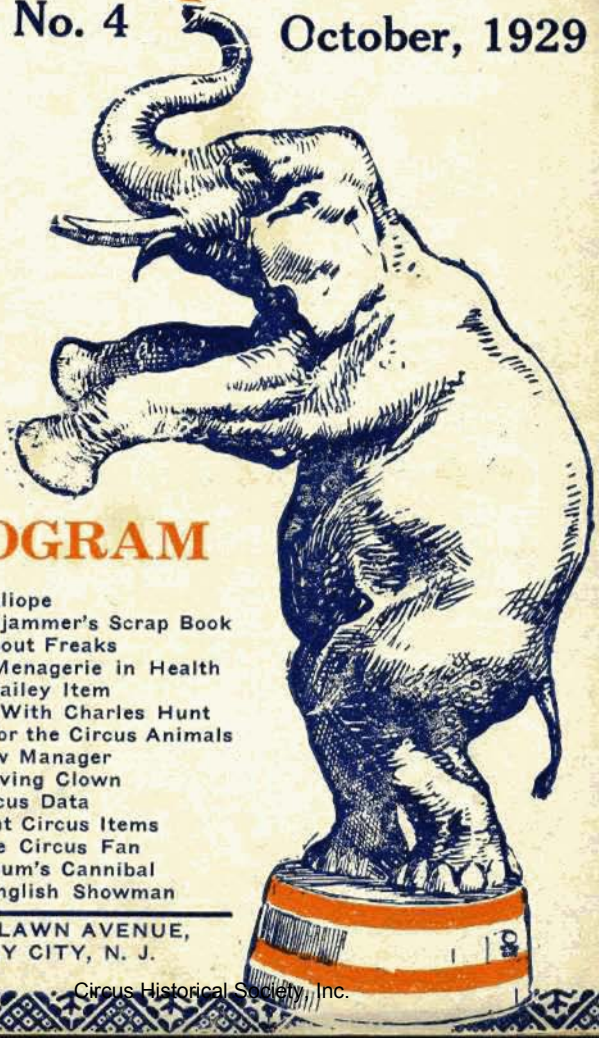
THE

CIRCUS

SCRAP BOOK

Vol. 1, No. 4 October, 1929

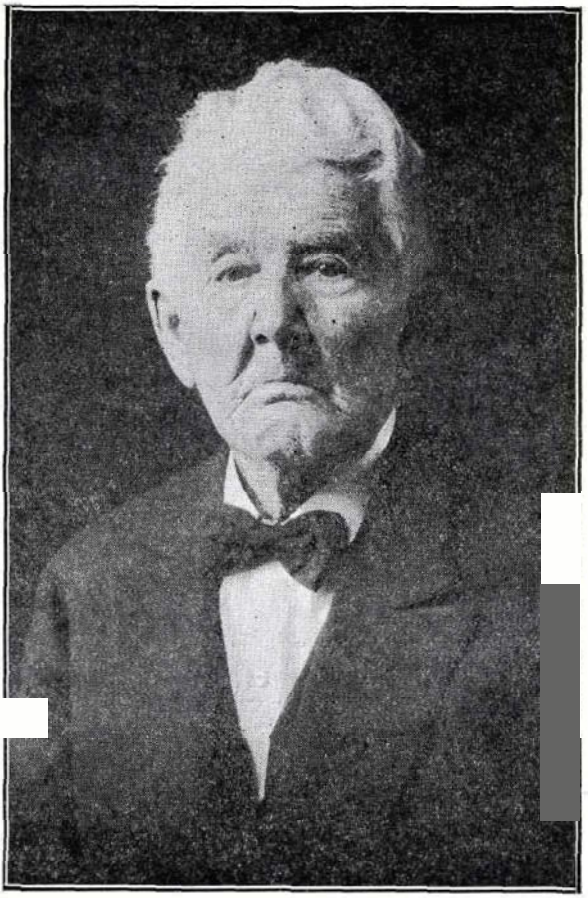


PROGRAM

41 WOODLAWN AVENUE,
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Circus Historical Society, Inc.

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



4. WILLIAM JEROME FISHER, the Oldest Living Clown in the world. Mr. Fisher lives at Shelbina, Mo., and will be 100 years old May 5, 1930. He was born at Elizabethtown, N. Y. He joined Dan Rice's Circus at St. Louis in 1849.

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The Circus Caliope

Some folks they think that military bands is jest th' thing,
They like to see 'em leadin' big parades,
They like to hear th' da-da, boom-barn. clang-clang an' zing-bing;
A lot o' noise that's set in diff'rent grades.
But I don't care a tinker's f'r th' music o th band,
An' you won't think me awful queer, I hope,
If I say that th' bestest music that's in this here land
is th' screechy, peachy Circus cal-i-ope.

Now, I don't say that bands ain't got their niche on this here earth
Home hate 'em an' by some they's jest adored;
An' men who toot an' bang an' blow f'r all that they are worth,
In Heaven surely must reap their reward.
But as f'r me, th' music that jest grips me to th' core —
An' this, ain't jest a lot o' idle dope—
I say, th' noise that makes me feel jest like a kid once more,
la th' raucous, gawkous Circus cal-i-ope.

Some folks kin sit an' listen to a orchestry all night,
An' then go home without a one regret,
I guess them kind o' noises in their places is all right,
Such crowded music never stirred me yet;
But I confess th' thing that makes me act jest like a boy,
An' makes these old rheumatic legs jest loge.
Th' music that makes this old heart keep thumpin' loud with joy,
Is th' raspy, gaspy Circus cal-i-ope.

Now, I don't say that orchestrys ain't music, understand,
They's lots o' worse things on this hemisphere;
An' I don't say th' rumpus o' a military band
Ain't not a sort o' fittin' thing to hear;
But what I am a-claimin', an' it's good advice I give,
Now that I'm far along Life's downward slope,
Is that th' kind o' music that jest wants to make you live
Is th' screechy, peachy Circus cal-i-ope.

BEATRICE TAYLOR.

Circus Historical Society, Inc.

The Circus Scrap Book

Volume I. OCTOBER - 1929 Number 4

F. P. PITZER - - - - - - - - - Editor
C. L. PANCOAST - - - - Advertising Manager

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Circus Editorial

(*Published in* The *Cincinnati Enquirer, Sept.* 11, 1907)

The season of the circus is closing—the up-idate circus, with its three rings and numerous platforms, its triplicates in every sort of performance, its dozen or even score or more of elephants. And men, women and children by the tens of thousands crowd each other within the great, billowy canvas and are overwhelmed by the bewilderment of *the* thing and the complete impossibility of seeing a third even of what is performed. Little wonder, then, that many minds among the elders revert to the circus of their youth as to a pleasant dream that has vanished, and think an appeal to the powers of these "aggregations" to give us a few "single ring" shows. To them the canvas of the mare primitive show of those far-away days was whiter than is now seen; the banners and pennants more numerous and much gayer in their wonderful colorings. And there was the coziness and neighborliness of sitting around the ring when the distances were about alike to all and all eyes were given equal and impartial chance to observe every particular phase of the entertainment from grand entree to finish. The one ring seemed larger and more perfect in its circumference than any of today. The one elephant seemed taller and broader and more stately than those of the herds we me now. Nearly always it was a fine "tusker," well bestowed with gay and clean trappings and surmounted by a

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temple-like howdah, in which reclined, fanning herself luxuriously, the "beautiful lady" in plumes and silks and satins. And, sitting upon the animal's head, masterful and awe-inspiring, was the self-possessed and daring mahout, quite the East Indian in his crescent-tipped turban, dark dyeings and gay robes. A vision of loveliness was the "young lady" in abbreviated skirts, who, with shapely legs and fascinating allurements of arms and kisses, gracefully pirouetted upon the smooth, white pad on the great, glossy horse, and, according to the clown, was always ready for "another banner." Speaking of clowns, in those days we were always in complete touch and sympathy with every gesture and word of the merry fellow in motley—such clowns as Dan Rice and Johnny Lowlow, who were always making game of the ringmaster. And the latter was very proper in full dress, immaculate linen and resplendent patent leathers, with his long-lashed, loudly cracking and ever threatening whip. Ah, what gay times the clown had with him! And how we laughed over his frequent discomfitures under the merciless quips of the merry jester! The announcement of the great stars of the show, following the profound bow, would be with erect form, head well back and clarion notes of delivery, as for instance: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the distinguished honor to announce to you, on behalf of the enterprising management, the immediate appearance in your midst of that Apollo Belvedere of the arena, Mister Robert Stickney!" And then Mr. Stickney would proceed to justify to the full this laudatory heraldry and the enthusiastic applause of the audience. His tall, splendidly molded and perfectly graceful form seemed instinct with electric life. His poses were masterpieces of the great art.

There might be only one "daring bareback rider" in this one-ring circus, but if it happened to be "Jimmy Robinson" then there was an act for your money. When he came tripping out, after his big horse, the music would cease for a moment or two and a deep hush would fall upon all within the canvas; the climax was about to be reached; the thrill of a great expectancy warned the people. Then, with dramatic intensity, came the simple words, "Ladies and gentlemen, Mister James Robinson!" That was enough; the great piece de resistance was "on" and the people were seeing the sight of a lifetime in the arena of equestrianism. The horse was already galloping slowly around the ring. The great rider's first act would be to run across the circle and leap erect to the horse's high back without touching a hand to the animal.

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He certainly carried the banner, that little man with wonderful agility, nerve, daring and precision, with his forward and backward somersaults and doubles and his perfect recoveries and poses. To the eyes of *the* wondering spectators this little man was a marvel. Whence comes such another? What wonder that a writer sf the t h e of his greatest triumphs spoke of him as "the man who rides."

Out Of A Windjammer's Scrap Book

Donated by G. A. SEVERANCE

THE GREAT LILLIPUTIAN WEDDING.

(*Scientific American, February* 21, 1863)

For some weeks past the public mind of the great metropolis has been considerably stirred by the announcement that a wedding was on the tapis between Charles S. Stratton, better known as "General Tom Thumb," and Miss Lavina Bump, known however, by the more euphonious name of "Lavinia Warren." Lemuel Gulliver in all his peregrinations never saw a more curious pair, and the whole world has never witnessed a marriage ceremony more novel or extraordinary. This little pair came together under the managerial strategy of the renowned showman, P. T. Barnum; and gossip will have it that the moment their tiny eyes first gazed into each other, a warm and loving affection at once sprung up, and the General, perceiving that his hour had come, when, if ever he could realize—

"That only bliss of Paradise which has survived the fall," entered *at* once upon the pleasing duty of offering his heart and hand, which were both eagerly accepted; and from that hour he regarded himself as no longer a fair little bachelor destined to pine away and die in cold neglect, but would henceforth assume the dignity of a family man, with "buds of promise" opening before him. Like full grown lovers each of them "sighed like a furnace," and worked as industriously as two beavers to bring their affections into the legal crucible to

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be moulded into unity for life, just as speedily as money and labor could bring this happy event to pass. Elaborate and costly toilets were prepared, expensive jewels were purchased, and an extensive retinue of clerical gentlemen were set to work to arrange for the nuptial ceremonies. On *the* 10th inst. the General, with his tiny bride and a host of attendants, walked up the aisle of Grace Church, under the inspiring strains of the organ, as it peeled forth the "Grand March of Tannhauser," and In the presence of a brilliant assemblage of invited guests, were solemnly made "man and wife" by the Episcopal form. After the close of the grand ceremonies, the gay couple returned to their headquarters at one of the most fashionable hotels, and then received the congratulations of that branch of city society which is sometimes designated as the "cream," but better known as the "codfish aristocracy." Ministers, Generals, Editors, Doctors, Lawyers, Bankers, and their wives were on hand, vieing with each other in doing homage to the happy pair, to a degree that might flatter the vanity and excite the pride of an Emperor. The immediate attendants of the bride and groom at the hymenial altar were the renowned Commodore Nutt, the miniature man, and Miss Minnie Warren, the bride's sister, who is a perfect little fairy of sixteen years. It is thought even possible that ere this she has struck the chord in the Commodore's generous heart; he is altogether the nicest little chap of his age. Upon the table in the reception room we noticed a case of gorgeous bridal presents; while on the outside of *the* hotel was the "great unwashed"—intensely peering into every door, window and stone of the hotel, with an intensified curiosity that would seem almost to penetrate to the most sacred apartment.

Stratton, the bridegroom, is a native of Bridgeport, Conn., and is now 25 years old. According to a biography now before us, he is but 32 inches high and weighs 33 pounds. He has traveled extensively, and feels at home wherever night overtakes him. He is said to own a mammoth residence in Bridgeport, which his wife declares not to be suited to her taste at all, and that she must have a nice snug cottage, and furthermore that she d l be mistress of her own house. He has also accumulated a handsome fortune, owns a yacht, is fond of sports, and is withal very careful of his money. Mrs. Stratton, his wife, is a native of Massachusetts, of respectable parentage, and is now 21 years old; she is 32 inches in height, weighs 30 pounds, is well developed, and on the whole a very nice little woman—not lacking in solid good sense. The par-

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ties have known each other for a few weeks only, and we believe it is a fact that the General popped the question on the first time that he found himself left alone in company with the lady.

It is generally admitted, we believe, that these little people have as good a right to marry as the larger folks—as to the policy of such a match it is too late to offer advice. Suffice it to say that, though they are unquestionably the smallest married pair of human beings on earth, they have created an immense sensation in bringing themselves together.

Rare Items About Freaks

(From Parley's Cabinet Library, Published in 1843)
Donated by a **Circus** Admirer

PATRICK O'BRIEN, Giant

Of the individual instances of Great Stature, Patrick O'Brien, born in the county of Kinsale, Ireland, in 1761, affords a memorable instance. He was gut to the trade of a bricklayer, but such was his height at eighteen that he was taken to England, and shown as the Irish giant. At twenty- he attained the height of eight feet and inches; and, though not well made, his bulk was proportioned to height. He continued to exhibit himself for several years, when, having realized an independence, he retired to the vicinity of Epping forest, where he died, in 1806. He was p a - liarly mild and gentle in his character and manners. & b was enclosed in a leaden coffin, 9 feet 2 inches long, and to prevent any attempt to disturb his remains, his grave, by Ma own direction, was sunk twelve feet in the solid rock.

CHRISTOPHER MILLER, Giant

This man was born at Leipsic, in 1694, and finally attained the height of eight feet. He travelled through Europe, being exhibited as a giant. He went to England in 1733, where he attracted attention by his great size, his enormous

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when they are not fit. It should be added that the circus folks have in this respect a more difficult proposition than that encountered by the handlers of animals in the zoological institutions of the various cities, because the men of the circue cannot give their animals the air and exercise *the* park animals get. Nevertheless, the circus people contrive to keep their creatures in fairly good shape.

It is said that if it were not *for* tuberculosis the circus would have a fairly easy time in so far as deaths are concerned. This disease is the enemy among the animals that must be fought to a greater degree than any other. It is estimated that about 75% of all the deaths of the circus animals—wild animals, of course, are due to tuberculosis. This is mainly to be ascribed to the fact that the animals must spend so much of their time in closed cages and do not get as much fresh air as ia desirable.

The circus animals are made ready for the opening of the season by giving them what might be called a tonic. For a week the meat *eaters are* given sulphur and cream of tartar. This seems to put them on edge.

The hay-eaters *are* the hardest to keep in good condition, offering more difficulties than the meat-eaters. The hay-eaters get food seven days a week, but the lions and the tigers are fed on only six drys, having a fast on Sunday. One of the healthiest of the hay-eaters is the hippopotamus, which, although it does not have much room for a daily constitutional or other forms of *exercise,* contrives to keep *in* good shape without much work on the part of its keepers. Food and water in proper quantities are, of course, the great things of importance in the daily life of all the animals. A day's menu for the hippopotamus would be about like this: 50 pounds of hay; one washboiler of vegetables and bran gruel; one barrel of water.

The rhinoceros, another animal that contrives easily to remain in health, has about the same menu as the hippo, with oranges and bananas added. These animals have not what one would call a highly-developed nervous system, but animals that possess sensitive natures, and, accordingly, must be handled carefully in some respects, are the sable antelopes, the gnus, the water bucks, the hartbeests, the elands, and the other varieties of the deer family.

In roping these animals, for instance, in order to trim

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their hoofs or give them other needed attention, great must be taken. If they are roughly or unskillfully are liable to die of a broken heart, literally, because they will struggle and leap, and sometimes suddenly fall dead, obviously from heart disease. If the rough roping does not kill them it is likely to offend them deeply, and they will be sad and quiet for some days. Their feelings are easily wounded. The trimming of the hoofs when excess growths are removed is the chief attention the deer family demands.

The cat family—lions, tigers, hyenas, leopards, puma—are subject to liver trouble. The average life of a feline creature in a circus is, it is estimated, about 12 years. One of the minor troubles to which lions and tigers are subject is what human beings would call ingrowing toe-nails. Their claws often turn under, because of the absence of sufficient space for them to stretch and claw as they would in a natural environment. *Then* the big beast must be stretched with a body rope and foot ropes, by the aid of which the moat dangerous mimal can be handled, d the clipping or drawing of the claws effected.

The menu of the lions and tigers is simple—meat and water. A male lion will eat in a day from 15 to 18 pounds of meat, usually beef, and drink 8 gallons of water. When one of the big cats is "off" his usual feed he is given chickens for treat. As the lions and tigers grow older *they* do not eat so much, and this is true even if they remain perfectly healthy.

The teeth of the circus creatures cause some trouble and when this is the case the difficulty is usually due to ulcerations, the animal catching cold in the teeth just as do human b—— The teeth of a lion are an important index to his quality, and a good lion can partly be judged from his teeth.

The animals do not mind traveling, nor do they become trainsick. They do not object to the crowds *at* the circus, except for a brief period in the spring, when they emerge from the winter quarters. But they soon become accustomed again to the throngs.

The circus men have more real difficulty with the young animals born in captivity than with any other one class. the young ones are born in the spring it is often hard to bring through the summer. They are subject to convulsions,

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what the circus folks call "cage fits," but if they can be kept alive for 6 months they will usually survive and *attain* maturity. It may be said that more than 60% of *the* young born to the circus animals are saved. One of the troubles encountered with the young ones is to make lime salts for their bones. They are given soda of lime, soda of salts, soda of magnesia, and bone dust and fish oil.

The kangaroo la a creature easy to maintain in health. Cabbage heads and bests and other vegetables constitute the kangaroo menu. A kangaroo is a very easy animal to handle outside the cage. An Australian clown that was with one circus showed the attendants a method of handling that is very simple. To steer the kangaroo any way you want him or her to *go* all you have to *do* is to seize its tail, keeping *it* off the mound, and you can guide the animal in any direction *with great* ease.

It is a popular notion that the polar bears are difficult to keep in shape, but this is not the case. The circus people do not use tanks of water for these creatures any mare, and by keeping them out of water it *is* found that they thrive wonderfully well. They have pine shavings for bedding, and In summer the hose is turned upon them twice *a* day.

Tuberculosis causes more havoc in the monkey section than in any *other*. Infantile paralysis also is an ill to which circus monkeys are heir, due to lack of climbing space. *It* is found that the Rhesus monkeys last longer than the others. This is the species of monkey that rides ponies in the ring, and It is doubtless due to the exercise that they get that they are healthier than ether monkeys. Some monkeys live with the circus for 6 or 7 years. The hardest monkeys to keep in condition are chimpanzees. One circus managed to keep such a monkey for 2½ years, which was a long time, by the use of a hot-water heater. It is the draughts *that* seem to cause the monkeys to get lung troubles. Monkeys do not breed in captivity as well as the cat animals. When a creature gets tuberculosis it is taken away from the other animals; the circus folks try *to* give it more fresh air, and valuable specimens are sometimes shipped back to winter headquarters for treatment.

With all the animals there is difficulty *in* administering medicine. It must Be disguised and mixed with their food,

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but even then they will sometimes detect the foreign substance and will not take the medicated food. A veterinary travels with the circus all the time, and he prescribes various compounds of drugs as needed.

Elephants are healthy animals naturally, and they are easy to keep in condition. They help themselves to maintain their health when they get into the open, because they eat earth and sand and gravel, which contain chemical substances needed for their physical well-being. They also are particularly fond of loam. If they did not get these substances they would become sick. Yet they will not eat sand or earth if it is on their hay. They will shake the hay clean before eating it. In winter it is necessary to give them a great deal of salt to take the place of the earth that they eat in the summer. Salt is thrown into the hay, and they are also given large quantities of vegetables in winter.

Colic is the ailment that elephants *get* more than any other. Tuberculosis is not a common complaint in their case. Elephants sometimes die of tetanus, as a result of nails becoming embedded in their feet.

Once an elephant becomes sick he is the worst creature in the world to do anything for, because it is so difficult to administer medicine in his case. The elephant's sense of taste foodsand rejectacute that hewill remove theefood upon his food and reject them. He will remove the food from his mouth with his trunk and throw the mess away. So it is necessary to get such a prescription compounded by the veterinary in such a way that it will accomplish the result desired and yet be so neutral in taste and smell that the pachyderm will not detect it. Hypodermic injections are not very successful, since it is most difficult to give them because of the thickness of the hide. Raw linseed oil is much used to keep the digestive apparatus of the big animals in good working order, a gallon being a nice single dose.

Bran is the great treat of an elephant's life—they are devoted to bran. Saturday is bran day when the circus is on the road, each elephant then getting about 23 pounds in addition to the daily hay, of which an elephant will eat about 125 pounds an the road, add. about 100 pounds when in winter quarters. An elephant will drink about a barrel of water each day.

Elephants travel splendidly, and do not get sick from the

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train motion, although they do get sick on a sea voyage. The thing that makes them angry is any necessity that obliges them to go without food and water beyond their usual time. Then they will begin to fight one another.

The elephant does not mind crowds—on the contrary, he likes them. If a circus elephant found himself alone on a lonely road in the country he would be frightened; he wouldn't like it any better than a city man, but he would be perfectly happy again as soon as he got back to the "white lights."

No one should get the notion that the elephants are in danger of becoming sick from peanuts and popcorn they are fed by circus crowds. An elephant has so much sense he will eat just as many peanuts as he wants and no more; he will never eat either peanuts or any other article of food until he makes himself sick. Yet there are things that an elephant will eat which are by no means good for him, such as coats and saddles. Some of the circus elephants have eaten coats, chewed them thoroughly and swallowed them. Others have eaten saddles.

A daily bath is an essential thing for an elephant. Every morning, when possible, the hose is played on each elephant, and this is a part of the day's routine that they love. The water keeps the skin from cracking, and maintains cleanliness. Performing elephants are usually oiled to keep their skins in shape, and occasionally one of the ordinary circus elephants also gets an oil massage.

A James M. Bailey Item

We have read many tributes to that great showman, James A. Bailey, but the one written by Richard F. (Tody) Hamilton, the press agent of the Barnum Circus, outdid them all. It was written at the time of Bailey's death in 1906, and reads:

"The public knew Mr. Bailey as a showman, never as a man. Barnum was a man who sought notoriety under all cir-

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cumstances. Mr. Bailey was his antithesis. He shrank from everything of a personal character, and it was only after persistent entreaties by his wife and myself that he was persuaded to sit for a photograph.

"His private benefactions were known only to his intimate associates, but they were so many that more tears of genuine sorrow will be shed for him than for any other man of wealth of whom I know in the United States, because more persons were dependent upon his bounty. He was a man who did give by stealth and blushed to find it fame. His was the happy faculty of being one of the most generous employers known. He educated the children of those who worked for him, and those who had become aged in his service he never let pass therefrom. There are men today about this circus who have no possible work to do but to draw their salaries. There was nobody who could not approach him fur aid, and he entered into the smallest details of his employees' affairs with a thoughtfulness for their comfort, which often involved the neglect of his own. Therefore, there was not one of them who would not have sacrificed his life, walked barefoot from hem to the Battery, to render him service, which, however, he would never ask.

"I remember once that he sent from Vienna a check tor $2,000 to a man whom he had not seen for five years, and who he casually heard, was 'down on his luck'. Often at Christmas time he would distribute as much as $10,000 among his employees.

"As to his personal conduct, his habits were perfect, and he was entirely different from what most persons expect a circus man to be. He was inconspicuous in his dress, reserved in manner, never used blasphemous language, and in his domestic life was flawless. He had no interests but those of his show, his home, and his quiet philanthrophies. In point of fact, the character of the man shows through his whole career.

"Mr. Bailey owned the controlling interest in the show, I think 51% or 52% of the stock. During his lifetime he gave away $7,000 shares to employees as rewards for faithfulness, an4 at the present time, every old employee of the show is a stockholder. The employees hold 24% of the stock, and 25% is owned by outsiders."

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Signor Ethardo on the Spiral Plank

(*Harper's Weekly, February* 10, 1866)

One of the most attractive features of the entertainment at the Crystal Palace in London, is the performance of Signor Ethardo. This wonderful gymnast, who is a native of Italy, ascends a long spiral platform by propelling up the narrow path a large ball on which he stands, and on which he immediately descends by the same difficult narrow road—a feat which seems to be by far the more difficult. The spiral platform, in the shape of a corkscrew, is built on the stage in front of the great orchestra, and in full view of the thousands of spectators.

Signor Ethardo has been favored with royal patronage; for, *at* the Dante Festival at Florence, he appeared in the presence of King Victor Emanual, who expressed his high approval, while His Majesty's subjects burst into a frantic fit of enthusiasm, which, *it* appears, baffled all powers of description. Italian sensitiveness was also carried to such a height that *the* music was stopped, for fear the vibration would cause the gymnast to make a false step. Certainly the large Christian assemblages at Crystal Palace displayed no particular anxiety for the performer's safety, though they were not backward in applauding him as he arrived at the various stages of his tortuous and narrow pathway, as he reached a small circular platform at the summit, and as he finally descended in safety.

The globe on which this extraordinary performer works his way up and down is 30 inches in diameter, and 90 inches in circumference. The width of the winding platform is 12 inches, and flat, with no groove or protection of any sort to assist the ascent or descent, and the height of the spiral column is 50 feet. The incline winding from the base to the capital of the column is upward of 180 feet in length. The globe is constructed of wood and iron, without any India rubber, gutta-percha or other adhesive material to assist the Signor in his difficult task.

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An Interview With Charles Hunt of Hunt's Circus

By L. P. FENNELLY

Back in the *hot* summer of 1893 a strange cavalcade wound its way along the rough, dusty highway leading west from Kingston, N. Y. It was Hunt's One-Ring Circus, probably the smallest and the most oddly assorted collection of performers ever to take to the road, on its way to fight for fame and financial gain, carrying to the innumerable cross-road settlements of the eastern part of the country the sort of entertainment *that* Barnum & Bailey, Forepaugh & Sells and the Ringling Brothers were giving to the larger centers of population.

Today Hunt's Circus is on the road. For thirty-six years it has been traveling up and down the Atlantic seaboard, going inland as far west as the Ohio river, and during all that time the same manager, Charles Hunt, has seen that was in for the two daily performances. circuses have been merging, or going out of business, the name of Hunt has been carried to practically every hamlet of any consequence in the east.

The caravan that started out in 1893 had no more than half a dozen small, rickety wagons, three performers and a few trained ponies. Today the circus has 18 performers, a working force of 70 men, a score or more of trained ponies, an elephant and a monkey. A few years back there was a hyena, but he came to grief in Baltimore, Md.

Charles Hunt was lured into circus life when, as a boy, he watched the rehearsals of the famous Barnum and Fore- performers, Dick Rinns, a first performer ever to turn a complete somersault on a horse, and his daughter, Viola, champion bareback rider of a generation ago. Father and daughter trained in a barn near Hunt's home on the out-

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skirts of Kingston, and it was there that Charles, then in his to the realization that there was a place fop him in circus life.

Hunt's Circus came into being in 1893, when Hunt three performers entered into partnership. Hunt furnished two teams of horses and his associates provided a tent. Those were the days when the farmer loaded his family into the buckboard wagon and took them to the nearest large village or city on circus day. Hunt and his companions came to the conclusion that if the circus was taken to the farmer, back in "sticks" to the small settlements, they could make a good living. To have competed with the larger outfits in more populated districts would have been folly. While they were unable to appear in the cities, so also were the large circuses prevented from going to the backwoods hamlets.

he informed his friends of his determination to start out with a circus, Hunt became the butt of their and for years afterward "Hunt's Circus" was a by-word in household in Hunt's home town. Last June he returned to Kingston, his first appearance there since 1913, and he made his friends admit that his venture had turned out well.

At least one of Mr. Hunt's associates became famous as a performer. George Bernard, who later became Hunt's brother-in-law, in after years made every circus in the country and toured every civilized country in *the* world with a contortionist and acrobatic team known as Bunth, Rudd & Bernard. Then there was Eugene Ferralto who, in Mr. Hunt's opinion, was a "happy combination"—a skeleton-giant and strong man. The third member of the trio was Ned West, who performed on the ground.

Returning to Kingston for the winter of 1893, Hunt found the circus "bug" had bitten his father, John Hunt, a cooper by trade, born in the Golden Hill section of Kingston in 1850, but who had in later life abandoned his trade and conducted several hotels in Kingston and a 50-horse livery *at* the Overlook Mountain House at Woodstock, N. Y., now a famed artists' &@. John Hunt believed there was more money to be made in the circus business, so he sold his hotel and livery and, in 1894, joined his son. John Hunt took his wife, now 76 years of age, and traveled with the circus. He died Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on June 23, 1928. He had been active up a three weeks before his death.

Mrs. Hunt, despite her advanced age, still goes about with the circus, holding the job she held *for* 35 years. Countless

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thousands have seen her as they entered the main tent, for she stands at the entrance taking the tickets. She hides those 36 years well.

Some of those first few years were lean ones for the circus. Charles Hunt tells of one particularly bad season back in 1898. The troupe was traveling to Cornwall Bridge, Conn., and the treasury consisted of one lone fifty cent piece. As the dejected caravan proceeded along the road, a blind man approached and asked for help. He was given the treasury. The show left Cornwall Bridge with net receipts of $180. Mr. Hunt believed he had made a good investment.

Today Hunt's Circus is no joke. Traveling about the country in 81 large motor trucks and smaller cars, the company has played in countless towns. It is one of the very few motorized circuses. Mr. Hunt believes that traveling by motor is costlier than by railroad or wagon, but he must go to places miles from the railroad, and at a pace much faster than horses could take his troupe.

There are now four generations of the Hunt family in the circus business. Mrs. John Hunt, her son, Charles Hunt, manager, and his wife, head of the purchasing department, and their three sons, Charles, Jr., Harry and Edward, all musicians and performers, are associated with the Hunt Circus, and a daughter, Mrs. Charlotte Levine, is co-starring with her husband in the Silvan-Drew Circus. Mrs. Levine's two children, the eldest a boy of 9 years, perform also.

For years Charles Hunt was an aerial performer, on the wire and trapeze. He quit work in the ring *two* years ago, but this year was forced back to take charge of the stock, working three horses and the elephant act.

Mr. Hunt never has believed in menageries and 15 years ago abandoned the street parade practice. He declares menageries, large and small, are scattered all aver the country, and since wild animals were used chiefly to ballyhoo a show there is now no need for them, for the people see all the animals they wish at the zoo. As for street parades, he contends that unless a circus has something worthwhile to show the people there is no use of parading closed wagons.

"We never have had a large show, but we always had a good show," is Mr. Hunt's *slogan.*

Interest in the circus is not waning, according to Mr. Hunt.. *On* the contrary, he believes the public in general is more interested today than it was thirty years ago.

Charley Hunt is a strict disciplinarian. In fact, ha is *a*

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skirts of Kingston, and it waa there that Charles, *then* in his teens, came to the realization that there was a place for him *in* circus life.

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satin coats of the most dainty shades of pink and pale blue, and even, as one pure white Arabian horse was clothed, in cloth of silver, all sparkling and shimmering.

Some of the circus animals wear hats, too, as they pass proudly around, scornful of the applause that greets them. And camels have their bobbing heads stylishly covered wi bonnets of the latest desert fashions, although there is a .m- e of the Paris millinery shops in the tilt at which they wear their striped hats this year. The prevailing mode this year, among the camels, seems to be any combination of brilliant colors, invariably tied under the chin with a coquettish "bow of orange ribbon."

There! the parade has almost passed! But look! 'way down at the end of the procession like the tail to a mammoth kite, scamper and frolic the little monkeys, each one dressed up in the oddest and gayest of costumes, and wearing queer head coverings that simply defy the word "hat."

Oh, yes! they are all dressed up, those wonderful animals, and as we watch them we take it for granted that they should wear these splendid outfits, and give little thought to all u work that it means, the many stitches, the strange places they are made in, and the enormous cost of these things, which, after all, are But a small part of the circus.

Mrs. White, who, with a corps of seamstresses, designs and makes the clothes for all animals in Barnum and Bailey's show, stands undoubtedly as the "Worth," the "Paquin" of animal costumers, and a little visit to her workshop cannot be without interest.

Come, then, and climb up the strange rickety stairs at the back of the Madison Square Garden, in New York City, where the circus happens to be at the time of this writing, up until you finally reach a white-washed room, where you are greeted most cheerfully with that good comradeship that exists always behind the scenes, and you will find yourself face to face with one of the gentlest looking little ladies, whose hair is turning white, and when she casually tells you that she has been making the clothes for all the beasts in Barnum and Bailey's Circus for thirty-five years, you don't wonder at the white hair, but silently marvel that it isn't blue or green or some other color.

Just imagine what it means to make one of those elaborate coats! The one that "Gypsy," the oldest and largest of the Barnum elephants wears, for instance. Mrs. White actually has to sit down while she is telling you about it,

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and you will sit down, too, before she finishes.

"Well," says Mrs. White, "it took ten women seven days of hard sewing to make that mantle. There were twenty-eight yards of the widest of scarlet plush, bought at wholesale for ten dollars a yard."

When you think of it, there must be something quite gratifying to one's pride to have one's clothes bought wholesale—there is no sense of meanness attached *to* that.

"And then," continues Mrs. White, "there was gilt fringe a foot deep that went all around the mantle, linings and inner-linings, embroideries in floral designs which took a thousand imitation jewels, and endless gold braids and threads and—" here Mrs. White stops, and you feel that the climax is about to be reached—"and it cost quite a little over twelve hundred dollars, material, labor *and* all."

It is at this point that you sit down, feeling vague that your simple garments have no place in such *a* fairyland, and wonder if the small boy up in *the* gallery, whose toes are coming through his show, appreciates the extent of ty's glory, for I doubt if Solomon's elephants themselves, if Solomon had elephants, were arrayed as one of these.

you like to see Gipsy's coat?" asks Mrs. White, and then you jump up full of enthusiasm again, and follow the dear little old lady d m , down the rickety stairs, and then further down until you come to Elephant Hall, and there you see them dl. Lena, Chief, Nellie, Babe, the cumbersome clown elephant, and Gipsy, huge and morose, the dowager of the band.

Oh, well, we all have known for a long time that the elephant has had *a* trunk, but here we find him with a wardrobe! For beside each elephant is a large box, painted a bright green and labelled with the owner's name, and there they keep their wonderful clothes.

Somewhere in that great building, high above the shouts of a hundred attendants, trainers *and* keepers, sounds a bell!

Quick, jerk yourself away into some safe corner, out of sight of that hurrying crowd of men who eye you ly as an outsider, out of reach of those huge hoofs, for it is time to dress the elephants, and you want to see the operation.

In a moment you realize that these beasts are royal indeed, for each has a score of valets who dance attendance in a very strenuous fashion for the next few moments. .

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There goes the cloak that Mrs. White told you about. The head valet adds the trifling information that the garment contains two hundred button holes, all made by hand. These button holes slip over little brass knobs or hooks that are all around the lower edge of the wooden chair or car that carries on his back, and so stays squarely in place.

Suddenly you grasp Mrs. White's hand—she's cornered somewhere in the dark with you, and you ask:

"Don't—don't they wear anything except clothes?"

"Oh, yes," answers Mrs. White, "hats."

You are silent for a moment, but your curiosity will not be kept down long.

"But nothing else—never anything but the coats and hats?"

And Mrs. White laughs, because she has a sense of humor, and who could make elephant coats for thirty-five years without having a broad, generous appreciation of the ridiculous!

"Oh, yes," she says, "sometimes. There's Babe—that little elephant over there—he wears pantaloons, because he is the clown."

And you put your thinking cap on and wonder why she put in the "because."

"I had a terrible time with those pantaloons. They were made of bright yellow goods covered with immense pink polka-dots, and the width of the ruffles that finished them off would mane you."

Here an elephant presses so close to you that you put out your hand and touch the spangles that adorn her green satin and yellow velvet mantle, and yon notice the hat she wears. Mrs. White calls Bessie in a soft voice, and the ele- turns and half stops while Mrs. White with a jerk straightens Bessie's hat which seems to have, a disposition to be worn over one eye, and with a grunt Bessie passes on, while you feel that you are becoming on very good terms with great beasts, and realize that the woman beside you must be, in fact, an old and tried friend of theirs.

The last of the elephants has gone by, and as you emerge once more, Mrs. White asks, with pride:

"Did you notice that no two of those coats were alike in color or design?"

"Yes," you say. "Now, please, take me up to your workshop again and tell me all—everything about this fascinating trade of yours! And how in the world did you ever learn its"

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You are half way up the ricketty little stairs again when you put this question, and Mrs. White turns upon you such a gentle, happy look that through the dust about you from the stamping of the horses and camels, you see the gleam of a little love story and you pull Mrs. White down beside you on the stairs and make her tell it to you.

"My dear, once upon *a* time,"--sad there never was a good story that did not begin that way—"I was quite a successful dressmaker, though very young." You nod your head here while a clown all dressed for the performance slides past on the bannister, not wishing to disturb the dearly loved little costumer. "And I boarded in a boarding-house," continues Mrs. White, already deep in her recital. "One day along came a fine young man, and after awhile we fell in love with one another."

Far below you one of the elephants gives you a terrible grunt and tries with his trunk to knock the striped hat from the head of the camel that is patiently standing beside him, waiting for his cue—but yon never smile.

"I found out he performed in the circus, but that did not matter. We got married, and then for the first time 'I saw him do his act in the ring."

Of course you appreciate that it is a simple story, but all, it is just as fine a one as Romeo and Juliet.

"I followed the show," says Mrs. White, "just to be with my husband, until quite suddenly one day an elephant needed a new coat and I volunteered to try my hand—and there you are! That was thirty-five years ago, and I am still at it, but I am going to resign, my dear, for I'm getting too old for this business, and the monkeys frighten me."

"*The* monkeys?"

"Oh, yes, I'm scared to death of the little imps. *One* monk~ is worse than ten elephants. You can depend upon it that k never give them a fitting as I do the other animals! I just make a little dress, and if it does not fit one monkey it has to fit another."

"Do the other animals really have fittings?"

"Two. The first one for the lining. You should see me on top of a high bench giving the first fitting to Lena's Three or four of the women come with me, and we all work together, for when you come to consider it, there is quite some fitting to be done for Madam Lena."

"When we make these clothes, the elephants and camels, etc., are usually in winter quarters at Bridgeport, Connecti-

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cut, and we do our sewing here in New York. As we cannot ask our huge customers to come to us to be tried an, we pack up the great linings, the shears, the almost endless tape-measures and more than the customary mouthful of pins, and go to Bridgeport."

"You don't use just ordinary sized pins?" you ask, and when Mrs. White assures you that they indeed just ordinary-sized pins, you experience a slight disappointment. And so the fitting is nearly all done in Bridgeport! Bridgeport, the one place in the world where the Barnum and Bailey animals are at home. There ere ten acres up there, all covered with buildings, where everything that pertains to the circus is kept during the off season. Thousands of elephants' cloaks, thousands of camels' coverings, thousands of horses' mantles, tons and tons of animals' hats, extra collarettes and all sorts of trappings; great chests full of the wild little monkey clothes that poor Mrs. White so dreads to make, and garments of all sorts belonging to everything and everyone who wears garments in the great circus. Why, there are a thousand fortunes stored away in the great buildings at Bridgeport, and these trappings are seldom used a second season.

It seems very extravagant, but there is a new outfit for every circus animal every year. Not long ago, there were two. One a little different than the other, and made especially to be worn in street parades.

After the first fitting is made, the gorgeous outside put on and the embroidered designs just outlined. Mrs. White and helpers go up and give the coat another and a final fitting. These embroidered designs are all originated by the little costumer herself, who has an extraordinary sort of talent for this sort of thing, and who seldom uses a model.

Do you wonder if the animals know they are being decked out? Well, Mrs. White seems to think they do. The first fitting makes the elephant very nervous. Sometimes they shade the whole length of their great bodies, and quiver with excitement as Mrs. White and her assistants, with basting-thread, pins and tape-measures, are busy on the tops of step-ladders, or even sometimes on little scaffoldings that have to be erected, but by the time the dress ia made they seem to feel better about it, and really appear to become quite proud of their looks when they wear their latest fashions out in the arena Wore an admiring audience.

The camels seem to take it all in a drowsy, matter-of-fact way, even to the trying on of their hats, and do not seem to

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realize that their humps make their coats the most difficult of all to fit.

The splendid, sleek, thoroughbred horses often try to shake their attractive velvet coats off, and object quite dolently at to the wearing of head-gear, but the "home-rule" in the "ring" is very decided, and what Mrs. White says they have to wear, they do wear, whether they like it or not. The little wretches of monkeys act in bands against her, and try to tear each others hats and clothes off, but Mrs. White and her women are splendid sewers, and their work is made to last, even in spite of the monkeys.

"Just to show you haw much animals dislike being gowned the first time," laughs Mrs. White, "I can tell you the story of a little country circus that boasted *of* one elephan but not so much as *a* neck-tie to dress him up with, and of the elephant keeper, who had seen in one of the lar cities the gorgeous coverings of the Barnum circus was consumed with an unholy jealousy, and determined that 'Jack' should be likewise decked out. So when he went to visit his old grandmother, who lived over the hills far away, so far away, indeed, that the elephants were a very wonderful sight, the poor child stole her precious patch-work quilt, which was very large and very quaint, and ran away with It. When he reached the circus, 'Jack' was just ready to enter the tent and lie down and die, and wave the American flag when he should be brought to life again, and *the* boy, with much pride, threw the quilt over 'Jack.' If was much too small, of course, and in the midst of his efforts to fasten it on with cords and straps, the elephant become quite wild with fright and ran away. He ran and ran until he ran right into the grandmother's garden, and though there was by that time very of the quilt left, the few patches that still clung to 'Jack' were enough to prove the guilt of the grandson."

"Never mind," you say, with a shrug of your shoulders. "there's always something disagreeable about this dressing business, but these poor things at any rate never have to wear their older brother's *or* sister's clothes!"

And, as you are once more back in the white-washed room, where half a dozen machines are buzzing at once, and a score of women are busy sewing, the wardrobe mistress drops comfortably into her own chair and laughs at your innocence.

"Don't be so sure of that," she says. "you have no idea how an elephant grows—grows fast and much—grows long a-

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ter he is twenty-five years of age, and grows clean out of his clothes."

"Really?"

"Yes; really, and then when his coat no longer fits him, I pass it on to a smaller elephant—his little brother you might call him—and so you see those touching little family economies flourish in the 'ring' as well as in the home."

You are silent for a while, thinking that the fact just presented to you makes a sort of bond between you and the "little brother elephant," and while you are wondering if there is any way in which you can let the elephant know how much you sympathize with him. you hear someone flying up the stairs.

With a snatch of sang, a gay little laugh and a low bow to Mrs. White, a girl comes into the work-shop, stopping for a moment on her way to the dressing moms of the circus performers.

She is so bright, so graceful, that you would like to know all about her—what part she in the marvelous show, wha she is, how *she came* to join the circus—but you resolutely keep silent, trying to remember that your business has to do with the animals and not with pretty girls, when suddenly you give a cry of delight and spring forward.

There, under her she carries the tiniest of Chihuahua dogs, a little light brown creature with a dainty white nose. The dog, *at* least, is a link between you! You demand its history, with the sincerest hops that she will throw in a few scraps of her own.

Oh, them circus folk! How friendly they are! No airs, no diffidence, no affection! Just a simple, trusting, friendly manner that is charming. "Now, then, Fifi, stand up on one leg," says the girl, putting the mite of a dog on Mrs. White's cutting table, and Mlle. Fifi to do as she is bid, but topples over in the attempt. The only Mlle. Fifi flushes a bit and apologizes.

"She isn't trained well, yet, but in just a little while she will be able to perform before the public," she says.

'With you?" you ask tentatively.

"Oh, no," laughs the girl. "I fly about on a trapeze and Fifi couldn't do that. But my brother-in-law, he's a clown, you know, *takes* Fifi out into the ring at the matinees, just to get her used to an audience. Mrs. White is making her a coat—she feels the change of climate so much when we travel —of rose-pink velvet and silver braid."

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Here one of the sewing girls spreads the little unfinished garment before your eyes, and explains that it is made of remnants of the magnificent mantle that Chief wore in Durbar the year before. The tiny standing collar has a charming 18th century air.

"Fifi is a dear and she is the mascot of this show," and with that Fifi's owner tucks her under her arm and disappears.

From Gipsy to Fifi is quite a jump in the and you come to the conclusion that if at both the "dowager" and the "Mascot" with equal satisfaction. you are standing in the presence of the leading dressmaker and milliner of the world, and you take your hat off to "White and company."

The Side Show Manager

By FREDDIE DARIUS BENHAM

The most unique job in the world is that of procuring human oddities or freaks, or "strange people" as they are called by modern circus owners. A circus scout, who can traverse the world from one end to the other, and by investigation and research in every land and among every race, and round up real attractions in the way of side show wonders, is worth his weight in gold to any circus management. No circus is complete without these kid or side-show attractions and each year before the show moves out of its winter quarters for a season's tour, the management spends thousands of dollars in this one department alone.

And each year a side-show must be freshened with one or two new attractions; besides there are resignations and deaths and these places must also be filled by freaks drawing as well, and better if possible, than their predecessors. So scouts are sent abroad to outlandish places searching for that human being on whom nature has played a trick. It is a hard job and freaks are frequently found in places where you least expect to find them.

Scouting for strange people is not like scouting for actors or baseball players. When a baseball scout starts out in quest

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of new material for the ball club, he has a definite route in view. He knows that a ball player can only be found in towns or cities where the game is played. And he generally knows where it is played. A theatrical scout watches small shows and at times—not frequently—discovers a star in the cast.

But starting out on an expedition to lure strange people—money-getters as freaks—to the circus is a far different undertaking, and a much harder one. When a side-show scout leaves these shores for Europe, Asia, Africa and China, and sometimes for the South Sea Islands, he gambles with Fate. He often returns without a vestige of strange man or beast.

There is no telling where a human oddity may be found. As, for instance, while in search of a three-armed man W. was supposed to be living in a small German town, a circus scout came across a giantess. She measured 7 feet 6 inches in heigth and weighed more than 400 pounds. He immediately tried to get her for the circus. She was willing to sign a contract, but she insisted her father and sister would have to accompany her.

" is your sister?" asked the showman.

"She is home now, right down in that house, pointing to a little shack not far away.

He went to the homestead. A few seconds later he was approached by another woman, taller than the first.

"What do you wish?" she inquired.

"How would you and your sister like to join the circus? I have just spoken to her about it and she consents to do so providing you and your father will be permitted to go with her," he said.

"You will have to speak to my father," averred the second giantress.

The scout realizing that he had made a great discovery went to the wheat-field nearby, where she told him her father was working, and came upon a man not more than 5 feet in stature. He did not suppose the man was the father of the girls. So he inquired if the man who lived in the house was around.

"I'm the man," announced the farmer. "Who sent you here? Gretchen?"

"I would like very much to engage your daughters for an American circus." The little old man became very indignant, replying that he would never permit his children to go to America without him.

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"But you may go, too," said the circus scout.

"No sir! I'm going to remain right here in Germany and so are my two daughters," he announced.

Three days were *spent* in the little town trying to induce the German to leave his farm and bring his daughters to America. But he would not consent. The scout then moved on, disappointedly.

His luck turned. While visiting the Hagenbach menagerie, a *Mend* informed him that a boy, whose face was entirely covered with hair lived not far from the grounds and he would like to enlist with an American circus.

Sure enough, the boy was as represented. The scout referred to him as Lionel, the Lion-Faced Boy, successor to Jojo. He was a young Pole, *born* with a strong beard, and his right nam was Stephen Biligraski.

Cliko, the African bushman, who is considered the "greatest showman of all," was found near the Kimberly diamond mines in South Africa. He is intelligent and a drawing-card as a curiosity..

Krao, the Missing Link, is another great find. To see the bearded colored woman sitting on a *high* stand in the sideshow, one would be led to believe that she was an idiot, Krao comes from Siam. A circus scout of the Barnum and Bailey show brought her back *to* America many years ago for the side-show. She couldn't speak a word of any language save her own, but now reads writes several. Krao has a pouch in her mouth similar to a monkey, where food can be stored. She can band back her fingers till they touch her wrists. She died recently.

The Pinheads are popular freaks, too, and were found in Zanzibar by a traveller who, believing they would be great attractions for a circus, brought them to the United States. The Pinheads, as they are called by circus folk, are nearly fifty years old have the minds of children about three. The female of the species has never been known to speak, and Clarence only say a few disconnected words. They are just like babies and cause as much trouble to their nurse or attendant.

While walking down Broadway one night a side-show scout saw a crowd gathered around the window of a store near Times Square, and when he managed to get near enough to see what they were looking at he noticed two midgets. They being exceptionally small; he engaged in conversation with them, and found out that they had recently arrived from

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Germany and were in search of work. The Speck brothers were the midgets. They were immediately signed for the circus.

George Auger, the Cardiff giant, was found in a similar way, only he wasn't out of work, or searching for it. When the Barnum and Bailey circus was playing in London, the parade was going down the Strand, when a big London bobby was seen in Cockspur Square directing their course. It was Augur. They signed him that night. He resigned from the force and came back to America with the show.

Giants and midgets are not difficult to get. Save a few cases they apply for the job, instead of waiting for a circus scout to look them up.

The Oldest Living Clown

By EDGAR WHITE

of The Macon (Ga.) Republican.

This story is written from an afternoon's talk with William Jerome Fisher, Dan Rice's clown in the old round-top days, in Fisher's pretty little cottage on Beach street, Shelbina.

Fisher was born in Elizabethtown, New York, May 5, 1830. Of course a man in his 99th year has trouble with his memory, but Mrs. Fisher, who is younger than the veteran clown, and who heard him talk about Dan Rice and the marvelous days of the Overland Circus, prompted as the occasion demanded, and helped the story along.

"Jerry" is the oldest man in Shelbina and the people of that town entertain the keenest affection for the man who was Dan Rice's clown.

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To most people of this generation Dan Rice is not even a shadowy memory, but here and there you will run across a white haired person whose eyes will light up when you ask him the question.

"Know Dan Rice? Well I should say I did—greatest showman that ever lived—Dan Rice was."

The circus in those days was known as the round-top—not a big three-ring affair where you need three pair of eyes and then some, to see what is going on. The old time circus was a 100-foot round top, with one central pole and one 42-foot ring. Then everybody had a show to get the worth of his money.

The clown was the main character, the leading man. All the boys watched for him and shrieked with delight as he strutted in the ring. And Jerry Fisher, an his way *to* 100, was one of them glittering heroes, and proud of it.

A clown had a chance in those days, Jerry told some visitors who called an him *the* other day, because he had only people gathered about one ring, and everybody could him. It wasn't like it is now, where if you try to get off a two-thirds of the crowd won't hear you.

Rice was a marvelous clown himself, though he almost any position with a circus. His original name was Daniel McLaren, in honor *of* an old Irish clown. It was a name wished on him by his boyhood companions. When he actually got into the circus he dropped the McLaren and was called Dan Rice. Rice began his circus career with the Seth B. Howe show in *1846,* when he was 23. He achieved immediate success, as he was a born showman. In his early days in the show business Rice was known as "the Shakespeare clown." He had read all of Shakespeare's books and was vv-stantly quoting him.

"The people knew Dan Rice From New York to the Pacific coast," said Fisher, "and they went to his circus because they wanted to see Dan mare than anything else in the tent. For a small boy to shake hands with Dan Rice was a glory to be handed down to posterity.

"Young folks would cheer vociferously the minute great showman stepped into the ring, and he always had to make a little talk before the performance started. No matter *what* Dan said the crowd took it as the voice of wisdom and enthusiastically applauded."

90's, Fisher said the last time he saw his chief was along the 30's, when Rice was at Rochester, New York. At first Rice

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didn't recognize him old friend and comrade of the sawdust days, but when Jerry told him who he was, the old showman threw his arms around his neck and cried. They sat together all that night, talking of old times on the road and the wonderful adventures they had enjoyed together.

Rice died February 22, 1900, not long after his old clown's visit.

Fisher's first meeting with Dan Rice was when the show was at Elizabethtown, Champlain county, New York, in 1847, and a chum of his, like all boys of that day, had practiced tumbling, trapeze work and had learned some comic songs. So they screwed up their courage, waited until they caught a sight of the well-known circus man and asked him to give them a try-out. "Uncle Dan, that is what they called him," said Fisher, "was a short stocky built man with a kindly face, and he greeted us with a hearty handshake and a clap on the shoulder. That fixed us. From that time on we were Dan Rice's loyal subjects.

"Rice told his men to lay a carpet on the sawdust and then signed for us to go to it, and you *bet* we did. We performed every stunt we knew, and Uncle Dan made us happy tor life by shouting and clapping his hands.

"Rice was at that time a human dynamo, a showman from the ground up, and the most encouraging boss a young chap ever worked for-

"I was willing to go with the circus and Uncle Dan m the end of the world, and told him so. But Rice was doubtful about our going, he didn't h o w whether it would be right to let me join up without my father's consent. I was 17 *then*, having been born May 5, 1830. When I toll father of the wonderful opportunity, he shook his head. There was too much danger and temptation in the life of a circus man, he said.

"So that ended *it* for the time, but two years later when I was visiting some kinfolks in Chicago, I ran across Rice. He remembered me and taking me UP to his hotel, let me sing a Pew songs. The clown of those days was supposed to sing some popular songs at certain places in the performance. I sang 'Blue-Eyed Mary,' 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' destined before long to be a great favorite with the soldier boys; 'Sweet Marie' and the Sleigh Bells song.

"None of these were intensely sentimental but they fitted in with the mood of the period.

"The circus traveled to St. Louis by way of Springfield

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and Quincy. At St. Louis Rice agreed to take me on with one condition. That condition was, that I should remit *$300* to my father to square up for *my* services until I was 21, the money to be paid out of my wages. This was satisfactory all around, and in 1849 I was on the pay roll of the great Dan Rice Overland Circus.

'We sure did have some big crowds! The country was not as thickly settled as it is now, but the people would travel for almost any distance to see a circus, and the tent was always filled."

"Before I was with the show very long Rice picked me for *a* clown, about the biggest job in the show. I had begun as a tumbler at $100 a month, but when I went on the clown job I was paid $125. That was one whale of a salary at that time.

"Money went a great deal further. For a dollar one could get into the main tent, have a reserved seat. buy *a* cigar, *a* glass of red lemonade and a sack vf peanuts. The admission was twenty-five cents for the main tent, and ten cents extra for reserved seats. The side-show was ten cents.

"The Dan Rice show traveled to the interior towns over the country roads, and by steamboat when showing at the river toms."

Some of the jokes fired off by the clowns were rather crude, Fisher said, but they had to be that way in order to get into the crowd right. Subtle jests that might go very well in a magazine or a book would miss fire entirely with a crowd of country people eating peanuts using big palm-leaf fans. The jokes that took best were those had a bit of local color in them, and the clowns had learned that the best places in town to get their local tips was at the barber shops. A clown got into trouble one night, however, by using one of those tips. The barber had told him about some local citizen who had become bankrupt and defrauded his creditors. The clown used the story this way:

"Why, Mr. Williams—the ringmaster—did you know that there was a man in this town who could jump further than any man in the world?"

Ringmaster—"No, I never heard of that man. How far can ha jump?"

Clown—"Why he jumped $100,000 in debt but I never heard of his jumping out again."

The crowd understood at whom the shaft was aimed and cheered loudly, But the clown had to be guarded to his hotel

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that night to avoid the man who went broke and defrauded his friends.

"The mother-in-law joke was old even in the 40's. H... is the way one of them was used in the Dan Rice Circus and probably in many other shows of the period:

"Clown—(Bellowing like a man bereft): 'Oh, Mr. Williams, I've just received the awfullest news!'

"Ringmaster—'Your cow died?'

"Clown—"Worser'n that, a heap worser. There was a big railroad wreck out in Kansas—400 people killed! Boo-hoo!'

"Ringmaster—'That was terrible!'

"Clown—'And my mother-in-law was coming to see me on that very train!'

"Ringmaster—'Poor woman! *And* she was in the terrible wreck?"

"Clown—'No—she missed the train!'

"When the circus would hit a town where there was notoriously bad hotel service, something like this would occur between the clown and the ringmaster:

"Ringmaster—'Say, Jerome, where are yon stopping?'

"Clown—'The Blank hotel.'

"Ringmaster—'How's the eatin'?'

"Clown—"Midlin', But I might have made *out* if I had taken my axe along.'

"Ringmaster—'For the steak?"

"Clown—'No, for the cook!'

"Dan Rice had a little joke which he worked out himself and which never failed to develop riotous laughter, and cheers. It was no trouble to find spooners somewhere in the audience quietly eating peanuts while they sat in an affectionate attitude. Dan's keen eyes would soon detect a couple of that sort and he would bawl out the ringmaster:

" 'Mr. Williams, do you know there is in this audience tonight a young man who occupies a better position that that of being president of the United States?'

"The Ringmaster—'Well, that must be a very fortunate young man. You say he is in the audience?'

" 'Sure he is, he is right here tonight.'

"Ringmaster—'I would like to see that man.'

" 'I will take you to him,' and Rice would seize the ringmaster's hand and lead him up to the edge of the circle and point directly at the young man who was sitting with his arms around his girl. Of course a thing like that would double up a crowd with laughter, and at the same time make the

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young couple want to sink through a hole in the ground. I would pretend to be very sympathetic when he observed the humiliation he had caused, and would try to patch it up way:

"'There, there, son! You put your arm right back there where it was. If I had thought these people would laugh in such an unmannerly —ion I never ~ ~have a&a W about it!'

Here is one of the jokes that used to go over pretty good in the round-top days, according to Mr. Fisher:

"After a long-winded discussion between the clown and the ringmaster it was agreed that each would tell a story, and that if either one asked a question that he couldn't answer himself he'd have to wear a dunce cap.

"'One of these little Kansas ground squirrels was way down in the earth digging and a-digging and a-digging to get out——'

"The Ringmaster—'Digging to get out How the blazes did he get in there?'

"The Clown—'That's your question. Answer it!'

"This used to create a lot of excitement:

"Ringmaster: 'Mr. Rice has just informed me that a man slipped under the canvas without paying. If he's here we want to give him a dollar for being so smart.'

"The ringmaster stepped about the edge of the sawdust, scanning the spectators. Finally *a* man dressed in a rough suit climbs down from the benches.

"'I got under the canvas,' he said. 'Gimme that dollar!' (Sensation).

"Instead of handing over the dollar the ringmaster blows a whistle, and a lot of supers rush in and make who slipped in. Seeing he is in for a fight the to run about the ring yelling, 'Murder! Police" and so on. Just as the supers were about to catch him the man swung up on the horizontal pole, stood upright, flung off his old clothes and stood revealed in tights! Then he went through a formance on the bar that made the crowd dizzy."

Fisher said that in stunts like that he had to be careful not to use them in towns too close together, because after the circus had visited a place the whole countryside would dis- the tricks and if it happened there were some people in the next town who were on to them it would fall flat.

"The crowd was always ready and anxious to laugh if you gave them the slightest excuse," said Fisher, "and some

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of the simplest things we worked up would cause the most laughter, but it was never safe to use printed jokes. Like as not, if you did some fellow would bawl out, 'I read that six months ago!'

"Rice said the best hits were these flashed out to meet a sudden situation. Once when he did the whirligig over the elephants and a line of horses, ending near the lower seats, a woman cried out:

"'Well, did you ever *in* all your life!'

"As though she had accused him of something awful, Rice walked close to the lady, bowed to her, and sincerely observed:

"'Upon my word of honor, Madam, I never did!'

"It doesn't sound like much when you read it, but the laughter ran on for several minutes.

"A boy rushed up from the annex carrying a paper in his hand, and asked who the ringmaster was. Mr. Ringmaster stepped toward the Boy, but I snatched the paper out of his Band, read it, and then walked toward the audience.

"'People,' I said, 'after the show two of our folks am going to put an a most remarkable performance. Listen:

"'My dearest darling: I have my clothes packed and ready—meet me after the show and *we* will fly together. Lovingly, Birdie.'

"The ringmaster, who was following behind, snatched the pape[redacted] *of* my hands.

"'What do you mean, sir?' he demanded fiercely, 'by reading all these people my private mail?'

"'Sounds like your private female,' I retorted.

"Dan [redacted] taught his men to be clean. He loved fun and a good time, but he didn't countenance drinking or misconduct of any sort. If he found such characters he would promptly have them *run* off the grounds.

"Circus day was the big event of the year for the people of the country. The housewife would begin making preparations for days ahead, cook doughnuts, pies and good things to eat. The old wagon was laid with straw and the family piled in. From early morning until time for the big parade the farm wagons would be streaming into town from every direction.

"In the towns young folks and some older ones as well would put up stands for lemonade, ginger cakes, popcorn and the like.

"A very little money would go a long ways and the indul-

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gence in circus lemonade, peanuts and everything the visitors wanted wouldn't hurt their pocketbooks very bad.

"There were no other distractions then, and the circus seemed to have the field all to itself, this is as far as the rural districts were concerned.

"There are a great many things to amuse the people nowadays," said Fisher, "but I don't believe anything you see know matter what it costs, nor how great the subject, will ever begin to give the people the real thrill they once found under the old Round Top."

Historical Circus Data

By M. S. B.

The New York Clipper, January 18, 1913

W. W. Cole was the first proprietor to introduce the Wild West with a circus, featuring Dr. Carver.

Cooper and Bailey was the first American circus to visit Australia.

Barnum and Bailey exhibited the greatest animal feature ever exhibited—Jumbo.

Montgomery and Queen was the first circus to visit California.

Buckley's Hippodrome, featured with the Great Eastern Circus, was the largest ever presented under canvas.

The Thayer, Noyes and Van Amburgh Circus was considered a large show in 1865, travelling by wagon and using only one tent for the circus and menagerie.

Adam Forepaugh had the largest and finest equipped wagon show prior to going on rails.

Fourteen horses were required to haul the "hip" den overland.

The W. H. Harris Nickel Plate Circus was the first to invade Prince Edwards Islands, and still holds the record of making the longest railroad jump, from Halifax, Nova Scotia to Winnipeg, Manitoba, over the Canadian Pacific Railway. C. C. Wilson, of the Ringling Bros. Show can verify this.

The Cooper and Bailey circus was the first to exhibit electric lights as a feature in 1879, having the exclusive circus

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contract for this privilege. Later, during the same se W. W. Cole also featured electric lights. It took some clever scheming as there was but one electric company (Brush Light Company of Cleveland, Ohio) in the country. Electricity had not as yet been utilized as an illuminant. There was an extra admission charged to see the light.

Adam Forepaugh introduced the first cook-house with his circus in 1871. Prior to that time all people with the show, including the workingmen, were taken care of at hotels and boarding houses. Nowadays circus performers and managers occasionally go to hotels on Sundays.

The first "extra 10 cent" tickets were sold by S. O. Wheeler with the Adam Forepaugh show, in 1872, allowing the shows 5 cents for every ticket sold Many years later, with the same circus, James Jordan sold the extra ten cent tickets and received one cent a ticket for his services.

The Barnum and Bailey and Adam Forepaugh Shows combined, played at Madison Square Garden, New York City, for a spring engagement.

The Ringling Brothers Circus in the earliest days was transported overland on three wagons. Now it requires eighty-six cars.

The original Yankee Robinson Circus was the first and only show to travel by canal.

It required ninety-three 60-foot cars to transport the Barnum and Bailey Greatest Show on Earth in 1903, following its five-years tour in Europe.

Adam Forepaugh paid the highest salary far a circus feature when he engaged Helen Montague "The $10,000 Beauty."

W. W. Cole was the first circus proprietor to use the special lithographic paper in advertising his show, and never displayed his own likeness on the billboards.

The Spaulding and Rogers Circus was the first to introduce a twenty-four horse band team.

The first forb-horse team was introduced with the Barnum and Bailey Show to pull the big show band wagon.

Adam Forepaugh was the first circus man to use the two tents, one for a circus and the other for the menagerie. Previous to that all shows used but one tent for their entire exhibition.

The B. E. Wallace Show had the most disastrous circus railroad wreck on record. (Considering the number of human

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lives lost) at Durand, Mich., on the Grand Trunk Railroad in 1903.

The Walker L. Main wreck in Pennsylvania, toona, *Pa,* was the second most disastrous in the u t of circus business.

The Buffalo *Bill* Wild West is the only American tent show which has ever visited Italy. The entire company was admitted to the Vatican and honored by an audience with the Pope.

The Barnum and Bailey Circus has visited England twice.

The W. W. Cole Show made a prosperous trip to Australia in the 80's, and returned to the United States in time for a summer tour.

Australian tour of the Sells Bros. Show was disastrous on account of the distemper taking the horses. Upon the show's arrival at Sydney, N. S. W., the government ordered all the circus horses shot. This crippled the show, which never received a dollar in compensation.

The Barnum and Bailey show in 1908 carried three 24-hour men, 550 head of horses, four boss canvassmen for the two large tops, and it cost $60,000 a week to run the show. Thirteen hundred *and* thirty-nine individuals were on the pay-roll back with the circus and ninety-two were employed with the cook-tent.

Robert Stickney, in *the* early 80's, was considered the most accomplished all-around circus performer in the business—a rider, leaper and general athlete.

Col. George W. Hall (Popcorn George) in the early 80's, chartered a schooner at Jacksonville, Fla., which sailed for the West Indies with his circus, making nearly all of the Windward Islands. George W. DeHaven was in charge of the s o w until it reached Trinidad, when Col. Hall joined the aggregation.

John Hennesy and George W. De Haven took the first American circus to Mexico, crossing *the* Rio Grande at Laredo.

Howe's London Circus (French and Monroe) in 1887 was the next American show to tour Mexico, covering the same ite travelling by rail.

P. T. Barnum & Co.'s Circus 4 1873 gave three performeach day during the entire season, with the e—— of three days of two performances each. The doors o p e d at 10 a. m., 1 and 7 p. m. A parade was given each day. This was never attempted before and has not been since. An amphitheatre was built on each lot a few days in al ——

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which was covered by canvas upon arrival of the show. Charles McLean, now with the Two Bills Show, was boss canvasman of the Barnum show in 1873.

The Adam Forepaugh Show was the last to exhibit on the lake front, 1893, in Chicago.

The Adam Forepaugh Show was the first to exhibit in Chicago after the big fire, coming the next year of 1872 with his big wagon show.

EDITOR'S NOTE—If any of the above data is incorrect and proof can be furnished to that effect by our readers, it be printed in forthcoming issues

Trio of Ancient Circus Items

By BILLIE S. GARVIE

1850

Here is the copy of a circus bill of July 4, 1850:

JAMES M. JUNE & COMPANY'S
AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN AMPHITHEATRE

Famous French Troupe from Franconi's, Paris, 6 Female and 12 Male Performers.

Madamoiselle Louise, only Equestrienne Who Rides Without Saddle or Bridle.

Madam Rosaline, Madam Tournaire, Equestrians.

Mlle. Josephine, we. Jeanette, with Mons. Riders.

F. W. Wallett, Jester and Clown.

S. P. Stickney, George Sergeant, James Nixon, trian Troupe.

Performing Stud, Cincinnatus.

The above Company will Perform at Springfield, July 3rd and 4th, 1850.

July 3rd, Doors Open at 1½ and 7½ o'clock.

July 4th, Four Grand Performances 10 A. M., 2, 4½ and 8

1873

Barnum had many feature to draw the public. The following circus bill of fifty-six years ago is unique. Farber's Talking Machine is featured.

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BARNUM'S GREATEST SHOW
LARGER THAN EVER!
Hartford, Conn., May, 1873.
Three Performances Daily
Traveling Museum, Menageries, World's Fair, Hippodrome.
Dan Costello's, Sig. Sebastion's, Mons. D'Ataile's Equestrian Exposition.
Prof. Farber's Wonderful Talking Machine!
—It Sings and Laughs—
Zip, the What Is It? Fiji Cannibals, Man With Iron Jaw, Albino Aztec Children, No Arm Boy, Bearded Woman, Giants, Admiral Dot, Midget.
Monster Street Parade. Free Exhibition on Grounds.
Admission 50 Cents, Children 25 Cents.
Monster Tent Holds 5,000 People.
Come Early! Come Early!

1858

"Grand Combination of Attractions! Sands, Nathan & Co.'s celebrated performing elephants, Anthony and Cleopatra, in connection with G. F. Bailey & Co.'s Menageries and Concert, will exhibit at Hartford April 30, 1858, on Gordon's lot on Market street. The Mulligan Band of Negro Minstrels and Performers in songs, glees, solos, ballads, dances. Madam Olisuna will give a free exhibition, ascending a wire to the top of the center pole, 45 feet from the ground. A band of brass and string instruments will play. The cavalcade will enter the town at 11 o'clock in a grand procession of elephants in harness, drawing the band carriage, followed by the entire troupe of performers and menagerie.—F. T. Taylor, agent."

Answering the Circus Fan

Question: Who succeeded James A. Bailey as managing director of Barnum and Bailey's Circus?

Answer: George O. Starr, who was second largest stockholder in the organization.

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Question: When were the Wallace shows and Hagenbeck circus merged?

Answer: On January 12, 1907.

Anxious: Is there a History of the American Circus?

Answer: We are sorry to say that there is not a History of the Circus. The New York Public Library and the Congressional Library have histories of everything under the sun excepting a history of this amusement. However, we are hoping that some day someone qualified to write such a work do so. Surely this little magazine is doing all that it can to pave the way. It is publishing data on every phase of Circus and if you keep a Scrap Book yourself, in which you classify the various items, you are going a long way toward laying the foundation for a history. We have a few double subscribers who receive two copies of the magazine, tear them apart and paste the articles in their proper places Clowns, Aerialists, Animal Trainers, Circus Proprietors, etc. If properly indexed, it ought to make a fine book of reference.

"Red" H.: We are informed that the oldest elephant now living in America is Billy Sunday, who is owned by Capt. Seils, of the Seils-Sterling Circus. This old elephant is kindness personified and as harmless as a kitten. He loves children and it is said that he gets surly when they are not around.

Halsey: Where and what was the Washington Circus?

Answer: The Washington Circus was a canvas show located on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Thirty-ninth in New York City. It was opened June 14 1853, by Col. Alvah Mann, formerly manager of the old Broadway Theatre. Mme. Tournaire, the Antonio Family, W. H. Carroll and Mrs. and Miss Carroll (afterwards Mrs. Ben Maginley) were in the company.

Cape Codder: Will you let me know what circuses played the New England States in 1856?

Answer: By a perusal of The Boston Daily Times of that year, dated June 27, we learn that there were Dan Rice's Great Show, which exhibited at Springfield, Mass., July 4; Joe Pentland's Circus, which was at Bangor, Me, July 3, 4; Jim Myers' Great Show, which performed at Bangor in opposition to Pentland the same date; Spaulding & Rogers' New Railroad Circus was at Portland, Me., July 3, 4; and Flagg & Aymar's International Circus, which was in Boston, Mass., during the week commencing June 30.

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Death of Barnum's Cannibal

By JAMES W. SHETTEL

The Barnum Museum, Menagerie and World's Fair, in its second anuual tour of the United States arrived May 14, 1872, York, Fa., where it was to give performances in the morning, in the afternoon and at night. Posters on dead walls and handbills distributed around the town and neighboring coun-

had proclaimed the fact that the show was "positively the largest and most attractive combination of exhibitions known and without a parallel *in* the history of the world." By means of the press and posters interest was worked up to a high pitch. It was not a little cause of wonder that "combination" was to arrive by rail, *for* only once before—about 17 years previously—had *a* circus, *the* Spaulding and Rogers, been transported to York in cam. All others had travelled in wagons.

The shrewd Barnum, whose agents had been liberal *in be*stowing free g — among the ministers, boldly announced that his "was the only exhibition in America recognized and endorsed by both the religious and secular press and daily visited by eminent clergymen." This pronouncement wag not without its influence upon a church-going community, to a part of which circuses had generally heretofore been taboo, although menageries were an allowable diversion because they were instructive.

Barnum seems at this time to have recognized the fact that a certain class in every community disapproved of the circus and made a distinct effort to overcome this prejudice. The *ward.* "circus," an investigation shows, had a in the advertising. Attention was directed principally to the merits of the museum, menagerie and world's fair, "exhibited in six separate colossal tents."

"Chaste and refined" were the terms used in referring to the circus performance. Some times it was announced in words: "In the department of the hippodrome and circus, which is strictly moral and high-toned, are 100 of the best performers In the world—11 first class bareback riders, including the great Melville and Stokes families. The first and only show In the world that uses a double-circus ring and

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requires a double troupe of performers, acrobats, gymnasts, &c." The glories of the circus, however, in the advertisements at York occupied a second place in the appeal to the public. Taking precedence were:

The Four Wild Fiji Cannibals, Captives of War, lately ransomed from King Thakembau, by Mr. Barnum at a cost of $15,000.

Live Digger Indian from the Yosemite Valley.

The Only Giraffe in America.

The Only Group of Living Monster Sea Lions kept in Water Tanks.

The Famous Riding Goat, Alexis.

The Wonderful African Snake Charmer.

Of the Fijis, Barnum had written in his book, which was sold at the circus: "I have tried in vain for years to secure specimens of these man eaters. At last the opportunity came. Three of these cannibals having fallen into the hands of their Royal enemy, who was about to execute and perhaps to eat them, the missionaries and my agents prevailed upon the copper-colored king to accept a large sum in gold on condition of his majesty granting them a reprieve and leave of absence to America for three years, my agent also leaving a large sum with the American consul to be forfeited, if they were not returned within the time stipulated.

"Accompanying them is a half-civilized Cannibal woman, converted and educated by the Methodist missionaries. She reads fluently and very pleasantly from the Bible printed In the Fijian language and she already exerts a powerful influence over these savages. They take a lively interest in b r - ing her read the history of our Saviour. They ad — declare their convictions that eating human flesh is wrong and faithfully promise never again to attempt it. They are intelligent and docile. Their characteristic war dances and rude marches, as well as their representations of cannibal manners and customs are peculiarly interesting and instructive. It is perhaps needless to add that the bonds for their return will be forfeited. They are already learning to speak and read our language and I hope soon to put them in the way of being converted to Christianity, even if by so doing the title of "Missionary' be added to the many already given me by the public."

The impression the Barnum show made in York is expressed in this afternoon notice in one of the local newspapers:

"The day was pleasantly cool and agreeable and thousands

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of people from the rural districts poured into town at an early hour. The huge canvas, under whbh the attractive sights were to be seen, covered a large portion of the (Civil War) hospital grounds end immediately after the hour of opening, dense masses of human beings thronged in its direction and so filled every available space and avenue leading to and from the different places of exhibition.

"The presence of such an immense concourse of people, representing every district in our large and populous county, was itself worth the price of admission, but when the wonders which Barnum had collected and brought together from the remotest and most distant parts of the world, burst upon the eye, the spectators were more than satisfied that taking it in all, they ne'er should look upon the like again. It was decidedly the greatest and most complete combination which has ever been seen in York and will certainly hold preeminence over all exhibitions until Barnum comes again.

"An attempt to give a detailed description of the great show is impossible and will, therefore, not be attempted, nor is it necessary, as those who care to have anything said about it6 these columns were no doubt present and saw it.

"The museum was an object of interest to many, who lingered long in their examination of its wonders and curiosities, while there were others who passed it by without deigning once to pause for a moment, in their desire to reach other departments, which to them were more attractive.

"The collection of living animals, found under canvas No. 2, was very fine and there were some specimens in it, which had never been seen in this latitude before. The sea lions were objects of special interest and attracted far more than usual attention. They kept up considerable noise during the exhibition and manifested a great deal of uneasiness, and from their frequent divings into their tank, it is judged they miss the ice of their native Alaska, in which alone, it seems, they can thrive and be comfortable. They are a hardy animal, and it is doubtful if they will live long in this climate. Whether Barnum will succeed in piloting them through the hot summer that is before us is exceedingly questionable.

"The canvas under which the circus or hippodrome was held was spread over an immense area and was capable of seating at the lowest calculation 5,000 persons. It was filled to overflowing. There was scarcely a seat unoccupied. This branch of the exhibition has an advantage over all others of the kind, yet seen here, in its high moral tone and bearing

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"The canvas under which the circus or hippodrome was held was spread over an immense area and was capable of seating at the lowest calculation 5,000 persons. It was filled to overflowing. There was scarcely a seat unoccupied. This branch of the exhibition has an advantage over all others of the kind, yet seen here, in its high moral tone and bearing

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and in the entire absence of anything and everything, which could be calculated to displease the most fastidious. Quite a number of the clergymen of the town and from the country were present and seemed to enjoy themselves amazingly. The performances were exceedingly chaste and interesting.

"The riding goat, Alexis, did his part remarkably well, although the poor little fellow did get a tumble from his horse, which alarmed him for the time being very considerably. The performance throughout,—riding, tumbling and the doings of the elephant and trick horse—gave universal satisfaction; and the appearance in the arena of the armless woman, the bearded child, the man in miniature, the strange and brainless being, Zip, said to have been captured somewhere in Central Africa, and whose face and head are scarcely human, were never witnessed here before. The sixteen huge camels and dromdaries, richly caparisoned, as they swung around the circle, excited much interest and attracted a large amount of attention. They were the finest looking, most prefectly formed and seemingly healthy animals of the kind ever seen.

"Much more might be written about Barnum and his great combination, but as his name and fame are world-wide and he is known to be a man who never does things by halves, it can only be added that this exhibitions is the greatest in the country, as any one will be convinced by a visit."

The people who visited the exhibition were disappointed, however, in one particular. They did not see the Fiji cannibals. The reason for the non-appearance of "the man eaters" is explained in the account—highly colored it must be admitted—which appeared in the York Daily the following day:

"Barnum's Museum, Menagerie and Hippodrome met with quite a loss yesterday," said the Daily, "in the death of the notoirous cannibal dwarf, which occurred at the Pennsylvania hotel. The little Fiji exhibited symptoms of indisposition several days ago, and the manager, W. C. Coup, sent 'the General,' as he is called to New York to be cared for by Mr. Barnum's family physician. But the little savage, becoming restless in the absence of his associates, he was returned to the company. Like all of his race, he had a native horror of shoes and clothing and even in the wet, cold days that came upon the company in New Jersey, the manager was unable to force shoes upon 'the General' and make him dress with sufficient warmth.

"Yesterday, the man in charge noticed that his fingers

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were constantly in motion, while he muttered continuously the only word he pronounced intelligently, 'Fiji.' He refused anything like food or nourishment and apparently thought of nothing but his native island. Dancing or violent gesturing of any kind was always a source of General,' but now the keeper could no provoke even a smile. The miniature being was dying and while the keeper was doing his best to cheer him up *and* make him take his medicine, he rose up in bed, muttered 'Fiji' in a whisper and fell back dead. His three native companions, who up to this time were wholly indifferent, now exhibited all the symptoms of genuine grief. They howled incessantly and such fearful physical contortions were probably never before witnessed in a civilized community.

"The death of this dwarf savage was not an unexpected event. The scene subsequent, however, sent a thrill through the very few conversant with *the* facts. Shortly after corpse was placed in the coffin last evening, S. S. Smith, the keeper, locked ma door upon the three companions in an joining and left the building for the purpose of consulting the manager at the National Hotel. He states that he was not absent 30 minutes, but that upon returning a scene presented itself too horrible to detail. The two male associates had gained access to the corpse and were biting and gnawing at the fleshy parts of the body with all the eagerness of their native cannibalism. The female stood aloof in one corner and by sign, word and gesture was entreating them to desist. It is understood the woman is a convert to the teachings of English missionaries and looks with abhorrence upon all the unchristian habits of her tribe. Mr. Smith promptly interfered and the two miserable beings went sullenly to their apartment. All regret the unnatural affair and none more than the parties directly interested. The remains were buried in the evening."

Whatever may have been the purpose of the publication of such a story, it is doubtful if it was realized, unless it was aimed to start a controversy. Surely Barnum took no pride in the work, for in none of his autobiographies has he referred to the incident. The people of York were indignant. They had not only missed seeing the "cannibals," but later learned Barnum had perpetrated one of his humbugs.

"A few days ago the York Daily had an article in its

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columns." said the True Democrat, "stating that the cannibal belonging to the Barnum show that died here last Tuesday, was partly eaten up by his companions, during the temporary absence of their keeper. We have since learned that there is not a word of truth in the story, that the Daily was liberally paid for the insertion and the whole thing was furnished to that paper, cut and dry, by the proprietor, as an advertising dodge.

"Barnum, although confessedly a great showman, is determined not to be outdone in the work of humbugging, a reputation for which he has sustained through a long life of singular changes and fluctuations. It is now positively averred that the femal member of the cannibal troupe was born in the state of Virginia and was 3 one time a domestic in the house of a gentleman at present residing in Baltimore. This, had it been known in York last Tuesday, we venture to say, would have raised a loud laugh, if not something worse, at Barnum's expense and his man-eating party."

The True Democrat's story, exposing the Fiji humbug, was widely copied by the press and read by as many persons as had been the press agent's yarn in the Daily. Among those under whose observation it came was George Boyne, Sacremento, Cal. Boyne with a family of six children had resided in the same locality in the Fiji islands, from whfeh "the cannibals" came. He asserted in a letter to the Trut Democrat after giving a personal history of the Fijis accompanying the Barnum show that they had been under Christian training for a number of years. From a personal acquaintance with the he was able to speak with authority and declared that town and I am very sure that very few typos would like to reside within a quarter of a mile so near to such people a$ described in the York Daily. If the deceased dwarf had a native horror of shoes and clothing and in the wet and cold days that came upon the company in New Jersey, the manager was unable to force shoes upon 'the General' and make him dress with sufficient warmth, why is it that in California, which is warmer than your state, the little fellow went in this city with my children to purchase articles of clothing and was always forced to wear them?

"The truth is the exigencies of the show will not admit of it. When the Fijians know how they have been placed in this show for years, they will soon despond and there will be another for the Daily to serve up. If they even received pay,

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it would make no difference, their love for their island home is so strong.

"I cannot conceive how they can be kept there by their own free will by a gentleman, who professes Republican principles. I promised the poor woman to send for her when I got home, but I knew she is in too safe keeping to escape, especially as she is of a quiet disposition and lacks confidence among strangers. She could hot get away without assistance. I am prepared to send her the means. *I thank you* for your expose of the late humbug."

Potter's field became the burial ground of the little Fiji. It was adjacent to the circus grounds and convenient for the show people who desired to witness the burial. At the time on the islands from which they were brought cannibalism never came under his observation.

"There are now 3,000 European residents in Fiji," wrote Boyne, "and the number is constantly increasing. They are principally engaged in cotton planting and trading with the natives. The Christian king, Thakambu. has formed a parliament. Two-thirds of the members are Europeans. The Methodists have published the following statement of their mission: 'There are 617 churches, 19 English missionaries, 40 native missionaries, who are trained at a native college, 23,-233 members; 905 catechists, 16,661 Sabbath schools, 1,549 day schools and 105,000 attendants on public worship.'

"The European town of Sevukee, Island of Bralam, Fiji, has a municipal council, mayor, I. Morey. A lodge of Free Masons was opened in due form last December. The In—— was opened ky permission of *the* king. The town possesses two newspapers, the Fiji Times and the Fiji Gazette.

"The eldest of Barnum's cannibals lived very war to this there was much said about *an* appropriate grave stone which Barnum was to purchase to mark the place of burial. This it was expected the *great* showman would certainly do. The years have, however, passed and there is nothing to guish the grave of the Fiji from me * of pa —— buried om #a plot. *h u m famed* to keep his gramise. Some years ago Potter's field was moved to & new location north of the city, and it was then that the exact spot whew "the General" was buried was identified with great difficulty.

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Astley, the English Showman

a Very Old Undated English Newspaper Clipping)

Belgravia thus speaks of the famous Astley and his horse Billy:

Although his speculations were generally successful by one famous melodrama, The Red Blood Knight, he cleared £18,000—Philip Astley does not seem to have died with much money. Yet he was a man of indefatigable industry and energy and ha expected the same qualifications in those under his employ.

"Come boy, get to work; we must have a new piece out by Monday night" he said one day late in the week. "That's impossible, sir," replied the carpenter "Who's Mister Impossible," retorted Astley, "I do not know him; he don't live in this house."

At one time the greater portion of his company, and that the best, deserted him, with the expressed intention of runing his establishment; but he was equal to the occasion. "When Mr. Carrick died," he said, "the public thought the stage would die with him, but they was mistook; it did as well after him as with him and so ft will be with me; for though I have lost talent, I can rear more and the mill must go."

When the war with France broke out in 1793, Astley went over with the Duke of York as a volunteer to superintend the horses and he proved himself the soldiers' friend. He took with him a large chest with bits of broadcloth, thread, needles, leather bracelets, wax and other odds and ends likely to be useful in a campaign together with 500 flannel jackets in the corner of each of which he sewed a bright new shilling which he said would ba a friend in need for the poor fellows when they were hard up and wanted something to drink.

During a retreat he succeeded in saving a pice of ordnance and was rewarded by the Duke with the present of four horses; these he put up at auction, and spent the proceeds of the sale in treating the men of his division.

Upon his return to England he had the honor of escorting Prince Ernest, afterward Duke of Cumberland and the Duke of York gave him a letter to the Queen recommending him as a bold soldier and a deserving veteran. All his comrades

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were admitted gratis to his entertainment and special seats an each side the entrace at the ring were placed for their accommodation. This it may be remembered was a profitable piece of generosity since the people flocked in crowds to see these brave warriors.

When he was in want of horses, Astley would buy four or five at Smithfield, seldom giving more than £5 a piece for them. He cared little for shape, color or breed; good temper was their chief recommendation. He certainly achieved some wonderful results By his training. But his greatest success was the horse he first started with, a present of John Elliott. Billy—such was the name of the quadruped delighted in— would it is said, take off his own saddle, wash his feet in a pail of water, took a kettle of boiling water off the fire, a complete tea equipage and performed the part of to the company. Once his master was prevailed upon to lend Billy for a few days *to* a brother showman, a friend of his named Sanders. Immediately afterward this man's effects were seized and sold for debt and Astley, knowing nothing of this, Billy went with the rest and later trace was lost of him.

About three years afterwards as two of the equestrian actors were walking through an East End thoroughfare, one suddenly exclaimed to the other, pointing to a horse and cart "I say, Jack, I am a Dutchman if that aint our Billy." "Impossible," answered the other. "I tell you it is; I'll try him. "Astley taught his horse by certain signs one of which was clicking the nails of his forefinger and thumb. The experiment was now tried and at the sound the horse pricked up his ears and began to caper. His identity was at once established; and two actors embraced their old friend with delight and he testified his pleasure at the meeting by capering and rubbing his head against them. The owner was found in a nearby public house, a bargain was struck and Billy was transferred to the actors. "He's a monstrous good-tempered critter," said the man, "but he's got such odd antics we always call him a mountebank."

Billy was received by his old master with tears of joy and the next night was taking off his kettle of boiling water and handing around his tea tray with all his old dexterity. The horse lived to the extraordinary age of 42 surviving his master; when he was too old for work he was kept in his stable and allowed two quarter loaves a day; and upon his death a portion of his skin was used to cover a big drum

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