THE

CIRCUS

SCRAP BOOK

January 1931 — Number 9

PROGRAM

41 WOODLAWN AVENUE,
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

THE CIRCUS SCRAP BOOK'S PORTRAIT GALLERY OF CIRCUS CELEBRITIES

9. HARRY WHITBY
Born: Nottingham, England, March 1, 1817.
Died: Vicksburg, Miss., November, 10, 1870.

Red Wagons

By HARRY W. COLE

Canvas covered wagons rumbling in the dawn;
Thrilling eager longing—wishing when they're gone . . .
Adventure's legions trailing while enchanted eyes
Revel in the joys of a dream that never dies.

Girl on a white horse gallops round the ring;
I'm in the reserves without wondering
Why I'm not a trouper—and I'm kind of low—
Because I never ran away and joined a show.

A clown! that's the one thing I would rather be—
Giving them such whoops of fun they'd remember me!
But there's hardly any flavor left in life's stale cup—
You're a loss for troupin' when you're all grown up.

Look at those trapeze performers whirling in the air—
Doing death-defying stunts as if they didn't care—
I'd like to ride a big wagon to the train—
I'd like to be a trouper if it wouldn't rain.

I'll stay to the concert but I stayed before;
Said I wouldn't stay again, never any more—
But it gives me a kick to see 'em pack and go—
Of course I never ran away and joined a show.

The Circus Scrap Book

[REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE]

JANUARY, 1931 **Number 9**

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Ballyhooey ! !

A friend of mine returning from abroad brought me the following circus books. "Rund um die Manege: Tagebuch eines Zirkusmannes," by A. H. Kober. You can address Dr. Kober at Charlottenburgh, Germany. "Bux: Der Zirkusroman" by Hans Possendorf, published by Knorr & Hirth, Munchen, Germany. "Geschichten Aus Dem Artistenleben," by Martin Behrend, published by Philipp Reclam, Jr., Leipzig, Germany. The latter is a paper-covered book. An illustrated descriptive catalogue entitled "Aus Carl Hagenbeck's Reich," and a plan of "Carl Hagenbeck's Tierpark." These seem mighty interesting and worthy of any collection.

While looking through a bound volume of Harper's Weekly dated January 23, 1858, I came across the following interesting Elephant item:

Surgical Operation on an Elephant.

During the late visit to Hull of Wombwell's menagerie, the elephant "Chubby" underwent an operation which, from its novelty and success, deserves a place among surgical records. For twelve or fifteen months previously a tumor had been gathering on Chubby's off-side thigh. It grew, and grew, and grew, till at last men began to doubt whether the elephant was an appendage of the tumor, or the tumor an appendage of the elephant; for the larger grew the one the smaller grew the other. Chubby sickened, lost his appetite, pined away—his skin became "a world too wide." The sobriquet of Chubby, which his once fair proportions merited, grew

to be a mockery, and it became evident that unless the tumor and Chubby dissolved partnership, the former would soon be the sole representative of the firm. Change of air was tried, but the tumor only derived advantage. Medical advice was called in; but, alas! it proved another nut which the faculty could not crack. Nine famous leeches, at nine various stations, tried their juleps and catholicons, but in vain; no one daring to have recourse to the knife with such a patient. Such was the state of matters when Chubby paid us his farewell visit, as it was supposed, last Hull fair. His friends as a last resource, applied to one of our townsmen, a veterinary surgeon, Mr. Tom B. H. Hyde, Jun. Mr. Hyde went, saw, and boldly resolved to use the lancet. The operation was performed a few days after the fair, and lasted two hours, Chubby undergoing it with such fortitude and good sense as could only be derived from a consciousness of its object. The tumor, when removed, weighed five pounds, and one of the fangs had to be searched out with the knife for a foot down the thigh. The operation proved eminently successful. Every fresh bulletin announced his improving health till the latter end of November, when Mr. Hyde pronounced his patient thoroughly restored, and capable of returning to business.

Charles E. Davis, whose article on Elephants we reprint in this issue, has not missed a Hartford circus in more than forty years, and has been a liberal donator of material to this magazine.

And talking about elephants, did you know that the legs of the elephant differ from those of the more familiar large animals in the fact that the ankle and the wrist—the so-called knee of the horse's foreleg—are not far above the sole of the hind foot and the forefoot—resembling man's joints in that respect—while the true knee-joint, called the "stifle" in horse's, instead of being, as in horses, high up, close against the body, strongly flexed even when at rest, and obscured by the skin, is far below the body, free and obvious enough. In fact, the elephant keeps the thigh and the upper arm perpendicular, and in line with the lower segment of the limb when he is standing, so that the legs are pillarlike. But he bends the joints amply when in quick movement. The hind legs seen in action, resemble, in the proportions of thigh, foreleg and foot, and the bending at the knee and ankle, very closely those of a man walking "on all fours."

Another thing you didn't know, and we didn't know it until we read it in The Cincinnati Weekly Enquirer of November 12, 1896, is that the tongues of some animals are very dangerous weapons. A lion could readily kill a man by merely licking him with its tongue.

The tongues of all the members of the cat family are covered with curious recurving spines, formed of tough cartilage. They are so small that there are hundreds of them to the square inch. In the common domestic cat these spines are very small, but are sufficiently well developed to give the tongue a feeling of roughness. Most people have noticed this curious grater-like appearance of the tongues of their household pets without understanding its significance. In the fiercest animals, such as the lion or tiger, these spines are very well developed. They are frequently found projecting up for an eighth of an inch or more, with very sharp points or edges.

While the mouth is relaxed the tongue is soft and smooth, but when the animal is excited to the fighting pitch the spines become rigid. The tongue at such times resembles a fine steel currycomb.

When you are once a circus fan you are always a circus fan and it is well that it is so, for if one has a hobby he or she should enthuse about it. In this way one keeps interested and keeping interested makes the hours pass pleasantly. And so as I scan old newspapers I revel like a boy when my old eyes meet an item like the following which I found in the Weekly Courier-Journal of June 13, 1887:

DAN RICE MARRIED

The Ex-Clown and Temperance Lecturer Weds a Wealthy Texas Widow.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, June 9.—Dan Rice, the ex-clown, showman and temperance lecturer, was united in marriage last evening, by the Rev. A. Forrest, of Hallettsville, to Mrs. M. C. Robinson, a buxom widow, and Lavasa county's wealthiest ranch owner. Some two years ago, when "Uncle Dan" was making a lecture tour of Texas, he met and became infatuated with Mrs. Robinson. His feelings were reciprocated by the wealthy widow, but their wooings met with fierce opposition from the friends of the lady, and powerful influences were brought to

bear upon her, but Mrs. Robinson was inflexible in her purpose to become the bride of the veteran showman. Mrs. Robinson has been a widow for several years. She is one of the most intellectual women in Texas, and has never been out of the State since she came here at twelve years of age. Her first husband was the celebrated Capt. Greathouse, who started the first stock ranch in Texas.

In reading such an item one doesn't realize that it is 34 years old, but one feels that it is an event of to-day and that Dan Rice is still a living, breathing character. Had the "talkies" only been in existence in those days, and we could now pull out of the past those characters which we have grown to love by hearsay and by reading about them.

The aerialist reckons up his salary for the season as "net" proceeds.

A real circus man is Charles Bernard, of Savannah, Ga. Charley not only knows his circuses, but he tries to share what he possesses with everybody by printing reviews, books, and what not taken from his material. That is the right spirit. His present series of Oldtime Showmen running in the Billboard are masterpieces and we only hope when he has enough of them completed he will consider putting them in book form. To receive a letter from this Sage of Savannah is a treat and we are happy to say that we are frequently treated and may C. B's spirit never grow less.

Regarding P. T. Barnum's last appearance under canvas, T. C. Hubbell, former circus man, wrote in 1922: "I was at the time with the Barnum Circus taking tickets on the main door. He (Barnum) came in my doorway in the afternoon of October 6, 1890, while showing at Kansas City, Mo. We showed there two days, 6th and 7th. Mr. Barnum was on his way to Denver. He was entertained at his parlors at the Midland Hotel. That day of the 6th was his last appearance under canvas."

That the leapers will be brought back is in the air and we feel that the only thing to prevent such an innovation this coming season is to find the leapers. Some circuses have had scouts out but without much spccess. We were very fortunate in digging up an article about the somersaulters of the past and which is printed in this issue.

On October 13, 1866, at Norfolk, Conn., Frank Melville,

son of James Melville, the Australian equestrian, was presented with a gold medal by the members of the G. F. Bailey Circus Company, in admiration of his unceasing perserverance in his profession. The medal, which is of very elegant design, bears the following inscription:

"Presented by the Members of the
G. F. BAILEY'S CIRCUS COMPANY
to
FRANK MELVILLE
Aged 12 Years, for accomplishing
16 back Somersaults on Horseback."

On the reverse is a running horse with a boy in the act of throwing a back somersault. The presentation was made by Mr. Ellingham, the ringmaster, on behalf of the company.

In another part of the magazine you will find another very historical article by James W. Shettel, entitled "Harry Whitby, Circus Man." Since that article was written, Mrs. Richard Hemmings, the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Whitby, died at her home in Philadelphia on October 24, 1930. She had lived over her three score and ten, her age at the time of death being 81. Death occurred unexpectedly, and she leaves behind a host of good friends.

I read the following item in the Brooklyn Eagle of August 12, 1930:

Pittsburgh, Aug. 12 (A. P.)—From his dingy upstairs room papered with gaudy circus posters of long ago and filled with his costumes, makeup and yellowed newspaper clippings coroner's office attaches today removed the body of Dan Du Crow, 75, old-time clown. Du Crow, one-time member of the Du Crow Trio, who traveled with the big show all over the country and in Europe, was found dead late yesterday. Death was due to the heat, physicians said.

What a pathetic story! And how often we read it! Does anyone know the answer? Are salaries so small that it does not give a man an opportunity to lay aside something for a rainy day? Or is the life such that one must continually be a good fellow and spend? No, I haven't hit it yet, for I have known artists who made fortunes and died poor. Without knowing the answer, let us hope and pray that such cases will be few and far between and that those who are entertaining the children of to-day will do those things which will save these children when grown to manhood or womanhood the heartaches of reading items, such as the above.

We discovered the following advertisement in a Lost and Found Column of a Southern newspaper, and we consider it the cleverest piece of show advertising we have read for some time:

LOST—"Queen Anne" Bustle belonging to Princess Tiny, the Doll Lady, who scarcely makes a shadow in the sunshine. Do not mistake for a pea or bean covering and return to a restaurant. False Teeth of the Educated Chimpanzee gone. May be taken for a Buzz Saw arrangement and delivered to a Saw Mill. "Nipple" to Milk Can from which Boxing Kangaroo is fed cannot be located. Do not take for a "Nozzle" and turn over to Fire Department. These Important Articles belong to Dodson's Shows, Circus Grounds, All this Week.

No doubt by this time you have read "Red Wagon" by Lady Eleanor Smith, a 374 page book of love and circus. It isn't any text book, but it is fiction and in Joe Prince, Lady Eleanor has created a vivid, odd and determined character. As a rule we do not like to wade through long books, but we must confess that this story held us because of its circus atmosphere which pervades the contents. That love of the circus which dominates Joe is the kind of stuff we men still possess and which we acquire watching the parade, nosing around the lots and viewing the animals, high wire acts, clowns, 'n' everything. The language of "Red Wagon" and its style is superb. There isn't a trashy thing about the book and we wrote and told this author that she had made a worthy contribution to circus literature. And here is the pleasant reply which is now in our possession, written in Lady Eleanor Smith's own handwriting:

Dear Mr. Pitzer:

Thank you so much for your letter. I am so glad you like "Red Wagon" and if all of you in America enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it, then I shall be indeed satisfied.

Yours Sincerely,
(signed) Eleanor Smith

We are proud to possess this letter.

We read recently that an elephant can get up a speed of 20 miles an hour, and sustain it for half a day. We'd rather get up a speed of half a mile and sustain it for twenty days. So would Harry Hertzberg, president of the C. F. A.

F. P. PITZER.

Throwing Somersaults

(The Sun about 1890)

There has been a good deal printed of late about deeds of skill in the athletic arena, but the wonderful and complex science of double and triple somersets has not been animadverted on. The athlete who displayed his skill and prowess in the arenas of ancient Rome and Greece was a much more important personage than even a first-class circus performer of today. The practice of feats of strength and skill was enjoined by law; instructors were appointed to train the youth, directors were also appointed to supervise the games, and the culture of the body moved hand in hand with that of the mental faculties. It was one passionate love of manly sports which produced the matchless Greek form, the acme of physical perfection, which to fitly reproduce in marble was immortality for both the subject and sculptor. The successful acrobat, athlete, or charioteer of 2,000 years ago was a popular hero, and his triumphs, loves, and career were embalmed in poetry and song. A great athlete was head and shoulders above the Congressman of today.

And yet the modern athlete, while occupying a much lower social scale than the ancient practitioner, is just as strong, and the acrobat of today is even more skillful than his classic predecessor. The circus performer thinks nothing of executing feats which no later than a century ago were deemed impossible. The rigid Puritan, the gloomy moralist, the sordid Gradgrind may gird at amusement as sinful or unnecessary, but the masses have admired graceful and difficult feats of bodily dexterity, and have crowded to witness them through all the ages. The pleasure of viewing these feats never stales. The "leapers" performances are always most admired of the modern circus, and even in mature age the spectacle of the spring-board, with a dozen or more horses to be cleared, and

with the group of graceful young gymnasts waiting their turn, always excites an emotion of anticipatory pleasure almost approaching to rapture.

The difficult and graceful feat of turning a double somerset, never executed, it is asserted, till within the last 100 years, can now be witnessed at almost every first-class circus performance in this country. Forty years ago the British or Continental performer who could throw a double somerset was looked upon as a wonder. Forty years ago Tomkinson, a famous British clown and acrobat, executed this feat in Franconis' circus, then stationed for the season at Edinburg, Scotland. It was the same Franconis who afterward managed the Hippodrome in New York in 1853-'54, and the company was looked on as first-class in every respect. The double somerset was performed by Tomkinson at his benefit, and the announcement of the then great feat packed the wooden building to suffocation. When the ringmaster had made the preliminary speech and Tomkinson retired up the steep incline which terminated in the springboard every heart stood still. A quick impetuous rush down the board, a bound high in the air, a slow revolution, and the gymnast desccended nearly to the cushion. It seemed impossible to do it, but in the last six feet the curled-up body revolved once more, and Tomkinson alighted on the big soft mattress on his feet, but staggering. He was prevented from falling by the ringmaster, and as he turned to leave the ring Franconis enthusiastically patted him on the back, while the vast audience roared their applause. It was a rare feat in those days, and Tomkinson and the few other double-somerset performers in Europe did it only at infrequent intervals.

One of the first performers of the double somerset in this country was James Madigan, who was attached to his father's (old Hank Madigan) circus in the fifties. He has still the reputation of being the finest performer that ever executed this feat. As a rule other performers stagger when they alight on their feet, and are assisted by one or more attaches when they are in danger of losing their perpendicular But Madigan did it perfectly every time. Dan Costello, a noted circus leaper, made it more difficult by clearing a number of horses at the same time. But soon a number of acrobats were able to follow his example, and even excel him in height and distance. Nowadays a circus acrobat who cannot do a double somerset is not considered anything but an ordin-

ary performer, unless he can do other sensational or dangerous feats. In 1881 Barnum had a corps of acrobats of whom almost all turned somersets every night.

It was Robert Garvella who attempted the first triple somerset. He was successful with it in rehearsal, so he decided to try it at a performance. The tent was jammed with people. He did try it and was instantly killed.

The next to attempt the dangerous feat was John Amor, who was born in the home of Dan Rice's father, near Girard, Pa. Amor traveled for years in this country with Dan Rice's circus, and in that day was considered the greatest gymnast in America, if not in the world. He was said to be the first performer in America to turn a double somerset over four horses. In 1859 he went to England and traveled with the circus all through the United Kingdom. In the same year he attempted to turn a triple somerset on the Isle of Wight, but landed on his forehead after he had turned twice, and broke his neck.

Billy Dutton performed the great feat while a member of Lake's circus, at Elkhorn, Ill., in 1860, at a rehearsal in the presence of John Lowlow, the famous clown. Dutton was ambitious to have it to say that he did it, but did not make the attempt with the intention of repeating it. He made the leap from a high spring-board, and actually turned three times. Dutton was very proud, but sensibly said that he would not try it again, and that his alighting on his feet was an accident, as he could not control his body after turning the second time.

Frank Stark, who was reared by John Robinson, the circus manager, undertook the feat at the fair-grounds in Indianapolis in 1870 for a wager of $100. In the first attempt he turned three times, but alighted on his hands. Everybody was satisfied with the result, and the money was tendered him. He proudly refused it, saying that the feat had not been perfectly accomplished; that he would repeat it and alight upon his feet before he felt sufficiently justified in taking the $100. He did repeat it, but struck on his head, dislocating his neck, and death resulted in a few hours afterward.

Bob Stickney, the Apollo Belvedere of the modern arena, accomplished the feat at the age of 14 years while practicing in the Hippo-Theatre, in Fourteenth street, New York. Wil-

liam Stein, at that time an attache of the circus, and who now, with his wife, gives a "second sight" performance, was one of the persons who held the common woolen blanket upon which Stickney alighted. Sam Reinhardt of Columbus, O., a retired leaper, while traveling with the Cooper & Bailey circus in 1870, became dissatisfied with the double-somerset feat, in which he was an adept, and burned to perform the triple. At Toledo he announced that he would make the attempt, and did so, notwithstanding the advice of his friends not to try it. Sam made a splendid high leap, actually turned three times, but landed on his seat instead of his feet. Bob Stickney, who is now traveling with a circus, was interviewed in Detroit recently. He said: "I did turn a triple somerset once, and although I have confined myself to riding, and have done no leaping for seven years, I can do it again. If any circus manager will give me $300 a week I will engage to attempt a triple at every stand during the tenting season. I do not guarantee to make the attempt more than once a day, and only in the day time."

"Would you need any improved or original apparatus?" was asked.

"No, I would simply need the usual spring-board at five or six feet from the ground. But I would need a strong net, with fine meshes. Farina introduced the net when he came to this country in 1878, and in Barnum's circus fired a woman out of a cannon into the air. It was really a very strong spring which elevated the performer. The net into which she fell made the feat possible. If ever the triple somerset can be made a daily performance it will be by means of the net. If I undertook it I would have a straw mattress ten feet square and one foot thick, placed on the ground about twenty feet from the spring-board. On this I would have a feather mattress of the same length and width, but about two feet thick. On the top of the latter, and touching it, I would have a strong net with meshes not than one inch apart and strained perfectly tight. For $300 a week I would make a daily attempt at the afternoon performance to accomplish this feat. But it would seem that leaping was going out of fashion nowadays."

That a triple somerset was ever accomplished before a circus audience after due announcement, and under the same conditions as double somersets are performed, may be seriously doubted.

Elephants—Good and Bad

By ED. P. WILEY

(Written for The Circus Scrap Book)

What medium other than the circus affords such a great opportunity to study wild animal life, even though these majestic creatures may be tamed? Surely not any of our magnificent Zoos, for rarely if ever do the animals in those parks go through the intricate performances they offer under canvas, nor are the elephants afforded the liberty of movement which circus life gives them.

One of the most interesting sights at the circus grounds is to watch the elephants at work pushing the heavy wagons and dens in position. They use their weight as cleverly as an athlete, and squeal loudly with disgust when the weight calls for any great effort of strength for they are naturally of a lazy disposition.

Imagine if you can, the capture of these animals, when sometimes herds of two or three hundred are driven from their jungle feeding places by natives mounted upon tame elephants, the surging, trumpeting herd pressed forward until they reach a massive stockade, where ensues a scene that is utterly impossible to describe, as the herders with long ropees capture those they wish to tame.

From time to time we read of numerous bad circus elephants whose deeds of violence are exploited by well known authors of circus lore. May the writer, with a background of thirty years in the circus profession, state that in his humble opinion several of the worst, as well as many of the best circus elephants have yet to be mentioned.

Firstly, allow me to preface my observations by asserting that it is my firm belief that the greater part of the so-called bad circus "bulls" were the result of bad handling by either drunken or incompetent keepers. Intemperate keepers have been known to abuse these docile beasts shamefully and without the slightest provocation, merely to show off before the town folks or their drunken companions.

This happens less frequently since circus owners have

learned the value of sober and experienced men, who are well paid for their services. The elephant, or "bull man," in the vernacular of the circus, must understand his business equally with the trainer of thoroughbred race-horses; in fact, he must possess the knowledge of a veterinary in ability to diagnose the symptoms and know the remedies for their ailments, the care of their teeth, their feet and tusks, that they may be kept in good health and be presentable at all times. So that it is apparent that a first-class "bull man" is necessarily a valuable asset to any circus with a herd of elephants.

Speaking of bad circus elephants; my memory recalls Lemen Brothers Circus, which numbered in its herd two very bad bulls. How they became that way is another story previous to my connection with the show. Rajah was a killer; Albert, a runaway. Both were extremely large and required a specially built elephant car which was several feet higher than the standard height of railway cars. This caused the cancellation of several show stands during the first season it was used, as the general agent in making the railroad contracts, had overlooked the fact that many tunnels along the various routes included in his itinerary, were not sufficiently high to permit the car's passage.

From those familiar with the facts we learned that Rajah came from the W. W. Cole Show, where he had originally been featured in the billing as Sampson, the "world's largest elephant." He had been very unruly on the Cole Show and could only be handled by one man, Ernest Cooke, an English clown, who accompanied the elephant when delivering him to the Lemen Bros. Frank Lemen, who had previously managed the Cole Show, knew the animal and thought he could be handled, but when Cooke returned to the Cole Show, Lemen learned his mistake. Rajah nearly wrecked the winter quarters at Argentine, Kansas, before finding an old friend in Tex Bell, the boss canvasman, also formerly of the Cole Show, where he had on various and sundry occasions treated the animal to many dainties, which had not been forgotten. Thus, for a brief period, Rajah became quite tractable.

However, Tex Bell was responsible for other duties considered of more importance than the care of one elephant, so the duties were taken over by Frank Fisher, to whom the bright lights and varied pleasures of nearby Kansas City had great appeal, resulting in Rajah's resentment and trouble was imminent. Without a doubt, Rajah killed Fisher in a manner

without a precedent in the annals of show business. It seems the keeper had returned to Argentine winter quarters unusually reckless, with a drinking companion of the night, disregarding all warnings proceeding to compel Rajah to perform a trick which he had frequently accomplished in the ring, but instead of using the customary blunt prod or bull hook, Fisher cruelly stuck the animal with his pocket knife, meanwhile standing close while compelling the animal to elevate his trunk. Before Fisher realized what was happening, the mad elephant seized his arm in his mouth and literally shook the life out of him, the dead body only dropping to the ground after the arm had been bitten off.

Rajah was also the central figure in several other quite sensational escapades while in Lemen Brothers winter quarters at Argentine, perhaps the most notable being his revolt against discipline during the winter of 1898, when he forced his way thru a stockade, running amuck for several hours in the Santa Fe railroad yards nearby, pushing over box cars, tearing down fences and terrifying the inhabitants. Many lead bullets were fired into his huge body by the circus men during the pursuit, which was finally successful. He was chained to a large tree where Tex Bell brought him to repentence with kindness and he laid his head in the dust, a conquered pachyderm. From that time until his death Rajah was a model elephant. Kind words had accomplished what bullets had failed to do.

Frost Lemen, one of the brothers who owned the show, used to relate a very funny story on his brother Frank, which he claimed happened during the excitement connected with Rajah's capture just related. It was well known among the circus people that Tex could accomplish more with Rajah during his bad spells than any one. It seems that Frank Lemen, the manager, in his endeavor to aid in the capture of the infuriated beast, had mounted a box car about two car lengths away from Rajah, who was tipping over cars very rapidly. Viewing Tex approaching fully a block away the manager yelled, "Hey, Tex! Come and catch Rajah!" Tex, not fully aware of the seriousness of the situation or of who was calling him, answered, "Why'n'ell don't you catch him yourself. You're closer than I am."

Rajah died on April 24, 1900, and it was claimed by the faculty of a Kansas City veterinary college, who performed an autopsy, that the cause of death was abscesses of the brain,

resulting from the numerous bullets imbedded there. Rajah was 37 years old at the time of his death and was of Asiatic origin. He was said to have killed nine men during his circus career.

Albert died at the youthful age of 30, while in winter quarters at Dodson, Mo., near Kansas City. He was the star performing elephant of Lemen Brothers' herd and had never harmed a human being. Like Rajah, he was of the Asiatic species, born in Burma, and was purchased from Barnum & Bailey when Lemen Brothers organized their first circus in 1887.

On occasions he had been a runaway, but old Jennie who worked with him, always exercised wonderful control over Albert. On one occasion, at Trinidad, Colo., on May 26, 1902, Albert rebelled during the elephant number, making a break for the seats which stampeded the audience, but Jennie rapped him so hard on the head with her trunk that it could have been heard for blocks, bringing him suddenly to his senses. Under Jennie's remarkable influence Albert became the most docile and lovable of animals. As a performer he had no rival in his particular field, and as a worker he was invaluable to the circus when on muddy lots. His intelligence was almost human and at times he seemed to get much enjoyment out of life, loved his circus associates and was extremely fond of children. When he closed his eyes in his last sleep, Jennie mournfully sank to her knees, trumpeting softly to the keeper. Bystanders aver that tears fell from her eyes.

To my mind, Albert was at that time the largest elephant in this country, measuring the same height as the famous Jumbo, over thirteen feet and weighing well over eight thousand pounds. The autopsy revealed the cause of death as aneurism of the heart, caused from lack of exercise while in winter quarters. When the skin was removed the task was not an easy one. Ropes were tied to his huge feet and by the use of pulleys they were drawn up and by fastening to the rafters the body of the huge beast laid upon its back. Two Argentine, Kansas, butchers did the job, working steadily for more than five hours. The skin was from one to two inches thick, being the thickest on the neck. It could not be pulled from the flesh as that of most other animals, but every inch had to be cut loose. The flesh near the skin was so tough that the butchers' knives had to be sharpened every two or

three minutes. The flesh was sold to a soap manufacturer and the bones and skin were taken to the museum of the Kansas State University, at Lawrence, where they are no doubt still to be seen, gigantic specimens of the taxidermist's art.

One of the most vicious circus elephants of all time, according to those who knew her, was old Queen, whose first offense was wrapping her trunk around a keeper's neck, choking him to death before assistance could be given. This occurred with the original Adam 4-Paw Circus.

She was then sold to the John ("Pogey") O'Brien Circus, where she was billed as "Empress," the war elephant. During her stay on the O'Brien Circus it was claimed she killed at various times five people. W. H. Harris Nickel Plate Circus then bought her and changed her name to Mary, but names seemed to mean nothing, for while playing on a Robey street lot in Chicago, she killed her keeper known as "Jimmy, the Bum," for which crime she was condemned to death. However, Col. George W. Hall, known to circus fame as "Pop-Corn George," secured her reprieve from execution which nearly cost him his life. His circus was playing an engagement in Cincinnati at the time and had two elephants, Queen and Palm, the latter but a baby. Barney (known as "Elephant Fat") Shea, was the keeper and quick thinking on his part saved the circus owner's life. When Col. Hall was carelessly feeding the smaller elephant peanuts, Queen became frantic with jealousy, slammed him to the ground and was about to crush him when Shea forced his thumb in her eye, taking her away before she could accomplish her purpose. Col. Hall's hip was broken in two places, which confined him to the hospital for several months, crippling him for life.

Queen was then leased to the Gollmar Brothers Circus, where she remained until sold to the Sells & Downs Shows. My first observation of Queen was when we opened with this show at Topeka, Kansas, in the spring of 1905. Her reputation was known, but the management were soon convinced that the fault was in the manner she was handled by her keepers. She would not work for anyone she disliked, but when they were kind and understanding, she was about the best bull possible, both on the lot and in the elephant act.

About that time John ("Blue Jay") Durham had bought out Willie Sells' interest in the show. In the early days of the original Adam 4-Paw Circus Durham had been a bull man,

or keeper, where Queen had been one of his herd. She remembered and liked him so well she would obey his every command. He could take her on a muddy lot and work her from four o'clock in the afternoon until four o'clock in the morning, moving heavy wagons without a complaint or a whimper. But let someone else, unknown to her, try it and see how far they went. Have also witnessed him take her on the lot when the town bullies tried to get tough and she would clean it in five minutes without trying to hurt anyone. She seemed to take great delight in running the would-be hard boiled boys on these occasions.

The Sells & Downs Shows wintered in Birmingham, Alabama, when "Blue Jay" Durham sold his interest in the show to Martin J. Downs, the title being changed to Cole Brothers World Toured Shows in the spring of 1906. During the summer Queen seemed to miss her old friend "Blue Jay" and began to raise Cain, running away at every opportunity, although she did not kill or maim anyone during that season. New winter quarters had been provided at Harbour Creek, Pa., where she came within an ace of killing her keeper, Archie Dunlap, just before the show left in the spring of 1907. He had been paring her feet in preparation for the hard grind on the road and had just stepped aside at the finish when she lunged at him, but luckily he had shortened the floor chains attached to her feet before starting the job, this held her back just enough to save him.

Early in the season, at Uniontown, Pa., a heavy snow weighted down the canvas until several quarter poles broke in the menagerie tent. This started old Queen on a rampage. Breaking her chains, she proceeded to wreck the menagerie, turning over dens, ripping down canvas, pulling out side-poles, quarter poles and even center-poles. Before they succeeded in quieting her the menagerie was a wreck. Luckily none of the cat animals escaped and even luckier, all happened before the doors were opened to the public. Later, during the same season, while playing Buffalo, N. Y., a small Italian boy attempted to cross the street immediately in front of Queen during the street parade. She knocked him down, put both knees on him, crushing out his life instantly, all so quickly that even the keeper, riding beside her on horseback was unable to render assistance until too late.

Nearing the close of the season that fall, at Columbia, S. C., Queen killed an assistant boss canvasman, named Gor-

don. The show had suffered a blow down at Winston-Salem the day previous, cancelling the following town to make repairs to canvas and equipment at Columbia. Gordon was mending a rip in the menagerie side wall, when a sudden gust of wind blew the side wall over his head, leaving him on the inside of the menagerie directly in front of Queen. Before he could recover, she had knocked him down, crushing him so badly that he died the following day in a local hospital. Gordon was Queen's thirteenth victim and from that time until the show was sold, which was after the death of Martin Downs, in 1909, Queen was kept securely hobbled.

She was then sold to the Frank A. Robbins Circus, where she became so unruly that Mr. Robbins decided to do away with her before she killed any more people. He arranged to have her electrocuted at Tattersall's Pavilion in Chicago, where an admission fee was to have been charged to witness the execution, but the Humane Society intervened and a permit was denied. Old Queen surely had a charmed existence, as that was one of several times she had escaped the death sentence. The last heard of her was on the Hagenbeck-Wallace Shows, where she may have a keeper more to her liking.

Now that you have heard of the bad elephants the writer knew, allow us to introduce some of the good ones. Old Jennie, of the Lemen Brothers herd, was about the kindest, gentlest elephant it was my pleasure to know. She would make friendships with anything or anybody, always having some kind of an animal for a companion. Have known her to have dogs, goats and ponies or any other animal that attracted, as companions. For a number of years a small cur dog won her fancy and they were in constant companionship. The dog seemed to like Jennie as well as she did him, until the dog finally died, when she grieved intensely, refusing food for several days following his death. In Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada, a goat attracted Jennie's attention, while on her way from the train to the lot in the early morning. The goat left its owner's front yard when Jennie softly trumpeted her call, following her away. When the owner of the goat later sought to recover the animal, Jennie became so agitated that the show management decided to buy the goat and the last time I saw Jennie the goat was still with her and as far as we know she still forms a part of the herd of elephants at Swope Park, Kansas City, under the capable care of N. T. ("Tex") Clark, one of the kindest and most capable of keepers.

There has always been discussion among elephant men as to what show owned the best herd of working bulls, also as to relative merits of members of their profession. It is my honest opinion that the best herd of elephants and the best bull men were brought to this country when C. Lee Williams and his partners, Messrs. Tate, Thompson and Havlin, launched the Carl Hagenbeck Wild Animal Circus in 1905. They imported fourteen Singhalese elephants with a troupe of natives to handle them and proved the best working combination ever with an American circus. The Singhalese method of working elephants was a revelation to our trainers. They rode the animals' necks, controlling them with their big toe, on which they wore steel gaffs sharpened to needle points. Placing their toes behind the elephants' ears they manifested perfect control. While they carried a bull hook it was seldom used and they worked the animals as an American farmer would his draft horses in accomplishment.

In Milwaukee, Wis., during the spring of 1905, the writer witnessed the unusual, when those Singhalese with fourteen elephants moved that forty car show off the lot, which was a sea of mud, as quickly as though it had been high and dry. This was done without the slightest aid from the baggage stock, with the exception of the pulling of the empty wagons up on the pavement. The elephants carried all the show property, such as canvas, center-poles, etc., off that soft lot, loading it on the wagons in less than two hours. Never have we had an American bull man who could work elephants equal to those Singhalese.

My first connection with Gollmar Brothers Circus was in 1911, when they owned a herd of ten of the best behaved elephants that one could wish for. During the seven seasons I was with the show I never knew any of them to attempt to run away, much less to harm anyone. Emery Stiles, now superintendent of menagerie with the Sells-Floto Circus was in charge, while Bert Noyes, now superintendent of the John Robinson menagerie, was Stiles' assistant, both first-class animal men. Animals, like everyone else connected with the Gollmar Brothers Circus, were given the best of treatment. This to my mind accounts largely for their good behavior and bears out my previous statement that the majority of bad elephants are created by the inefficiency of the keepers.

Elephants, as a general rule and regardless of their docility, are very likely to stampede during a bad storm, but not

so with the Gollmar herd. At various times we experienced terrific storms in Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma, with no bad effects on the bulls. Neither Stiles or Noyes would mistreat their elephants or permit others to do so, which seemed to me the explanation.

We have often heard the time-worn story of how the elephant will angrily remember one who gives them tobacco. In direct contradiction, old Palm, of the Gollmar herd, would pick up every cigar butt she could locate and eat it with enjoyment. Occasionally she would find a lighted one, but would only shake her head and drop it to look for another one.

Palm, like old Jennie of the Lemen Shows, was a good natured and well behaved elephant, with a seemingly well developed sense of humor. She would steal anything she could reach with her trunk; loved brick pop-corn and would take it from the menagerie candy-stands at every opportunity. She would take cage covers, seat cushions, or anything within reach, only to carefully conceal them under her hay pile. So that it came to a point that when any article was missing it was only necessary to look under Palm's hay pile to find it. She was a wise old girl and only once was she known to make a mistake by trying to eat an employee's coat, which, after chewing thoroughly, she was loath to give up.

Emery Stiles, menagerie superintendent, was the banker for a number of the workingmen of the show, that is, he was frequently entrusted with the care of their savings. One of the colored canvasmen, familiarly known as "Chuck," had been particularly lucky in a dice game with his less fortunate fellows, accumulating the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, which he had placed in the supposedly safe-keeping of Stiles. During "Chuck's" connection with the circus he had failed to witness the entire performance. Finally one afternoon while going through the big top his attention was attracted to that portion of the elephant act in which Stiles lays on his back while the giant Palm apparently lays down on the trainer. "Chuck" was dumbfounded for a moment, but at the finish of the act rushed excitedly to the menagerie tent where he exclaimed: "Mistah Em'ry, does yo' do dat wif dat ol' el'fant ebry day?" The answer was, "Why, certainly, Chuck, I do that twice every day with that elephant. Why do you want to know?" "Chuck" said, "Please, Mistah Em'ry, gimme mah money."

"What's the matter 'Chuck,' are you leaving the show?"

"No, sah, Mistah Em'ry, Ah jes' wants mah money." "Why, are you afraid that I'm going to steal it? I've kept plenty of money for you before. Didn't you always get it?" "Yes, sah, Mistah Em'ry, but you know I nebba did see dat ol' el'fant lay down on you before till to-day. S'pose dat ole el'fant lay on yo' an' ruin yo' all out o' shape? Who 'n 'ell's goin' believe old Chuck when he say yo' all hab a hundred an' fifty dollahs ob his money?" And there might be a lot of truth in that, too.

Out of a Windjammer's Note Book

By G. A. SEVERANCE

Kobelkoff, The Truncate Artist

(Scientific American Supplement, March 27, 1886)

It is related that, while two cripples were conversing, one said to the other: "You are lucky, for you are lamer than I, and so they give you much more." It is unfortunately true that among the poor who have lost one or several limbs, and who have no other resources than begging, the most impotent and most monstrous are the ones that excite most pity and public charity, and these, in the eyes of their companions, have most luck. An individual who is at this moment exhibiting at Paris under the name of the "Truncate Artist," and who lacks not only the two legs, but also the two arms, utilizes his infirmity in a very different way. This man, in fact, performs in public a series of acts and feats of dexterity, and even some acrobatic ones, which the majority of the spectators would have to employ both hands and feet to repeat. Farther along, we shall describe these in detail.

The Truncate Artist has a stout, muscular body and a very short neck, and appears to be strong and hardy. In the little pamphlet that he sells to the public he states that his age is 34 years, and that he was born at Troizk, Siberia. His mother had thirteen children before him, all of them normally formed. He says that he enjoys excellent health and has never been sick. He has been traveling and exhibiting him-

self as a curiosity since 1870. He has traveled through Russia, Sweden, Norway, Germany, Austria, and Italy. He married in 1876, in Austria, and has now five children—five well-formed boys. His name is Nicolai Wassiliewitsch Kobelkoff. His posters read: "The wonderful phenomenon; the greatest curiosity of the age."

Let us add that he looks as if he were well content with his lot. He has a smiling countenance, and, at his exhibitions, while waiting until there are enough spectators present, he laughs and talks with his children, who are pretty little blonds, or speaks a few pleasant words to those coming in. His face shows frankness and good nature.

From an anatomical point of view, the Truncate Artist has been examined several times by medical commissions, especially at Lyons a few months ago, where he stayed for some little time.

He has two rudiments of thighs, in the right one of which the femur is about six inches in length, and in the other is a little longer, say from eight to ten inches. The left arm is entirely wanting; a rounded bone, representing the head of the humerus, alone occupies the articulation of the shoulder.

The right arm is represented by a sort of conical stump, 8 inches in length, composed of a part of the humerus covered with well developed muscles. We especially distinguish the deltoid, the large muscle of the shoulder and upper part of the arm. The *teres major*, and all the muscles that are attached to the sides of the breast or to the scapula, act upon the head of the humerus and upon the first portion of the latter; but the muscles which, in a perfect man, start from the latter region and act upon the hand or forearm, such as the biceps, brachial, and tricips, are atrophied, and soldered by their extremity. They form the apex of the conical stump, and seem to have an influence upon its mobility. This rudimentary arm the "artist" utilizes in a most ingenious way of putting it to his cheek, chin, and body in order to perform that series of exercises which astonish the spectators. These exercises are as follows: Being placed upon a chair near a table upon which various objects are lying, he takes a penholder, fixes it between his arm and cheek, dips the pen into an inkstand, and then writes the name of each spectator upon a sheet of paper and gives it to him as a keepsake.

He cuts paper with a pair of scissors; he takes a bottle

of water, uncorks it, pours some of the liquid into a glass, places the latter on his arm, and carries it to his lips; he takes a fork, picks up pieces of bread from a plate and carries them to his mouth; he makes believe eat soup with a spoon; he takes his watch out of a side pocket, opens the case by pressing the button, looks at the time, and puts the watch back into his pocket; and he threads a needle. To do the latter, he takes the needle in his mouth and sticks it into a cushion, then holds the thread between his lips and passes it through the eye of the needle, and, holding the extremity of the thread with his arm, turns the cushion around, seizes the thread again with his lips, and pulls it way through.

He performs an elementary calculation upon a blackboard; he makes a drawing on a piece of paper with a pencil or crayon; and he takes a pistol, cocks it, aims it at a lighted candle, fires, and extinguishes the flame.

He jumps from a chair to the floor, and then through motions of the spinal column makes a series of leaps that somewhat resemble the efforts made by those engaged in a bag race. He also performs a sort of somersault; and, finally, as an exhibition of strength, he carries a man of medium stature standing erect upon his rudimentary arm.

Such are the exercises of the Truncate Artist.

The history of human monsters has already recorded a certain number of examples of children born without limbs. Teratologists place them in the class of monstrosities by defect, and in the category of ectromeles, that is to say, of individuals with abortive limbs. Saint-Hilaire, in his treatise on teratology, cites several cases of them. Only last year the medical journals noticed the birth, in Spain, of a female child which had neither legs nor arms, but was very lively and had a good constitution.

In Brittany, in 1875, among the beggars that stood along the two sides of a road ending at Saint-Pol-de-Leon, we saw a little girl who was destitute of limbs, and who was lying upon a little straw. Her father and mother were kneeling on each side, counting their beads and mumbling prayers. Sous dropped in abundance into the bowl placed near the little one, for, according to the belief of the country, women, by giving alms to this child, preserved their own future ones from a like infirmity.

A certain number of truncate men, have exhibited them-

selves in public, and, through their dexterity, have deserved to have their names transmitted to posterity. Thus, an English writer of the 16th century, Stow by name, tells us that in 1581 he saw a Dutchman in London who had two handless stumps of arm which he skillfully used for throwing up a cup and catching it again. He likewise dexteriously shot an arrow at a mark, fenced, and used an ax. Stow adds that this man daily drank two pints of the best beer that he could procure.

The famous Matthew Buchinger, who was born at Anspach in 1674, came into the world minus hands and legs. A contemporary author says of him that instead of arms he had two excrescences that resembled the fins of a fish rather than human arms, but which he used with much skill. He wrote very legibly, ate with a fork or spoon, drank out of a goblet, etc. A portrait of this monster is preserved in the British Museum. Buchinger, notwithstanding his deformity, was married four times.

In the middle of the last century there was exhibited in France, especially at the Saint-Germain Fair, a so-called Venetian girl, who, although her arms were but stumps, threaded a very fine needle, knotted the thread with her tongue, sewed, spun, knitted, and cut all sorts of stuff with a pair of scissors. She even played on the violin.

Fifty years ago there was a truncate man in England who was famous, although he did not exhibit in public. He was a young lord, the possessor of an immense fortune, and was born without legs and arms. He had received an excellent education, was endowed with much genius, loved society, and took part in all the fetes and receptions of the British aristocracy. In the parlor, he was placed upon a very high stool in a sort of basket containing a cushion, upon which he stood erect. Despite his deformity, this young man was passionately fond of horses and horseback riding. He was placed upon a saddle of peculiar form to which he was fastened by means of a strap. The reins were fixed to his shoulders, and in this way he succeeded in directing his steed.

Truncate men, then, are not only curious examples of those singular anomalies that are sometimes met with in the human species, but they also show how individuals of strength, labor, patience, and ingenuity succeed in making up the organs that are wanting. *La Nature.*

Barnum's Museum

(Scientific American, December 24, 1864)

A world of wonders is condensed in Barnum's American Museum. It is peopled by giants, pigmies, monkeys, Circassian and fat women, a living whale, seals, snakes; a great variety of fish in aquarial tanks; snakes and thousands of curiosities. A snug little office in a corner is the magic cave where the chief sorcerer and master of all these wonders exerts his powers. Barnum himself, busy, smiling, prompt, never at a loss, sits there pulling strings that move at once, hunters and seamen in Africa, the Asiatic Islands, the Arctic seas, and at the same time the tiny dwarf that trots in for a joke with Mr. Barnum, the singers and performers in the crowded lecture-room close by, and the millions of patrons who for thirty cents apiece receive the Open Sesame to uncounted sights of entertainment and instruction. The holidays are coming; and lo and behold, the tireless wizard is preparing for the people of the great city, and for their country cousins, too, still other unknown wonders. Chief among them, a little bird whispers, is to be a Grand Spectacle which shall sparkle, glow and dazzle with splendors and astonishments far beyond aught that the Continent has ever seen. It is one of the miracles of a republic, that even this King of Showmen can render so much in return for so little; a miracle that only Barnum himself can explain. You can go and ask him all about it, if you like, at Christmas time.

Circus Paper

One of J. B. Lent's lithograph bills amounted to $40,000.

Seth B. Howes was the first one to order a billboard made to paste paper on the outside. Previous to this all bills were hung or fastened up with tacks.

W. C. Coup ordered first three-sheet lithograph ever made, and also the first ten-sheet lithograph. The latter was considered a piece of foolishness; but when Coup ordered a 100-sheet bill and first used it in Brooklyn, it was considered such

a curiosity that show people visited the City of Churches for the express purpose of looking at his advertising marvel.

One-sheet lithographs used to cost $1.00 each, and for many years later could not be bought for less than 50c to 75c apiece. They can be had now (1901) in large quantities for about 5c or less a sheet.

The circus of the present day is judged by the quality of its paper.

The items of expense in advertising a show are: Cost of paper at printers; freight or expressage; cartage; salary and expenses of posters.

The superintendent of the advertising car gives each man so many sheets in the morning and the man at night hands in a statement which is supposed to show where and how he has placed the paper. These brigades are followed by watchers or, as the railroad men term them, spotters, who look carefully over the ground. But the impossibility of detecting all crooked work may be readily understood when I say that from 8 to 12 wagons containing bill-posters and paper start out on country routes in as many different directions, so the spotter, not being ubiquitous, cannot follow every trail.

The Glamour of Circus Words

By LLOYD EDWIN SMITH

(Written for The Circus Scrap Book)

For the better part of a century the circus has figured prominently in the entertainment of the American people, and it is inevitable that several words should have become inseparably associated in the popular mind with the romance and excitement characteristic of all that goes on under the big top. Such words, by way of example, are clown, elephant, pink lemonade, menagerie, bareback rider, peanuts, sawdust, arena, and the like. Yet, quite aside from their identification with the circus, these words and several others have a glamour

of their own, to be found in their biographies, so to speak—in the stories of their origin, of how they came into the English language.

The word "circus" itself is very old. Just as the modern show is built around an oval or a series of rings, with banked seats for the spectators, in emulation of the ancient Roman amphitheaters, so is the word "circus" reminiscent of those remote times. It is the Latin word for a circle, although the famous Circus Maximus (Great Circus) was oblong in shape, probably measuring 600 by 2,000 feet and providing tiers of seats to accommodate some 250,000 spectators. The idea of the Roman circus was to provide a continuous track for chariot races. The modern circus retains this track, but in place of the middle barrier or spina it has one or more rings in which various performers do their acts.

The chief attraction of early circuses was the horse and his rider—races, feats of horsemanship, trained horses, and so on. Gradually other features were added, including clowns, acrobats, trained animal acts, the menagerie, and so on, with the accompanying sideshows. P. T. Barnum, of course, had much to do with changing the character of the circus performance when he built up what he could call without the slightest exaggeration "the greatest show on earth." Indeed, the name of Barnum is part of our language, for the dictionary records "Barnumism," meaning a sensational style of advertising or talking, like that which made the showman famous. To Barmanize, also, is to talk or advertise in such a flaunting, splendid way.

The building in which a circus was presented indoors was often called a hippodrome. This word came into English from the French language, but it goes back to Latin and finally to the Greek name for a race-course intended for horse-drawn chariots. The first part of the word is the Greek for horse. The same five letters occur in "hippopotamus," which is from two Greek words signifying "river horse." The "—drome" means a place for running, as also in "motor-drome," where automobile races are run, and in "aerodrome," a place where airplanes start and stop.

The circus which wandered from place to place adopted the tent, the largest one, sheltering the main show, receiving the apt nickname of the "big top." The word "tent" is an old English word, but it can be traced to the Latin word for to stretch, suggesting the stretching of the canvas over the

supporting poles and ropes. You find the same idea of stretching in all words of similar origin, such as tense (describing a strained feeling), tension (the act of stretching), and so on.

"Canvas" goes back to French and Latin (Latin, you will remember, was the language of the ancient Romans, 1,500 or more years ago), to a word meaning hempen cloth, and ultimately to the Latin word for hemp. Canvas is a strong cloth made of hemp, flax, or cotton. Probably, although the two words looking nothing alike in their modern spelling, "canvas" and "hemp" had the same remote origin in the Orient of the far past.

The course and rings of circuses are strewn with tan, or tanbark as it is sometimes called (bark cut into small pieces, after it has been used as a source of tannin in tanning leather), or, as often in the United States, with sawdust. "Tan" is from an old word for the oak tree or oak bark. "Sawdust," of course, is the "dust" of small bits of wood formed when wood is sawed.

The word "ring" is Anglo-Saxon, older than English itself, part of the tribal language of the early natives of England (the Angles and the Saxons). It meant a circle or circular space, or any place surrounded by an unbroken line. The modern prize ring is square, to be sure, but it was originally circular. The ringmaster, as the word itself suggests, is the master or person in charge of the ring performances.

"Arena" is borrowed directly from the Latin, where it meant originally a place strewn with sand. The arena or open space of the amphitheater was sanded to absorb the blood of the fighting gladiators, so that their feet might not slip. In the modern arena, tan or sawdust takes the place of sand, but, fortunately, it is not intended to absorb blood.

Performers as a group sometimes are referred to as a "troupe," which is the French word that gave us the English "troop." The meaning of both words is the same. The old meaning was a throng or a multitude of people.

"Horse," as might be expected, is Anglo-Saxon, having been in the language for centuries. The compounds formed from it are easily understandable, as horseman, horsemanship, horseback, etc. But from the Latin word for horse, "equus," and the derivative "equester," we get equestrian (a horseman), equestrienne (a horsewoman), and equestrian feats and games. "Bareback," to describe a typical circus stunt, is formed of two simple English words. "Chariot" is from the French

word for a car; in Modern French the same word means a wagon. "Hoop" is another old Anglo-Saxon word. "Race" is Middle English, ultimately Scandinavian in origin, and means a rushing or a running.

No circus would be complete without its group of clowns. The word "clown" dates from the sixteenth century, and is apparently a word cousin of some Scandinavian words meaning a lump or a log, and hence a boorish, dull fellow. How could this word ever come to mean the lively, sprightly, comic circus performer? The stage must be brought in to explain the change in sense. A rustic or country bumpkin was often caricatured and made the butt of jokes on the stage, especially in Shakespeare's time. Such a rustic was often called a clown. The stage clown was then confused with the stock types used in the pantomime of Italian comedies, who wore brightly colored, absurd costumes—and we have the modern circus clown in all his fun-provoking glory.

The rube or unsophisticated chap from the rural districts is still a comic stage character, and hundreds of jokes have been centered around his laughable figure. "Rube" is an abbreviation of the masculine name Reuben, frequently given to country boys, which is Biblical in origin, from the Hebrew for "Behold, a son!" The rube was often a farmhand; hence, the application of the word to the circus hand who does the work of putting up the tents and so on.

"Acrobat," a word which circus announcements cannot do without, comes into English from the French, but it is traceable to the Greek word which means literally tiptoe walking, from two words which together mean to go aloft or to go to the topmost point. The Acropolis, or highest point in ancient Athens, had the same idea of height in its formation, as a word.

A tumbler is one who tumbles. "Tumble" is a Middle English word, from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning to turn head over heels or to dance violently. "Somersault" is French in origin, a corruption of two Latin words meaning to leap over; a common English corruption is summerset (or somerset).

The formation of such words as tightrope, ropewalker, and the like, is very clear. Many circus words, like words used in other forms of entertainment, and particularly in sports, follow this simple process of combining common native elements of the language into self-descriptive terms that are ex-

ceptionally apt and vivid.

The trapeze was named from its shape; the word itself is pure French, but it is related to the Latin "trapezium," which comes from the Greek word for a little table. The trapeze, considered as a whole, when hanging motionless, has the shape of the geometrical figure known as the trapezoid (i. e., a figure "like a trapezium"), the bar being parallel to the ceiling or supporting rod, making the required two parallel sides.

The calliope, typical musical instrument of old-time circus parades, was named after Calliope, the Muse of poetry and leader of the nine Muses of ancient Greek lore, who sponsored all art and beautiful things. Our word "music" is formed from "Muse." The name Calliope, in Greek, means she of the beautiful voice.

The "tights" worn by circus performers, especially by the acrobats, were so named because they fit the skin closely—skin-tight, as a matter of fact.

The word "menagerie" was originally applied, in French (whence it came into English), to the administration of a household or farm, particularly to the care of domestic animals. From this sense it came to be applied to an exhibition of animals, or to the place where they are kept on exhibition. The zoo of modern parks is an abbreviation of the name of the Zoological Gardens of London, the "zoo—" being the Greek word for animal.

We think of "Jumbo" as being something of great size, whether a thing or a person, because of the elephant named Jumbo exhibited by P. T. Barnum throughout America. Jumbo was a pachyderm of exceptional size. He was purchased from the London Zoological Gardens by Barnum in 1882. When Jumbo was killed by a railroad train his body was mounted and is still on exhibition in the museum of Tufts College, Medford, Mass. The name Jumbo may have been suggested by Mumbo Jumbo, the title (probably native) of the African savage god who is invoked to make wives behave!

The elephant is a typical circus animal. Barnum made showy use of elephants; he even had one employed to plow land near his Bridgeport, Conn., home, to attract attention and get valuable newspaper publicity. The origin of "elephant" is uncertain. The name "pachyderm," from the scientific name Pachydermata (no longer used, but once including the group of elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, etc.,);

it is from two Greek words meaning thick-skinned.

"Cage," applied to the inclosure in which the wild animals are kept, or to the individual inclosure for each animal, is traceable to the Latin "cavea," meaning a hollow place. "Cave" is of similar origin.

"Freak" as applied to a monstrosity or abnormality of nature, is confined in this sense to the United States. Its normal English meaning is a caprice, a sudden whim. It may be from an early word meaning bold, or quick, and is perhaps related to an Anglo-Saxon word meaning to dance. The freak was more properly called a *lusus naturae*, a Latin phrase which, literally translated, means "sport of nature." Freak was first used in this sense in the United States.

Tribute to the entertainment value of the circus may be found in the modern colloquial use of the word "circus" to mean anything hilariously funny or exceedingly amusing. To describe any performance as a "circus" is high praise indeed. This is a far cry from the Circus Maximus of the ancient Romans, but it is in just this way that words develop in meaning and that the language grows richer, gaining new power to express our thoughts and ideas.

Comments on Clowning

By ALBERT GASTON

(From The St. Louis Star, April 27, 1922)

"It takes brains to play the fool."

"Albert Gaston, oldest clown in the world kicked the sawdust from his shoes, lit a cigaret and blew the smoke toward the rafters of the Coliseum. He has just finished his turn as custodian of a cross-eyed elephant whose outer covering was lying at his side. Gaston wriggled out of his baggy white pantaloons and jumped into a blue coat, bright red breeches and huge padded feet.

"That may sound silly, but believe me, I know what I am talking about," he continued adjusting a fiery red wig, "I am

70 years old and have been a clown of one kind or another for 60 years.

"You can't sleep on the job. It's a tough life but I like it. Say, one time——"

"All out for three," boomed through the corridors.

"That's me," said Gaston snatching up a bamboo cane and starting for the door. "When I come back I'll tell you all about it." And the clown band with Gaston at its head trooped through the entrance and into the arena.

"Now as I was saying," he picked up the conversation when he returned, "this business of being a fool is not so soft as it might look. A clown cannot talk. He is robbed of his voice so he must get the laughs by pantomime. He must be a musician, acrobat and actor rolled into one and he has to keep a jump ahead of his competitors or he'll get the gate.

Clowns' Laugh Contest.

"The nondescripts steal your stuff. A clown is just naturally jealous. In the tent everything is serene but you never saw a prima donna who ground her teeth more over a rival's applause than a clown who watches somebody else get the laughs. We had a couple of clowns in a show one time who were so jealous of one another they were on the verge of fighting a duel. Finally it got so bad we had to do something so we decided that the clown who got the most laughs that night was to stay with the show and the other was to go his way.

"Those boys were pretty evenly matched. Bets were made all over the show and many a razor-back put his season's salary on his favorite. That night the circus held its breath when the first clown appeared with his stunt. He was about half through and the house was beginning to titter when someone from the seats began to howl, 'rotten; rotten! take him out!' The crowd thought it was part of the show and laughed themselves sick, but we later found out that it was the opposing clown attempting to queer his rival's act. But he helped the enemy and lost his job.

"Has the circus changed? Well, yes, in some ways. It's larger than it was in the old days, but after all, people still laugh at the same old stuff. One of the first circuses I ever appeared with played in the center of New York City in 1862 and boasted a clown to a ring and a trick riding horse.

Clowns No Longer Talk.

"In those days a clown was expected to talk—foolish patter—and sing burlesque songs. That's gone. The audiences

are so big now they cannot hear what you say. When I first joined as a clown I was 10 years old and tagged around after a lot of others, dressed up like a dwarf.

"Later I became a tumbling clown—acrobatic stuff. I continued at this for many years, playing all over the world. I went to England, France and Italy with a big American circus and had a touch of the Orient and Australia. I am not through yet. Of course, I know I won't live forever, but the way I feel right now I'll be doing this stunt for many years. I am just getting started. Instead of being bored with the sight and smell of the circus I feel a good deal like I did when I ran away from home to follow the show.

"I know you are going to ask me if I feel satisfied with myself after all these years in white paint and ridiculous clothes."

"All out for nine," the caller announced from the doorway.

"That's me again," said Gaston, seizing a huge wooden razor, a bright red towel and a barber chair. "This is where I shave Bill and he hits me on the head with a club, which explodes. Hot stuff, eh?"

He lined up at the doorway with his brethren. The band began to play. The clowns marked time. Gaston leaned out of the line and spoke:

"I'd rather be a first-class clown than a fourth rate college president."

Then he winked an eye, made a face and marched erect back into the world of make-believe.

Walter Lee Main at 68

By CHARLES BERNARD

Born July 13th, 1862, on the homestead farm of his Scotch grandfather at Chatham, Medina county, Ohio, initiated into the show business by his father and mother when they organized the William Main Wagon Show in 1879, he became general agent of his father's circus four years later, and by 1886 had acquired ownership of a small wagon show, with his own name as the title.

The season of 1930 finds Walter L. Main celebrating his sixty-eighth birthday, while actively engaged in piloting the Walter L. Main Motorized Circus in the capacity of General Agent. In the intervening forty-four years since he became a circus owner, the growth of the show has been through the 14 to 125 horse wagon show, then in the railroad transportation class up to the thirty car size. Its reputation as one of the high-class circus and menagerie attractions, reaching from coast to coast, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf; likewise a welcomed favorite in Canada. Now with the new mode of transportation, it is retaining its reputation as a motorized show, in territory where its career started as a wagon show.

During the more than two score years of ownership and management, Walter L. Main has had in his employ a large percentage of the well-known members of the circus profession, both on the business staff and performers. Like all successful business men who employ help to any great extent, he has had his critics; some of them bold enough to use circus literature to question his methods in circus management. But to the curious-minded fan or professions who might ask the question, "What kind of man is Walter L. Main in the treatment of his employees?" the answer is told in the record of his forty-four years identity with circus ownership, management and employer.

He has had such men of the circus profession as Col. Giles Pullman, Geo. S. Cole, Hugh Harrison, Henry Gilbertson, Prof. Joe Berris, Robert Abrams, Dan Fitzgerald, Ed. C. Knupp, Geo. W. Aikin, Doc. Colvin, John F. Stowe and others equally prominent as officials and bosses, serving season after season with the Main Show as employees. In the performers' list, members of the Lowande family were annually on the programme for more than a decade; Fred Aymar, The Tybells, Albert Crandall, The Eddy Family, Bickel & Watson, Al Miaco and family, The Werntz Family, Billy Mack, John Lancaster, Three Great Zenos, The Walletts and other prominent artists were all on the programme with such regularity that Main circus patrons greeted them as favorites. Mont Long as bandmaster furnished the band a succession of annual tours; then John Gill, who had been a member of Long's band, became director, and with the same musicians, through a succession of seasons, remained under the management of Mr. Main.

The writer of this article served in the capacity of Advertising Car Manager, as Local Contractor, as Contracting Press

Agent, as Treasurer and Big Show ticket seller; in winter-quarters as private secretary to Walter L. Main, and was so long associated with the owner, his business staff and numerous employees, as to conclude that a willingness on the part of circus help to continue for a number of seasons with the same show is evidence of a "live and let live" management.

Harry Whitby, Circus Man

By JAMES W. SHETTEL, Circus Historian

A Semi-Biographical Sketch Written Especially for The Circus Scrap Book.

The name of Harry Whitby, at the time he was shot to death in November, 1870, in Raysville, La., by a ruffian while taking tickets on the door of the Hemmings, Cooper and Whitby's Circus, stood high in the American show world. During the period of and following the Civil War, he had been one of the most active figures in this field of entertainment.

Whitby was an Englishman. He was born in Nottingham, where his father was a Wesleyan minister. That was in 1817. It was by mere chance that this minister's son, when he was about 18 years old, cast his lot with the people of the world of spangles and sawdust.

As the story was told recently in the home of his son in Lancaster, Pa., it had all the fascination of the tales written in the last century by those masters of juvenile literature, Oliver Optic, Horatio Alger and James Otis. Whitby's son was but two years old, when his father died and not familiar with his circus career, only as he has heard it from others.

In the little group, however, at the time this information was gathered was an adopted daughter of the old showman, who under his training became an accomplished equestrienne, known in the circus world as Mlle. Elvira. Mlle. Elvira later became the bride of Richard Hemmings, a partner of Whitby in the proprietorship of the Hemmings, Cooper and Whitby Circus. Mrs. Hemmings is probably the oldest living woman bareback rider in the world. Since her retirement in 1880

after an accident with the Adam Forepaugh show in Jamestown, N. Y., she has been living in Philadelphia. She it was who supplied many of the important details of this story.

Eighteen is a critical period in the life of a youth. To Harry Whitby it brought calamity. As a lad, his eyesight was poor and consequently he did not progress in his studies and was not the brilliant student his father wished him to be. This failure led to frequent misunderstandings and an estrangement, which had its climax when the father, in a fit of temper, turned his son out of the house to make his living in the world as best he could. But the elder Whitby did not realize what a good turn he had by this act unintentionally done his offspring.

Young Whitby proceeded to London. It was there the great adventure came that was to shape his future life. He wandered out upon the great London bridge and stood there pondering upon what fate had in store for him, when a youth of nearly the same age came along leading a number of ponies. The ponies excited Whitby's admiration and he gave voice to his feelings in an exclamation. Then addressing the youth in charge, he asked permission to assist in leading the ponies.

"Wait until I come back," was the boy's reply. He did not mean what he said, but Whitby took him at his word, and because he did, all that follows came to pass. The youth soon forgot about the boy waiting on the bridge. The day passed and neither boy nor ponies appeared. Whitby continued his vigil through the night, and dawn came but neither the boy nor ponies. He tarried on the bridge a second day, which was well advanced when his recent acquaintance leading the ponies was seen approaching.

As he ran forward to meet the youth, Whitby greeted him enthusiastically: "Here I am! I've been waiting for you."

But the youth showed no cordiality and turned away from him. When Whitby reminded him of his promise, he told him he did not mean it and could not let him lead the ponies.

"But you promised me," Whitby persisted, "and I waited all this time for you to return."

A look of disappointment spread over his face. Then a man who had been with the boy approached and inquired what the discussion was all about. Whitby explained how he had waited two days on the bridge for the youth who had promised to give him a job leading the ponies. The man was Thomas E. Cooke, the famous English circus proprietor, and

the youth was his son. Whitby's story, told with great earnestness, impressed the elder Cooke, a most humane and just man. He rebuked his son for his conduct.

"Any boy who will wait here on the bridge for two days on the strength of such a promise as you have made deserves better treatment. He must be faithful," he told him. "I am surprised that you should have acted like this." Then turning to Whitby, he inquired: "How would you like to go to America?"

"I would like to go," replied Whitby, "there is nothing to keep me in England."

"Then you shall go with us," said Cooke.

And so it was that Harry Whitby, the minister's son, became a member of Cooke's circus, which was then preparing to visit the United States.

Cooke's circus set sail from Greenock, Scotland, September 8, 1836, on the vessel Roger Stuart—it was before the general use of steam. The troupe, Isaac J. Greenwood tells us in "The Circus," a publication of the Dunlap Society, New York, included Cooke, his own round dozen of talented children and over thirty members of the same family. There were 130 performers in the company.

It has been customary to describe Cooke's Circus as one of the most elaborate seen up to that time in the United States. A large amphitheatre at Vauxhall Garden on the Bowery had been specially built in New York for the performances. The circus began its exhibitions there late in the fall of 1836. The public was delighted with James Cooke's "Courier of St. Petersburg," performed with several horses and his representation of "Sir John Falstaff," "Shylock," and "Richard, the Third," on horseback. He also appeared with William Cooke in "Marble Statues," giving classical portraiture of ancient masters. Mr. Woolford was the "Brigand Chief" on horseback; Mrs. Cole, nee Cooke, mother of W. W. Cole, who became an American circus proprietor, "The Amazon of the Sun;" Mr. Cole, the positionist and protean artist and Mr. Wells, the attitudinarian, taking the part of "Jocko" in the ballet of "Jack Robinson and His Monkey."

Other novelties at times were "The Female Brigade," a brilliant entree of twelve ladies; "The Masked Ball on Horseback;" "The Bedouins of the Desert," with Master George Cooke as "Nimrod, Jr.," on two spirited steeds, and the splendid living picture of old England, entitled "Kenilworth Cas-

tle," not to forget the revival of the time-honored humorous piece, "Billy Button's Journey to Brentford."

The juvenile part of the company, and this probably included Whitby, now launched upon his new life, gave the Doncaster races in miniature, "Cinderella," "Puss in Boots," "Old Dame Trot," and similar pieces.

The Cooke aggregation, after a successful season in New York, moved on to Boston, where after a season attended with success, it appeared in 1837 in Philadelphia. An advertisement in The Inquirer gives a glimpse of the kind of entertainment provided for the inhabitants of the Quaker City.

COOKE'S
NEW EQUESTRIAN ARENA
Chestnut Street, Near Ninth.

Every evening during the present week may be witnessed the beautiful new interior, finished by the most magnificent

CHASED GOLD CHANDELIER.

The imposing splendid cavalcade of Warrior Knights and their fair Dames, by male and female equestrians, splendidly attired, succeeded by

Master George Cooke's Juvenile act of Alexis, a Greek Boy, on his vaulting pony. After which, the Persian steed of 5,000 is to be introduced by Mr. Woolford.

Mr. James Cooke's graceful Equestrian act, borrowed from the classic mythology, entitled "The Games of Zephyrs and the Playful Cupids."

The Polish Brothers will exhibit a series of muscular feats which defy description, but have obtained the admiration of all who ever beheld them.

The infant actors will represent a comic melange scene, entitled "Gulliver and the Lilliputians."

Mrs. Cole will then appear on her fleet steed a La Belle Rosiere. Here a period of fifteen minutes is allowed for a promenade.

The Aerial Phenomenon, Mr. William Cooke, will exhibit his wonderful act of double leaping.

Mr. Alfred Cooke's elegant act of light riding.

Original Gymnastics by Mr. Wells.

The Comic Twin Ponies will sit at table and sup with the clown.

Mr. James Cooke, principal Equestrian, will ap-

HARRY WHITBY (center) MLLE. ELVIRA (left)
and JOHN WHITBY, an apprentice (right)

pear in a new act, entitled "Equestrian of All Work."
To conclude with a Coronation Bal Masque or the 100 Masqueraders, in which a beautiful stud of horses and fairy steeds will appear.
Director of Circle, Mr. Cooke, Jr.
Clowns, Messrs. Williams and Wells.

At the conclusion of the season in Philadelphia, the Cooke Circus went to Baltimore and began its exhibitions at the Front Street theater, which had been built as a combined theater and circus, in which equestrian performances were given from time to time. It was at this theater that misfortune befell Cooke. About 5 o'clock on the morning of February 3, 1838, the theater took fire and the flames spread with such rapidity that not an article was saved. The entire wardrobe, scenery, decorations and a stud of over 50 superb horses were consumed and the buildings utterly destroyed. Mr. Cooke, whose entire fortune had been invested in the enterprise, was totally ruined by the catastrophe.

Francis Courtney Wemyss, in his "Twenty-six Years of the Life of an Actor and Manager," tells how Cooke returned to Philadelphia, where the board of agents of the Walnut Street theater, gave the Englishman the use of the house for the production of horse pieces. Financial aid for the purchase of stock was raised in that city.

There was a splendid production of "Mazeppa," followed by "The Cataract of the Ganges," on the 25th of April. Just a month later to a day, Wemyss says "Cooke closed his doors, never to open them again in America. He returned to his native country with blighted prospects and ruined fortune to commence a new career at a time when age should have been rendered comfortable in retirement. He left behind him a name respected by all with whom he had the slightest business transactions."

But while Cooke and his immediate family returned to England, most of the performers who came over with him remained in America. With Amherst, as acting manager, they made up a circus troupe and exhibited during the summer as the Equestrian and Dramatic Establishment from Cooke's Circus. This circus, with a change of program daily, filled engagements at Harrisburg, York and elsewhere in Pennsylvania, producing "Mazeppa," "Bluebeard," "Timour, the Tartar," "Forest of Bondy, or Dogs of Montargis," "St. George

and the Dragon," "Cinderella," and other pieces.

The advertisement of this company at York follows:

EQUESTRIAN AND DRAMATIC ESTABLISHMENT FROM COOKE'S CIRCUS

This and Three Following Evenings at Their New Arena, North George Street, York, Pa.

This evening, Wednesday, June 27, the Grand Spectacle, "Blue Beard," to conclude with passages from the "Life of Napoleon."

Napoleon .....Mr. Foster
Psedoro .....Mrs. Cole

In order to accommodate visitors from the country, there will be an entertainment at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon, consisting of Mr. Cole's performances. Dancing by Mr. Jackson and Pupils. Singing by Miss Wagstaff. The Celebrated Dogs. Jim Crow, the Pony, at Supper with the Clown, etc. Concluding with the grand spectacle of "Mazeppa."

Mazeppa .....Mr. Woolford

Tomorrow, (Thursday) "Statues of Antiquity," with other entertainments and "Timour, the Tartar."

Timour .....Mr. Woolford
Zorilda .....Mrs. Cole

Friday evening, the nursery tale of "Cinderella," by the infant company and the splendid legend of "St. George and the Dragon," the production of which has cost the enormous sum of $500.

St. George .....Mr. Woolford
Tom .....Mr. Foster
The Dragon worked by Mr. Needham

On Saturday there will be a grand selection of performances. In the morning at 11 o'clock, the nursery tale of "Cinderella," by the juvenile company. "Blood Red Night," and a variety of other entertainments. And in the evening, the beautiful drama of "Forest of Bondy, or the Dogs of Montargis." Dragon and Lion by Mr. Cole's celebrated dogs, being positively the last night as the company performs at Harrisburg on Monday.

Each evening there will be a change of other entertainments, consisting of Mr. Cole, the India Rubber man; his wonderful Dogs; the Turkish mare, Beda; the Comic Pony; singing, dancing, etc. A full military band.
The doors open at half past 6 and performance to commence at half past 7.

Boxes 75 cts. Children, 37½ cts.
Pit 37½ cts. Children 25 cts.
Acting Manager, Mr. Amherst.

The supposition is that Whitby was connected with this company and continued with it until its disbandment. Of this however, there is no certainty, as this part of his life is obscure. There is, however, no doubt that after that he devoted his attention to the breaking of horses and training of animals, in which field he had become very proficient, causing his services to be sought by circuses.

That he was following this occupation in 1845, it is learned from an interesting little volume, "California's Pioneer Circus," printed in San Francisco in 1926. This book deals with the circus career of Joseph Andrew Rowe and states that in the year 1845 Rowe arrived in New Orleans with two trick horses. He associated himself with Durastius Rich in a small but good performing company and after playing the vicinity for some time they embarked for Key West, and from there to New Providence, where they did a remarkably good business. After a lapse of five weeks, his party returned to New Orleans and he retraced his way to Key West.

It was at Key West that he met Whitby, who is described as "a very useful and hard working man." The two entered into a partnership and sailed for Mantanzas, Cuba. While in Cuba, Rowe bought and broke the performing pony Othello, which attained considerable celebrity. After being on the island about eight months, Rowe desiring to return to the United States, the two men parted amicably and Whitby remained in Cuba.

How long Whitby continued in Cuba is not known, but when he returned to the United States, he located in Lancaster, which he was in course of time to consider his home. It must have been about the late forties that Whitby met Margaret Buckius. Miss Buckius was of a well known Lancaster family and the two became very much attached to each

other. Her parents, who possessed the prejudice against the circus at that time common in certain sections bitterly opposed the marriage of their daughter to Whitby. But love finds a way and Whitby who had been schooled in life to overcome obstacles did not let their opposition interfere with his plans. The two eloped and were married.

Mrs. Whitby proved a wonderful helpmate to her husband and their married life turned out to be ideal, as those who had opposed their union later admitted. Mr. Whitby's profession required him to travel extensively and Mrs. Whitby accompanied him, as he went about the country with circuses and exhibiting at fairs. He had a circus for a time in Jamaica and also in South America. Under her husband's instruction, Mrs. Whitby learned to do a tandem manage act and soon took an active part with him in the circus performance. She was a woman of intelligence and as she traveled about picked up a number of languages, which she spoke fluently.

The Whitbys had no children, so in 1852 they adopted Ellen Dunn, of New York City, when she was three years old. It was little Ellen, who was later to be known to the circus world as Mlle. Elvira, the celebrated bareback rider, and who became the wife of Richard Hemmings. According to Mrs. Hemmings, when she was a little girl of five, under the direction of Mr. Whitby, she was taught to ride a pony. At this period of her life she recalls that Mr. and Mrs. Whitby and herself filled many engagements in different parts of the country. Then they all went to Cuba.

John Glenroy, the bareback rider, who has left a record of his circus life, refers to meeting Whitby, whom he calls Widby, at a hotel in Point of Pines in 1855. With three other performers, Connor, Richardson and Sharp, Glenroy was making a tour of the island of Cuba. Whitby was at the time with a company in Havana and he persuaded Sharp to accept an engagement with him. The Whitbys remained in Cuba until about 1858, when they returned to the United States, where for a time, he had a steamboat show on the Mississippi.

It was shortly afterward that Mrs. Whitby's health began to decline and Mr. Whitby then accepted circus engagements for only himself and Mlle. Elvira and one or two apprentices. Mrs. Whitby's death occurred in 1865 at Lancaster, where she is buried. Her body rests in Woodward Hill cemetery. The

stone marking her grave is inscribed thus:

Margaret, wife of Henry Whitby and daughter
of William and Augusta Buckius.
Born Sept. 28, 1817.
Died Sept. 1, 1865.

The year following his wife's death, Mr. Whitby went out with the S. O. Wheeler Circus, of which he was the equestrian manager. With him were Mlle. Elvira and Mrs. Whitby's niece, a Lancaster girl, whom he had trained to ride, who was known professionally as Sue Whitby. It was in November, 1866, that Mlle. Elvira, the former Ellen Dunn, became Mrs. Richard Hemmings. She and her husband after that always accepted joint circus engagements.

Mr. Whitby put out a show of his own in 1867. In the absence of Mlle. Elvira, who with her husband, was with another circus, he advertised as an attraction in the equestrian department Mlle. Carlotta Whitby. Mlle. Carlotta was none other than George Cummings, a Lancaster boy, who Whitby had taken as an apprentice and taught to ride. After the great success of Omar Kingsley, whom Spencer Stokes had taught to ride and then introduced as a woman rider, under the name of Ella Zoyara, there seemed to be a vogue for such acts. Whitby took Cummings and dressed him like a girl and he proved a strong attraction in a copy of the Ella Zoyara act. Other performers with the Whitby show were La Petite Louise Marguerite LeMoyne, Miss Jeanette Mayland, Mme. Clemene Fabrier, the famous James Hernandez, bareback rider; John Conklin, cannon ball manipulator; Pete Conklin, Charles Morgan, George Derius, Omar DeLisle, La Rowe, Silvester, G. Hunter, R. Hanlon, Pierre, Jean, Rockford, Dunbar, Mons. Perille, W. Richardson and Master Charles.

Cummings was known in the profession as George Whitby. After Mr. Whitby was killed, Cummings drifted about and finally gave up riding to become a tumbler and leaper. He died in poverty several years ago in Lancaster.

During the winter of 1867, Whitby bought an interest in the Hemmings and Gardner Circus, from which Gardner had withdrawn and it became the Hemmings, Cooper and Whitby Circus, one of the best known and most successful travelling aggregations of that time. He re-married in 1868, his second wife being Catharine Van Camp, daughter of a Lancaster alderman. The second Mrs. Whitby travelled with her husband but never took any part in the circus activities.

It was two years later that Whitby met his death. The circus had been on an extensive tour of the South, when he was shot November 4 in the village of Raysville, La., while taking tickets at the entrance to the tent. He died six days later in Vicksburg, Miss., from the effects of the wounds. The village of Raysville is about 40 miles from Vicksburg.

According to the story printed after the tragedy, Mr. Whitby was receiving tickets, when a gang of seven or eight men passed into the tent without giving tickets or tendering pay. Mr. Whitby followed them and coming up to the leader told him that they would either have to pay or go out. The man turned round and after laughing in Whitby's face, struck him and knocked him down. He then fired his revolver, the ball entering Whitby's head.

Mr. Whitby got up and ran toward the dressing room, the man still continuing to fire after him and one of the balls going through the body. The circus people rallied and attacked the gang, killing the man who shot Whitby, as well as three others of the gang. Some six or seven of the circus people were wounded, but none fatally, except Whitby. The man who shot Whitby was a desperado and the terror of the neighborhood.

Whitby died November 10 and his body was sent to Lancaster, where it arrived six days later. The funeral was held November 19 from the Whitby home. His body was buried in the Whitby family plot in Woodward Hill cemetery. Whitby was in his fifty-fourth year at the time of his death. He left a son, Harry, Jr., by the second marriage.

It was Whitby who brought Adam Forepaugh into the circus business. Forepaugh, whose right name is said to have been Forbaugh, was a butcher and tool keeper on Ridge road, near Philadelphia. He owned a lot of horses and Whitby made an agreement with him by which he was to use the horses to move the circus. From this introduction to the business, he eventually became a circus proprietor.

It is not generally known that at the time of his death, Whitby was contemplating in conjunction with Richard Hemmings the purchase of a large ranch somewhere in the West, where the two intended to devote all their time to the training of horses and other animals for the circus.

Hemmings once said that Whitby was one of the most successful horse trainers in the country. Two of the handsomest and best managed horses ever brought into a circus

ring were Pauline and Coquette, owned and trained by Whitby. A cream-colored horse, named Ducrow, trained by Whitby, was sold for $1,000 and taken to England, where it created a sensation with a circus.

At one time, at the National theater, Cincinnati, Whitby broke and trained twelve horses within a week to lie down and sit up at command, so that in the latter position children could feed them.

The Fame of a Clown

(An Undated Clipping of About 1896)

It's forty odd years since the well known circus athlete and humorist, John Lowlow, now with Sells Bros.' great circus, delighted his old companions in this city with his marvelous acrobatic feats in a juvenile circus on the site now occupied by the St. Patrick's school, at the corner of Montgomery, President and York streets, Savannah, Georgia.

This boys' show was good in its way. It had a trick pony, hired from a colored man; a band, consisting of an accordion, a triangle, a drum and possible some other noise-producing instrument, and the usual paraphernalia more or less appropriate to a ring show. The star performer was a long-legged, long-haired youngster, now the celebrated clown, Mr. John Lowlow. The ringmaster and also the somersault performer is now a gentleman connected with the county sheriff's office, and the clown is a prosperous business man. Several minor performers in the circus are more or less conspicuous citizens of Savannah today.

Lowlow was a graceful somersaulter and could do about everything that circus riders essayed to do in those days. He was the wonder of his associates and many a penny was by them spent in sweet-oil and hartshorn in their efforts to make themselves supple as he. It was supposed that vigorous rubbing with that mixture would loosen the muscles, but it generally produced more sores than agility. Johnny Lowlow stood with a rival as one who could stand on his head as well as he could on his feet. He was evidently born to fill a long-felt want in a circus.

The boy circus on Liberty Square came to an ingenious end, like many similar undertakings managed by men or boys; everyone wanted to run the business and disaster followed. In other words, "too many cooks spoiled the broth."

The season, or year following the closing of the career of the boys' circus, "Robinson's Great American Circus" arrived in town and opened on the old circus lot at the corner of Zubly and Ann streets. In the early fifties there were no three and four tent shows and no menagerie attachments. A single canvas covered a single ring. The lemonade fiend had not make his appearance. Like the telephone, electric cars, land booms, railroad syndicates, and other great inventions, he had not yet been invented. The old fashioned circus opened with a "grand entree" and closed with the "drunken man act," or the "flour and charcoal act." In the former the supposed drunken man, who accidentally tumbled into the ring, after many kaleidoscopic changes, came forth a full-fledged acrobat, beautifully dressed in tights and spangles. The flour and charcoal men turned out about the same way.

It was with such a circus as this, and a good show it was, that young Lowlow cast his fortunes. One night the circus, after a most successful week's performance, like the often referred-to Arab, "folded its tent" and left Savannah. Johnny bade good-bye to his friends, and they were many, and casting a long look, as it were, upon his humble home in Yamacraw, which old suburb by the way, then numbered among its residents as good people as any other part of the town, cast his bark on the sea of life. It was the beginning of a celebrated career. Lowlow's frank and manly ways and his undoubted ability as an acrobat, soon made for him warm friends in the Robinsons, father and sons, then the leading men in their profession, and he rose rapidly in their employment. It was not a great while before he was known throughout the land as one of the great humorists of the sawdust ring.

Mr. Lowlow is now on the shady side of fifty, but is well preserved and would easily pass for ten years under his age. He is a quiet, dignified gentleman, who, when away from the circus, would never be taken for the nimble-footed athlete who, as the clown of the ring, makes fun for thousands who see and hear him. Mr. Lowlow is only on the road for a short season each year. The remainder of the time he spends on his beautiful farm in Ohio.

Savannah's sons have won distinction in many fields, but

none have been more deserving of success than the amiable gentleman who, many years since, as a boy, lived in this city. He is a credit to his profession, as he would be to any other where the fortune of life might have placed him.

In May, 1903, John Lowlow, the veteran clown, who has spent 47 years before the public as a fun-maker, decided to retire. He is the last of the old-time talking clowns, whose quips were as useful as their antics in keeping an audience of yokels in a roar. Mr. Lowlow started with the Robinson Circus and remained with it throughout his career. He was very popular in the South and his coming was as eagerly looked forward to as that of the circus itself. Mr. Lowlow has a fine home on Archer Avenue in Cincinnati, and will settle down there for the rest of his life.—*New York Dramatic Mirror, May 2, 1903.*

Out of the Mail Bag

RAMBLINGS OF A CIRCUS FAN

By CHARLES H. O'NEILL

Baraboo, the beautiful little city nestling in the hills of Wisconsin, is rich in circus history. There the Ringling boys, Al., Ad. T., Chas., Otto and John started out with their first little wagon show. The old timers in Baraboo are proud to show the visitor the very spot (now where the city jail stands) where they pitched the little tent for their first performance—May 19—in the year 1884. The old winter quarters at Baraboo are on Front Street bordering the Baraboo river. Here one finds a very substantial all-brick building where the parade wagons and wardrobes were stored. Nearby is a fine brick building which was a hotel for the employees and on down the street are the barns for the animals and horses; across the river were the railroad shops and the tracks to accommodate the circus trains. Everywhere one turns in Baraboo one is reminded of the Ringling Brothers. The Al Ringling Theatre, a very beautiful and imposing building is there. The old homes of the Ringling Brothers; the St. Mary Ringling Hospital and the Miller Brothers wagon shop are still in business

where the circus wagons were made.

In the Miller Brothers wagon shop hangs a very fine circus lithograph of the five Ringling Brothers, printed many years ago. Then there is the Gollmar Brothers, now retired, who put out a very good circus and wintered in Baraboo also. The Riding Rooneys live in Baraboo, when not out trouping. Driving on to Portage, Wis., a fine drive from Baraboo, we come to the old home of the Orton Circus. Here in the year 1854 Hiram Orton launched his first wagon circus and only last summer I had the good luck to come across the Orton Bros. Overland Show at Otis, Kansas, now being run by the fourth generation of the Ortons. It is a strictly family circus, giving a good, clean performance, and one of the very few overland small shows giving a good bareback riding act. This show covers about the same territory each season and is always welcome. Going back to the Ringling Brothers, their wagon circus was the first circus I attended. My aunt took me when I was a small boy. The great event was at Jackson, Nebraska, near Sioux City, Iowa, many years ago.

ANOTHER HENRY CASSON ITEM

From a Letter Addressed to Uncle Bob Sherwood

At Janesville, Wisconsin, lived David Watts, a fine old gentleman, 78 years of age and totally blind. In his youth, immediately upon graduation from the Evansville Seminary, Burr Robbins, then running a wagon show out of Janesville, sought his services. Soon he became a high speed artist as a ticket seller. Then Adam Forepaugh hired him and for a season he was with him. At the opening of the next year, Robbins gladly made him an excellent offer which Forepaugh refused to meet. Another tenting season was passed with Burr Robbins, and once more Forepaugh wanted Dave Watts and his offer was princely for those days; it was promptly accepted. He was given the title of the show treasurer. With this circus he remained for several years, until the elder Forepaugh died and it passed into the hands of James A. Bailey and James L. Cooper. Bailey and Cooper had been partners prior to the former's amalgamation with P. T. Barnum. They ran the show under its old name and then being displeased with his treatment by Cooper, resigned, in spite of Mr. Bailey's request and desire that he remain. He spoke of Bailey in the highest terms of his sense of right and justice

and kindly treatment of employees, though he was a keen business man and a genius for organization and a slave to work. Bailey and Cooper would not buy the Forepaugh show until they were certain that Adam Forepaugh, Jr., would remain as elephant trainer. For this work they paid him $100,000 a year and gave him a private car in which to travel. Young Forepaugh's control over elephants, according to Watts, was marvelous. The circus had 29 of them. Young "Ad" had them so that if he came into the menagerie during the meal hour, that all he had to do was cry "Salute," and thereupon, in spite of the fact that the beast were putting away fodder, back they would go, upon their hind quarters, and wave their trunks at their beloved trainer. After two or three seasons the younger Forepaugh left the show, which bore the family name on account of the unpleasantness of Cooper. In 1898, he toured the country with a small circus of his own, known as the Adam Forepaugh, Jr., Show, being mostly devoted to trained animal acts. It was not a success and after a season or so, it was abandoned. During 1898 he frequently crossed paths with James A. Bailey's, Adam Forepaugh-Sells Bros., Enormous Shows United, and as this was a larger and better known circus than that of the younger Forepaugh, he lost money. He died in the east 19 years ago.

Barnum and the elder Forepaugh were not on speaking terms, and the latter being bitter in his feelings toward the one and only P. T., because he generally bested him. Watts relates how one summer the Forepaugh circus showed in Bridgeport and that the great Barnum came to him and said, "Davie, I've got to have some complimentary tickets. I've got 32 men around my winter quarters to take care of, besides my own family, and I'm not on speaking terms with your boss. What am I to do?"

"Never mind, Mr. Barnum, you are a brother showman and professional courtesy demands that you be given a supply of tickets. Here are 50 for you."

"Well, Davie, if your boss knew of this you'd probably lose your job, because Forepaugh hates me so."

"I'll risk that, Mr. Barnum. Just take the 50 tickets and don't worry."

"And," added Mr. Watts, "the boss never made any inquiry as to the complimentaries and he must have seen Barnum and his attaches at the show."

The only thing I doubt is James A. Bailey paying $100,000 a year to an elephant trainer.

FRED LEDGETT, FAMOUS CIRCUS MAN

By W. F. HOPKINS

Fred Ledgett used to go to school with me and we have continued our friendship since those school-boy days. He has always shown himself a worthy friend, so I do not think he will mind if I give you some information about him.

Ledgett got his start with the W. B. Reynolds' Circus out of Rockford, Ill., sometime during the year 1892. Reynolds ran a livery stable in Rockford and then organized a wagon show and later put a railroad show out; but I always understood the grafters broke him after about five years out and most of his stuff was bought by the Ringlings.

He had two of the best elephants trained at that time. They were Queen and Baldy. I forgot the trainer's name. But Queen was Ringling's lead elephant for a long time.

Others on the show at that time were Wm. Melrose, feature bare-back rider; The Potters, trapeze artists; Dick Thompson, boss hostler and ring-master, and a man named Barnum, boss canvasman.

Ledgett was born in Rockford and was about 12 to 14 years old when he went out with Reynolds. He performed with two spotted ponies riding them double in ring over hurdles and a few other things. The ponies were later used by John Ringling to lead parades.

Ledgett then joined the Wallace Circus, doing jockey bare-back and later Sells Bros., where he married Dollie Julian, one of the best lady bare-back riders of her days. She was a very beautiful woman. They were featured riders for some time with the Barnum & Bailey Show.

Later on they were divorced and Ledgett married a lady bare-back rider named Irene Montgomery, who is now a featured elephant trainer, but has not ridden for some years.

Ledgett was in the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus train wreck at Hammond, Indiana, in which eighty were killed. Some ribs and his collarbone were broken and that ended his riding days.

His first position as equestrian-director was with the John Robinson Show and later put on the Sells-Floto Circus, where he still acts in that capacity. I think he and Fred Bradna are the best in the business.