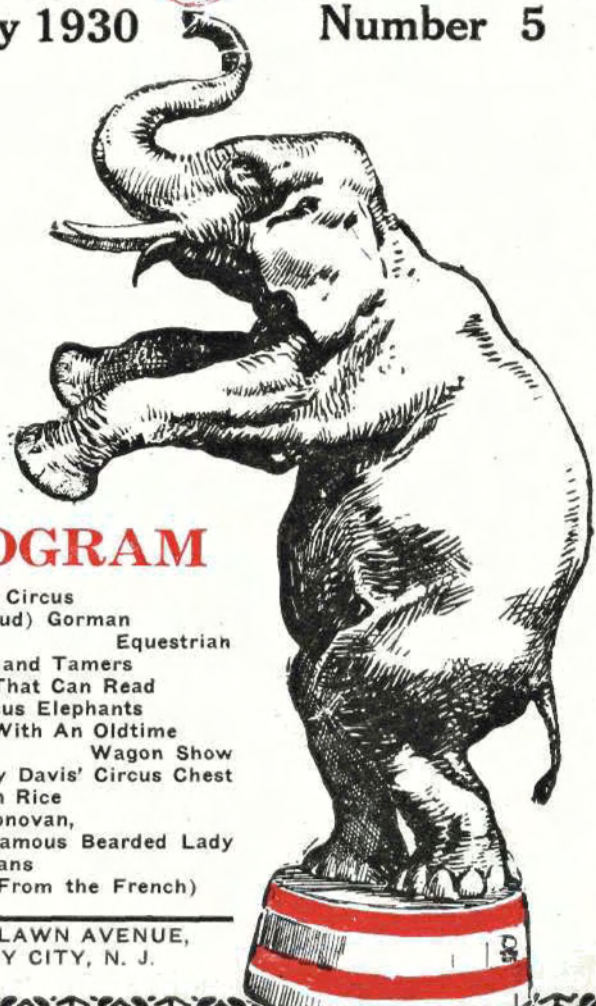
THE CIRCUS SCRAP BOOK

January 1930 Number 5



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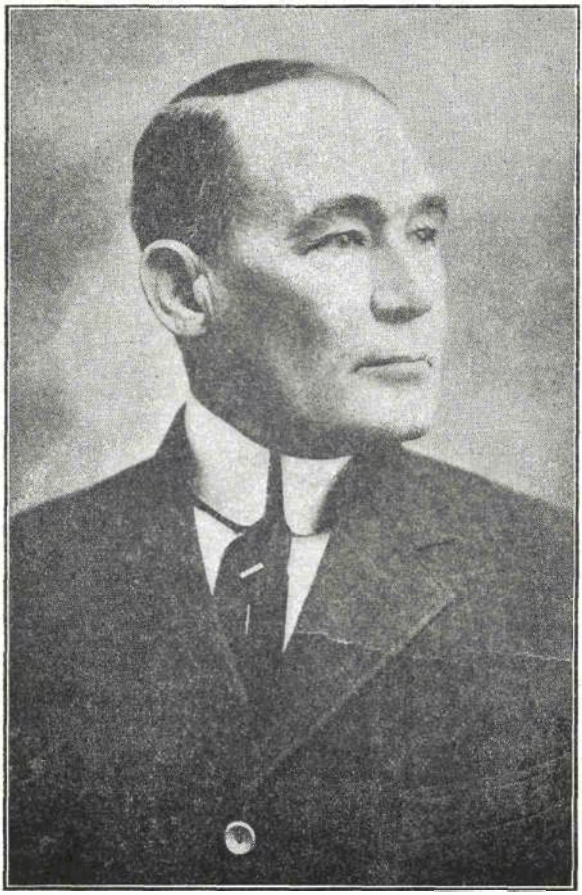
Mrs. Annie Donovan,
Famous Bearded Lady
Circus Musicians
Equestrians (From the French)

41 WOODLAWN AVENUE,
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

THE CIRCUS SCRAP BOOK'S PORTRAIT GALLERY OF CIRCUS CELEBRITIES



S. W. E. (BUD) GORMAN

Barn: Newport, Kentucky, June 8th, 1852
Still Living in Lousiville, Kentucky

The Abhorred Circus

Say! Since the circus struck the town
I've been there every day;
It's just the biggest streak of luck
That ever came my way.

First grandpa dropped around an' sez
He didn't want to go,
But s'posed there wasn't no one else
To take me to the show.

On Tuesday Uncle Jimmy came,
An' sez he didn't care
To see the thing; 'twas jest in case
I wanted to go there.

Then sister's beau came up one night;
It bored him, he had found,
But thought as p'raps I'd like to see
The elephants go 'round.

That cross old man who lives next store,
He comes an' sez to la, .
He had no kids so he would take
The circus job off Pa.

When Pa came home on Saturday,
I heard him grumblin' that
He hated it like sin, but guessed
He'd hafter take the brat.

New York Sun, 1904.

The Circus Scrap Book

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

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Circus Editorial

Is the Circus an Evil?

(Clipping Dated 1890)

A person never makes a forcible point by resorting to absurd extravangance like that urged against the circus by a writer in this morning's REVIEW. While it is true that the Circus is not a great moral leverage, it is not true that it is the apothesis of all that is hideous in immorality and vice. Its mission is more to entertain than instruct, though the accompanying menagerie is not a bad object lesson for grown people as well as children, and zoological gardens are maintained in many of the great cities for *the* instruction in natural history of those who take an interest in such matters.

It is true that card sharps, pickpockets and thieves travel with circuses in greater or less numbers; but there are parasites that infest all great crowds. You find them at *the* seashore, and even hovering around the edge of great camp meetings. They are no part of the circus, and it is *pot* likely that they are encouraged by the proprietors of great shows, since they serve to keep many people at home who otherwise might desire to witness the performances. Unfortunatly many ignorant people are taken in and fleeced by

these rascals in spite of warning after warning by the newspapers. Such gudgeons have no business in a crowd. They will be fleeced at fairs as well as at circuses, and yet we cannot forego the holding of great fairs in order to protect a few greenhorns who will learn nothing save by experience. The wisdom that is born of folly is often worth all that it costs.

Neither is it true that circuses drain the country of the great sums of money that most people seem to think. They spend their money as they go, and after a summer of wandering from town to town it is generally the case that they have little more than that they started with.

The measure of delight that these wandering tented displays have carried into the hearts of the rising generations is incalculable. Frosty, indeed, must be the disposition of the man who can look back over his boyhood days and not recall with a glow of pleasure the delight that was brought to him by the event of an occasional circus. Standing now near the summit of life's journey, who will take that retrospect and say that his youthful years were not made happier by an occasional gala day, and who will declare that these delightful diversions of childhood were in any way responsible for whatever error or evil may have found itself into his life in after years?

William E. (Bud) Gorman, Equestrian

Written Especially for The Circus Scrap Book

If you go to Louisville, Kentucky, and drop in at 1646 Lucia Avenue, you will find, patiently seated in an invalid's chair, a well-built elderly gentleman who greets you with a great big pleasant smile despite his infirmity. His dark, earnest eyes, still sparkling, will look at you inquisitively. They almost know that you have come to have a chat about the circus.

He will not arise to greet you: he cannot, his legs are paralyzed, those legs which, in days gone by, were surer on

the back of a swiftly-running steed than they were on solid earth. The man in the chair, so persevering, so charming, is William E. (Bud) Gorman, whose name at one time was known from one end of the country to the other, whose picture emblazoned every dead wall and barn in the country, on gaudy bills of the bigger shows, picturing him as a daring bareback rider or the champion hurdler of the world, or the "only equestrian who rides four dashing chargers at one and the same time."

Bud doesn't like to talk about himself—he never did and never would even when at the height of his art. It was as hard to interview him as it was to keep him away from the horses he loved. He was always of a diffident nature and yet prominent socially and his company was always a——* d all functions of the circus elite. Well-groomed to the , degree and above everything else a gentleman. One could almost keep up with the modes by watching the nobby clothes worn by Bud while equestrian director. He believed that if you want a well-dressed show, you must be a leading example in sartorial make-up.

Bud Gorman's progress in the circus world was phenominal. Born in Newport, Kentucky, in 1852, his life was that of an average boy and youth until 1871. Then he began running up against circus life, for a great rider, James Robinson, had married Bud's sister. Bud began to like the odor of the tanbark and then he began hanging around a! —— department. He liked to hear the bands &@ the applause and then, overnight, the circus got into his blood. "I want to become a great rider," he said to himself on his way home that night. And he made good in that determination. He begged his brother-in-law to teach him the business of riding. He did. At that time Jim Robinson had pooled his acts with those of Frank Pastor, another clever equestrian and brother of *Tony* Pastor, the clown and later theatre magnate. They called it the Robinson and Pastor Circus and it was here that Bud was taught to tumble on the back of a horse. And to tumble from it, too. This was while the show was at Covington, Kentucky. Young Gorman took to this sort of thing like Lindy takes to the air. He rode in between shows and the horses tired long before he did. He mastered the art quickly and then began specializing in difficult hurdling. In a few years he was the greatest trick hurdler in the world. Circus managers began inquiring about this daring young

rider. Gorman decided to get away from the family influence, fearing that his brother-in-law might be over-emphasizing his ability just to make him feel good. So he decided to make a break and see what other managers thought of his riding. So in 1873 he joined out with the Great Chicago Circus and followed this by going out with the Great Eastern Circus.

Up to this time Bud's salary had not been very large—$5.00 a week for a long period following his apprenticeship—but by many self denials and sacrifices he was able to save up $250.00 with which he bought his first circus horse. He broke this horse as easily as the purchase of the horse broke him. This purchase was made after he had closed a fairly sucessful engagement with the Cooper and Bailey Circus in 1876 going to Australia with this show. When he got back from Australia he got his first big offer. Howe's London Circus would employ him provided he furnished his horse. The contract was signed and the horse was bought, but unfortunately for Bud, just before the circus season commenced the horse laid down and died. Bud's $250.00 worth had expired. Jim Robinson, noting the young man's plight, came to his rescue by loaning him a horse already broken to circus work so that he could carry on with his contract. This was in 1878.

In 1879 Gorman went with Forepaugh's Circus and in 1880 signed a contract with Sells Brothers. He remained with this circus until 1901. He also visited Australia with this show and delights in relating an incident which took place in the country of the kangaroos.

"There was a very strict quarantine laid against horses and cattle of all kinds. We were to show on a lot called Moore's Park, which was enclosed with a corrugated fence. The Government made this lot a quarantine ground.

"We had about 40 horses and about 175 people with the show. Government veterinary surgeons came and examined the horses every day. One of the Sells Brothers had gone to Australia ahead of the show, and bought about ten horses. They claimed the animals had the glanders. Finally they took the ten out and shot them, and quarantined the balance on Shark Island, in the Bay, for three months. Can you imagine a circus carrying on without horses. Well our circus did just that . William Showles was with the show then and after some efforts horses were bought for him and myself. We put them through some training and were able to do

some pretty fair acts. That was all the riding we had in Australia, with the exception of the Hippodrome races. Believe me, we were glad to get back to America."

Bud Gorman was with the Sells Brothers Circus when these great showmen, tiring of the business, decided to sell out to the Ringling Brothers. After the sale of interests Bud remained for another three years as equestrian director. When the show was taken off the road, Gorman was sent out with the Ringling outfit and acted as their equestrain director for seven years more, and when the Ringlings acquired the Barnum and Bailey show, Bud [illegible] to hold sway [illegible] ringmaster for this new combination for another three years. Then he resigned and joined out with the Hagenbeck Wallace Circus and was with them six years, retiring in 1919, making his home in Louisville, Kentucky.

Bud Gorman has been an invalid for ten years as a result of the railroad wreck of the Hagenbeck Wallace circus in 1918, at Hammond, Ind. Let Mrs. Gorman tell about the catastrophe:

"In 1918 we were with the Hagenbeck Wallace Circus. We had a terrible accident in Hammond, Ind. An empty troupe train ran into five coaches and killed eight-five people. Mr. Gorman did not think he was hurt, but the following year *ha* began dragging his feet when walking. I asked him to retire from the circus business. He did so in 1919. His walking got gradually worse. He began walking on crutches. Then he couldn't even walk on crutches and he took to a wheel chair to which Be has been confined ever since.."

Mr. Gorman was twice married. His first wife was Paula Lee, of the famous circus family bearing that name. He married Miss Lee in San Francisco in 1883. One child was born to this marrigae. The baby lived to be six months old. Paula Gorman died in 1892. In 1912 Mr. Gorman married Gladys Lanigan, a premier dancer and a rider of some repute.

Bud Gorman is fortunate in having, during his present affliction, *a* wife so attentive to his every want. She is a constant comfort to him and is faithfully by his side &a-*m* -His mind is as clear to-day as it was when he was directing some of the big shows, where quick-thinking, dignity and tact are necessary. As you leave the house, Mrs. Gorman is sure to whisper to you, so that Bud won't hear it: "He is the dearest and most patient hubby in the world. God bless him!"

Lion Trainers and Tamers

By GUSTAV KOBBE

(*Harper's Young People, January 23, 1894*)

It is a great card for an actor to have sprung from a family of actors; and it is a great card for a lion-tamer to have sprung from a family whose members have "bearded the lion in his den," as the "Professor" says. I know a young lion-tamer whose friends in the profession consider it a great feather in his cap that his aunt had her head bitten off by a lion. His father, a lion-tamer of note, married a daughter of Sir Charles Wombwell, who was the Barnum of England. "Charles Wombwell, later Sir Charles Wombwell, Baronet, having been knighted by her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen," the "Professor" always says in referring to the fact. Sir Charles was my friend's grandfather. It was Miss Wombwell, another daughter, who was so shockingly killed. She was a great tamer and trainer, and for many years part of her "act" was to put her head in the lion's mouth. But one day, without the slightest warning, the jaws came together.

My friend tells me that few lions are caught, and that hardly one full-grown lion a year is exported from the tropics. Even when a lion has been trapped there is danger in getting him out, and the trappers often become so frightened that they shoot him. An imported lion is usually more valuable than one bred in captivity, because he has more life and vigor and more of the lion's true nobility. In zoological gardens cubs are often bred from animals which were themselves born in captivity, and so the breed begins to degenerate into deformities, cripples, and "maniacs." When you me a lion circling around in his den, it is not because he is ferocious, but because he hasn't the sense to do anything else. You may be pretty sure he was bred in captivity; for an imported lion never loses his majestic mien and bearing. Even if he is sullen it is with the wounded dignity of a dethroned and captive monarch. Hence an alert showman is always on the lookout for an imported animal, and will pay from two thousand to ten thousand dollars for one. There is about as much judgment needed in buying a lion as in a horse-trade.

Often the beast's bearing is anything but majestic when

he arrives in England—the wild-animal market of the world—and this is the reason a lion trade calls for so much judgment. After his capture he has probably been drawn many days wind bullocks to the seaboard, poorly tended by natives, badly fed, and subjected to many indignities by those whom, if he had his freedom, he could strike dawn with a blow of his paw or crush with a snap of his jaws. The sea voyage is more or less rough, the food and treatment indifferent, so that by the time he arrives in England he is more dead than alive. It takes a connoisseur to judge whether this measly-looking brute can be toned up or not. A good judge can tell *if* the most unpromising-looking beast can be restored to his former majestic Beauty.

With this process of restoration the taming begins. The lion is treated with the consideration due his rank. He is placed in *a* den with plenty of moving-room, has an ample quantity of straw for bedding, and is put on proper diet. He becomes accustomed *to* quiet usage. The tamer will now be much about the cage, that the lion will connect him with the kind treatment accorded him. "I," said my friend, "rarely pass *a* den without stopping, if for a moment, to say a few kind wards. I have done this with lions until they were so sure they might expect nothing but kindness from me that they came to the front bars of the den whenever they saw me approaching it, and allowed me to stroke them. Indeed, t — would know me even in the dark.

"When I have struck up an outside friendship with a lion, the chances are in favor of his allowing me *to* enter the den. There *are*, however, some lions who will stand off a tamer as long as possible. I know of one lion to whose den we *are* obliged to have several entrances. As soon as the tamer appears at any one of these, the lion will spring over to it and lie against it to prevent its being opened. I have known three-quarters of an hour to pass before the tamer could effect an entrance, and sometimes he has to give up. This lion is a noble-looking, black-maned, ferocious b[illegible], who has killed three men in his den, and probably any *arm*ber of natives before he was captured. He may have the lion who, when his lioness ran up all out of breath and asked, 'My liege, have you seen a man running this way?' replied, as he smacked his chops: 'Yes, dear. He has just stepped inside.'

"Once inside this lion's den the tamer does not give the brute a chance, but falls upon him, striking him with the flat of a short sword, and shooting a revolver loaded with blank-cartridges. He is in the den only fifteen seconds, though these appear two or three minutes to witnesses of the exciting scene. The tamer simply does not give the lion an opening. He knows better, for he was the under-study to the last tamer whom the brute killed. This tamer slipped and fell, and in an instant the lion was upon him. The present tamer dashed into the den with a revolver and an iron bar, shot the lion in the foot, beat him off and rescued the tamer from the den. But the poor fellow died in twenty minutes. Doubtless the lion has so much respect for the blank-cartridges which the present tamer fires because he remembers the wound in his foot.

"Men," continued my friend, "who would face almost any danger without flinching quail before a lion in his den. A friend of mine, a fearless fellow, begged me so often to take him into the den with me, that one day I consented. I never saw such a change come over a man as came over him when the gate closed upon us. He stood there pallid, dazed, unnerved, and I had to hustle him out. I have even seen a tamer lose heart. A lion with us had just killed a tamer, and this was the first man to face him since the tragedy. He went in, shut the door, and stood there like a pillar of salt. I jumped up the steps, reached for him, shook him, and pulled him out.

"I have faced a good many lions, but fortunately have nothing more than the usual trade marks." The tamer here showed me three large claw scars on his left leg. "I was putting five lions," he said, "through their tricks, when one of them, with an air of 'just take that,' struck at my leg, burying three claws into it. I went right on with the performance. If I had stopped, and tried to get out of the den, I would have been killed. A curious feature of the affair was that while I had three claw wounds on my leg, there were only two tears in my hose and but one in my trousers.

"I am not such a firm believer in the power of the human eye over wild animals. A trainer often has too many wild beasts in the den to watch them all. I have, for instance had twelve animals in a den—lions, tigers, wolves, hyenas,

and sheep. It was literally a case of the lion and the lamb lying down together. If I had left the den, they would still have been lying down together— with the lamb inside the lion. In taming or training wild animals you want *to* let them know that you have plenty of nerve, and if you see an animal watching you, you want to watch him, and, while going on with your performance, curtail it. When my friend the lion clawed me I was teaching *the* cues to an understudy, and I suppose that in turning to look at him—to emphasize one of the cues— I didn't give *the* lion quite as much e l m- as he was accustomed to. That is, as a —, a great point with a lion.

"One of my lions once gnawed through the wooden floor of his den and got loose in a large auction yard at night. I heard the noise, and opening the door of my saloon, as we call a menagerie car in England, I saw *Mr.* Lion sauntering about the premises. It might have meant death to a good many people had he still been at large when the gates were opened. I called two or three of our people to be ready with some shutters, and seeing a jack prop on the ground, I jumped down and picked it up. When the lion saw me he made a rush for me. When he was almost on me I dodged and caught him full *on* the end of the nose with the prop. That is an animal's most sensitive point. The blow knocked him 'silly,' and before he could collect his senses we had him surrounded with shutters, and got him into a shifting cage."

There are tamers and trainers. A tamer is simply a man of unlimited nerve. A trainer has nerve and judgment. My friend tells me that a trainer can teach a lion about as tricks as can be taught a dog. Sometimes the lion himself will unconsciously suggest a new trick. "I had to train four lions to jump a gate. One of them was so stubborn that I determined to leave him *tor* the last. When I came to him he was lying in a corner. I began striking him. He sprang up and came toward me. He had a wicked look, so I hit him a sharp blow from below on the end *of* the nose with my cane, the only weapon I ever take into the den. The blow stung him so it turned him around, and, as if to escape another, he jumped up to the bars and remained standing with his fore feet upon one of them. He gave me a took which said plainly, "I'll stop here if you won't do it again." He looked superb standing there drawn up to his full height. So I

sat down on the gate, lit a cigarette, and kept him in that position till I had finished. I trained the other lions in the act, and a fine appearance the four made standing against the bars.

"Another friend of mine was in the audience when a lioness killed a trainer at the Paris Hippodrome. She had been trained to approach him from behind, rise on her hind legs, and place her front paws upon his shoulders. She did so this time. Then quietly thrusting her head over his shoulder, she seized him by the throat and literally tossed him over her back. The other lions in the den fell upon him, and though ha was rescued from the den, he died within an hour."

I asked the trainer why he never armed himself with more than a cane. Tamers rarely did, he said. There was no use. A lion's attack was like a thunderbolt. One bite, one blow with the claw was deadly. The men stationed outside with carbines and red-hot irons are there only to drive the lion off the body of his victim, so that he can be got out of the den alive, and the spectators saved the horror of seeing him devoured.

An Elephant That Can Read

(February 12, 1884)

Mr. George Conklin, who has won a name as a very successful trainer of animals, and particularly of elephants, not long ago came to the conclusion that it would be possible to teach an elephant to read the commands given him by a keeper, instead of merely understanding a spoken direction.

He chose from out of the large herd belonging to Cole's Circus a fifteen-year-old elephant—Rajah. He then procured a blackboard, a couple of feet long and *only* a few inches wide, on which to write his orders to his pupil.

Of course Mr. Conklin did not in the beginning attempt to teach Rajah the alphabet. His theory was that the ele-

phant would recognize the general look of a whole short word when written.

He brought Rajah into the ring once each day, and waving the ward [illegible] with which Rajah was entirely familiar when it was called out, [illegible]. Conklin slowly printed it before his eyes, allowing the animal to watch him and the writing. As soon as it was finished he laid down his chalk and shouted out, "March!" This was repeated.

Very soon Rajah of his own accord would start off around the ring as soon as the word "March" had grown into shape beneath Mr. Conklin's fingers. He had learned the look of that word perfectly. The keeper then passed on to "Stop," and the big brain of the beast quickly grappled with the crooked "S" and what came after.

Rajah now reads about a dozen different words, and understands their meaning; nor is he ever confused upon any of them. Mr. Conklin expects to exhibit this &———— gum next year, with one or two &Am&equally learned. He is now educating them in the alphabet.

It has been said that elephants are the most intelligent animals after man.

On one occasion, soon after the close of a matinee garformance given at Brockton, Massachusetts, by Mr. paugh's circus troupe, a one-story frame building nee the tents caught fire, and in a few moments the entire building was enveloped in flames.

While all were excited, and making futile attempts to pull down the buildings with their hands, Mr. Adam Forepaugh came running up, and taking in the situation at a glance, hastened to the elephant quarters, soon after appearing with Bolivar and Basil.

The two great beasts were hurried over to the 0 , and began pulling down the horse sheds in obedience to directions given by Mr. Forepaugh.

In a very short space of time the sheds were demolished, the grand stand was saved, and the circus tents loomed up as proudly as ever. It was then and there proposed to make Messrs. Bolivar and Basil honorary members of the Brockton Fire Department.

American Circus Elephants

By CHARLES N. HARRIS

The Billboard, April 26, 1924

The circus, which has always been of vast interest to the American people, is now holding a prominent place in the pages of our best magazines. Many stories have been printed, but none of the writers seems to have possessed complete information about the early days of the circus in this country.

Particularly have they failed to tell the true story of the elephant, the outstanding feature of all circuses. To the mind of the American boy elephant and circus mean almost the same thing, and there is a good reason because the elephant as a show animal dates back to *the* earliest years of our country.

Most of the recent writers seemed to think that the Bailey bull was the first elephant to be exhibited. Its appearance dates from 1815, twenty years after the first elephant was brought to this country.

A female elephant was landed in this country from the sailing ship America on April 19, 1796. In 1797 an elephant was exhibited at Amesburyfort, Mass. The very high price, *at* the time, of one-eighth of a dollar was charged for admission. The circus press agent appeared at this time. The street bills featured a warning to the public: "To keep at a distance and conceal their packages aa the elephant's trunk was liable to grab everything."

An elephant *as* exhibited in Baltimore in 1811, and an elephant, together with a camel, in Pittsburg in 1812. In 1824 Van Amberg exhibited Hannibal, one of the most famous and at the same time meanest of elephants.

Performing elephants were first exhibited at Foxhall Gardens, England, in 1828.

One of the fictions which survived from the early days of circus elephants is that an elephant can be handled by only one man. This story originated with the press agents in the eighties, and some elephant trainers have tried to capitalize this popular belief for their own advantage. As a matter of

fact George Craven, Chas. Johnson and Orrin Townsend were expert elephant trainers who could handle any elephant. Their slogan was: "The 'hook,' not how much but when." Since James A. Bailey began the practice all really bad elephants have been destroyed. In this way many damage suits are avoided. The meanest elephant allowed to live is probably the African at Bronx Park. *It,* is generally admitted that the best trained group of elephants was trained by Eph Thompson, a Forepaugh employee. The public in the United States disapproved of him, however, because of his color and he was obliged to exhibit in foreign countries.

No single elephant ever attained such performing ability as Mary Ellen, trained and exhibited by Henry Schulz.

Elephants have always been great money earners, both because of the appeal they make and because they work for so many years. "Tillie" has been earning money for some one of the Robinsons far sixty-eight years.

The price paid has varied greatly. *The* highest price known to have been paid for an elephant at public sale is $7,400, paid for Bolivar by Forepaugh. The cheapest elephants were the London five, which were sold for $5,500 for *the* lot, bought by Cooper & Bailey. If we were to believe the stories of all those who claim to have received commission for the purchase of Jumbo the total amount of these commissions would *be* enough to buy the Barnum Circus. There are showmen who like to say that elephants cost too much to buy and to keep to make them profitable for a circus. Those who talk this way are either excusing a failure or have failed to see the real value *of* the elephant.

Al G. Barnes purchased the M. L. Clark elephant, an ugly animal, which could not be trained. Yet Barnes himself — him around the hippodrome track, always amid great applause, thereby consuming time which otherwise would have to have been filled *with* at least six expensive acts. At the same time he secured more publicity than his show could in any other way.

The large number of elephants which appeared la the street parades of the Barnum & Bailey Show always impressed the public. Now with street parades a thing *of* the past the one thing which makes the public believe it is the greatest show on earth is the close af the elephant act when the entire herd is haunched occupying one whole side of the

hippodrome track. Everyone is compelled to think what an enormous production the Ringling Circus has come to be. Its advertising value is so great that it is easy to believe that a dollar's worth of hay goes further than one hundred dollars' worth of paper.

On The Road With An Old Time Wagon Show

Donated by ALBERT GASTON, Famous Clown

The Kansas City Star, September 12, 1909

For a weak I have been out with an old-fashioned, one-ring, wagon circus. Seven dreamy autumn days I voyaged the highways and woodpaths of Missouri with a band of old-time circus troopers untroubled of cares. Stretched upon the grass, with the wild fennel 'round me, and over me the haze of Indian summer, I lounged with the aid clown who has lived that sort of a life for fifty years and whose heart is yet blooming with youth. I slept in their vans, lulled to slumber by the soft patter of rain upon the thin roof a foot above me. I rode in their wagons, and seven mornings I saw the dawn creep up white and mysterious. I listened to their stories, lived their life and learned to love them, every one.

It was a breath of new life and the charm of it lures me, me. If I could I would say with the old clown:

"The highway hill, it is my way still," and I would be a strolling player, too.

With the One-Ring Show

The tents of the Coulter & Coulter show were pitched on a grassy slope beyond the streets of Liberty, Mo. The afternoon show was over. The musicians, red hatted, their cornets and trombones glistening in the sun, were clamboring into the band wagon, red and gilt and flashing
Behind them were the bareback riders and the acrobats and animal trainers in buggies.

"Going to visit Jim McFarland's grave," said Dan Leon, for forty years a bareback rider and animal trainer.

THE CIRCUS SCRAP BOOK

The grave was in the tangle of an abandoned cemetery on a hill far across on the other side of the town. The spot wae overgrown and forgotten by all in the town. But Dan had been there once before, many years ago, when as a young man, he was principal rider with a circus that showed in Liberty.

Over the cemetery the circus folk went, pushing apart tall weeds, peering down at moss-covered stones. At last they found it, a slab of white marble with this upon it:

Here Lie the Mortal Remains of
JAMES McFARLAND
38 Years.
Born in Wheeling Va.
Died in Liberty, May 27, 1850.
For Loving Not Wisely, but Too Well.

The circus people laid their flowers upon the grave, the band played "Nearer, My God, to Thee," while all stood reverently, with bared heads, and then Dan Leon told the story of how McFarland died "for loving, not wisely, but too well."

McFarland was a tight rope walker, a tall, handsome, big hearted man, beloved by all his trouper comrades. His wife, a beautiful, but faithless, woman, was a trapeze performer. He was with the Spaulding & Rogers circus. She was with Levi J. North's circus. These two circuses were m a —— s@&other and they both showed 4 Liberty the same day, May 27, 1850.

As soon as the rival shows reached town on the morning of that day McFarland went to look for his wife, whom he had not seen for several weeks. She was with Levi J. North at the old Thompson Hotel, now torn down. McFarland went there, but the landlord, Boas Roberts, had been warned by Worth to keep McFarland away. When the landlord tried to prevent McFarland from entering the hotel he drew a revolver. Roberts drew a bowie knife. A struggle followed, in which McFarland was slain.

The show people buried McFarland that afternoon, all the members of the two companies joining in the funeral, and they left behind enough money for the marble slab. It was James Glenroy who wrote the inscription on the slab. He was then the "champion bareback rider of the world" and was the first man to turn a somersault on the bare back of a galloping horse.

Before Glenroy died in poverty in Boston a few years ago he wrote his autobiography and in *it* he told of the death

of McFarland and of his funeral. He told of *how* the women performers of the two shows planted a flower upon the grave. Now the women and all the other actors in that strange tragedy are dead, but the marble slab with the strange inscription remains and *the* flower planted by the hands of those circus women of long ago is still blooming among the weeds and these circus people of two generations later picked a few of its leaves and carried them away as souvenirs.

The Strange Lots of Wanderers

The train from Kansas City brings visitors to the show. They are Donley Glasscock and his wife and two children and Annie and Marie Scott. They are all circus performers. Donley Glasscock and his wife are known professionally as 'The Two Leons," tight wire performers. Mrs. Glasscock Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Dan Leon are sisters. They have been traveling with different shows over all the country and this is the first family reunion they have had since last winter. They sit together under the canvas top and talk of their travels and their "work."

It is a a t . family group. 'The partiarch of the family is Dan Leon, who, when a child, was apprenticed to a circus rider, who used him in a "carrying act," holding the little fellow aloft on the palm of his hand while he posed upon the back of a galloping horse. Dan, always good natured and hopeful, is unusually radiant now with his family around him. He laughs as be tells *of* how two rival circus managers tried to "contract" for his services at the end of his apprenticeship, and of how one enticed him away from the other.

And here, in this family group, sitting upon the grass beneath the canvas, are two persons who were born with the circus. They speak of it as if there were nothing strange about it,

Donley Glasscock's father was one of the old-time circus owners, who took his wife with him on his tours, and Donley was born down south in a wagon of his father's circus, the Anglo-American show.

And his child, Marguerite, was born two years ago in a circus wagon. His son, 4 years old, was born in a hotel while the show was traveling . This bop is named Leon Donley Leon.

On the Missouri By-Ways,

It is nearly midnight when the tents are down, the stakes pulled and all loaded upon wagons ready for the morning's start. The hostlers fall asleep upon the clean straw with

the horses and ponies. The others are asleep in the vans, big broad wagons with two beds, one above the other, like berths in a sleeping car, across the front end.

In one of those berths you fall asleep thinking of gypsies or caravans of the desert and the queerness of it all, and then you are awakened by a sound like the rustling of myriad dry leaves. You raise up on your elbow and peer out the little square window at the head of the berth. Nearby is the long horse tent and the noise is that of sixty horses and ponies munching their corn. Over at the cook wagon there is a fire upon the ground with a great coffee pat slung over it and a group of men around it. In the western sky the full moon is setting. Beyond the fence that bounds the lot the fog hangs thick and whitish looking over the creek bottom. The air is damp and chilly.

You hold your watch up to the moonlight and find it is 3 o'clock. The caravan is preparing to move on to the next town, making an early start to cover the dusty way before the sun gets too high and warm.

"All out, all out!" is the cry, and men, yawning and stretching, crawl from the wagons into the moonlight and the fog, and go across the trampled grass, now wet with dew, to the warm blaze for a tin cup of hot coffee and a cold luncheon. Pipes are lighted with blazing sticks and then, one after the other, the wagons move out of the lot, down the street, across the railroad track and out upon the country road.

The women are yet asleep in their berths. The men are only half awake. Their figures, crouchd forward upon the wagon seats, are silhouetted against the eastern sky, which is beginning to glimmer with the dawn. The trees of the roadside stand swarthy and tall in the half light of the a- ing night.

There is something mystical and romantic in that moving line of painted wagons, hiding so much that is strange and wonderful to ordinary "home folks." This life is so different from the hum drum existence of the sleeping ones in the dark and silent farm houses that we pass. These people of the road and the greensward, moving while others sleep, appeal to some instinct that harks back to days when man lived in the green forest and the wild. You think of the tight rope dancer in the deserted cemetery and of the many long caravans that have come and gone an every country lane since then, of the thousands of men and women leading this strange

life, born in circus vans, camping all their lives by the wayside, dancing, contorting, doing dangerous feats, risking their lives, dying in circus vans, and going an and on—generation after generation of them in a separate world of their own.

The Circus Comes to Town.

The lighter wagons go on ahead leaving the others behind, a d soon the thirty wagons are strung out over two or three miles of road. A lantern hangs from the rear axle of each wagon and the twinkling lights *twist* and turn around the bends in the roads. The heavy wagons lumber slowly along, the chug, chugging, of their ponderous wheel hubs awakening the echoes of the night and arousing a baying of watch dogs.

Soon the tree tops redden and glow and the sun comes up, and, from the top of the next bill is opened a wonderful landscape with the Missouri River like a broad ribbon of silver curving through *it,* The birds are singing and the cocks crowing as *we* rumble from the country road to a village street. Doors are flung open and windows raised and "Hurrah, the circus has come to town."

Then them is breakfast in a hurry, the tents go up, and until noon there is not much to do but lounge on the grass and talk. The women of the show attend to their housekeeping. Their wagons are their homes.

At 1 o'clock It is all "up," the cry for the street parade and away they go, the band playing and banners streaming.

The show begins as soon as *the* parade returns, bringing with it a crowd. And it's a mighty good show. There is not a performer in it who has not been with all the big circuses. Some of them have been with twenty or thirty different shows.

Thirty Years a Clown.

"For *the* life of me I couldn't tell the names *of* all the shows I've been with in the fifty years I've been on the road," says Albert Gaston, the clown. "I was trying to reckon them up the other day and I couldn't. I know that in 1869 I was with the Philips New York Olympic Circus in Hew York City. We had only one horse and five or six performers, and I've got a bill of that circus yet. I was apprenticed to Charles Shay's Quinqueplexed shows. I was with Levi J. North. I've been with them all since then. I was an acrobat leaper and aerial man at first, but I've been clowning for thirty years. Oh, yes, I've known all the circus performers of the last fifty years, and I've seen all the changes. I remember the

first time I saw circus cages loaded on a flat car. I thought it the funniest thing I Bad ever seen. The big ones all go by rail now, but its the little red wagon and the open mad for me. That's living."

Gaston is a lovable old man. He resembles P. T. Barnum so much that his picture would do for one of that great showman. Gaston is one of the few surviving "talking and singing" clowns. In the old days, when every circus had one and every person in the tent could see and hear all that was done and said the clown had to be a good entertainer.

"The honorable profession of clowning has gotten into bad ways," says Mr. Gaston. "Anybody can use a slapstick and knock a man into a barrel. That's the clowning of today. But in the days when I learned the business the clown had to be a comedian. Talk to an audience the same as a preacher talks from his pulpit to his congregation. And you notice I keep them in a roar of laughter. I give them quaint philosophy, a bit of satire and some Shakespeare. You've got to be brought up to it to do that."

When you see Gaston in the ring you see the same sort of a clown your forefathers laughed at, and there's no question about it, he is funnier than the modern clown.

What care I for gold or silver
Or all the money that's in this land;
All 1 want is a pretty little wife,
A good old horse and a peanut stand.

Gaston sings that as he bounces through the curtains and lands in the ring, and you laugh just as millions laughed at it fifty and seventy-five years ago.

And you laugh again when he drives a mule into the ring and shouts:

"Whoa jack ax."

And again when he does the old hat and ball trick and says: "Presto chango, market cupalo, pro bono publico, that's all the French I know."

The "Pete Jenkins Act."

Forty years ago Dan Rice set all Missouri laughing with his clowning. Gaston traveled then with Rice and he does the same kind of work today.

Not many persons of the younger generation in Kansas City ever saw a "Pete Jenkins act." Fifty years ago every circus had that act for a headliner. And the Coulter & Coulter old-fashioned one-ring circus has the same act now, and two of the men who perform it did it thirty years ago, just

as they do it today. They are Dan Leon and Gaston.

Enter the ringmaster, the clown and a horse.

Ringmaster, bowing to audience:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I take great pleasure in announcing Mr. Dan Leon, champion bareback rider of the world."

Clown—Well, well, what are we waiting for?

Ringmaster—For Mr. Leon.

Clown runs to ring entrance, looks oat, returns and announces:

"Mr. Leon has just fallen and sprained his ankle and cannot ride today."

Ringmaster to clown—Then you must ride in his place.

Clown—I shan't.

Ringmaster—What's that, sir?

Clown—I say I can if you wish it.

The clown mounts the horse and sits astride. Just then a drunken farmer comes *in* from the front, trips over the ringside and pitches headlong into the ring. The ringmaster throws him out. He re-enters and, after a long dialogue, drunkenly shouts that he came to "jine out" with the show.

"If you could only ride, now, I'd give you $25 a day," says the ringmaster.

"That's my main halt," answers Pete Jenkins.

"Where did you ever ride?"

"Used to ride dad's oxen all around tho barnyard," says Pete.

He is assisted to the horse's back, tumbles off, drags around the ring by the horse's tail, finally gets on again, throws off hat, coat and trousers and stands revealed in spangled tights and does a skillful bareback act.

Then as they start to leave the ring, the clown precedes the ringmaster, who catches him by the shoulder and jerks him back.

"Who are you, sir?" asks the ringmaster.

"I'm a lord."

"Lord who?"

"Lord only knows."

"Well, sir, I want you to know. I never follow a fool," and he strides out ahead.

"I'm not so particular, I will," says the clown as he follows.

Dan Leon says the Pete Jenkins act was invented seventy-five years ago by Charles Sherwood. Later Miles Orton and Luke Rivers did it. It is the same act today that it

was then.

When a Raps Parts.

The fellow feeling and sympathy of these circus folk is shown when Charles Barnes, doing his "perch" act, is flung sprawling clear across the tent and misses by a half inch falling upon a stake that would have killed him. The accident Is caused by a breaking rope. As he falls every man with the show rushes to pick him up. There is a look of tenderness under the white paint of the old clown's face as he bends over him. Happily the man is not injurd, and the show goes on, but that night, after the show, they gather beside the clown's dressing room and tell ist&* of the real dangers of the ring that outsiders rarely hear. Then you learn, for the first time, that many of these performers risk their lives twice a day. They tell of how Joe Saunders, doing the "perch" act with the Wallace shows in 1888 fell add broke every bone in his body, and how Lloyd Anchor was killed in the same way with the Sun show, and how George Genier suffered broken ankles, and stories of many others who dropped to death.

It is interesting, too, to sit out in front with W. H. Coulter, owner of the show, after the last ticket has been sold and the money counted, and hear him tell his ideas of the show business.

"Let the big shows have the big cities, I shall stick to the tall grass," he says.

And why shouldn't he. Last year he "cleaned up" $18,000 and this year he has already sent home $14,009, and his season is not half over. He is going south through Missouri, Oklahoma and Texas and will disband about Christmas.

"I've found out what the country people like and I give it to them," says Mr. Coulter. "You put a countryman in one of the big three-ring circuses and the glare and the myriad of moving acts bewilder him. He is dazzled but he hasn't had a chance to laugh. Now I gather up a company of good old school performers, men and women who have been bred to the wagon show, one-ring trade, and they know how to get close to the people and amuse them. And they are better performers than the new school. Where will you find a better animal trainer or barebacker rider than Dan Leon, or a clown that can make them laugh like Gaston can, or a woman that can do a better high school riding act than my wife? A good, clean show by good, clean people, no drinking, no bois-

terous talk, not a blackguard with the show, that's my motto, and I am making all the money I need."

And he tells how he expects his little boy, Jack, to follow in his footsteps and keep the Coulter & Coulter show going for years to come.

Son to Follow Me"

"It's a good, clean, honorable business and I like it so well that I want my son to follow it," he says. "Just think of the fun of riding all over the country in a wagon, and seeing scenery and making money at it, too, It's an ideal life."

Coulter's story is one of rare success in a business way. Three years ago he had a small restuarant in Albany, Mo. He loved horses and had a gift in managing them. He bought four ponies and six dogs and trained them to do all sorts of tricks. One day Jim Key, "the educated horse, was exhibited in Albany. Coulter saw him and saw through the trick in which the thing was done. He taught the cleverest pony Sparkle, to do the same feats. Then he decided to go on the road.

He knew nothing of the show business, and had never been a day with a show. His father lent him a little money with which to buy a tent, a few wagon beds and some horses. Ma- W spent the winter making circus seats, poles, jacks and stringers, and building vans upon his wagon beds. He did all the work himself.

Then he hired a few old-time circus performers. He had an idea that a reproduction of the old one-ring circuses of a half century ago would amuse the country folk. He was right. He is worth $100,000 today, and he made it all in three years.

Mrs. Coultner and their little son and daughter travel with the show and perform horses, ponies and dogs in the ring. They, too, are in love with the life.

Coulter picks out the route he is to travel. He avoids the big towns. A man in a wagon goes ten days ahead of the show putting up the bills.

The total expense of the show is not much $100 a day. It is a bad day when he does not take in $200. Many days he takes $300 and $400 at the door.

Dan Leon sits by the wheel of his wagon, in the twilight, braiding a new "cracker" to the end of the long whip that he uses in the ring. He tells that there are twenty or thirty, fifty of these wagon circuses yet on the road.

THE CIRCUS SCRAP BOOR

The two big wagon shows in the South are the M. L. Clark show from Alexandria, La., and the Ernest Haag show from Shreveport, La. Clark has been at it for twenty-five years and has a 40-wagon show.

The money that some make in the business is shown in the case of Jerry Mugiven, a circus "candy butcher," who, in 1904, bought from "Bill" Smith of Kansas City the Howe's Great London Circus, paying $1,000 in cash and agreeing to pay $9,000 more. He started from Kansas City with a few hundred dollars ahead and closed in December in Houston, Tex., with $85,000.

The Mollie Bailey wagon circus is known to every man, woman and child in Texas. She has been traveling there since 1865 and never got outside the state. She has the same show and the same performers she had seventeen years ago. The principal performers are her own five sons and two daughters, who play in the band and double in the ring acts.

When the Rainy Day Comes.

Life with a wagon show is not all fun. There are rainy days, when the roads are muddy and it takes sixteen horses to pull a heavily loaded wagon out of a muck hole. But, as the old clown said:

"When the sun shines again you enjoy it all the more."

Oh, the joy of that one night in Orrick, Mo., when, after a hot dusty day, the rain began to beat a musical tattoo upon the van tops and to stream down the narrow window pane. Then was the time to stretch and roll over and listen, close to the thin van side, to the steady drip, drip from the overhanging foliage of the big cottonwood & .

It was everyone out in the rain before daylight the next morning. The air was full of the smell of the good damp earth, Mackintoshes and rubber boots were dug up from the corners of the wagons beneath the berths, and, through the blackness and the rain, the caravan moved out along the road, the horses' feet splashing in the puddles and the wheels sucking in the mud.

The sun came out as the cavalcade pulled into the lot in Camden. Raincoats were hung up on trees to dry, the wagons were washed for the parade through the town and that afternoon the old clown faced a good sized audience when he did a double somersault into the ring, and, alighting upon his feet, shouted:

"Here we are again."

A. B. M.

JAN 8 1930

Circus Programs

1. ROBINSON & LAKE'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE COMBINED, 1860.

(Loaned for Reproduction from John G. Robinson)

ROBINSON & LAKE'S
GREAT
CIRCUS & MENAGERIE
COMBINED!

MOST COMPLETE TRAVELING ESTABLISHMENT IN AMERICA.

A MAMMOTH PAVILIION CONTAINING A RARE ZOOLOGICAL COLLECTION OF

LIVING WILD ANIMALS!

In conjunction with a Chaste, Unique and Recherche Exhibition of

THE CREAM OF EQUESTRIAN AND OLYMPIAN SPORTS!

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AN UNEQUALED STUD OF HIGH BLOODED AND TRAINED

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THE PICKED EQUESTRIANS OF EUROPE AND AMERICA.

FIVE BRILLIANT FEMALE RIDERS!

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THE THREE MOTLEY JESTERS,

WILLIAM LAKE,
THE GREAT WIT AND MODERN GRIMALDI.

JAMES REYNOLDS,
THE CELEBLATED SHAKESPEARIAN CLOWN.

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THE ALMANAC, CHRONICLE, AND RURAL HUMORIST.

In the grand and extensive [illegible] concentrated in what the Proprietors claim to be

THE SHOW OF THE AGE!

There is no space in a brief [illegible] sheet to specify all the Artists. The following

UNEXAMPLED ARRAY OF STARS

Will [illegible] of the great and unequaled whole.

JAMES ROBINSON,

[illegible] HORSEMAN, equally renowned for his classical and daring act of equitation, which first developed in America, afterwards invested him with the title of the Champion of Europe, and the undisputed Bareback Rider of the World, is now the "bright particular star" of this colossal exhibition. Paris, London, Vienna, and St. Petersburg have in turn recorded the supremacy of this Admiral Crighton of the Cirque, who, in both hemispheres, is acknowledged unapproachable and beyond all that have gone before in **Reckless Daring and Agile Grace.** The [illegible] efforts of others upon a broad pad, and [illegible] gait, are made ridiculous by his bold, dashing and fearless performance upon a naked steed, in a whirling flight around the arena, achieved at break-neck speed. To swamp pretentious opposition, the management, in good faith, offer **A CHALLENGE OF $10,000!** And waiving his undisputed reputation as the Bareback Rider of the World, we are prepared to post the money, the result to be determined either by competent judges, or the fiat of a miscellaneous audience, against any equestrian, no matter what style he may choose. We give the would-be competitor his choice.

MAD'LLE ALICE,
The Youthful Princess of the Arena.

THE "FAIRY KATE,"
The Perfection of the Ballet.

MR. JOHN ROBINSON,
The Great Four and Six Horse Rider.

WILL. DUTTON,
The Equestrian of [illegible]

Messrs. KEYS & DUCROW,
[illegible]

MAD'LLE AGNES,
The Invisible Wire Performer.

MR. WILLIAM ODELL,
The Dramatic Scenic Rider.

SIGNOR COSTELLO,
Olympianist, Gymnast, and Pantomimist.

MADAME AGNES,
And her marvelous Trained Horses,

"DON JUAN" AND "JOHNSTER."

THE BEAUTY OF ARABIA, THE WONDER OF THE EQUESTRIAN WORLD,

THE PERFORMING HORSE "ABDALLAH."

To which, and without extra charge, will be exhibited the following rare collection:

THE GREAT RUSSIAN ELK,

Captured in the Wilds of Siberia, and trained and tamed by Mr. JOHN ROBINSON.

THE HORNED HORSE!

THE LAST OF HIS RACE. THE WONDER OF THE WORLD.

SPLENDID PERFORMING ZEBRA!

A PAIR OF SPLENDID ARABIAN OSTRICHES!

Lions, Tigers, Bears, Birds, Monkeys, Leopards,

ETC., FORMING A MOST SPLENDID AND RARE COLLECTION OF WILD ANIMALS.

As the price of admission is that charged for a Circus Exhibition alone, the great Zoological display, as well as the daring feats among the Lions, etc., may be considered

FREE TO ALL PERSONS

Who obtain a card of admission to Robinson & Lake's Big Show, the whole being under one

MAMMOTH PAVILION!

Ushers in attendance to seat Ladies and Children. Strict order will be at all times preserved.

THE CHICAGO TIMES PRINT, No. 73 DEARBORN STREET. 1860

Answering The Circus Fan

Miss Alice Corbett, of Hall, Colo., asks us to name the great Talking Clowns of the past. That is quite a difficult task, but the following can be jotted down as headliners of their day: John Lowlow, Jim Myers, Joe Pentland, Dan Rice, Den Stone, Tony Pastor, Nat Austin, George M. Clarke, Sam Lothrop, William Kennedy, John Foster, Ben Maginley, Bill Worrell and George H. Knapp.

Inquirer: John J. Nathans died in New York Saturday December 26, 1891, of pneumonia. He was 76 years of age and his death was a great loss to the white tent enterprises. As a performer he introduced posturing into bareback riding, and was the first to ride four horses and hold a performing boy aloft. He also made many innovations in the ring shows and was a member of the old firms Sands, Nathans & Company, Howes and Company(of which Seth B. Howes was the other partner) and P. T. Barnum and Company, but he had been living in private life for many years prior to his death.

Circus Inquisitor: The first drove of elephants seen in this country were brought from Ceylon to America by Messrs. S. B. Howes and P. T. Barnum in 1850. The exhibition was in charge of George Nutter, and the expedition was about six months on voyage. After losing one or two elephants on the way, they finally landed in New Pork, with ten elephants, and they proved a very great attraction.

Out Of Charley Davis' Circus Chest

FAT WOMEN

During the year 1854, there were exhibited in different parts of the United States, several mammoth women. There was Mrs. Scholley, the largest lady in the world, weighing

764 pounds. She was born in New Jersey, and was 37 years of age when weighing her greatest number of pounds. She was indeed a mountain of flesh, consistently built, however. She was always buoyant and friendly.

Another was Rosina Delight Richardson, born in Cheshire County, New Hampshire. She was 19 years of age, 5 feet 3½ inches in height, measured 5 feet 4 inches around the waist, 6 feet 2 inches around the hips, 22 inches around the arm above the elbow and 14 inches below the elbow, and 2 feet 10 inches in a straight line across the shoulders. At birth she weighed 6 pounds—at 5 years she weighed 148 pounds, at ten years 268, at 15 she weighed 365 pounds, at 19, according to the showbills, 765 pounds. She could knit, spin, weave, make a shirt, or a batch of bread, was a good singer, and one of the best scholars in East Alstead, her native town.

A PORCUPINE MAN

Dr. Ascanius, of the Royal Society, London, gives the following w o w of this ~ —— Rc —a o f&he, : was born of healthy parents, and presented nothing remarkable in his appearance at his birth; but a few months wards, an infinite variety OF little excrescences began to appear an his body, which were at first supposed to be caused by an eruption. It was afterwards discovered that they were of a horny substance, whose progress nothing could arrest. With the exception of the head, the palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet, his whole body was covered with these bristles, that resembled the end of quills seen on a fowl when stripped of its feathers. Like the bristles of the hedgehog, they were planted perpendicularly in the akin The bristles were shed every Fall and renewed, so that he resembled an animal in hair and skin. At the age of 'wenty, he was attacked with small-pox. The skin peeled entirely off, but on his recovery his bristles reappeared. He married and had six children, all of whom were of the same singular constitution, and like himeself covered with horns.

JOSEPH BORUWLASKI: DWARF

Joseph Boruwlaski, commonly called Count Boruwlaski, was born in the vicinity of Chaliez, in Polish Russia, in Nov. 1739. He was one of a family of six children. He measured eight inches at birth. At the age 3 fifteen he made a tour

of Germany and France as a companion of Countess Humeiska. He was twenty-five inches tall. At forty years of age he married Isalina Barboutan. In 1781 he started to exhibit himself *in* London, England, Scotland and Ireland, and was very successful. He returned to London in March 1786, where he began to write the history of his life, which was published in 1788. He visited Poland a 1792, but soon returned to England where his exhibitions were successful. He had three children, neither of whom were dwarfs. At the time of his death he was verging on one hundred years.

DANIEL LAMBERT—FAT WAM

Daniel Lambert was born on the 13th of March 1770, in the parish of St. Margaret, at Leicester. His immense bulk and other peculiarities made him an object of surprise and wonder to the multitude. His parents were persons of normal dimensions. At the age of fourteen he started to learn to be a die-sinker and engraver, with Taylor and Company, at Birmingham. At nineteen he began to get very heavy and strong. Could carry five-hundred pounds with ease. He could kick to the height of seven feet standing on one leg. At twenty-three YE. Lambert weighed five hundred and thirty-two pounds. He was an excellent swimmer. In 1806 he went on exhibition in London. He made an exhibition tour later, and while on this tour died at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, on the 21st of June 1809. He weighed seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds.

She Knew Dan Rice

By JAMES W. SHETTEL, Circus Historian

Oldtime circus folks say there may have been better clowns, but none more popular than Dan Rice. Ask the old resident of any community whose recollection carries him back that far and he will say: "Yes, I remember Dan Rice," but he will be hazy about any one else connected with the show. Rice died at Long Branch in 1894 at the age of 84.

There is a little gray-haired old lady in Dorchester, Mass.,

who knew Dan Rice well and this is her story. As a girl of thirteen, she started her circus career by running away from home to become a bareback rider 4 the Rice show. The little gray-haired woman is Mrs. Mary I Wood. With the Rice circus, she was "Mayme, the child wonder." A pen picture described her as "small and petite, fine complexion, rosy cheeks laughing eyes and a lovely head of hair falling below her waist." When she grew older, she was billed as Pearl O'Dell.

Although now past 70, the laughing eyes light up in the old way when she speaks of the little girl who was lured from home by a clown's tale of life under the big tops and a love for horses to become a famous bareback rider.

"Yes, I knew Dan Rice well," said Mrs. Wood in response to an inquiry. "He was undoubtedly the most popular circus clown of his day. He knew the circus business from A to Z, was a shrewd business man and honest and upright *in* his dealings with his performers and fellow men. There were strange contradictions in his character, however. Ha had a bad temper and when angry his language was not choice. Although he had been a drinking man, he later became a temperence lecturer. He made lots sf money, wads generous, and died poor. It is told of him that he studied the Bible closely and two apprentice riders with the show were employed alternately to read it to him. Another picture which illustrates the religious side of his nature is that of Dan Rice graying by the bedside of a dying friend.

"When Cooper and Bailey's Great London Circus introduced electric lighting Dan Rice, who did not have electric lights, but was travelling in the same territory distributed circulars warning the public against the new method of illumination. The circular was worded thus:

The public are now by this information made aware that a show called Cooper and Bailey's Great London Circus, Bang&~ Royal British Menagerie and Great International Allied Shows have for an attraction the Electric Light. It draws many people to see it regardless of what danger they are rushing into, .

I regard it as a duty that I owe to the public to inform them what I know about it. In 1852 a member of the celebrated Rosel Family by name of Lamon, travelled with me on my steamboat on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers with my circus and got up the electric light to light up my circus tent and illuminate the shores of the river at night wherever I was

located for exhibition. He in a short time died from the *effect* of the chemicals that he created the light with. Many of my troup took sick and one member, James O'Connel, who had weak lungs died in a short space of time, after the light was introduced; we could not account for it for a long time, but hearing so many complaining that the lights affected their eyes, caused many to grow sick and others to complain of dizziness in the head, I gave up the continuance of the scheme, although it was very attractive.

Years went—at last one Edison appears as the inventor of the new and powerful light; the London Show gets the exclusive right of using it for a time with their show. Although Edison has so changed the modus operandi of using it, I may say in a more practical manner, still it is the same old light, with the only difference that it has a still more injurious effect than did the light created by Mr. Lamon. In Chicago and other cities where the Great London shows have exhibited it is talked of as the most brilliant light they ever imagined possible to create, but it hurt the eyes; also many say they have not seen a well day since the exhibition. Persons predisposed to pulmonary complaints it will shorten their days and in many cases it affects the tender brain of children. Look at their street parade, But don't get near the light at night or any other time.

The Public's Servant,
Dan Rice

P. S.—This is not done to impair the patronage of the London Circus. Only to put the public on their guard; this much I will say, that from reports they have a very good show.

"Just how many people Rice's warning kept from the London Circus will never be known. The incident is an illustration of the tactics used in those days by One circus to get patronage away from a rival and shows the resourcefulness of Rice. But to prove how far wrong Dan was it may be interesting to know that Jules Meredith, one of the men who first operated the electric light with the Cooper and Bailey Great London Circus is still living, now more than three score and ten, at his home near York, Pa., to which he retired when he left the white tops years ago."

How she came to enter the circus world is thus told by Mrs. Wood: "My father kept the Montour House, Havana, N. Y., and one of the boarders was Charley Seely. Seely was a Wegraph operator in the winter an$ % circus clown in the sum-

mer. When I was between four and five years he would hold me on his knee and tell me stories of the circus. I used to say then that I was going to be circus rider some day. My father had a Canadian pony and when I was a little older I would go into the field where the pony was kept and practice riding. I attempted all the things I had seen riders do in the circus. Many a bad fall I had, but I would cry a bit, then mount *the* pony and try again.

"It was in 1870, when I was a little more than 18 years old, that I learned the Dan Rice circus would be in Elmira, N. Y., and made up my mind to join it. I knew such *a* step would be opposed at home, so I decided to run away. I can remember yet the trepidation with which upon my arrival in Elmira I sought out Mr. Rice and asked to join his circus. He asked what I could do and I said I could ride bareback. He inquired if I had run away from home and I admitted I had.

"Wait until after the show, miss, and I'll see," he replied.

"After the show, the performers all came out to see the fun and have a good laugh at the expense of the greenhorn. They brought in from the pad room a very pretty calico pony with a large pad on his back. I said I could not ride the pony with that pad on its back. Then they brought in a beautiful resin back. I took off my shoes and stockings. Some one helped me to the horse's back. I found riding on a gaited horse, with his back all resin different from riding on a pony out in the open field. The tricks I did seemed to please Rice and the assembled performers. They applauded me and Rice said my riding was good, but too clumsy. I needed to cultivate style.

"In the meantime, when my father discovered his only child had run away from home he was greatly incensed and set detectives on my trail. Rice, however, after my tryout having seen possibilities *in* my riding, outwitted the officers. He sent me on to Pittsburgh and instructed me to await at the Monongahela House the arrival of the show in the Smoky city.

"I had a lot to learn before I was ready for *my* professional debut. I lacked grace and poise and did not know how to enter and leave the ring properly. All these Rice taught me. In training me, the spider, a sort of harness attached *to* a rope running through a pulley at the top of the center pole, was used. After *it* was decided that I was ready to make a public appearance. Mr. Rice provided me with a beautiful cos-

tume of white. My horse was a spirited white Kentucky thoroughbred named Don. I first rode in public before the circus left Pittsburgh. In addition to standing upright on the horse's back and assuming different poses, my act included jumping over four-foot banners and over two-foot banners and through a hoop. I would also put a chair on the horse's back, sit in it and read a newspaper to show the audience that I was perfectly at home on horseback. I received a great ovation and was told I was a clever rider. That was the beginning of a professional career as a bareback rider which lasted over twenty years.

"With the Rice circus at the time I made my initial bow in the show world were Madam Macarte and son, Fred; William Showles, Frank Melville and Adelaide Cordona, riders, and the Vadis Sisters, trapezists.

"A great drawing card with this circus was the beautiful blind horse, Excelsior, Jr. It was of Excelsior, after a visit to the circus paddock that the poet, Longfellow, said was so human in his conduct he was inclined to believe there must be a sort of horse heaven after all. Excelsior was a milk white stallion. His flesh was pink, his mane and tail of remarkable length and fleecy whitness. In intelligence, color and general conformation, he was conceded to be without a rival in the equine circles of the circus world. His poses as statuary looked like pinkish marble. I have never seen his equal.

"When Excelsior was taken ill, Rice, who was east on a business trip, hurried to St. Louis. He immediately went to the stable where the horse was kept. Excelsior was brought from his stall and when he discovered Rice, the faithful animal placed his head upon his master's shoulder and visibly affected. Attempts to console him were of no avail. Three days later, November 17, 1878, Excelsior was dead. He was 28 years old. When the thoroughbred was buried, the funeral train was nearly a mile in length and was viewed by thousands of persons.

"While I was with the Rice circus, I corresponded with my mother through a neighbor, who delivered my letters to her. My father was very angry with me. He had had other plans for me. I was to have graduated the next year from Cook Academy and he was planning to send me to Elmira Female college. By my act, he said, I had disgraced him and his people. He disowned me as a daughter and refused to permit

me to return home. However, I adored my mother. She was a good Christian woman, always helping those who were less fortunate. Through her persuasion I was later permitted to make a short visit home to see her. There was however no welcome from my father, who had not forgiven me. I spent a short time with mother and then went to New York to await the opening of the circus season.

"I remained with Rice a season and part of another, then joined Gallagher's circus. I had the hardest time of my life with this circus. These were the days of the wagon circus. The ring stock was good with this aggregation, but the draught stock of the worst. Some of the teams were balky and when we came to hills, it would be necessary to put an elephant back of the wagons to push them up. The proprietor was a very hard man to work for. He was not too honest and his employes sometimes found themselves on the short end when it came to salaries. They were none too well fed either, as the circus put up at the cheapest hotels to be found. We would often get a call for four o'clock in the morning, start away without breakfast and ride for two or three hours before we would come to a place where something to eat had been provided. I remained with the Gallagher circus only a season and was glad to get away.

"After the Gallagher engagement, my next employer was Walter Main with whose circus I remained two seasons. With this show I rode a beautiful white Arabian horse named Prince. My riding costume was of different colors. Of Mr. Main I have pleasant recollections. He was a good man to work for and not too hard to please.

"I next joined the Forepaugh show with which I was an attraction for several seasons. Of all the circus proprietors, I liked Forepaugh *the* best. He had a good show, including a fine herd of elephants. There was one called Bolivar, who killed seven keepers and became so ugly Forepaugh got rid of him by presenting him to the Zoological garden, Philadelphia, Jumbo, although taller, was lighter than Bolivar, who weighed six tons. The Forepaugh elephant died of old age July 31, 1908, and for the last 12 or 15 years of his life was kept confined within a small inclosure at the Zoo, because although he had a mild eye, he was too dangerous to permit to go unshackled.

"Among the features with his show was Adam Forepaugh, Jr., with his 40-horse act. The bareback riders included Rose

and Kate Stokes and myself, then known as Pearl O'Dell; Linda Jeal, the hurricane rider; Rose and Martin Julian, contortionists. President Grant was a great friend of the pro- and always attended f ? m -& ~of the Forepaugh * cus at Broad and Dauphin streets, Philadelphia.

The season of 1878 and 1879 I travelled with a circus in Mexico, returning to the United States to join the P. T. Barnum show in 1880. That was the year of the white elephants. Barnum, Forepaugh and the Batcheller and Doris circuses had white elephants; none of them was, however, genuine. This revelation will be news to many of the old-time circus The 'sacred white elephant from Siam' which was the drawing card of 'the greatest show an earth' was first made white by a coat of paint at Bridgeport, Conn., and additional coats applied as found necessary from time to time the season on the road.

"With the Barnum circus, I used in my riding act a beautiful white Arabian horse named Silver Tail. My costumes were of white, pink, blue and lavender and black, with a lavender ribbon on my shoulder. My bodice was solid with gold spangles.

"Barnum was a good man to work for and there was never any difficulty about salaries, as occurred some times with a number of the early circuses. He was however a great schemer and did hoax the public. When Bailey came into the firm conditions changed. He insisted upon hone advertising the attractions of the show. He also banished the pad riders and engaged only bareback riders. He brig- inated one feature that for & time caused dissension the performers. That was the cook tent, which many avoided and went to hotels. Barnum smoothed matters over by the payment of higher salaries and making the menu of the cook tent equal to that of the best hotels.

"Among the remarkable acts with the Barnum Show were Satsuma and Little All Right in the Slide for Life; Charles W. Fish, the famous bareback rider, Millie Victori, velocipede rider on the high wire; William Irwin, head balancer on the trapeze; the Elliott Family of Bicycle Riders; Bird Millman, high wire artist, and the Snows, roller skaters.

"Two of the attractions with the sideshow of the Barnum circus that were all they were represented to be were Captain George Constentenous, the tattooed Greek and Capt. Ruth Goshen, the giant. Both were imported from Europe.

Captain Constentenous, was a noble Greek Albanian. He was tattooed from head to foot in Chinese Tartary for engaging in rebellion against the king, 'prolonged and horrible agony of this combination of barbaric art and vengeance,' the circus bill announced, 'necessitating over 7,000,000 blood producing punctures of the quivering flesh." The designs upon his body included tigers, lions, snakes and other animals. Barnum was accustomed to advertise that he would give $50,000 for the production of [illegible] as extensive and perfect a piece of tattooing or for the correct deciphering of the hieroglyphics upon Costentenous' body. When first exhibited, the public feared Barnum was imposing another fake upon the people of the United States. After much controversy, Costentenous pronounced [illegible] By a committee of [illegible] tists and clergymen, including Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"Colonel Goshen, the Palestine giant, was born in Jerusalem May 5, 1837, and was seven feet six inches high. Barnum advertised him as 'the tallest, the largest and the strongest man of modern times.' Goshen's father was only three inches shorter than the Colonel and the mother was taller than the father. In early boyhood, Goshen was sent to Great Britain and served with distinction in the Crimean war as captain of artillery, coming from the battlefield to Barnum about 1876. His death occurred in 1887.

"It was a practice of Barnum to introduce his sideshow freaks in the concert or after-show. No other circus did this until he inaugurated this custom. As an inducement for people to remain after the regular circus performance at a slight, cost, it was quite effective.

"After leaving the Barnum circus, I filled engagements with a number of smaller affairs, and then returned to Barnum and Bailey for several seasons. My last appearance with this famous circus firm was in 1894. My father had died in 1890 and mother disposed of the property and moved to Boston, which not being too far from New York for me, to be our home. At the time of my father's death I was with the circus in the South. After my mother located in Boston, I continued to fill circus engagements in the summer and spent the winters with her. I was with the circus when I was called from the road by the sickness of my mother. I felt that my place was by her side and went home to care for her. I did not realize then that it was a fatal illness and that I would never return to the sawdust

She was an invalid for six years, before death relieved her suffering.

"At the time I left the circus, I was rehearsing an act which I believed would have proved a sensation. A novelty it certainly was, nothing of the kind ever having been done up to that time or since by any bareback rider. It was to somersault from one horse to another going in opposite directions around the ring. I had the first part of the act—leaping from one horse to the other without the somersault—down to perfection. I had two beautiful horses for the act. The one was a white horse and the other a calico chestnut and white. The one was named Boneta and the other, Beauty. In order to practice the somersault, I had to wait until I went to the training barn, where there was a 'spider' to save me from accidents. But my mother's sickness and death prevented me from perfecting the act. I realized that after an absence of six years from the circus ring I would be unable to return. No one after that length of time has staged a successful come-back. It cannot be done. After the muscles and bones have become set, they cannot be used as they had been. A rider must keep them pliable by constant practice. It is the same with the acrobat and contortionist."

Of the riders of her day, Mrs. Wood says Josie DeMott was the best of the women. She has never seen May Wirth, who is generally conceeded to be without a peer among the present day female bareback riders.

"From what I have read of her act and from We billing," said Mrs. Wood, "I would say that it resembles that of Miss DeMott, who was unequalled among the women riders of my day. She was a star performer for many years with the Barnum and Bailey circus. Miss DeMott left the sawdust ring for a number of years, then attempted a comeback, but met with an accident and had to give up. The Stokes sisters were also remarkable riders and were the first women to do a carrying act.

"To my mind, Fish was by all means the best of the male riders. Some make this claim for James Robinson, but good as he was, Fish was better. Fish could do tricks that Robinson never pretended to do. He was a really womb-ful rider. =# somersaults over four foot banners @ through hoops, together with his other tricks were amazing. He was a fine-looking man, had a perfect figure and was grace personified. I would call Robinson the next best rider

among the man. His skipping rope on horseback was a great feat and 'worthy of mention because it was new, but his other tricks were about the same as any other male rider. William Showles was another fine bareback rider of whom It was said he could make a mount from the ring 'without pulling hair,' meaning grabbing the horse's mane. Showles was good-looking in tights and had his own stock, as did Fish and Robinson. He died in April, 1924, at Bellevue Hospital, New York city, at the age of 60, practically penniless and almost forgotten. There were a number of other riders I would call good. There was young Addie Forepaugh, son of the circus owner. He was a fine bareback rider in addition to being a horse trainer.

"I suppose you would like to hear of some of the famous animal trainers of the past with whom I was acquainted and who were conceded to be the best in the business. There was George Artingstall, the elephant trainer He was with the Forepaugh show, when I first met him. Artingstall was a remarkable trainer. He controlled the great beasts by kindness. The last time I heard of him was when he was with the Barnum and Bailey show at the time Jumbo was killed in Canada. I have been told that he lost his mind and was placed in an asylum. Another smart trouper gone.

"An exceptional woman animal trainer was Millie Adgee with her lions, leopards and panthers. She was a very pretty and petite lady, Her poses with the great cats were certainly wonderful. But her occupation was a dangerous one. Many times she was clawed by her animal pupils. The last time was in Cincinnati, when she was disfigured for life. She never appeared again in public.

"Here is a story about Scotty, the caretaker of Leo, an old and very large lion in the Barnum circus. Leo showed by his actions that something was wrong. He appeared to be in great pain and the trouble was with his paw. Scotty said he would find *ant*. He went in the cage where Leo lay in agony. He looked at the foot. The cushion was all swollen and full of pus. Scotty asked for a canvas needle. They all said Leo would turn upon Scotty, but the caretaker opened the lion's foot, pressed the pus out and removed a sliver nearly an inch long, that Leo got from the bottom of the cage. After the offending paw was washed and dressed, Leo licked Scotty's hand and rubbed up against his body like a cat. Leo was very ugly, if any one but Scotty went into the cage to clean

it, but he loved Scotty.

must not forget the great Jack Bonavita, trainer of lions and tigers. Jack had a beautiful specimen of Royal Bengal em, a ferocious, sulky beast that was not to be trusted. The tiger was *named* Baltimore. While doing hia tricks, Baltimore would snarl and spit, watching for a chance to spring upon his trainer. Whenever Jack went cage, was and the irons, heated to a red heat, were kept an emergency. He handled Baltimore for many years. While with the Forepaugh show, I have heard the performers say to him: "Be careful, Jack. Baltimore will get you. He is sulky today." The trainer would laugh and reply: 'Not if I see him first.'

"Jack was fearless, but with the Barnum circus one day in California Baltimore ended the career of this brave man. His last words after they got him out of the cage were:

" 'Baltimore got me.'

"The big tiger was never handled by any one again, but placed in a special constructed cage for exhibition. A sign, 'Dangerous,' was placed upon the cage.

"The names of the famous quartet of midgets, General Tom Thumb, Commodore Nutt, Lavinia Warren, whom Tom Thumb married, and her sister, Minnie Warren, are familiar to the older generation. They were part of Barnum's travelling U - seum as early as the S?# of the last century. One day the museum came to Mechanicsville, N. Y., where my grandmother made a fortune by the manufacture of spruce beer. People came for miles around to buy her famous spruce beer and cakes. She numbered among her patrons such well-known personages as the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, of New York and the Drexels of Philadelphia, who were yearly visitors at Saratoga Springs, the famed summer resort of years ago. Well, what I was going to say was that when the quartet of midgets came to grandma's for the beer and cakes, Tom Thumb slipped away and they found him upon the stoop feeding catnip to some dead fish to bring them to life. The general was really not very bright. I have heard my Grandmother Bartel tell many times of this incident.

"Later, when I was with the Barnum circus, I met these little people. I found Mrs. Tom Thumb a most lovable little lady.

The favorite singing clown of the eigthies, according to Mrs. Wood, was Johnny Patterson, the "Rambler from Clare."

"As his name implies," said Mrs. Wood, "Patterson was a native of Ireland. He came to the United States about 1879 and remained several seasons, first appearing with the Cooper and Bailey circus and later with Batcheller and Doris. Patterson had no schooling and could neither read nor writs, bet was a pleasing singer and jester. Many of his songs were original and very popular with audiences. A favorite was "Bridget Donahue," which Patterson usually sang as an encore

Oh. Bridget Donahue, I really do love you.
Although I'm in America, to yen I will be true.
Oh, Bridget Donahue, I'll tell you what I'll do,
You take the name of Patterson and I'll take Donahue.

Patterson's death occurred in 1889. He died on the circus grounds, having refused to go to a hospital. A physician who attended him, intending to cheer him up, said 'Good-by, Johnny, I'll see you in the morning.' 'Maybe you will,' was Johnny's reply, 'but will I see you?' When the doctor came next day, Patterson was dead. A son, also known by the name of Johnny Patterson, followed in his father's footsteps as a circus clown and was still in the profession a few years ago."

After her mother's death, Mrs. Wood realized her days as an equestrienne were at an end and gave up all idea of returning to the circus. Then she married. Her husband was a non-professional. He died in 1915. A bequest from her mother and some insurance on her husband's life left Mrs. Wood provided with money for a time. But the high cost & living durand since the war, sickness and other causes played havoc with her funds and she has been compelled to seek shelter for her remaining days in the Boston Home.

When Mrs. Wood as a girl joined the Dan Rice circus, she received five dollars a week salary and was proud to get it, she says. She soon received an increase and when she left him her salary was $40 a week. At the time she quit Barnum and Bailey her salary was $75. a week.

"If you had your life to live over again," Mrs. Wood was asked, "would you do the same thing—run away to become a bareback rider?"

"Yes, I would," was the emphatic reply. "I suppose it is the spirit of We trouser, but I would not be satisfied outside the white tops If I were young, I would choose the same life. True, it was hard in the early days, but the outdoor life was beneficial. I never was ill treated. I have been scolded for making the same mistake many times or if I was careless

about my wardrobe or late for parade. That would mean a five dollar fine. Today the big circuses have no parade. When circuses first began to travel by rail, the sleeping cars were provided with what were called berths, but which were really nothing but bunks. Today the performers have regular sleepers, and some of the stars state rooms with twin beds. The salaries are much greater than in my day. The same act I was doing with the Barnum and Bailey show would now command $150 to $200 a week. Of the people of the circus, most of my memories are pleasant. There are no others like them. They are so human and have a fellow feeling for one another. Yes, I would be a trouper again, I am sure, if I had my life to live over again."

Mrs. Annie Donovan, Famous Bearded Lady

(*Undated Newspaper Clipping*)

Mrs. Donovan became the cynosure of all eyes from babyhood, for at a very early date P. T. Barnum exhibited her as "The Infant Esau." Her entire body was covered with hair and her beard was of a very coarse texture. From the time she was first exhibited and until her death she supported her mother and several brothers and sisters. It is said that her salary was at one time $500 a week. A good share of her earnings she invested in real estate in Brooklyn. The excessive growth of hirsutal adornment on a woman's face does not seem to be a marital handicap for this young lady married twice. Her first husband was Richard Elliott, a showman, from whom she was divorced, and her second husband was William Donovan, now dead.

Mrs. Donovan exhibited in almost every side-show and museum in the country. This irregular living finally brought on a pulmonary disturbance and in May, 1902, she had to leave a show and hurry home. She died on October 22, 1902. at the home of her mother in Brooklyn, N. Y. The doctors reported her case as hasty consumption. She was 37 years of age.

Circus Musicians

The Difficulties of Selecting Music for tho Performance.

(Alta, California, 1886)

"Once a man gets into the life of a circus band," said the leader, "and accustomed to its hard work, he likes it, and very few care to leave it again for the casual and chance engagements of unattached musicians. Even if they were so fortunate as to get places in regular theatre orchestras they would have their dull season each year, and, when at work under union rates, would only get $2.50 a performance, out of which they would have to pay their personal expenses, so that they would Be no better off than in a circus. Then, there is no small attraction in the travel, excitement, open-air life and variety of a circus. Some df our circus band men go on playing until they are quite old.

"It is the duty of the leader to select and arrange the music far his band in a circus just the same as any other band, but the circus leader has much the hardest work to do. In the first place he must have such an immense quantity of music, as you will readily conceive. But still more difficult for him, if he does not thoroughly understand the circus business, is the selection of the particular airs that will fit to the various performances in the ring. That would not be so hard to do if there was only one ring and one performance in it at a time, but when you have from three to five various performances going on simultaneously, you don't find it so easy to pick out music that will trump in or follow suit with them all.

"If there are two or three riding acts simultaneously, it will be comparatively easy to fit them, but when you have things going on upon the ground and in the air at once yon must be very careful or you will throw your horses or your people out. Then you have to know which one of the lot is most important to which you will have to play, making the others secondary, but serving them as well as possible at the same time. For instance, when the stars are doing their really wonderful triple trapeze act, though there are three

other acts going at the same time, I have to play for the stars and must control the time and force of the music to suit them. When the principal sounds his bell the band has to play pianissimo, for that is the signal that he is about to speak a word of direction or warning to the girls, and his voice must be heard. *And* when one of their astounding feats has been performed, the band must break out with a fortissimo crash, blending with the roar of applause from the audience. No matter where the writer of the music may put his diminuendos or crescendos, I have to play it that way whether the piece become unrecognizable or not, it may suit the o t h performers or not, and whether people say 'how badly the band plays that air' or not, for it may be a question of limb, if not of life, to have it done in just that way.

"Here there is so much careful training, and we have to adapt the time to the horses, to a certain degree, but still the marked accent must be kept, and that is enough to make a very strong family resemblance between tunes, enough to make many people say 'same old tune.' The elephants and the trained stallions require to have always the same music, or if not nearly the same, then so very near to it that the animals cannot recognize any difference. Of course we do work in some changes on them, but not abrupt ones, for the American public will not stand the same thing all the time, no ma — what th preferences of the animals m a be. When I w~ In England seven years ago Hengler's band was playing the same music for menage and trick acts that they had played for seven years before, and I have no doubt they are playing the same pieces now. That would be likely to breed a riot in this country, I think."

Equestrians

Translated from the French of Le Roux & Garnier's "ACROBATS AND MOUNTEBANKS"

Donated by G. A. SEVERANCE

I retain amongst the recollections of my provincial childhood, the remembrance of an annual festival, in itself noisy and marvelous, and even new, when I close my eyes, I can

recall the brightness of its lamps.

Every year, at Saint Michel, the month when the clear heaven is spotted with kites, in one square of the old city, by the side of the paved road by which the Paris coaches formerly passed with sonorous smacking of the whip, a palace of new planks would rise in a few days as light as a house of cards. Enormous placards on every wall announced the arrival of a grand circus consisting of fifty horses and one hundred and fifty artists.

For some weeks beforehand our boyish hearts were mi-- iously disturbed. Every @, after school-hours, with books under our arms, walking like truant schoolboys, we went to enjoy, through the half-open doors of the stables, the intoxicating smell of horses, blended with the scent of fresh sawdust and the perfume of musk which turns the brains of men. And then, peeping through the chinks between the badly ~ t - ting planks, we would watch, in the half light of the circus, the rehearsals of the beautiful equestrians for whom our youthful hearts were beating, as naive and courageous as those of their own horses.

At last some fine morning the passers-by would see on the placards the announcement of a gala performance. "The professors of the college and the pupils of the Lycee will honor this entertainment by their presence."

It was on one of these evenings, now almost twenty years ago, that I first saw and loved poor Emilie Loisset, before her success in Paris and Vienna, when she made her debut in the Haute Ecole, and played in a pantomime disguised as Prince Charming, with her sister Clotilde, now an Hungarian princess. Her touching story 4 s been related by Philippe Daryl in his charming novel La Petite Lambton. At that time Emilie was not more than eighteen years old, and she was the most charming creature in the world. Still her eyes and her face wore a curiously melancholy expression. I learnt afterwards that the most flattering success could never dispel the instinctive distrust of life, the romantic fancy for gloomy a—— which afterwards led her to m.Sa house exactly @@&& the little cemetery of Maisons-Laffitte.

She was buried in it two days after she had been carried from the circus mutilated and crushed by the fall of her horse, which, in refusing a jump, had fallen upon her.

Forgive me for opening this chapter by evoking the melancholy smile of one who is no more. But I owe this tribute

to Emilie Loisset; for it is through her, that, as a child, I received the first revelation of the beauty of a woman on horseback, of the artistic union of the two most perfect ear-vilineal forms in creation—the horse adding to the woman by the majesty of its stature, the woman daringly poised on the animal like a wing.

But long and serious work, both for the equestrian and the horse, has preceded this harmonious union. Although the woman and the animal have acquired the habit of conquering difficulties together, and have even attained perfect unison of will and obedience, yet they have each studied alone, slowly reaching that perfection, that confidence in their own powers, which produce the success of their alliance.

It is important that the various phases of this education should be defined at once. The studies of the equestrians of the Haute Ecole, the highest form of training for horse and rider, differ completely from those of the pad equestrian, whilst the lessons given to performing horses differ equally from those of the Haute Ecole.

France possesses the legendary trainer of performing horses, M. Loyal. For thirty-five years he has introduced his pupils to the public. M. Franconi possesses an old mare—la mere Tulipe—twenty-two years old, who was trained under his whip. Every year M. Loyal undertakes some new pupils, and enlarges the sphere of his conquests. He is so certain of his own preeminence that he takes no trouble to conceal his method. He has often invited me to his rehearsals, and I have met fellow workers there who had gone, like myself, to learn Ram him. One day M. Loyal even gave one of us a short essay on the subject of his work, which has since been published.

The horse, in the opinion of the celebrated trainer, is m e of the dullest animals created; it has but one faculty, memory. On this account it must be forced to learn its tricks by the aid of the curb and whip; they are imprinted in its memory by the whip if it resists, and by presents of carrots if it obeys. On these terms every horse can be trained, but it is well understood that certain breeds, such as Arabian and German horses from old Prussia, are easier to teach than any others, and also that the animal's age is of great importance. It must *not* be either too young or *too* old; the best educations are given between five and seven years old. Before that age the horse is too excitable, too nervous; he gets confused.

Later than that his musicles are not sufficiently flexible.

The A B C of education consists in rendering the horse familiar with the arena, making it go round regularly and stop at a given signal. To teach it this first lesson, M. Loyal leads the creature into the circus and places it close to the palisade, whilst he goes into the centre of the ring. In his left hand he holds a long leash, which has been passed through the curb or cavesson—everyone knows that this is a semi-circle of iron armed with a sharp point, which is placed upon the nose of the horse. In his right hand he holds a long whip, whilst an assistant, armed with a strong riding whip, is concealed behind the animal. In this position the trainer utters a call, then lightly pulling the horse, forces it to walk. If it resists the assistant gives it a blow with the whip, if it obeys it receives a carrot from its master as a reward, after three or four turns round the arena. To make it stop, the trainer suddenly cracks the whip in his pupil's face, whilst the assistant throws himself in front of it.

The same method is used in teaching a horse to leap. It is placed in front of a barrier, and is encouraged to jump over it by voice and gesture; if it refuses, the assistant gives it a volley of blows on the croup with his whip. If it jumps, the ever-ready carrot is its reward.

To make it point, the ring-master has simply to place himself squarely in front of the horse, to shake his riding-whip with the left hand, whilst he cracks his long whip with the right.

But although the horse learns these tricks with comparative facility, a great effort is required before he can be taught to kneel. The trainer is obliged to resort to surprise. A bracelet is attached to the two fore pasterns just above the hoof, and a cord is attached to *it* by one end, the other being held by the trainer. Suddenly M. Loyal attracts the attention of the horse by a sharp cry; at the same time he shakes its confidence by a pull at the cord and a vigorous blow on its shoulder. In a short time the horse kneels down at the master's call without being tripped or coerced in any way.

Next to this achievement, the most difficult feat is teaching a horse the trick of changing feet. This requires fully a year of patience. The animal is led into the arena and commences its usual exercise round it. The trainer allows it to settle quietly into its stride, then abruptly, with a touch of the whip cleverly applied, he tries to break its pace; that

is to say, to make it change step. If this result is obtained, the horse is allowed to gallop round the ring once or twice, then it is checked again to make it return to its former step. When the animal understands what *if* ought to do at the touch of the whip, instead of completing the turn round on one foot, it is forced to change at the half round. Afterwards it is only allowed a quarter turn, then only three or four steps without changing, and lastly only two. The *hd* — thus appears to d ~ @ the polka when it performs to music, which accompanies and follows its movements.

The ring-master usually chooses a well-bred horse from amongst the animals trained in this way, and already broken, for initiation into the *haute* ecole.

No one will expect me to discuss here the principles of this training, nor even the theories of circus horsemanship. I refer the reader to the special treatises written upon the subject by men in the profession, particularly to the fine book which the historian *of* sport, Baron de Vaux, has published under *the* title *of* LES HOMMES DE CHEVAL. I especially recommend the perusal of the chapter consecrated to the Franconi family. It contains an account of how Laurence Franconi taught the present manager of *the* two circuses the principles of the School of Versailles, whilst *treeing* good horsemanship from the superfluities in use in the time of Pluvinel. Laurence Franconi wished for a less formal, less studied style of horsemanship. The introduction into France of English horses trained in the hunting-field and *on* the race-course, and the re-organization of the cavalry, had demonstrated the necessity of preparing horses for greater freedom of action. It was realized that good riding did not consist merely in forcing a horse to show off and tire itself uselessly in obtaining a striking effect, but in well calculating the strength of steed, in husbanding its forces, and regulating its paces. It was at last recognized that the ideal horse of the haute ecole should be easy in its balance and in its artifical paces under the guidance of its rider, and that on his side the rider should only use the force necessary to maintain this balance, and to secure the execution of the airs of the haute ecole.

On these principles Laurence Franconi trained BLANCHE NORMA, and HECTOR; Victor Franconi, his son, trained FRISETTE, AJAX, WAVERLY, and BRILLANTE; and Charles Franconi, his grandson, educated REGENT and MOSCOU.

I remember being present at We Circus d'Ete during one

of Moscou's rehearsals, ridden by Mdlle. Marguerite Dudlay. The little empty circus was illumined by a red light, the reflection of the April sun upon the velvet of the benches. Charles Franconi was watching the work of the equestrian and her horse. It was a Russian stallion, beautifully shaped and very elegant; in its veins it showed the vigour of the Slav-blood, full of revolt, excitement, passion, and violence, veiled by affected gentleness, lost in compliance with its rider's will.

A ring-master, armed with a whip, held the horse in front of a barrier which he gradually raised. Without any apparent effort Mdlle. Dudlay lifted the grand quivering beast over the bar. The young girl was bareheaded, and her hair had fallen down with the shock She was a charming picture in her dangerous leaps, with her long wavy hair flowing over her shoulders.

After the rehearsal I went up to her to speak about her horses. She was very fond of them, and would not allow them to be scolded. They were her friends.

"Moscou is so gentlemanly!" she said, showing *me* the horse, which an attendant was leading away covered with foam. "He has such good manners!"

And in a low tone she owned to me that she preferred him to Regent, a grey of classic beauty, much more reliable than his comrade—loyal, vigorous, and brave; but he replaced coaxing by a military deportment, the correct stiffness of an officer.

"No doubt I am unjust," said Mlle. Dudley, "but how can I help it? Moscou and I love each other."

That is the secret of the HAUTE ECOLE as well as of everything else. Habit and skill are insufficient—love is necessary too. *It* is through love of the little hands which caress their necks that these great horses throw all their energies into leaps which exhaust them; it is through love that they humilitate themselves, that they kneel down. For my own part, I know no grander spectacle, no more spiritual combination, no triumph more admirable of mental over physical force.

It is almost unnecessary to add that these instances of perfect harmony are the exception, not the rule. The little "mashers" in white ties and dress-coats who encumber the entrance to the ring, and surround the equestrian as she mounts her saddle, crying "Bravo!" and "TRES CHIC!" at

every movement she makes, h o p by their eagerness, by *them* exclamations, to pose as horsey men in the eyes of the crowd; but they never imagine the duplicity of which they are the victims nineteen *times* out of twenty.

There are, in fact, two different categories of equestrians of the HAUTE ECOLE; first the wives, daughters, and sisters of the circus managers, who are placed on a horse trained in the establishment at an early age. Let us softly add that these subjects are nearly always, to quote an expression of M. Molier, "Les fruits secs du panneau." (Those who are too old for the pad). It sometimes occurs also that a weel-to-do manager, who thinks of marrying his daughter in the BOURGEOISIE—or even in the aristocracy—hesitates to exhibit the young girl In the semi-nudity of tights. He is afraid of *darning* the future husband. This has happened with several accomplished equestrians like the *W e* Emilia Loisset, and, at the present moment, Mdlle. Renz.

As a rule, ths equestrian of the HAUTE ECOLE is a pretty girl who wishes to appear in a circus, and who has found some one to minister to her vanity. This "some one" must be rich—very rich. The horsewoman in question must take with her three trained horses—two of *the* HAUTE ECOLE, and one leaper. This trio of horses costs a great deal. It is only in a circus that they can be obtained ready to work with *a* woman, and the trade in them is a speciality of German circuses. Old horses trained in the HAUTE ECOLE regular as clocks in their movements, may be found there for sale at Prom 10,000 to 15,000 francs each. The value of the horse sometimes even raises to 20,000 francs if it has *a* good tail.

A few weeks work suffice to "adapt"—another expression Molier, to whom I owe the revelation of all these secrets—a very mediocre equestrian to one of these mechanical horses. The animal, annoyed by its bad rider, who shuffles on her saddle, does not perform one-half of the work which the man has taught him. But *the* public does not know this, and the would-be sportsmen who adorn the entrance *to* the ring open admiring eyes when the pretty girl assures them, from the superior height of her saddle, that she trained the horse hers&

These frank explanations will probably make many pretty enemies for me; but, at least, they ought to assure you of the sincerity of the adminration and respect which I profess

for the PAD EQUESTRNANS or STANDING EQUESTRIANS.

Apparently, in a circus, a woman's virtue is in inverse proportion to the length of her skirts; the riding-habit is suspected, whilst muslin petticoats soar above all scandalous aspersions.

The "standing" equestrian is usually married to a circus artiste whilst still very young; she is an excellent housewife and a model mother. As long as maternity does not interfere with her profession, she shares her husband's dangerous performances during her youth. With him she dislocates herself, and bravely fractures her arms and legs. She has scarcely recovered before she recommences her work. Her circus education is complete She was placed on a horse at six years old, and besides her standing-up performances—the most difficult of all—she has learned the mimic art, the slack wire, juggling, gymnastics, sometimes even the "carpet." I am not alluding to the HAUTE ECOLE. An equestrian who can ride standing is so sure of her balance, and so much accustomed to her horse, that she can ride on a side saddle with very little instruction. She can therefore appear as an equestrian of the HAUTE ECOLE with only a few days rehearsal.

But amongst all the necessary studies that form part of the education of a pad equestrian, there is one fundamental and primary one to which she devotes as much time as to the riding-school; this is the art of dancing. The equestrian follows the same classes as a ballet girl. Dancing lessons make her turn her feet and knees out, teach her to carry her arms and head well, and give her equilibrium and grace There are some instances of dancers who, having injured themselves in the exercise of their art, have learnt to ride standing in less than a year.

The horse ridden by a pad equestrian should be a reliable animal, with smooth even paces. The regularity of its movements is so important that now the most popular equestrians possess their own horses, and insist upon *the* manager of the circus engaging them too. This is a wise precaution. I remember one day at the Circus d'Ete seeing Mlle. Adele Rossi contend with a fine piebald horse which replaced her usual steed. She appeared as a jockey, standing and booted, in a vaulting performance in which she was charmingly jaunty and graceful. She made her spring in the ring, and alighted

standing upon the galloping horse. Each time she leaped the animal was startled and changed its foot; this produced an abrupt movement of the shoulder, which sent Mlle. Rossi back into the arena. The young girl was obliged to recommence a dozen times before she succeeded in it, amidst the applause of the audience.

This wonderful equilibrium 4 only acquired by great B—— tice and much patience. You may see an amusing performance at the Nouveau Cirque styled a "Riding Lesson" on the programme. The stablemen place a large gibbet, which moves on its own axis, in the centre of the arena. From the arm of this apparatus a ring, attached to a cord, hangs above the ring-master, who is on horseback The other end of the cord is attached to *the* pupil's waist. You will at once realize the amusement which is derived from the awkward movements of the gibbet. The man in the black coat, who wished to take a riding-lesson, is left swimming in the air, whilst the horse gallops on the other side of the arena. But at the rehearsals of an artist, *the* gibbet manoeuvres with more circumspection, and it has very generally replaced the cord, which was formerly fastened on one side to the pupil's waist-belt and held by the riding-master at the other end, whilst it passed in the middle through a ring hanging from the ceiling.

The first time that an equestrian, supported in this manner, takes a lesson on the pad, she is made to gallop in a seitting posture until she is thoroughly accustomed to the movements of the horse. Then she r—— herself upon one knee before she stands upright, her shoulder turned inside the ring, between, the horse and the master. The equestrian then gradually rises to her feet, and performs upon the pad all the steps that she has acquired in the dancing academy. The man who has followed the same classes with her, now adds to her work the attitudes and movements of an acrobat; together they perform the PAS DE DEUX and the vaulting acts which amateurs delight in.

But although these vaulting acts, this springing through hoops, may charm the public, they are a violent, war —— performance, which e= rouse the admiration of the only. Ask the real artists, like Jenny O'Brien, what they think of these acrobatic exercises. They will not hesitate to tell you that if these leaps are a sure way of winning applause, they are the worst method of satisfying the conscience of an artist.

At the same time, if it be true that danger defied adds some dignity to the effort made, then the warmest expressions of public sympathy are due to pad equestrians. Perhaps no one Will be surprised to learn that, according to statistics, circus-riders are more frequently killed than even gymnastsThe reason is that an accident is not produced by an unfortunate physical cause only, or by *the* distraction of one second; a mistake of the horse may kill *the* man who is riding it.

During the years that I frequented the Parisian circuses, I was once present at a cruel accident.

An equestrian, named Prince, *was* performing at the Cirque d'Ete a vaulting act on *two* horses, which were leaping fixed bars. Suddenly one of the animals fell on its knees, and the man was thrown forward upon his head. The assistants at once rushed towards him and covered the body with a mantle. It was carried out, and M. Loyal, in a chocked voice, but with a smile on his lips, came forward and said:

"It is nothing, ladies and gentlemen—a slight accident. M. Prince begs that the public will excuse him."

The truth was *that* the rider had been killed on the spot—he had broken his neck. And whilst a number of clowns tumbled into the ring, reassuring the public by their jokes, Prince's wife and children were weeping over his body in the great whitewashed room, where the reins of the performing donkeys were hanging on the walls side by side with the clowns wigs, training whips, and spangled tights.

Have you read that interesting booklet by Joy Teel, the old Circus Man.

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