# THE CIRCUS SCRAP BOOK

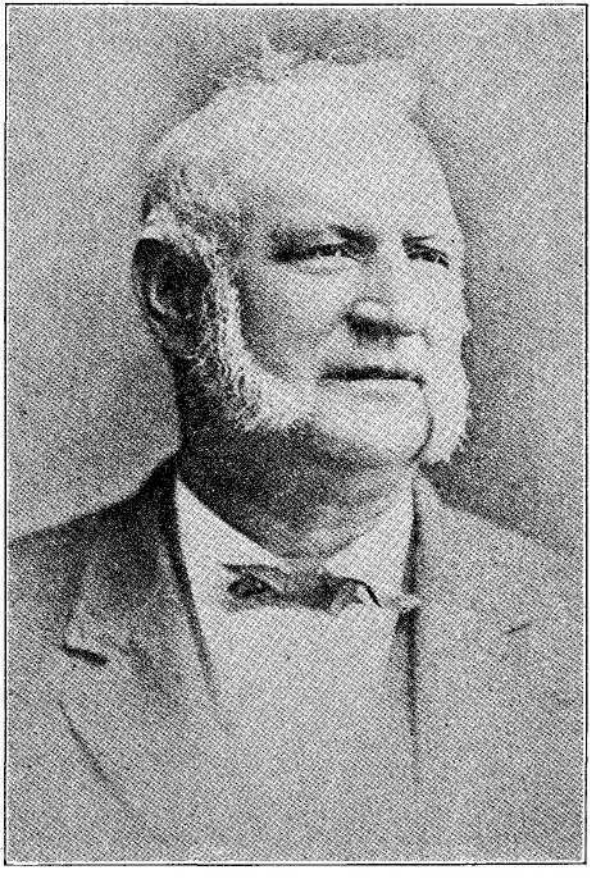
## Program

When the Circus is in Town (Poem)
Safety for Circus Stunts (Editorial)
Blondin, the Rope-Walking Pony
Women Who Conquer Beasts
My White Elephant, by P. T. Barnum
A Menagerie Secret
Clowns and Their Work
Answers to Correspondents
Circus Side-Show Brought Up-to-Date
Training Seals is Easy
The Great International Circus in Australia
My Toughest Season As a Circus Agent

**July 1931** **Number 11**

41 WOODLAWN AVENUE
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

THE CIRCUS SCRAP BOOK'S PORTRAIT GALLERY
OF CIRCUS CELEBRITIES



11. ADAM FOREPAUGH

Born: Philadelphia, Pa., February 28, 1831
Died: Philadelphia, Pa., January 22, 1890

# *When the Circus is In Town*

Let the sculptor carve an angel with its pure and saintly grace;
Let the artist paint a cherub, mostly shoulders, wings and face;
Let the poet see a vision of the spirits of the blest,
Of the shining great procession in the cloudlands of the west:
Yet these bright artistic visions of the spirits of the air
Just at present are forgotten, as they cannot now compare
With the beatific goodness and the little saintly crown
Of the small boy when the circus is in town.

He is up before his parents e'en one sleepy eye can ope
And his hair is plastered smoothly and his face just shines with soap;
With a frank ingenious countenance he lets a mild hint fall
That he's "studyin' awful" in his class and hopes to lead them all
He says, "No, sir! " "Please!" and No ma'am!" and is boisterous no more;
And he always wipes his shoes clean, e'er he comes inside the door,
Even better than the saintliest child of story book renown
Is the small boy when the circus is in town.

Now he scorns to stand behind the door to jump out with a whoop,
As the maid starts from the kitchen with a bowl of scalding soup;
And he never holds the house cat near the poor canary's perch;
He just begs to go to Sunday-school, and cries to stay to church.
He runs errands for his sister and has strangely grown polite;
Yes, he takes his hat off in the house and stays indoors at night!
What a veritable angel, with his winglets sprouting down,
Is the small boy when the circus is in town.

Boston Advertiser, 1901

# The Circus Scrap Book

[REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE]

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

Subscription Price: One Year $1.00. Single Copy: 35 Cents
Numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4.....50 Cents Each

## Safety For Circus Stunts

*(New York American, May 2, 1931)*

Death and disaster have been going so frequently to the circus tent in recent months that it seems time to consider the advisability of a law to prevent performers taking unnecessary risk.

A net might have saved the life of Lillian Leitzel when that trapeze ring broke in a show in Copenhagen. Its precaution would not have minimized the merit of her performance.

Similar precautionary measures might have spared Aurora Acevedo, star aerialist, her serious injury in Los Angeles two weeks ago.

Charles Siegrist, oldest trapeze leaper in the show business, might not have broken his neck in Madison Square Garden two weeks ago had there been better arrangements for breaking his fall.

The show goes on.

It always does, no matter what happens to the unfortunate performer. But is it necessary to run the risk of such tragic interruptions? A circus tent is not an ancient Roman arena or a modern prize ring. Its patrons are more human. They do not go to see performers killed or injured to make an American holiday.

And though circus performers could not please their public unless they really enjoyed their work, they are none the less employes paid for their services and therefore entitled to all the protection the law affords all other kinds of labor.

Employers outside the circus are compelled to install whatever safety devices are deemed necessary. They are not per-

mitted to employ men in extra-hazardous occupations, such as fire gilding.

Extra-hazardous stunts should be forbidden in the air inside a tent, as well as outside it.

Human life is human life, whether it is a circus employe or an employe in ordinary labor or business, and the same principle should apply to prevent unnecessary risk and death.

The circus can be made safer for performers without making it any less exciting or entertaining for the public.

---

# *Blondin, The Rope-Walking Pony*

By CHARLES BERNARD

"A Peculiar Hand Book," was the title of a very attractive eight-page advertising folder, used for general distribution by the Adam Forepaugh Circus during several seasons preceding the famous showman's death. This folder was devoted to illustrate and describe the sharpshooting performance of Captain A. H. Bogardus and his sons, who were featured in the Forepaugh advertising for a succession of seasons. The animal acts, trained and directed by Adam Forepaugh, Jr., were also given important space in the pages of the "A Peculiar Hand Book."

One of the acts trained and presented by the Junior Forepaugh, was an outstanding feature during seasons in the middle Eighties; it was the unique and difficult features of the act which gave it prominence in the advertising, and created a lasting impression on the circus patron. After the lapse of more than two score years, Dr. Richard Tanner, (professionally known among showmen as "Diamond Dick" the expert rifle shot,) was describing to some of the citizens of his home city, Norfolk, Nebraska, some memorable acts he had seen in the Circuses of the Nineteenth Century; among them, one that had fastened itself in his memory, was "Blondin, the Rope-Walking Pony." He gave a detailed de-

scription of the act, even to the color of the pony.

Dr. Tanner is a popular and much loved citizen of Norfolk, but for once, his veracity was questioned; the "rope-walking pony" story would not click with the home towners; "Diamond Dick" got the ha ha and the story was ridiculed. Doc knew his memory would not deceive him, so to get revenge for being doubted, he sent the writer a letter asking that some documentary evidence be sent to confirm the truth of his "Blondin" story. It was an easy task, as the Forepaugh show had given "Blondin, the Rope-Walking Pony" plenty of publicity in every medium of advertising it used, and in the Hand Book folder, a detailed description; a copy of it was on file, which was cheerfully loaned to "Diamond Dick" as the needed evidence of his memory being reliable on stories of bygone circus days.

While it is true that as a manager of shows in his own name, Addie Forepaugh did not reflect the successful policy of the illustrious senior of the name; it must be said to his credit, that as a trainer and performer he was a past master and bright star. Among the many horse and animal acts that were featured on the Forepaugh programme season after season, young Addie was the patient trainer and expert director who produced most of the acts that were in the thriller class. The training to perfection of "Blondin, the Rope-Walking Pony," was a demonstration of patient and persistent ability of a man to overcome the natural fear of all animals to vary from the rules of nature; the pony was first taught to walk the entire length of a narrow plank laid flat on the ground, then to walk a two inch strip nailed to the plank; finally a very large rope was drawn tightly on top the plank and the pony soon learned that he could walk on the round top of the rope same as he had the flat strip; then came the task of raising the rope above the ground and educating the pony to overcome the fear of that sagging and swaying motion caused by the weight and stepping of the pony; after many trials with the rope a couple of inches off the ground, the feat was finally accomplished, and repeated day after day until all fear vanished; then by gradual changes in the height from the ground and systematic guying of the heavy sailor's rope to make it perfectly steady, a height of about thirty inches from the ground was finally adopted and used permanently for the regular routine of two performances daily for "Blondin" to give under Addie's direction, and then came the reward of candy and an affectionate petting.

# *Women Who Conquer Beasts*

By LUCIA TREVOR LEE

We are accustomed to view with horror the paradoxical young Roman woman whose heart was so tender that the death of her pet sparrow moved her to bitter tears, but who could the same day attend one of Pompey's spectacles in which hundreds of lions and scores of human beings were dragged mangled and dying from the blood-soaked arena. This early form of wild-beast show in which the beast was usually the victor is not a pleasant subject to think about, and is terrible in comparison with our modern animal-training exhibitions in which the human being is the conqueror—almost always. But does not the same spirit—greatly diluted, to be sure—animate the spectator at the modern show? Suppose, for instance, that Mlle. Morelli, one of the cleverest trainers of leopards that ever lived, were to stand outside the bars and put her huge cats through their paces. Two or three days of such security for her would leave the arena empty of spectators. We really go to see not the often clumsy evolutions of the beasts, for these can be seen at any menagerie free of cost. That by which we are, consciously or unconsciously, drawn to the spectacle is the chance—just the least little chance, we tell ourselves—that something may happen. We phrase these sentiments—if indeed we phrase them at all—in vague terms, but, stripped of euphemism, the fact remains that we know that once in so often a snake-charmer is bitten to death by the deadly reptiles she handles, a trainer is disemboweled by the powerful paw of a tiger or a woman torn by the claws of a sinewy leopard. When we go to see a woman run these risks, we give secret play to barbaric emotions which in spite of years of civilization are yet latent in us.

If we view the profession of handling wild beasts dispassionately, however, we must admit that women have made a notable success as trainers in feats fully as hazardous as those heretofore undertaken by men alone. Indeed, there is no kind of perilous performance which can be demanded by a manager in which some venturesome woman cannot be found to com-

pete on equal terms with men. Of course, the public sees only the perfect product of years of training. One cannot secure a woman capable of putting twenty wild animals through an elaborate performance by advertising for her. The supply of such women is very limited, for not all who enter the unalluring calling survive its hardships long enough to become proficient trainers. Many men, as well as women, are frightened out of the profession on their first serious injury, and could not be tempted back into the cage under any circumstances. There is probably not a single woman before the public today as a beast-tamer who does not bear more than one deep scar to remind her of past encounters and escapes.

Every such experience steels her nerve and reinvigorates her alertness. Having to face danger a given number of times per week makes it seem a matter of course after a little while, and the coolness with which she steps into the ring is not, as a rule, bravado or acting.

An anecdote illustrating this is told of a well-known trainer of the old school, who walked up to the proprietor of the show and said, "If I keep on entering that cage, I shan't be living at the end of a month." "What! are you afraid of your lions? Have you lost your nerve?" was the anxious query; for loss of nerve always means for a trainer departure from a show when it does not include departure from this life also.

"The lions—pooh!" and the trainer snapped his fingers contemptuously. "But your cage is the draftiest place in the world, and I'm sure to get pneumonia in it."

The most dangerous kind of wild-beast training is the handling of a large group of different kinds of animals, for the trainer has to contend with their instinctive animosities toward one another as well as maintain her individual domination over them. Where the beasts are of widely different families, every feeling, from fiercest hate to most miserable fear, possesses the animal actors while in the ring. The trainer who would survive must combine a great variety of qualities not required in more prosaic every-day professions. She must know a good deal, too, about the health of her charges, for an apparently slight illness, induced perhaps by exposure, may have a far-reaching effect on the temper of a beast. One woman cannot watch all of twenty-odd beasts at the same time. Hence the careful trainer knows before she steps into the cage which animal needs the closest scrutiny.

There is a measure of comparative safety, too, in keeping things moving all the time. One evolution should follow another with rapidity. When the beasts have to hurry to get into position, their minds are occupied. If they have time to sulk and stretch their paws toward the white shoulder of their trainer, the idea of striking her may take complete possession of them. If she is magnetic, alert and snappy, the spirit of the thing affects the animals, and they are less likely to attack such a trainer.

Lions are not difficult to train when they are taken in hand young by a trainer who has the patience and comprehension so requisite to success. People that have much to do with wild animals claim that each one differs just as much from another as a member of the human race differs from another individual of his species. Some almost at once become amenable to kind treatment. Others have to be kept constantly under the influence of fear.

From the point of view of the public, eager to be entertained, the spectacular performance of the lion is an interesting one. It not only pleases the eye, but affords food for reflection. The animal in his various acts assumes the appropriate expressions. By the side of the lamb he is as meek as a deacon on Sunday. With the doll-child in his great paws, his mane bristles, his muzzle wrinkles and his sinews swell. While the lady puts her head in his mouth, he expresses tired toleration. But how does this sort of life strike him, you wonder, in the long wakeful night-hours in his cage? Does he still maintain that sphinx-like dignity which negatives even a desire to let you know his feelings? If born in captivity, some say, he is content, while others assert that he feels instinctively that some dim far-off calamity is responsible for his state, and knows the instinctive longing for the boundless tawny sands and the cool of his native river-rushes. Sometimes when all alone he rises, stretches his sinews slowly, and begins a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times and ending in faintly audible sighs. Then he bursts into a perfect ecstasy of sound, roar upon roar, gradually dying away like the rumble of distant thunder. No one knows what causes these outbursts. It may be the memory of freedom, it may be some unpleasant dream, or it is perhaps a mysterious touch of temporary madness. After such an outburst he is as docile and inscrutable as ever.

The lion captured when full-grown is likely to be a finer

specimen of his kind than the domestic-bred animal, but it seems cruel to keep so many confined. Surely a beast of so much intelligence in other ways must have a memory of no ordinary power. And to spend his life in longing for the alien deserts where he was reared is tragedy indeed—a tragedy that we often fail to recognize because it is not thrust upon our notice. This animal actor must surely know that a blow from his paw would crush the woman who trains him, and that if he got among the audience he could do great havoc, and finally die what would be from his point of view a glorious death. Perhaps it is instinct, and perhaps it is despair and a sense of farness from everything he understands, that keeps him at his task, day in and day out.

The wildest romancer would hardly claim that this desert-dweller can ever become domesticated so thoroughly that he prefers such a life among human beings to the one which he was designed to have. Indeed, the alternative of domestication or extinction was presented to him centuries ago, and the latter was his fate. His range used to embrace all of Africa, southern Asia and southeastern Europe, according to written history; and from fossil discoveries it is thought that he covered a far wider country. But he has been steadily retreating before civilization, and his tribe has been nearing extermination. Lions were so plentiful in Cæsar's time that as many as six hundred were slaughtered in the arena on a single afternoon, this being the great Pompey's conception of a suitable popular entertainment.

The lion-tamer of a circus has rather a more difficult task than the trainer of a single animal. The woman who has a dozen or so wild animals in a cage with her has to keep constantly alert and check a prospective battle at the first growl. A certain amount of fear—some trainers call it respect—must be instilled in the members of a large troupe exhibiting together. For this reason, handling a single animal is pleasanter in every way. More of an appeal can be made to his intelligence, and much more intricate and difficult tricks can be taught him. But even so, lion-taming is at best a dangerous enough profession with only a single beast.

I have said that a certain amount of fear, or respect, must be instilled in a troupe of animals exhibiting together. It must not be inferred, however, that it is because of fear that the animal is obedient to the commands of the trainer. Habit and ignorance, according to all the authorities on such mat-

ters, are what cause the animal to become an apt pupil of his human instructor. The animal acquires the habit of doing the same things at about the same times, and ignorance of his power as compared with that of his individual trainer keeps him in a suitable state of subjection.

An essential in the training of animals to perform is that they become acquainted with their trainer's personality. They must learn to look to the trainer for their food and drink, must come to regard him or her as their protector as well as master, and as one who, far from meaning them any harm, does everything for their welfare and comfort. In this way not only do the animals become merely accustomed to the trainer's presence, but they look forward always to the latter's coming as probably meaning something pleasant for them.

The health of an animal in captivity is always a source of anxiety, for even a slight illness has a direct effect on the temper. And if his trainer notices that he has been sullen for several performances, she may grow nervous when lying beneath his paws as "The Lion's Bride," or placing her head in his mouth.

One thing which always proves fatal to success in such a profession is to let a beast see that his trainer is even the least bit afraid of him. Of course, a woman must in the first place be extraordinarily cool and steady of nerve to choose such a business out of all those callings which offer themselves. But then, too, constant familiarity with danger of any kind gradually gives perfect confidence. A lion-trainer who would scream at a blast or jump on a chair if she suddenly saw a mouse, could walk up to a disobedient lion threatening to spring at her and cow him into subjection in a few seconds with hardly a thought of the possible consequence of failure to do so.

Lions are much easier to train than most of the other large wild animals. They are intelligent, and show gratitude to those who care for them and treat them kindly. Tigers, pumas and leopards, on the other hand, may be taught to fear their mistress, but they can never be taught affection for her. Certain purely mechanical tricks they can learn under compulsion, but for the more difficult ones there must be a basis of friendliness between beast and trainer.

That is what this lady has accomplished with her lion. He understands her commands so readily from her gestures and the modulations of her voice that their exhibitions are no

longer difficult for either. Neither is advanced in years, and both look forward to a long histrionic career—and perhaps eventually to retirement in comfort, when the lion's muzzle begins to grow gray and the lady tires of the glare of the footlights.

For those who deduce from every phase of life woman's absolute equality with man, the woman whose profession is to conquer wild beasts may perhaps be a useful case in point—for the intellectual amazon who wishes to prove such a thesis must have an extreme case to cite. But to us who are of somewhat gentler persuasion, the spectacle of a woman in the peril that such a calling must needs entail, seems too brutal for enjoyment. And the grooved, clawed arms of the woman who survives to entertain us conjure up the picture of the woman whose life has been sacrificed in a tragically trivial cause.—The Twentieth Century Home, October, 1904.

# *My White Elephant*

By P. T. BARNUM

*(The Youth's Companion, May 15, 1890)*

No doubt many readers can recall the accounts in their school-books of the famous white elephants of Burmah and Siam. I remember that a certain geography, which I studied, represented the animal as spotlessly white from the tip of his trunk to the toes of his hind feet, with a number of natives in the act of prostrating themselves before the brute in adoration.

A good many years ago the thought came to me, that one of the most valuable curiosities I could secure would be a white elephant. But when I came to inquire, I found obstacles in the way of success which seemed insurmountable.

First of all, white elephants are considered sacred animals in Farther India, and all of them are claimed by the royal court. To ask the authorities to sell one of these pampered, petted and worshipped beasts would be like offering money to a devout Christian to renounce his religion.

The inhabitants of Burmah are Buddhists, who believe in

the transmigration of souls. One feature of this faith is the notion that each white elephant contains the soul of some deceased monarch, and that no greater sacrilege can be committed than to treat disrespectfully the supernaturally favored animal. All elephants possessing the light color become the property of the royal court.

From this it may be gathered how hopeless my task seemed. Numberless attempts had been made before my time to secure one of these creatures for critical inspection. Special efforts had been put forth from England, but failure was the result in every case. In fact, any foreigner might consider himself fortunate if he were permitted to take a peep at the jealously guarded beasts at the royal court.

It can be undestood, therefore, that I was most pleasantly astonished, when, early in 1882, I received word from my agents in the far East that there was a fair prospect of procuring a white elephant. They desired me to understand, however, that it would not only require several months to bring the delicate negotiations to a head, but would take a very large sum of money. I cabled them that all the funds needed would be furnished.

The two gentlemen who acted as my agents in this matter were Mr. Thomas H. Davis and Mr. J. B. Gaylord, each of whom possessed remarkable shrewdness and skill in managing difficult business.

Theebaw was the king of Burmah at that time. He was a despot, tyrannical, cruel, and detested by most of his subjects, who often felt the weight of his displeasure. His power over his people was unlimited, and he might at any time confiscate the property of a favorite or order him to be put to death.

Theebaw's reckless life had involved him in debt to an appalling extent, and his prime minister was in sore straits for money. It was this fact, more than the king's unpopularity, which constituted the favorable condition as Mr. Davis believed, for securing a white elephant for me.

The first act of my agent was to make a quiet but generous donation to the king's principal priest, for the repair of the chapel connected with the palace. The priest was astonished and grateful, and asked Mr. Davis if there was any way in which he could reciprocate his kindness. He was thanked in turn for his good-will, and begged to think no more about it.

Some weeks later the agent told the priest that if he could

secure for him a view of the sacred elephants, he would consider the debt more than repaid. With the aid of the favorite wife of Theebaw, who appreciated Mr. Davis's contribution, the privilege was obtained, and he was allowed to look at the inmates of the royal stables, which contained several white elephants.

The next step was to approach the prime minister, who was charged with the trying task of keeping the king supplied with funds. The extravagance of the despot rendered this duty so difficult indeed that, when Mr. Davis intimated that he thought he could point out a way of adding some fifty thousand dollars to the imperial treasury, the minister was delighted, and begged him to indicate the means.

Mr. Davis was too prudent to make known his wishes, even on so strong an invitation, and he allowed several weeks to pass, during which he assiduously cultivated the friendship of the prime minister. At the same time he obtained a number of audiences with Theebaw himself, who seemed quite pleased with the vivacious and wide-awake American. It will be understood, of course, that at all these interviews it was necessary to employ interpreters.

It was evident that Theebaw's chief officer disliked the king as much as did any of his subjects, because of his cruel whims and his frightful extravagance, which led him to disregard every requirement of justice.

About this time, too, it became clear to the prime minister that a crisis was approaching in Theebaw's affairs, and that it behooved him to think of his own interests before the final crash of the rotten kingdom. When the proper moment arrived, Mr. Davis offered him seventy-five thousand dollars for one of the white elephants from the royal stables.

The proposition fairly took away the minister's breath. He declared that it could not be thought of for a moment. Mr. Davis changed the subject, and said nothing more about it for several weeks. When they met again, the minister said it would be worth his life to agree to the proposition, but Mr. Davis convinced him that it could be managed in such a way that, even if it failed, no suspicion would attach to the king's chief officer.

This was all the minister wanted, and he used all his energies in carrying out the amazing innovation upon the customs that had prevailed from time immemorial at the Burmese court. A full understanding was reached, and Mr. Davis

and his friend Gaylord left Mandalay with a promise to return in the course of a month.

The next proceeding was to charter a small stern-wheel steamer at Rangoon, and to engage a crew of fifteen Mohammedans. This done, they ascended the Irawadi to the capital, where Mr. Davis again put himself in communication with the prime minister, who, having been paid a considerable part of the large sum promised, was eager to carry the scheme to a successful issue.

It was about three-fourths of a mile from the royal stables to the wharf, and it was necessary to drive the animal through the streets to the steamer. To attempt this during daylight, or indeed in any way to arouse the suspicion of the natives, would have caused a fanatical outbreak that must have ended in the massacre of all parties concerned. None knew this better than the prime minister, who was depended upon, therefore, to see that no precautions were neglected.

Mr. Davis's knowledge of elephants led him to fix upon a docile animal about seven years old, known by the name of Toung Taloung. It would have been extremely dangerous to take a beast that was likely to be seized with the "tantrums" while moving through the crowded streets of the capital.

It is fashionable in Burmah to paint elephants, the favorite colors being red and blue. Toung Taloung received a coating of those tints, applied with such skill that it would have required a sharp-eyed man to discover that he belonged to the class of sacred elephants. Then he was carefully covered with embroidered cloth, and, when night was fully come, Toung Taloung emerged from the royal stables under charge of several trusty natives, and was started in the direction of the docks.

The course was circuitous and led through the back streets, but there was nothing to awaken suspicion, and the dock was safely reached. Mr. Davis expected difficulty here, when the beast was being led upon the boat, but he was gratified to find that the animal showed no hesitation, proving more tractable than he had supposed. He was no sooner on board than the fastenings were cast off, and the voyage down the Irawadi began.

Thus far all had gone remarkable well. Eight months had been consumed in the negotiations, and now, for the first time in the history of Burmah, a white elephant left that country for the other side of the world. But Mr. Davis could

not free himself from a misgiving that trouble would be encountered before they reached Rangoon. He and Mr. Gaylord were armed with a repeating Winchester and two revolvers apiece, and were ready at a moment's warning to fight for the prize they had secured.

Though the Mohammedan crew, hearty haters of all Buddhists, were highly pleased at the trick they were helping to play upon them, little reliance could be placed upon these people in the event of an attack. They were likely to become panic-stricken, leap overboard, and leave the two white men to their fate.

The Irawadi at that season of the year was quite low, and, despite the care used, the steamer ran aground on the night of the departure from Mandalay and stuck fast for hours. It was but a short distance below the city, and the mishap caused much apprehension on the part of the gentlemen in charge of Toung Taloung.

Shortly after midnight Mr. Davis and Mr. Gaylord were smoking on the deck of the little steamer, with their senses on the alert. At the same moment, both observed a long, low boat filled with men, stealthily approaching from the direction of Mandalay. Several of the occupants were using oars, but with such care that it was impossible to catch the slightest sound. If it had not been for the light of the moon, dim as it was, they could have laid their boat alongside the steamer without detection.

Everything confirmed the belief that the natives meant mischief, though whether they had come with the intent to prevent an unparalleled desecration, or whether the sight of the grounded steamer led them to think there was a chance to secure loot, cannot be said with certainty.

In either case, the inducement was sufficient to invite fierce attack. The boat approached within a hundred feet. Then the rowers backed water and held their craft motionless. Evidently they wished to learn if there was any preparation for such an attack as they contemplated.

The boat, clearly seen now through the gloom, instead of approaching the steamer turned toward the land, passing between it and the craft, where it was within easy pistol-shot. All the time it was closely watched by the white men, who could not but admire the noiselessness with which the oars were manipulated. They made a complete circuit of the

steamer, returning to their starting-point, where they once more became stationary.

The watchers were convinced that the critical moment had come. The dusky boatmen were debating whether to make a sudden dash and swarm over the side of the steamer, or to withdraw, fearing that their presence might be known to a part of the crew at least.

In case they assaulted, the worst was to be feared. They would charge like a cyclone, and, despite the excellent arms in the hands of the defenders, sweep everything before them. Mr. Davis had been placed in more than one similar peril during his adventurous career, and he did not hesitate to resort to the only remedy at his command.

Pointing both of his revolvers in the direction of the motionless boat, he emptied the chambers in rapid succession. No attempt was made to aim, and the bullets, striking the water, skipped over and around the native boat in a way that would have tried the nerves of the bravest men. More than that, a sharp cry indicated that one of the crew had been hit hard, while all were in danger of being wounded or killed.

The bombardment was hardly finished when the boat was descried going up the river at full speed. The Burmese were terrified, and vanished up the Irawadi with greater celerity than they had descended the stream. It was not likely that any other demonstration would be made, but the white men kept guard until daylight. Then, after hard work, the steamer was floated off, and the voyage down the river resumed. They ran aground twice afterward, and were delayed so much that it was not until the ninth day that they reached Rangoon.

At this point, Mr. Davis considered his share in the delicate business at an end. At Rangoon, Toung Taloung was transferred to a British steamer and taken to England. The white elephant made many friends on the voyage to Liverpool, and attracted a great deal of attention there.

In the latter part of March, 1884, word was sent to me in New York that the steamer had arrived with my prize. Accompanied by a number of friends, I hastened to take a look at the animal, of which I had heard so much, and which I was convinced would prove one of the greatest natural curiosities ever brought to America.

I have had my share of disappointments during my long

career, but I doubt whether I was ever more disgusted in all my life, than when I took my first survey of the wonderful white elephant brought from the other side of the world.

In the first place, he was not a white elephant at all. One of his huge ears was of a pinkish tinge, and here and there were pale spots about his body. Like every one else, I had expected to see an animal wholly white from trunk to tail. Instead, I saw a beast so sparsely marked that he would have hardly attracted attention among an ordinary herd.

I then learned that, in reality, there is no such thing in nature as a white elephant. Occasionally in Burmah one of the immense beasts is found with a few pale spots upon his body, believed to be caused by disease; but why such insignificant markings should entitle him to be considered white is beyond my power of reasoning. However, I had the consolation, if it can be called a consolation, of knowing that my total expenditure of two hundred thousand dollars had secured me as genuine a white elephant as ever existed, and, with some misgivings on my part, he was placed on exhibition.

The result was what I anticipated. Most of those who visited the menagerie for the purpose of seeing the animal, I am quite sure shared my disappointment, and, therefore, after a short period I withdrew him from public exhibition.

Among the animals which perished in the great fire that swept away most of my menagerie at Bridgeport, in November, 1887, was Toung Taloung; and when I recalled the fortune he had cost me, and reflected that he had proven such a gigantic disappointment, I cannot say that I grieved very deeply over his loss.

---

# *A Menagerie Secret*

**(1883)**

The act of placing one's head in the mouth of a lion always seemed to us the most reckless and dangerous of anything connected with the training and exhibition of wild beasts; but an old trainer tells the following in the Boston Globe, which would give a different impression. Said he:

"We stick our heads in the lion's mouth to see what he

knows, not what he eats. A thousand times I have held my head there. I have looked down an elephant's throat half as often. I will tell you a menagerie secret: There is no danger in placing your head in a lion's mouth. Whenever the trainer performs this feat, which always makes the audience shudder, he puts his fingers into the animal's nostrils. The impulse of the lion is then to open his mouth wider, and he strains his jaws to that end. He don't want to close his mouth. A lion grows affectionate towards an old trainer, just as a tabby cat does toward a spinster who pets it. I think any good trainer might sleep in a cage of lions with impunity. I used to sleep with four gigantc bears, using the largest of them, a male, for a pillow. Now, an elephant never gets sentimental. It may be kind to you for years, and at last strike you dead without provocation or a moment's warning. When a trainer is buried up to his shoulders in an elephant's mouth, and helpless, the great beast, by the slightest pressure of the jaw, might mash in the base of the man's skull. It is extremely dangerous to put your head in an elephant's mouth. I have dared my fate that way a thousand times, but I have given it up, and don't think I shall try it again."

# *Clowns and Their Work*

**By HARRY LA PEARL**
*(New York Clipper, April 16, 1910)*

Probably no one is better able to speak of the labors of a clown than Harry LaPearl, himself one of the leading clowns of America. In an interview with a Clipper reporter, in answer to the question, "How does the work of a clown compare with that of a stage comedian?" he said:

"Did you ever stop to consider what a clown has to do to make the public laugh?"

The Clipper man said very few people gave it a thought.

"The very answer I expected," replied La Pearl, "and I shall endeavor to give you an idea of the work of a 'funny' man with a circus, and let you compare his work and that of a stage comedian."

"To begin with, a clown, to be successful, must be a good pantomimist; he must have a funny make-up, and he must have original ideas—otherwise he will soon find himself relegated to the tall timbers. He must also be an acrobat, a tumbler and a juggler, and many of them are aerialists."

"Does a comedian need these accomplishments to succeed? And yet they are a clown's stock in trade. Without them he could hope for no recognition in his calling.

"A comedian (I have been on the stage myself) changes his voice, sneezes, or he can just do a few funny steps and the audience roars. Try to do the same thing in a circus ring and, believe me, the only notice you would receive would be from the manager, who would notify you that if you wanted to continue with the show you would have to do something. Several times since I have been with the Barnum and Bailey show, I have tried to ring in a few of my vaudeville stunts, and I am ashamed to tell you the result.

"With the show this season I am doing about seven acts. Think of asking a comedian to do as much work as that! The majority of the boys are compelled to go into the "spec," or the parade as the public calls it. They then rush to the dressing-room, change their parade costumes to clown make-up, being allowed about five minutes for the change. Then they rush out to the tanbark and work like beavers to make the spectators sit up and take notice, while ten or more acts are performing.

"Of course, I will agree with you in regard to some of the clowns not being funny or having proper make-up, but take it from me they do not get very far in business—though they are usually kickers on the salary question. A good clown very rarely has a kick about salary, as the management is not slow to notice the value and services of a clever performer, and the reward usually follows. It has been so in my case, and I can mention many others.

"For instance, take Al Olifan, who has been in the show business all his life. He started at the bottom like the rest of us, and today he is one of the leading producing clowns in the country.

"I tell you, and you would agree with me if you ever tried to amuse the public, that a clown's portion is much harder than a comedian's, and he positively must be funnier. To prove this take any one of our leading comedians and let him pull the same stuff before circus crowds that he uses on

the vaudeville stage, and watch the result. In my experience I have seen many well-known comedians who have been a frost at clowning, and not because they are not clever in their own line.

"On the other hand, very few of the clowns have proved a failure on the vaudeville stage. There are Frank 'Slivers' Oakley and Spader Johnson, both of whom have made a pronounced success in vaudeville. I am not picking out two of the leading clowns, mind you, there are others too numerous to mention who have scored big hits.

"I remember once, in a little town we played in Texas, there happened to be a well-known comedian playing at the Opera House (the comedian by the way is now appearing in New York) who was asked to appear as a special favor to the management in a clown act, and, honestly, he could not draw a laugh. Why, some of the minor clowns we have with the show made him look like a 'piker'," and with a hurried "excuse me, I am on in this display, shake hands with Al Olifan," La Pearl rushed out of the dressing room.

Of course, during all this interview, the Clipper man said scarcely a dozen words. He was about to ask Mr. Olifan how he did a certain stunt, when that gentleman began by saying, "You will pardon me, but I overheard most of the conversation, and I can vouch for every word Mr. La Pearl has said."

"I have often heard this same subject discussed by performers, but never have given it a thought. There are several ways to look at it. Of course you will understand that a comedian on the vaudeville stage has to amuse his audience alone, he being the only one on the stage at the time. Now, take the clown. He is obliged to get his laughs while a dozen acts are performing at one time. He has to do something very original and funny to attract their attention," and with a hurried good-bye, Mr. Olifan went to do one of his many stunts.

## *Answers to Correspondents*

Nosey: The right name of Katherine Susannah Prichard, author of "Fay's Circus," is Mrs. Hugo Vivian Hope Throsse.

Chronicler: More circus acrobats were killed or injured in 1930 than in any previous year.

A. B. C. asks who Dan J. Fitzgerald was in the circus world.

Daniel J. Fitzgerald was assistant manager of the Walter L. Main circus. Born in Massachusetts in 1852 with a longing for the show business. Married in 1882 to Carrie Mueller, professionally known as "Carrie Armstrong." He was a well-known showman and among the enterprizes, of some importance, with which he was connected, were Barnum and Bailey, Royal Italian Circus, W. W. Cole, Sherman and Hinman, Reynolds' Enterprizes, Walter L. Main's circuses and Denby's Trans-Continental. He was a partner in the circus conducted and known as Friar Gaylord and Fitzgerald. In the course of his career as a showman he travelled extensively in Europe, Asia, Australia, South America, Canada, Mexico and the United States. He died August 6, 1904.

From Woodhaven, L. I.: Why do the hind legs of an elephant bend forward?

Because its weight being so great, when it lays down it would rise with great difficulty were its legs bent outward like those of other animals. Being bent under the body their power of pushing directly upward when the powerful muscles are exerted is greatly increased.

# *Circus Side Show Brought Up to Date*

*(The New Bedford Sunday Standard, July 2, 1916)*

Eddy Masher was skinny :there was no getting away from it. When he went to school the boys called him "Slats" and the nickname was not far-fetched at that. In time he outgrew the nickname, but he did not grow any fatter. He seemed to run to bone. He answered several "get fat quick" advertisements, but it was of no avail. Eddie is still so attenuated that a broom-stick would look corpulent beside him. To go on with the story he spent a couple of years in a southern college near his home in Louisville,

Kentucky, and then having been kidded so much by his fellow students that he got sick of it, he quit school, picked up telegraphy and got a job working nights in the Louisville office of the Western Union.

One night, a well-dressed and happy-looking man drifted into the office, filled out a telegraph blank and shoved it across the counter. Eddie picked it up and read:

"Barnum & Bailey,
"Bridgeport, Conn.

"Human skeleton dead. Notify family.

INGALLS."

A wild idea came into Masher's head. Still holding the message in his hand, he asked the stranger if he was with the circus.

"Yes," said the stranger. "My name is Ingalls. I manage the side-show."

"You'll have to get another skeleton, wont you?" inquired Masher, eagerly.

"Of course," returned the circus man.

"How would I do for the job?" asked the telegraph operator. "Here, feel of my arm. There ain't much avoirdupois there, is there?"

Ingalls reached across the counter and took hold of Masher's arm. It was about as big around as a lead pencil. The circus man looked interested. Next, Masher rolled up his trousers and exhibited what should have been the calves of his legs. He was hired on the spot and has been with the circus ever since. Anyone who saw him while the show was in New Bedford will agree that Ingalls made a find.

Because of his penchant for party clothes, Masher is billed as the "skeleton dude." He is five feet, seven inches in height and tips the scales at thirty-eight pounds.

"I eat as much as the normal person," he says, "but I can't get fat. My health is good and I guess I enjoy myself as much as any normal human being."

Masher is only one of the collection of queer people with the Barnum and Bailey Circus with whom nature has played some trick. The fat man, the giant, the pygmies and all the others, took their part in every day life, before the circus agents found them and capitalized their abnormalty.

The circus business has changed greatly in the last twenty years and the side show has undergone an even greater revolution. In the old days the circus people went ahead on the assumption that the public likes to be fooled

and the fortunes of old time promoters were built up on that theory.

As the public became more and more sophisticated, it refused to fall for the stuffed elephant and finally he was legislated off the lot along with the shell game artist and the three card monte man and other melancholy reminders of less scrupulous by-gone period.

There is no doubt that the big circus of today is the "greatest show on earth," for the money. It is an amusement enterprise constructed on a mammoth scale, but it is clean and straight clear through. The entertainment under the big top has redeemed itself in the eyes of a discriminating public, but some suspicion still clings to the side show. The crowd that surges around the side tent is filled with skepticism; it is always waiting to be convinced and expecting to get stung.

Somehow or other there is always an atmosphere of unreality and delusion about a side show. The big canvas banner on which the pictures of the freaks are set forth in lurid colors does not inspire confidence. The public gazes and repeats time and time again the remark of the countryman when he got his first glimpse at a camel, "Hell, there ain't no such animal."

The side show is visited by only a small percentage of those who take in the performance in the main tent and is usually regarded as something entirely apart from the main show and for which the management of the circus assumes no responsibility. Very little is said in the newspapers about the side show exhibits. The circus press agent devotes all his energy to gather a great crowd on the lot; it is up to the side show manager himself to divert some of the tide into his own enterprise. If he is a good manager and the main show is prospering, he succeeds, if he isn't, he soon finds it necessary to seek another job.

Clyde Ingalls, for six years manager of the Barnum & Bailey Side show, is one of the biggest men in the business. He is about forty years old and has been fifteen years in the game. Many seasons on the ballyhoo stand have tanned his face, filled it with experience, and put in his eye a kindly twinkle which betrays a good-natured tolerance for the shortcomings of humanity. When he talks, you discover that he knows his business and loves it—yes, more than loves it—he revels in it.

"You ought to have seen Ingalls when we were in Philadelphia," said Harry P. Seaton, press representative for the Barnum & Bailey enterprises, talking to a Standard man who spent a day with the circus in Fall River "We had 40,000 people on the grounds on the opening day, clamoring for a chance to spend money. Ingalls came out of the side show tent, ascended the ballyhoo stand, and looked down into the sea of upturned faces. His own face was an inspiration. He was like a little kid looking at his first Christmas tree, or like a starving man just introduced to a twenty-course dinner. He threw open his arms and the light of his eyes said, 'Come unto me, my own.' Then he plunged into the job of getting them into the side-show."

Mr. Ingalls' success in the show business is due to his personality and to his own keen insight into the public mind. He is a real showman. His winter home is in Columbus, Ohio. He entered the show business with the Forepaugh & Sells circus. Just out of college, he was engaged for the summer with a motion picture outfit which was one of the side-show attractions. The pictures were those of the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons fight.

One day the circus announcer was sick and Ingalls was asked to take his place. He made good under the big top and was taken away from the side-show to work with the main performance. He climbed rapidly and eventually became general manager of the Forepaugh & Sells aggregation. He went with the "greatest show on earth" six years ago as side-show manager and has been there ever since.

The big red wagons were still rumbling out of the railroad yards when the newspaperman arrived on the circus lot in Fall River. Everything was confusion. Sleepy crowds were everywhere. The big top was just being erected and from the cook tent the savory odors of breakfast were borne on the morning breeze. But, early as it was, the side show tent was already up and a gang of canvas men or "rough necks" as they are called in show talk, were hard at work raising the banner describing the attractions to be found within. The outside platform and the ballyhoo stands were in place and only a few minutes' work was required to make the tent ready for the public.

Along the midway, leading to the main entrance of the big top, the "butchers" or peanut and lemonade venders, all of whom travel with the show were busy putting up their

stands and arranging their stocks The newspaperman went to the ticket wagon and asked for the side show manager."

"Mr. Ingalls is the man you want to see," he was told. "He just came on the lot. You'll find him over there in the tent." No one raised any objections and the newspaperman walked in. Everything was in place and ready for business. On one side of the enclosure was the stand for the minstrel performance, which is still an important side show feature and around the tent were arranged the plush platforms to be occupied by the freaks. On one of them was arranged a varied assortment of swords and knives to be used by the sword swallower. On another were several mysterious chests which looked as though they might hold snakes. It developed later that they did.

In the center of the tent, a colored band man was tilted back in a chair submitting to tonsorial operations which were being performed by another of the minstrels. Half a dozen other members of the troupe were on the stage rehearsing a new musical number. The rest of the company had gone out to join the parade. The Singalese magicians, who give a sleight-of-hand performance, were strolling around adjusting their various colored turbans. They said that the manager was in the dressing room—a curtained enclosure at one end of the tent—and that he would soon come out. He did.

The newspaperman explained that he was anxious to look over the side-show at close range and Mr. Ingalls at once became interested. He said he would be glad to tell the visitor anything he wanted to know about the outfit and invited him to ask questions.

"How do you find your performers?" asked the newspaperman for a starter.

"Well," said Mr. Ingalls, "the circus has agents all over the world looking for new artists for the main show and often they run across people whom they think we can use here. They wire me and I investigate. Sometimes the tips are good and sometimes they're not. Sometimes freaks come and apply for jobs. We don't get many that way. A few of them I have discovered myself."

Then he told the story of Eddie Masher, the slim man.

"Jim Tarver, the giant, was tending bar down in San Antonio, Texas," Mr. Ingalls went on, after the reporter had enthused over Masher's story. "Jim, as you can see for yourself, is eight feet, three inches in height, and built in pro-

portion. The bar-room where he worked was the most orderly rum-shop in Texas and his boss hated to lose him. Hugo, the French giant, who was with the show for many years was even bigger than Tarver. He died while we were in New York, this spring.

"The midgets, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Francis Short, joined the show while we were in Madison Square Garden. That was before they were married. They had been in the show business a long time together, appearing in the midget village at Coney Island. She was a snake charmer and he was a clown. One day she was nearly killed by a boa constrictor and he saved her life—that's no press agent yarn, either—and she lost her taste for snake charming. They wanted to join the circus together and they also wanted to be married.

"We thought it would be a good stunt to pull off the ceremony during a performance of the circus. It took place in Madison Square Garden and it was one of the biggest weddings ever held in the world. We got column after column of free-advertising out of it."

Mr. Ingalls called the couple out of the dressing tent. The little bride wore a slip-on apron over her stage costume and seemed right at home in her surroundings. Both Mr. and Mrs. Short were born in New York City, of German parentage. They are the only midgets in their families.

"We like the circus, my husband and I," the little woman said. "We don't work as hard as we did at Coney Island and it seems like home to us here."

The circus man next brought out Alistair MacWilkie, the man with the whiskers. MacWilkie has twelve feet of alfafa—twelve feet—count 'em—and he has been thirty long years raising it. MacWilkie hails from Perthshire Scotland, and in his speech is the pleasant burr of the Land of the Heather. He takes a whole lot of pride in his "whiskers." Several years ago he took a $500 prize at the world's exposition in London as the champion whisker grower. After the contest, he met Hammerstein, the New York vaudeville man, and signed a contract to exhibit in this country. After concluding his engagement with Hammerstein, he went with the Ringling Brothers circus and appeared with the show several seasons.

"Me whuskers have neever been trimmed," said MacWilkie proudly. "I started t' grow them on a weeger and they ha' been growing ever since."

The Scotchman takes more care of his whiskers than a prima donna does of her hair. It is well he does for if they ever got tangled it would take a year or two to straighten them out.

While MacWilkie was extolling his whiskers, a strange-looking specimen of humanity glided out of the dressing room and started to perambulate up and down the enclosure. It looked partly like a man and partly like a monkey. You had to look at it a second time, in fact, to make sure that it was a human. It was garbed in a fur suit which made it look even more like an ape.

"That," said Ingalls, "is Barnum's famous 'What-is-it?' It's old Zip, the oldest freak in the business. Zip was the main exhibit in P. T. Barnum's first amusement enterprise, the old freak museum in Park Row, New York. His grotesque form and his ugly face were the foundation of the Barnum's fortune. He was named by Charles Dickens and he has been with the circus more than fifty years. He is more than 70 years old and he doesn't seem to grow any older. He'll probably live to be a hundred.

"He has learned to talk but he is not very loquacious. He doesn't speak more than a dozen words a week. He thinks he owns the show and hires everybody in it. Here, Zip," Mr. Ingalls yelled. "This man wants to join the show. He does a dance. Give him a contract."

Zip ambled over and grinned at the reporter. He took the newspaperman's paper and made a few marks on it with a pencil. Then he grinned again and went off waving his arms like an orang outang.

"Zip's in love with the sword swallower," said the side show manager. "And he always refuses to have his picture taken unless she holds his hand."

"Our people all like their work," said Mr. Ingalls. "Usually they stick with the show for years. Of course, once in a while somebody gets dissatisfied and quits to go into vaudeville or into a museum. Sometimes they get tired of working and go home to their folks. Most of them have families somewhere or other and their homes are just as much home to them as they would be to normal people and their folks are just as glad to see them.

"It's part of my job to keep track of them while the show is in winter quarters. In the spring, I have to round them up and if any of them have dropped out, it's up to me to get busy and fill their places.

"There is a peculiar thing about the circus business. Every man runs his part of the show just as though he owned it. I take just as much interest in the side show as if it belonged to me. It is a good system. It makes every man take an interest in his department and run it to the best of his ability. Does the side show pay? Well, the management seems to think so. On a good day we will take in $1200 or more. That means 12,000 paid admissions and some hustling for the boys in the ticket stands.

"Times have changed in the side-show business ever since I went into it. The ballyhoo man of yesterday was a roughneck, a bully, a burly plug-ugly. He had the characteristics of a low-brow rum seller, a political ward boss and a cheap auctioneer all rolled into one. All he had was a forty-eight calibre nerve and a gift of gab. His day was not so long ago; lots of folks remember him.

"He always wore a derby hat cocked on one side of his head and a set of mustaches like a Mexican bandit. When he wasn't haranguing the crowd he usually had a fat perfecto shoved in one side of his homely face. He has disappeared from the circus lot and gone the way of the wild man from Borneo who 'ate 'em raw' and the Oriental dancing girl who usually came from no farther east than Hoboken, N. J.

"The job of the old Ballyhoo man was fooling the people. He had nothing to show and it was his game to get money for showing it. He made the public so suspicious of side-shows that the public hasn't got over it yet. Our policy today is different. We believe in telling the truth and not dressing it up too much. We tell the people what we have to offer without exaggerating too much and nowadays people go out of the side show tent satisfied and not disappointed. Our show is absolutely clean; there is nothing in it to offend anybody.

"For the admission we charge, folks can see the whole show. There are no inside tents where the men can see something startling for an extra consideration. Those have been done away with. The side show business today is on such a plane that any decent man can go into it without stretching his conscience."

In circus talk the side show is known as the "Kid Show." Close social lines are drawn in circus companies and the side-show performers are a caste below the artists who appear under the big top. The big dining tent is divided into two parts. In one part, the canvass-men or "rough-necks" eat

their meals. In the other side, are long tables at which the managing force and the performers are seated according to their rank. The "freaks" have a table all to themselves.

Ballyhooing is more than an art, it's a gift and really good ballyhoo men are few and far between. The ballyhoo man is he whose silver tongue coaxes the crowd up to the ticket stands and into the show. He usually has three or four assistants but they have nothing to do but rake in the money, shove out the tickets, and toot the siren once in a while.

The ballyhoo man has no set speech. He sizes up the crowd and governs his remarks accordingly. Upon the reliability of his judgment depends the success or failure of the show. To anyone who is interested in human nature and the character of a crowd, the performance of the ballyhoo artist is a treat.

When the newspaperman came out of the Barnum & Bailey kid show tent the manager was making his opening spiel and a crowd of Fall River mill people—skeptical to the last degree stood by and listened.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Ingalls was saying. "I brought you down here to see an elephant move that big ticket wagon over there. The elephants are coming now. This way, this way, the elephants are very wild this morning. I'm only going to keep you here a few minutes; I know you're waiting for that mill whistle—"

A laugh went up from the crowd and Ingalls smiled, too.

"You see I know you," he resumed. "We don't often open so early in the day but just wanted to tell you folks about our program for the day. Here on the platform beside me you see Mme. Maxine, the greatest snake charmer of the day. She's a fine looking girl as you can see and absolutely fearless.

"Pythons, anacondas, and boa constrictors—she lives with 'em. She hangs them around her neck and arms and they're alive, ladies and gentlemen, alive. If you don't see this show, you'll miss one-half of Barnum & Bailey's three ring, ding-a-ling, blingety-bling circus. Step right this way—out of the saw-dust, sonny, take care you don't trip on that old gentleman's whiskers. This way, this way . . ."

And the newspaperman turned away and walked up the hill to where the gilded band-wagons were taking their place in the big free street parade you hear so much about.

# *Training Seals Is Easy*

By H. E. ZIMMERMAN

According to an old trainer it is a very simple thing to teach seals the tricks they do in the ring.

"The cardinal principle in training animals," says he, "is not to attempt to make an animal do anything contrary to the nature of its particular species. To be successful, a trainer must know enough about the habits of the animals he has under training to fit the tricks he would teach them to their natural bent.

"The seal is very easily taught. You begin with one seal, some small pieces of fish, and a string. You let the seal sit on his pedestal, something he likes to do by nature; then you throw him one of the pieces of fish, and he naturally and easily catches it. Next you tie a piece of fish on the end of your string and swing it toward the seal; he catches this, too, and you keep moving away from him and swinging the fish to him from an increasing distance. Now you are ready to begin with the hat or cornucopia. You put a piece of fish in the bottom of it and toss it to the seal. The seal is dexterous by nature, and his nose, quickly detecting the fish in the tip of the cone, seeks it out. The cone catches on his snout and he bites out the fish and tosses the cone aside. Before long he comes to associate the cone with fish, and he will catch any number of similar ones and toss them aside when he fails to find what he wants.

"Balancing the big rubber ball is based on the same principle. The ball is soaked in fishy brine and thrown to the seal. He gets the odour and tries his best to get into the ball and find what he is after. This results in his balancing the ball on his nose, a feat to which his supple neck and his natural feeding habits are all adapted, and then he gets his piece of fish as a prize."

# *The Great International Circus in Australia*

By JAMES W. SHETTEL, Circus Historian

A story told so often about the great American equestrian, James Robinson, that many have accepted it as truth, is that after his Australian tour with the Cooper and Bailey Great International Circus in 1877, he was about to throw away the crates in which he brought his horses to Marseilles, France, when he was approached by a stranger, who offered to buy the lumber for $100.

The liberal proposition, as the tale goes, aroused Robinson's curiosity and he pretended reluctance to make the sale, but finally agreed to give up the crates. The sum paid was said to have been sufficient to remunerate Robinson for the fares from Java to Marseilles of himself, his party of three persons and the horses. The tale is always concluded with the statement that the wood, which had been comparatively cheap at the point of embarkation was solid mahogany and extremely valuable when it reached Marseilles.

It is spoiling a favorite circus yarn to give a correct version of this incident, but the truth is that the crates were not made of mahogany. They were bamboo and there was not much left even of that, when Robinson reached Marseilles.

The authority for debunking the yarn is William E. "Bud" Gorman, one of those whose expenses the sale of the crates was supposed to pay. Robinson was married to Gorman's sister and "Bud" was a young rider at that time just getting a start in the profession in which he afterward became a recognized star. He is living now in Lima, O.

When the circus left San Francisco in the fall of 1876 Robinson was under contract to ride with the show for a

year at a salary of $500 a week. This was paid regularly until Bailey found it burdensome and then he wanted the rider to either cancel the contract entirely or take a reduction in salary. A plague in India was then at its height and the circus people were afraid to go there, so Bailey, intending to frighten Robinson told him he was planning to send the show to the stricken country for the summer. Bailey's purpose was clear to the rider and he replied:

"I will just call your bluff, Mr. Bailey. You send the show to hell, put up the canvas, make a ring and I will be there to ride."

In telling this story, it has been the custom to add that Robinson continued to ride, Bailey to pay him $500 a week and the circus went to India, some accounts even mentioning "seven weeks immense business in Calcutta, followed by Allahabad, on through to Bombay." But that part of the story is another bit of fiction.

"Cooper and Bailey really never visited British East India," says Gorman. "After failing to get my brother-in-law to cancel or change his contract, Bailey leaving the show in charge of George W. Middleton, returned to the United States to engage performers and get a rider to replace Robinson for the new season.

"The circus meanwhile continued on the tour as Bailey had planned. Leaving Cookstown on the steamer Atjah, it was landed at Surabaya, Java. Java belongs to Holland and is called Dutch East India. Because of the heat, at first performances were given at night and very early in the morning. But this was for only a few days. No one came to the morning shows, so they were given up for only one show daily at 9 o'clock at night. But business was so poor that Middleton decided to close the show at Batavia, which was as near as it ever got to British India.

"He settled for the balance due on his salary for the year with Robinson, who with Mrs. Robinson, Pauline Lee and myself severed our connection with the show and later took ship for Marseilles, on our way to Paris, where we played an engagement with James Myers' American Circus. The Cooper Bailey Circus returned to Australia. That is the correct version of this circus and the British East India Trip."

The visit of the Cooper and Bailey Circus to Australia was an important event in circus history. Never before had an American show so large visited that continent. Back in

1852, Joseph Rowe took a small show there from California, remained two years and returned, it is said, with a million dollars and other valuable acquisitions. He went again in 1858 to the South Sea Islands and Australia, returning in 1860, but the trip proved unprofitable, resulting in such a heavy loss that he had scarcely enough to get him back to San Francisco. In 1867, Cook, Zoyara and Wilson took a circus company to Australia, with which Fanny Brown was "Mazeppa" in "The Wild Horse of Tartary." Omar Kingsley, impersonator of "Ella Zoyara," was the equestrian star.

In 1876, the Cooper and Bailey circus was admitted to be one of the largest, best trained and equipped shows in the United States. Heading the contingent of performers was the champion bareback rider, Robinson, who undoubtedly gave great drawing quality to the bill. The remainder of the talent was also strong, including as it did such favorite performers as Pauline Lee, in feats of equestrianism and juggling; William Gorman, the champion jockey rider; Master Clarence in principal act of horsemanship, with Peter Conklin, Shakespearian jester; the Siegrist children, the smallest gymnasts in the world; the Belmonts in feats of mid air; Mons. Siegrist and his trained dogs; the Milton Jaspers, Newton, Thomas and Clinton, in brother somersault act and Thomas and Clinton as flying men of the air; English acrobatic exercises by Cassim and Fritz; Battoute leaping by voltiguers led by J. N. Rentfrow, and comicalities by Charley Seeley, the grotesque clown. The performance closed with the amusing spectacle, "In Search of the Clown."

The concert program presented: Introductory exercises by the company; Dutch comicalities, George Davenport; serio-comic song, Daisy Belmont; ballad, Kitty Sharp; Ethiopian eccentricities, John Foster; medley, Mrs. J. W. Rentfrow; jig dance, Daisy Belmont; banjo solo, W. S. McEwen; Irish character delineations, Charles Foley; double song and dance, Gibbons and Davenport; the Fire Demon, William Mitchell.

The show, according to the record left by W. G. Crowley after opening the week of April 16, 1876, in St. Louis in a joint exhibition with Howe's Great London Circus took its own route through Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and other states.

In the style characteristic of the show scribe, Crowley says, "The route once taken was not given up. If other agents crossed it they were papered without end. Agent

after agent was sent to the front and gang after gang of bill posters assailed the enemy until they were beaten and buried beneath the paper of the Great International. There were eight different shows on its route at the same time through Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Illinois, but they were all worsted in the battle for patronage and money. Old John Robinson was badly beaten at Burlington, Ia., and Canton, Ill.; the Lent show had to sell some of its property to get out of Mankato, Minn.; the Sell Brothers jumped like kangaroos out of Ottawa, Ill.; Burr Robbins and Dan Castello flew like chaff before the wind in Wisconsin and Minnesota and Illinois, and growing tired of the fight, fled into Michigan. The fight for Minnesota and Wisconsin was a grand one, but the advance management placed the show before the people in such a way as to draw crowded houses and secure barrels of money while the shows ahead and behind were buffeted about on the waves of a stormy sea and half of them closed their season prematurely, while all of them lost money. The master stroke of the season, however, was the transcontinental trip. It was skillfully planned and carefully carried out and resulted in full houses and large receipts. Large jumps were made from Wisconsin to the Pacific slope, and before less energetic managers could comprehend the question, the International was over the Rocky and Sierra Nevada mountains and among the people who had gold and silver. Montgomery Queen gave up Nevada and fled to Oregon in despair, leaving the field unoccupied."

At the time the circus arrived in San Francisco, September 6, 1876, there were many men in the city, who never tired of recounting tales of the wealth and liberality, which they had encountered in Australia.

"Their stories were listened to and carefully noted," wrote Crowley, "and yet none knew with what results, until late the following month, when it became known that the show was to be equipped for a voyage across the Pacific. It was an undertaking that few would care to invest time and capital in; for notwithstanding the number of rumors afloat, its success or failure could only be determined by a trial.

"Of the expeditions that had already gone little definite information could be obtained. Some said this, others said that and the result of all their sayings still left the matter in doubt. W. W. Cole had only half resolved to take his establishment to what he was pleased to call the Promised land and Montgomery Queen was even then making preparations

or what resembled them closely, to start with his circus and menagerie. Cooper, Bailey & Co., however, with that fine business tact, that intuitive knowledge of things that are, which had prompted their transcontinental trip, before less skillful managers had got through thinking about it, determined to go. Instead of going to California and Australia, Mr. Cole went South to better his fortune amid the marshes of Louisiana; and instead of crossing the Pacific, Mr. Queen crossed over to Hayward and went into winter quarters.

"The undertaking was a difficult one. It required reorganization of the company; a large expenditure of capital and an ocean journey of 28 days, before the new country could be reached. Once embarked in the enterprise, however, the energetic management withheld no aid which unlimited means and great experience could afford.

"The services of James Robinson, the greatest of equestrians, and a number of the best arenic performers in America were secured to add eclat to the circus department. The menagerie was carefully selected so as to exhibit those animals toward which the attention of man has been most prominently directed. Men of marked ability and strict integrity were engaged to act as agents. When the time came, few expeditions ever departed under more favorable auspices than did Cooper, Bailey & Co's Great International Allied Shows, Circus and Menagerie.

The circus opened in San Francisco, where it played a short engagement. On the day of departure—November 8, 1876—the sun shone from an unclouded sky above the streets of San Francisco. The day before had been a national election, closing the Hayes and Tilden campaigns, and there were many people about interested in learning who was the choice of the people for president. A delay of over an hour occurred in the departure of the City of Sydney, caused by the mail being late. A foam-covered team dashed down to the dock. The mail was hurried aboard. Some one shouted, "All right." In came the gang plank. The big vessel trembled and the waters were troubled. At last they were on they way. Then a man rushed down and upset all prior impressions of the result of the election. He shouted that Hayes had a majority of two in the electoral college. The morning papers had proclaimed Tilden president. With her bow toward the sea, the City of Sydney began her voyage at 11 a m., passed through the Golden Gate and then stood boldly out to sea.

Only one vessel was sighted between San Francisco and Honolulu. It was the City of New York. The ship arrived at Honolulu November 16. At that place, Crowley records, "It being the king's birthday all places of business were closed, the people holding high holiday. The island life was seen to the best advantage. The king gave a grand reception at 1 p. m. and many of the company, went, sipped royal wine and broke royal bread. The animals were exhibited during the afternoon abroad the boat at 50 cents admission and many came, among them His Royal Highness with his suite. In the evening, Corbyn's Original Georgia Minstrels, fellow passengers on the ship, gave an entertainment at the theater, the house being crowded. The next morning the journey was resumed."

"On the evening of the 29th," the Crowley narrative continues, "we arrived off the Fiji islands, but although we sent up rockets to attract attention and although a light was seen, as if wreckers wanted us to come in, we did not go until the nex morning. Diving boys and men came about the ship in large numbers, going under water after coins very expertly. Some came also with fruit, others with shells for sale and both were well patronized. A number (of the performers) went on shore and among them were (John) Smith and (Charles) Seeley. The former threw a somersault, which caused great commotion among the natives. Seeley and Smith then did a row of 'flip-flaps' each, which caused them to be loudly applauded and gained them the names of the Fijian favorites. Before they left, the young heathens were busily employed in trying to break their legs and necks playing circus.

"Leaving Kandavu, we continued the voyage and at 2 p. m. on December 6 were passing through the head of Sydney, (Australia) harbor. At daylight we were safe at the wharf. In Sydney, the first feeling was one of surprise at finding so large and well-built a city. It was different from what we had expected. In all respects, it had the appearance of a busy commercial city, and has much about it which will well repay several days of studious attention." Sidney, with suburbs, was credited with a population of 135,000.

The advance agents, J. B. Gaylord, R. G. Ball, H. B. Lyons and Signor G. Agrati had done their work well. "It is no wonder," wrote Crowley, "a large crowd was at the boat and much interest was excited. It was the talk of the city

that the 'Great Wild Beast Show,' the common English name for a menagerie, had arrived. The people were put in hotels and left to amuse themselves until the evening of December 18, upon which date the opening was made. Efforts were made to procure permission for a street parade, but were unsuccessful, the authorities refusing on the ground that it would impede traffic and render accidents liable. The opening house was fair and steadily improved, there being very fine houses during the (Christmas) holiday week.

The program that was presented during the first season in Australia follows:

Grand spectacular selections, "Ernani," by the Band. Grand spectacular pageant, introducing Knights and Ladies, mounted on richly caparisoned steeds, banner-bearing Footmen; Elephants, Camels, beautiful Horses, lilliputian Ponies, and a variety of animals the whole forming a scene of splendour rarely, if ever, equalled. The trained elephant, "Titania, introduced by Prof. George W. Johnston. Block built Pyramid and Contortion act. Satsuma and Little Allright. Principal Trick act Miss Lee.

Feats of strength and dexterity, concluding with the firing of a heavy cannon, borne on the shoulders of the French female Samson, Madame D'Attali assisted by her pupils Addie and Eugene.

The wonderful riding Cynocephalus, introduced by James Robinson; Athletic Sports of the Arena, The Company; Ponies Menage act, by the youthful Prodigy, Master Eugene Robinson; Les Deux Comiques, Walhalla Brothers; The Bounding Hurdle Rider, William Gorman; Aerial Flights with Swinging Rings, Signoretta Zenobia; Double Act of Two Horses, J. Williams and Miss Addie; Battoutte Leaping by the great International band of Voltiguers, ending with a grand double somersault thrown over six elephants, by the celebrated athlete, J. S. Leopold; Equestrienne Jugglery, Miss Pauline Lee; Triple Horizontal Bar Act, concluding with a Double Somersault from Bar to Ground, Walhalla Brothers and J. S. Leopold; Gymnastic Exercises, Walhalla Brothers.

The next to the last place on the program was occupied by "the marvelous act of horsemanship by James Robinson, champion rider of the world, who will ride upon the naked back of his flying steed, leaping banners, throwing somersaults through balloons, turning pirouttes and carrying his son, Master Eugene, upright upon his head, without the aid of hands. Mr. Robinson still holds the diamond studded

championship belt, presented to him for graceful and unequalled acts of equestrianism and a challenge of 2,000 pounds is offered to the world that he can perform more and better acts upon the bare-backed horse than any living equestrian."

The concluding act on the program was the introduction of a den of savage lions. Prof. G. W. Johnston entered the den and performed the lions.

The sideshow attractions included Miss Ann E. Leak, the armless woman; Pearle and Henry Foster, Albinos, and William Mitchell, Fire King. There were also cosmoramic views and serpents. The sideshow did well, the armless woman exciting much attention.

The concert was inaugurated toward the close of the season and took well. The usual program included: the grand overture by the orchestra; introductory exercises, the company; serio-comic song, Patti Rosa; Dutch comicalities, George Davenport; song and dance, Robert Scott; banjo solo Lance Lenton; clog dance, Patti Rosa; double song and dance, Gibbons and Davenport; Irish character song, Charles Verner; musical sketch, "Dot Leetle Flute," Lance Lenton; Sailor's hornpipe, Miss Verner; "The Irish Emigrants," R. Scott and Patti Rosa.

On the night of Friday, January 12, 1877, after a splendid success, the season in Sydney closed and everything was loaded on board the steamer Macedon, upon which the circus sailed for Melbourne.

Crowley tells that the circus reached Melbourne at noon of January 16. "The company were placed in hotels as near the grounds as possible, they being at the junction of the St. Kilda and Sandridge roads, near Prince's bridge. The company were left to amuse themselves as they saw fit until Thursday, January 18, and they did so, seeing all that was to be seen.

"The efforts to gain permission to make a street parade was more successful here than in Sydney and on the morning of the 18th a grand street parade was given and witnessed by one of the largest crowds ever assembled. It was a grand success, unmarred by accident, save the falling of Mr. (Nat) Austin from his horse. The opening was held that night and the attendance was fair. Business constantly improved and the show continued to draw up to its close, Saturday, February 17, making the Melbourne theatrical managers very uneasy. Monday we took the cars, which had

been fitted up with bunks, and made a two weeks' tour in the country."

Included in the tour were the towns of Kyneton, February 19; Sandhurst, 20-21; Echuca, 22; Castlemaine, 23; Maryborough, 24; (Sunday layover) 25; Ararat, 26; Staywell, 27 and 28; Ballarat, March 1 and 2; Geelong, 3, 4 and 5. The business was very good, people being turned away at several places. With the omission of a few unimportant details, the Crowley narrative continues: "Returning to Melbourne, we shipped on the Claud Hamilton for Adelaide. We arrived at Port Adelaide March 9; went to Adelaide by rail seven miles distant; opened there March 10 and closed upon the evening of March 21, after 10 days of very fine business, with good weather. The afternoon exhibitions were here attended by almost as many people as those of the night.

"On the night of the 21st, we took the cars for a three day tour in the country. It was a rough trip. At Gawler, a dust storm came up during the afternoon show, filled the tent and blew out several side poles. This caused a panic. People howled and hurried. About 500 children screamed and fell through the seats, the seats following them. In a few seconds the place was empty. The people were readmitted after it was over but the night show was very light.

"The next day at Burra Burra, it commenced raining before they got the canvas up, nor could they erect the circus top. The country was hilly and rocky, the water for miles around running into a creek, beside which the show stood. At 6 a. m., you could have walked dry-shod over this creek; at 6 p. m., it was a raging torrent 25 feet deep. Great difficulty was experienced in getting the tents, etc., off the grounds. They were finally placed safely on the train however.

"The following day (at Kapunda) being a clear one, everything began to assume proper shape. On Monday at Port Adelaide, the night show was given up on account of wind and threatened rain. The next day we went on board the Claud Hamilton and started for Tasmania, the ancient Van Dieman's land, where we arrived without accident or grand incident upon Good Friday. It was like a Sunday—this day as observed in Launceston. By special permit we were allowed to land. We opened the following afternoon, doing a grand business. Monday and Tuesday were also put in here, the last performance being given on Tuesday night.

The rough element is very numerous here and showed its nature during the last performance by cutting the canvas and doing other mean acts.

"As the concert was proceeding, they rushed in and Seely made one desperate bluff and rushed out, while Mr. Bailey called for the 'Queen' and the extinguishment of the lights. A run of 133 miles by a little narrow guage railway brought us to Hobart Town. The first day was lost, owing to bad time on the railroad and rain. Three days were amply sufficient for them. On the following Monday, we re-shipped on board the Claud Hamilton and sailed for Sydney. A rough storm was encountered (on the voyage,) the giraffe was killed and all the animals were very sick. One large lion and three cubs afterwards died.

"On Thursday, (April 12,) we arrived again at Sydney. For the first two weeks, two shows a day were given, but the second week the menagerie was taken to the exhibition grounds during the day and only night shows were given; while the third and last week with prices reduced, the rain fell almost the entire week, destroying business. After the performance, Saturday, May 5, we took the trains of the Government railway, which had been fitted up for us and started out upon a two weeks' trip. We did some very fine and some very bad business, the latter being caused by rain." The towns visited were: May 7, Orange; 8-9, Bathurst; 10 Penrith; 11 Windsor; 12 Campbelltown; 13 Sunday run; 14 Murrumburrah; 15 Yass; 16-17 Goulburn; 18 Paramatta.

"Returning (to Sydney) from this country tour," says Crowley, "remarkable for little save its dampness, we shipped on the steamer, Victoria, to Newcastle, where we played three days to crowded houses, except the last night, when the circus tent was blown down and torn to ribbons about 7:30 p. m. Fortunately, no one was injured. The next stand was Maitland, (May 24-27). The first afternoon was lost, but the rest of the stay paid well. The following week was very cold and disagreeable and during it we played in several small towns in the Hunter River district; then went back to Newcastle and shipped to Brisbane, Queensland."

Upon the return of the circus to Brisbane, Crowley wrote and printed his account of the season, which he stated had been a successful one and rewarded Cooper, Bailey and Co. for their adventure. "The health of the company, as a rule

has been very good and pleasant times have been passed." The menagerie was taken at the close of the Brisbane season to winter quarters, which had been established in Sydney. The plans as announced in the route book contemplated the following tour: June 19-20, Toowomba; 21-22 Ipwich; return to Brisbane, take ship Yaralla; at sea, 23-24; Rockhampton, 25-30; at sea, July 1-3; Townsville, 4; at sea, 5-6; Cookstown, 7-15, then ship to Java.

The details of the route, which had been planned by Mr. Bailey, were carried out as previously explained by "Bud" Gorman until the circus arrived in Java, where the heat was so great and business was so poor, that George Middleton, who was in charge as manager, concluded it would be advisable to return to Australia and abandon the proposed visit to British East India. Before returning with the circus, he released James Robinson and his party, while the remainder of the circus troupe went back to Sidney.

In the meantime, Bailey who had gone back to the United States to secure talent, returned with Martinho Lowande and his sons, Tony and Martinho, Jr., who replaced Robinson and his party on the circus program. There is no route book to give an account of this second tour of Australia. A program of the performance given at Melbourne in the month of December has found its way to America and is in the collection of the York County Historical Society, York, Pa., to which it was presented by Jules M. Meredith, assistant superintendent of canvas, now a resident of Lewisberry, Pa., who accompanied the circus to Australia.

The performance at Melbourne, the program shows, was presented in two rings. The name of J. A. Bailey appears as general director; Nat Austin, equestrian director, and Austin, James Cassim and John Maffitt, clowns. The opening was a grand triumphal march, introducing the herd of elephants, drove of camels, knights and ladies on gaily caparisoned horses, chariots, banner bearers, e.c., occupying two rings and entire outer circle. The program in the two rings follows:

**Ring No. 1**

Performing Elephont Titania, introduced by Mr. G. W. Johnson; Japanese Juggling, by Awati Catnoshin; Somersault Equestrianism, Abalardo Lowande; Clown, Nat Austin; Beautiful and Extroardinary Gymnastic Act, the Flying Trapeze, Mons. Loyal; the Two Comics, by the Walhallas; initial ap-

pearance in Victoria of The Great Brazilian Hurricane rider, Martinho Lowande, who will appear in his Great Carrying act, introducing his sons, Tony and Martinho; daring exercises on the Trapeze, by the Belmonts; Double Brother Act, the Walhallas; Graceful Equitation upon Two Horses, Miss Addie and Joseph Williams; Mlle De Granville, the Lady with the Iron Jaw.

**Ring No. 2**

Educated Elephant, Betsy, introduced by Charles Warner; Mr. George Wambold will introduce his Troupe of Educated Dogs; Principal Equitation, Master Aymar; The Flying Trapeze, by Mons. Loyal (same as No. 1); The Grotesque Clowns, Maffitt and Fritz; Double Carrying Act, Walter Aymar and Son; Classic Posturing and Grouping by George Wambold and Son.

The next to the last position on the program was occupied by the grand battoute leaps by the company, led by the champion leaper of the world, Mr. William Batcheller.

The closing performance was Martinho Lowande's thrilling act of equestrianism, styled "The Flight of the Whirlwind," in which he rode, handled and drove seven horses at one and the same time.

The acts of Martinho Lowande and Mlle Cordelia on the seventh position in Ring No. 1 and Ring No. 2 were not given at one time, but following each other, for the reason, to quote the program "that both may be seen uninterrupted."

After the important towns of Australia had again been toured, the show went to New Zealand and visited all the places of any size, ending at Auckland. The equipment and company were here loaded on the ship, Golden Dawn, which set sail for Callao, Peru. The circus was aboard 59 days, being enroute 51 of them.

The voyage it is told was a stormy one. One fine elephant was lost. Another named Chief was attacked by the big rhinoceros, which had broken out of its pen. The circus visited and showed at Lima, Valparaiso and Santiago, then sailed through the Straits of Magellan to Buenos Aires. It visited next Montevidio and Rio de Janerio. According to Gorman, the Great International Circus about this time lost about all the money it had made in Australia. It returned to the United States, arriving in New York in December, 1878. The tour had then lasted close to three years and had covered about 76,000 miles.

# *My Toughest Season As A Circus Agent*

By E. P. WILEY

I have been frequently asked what season I considered my toughest as a contracting agent. Having been a circus agent for nearly thirty years makes it rather difficult for me to answer this question off-hand. I can recall several tough seasons and it is only a question of which one to select. However, I believe I can truthfully say that the toughest one I ever experienced during my entire circus career was with the Sells-Floto Circus, season of 1918.

This was during the time we were in the World War. Nearly all cities of any size had organized what were called Defense Committees, or some other organization of that nature. These organizations were supposed to be composed of leading citizens, and in many cities were given full power to act as they saw fit. In a great many cases these committees abused their power shamefully and in many places tied the city officials' hands so that they became mere figureheads. They treated the city laws and ordinances as a joke and ran everything to suit themselves. I found that the make-up of these committees were invariably of the long-faced type, generally so unreasonable and narrow-minded that their ears met. They did more harm than good and were usually made up of the kind of folks who thought all classes of amusement —except church concerts and Chautauquas—were immoral and degrading and should not be allowed on the road, especially while the country was at war. The interference of these committees certainly caused all circus agents much grief.

However in many cases it was a pleasure to meet and do business with the committees. In some of these cities the committee was made up of public spirited men who handled everything in a business-like manner and were fair and impartial to all. These men were usually of the opinion that the public needed amusement of all kinds to offset the horrors of war, and were glad to have anything in that line come to their city. I found that most of the members of

these committees either had sons, brothers or someone else dear to them in the war. Frequently, I ran into committees who thought all circuses should be compelled to give up a certain percentage of their gross receipts to them, regardless of the war tax the circus was already paying. They usually wanted the agent to write a clause in the contract naming a certain percentage that should go to them before they would issue a license. You can imagine how fast an agent had to talk to overcome that sort of proposition. Of course this was pure, unadulterated graft. It would have taken a Philadelphia lawyer to overcome all of the obstacles that confronted circus agents that season.

It kept one jumping sideways about two-thirds of the time to get into the spots the show had mapped out, and to keep a few days ahead of the number one advance car, I was the only contractor on the show that season and it sure made me step some to keep it moving.

On top of all of this the lot situation was another proposition. Nearly all of the usual circus lots were planted in war gardens, and at Oxnard, California, that spring, I had to contract one man's front yard for the cook-house and another man's front yard for the stables. Both yards were full of beautiful flowers. John Eberlie, then boss canvasman with the show—and by the way, John is still the boss canvasman with that show—will vouch for this. He told me afterwards that he could not believe I had the lots contracted until the show was on them. Even the show was skeptical and wired me to be in Oxnard when the show arrived, so that I might square any kicks that came up over the lots. However, there were none, as I had not lied or misrepresented in any way and had told the owners, when I made the contracts, that we were very apt to ruin the flowers and do some damage to the lawns. They had no kick coming. It did seem a shame to ruin the flowers, but there was nothing left for us to do but to use the lots or blow the town, as I had the only other available space contracted that looked like a circus lot.

All we could possibly squeeze on it was the Big Top, Menagerie, Side Show, Pit Show and Pad Room, and then we had to leave a sixty foot middle piece out of the Big Top, corral the Menagerie, shorten up the Side Show, Pit Show, and Pad Room, to get on. I think I made quite a remarkable record that spring for I made seventeen new lots in eighteen days without losing any time.

I will always think those two front yard contracts were among the best I ever made. I got the lots for fifteen dollars each and ten tickets. They could have shaken the show down good and plenty if they had known what we were up against, as we needed the town pretty badly. The first trouble I had with any defense committee was at Medford, our very first stand in Oregon.

I had gone to the city hall and gotten my permits for license and water from the city clerk, but when I went to my hotel at noon I found the Mayor waiting for me to give me the joyful news that he had cancelled my permits. He told me that the city officials had turned all such matters over to the Defense Committee and that the chairman of the committee was very much against a circus coming in at that time, and had asked him not to issue permits to any circus or carnival during the war period. He told me that he had no objection to circuses making the town, but that the city officials had given their word that they would not interfere with their plans in any way and that they were duty bound to keep their word.

I used every angle I knew to try and change his mind, but he stood firmly. He said he was in politics and was coming up for state senator at the Fall election. And that the chairman of the Defense Committee was an editor of one of the daily papers and that he could not afford to antagonize him or the rest of the committee. It looked like a hopeless case trying to get into the town against those obstacles, but I did not give up. A bright idea struck me when I thought maybe the defense committee might not stand so good with the editor of the other daily paper, so I decided to see him and talk matters over with him.

When I stated the case to this man he was up in arms in a minute, and he told me that the other editor had always been against anything in the amusement line, that he was a deacon in one of the churches and was only using the war scare for a blind to keep such things out of the city. He said the greater part of the Medford population was not in sympathy with such underhanded methods.

While we were talking he happened to think of a lot that was just outside of the city limits and only about two blocks farther from the business district than the regular circus lot. It belonged to a small railroad company who handled

nothing but lumber. We called them up and laid our cards on the table, as I did not want to contract the lot and then have it cancelled when the defense bunch got to them.

They were more than glad to let me have the lot as they were not in love with the defense gang. Now the next thing to do was to get hold of the County Judge and the Sheriff and get a county license.

This editor had already told me that the Judge and the Sheriff were not at all friendly with this other editor as he had fought them both at the last election, so that made it pretty soft for me to get my county license. After I got my lot and license all fixed, I went to the city hall again and tried to arrange for water and street parade and was quickly turned down. I was also told that we could not use the city streets for any purpose. I went back to my newspaper friend with my troubles. We called in the sheriff again and he fixed it with a building supply company to furnish us with all of the water we wanted at one dollar per tank. The railroad built us a crossing so close to the lot that we could almost unload on it, and at the request of my newspaper friend, and the Sheriff, the show paraded on a number of streets just outside of the city limits. The show did capacity both afternoon and evening and the city did not get a dime out of it.

My editor friend saw to it that the public knew why we showed outside of the city limits. To show you how dirty this chairman of the Defense Committee was, after we had arranged everything, he tried to call a special meeting of the Town Council, to have the lots we had contracted taken into the city so that he might cancel our license. He found that it took thirty days for any measure the council passed to go into effect and, of course, that was too late to bother us.

Even the Mayor balked on this kind of underhand stuff. He told me when I made the town in 1921 that he thought the reason he was beaten for State senator was because he let that Chairman of the Defense Committee run things as he did. However, none of the other circuses had any trouble getting into Medford that year, after I opened a way for them. It was a tough season on all circuses. These committees caused so much trouble in spots that it was almost impossible to lay down a route and get the territory lined up just as we wanted it.

However, I was very fortunate, for I only lost one town on

the entire season that I was sent to make. That town was Sterling, Colorado, in our own home state. The show was owned at that time by Messrs. Tammen and Bonfils, owners of the Denver Post, and wintered in Denver. Sterling was in the hands of one of those hard-boiled committees, who had no regard for what the citizens had to say or think, but who did things to suit themselves. The Parker Carnival company tried every way to get a license to show the city, but were turned down.

They decided to show outside the city limits. After they got everything up and ready to operate, they were visited by this committee and promptly told that if they did not tear down and get away from there, the committee would come out and tear down the outfit for them. Of course there was nothing left for them to do but to take the show down and move away.

I did not have any great amount of trouble after leaving Sterling until I reached Charles City, the third stand in Iowa. Here I found an organization that called themselves the One Hundred Percent American Club. They thought all circusmen were slackers and should be drafted and sent to the front immediately. The fact of the matter was that a larger percentage of men had gone into the Army from the circuses than from almost any other line of business and the greater part of them did not have to be drafted.

Men of the circus like adventure, travel and excitement, and so far as nerve is concerned, I will put them up against any class of men in the world. Consequently, when the call came for volunteers they went in droves. H. B. Gentry, who was then the manager of Sells-Floto Circus, will vouch for what I say, when I state that one hundred and twenty men left the show in a body at Palo Alto, California, to enlist in the Army.

It crippled the show so badly that the women performers had to carry seat planks and wait on table in the cook-house to keep the show moving. Let me cite you another case; a well-known circus agent was visiting an army camp where an army officer friend of his was in command. The soldiers were trying to load a train with cavalry horses and were having trouble in doing it. The agent asked his officer friend if he could not show the boys the circus method of loading horses. He was given permission to do so and before he got

through he was made Master of Transportation, with the rank of First Lieutenant and was sent overseas in a hurry. Before the war was over he was raised to the rank of Captain. This man was Capt. Bill Roody, who is now back at the old racket, letting the natives know that his Opera will soon be with them, Bigger, Greater, and Grander than ever. However, I lost a day in this village trying to convince that committee of the truth of these facts.

I got a sufficient number to believe my story, received my license, lot and water permits, and that was what I was after.

The next day at Iowa Falls, I was confronted with what seemed like an impossible lot situation. I had looked up Mr. Foster, who was an old friend of mine, and who had been the manager of the theatre that used to play road shows for many years. All oldtime circus agents used to troupe with the Hall shows in the winter season and Foster knew them all. He would always go out of his way to do a favor for any agent. He slipped me the glad tidings that the regular circus lot had been planted in corn, and that the only lot that he knew of that was big enough for us to get on was the Country Club golf grounds.

The gentleman who was the president of the club was now the manager of the theatre and he and Mr. Foster were not on very friendly terms.

Foster advised me to go and see him and if he turned me down, he (Mr. Foster) had some other angles we could use, as he was very friendly with the board of directors, the chairman of the board being one of his very close friends. I went to see the president of the club and he flatly refused to listen to any kind of a proposition.

We went to work on the board of directors, and after spending two days there, and holding about ten meetings with the board, with the help of Mr. Foster I succeeded in getting the golf grounds. But not until the board had looked up the weather reports for five or six years, and found that it had not rained on or near that date in that length of time. This put me only six days ahead of the number one advance car so it was a case of stepping on the gas from then on until I got caught up a bit.

Of course it happened, as it always happens in those cases, that it started to rain after we got on the lot, and they told me afterwards it was a regular cloudburst before we got

off. Mr. Foster wrote me a couple of weeks later that the grounds looked as if they had been plowed up the next morning, and that he had to hide for several days until the board of directors cooled off. I met my old friend Buck Massie, then contracting agent for the Gentry Brothers Circus (who has since passed away) shortly after I made the town and he wanted to know all about the lot, water and license, as he was going to make it also. I gave him all of the dope I could and told him the golf grounds was the only lot that was available. Buck went in to contract the town after we had showed it and the members of the Golf Club wanted to lynch him. He finally got the grounds by telling them the damage was already done and that a small show like the Gentry Bros., show could not damage it any more.

By the way, while I think of it, I want to tell you of a plea I once heard Buck make to get into a town that did not want his show. I had just closed for the lot, water and license for Gollmar Bros. circus in the Fall of 1916 at Webster City, Iowa, and was sitting in the Mayor's office visiting with him, when in walks Buck. We exchanged greetings and I introduced Buck to the Mayor. I told him that I supposed Buck was looking for a license for Gentry Bros. shows in the near future. Buck told him what date he wanted, and that he only had a small Dog and Pony Show, and asked him to be as reasonable as possible on the lot, water and license. The Mayor looked up at Buck and said: "Say, you don't want that date, do you. You are only a couple of days behind Gollmar Bros., a 25-car show, and our Fair only closes one day ahead of you. It would be suicide for your show to come in here at that time. Besides, Gollmar Bros., the Fair, and your show, will take all of the money out of our town."

Buck said, "Well, Mr. Mayor, you need not be afraid of Gentry Bros. shows not getting their share. They are not afraid of Ringling Bros., Gollmar Bros., or any of the rest of them, and so far as any of us taking all of the money out of your town, for every day Sears-Roebuck and Montgomery Ward take twice the amount of money out of your town than we would and they don't even give you a free act or a street parade for it."

The Mayor laughed and said, "Son, you win!"

I had a lot of luck from Iowa City on. I had gained several days on the number one car, and was sitting pretty when I received a wire from our General Agent, Fred A.

Morgan, telling me to jump into Mennomenee, Mich., close the town and get through as quickly as possible, as it was a transfer point and he wanted a report on it so that he could make the rest of his railroad contracts accordingly. He did not mention that the Hagenbeck-Wallace and Andrew Downie's La Tena shows had been refused a license there and had to pass the town up. I hurried into the town, went directly to the City Hall where I found the same old city clerk who had been there for years. The license there had always been pretty high and no one had ever been able to cut it. I had already decided not to try to cut it before I went to the City Hall, so I kidded the clerk awhile and asked him if Jesse James was still running things and if it was the same old sting, and told him to make me out a license permit. He had always handled the license before, but this time he told me that the Mayor had instructed him not to issue any license to any circus or carnival, but to send anyone who was looking for a license of that kind to him, as it would not be any good unless he signed it.

Mr. Lloyd, the largest manufacturer of baby carriages in the world, was the Mayor, and had his office at his factory, which was about one mile beyond the end of the street car line. I jumped on a car and started for his office. After I got off the car at the end of the line and had walked about one-half mile, it began to rain and by the time I reached his factory I was wet to he skin.

When I got to the big gate I had to wait until a watchman came to find out what my business with the Mayor was before he would let me in. When I did get into the main building, the office boy had to take my card back to His Majesty before he would see me.

By that time I was so mad I was steaming. When I did get in to him he was lying on a great big couch in his private office where it was dry and warm. It was an effort for me to keep my hands off of him.

His first remark to me was, "Well, my good man, what can I do for you?" I was still so angry over getting wet, and being stalled around that factory for an hour, that it was difficult for me to answer him civilly. When I had suficiently I stated my business. When I got through, he said, "Well, young man, I am afraid you have come to the wrong town. We don't want any circuses. Don't you know that I have already turned a couple of them down by refusing to give

them a license? Circuses should not be allowed to show during the war. Why do you fellows insist on making towns where we don't want you?"

Then I exploded. I asked him who he meant when he said WE don't want any circuses. I asked him if he meant the citizens or himself. I asked him just why circuses should stop showing during the war any more than he should close down his factory. I said, "Mr. Mayor, let me tell you something. I happen to know that your citizens DO want a circus, and I am going to show your town if I have to appeal personally to every man, woman and child in it." I did not have much hope of making the town when I found out that the Mayor had refused two other circuses a license, but I put up a bluff anyway.

When I got down-town again I stepped into the Western Union Telegraph office to wire Morgan that it was going to be tough to get into the town, and to allow me all of the time he possibly could.

I handed the operator the message to send and he said, "Did that Mayor turn you down, too?" I told him that he had. He said, "I don't want to butt in on your affairs, but I believe I can show you a way you can go over his head, if you care to do it." I replied, "I would give my right eye to put it over on that old stiff." I asked how to go about it.

He told me to go and see the President of the Council who was manager of the daily newspaper in the town as he had made the remark in his presence, that the next circus that wanted to come to town, was going to get in if he had to talk to every councilman personally. This was music to my ears, so I flew over to that newspaper office and got hold of that manager. I told him what I wanted, and that I had been to see the Mayor and got turned down cold. He told me to come and jump into his car with him and he would get me lined up in a hurry. And that he would show that old four-flusher that he alone was not running the city and that someone else had something to say. We started out and rounded up every councilman in town. There were ten of them. Before we got through we had framed up a special meeting of the council for that night, and had a promise from all of them, except one, to give the circus a license. This one councilman would not commit himself.

The President of the Council sent the Mayor a notice of the meeting, but figured he would not have nerve enough to

show up; but he came and wanted to know what the meeting was called for. When he was told, he said he was the only one who could issue a license and that there would be no circus in Mennomenee while the war was on, as long as he was Mayor.

But the President of the Council happened to have a copy of the city ordinance that said that a majority of the council could grant a license without the signature of the Mayor, When he found he was beaten he tried politics by trying to influence some of the councilmen to vote against giving me a license.

The first man they called on was the man who would not commit himself. Right here I began to worry, for I was afraid he might be against me and that he might influence some of the others. But when he got up he started off by saying, "Mr. Mayor, do you remember when you was a small boy, what a thrill it gave you when a circus came to town?" Then I knew he was for us, and before he got through I never heard anyone get such a panning as he gave that Mayor. Anyone with an ounce of red blood in his veins would have walked out of that meeting.

He told how the Mayor had allowed Chautauquas and other amusements of that nature to come into the city without any protest or without paying any license, because that sort of amusement suited him; but when something wanted to come in that had a common appeal he refused to grant them a license. He said it was time to call a halt on such methods and moved that the Council grant the circus a license free of charge. And it carried unanimously. I told the Council we were not asking for that and were more than willing to pay the regular license, but they insisted on our coming in free.

The President of the Council told me they framed that up and did it to get even with the Mayor, as he had allowed anything he liked to come in free. Naturally I was delighted with the outcome. I had some tough stands after that, but they all seemed easy after I put that one over in Mennomenee. That season had all of the Agents walking around in circles talking to themselves.

And so closed the season of 1918, the toughest one I think I had, or ever expect to have. Ask my old friend Al Butler, now of the Ringling Show, what he thought of that season.