadier than ever. When I quit my job as a watchman on the waterfront to learn my art, the old time tar thought he had to have a crucifix on his chest to keep him from general harm; a pig on his left instep so he couldn't fall from aloft. Now the boys in the navy like other pieces—sailor bracelets, bathing girls on their legs and backs, eagles, flags and navy knots. Guess every year I do thirty-five hundred or maybe four thousand Faith, Hope and ——ties; Hands Across the Sea; Bleeding Hearts and True Love pieces."

Recently there was a revived demand for tattooed women to appear on the stage, in museums and in circuses. Charley, the master tattooist, has just completed frescoing the bodies of two young women—Lotta Pictoria and May Artoria Lotta is in vaudeville and May will soon make her appearance in a Broadway museum. That latter is a real tattoo fan. Although but nineteen, she is married and the mother of an infant. "May bad been after me for two years to decorate her proper;' explained Charley Wagner.I wouldn't do it without here husband's consent. Finally he comes in with her. 'All right,' he says, 'May wants you should put pieces all over her. I won't try to stop her no more.'

"So Sailor JoB and I went to work. And, oh, what a beautiful work of art that girl *is* now! She has the loveliest back piece I ever saw, a Madonna surrounded by angels. I bid that in electricity in twelve hours. When I was through we was both exhausted but happy. All real artists are like that. I put hundreds of separate and distinct pieces on May's body. Shell do me proud when she goes into that museum."

The great Wagner himself is a work of art. He has snakes on his fingers and lizards round his toes and makes a noise wherever he goes! All over his body he has dragons, coiling serpents, skulls, brilliantly colored fish, frogs and butterflies, birds of gorgeous plumage, beautiful landscapes and flowers and to top *it* all, several dainty Japanese maidens.

The origin of tattooing is buried in the mists of the past. It probably sprang from religious rites now forgotten even by savages themselves. MY own theory, after delving not too deeply into the subject is that once way, way back (even before Mr. Wells became the first inquiring reporter to answer his own questions) a dog-faced man named Jo-Jo scratched his countenance with a sharp stone so *It* shone like forked

lightning when presented to his enemy. North and South Indians, Chinese, Japanese, Burmese, as well as the ians, all tattooed. Hawaiian widows have the names of their deceased husbands pricked in their tongues with thorns so they won't forget the man who held out their house money. In the Solomon Islands a girl isn't eligible for marriage until she has been tattooed an face and chest.

"New York Dutch* and Professor Charley Wagner say modern girls feel the same way, often, though they usually wait until they are engaged before they have a lover's knot twined about their shoulder.

Denouncing the art, Lombrosso, the great criminologist, asserts that tattooing is a survival of the spirit of *magic*, mysticasm and superstition. Further, that anyone painting a picture supplement upon his body must be "vain, ignorant, idle and likely to commit a crime." Lombrosso tells of a very bad Italian named Spiritelli, who wore upon his body the story of his life—a sort of dime novel In ideographic hieroglyphics. His love affairs were represented by women holding crumpled roses. He deserted one lady with two children. A large heart, pierced by an arrow, with two small bleeding hearts by its side, pictures this tragedy.

"I don't know much about *the* Italian tattoo artists," said Prof. Charley Wagner, "but I think Sailor Joe and I could do better than that *by* showing a real woman and two little children. Don't you think that picture would be sadder if the children were clinging to their mother's skirts and crying?"

Cardiff Giant

Certainly no fake is entitled to take precedence over the celebrated Cardiff Giant. This was the invention of a certain George Hull. He lived at Binghamton, New York, and —B factured the Giant in a rude shop on the a w l farm which he worked. Hull was shrewd, energetic and very persistent, as may be seen by the fact that the elaboration of the idea *of* his fake and its execution occupied him more than four years. He thought the matter out even to the minutest details, before beginning work on it. Without any knowledge of the art of

sculpture or the science of anatomy, ha set himself resolutely at work to remedy these defects of education. He had considerable aptitude with the chisel, and gradually developed the skill necessary to hew out a figure that was to be put before the public as a relic of an age so remote that *no* person would be likely closely to criticize its proportions. Hull also knew that no matter what the age in which his giant was supposed to have lived, the "remains" must show pores in the skin to pass the scrutiny of even the unlearned. The making of these pores required more time and labor than all the other work of making the Cardiff Giant. The work occupied many months, and was all performed in the "studio" or shop where it was at last finished to Hull's satisfaction.

Preparations were then made for the Giant's burial in order that when brought to public view it might show the proper evidence of antiquity. It was buried in the side of a hill only a few rods from the outbuilding, where it had been chiselled from a huge block of stone taken from that very hill. In all this work, huge and heavy as the uncut stone and the giant hewn out of it were, Hull had only the assistance sf one man, *a* sled and a yoke of oxen in moving them. This helper was a green and stolid German immigrant, utterly devoid of curiosity, and the man who helped to bury the giant was another of the same description.

The statue was allowed to remain more than two years in the ground before its maker considered *it* to be in proper condition for "accidental" discovery. Hull then promptly "discovered" and dug out the "petrification" and placed it on public view to amaze and perplex people generally and to delight the antiquarians, who found it an argument to uphold some of their most cherished theories. It took its name from the fact that near the spot where it was buried and resurrected was a small hamlet called Cardiff. The public career of the Cardiff Giant was nut of long continuance, however, but was sufficiently lengthy to enable Mr. Hull to make considerable money out of his clever conception. He declared, however, that he might have made much more money if he had accepted Mr. Barnum's offer made at the time of the Giant's first appearance *in* public. Mr. Hull knew, too, that exposure was bound to come in the end, but that mattered not to him. For many years thereafter the Cardiff Giant reposed neglected in the very shop in which it was made; but its owner and *in*ventor averred that 4 was entirely content with the financial result of his ingenuity.

Juggling Tales

By PAUL CINQUEVALLI.

(*Sunday Magazine, January* 10, 1909)

A juggler nowadays must, among other qualifications, be a man with ideas; if he can only perform a few feats, no matter how wonderful and clever they may be, he will never win a great reputation.

I have never been troubled with a lack of ideas for new feats; but many of them have taken *a* tremendous time to master completely. Ideas for feats come to me in dl sorts of ways. For example, when I was balancing a large wooden ball on top of *a* stick one day just for practice, the ball slipped and fell on the back of my neck without hurting me in the least. It then at once occurred to me that if I could catch a ball by accident on the back of my neck without hurting myself, *I* ought to he able to do the same thing any time I wanted to. So I threw the ball up In the air tried to catch it on the same place, did not quite succeed, and was knocked senseless on the floor. This determined me, to master the art of catching a ball on my neck without hurting myself. The difficulty to overcome was to catch the ball on the right place; an eighth of an inch to the right or left, if a heavy ball la used, means instant death. So I, began to practise with a fairly light one, and, as I grew more perfect, used a heavier ball, until I was able to catch a sixty-pound cannonball an my neck on the right place with as much certainty as I can place a hat an *my* head. It took me about a year to master this feat. Though by no means the most difficult feat in my repertoire, it is certainly the most popular, probably because it looks such a dangerous thing to do.

Another feat came into my head one day when I was at dinner. It struck me as I was cutting a potato that it would be rather a nice notion to cut the potato in two in the air and catch the two portions on the knife and fork. I made a note of We idea, and a little afterward began to practise it. I was able to *do* it fairly accurately after a month; but it took two years' work before I felt justified in doing the feat in public.

There are some feats that I venture to perform in public

only in the winter. One of them is balancing the thin end of a billiard cue on my nose; then I 1 3 the cue slide down my nose and bring it up again balanced on the heavy end. This is extremely difficult, and if the cue should become in the least bit sticks, as it is likely to Po in hot weather, it would not slide with sufficient smoothness or rapidity to enable me to succeed. I often practise this a hundred times before b r a - hst, as it is splendid for keeping the eye in training.

A popular feat is balancing a top hat an an umbrella. On the hat is placed a halfcrown and a cigar. I toss the lot In the air and catch the cigar in my mouth, the halfcrown in eye, and the hat on my head.

A rather funny incident occurred in connection with this feat some years ago, when I was playing in pantomime at Manchester. In the third scene I came on as a waiter and performed all sorts at antics with cups, plates and saucers; *then* a "funny man" came on, who challenged me to perform the trick with the bat, cigar and halfcrown. "I'll give you the halfcrown," the man would say, "if you catch it in your right eye."

I performed the feat but caught the coin in my left eye.

"You cannot have the halfcrown," the man would exclaim. "You have caught it in your left instead of your right eye."

Then I would say, "That is easily altered," and would just jerk the coin—withant, of course, touching it—across my face, and catch it in the right eys and then walk off with it. This always raised great laughter, and was quite a successful little "business."

But one night It unfortunately failed to work. I should mention that I never gut on grease paint, and in consequence my face looked rather white and pallid beside those of the other performers in the pantomime. One night the manager called my attention to this Bet, and *to* oblige him I brightened up my countenance with a lathering of grease paint—with most untoward results; for when I came to the critical part of my performance, where I had to jerk the halfcrown from my left to right eye, the coin refused to stir,—it was stuck to the paint,--and, much to the amusement of the audience and to those on the stage as well, I had to take It out of my eye with my hand.

I have performed in all parts of the world and in some rather curious places; but I think the most awkward place I ever worked in was at a street corner in Boulder City when I was doing a tour of the world some years ago. The per-

formance was an impromptu affair. I happened to be at Coolgarlie, and some one suggested that I should go to Boulder for the benefit of the miners. I had a platform put up at the corner of the street outside the hotel where I stopped, round which the seats were ranged. Unluckily for me, a terrific gale was blowing at the time of the performance, and one f—— blast sent a quantity of my belongings in the way of hats, sticks, and various juggling implements into the street, which the miners kindly gathered up and returned to me. The gale made it impossible for me to perform a number of feats; but I am always ready for emergencies, and managed to give exhibition that satisfied my audience.

A very little thing may interfere with some feats. I remember some years ago—it was at Chicago, I think—I was in my room at the hotel practising balancing two billiard balls on each other an top of a cue. To my horror I found I was unable to perform this feat. Now, it is extremely difficult, and it took over eight years' practice before I had mastered it; indeed, when I was learning to do it, I was told by several people that I was simply wasting my time trying to do a thing scientifically impossible of accomplishment. My feelings, therefore, when I found myself unable to balance the balls on the cue, can be better imagined than described. I should not attempt to do any feat in public if I found myself unable to do it with perfect certainty in private, and yet it was absolutely essential that I should give this as usual that evening. For over an hour I tried to balance the balls on the cue; but failed every time to do so, and I sat down in despair. What had happened to me I could not say; but the fact remained that I was unable any longer to perform the finest feat I had learned after years of practice.

I was sitting by the table in my room wondering what I should do, I fancied I heard a faint throbbing noise. After listening far a little while, I suddenly jumped up and rang the bell violently.

"Tell me quick!" I cried to the servant. "What is that noise? Listen!"

"Oh," replied the man, "that is the gas engine in the basement."

"Stop it at once!" I cried. "Stop it if it costs a hundred pounds! Quick!"

The man fled from the room, and by his look I am afraid he thought I had gone crazy; but he had the engine stopped, and in a few minutes the throbbing noise ceased.

Then I once w e tried balancing the billiard balls on cue, and succeeded in performing the feat without the least difficulty. It was as I baa thought; the vibration of the gas engine had upset the balance of the balls and had made it impossible for me to perform the feat.

I will conclude these little reminiscences of my career with an incident that still remains fresh in my mind, though it happened many years ago, when I was a little boy of nine years old. I was then apprenticed to a showman, who conceived the notion of disguising me as a baboon and making me go through all sorts of strange antics and perform many clever feats—clever, that is, for a baboon. The showman exhibited me as a genuine baboon, and used *to* tell his audience the most wonderful stories about my capture and subsequent training.

All went well until I reached Lissa, my native town, where my parents lived. Neither of them had seen me for three years, and under vow of the strictest secrecy they were told the true story of the wonderful boy baboon, and came to see his performance.

Now it so happened that the manager had arranged a specially dangerous feat for me that night, which consisted in jumping through a hoop studded with large sharp knives, so that if I did not jump perfectly straight I should probably be severely injured. Just as I was about to take the jump, my mother shrieked out, "Don't do it, Paul, don't do it! You will be killed!"

This interruption made me forget myself, and I shouted out, "It is all right, mother! I can do it easily."

A howl of derision came from the audience, and early the next day the show hastily left Lissa; but I remained behind.

Girls in Pink Tights

(*San Francisco Examiner, Sept.*, 1891)

It is always fine to see a man in pink tights sailing around a ring on a galloping horse at a speed that forces both rider and animal to lean toward the ring at an impossible

angle. It looks so easy. The spangled man does not seem to have a bit of trouble. Ha walks about the horse's back almost from tail to neck in the most ordinary fashion. He faces to the rear as often as to the front. Why, so easy does it look and so many of them do it that the audience does not even applaud. Even when the spangled man—or It may be a short-skirted fairy—plumps through a balloon or a hoop of fire or keeps his place while a horse leaps over hurdles, the plaudits are only scattering. It takes a somersault *or* a grand and rapid combination of two or three neck-jeopardizing tricks to win anything by adequate recognition from those who try to watch *two* bewildering rings, a specialty platform and a couple *of* trapeze outfits alive with twisting, swinging men and women, all at the same time.

There's a whole lot to the business of bars back riding *that* you do not see in the ring.

Back in the dressing room, beyond the gorgeous flag-draped canopy through which they all came, they tell yon more about it in ten minutes than you could learn in a whole year of industrious circus going's.

It was in order to let some of the dressing-room information get to the public that William Showles and William Dutton, of Sells Brothers Circus, who can *do* anything on a horse's back that anyone else can do, gave a performance at which the only spectators were members of the Examiner staff and an Examiner photogragher. In order to further illustrate what the riders said about their business, Miss Pauline Lee and Miss Daisy Belmont donned their prettiest Suisseskirts and pinkest tights, and showed that a woman can do a whole lot of things *on* a horse besides hanging on to *the* saddle horn and getting her bangs mussed.

"You see," said Mr. Showles, as he kicked off his slippers, "the people all watch the man as he goes mound the ring. Their applause is for him as their uncomfortable silence when a trick is bungled as a matter of fact it is, nine times out of 10, the horse that deserves the applause and men the censure. The best rider that ever jumped over *a* banner could no more do his work on an ordinary animal than the fat lady in the side show could.

'The failure of a trick is very seldem the fault of the man. He never attempts a trick in public that he has not learned perfectly. He would simply be inviting a broken neck if he did. Re goes about his business as mechanically aa a brick-layer goea about laying bricks. He knows exactly what

he wants to do and does it. If the horse neither tumbles or swerves, nor breaks, goes neither faster nor slower while the man is *in* the air the trick will succeed. If Be does any of these things it nearly always means a bad fall for the bare-back rider."

Mr. Showles stopped talking and prepared *to* mount. The photographer planted his camera and got ready.

"Why don't you come closer?" asked Mr. Dutton.

"I'm afraid of making *the* horse shy," answered the picture man.

"Shy! well if you can make that horse shy you can have him. I'd have no further use tor him. You could fire a blast right in front of him and start up a combined windmill and steam-calliope by the ringside, and he'd keep right on with his lope. That's about the most important part of a circus horse's training. When they are being broken for the ring, men jump up at the ring-side, shoot, shout and wave things; balloons and poles are dropped across the track, and everything else is done that would terrify a horse. Rut a horse is a pretty sensible beast, and pretty soon he gets used to the surprises and understands that nothing can harm him. Why, once I was doing *my* bareback act with that horse, and one of the big elephants broke loose in a tantrum and rushed right through the ring, tramping and smashing things. Fortunately he went so quickly that there was no collision, but that horse never broke hia lope. Lucky thing, too. The people seeing me go right ahead with my act, got a half notion that the roaring elephant was part of the performance and kept their seats while *the* big beast rushed an out the front door. So there was no panic.

"I guess you can bring up your camera."

By this time the horse was galloping swiftly around the ring.

"All ready," shouted Showles. "Now!" and he ran swiftly beside the horse, rose in the air and came down fair in the middle of the animal's back.

"That looked simple enough, didn't it?" said Showles, as he lightly sprang to the ground, "but, just the same, it's one of the hardest things we do. I must catch the time of the horse, and calculate how far he will heave gone when I alight. You can see how necessary it is to have *a* perfectly even-gaited horse. It is a question of a fraction *of* a second whether I keep my foothold or fall. If that horse made the least jump as my foot touched him, he would go right out from

under me. It is considerable of a shock, as you may guess, the impact of o m hundred and sixty pounds with no saddle or pad to protect the horse. It takes a whale lot of training to get them used to it, and many horses cannot be broken to it at all. When making the jump I must have my balance perfectly. If I land at all unsteadily, my jump must fail. It is almost impossible to recover one's equilibrium when it is once *lost.*

"How did I learn it? Why by practicing with a mechanic, of *course.* A mechanic is an apparatus to keep a performer from falling. It consists of a pulley arrangement that runs to an arm that runs out from the eater-pale and it's free to revolve with the horse around the ring. At one end of the rope the performer is hooked on; at the other end is a m m to take up the slack. If the rider slips, or the horse jumps from under him, it simply leaves him swinging in the air."

"What is the first thing to learn about bareback riding?" was asked Mr. Dutton.

"To stand properly upon the horse," he answered, "Your

"To stand properly upon the horse," he answered. "Your with *the* right shoulder turned towards the horse's head. The springiness must all come from the ball of the foot, *not* from the knees. That is why the toes must bear so much of the weight. The tendency to rids on the heels is the first thing a beginner must overcome.

"When I learned to ride bareback, thirty odd years ago, we had no mechanics. When I had got so that I could hang a saddle like a cowboy from Texas they gave me a pad. That made *a* regular flat platform of the horse's back. On this I learned to stand up. Then from a regular dancing teacher I learned to step gracefully and gradually I got so I could do all these steps on the pad. When I had thoroughly learned how to hold my balance I went ahead with the fancy tricks. Of course I got lots of falls before I learned, but the practice ring was covered with soft tan bark and I was not hurt.

"Now when I practice I use the mechanic. During a ~ e r - formance I have to take chances on getting my f& broken. That's what I am paid for, but no rider cares to take any more chances than he has to."

Miss Lee next consented to show something of her art.

"I suppose," said she, as she started the horse around the ring, "that you know all about the technical part of riding. But there is some difference between a woman's work

on horseback and a man's. In the first place we have to be graceful. That bars us from many of the more effective twists and contortions that the men do. A remarkably clever woman can do a somersault on horseback without shocking folks, but that is about as far as she *can* go, and the woman who can do it is a woman, and no mistake. As far as mere muscular activity is concerned a woman can succeed nearly if not quite as well as a [illegible] Being, however, thus prevented from doing the daring things, we have to make up for it by riding in different positions, etc. Did you ever notice closely a woman on a barebacked horse as he makes his leap over a hurdle? She has got to look as if she were as safe and comfortable as she would be in an arm-chair. As a matter of fact she is not a bit comfortable. The only hold she has *on* the horse is the grip of one knee and her heel. It would disgrace her forever if she touched her *hands* to anything. I'll show you what I mean."

A quick vault and she was on the horse's *hack*. Away went horse and she on him. First on one foot, then on the other, she balanced. When the horse approached the hurdle she dropped on one knee, letting the other pink-clad limb slide down the horse's side. One hoof touched the top rail and made a great clatter, but the horse never lost his gait and Me rider kept her position and the shock of alighting did not budge her an inch.

Then came the balloon act. That was a wonderful thing years and years ago.

A sylph launching herself full into a paper-covered hoop and landing exactly where she wanted to used to set a whole audience to clapping. That was in the good old days of single rings. Now there em be a sylph in each of the three rings, going through a balloon at every quarter of the circle and not a murmur from the benches. Still, It is an act that cannot be omitted. It would not be a circus if the spangled divinities did not plump through the rings. "The main trouble in this trick," as Daisy Belmont explained, "is that the hoop hides the horse and leaves the success or failure entirely to him. If the horse did falter or swerve and the rider could see it, there would be a possibility of the performer's changing his direction & still landing safely. Fortunately circus horses are too well @&& to deviate from their gait and accidents in doing this particular trick have seldom occurred.

Mr. Showles then showed some of hie fancy work—standing on his hands on the back of a galloping horse, riding on the flank of the horse and all the other things that have made him a famous rider. Then Mr. Dutton showed how to turn a somersault on the back of a horse. He knows all about somersaults, does *Mr.* Dutton. He can do a double turn and twist in the air as easily as the rest of us can walk. Then be is one of the two or three men in the world who have turned somersaults and have lived to tell about it. He does not do this often. As a matter of fact, he has not tried it since he did it successfully. He says that it was only an accident that he landed on his feet. After a man has turned twice he loses all control of his motion. Nearly every man who has tried the triple somersault has landed on his head *or* neck and been buried by his fellows *of* the ring. So Mr. Dutton is an authority on somersaults.

He waited as the horse loped around the ring, moving his body with every leap the horse made, until he had gotten the animal's motion perfectly timed.

"No," he shouted.

The horse went under a banner, there was a confused gleam of pink tights above the banner, and the expert was again on his horse's back perfectly firm.

The camera got *him,* however, just before his feet touched the horse. It was a forward somersault. He turns one backward just as easily.

"The man who aims to turn a somersault on a horse's back," said Mr. Dutton, "first practices turning them on the ground. Ha marks out a *spat* hardly a foot square and practices until he lands directly on it every time. Ordinarily, of course, he lands several feet behind it, or an equal distance before it, according to the sort of somersault he makes. Then he has to practice gaining. Usually a couple of feet must he gained to insure the rider's landing in the right spot after a somersault. A horse, however, learns to know from the force with which you jump whether it is a simple jump or a somersault you are making. He knows you am coming down hard after turning in the air, and many horses will give a sudden start as you leave them. Then yon have to gain three or even four feet."

It was 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and a shout proclaimed that the canvas doors were open for the regular performance. In five minutes the circus riders were doing their tricks again.

Our First Circus Advertisement

(*Laramie City* (*Wyoming*) *Boomerang*, 1881)

Yesterday a young man with the good clothes of a bunco-steerer and the glad effulgent look of a great man who is comfortably full, came into The Boomerang office, and after some mental labor at the desk of the society editor, who had gone over across the street for a bologna sausage, produced the following advertisement, which he desired inserted for *two* weeks on *the* fourth page of The Boomerang:

Season of 1881

Grand Farewell Bridal Tour of the only double-and-twisted, all-wool aggregation, the World's Congress of Wonders and torchlight procession of arenic talent, headed by a living Phalanx of gold-bespattered chariots and winged monsters of the briny deep, followed by the most jewhillikin gosh-all-hemlock exposition of Camels with Twisted Tails, wappy-jawed giraffes and speckled hyenas from Farther India, squeaking baboons with purple snoots, Early Rose dromedaries from Europe, slim-tailed birds of Paradise, and big snakes from everywhere.

Bear in mind the day and date.

The Royal Imported Perihelion Stunner of the known world will be in Laramie on its way to visit the crowned heads of Europe, July 4th, for one day only.

Don't fail to see the Bearded Lady on the flying trapeze, or the Wild-eyed Lunatic from Skowhegan, Maine, in his scrumptious swoop from the tog of a flour barrel to the middle of the arena.

Voluptuous reserved seats made of two by four scantling set on edge.

Come early and secure your seats.

This is the only whoopemuplizajane show on earth.

The gentlemanly agent then gave us ten bread tickets for reserved seats and went away.

The last we saw of him, he was in a saloon, with his head shoved clear through his black hat, while his whole general appearance was that of a man who is rapidly gliding into the mysterious realm of navy blue jim-jams and peculiar assorted snakes.

On the Booklovers' Shelf

THE CIRCUS MATERIAL COLLECTOR'S BARGAINS CONTAIN

History of Ventriloquism with Instructions and Anecdotes, 32 pp., Signor Blitz, 1856 ..... $15.00

A Wonderful History of Admiral Dot, with songs by him, 16 pp., 1877 ..... $12.50

Program of P. T. Barnum's Circus, no date, very old, Features JUMBO $7.50

The Fall of Ninevah, The Masterpiece of the Artistic Genius, John Rettig, Adam Forepaugh Shows, 1892, colored frontispiece $3.75

W. F. CODY (BUFFALO BILL) L. S. One Page, showing his Hotel Irma in Cody, Wyo. Autobiographical—"My First Scouting was done in 1863 and 4 and during the Civil War" . . . "I was chief of Scouts for Gen. Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock," etc., etc., etc., . . . An unusual letter $32.50

Another copy of the Route Book of Sparks Circus, 1927 ..... $1.00

Tommy With the Big Tents, Harvey W. Root $1.50

Fifty Years in the Magic Circle, by Signor Blitz, 432 pp., 1872 ..... $5.00

Struggles and Triumphs, or Forty Years' Recollections of P. T. Barnum, Pub. Hartford, Conn., J. B. Burr & Co., 1869, 780 pp. Has card autographed "Truly yours, P. T. Barnum, Oct. 26, 1887." Fine volume $7.50