

DRAMATIC

VAUDEVILLE

MINSTRELSY

CIRCUS

BILLPOSTERS

# THE BILLBOARD

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Price, 10 Cents  
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**MISS SELMA HERMAN AS CIGARETTE.**

Her marriage to her leading man is soon to be an event in  
in dramatic circles.



## THE WOMAN IN BILL POSTING.

Here Are Two of Them Who Have Been More Than Successful in Sticking Up Paper.



MRS. CHAS. DUCKETT,  
Ottawa, Ill.

That woman's work is no longer confined to the four walls of the home, that she is capable of leading the strenuous life of the twentieth century is fully illustrated in the life of Mrs. Chas. Duckett, the subject of this sketch, whose picture appears herewith.

Mrs. Duckett is a member of the La Salle County Advertising Association, of Ottawa, Ill. Her work, however, is not confined to Ottawa, where the main office is located, but she personally manages a route of forty-one towns, and very often she drives over the route alone, frequently covering fifty miles a day. Some of her experiences would fill a book that would be worth reading, indeed. Aside from her professional work Mrs. Duckett is actively engaged

in religious and social undertakings. She is an active member of Christ's Episcopal Church, the I. D. A. and belongs also to the Order of Eastern Stars.

Socially she is a great favorite and is a leader in the social life of Ottawa, which has become very famous throughout the state.

The friends of Mrs. Duckett have all been intensely interested in her work and, naturally, have speculated as to the outcome of such a unique enterprise. To say that she has made a success does not do her justice. Not content with past methods she has introduced into her work many innovations which are decidedly clever and has proved beyond doubt that a conspicuous advertisement is the very life of trade.



BREAKING IN GREEN BILLPOSTERS.

## DIDN'T STOP

Her Business When Mrs. Root's Bill Posters Went to the Philippines.

Among the most interesting pictures which appear in this very profusely illustrated issue of "The Billboard" are those which accompany this sketch, portraying the energy of one of the most business-like, energetic and progressive women of that most progressive part of this vast land—the West, whose strenuous endeavors amidst a most strenuous life have not only been rewarded in part, but in whole, by success. The lady is Mrs. H. E. Root, of Laramie, Wyoming.

Mrs. Root is the manager of the only opera house in Laramie, as well as the city bill poster of that most thriving town of the West. The house is a handsome little theater with a seating capacity of 700, lighted by electricity, with ample dressing rooms, a stage 48 by 75 feet, thoroughly equipped in every respect and well heated.

Laramie is a city of 3,000 inhabitants, and the whole of the populace are theatergoers. Hence, "the best" in that town, is not too good for "Billie" in that town, only first-class attractions being given dates to play there.

Besides being the amusement provider for the city of Laramie, Mrs. Root is as well, as I have said, the city bill poster, and distributor, and an ardent member of the I. A. O. F. and the A. O. U. and is registered in all the leading lists of the country.

Nothing so well exemplifies the true characteristic western energy of the noble wo-

## CROKER vs. "BILL POSTING MAN."

New York, Nov. 21.—Richard Croker, the veteran Democratic leader of Greater New York, the man to whom all National Democratic leaders bow, and come to for consultation, met his first "Waterloo" in his own imperial city at the hands of a bill poster, who, like Roosevelt, is a firm believer in the "strenuous life."

The causes leading up to the "Waterloo" were the different modes of advertising pursued in the last municipal campaign by the various political parties.

Tammany Hall, represented by Squire Richard Croker, had succeeded in signing a contract with the two New York bill poster concerns, for exclusive use of their protected and unprotected boards, which left the Citizen's Union in a sad dilemma as to a display method of advertising, when lo and behold, a new "Richmond" appeared upon the field in the person of T. S. Winans, known up to this time as only a bill posting solicitor and an all-around "good fellow." After performing the Heronian task of making the Tammany bill posters (using the slang phrase of the day) "feel like 7 cents," in the residential streets and outlying boulevards, like Napoleon, he "looked for new fields to conquer," when the only fields he had not conquered were the barricades and fences which lined "Croker's Pet Baby," the new Rapid Transit Subway.

Although occupying the public thoroughfares of the city, the big "Sachem's" order was to let nobody use them for advertising purposes unless they bore the war paint and feathers of Tammany Hall. Winans could not see it that way, and, mass-



POSTING PAPER UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

man, under the most trying circumstances, as the two cuts we present, showing the little lady overseeing the work of her "hands" while posting paper.

A most interesting little story goes with the pictures. At the time of the breaking out of the Spanish-American War, with true patriotic spirit and devotion to duty, all the bill posters in Mrs. Root's employ shouldered their trusty rifles and joined the vanguard bound for the Philippines.

Mrs. Root, with energy and spirit, hired other men, who, however, proved absolutely "green" in bill posting, and incapable of doing the work required of them. Nothing daunted, however, she shouldered her long-handled brush, and with a bucket of paste and the green hands along, proceeded to do the work herself, meanwhile instructing them in the art of putting up bills and posters.

The two pictures show her in the role of the instructress, one while she is upon the ladder posting up paper, her assistants standing by, viewing with evident interest the work she is doing, and endeavoring to teach them.

The war had its many successes, but none was more potent or signal than that won by Mrs. Root in overcoming the difficulties which beset her, in consequence of the desertion from her ranks of the mainstays of her business—the bill posters.

Mrs. Root has greatly enlarged and increased her plant since those strenuous times, and is now doing as nice a business in that line as many others in much larger cities.

"Nothing succeeds like success," and that Mrs. Root is a success without doubt, goes without the saying.

He (ditterly): "Good by, then! Good-by, forever!"

She (weakening): "Oh, Jack, don't say that! Say 'an revoir, forever!'"

ing one of his bill posting crews, became an active participant in destroying the "Star" and all the reading matter under it, which pertained to Tammany and the good it had done. Winans poster read otherwise. The battlefield used for the last encounter of the campaign was Fourth avenue, from Fourteenth to Twenty-third streets, it being Mr. Croker's daily promenade, with his closest lieutenants, en route from Tammany Hall to the Democratic Club. In taking this walk they perceived the strenuous Winans directing his "paste" crew. Croker immediately ordered his lieutenants to proceed and stop the destruction of the Subway and Tammany posters. Winans' crew had but one commander; they refused to obey Mr. Croker's lieutenants, when the big "Chief" issued personal orders to stop. No stop. Policemen called to the rescue. Winans arrested by order of the big "Chief." Finale. Winans honorably discharged. Has not seen Croker since. Keeps on bill posting, per example. Saturday, November 16, ordered on four hours' notice to cover Harlem and the Bronx for a New York newspaper. Did it successfully. Result—one year's contract from same paper.

## A ROMANCE.

A little sprig of mistletoe  
One Christmas Eve was fated  
To reunite a man and maid  
Who had been separated.

"Twas not a feat so difficult  
As to inspire with wonder,  
Because, you see, the man and maid  
Were but a foot warmer.

—JAMES HARRIETT KIRK, in Life.

D. H. Culvert, at Pontiac, Mich., is the leading bill poster of that town.

**SUCCESSFUL PLAYS**

**And the Chief Thing Necessary to Make Them Such, as Seen By a Manager.**

(Written for "The Billboard.")  
By James D. Burbidge.

Does the first presentation seal the fate of a new play? Not necessarily so, but I am convinced that 9 out of 10 plays which prove failures the first week of their presentation will, unless pulled out of the fire of public indifference, be failures forever. I could cite hundreds of cases to back up my theory and argument, but one case in particular in which I was a vitally interested party, so impressed me that I have kept it. For several years an initial production and the result of my observations is that theatergoers are pretty much like sheep they follow the leader—which in show business is the first-nighter. Of course, there are exceptions to all rules, and in making the foregoing statement due allowance is made for the exceptions. I do not contend that an American success must be a winner in London, or vice versa, though in the majority of cases such is the case. It will be said, no doubt, that the Casino productions, or a majority of them, at least, which proved such bread winners in New York, were the most terrible frosts in London. Aye, but were they successes any place but New York?

Any fair-minded manager, performer or critic will readily admit that what will go in New York will prove a flat failure on the road, as witness some of the very best Casino productions aforesaid, and yet the weight of the evidence is entirely on my side, for the vast majority of productions which have proved successes in New York have proved so on the road. "Nothing succeeds like success," and I repeat that my opinion is that American playgoers are very much like sheep—following their leader. In other words, a production which proves successful the first week of its initial presentation, no matter where the initial presentation may occur, (save it in a "dog town" if you will) has the odds in its favor of being a winner until it is worn out from continued usage. It may "go" badly the first few nights, but if before the end of the first week it begins to draw and please the people it may be depended upon to prove a winner. I am not prepared to name that indelible something which we know exists in every successful play. In deed, it may be lacking entirely at first, but if found before the end of the first week and recognized by the public the future of the play is assured. The change of name, of a setting, a lighting effect, a drop or border, an entrance or exit may be the indelible something that is lacking, but whatever it may be it must be found and inserted before your new play is a week old, or hope is gone. My first experience as a traveling manager indelibly stamps this fact on my memory.

The play was "Down in Dixie," in which I was interested financially along with Tom Davis and W. T. Keogh. I was "in deep," and its success or failure meant worlds to me. Cincinnati was chosen for the "dog town" for several reasons, one of them being that it is and was then the best place in the country to get together a pickaninny band, which we all believed was one of the strong features of the show. Scott Marble, who wrote the play, accompanied me to Cincinnati and directed the rehearsals and its initial presentation, as well as playing a part. True the piece never was an artistic marvel, but I have seen worse which proved to be big winners. Nevertheless, we had a fairly good cast, any amount of splendid paper, which was used freely, new and good scenery and props and about everything calculated to make any play a success. Yet the first presentation fell flat, so we knew why, but the people didn't seem to take kindly to "Dixie." There were not 100 people in the house at the Sunday matinee, when as a usual thing, Heuck's Opera House, in Cincinnati, is packed to the doors at both Sunday performances. The night performance was the same. The next morning Marble, myself and the present editor of "The Billboard" went through a dress rehearsal and did some prying where we thought it was needed. All three of us expressed ourselves as confident that we had found what was lacking, but we had not. Monday night's house was frightful, and Tuesday's matinee made me wish I was back in Jacksonville playing my own honest little game. After Tuesday's matinee, in desperation I wired for Keogh to come on and see if he could locate the trouble. He wired that he would start at once. He arrived in Cincinnati Wednesday evening and the editor of "The Billboard" and myself went in consultation with him at the Burnet House. Neither of us could explain what was lacking, but there was something lacking, for it was impossible to drag people to see the play. Those who did go seemed to like it well enough, for I am not alone in the opinion that "Down in Dixie," notwithstanding its subsequent success, was never played as well as it was that time in Cincinnati, but the problem was to make people go to see it. The whole problem was thrashed over and Keogh asked me:

"Well, what shall we do?"  
"Oh, what would I have given to be able to answer that question then, but I was not, and I told him so."  
"What would you suggest, George," asked Keogh of "The Billboard" editor, who was then managing editor of an evening newspaper in Cincinnati.  
"Well," he replied, "there's a way to make them go to see it if you'll stand for the game," and we both grabbed him, fearful that he might run away and not tell us or else change his mind.

"Yes, yes," we both gasped; "go on—tell us. What is it?"  
"Give me the balcony and gallery to do with them as I please to-morrow night and I'll guarantee the sale of the lower part of the house," he said.  
"All right, they're yours—take the whole house if you want it; only for Heaven's sake tell us all about it."  
"Well," he replied, "I propose to march my paper's newsboys to the theater to-morrow night behind your pickaninny band. The paper will furnish the newsboys the red fire and the transparencies, and if you gentlemen will furnish the place to seat the boys there will be 25,000 people on the streets when they march to the theater. There is no difference in human nature; it is alike the world over. These city people will follow the parade to the theater, just as a crowd of farmers will follow a circus parade to the show lot. Once you get them there, they'll go in, all right. Is it a go?"  
"Was it a go? Why, if he only knew it he could have had an interest in the show right then for the asking. But he didn't."  
"All right," he said, "have your band in front of the office at 6:30 to-morrow evening and leave the rest to me."

That marked the beginning of the success of the play. The next night those who had been turned away came back. We played the Saturday matinee to S. R. O., and the Saturday night house was sold out before 7 o'clock. Then it was that I regretted that Cincinnati was not a two weeks' stand. But the fever was on and the spirit of success seemed to follow us to the next stand, for "Dixie's" march after that was a financial triumph, and in all the years that "Dixie" has been out it has not to my knowledge had a losing day or night since then. No change had been made in the cast or play after the newsboys' parade; nothing whatever was done to alter or improve the play, but that something—that unknown and immediate quality which goes to make success—seemed to have been infused into the play with the newsboys' parade, and after our first good house the people came in droves—as I say, like sheep—following their leader.

Incidentally that was the origin of the newsboy "gag." My friends in Cincinnati worked it again in that city later on for Steve Brodie, and it grew to be quite the thing all over the country, but it made "Down in Dixie" what it afterward proved

"One thing they can't have on the stage. That is a shipwreck. No theater would hold the necessary amount of water."  
"Some one has asked me to-day why I don't bring my dog on the stage in 'Rip Van Winkle.' I answer that the dog must be suggested, rather than shown. Then each person in the audience can form his own idea of the dog. If I were to bring a real dog on the stage, one man would say, 'I thought Schneider was one of those dachshunds,' and another would say, 'Why, he ought to have been a Newfoundland dog for the part,' and, like as not, some one up in the gallery would whistle and off the dog would go. Anyway, he always would be wagging his tail at the wrong time."

"It would be natural and realistic for a man to sit on the stage reading a paper and never say a word, but I don't know how the audience would take it. Some of them might ask him what he was reading."  
"Whistler once said, 'Nature sometimes comes up to art.' I believe in suggestion and imagination, rather than strained realism. 'Should an actor feel his part?' is another question asked. Coquelin and Irving take opposite sides of this, the former that the actor should feel nothing of his character and the latter that he should feel it to tears."

"I answer that it must rest with the actor. He should keep his head cool and his heart warm. As Shakespeare says, 'Let the whirlwind of your passion beget a temperance that shall give it smoothness.'"

"I am asked to give the secret of the vigor which has enabled me to remain so long on the stage. It is largely good fortune, but so far as I can name other elements which have contributed to the result, they are sensibility, imagination and industry."

"What was the happiest moment of your life? Well, if my wife were here I should say it was my marriage. But I really don't know what the happiest moment was."

Mr. Jefferson then repeated the incident of the Chicago interview, which led to a newspaper comment that his powers were failing and that he was about to retire. He said he had told his interviewer only that he was about to retire for the night. He closed with telling a story of a folding bed manufacturer who offered to give him a bed if he would say while groaning with his stiff knees in "Rip" that "I would feel so much better if I had only slept on one of So-and-So's folding beds."

**BERNHARDT**

**To Play "Mary, Queen of Scots."**

Mme. Bernhardt's latest exploit is to induce Maurice Hewlett to promise a play for her on the subject of Mary, Queen of Scots. To an actress of such power and charm as the "Divine Sarah," the role of the most lovely and luckless of the Stuarts naturally appeals with overwhelming force.

If the play is written it will be done by Bernhardt in English. Since she took Charles Frohman unexpectedly at his word and offered to play an English Romeo to the Juliet of Miss Maude Adams, the great French actress has become possessed of a fierce longing to impersonate other English-speaking characters of the first dramatic rank.

Mr. Hewlett has already displayed talent as a writer of dramatic romances. Miss Clo Graves' version of his "The Forest Lovers" has been successfully produced by Daniel Frohman at the New York. Mr. Sutro is casting "Richard Yea and Nay" into dramatic shape for Beerbohm Tree, and Mr. Hewlett himself is dramatizing one of his "little novels of Italy" for H. B. Irving.

There is no doubt of the readiness with which much of Hewlett's work lends itself to stage uses. But a play for Bernhardt on a theme of such magnitude and complexity as Mary Stuart means a bolder fight. Of all the thousand and one dramas dealing with it, only Schiller's survives, as the vehicle for the personal triumphs of Modjeska.

**ACTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.**

"I suppose," remarked the sweet young thing, "that an actor has to some times go on with his regular role just the same as ever, though there is a death in his immediate family. The strain must be fearful!"  
"It is," responded Orestes Nightstand, feelingly. "Only last month I had to act one of the saddest of scenes exactly the same as usual, although just before the curtain went up I received a telegram informing me of the death of my mother-in-law!"

**WHY SHE DIDN'T WANT THE URN.**

While Francis Wilson, Frank McKee and several others sat around a table at an uptown restaurant the other night "talking shop," the peculiarities of a certain actress, who is anything but popular with members of the profession, were dissected. Wilson remarked:

"She is morbidly sensitive."  
"I don't agree with you," said McKee. "Why do you think so?"  
"She is so nervous that she will not even have a tea urn in her room, that's why," replied the comedian.

Now, every one realized that there was a joke somewhere, so one of the party asked: "What's the answer, Francis?"  
The comedian, with a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes, replied:

"She can't bear to hear it hissing; it recalls unhappy moments of her life. See?"

If the Colombian war lasts long enough, the general public may begin to inquire what it is all about.



MR. A. B. MORRISSON,

Manager Hopkins' Grand Opera House, Memphis, Tenn.

Possibly the best-known manager in Hopkins' circuit of Southern houses is Mr. A. B. Morrisson, of the Grand Opera House at Memphis. Mr. Morrisson has been connected with this popular resort for more than twelve years, having distinguished himself in almost every capacity about the theater

and gradually worked himself up to the responsible position of manager.

Ever since Mr. Morrisson came into the employ of Col. Hopkins, about three years ago, there has been the utmost confidence and reliability bestowed on him for the success that he has brought to this house.

We did it without question. When we got there we found a howling mob of not less than 1,500 newsboys, cheering, yelling, fighting, pulling, all happy at the idea of the treat they were getting. Each wore a cheap cap on which was printed "Down in Dixie," which I learned later they had worn all that day. There were a dozen transparencies with such inscriptions as "We're the Newsboys Going to See Down in Dixie at Heuck's." "Follow Us to Heuck's and See 'Down in Dixie.'" etc. When the start was made I began to regret the bargain I had made, for I felt sure they would tear down the theater before the second act was on. But my friend, the editor, seemed confident and assured me with:

"There'll be people to see the show to-night, Jim, if they never come again."

And he was right. Fully 25,000 people lined the sidewalks as the newsboys parade passed between lines of red fire, Roman candles and what-not, and it seemed to me that half of them followed the parade to the theater. The lower floor was sold out before the newsboys were fairly seated, and "Down in Dixie" certainly never played to a more appreciative audience than it had that night.

to be—one of the best bread-winners that Davis & Keogh ever piloted. Certainly "nothing succeeds like success."  
Jacksonville, Fla., Nov. 23, 1901.

**POINTED HINTS**

**Given By the Veteran, Joe Jefferson, On Stage Realism and Idealism.**

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 1.—Joseph Jefferson, the veteran actor, was the guest of honor at a banquet recently, tendered by the employes of the Parina Mills. He delivered an interesting address on stage realism and referred to a Chicago reporter's interview with him, in which he was quoted as saying that he was going to retire.

"I am going to answer some questions that have been asked during this luncheon," said Mr. Jefferson. "I have been asked my opinion of the two dramatic schools in Paris, one standing for realism and the other for idealism. Realism is carried to great lengths in Paris. If the part of a cook is to be played a real cook must be obtained to take the part. If a fire occurs in the action of the play there must be real smoke."

## THIRTY YEARS

## Of Circus Life and the Changes They Have Wrought in the Business.

Written for "The Billboard" by Peter Sells.

When I went to school I was taught that thirty-three years was the average age of man. Nearly that time has passed since I appeared in a printing office to order our first edition of pictorial bills. At that time the show printers were Russell & Morgan, at Cincinnati; the Courier Company, or, rather, Warren Johnson & Co., Buffalo; James Reilly and Samuel Booth, New York. All circus bills were then printed from wood blocks. I remember distinctly the first window lithograph that circuses used, and I claim to be the first circus proprietor to order a lithograph poster larger than a one-sheet. It was 10 1/2 sheets in size and consisted of a 6-sheet with half-sheet wide border. This bill was drawn by Matt Morgan and produced by the St. Louis Lithograph Company, about twenty-two years ago. A season or two later I ordered and our circus used an entire edition of lithographed printing. This edition of printing caused a sensation both with the public and the show managers. To-day there is scarcely a sheet of wood-block printing used by circuses in America. I shall never forget my advent in a show printing house. It was at Russell & Morgan's, whose place of business was in College street in the rear of the Enquirer office, Cincinnati. On this occasion I met Uncle John Robinson, who was then the king of showmen. Upon being introduced to him I received such a greeting as I shall never forget. "Well, so you are going to start a circus up there in Columbus; are you?" thundered he, in the tone of a pirate. I ventured to say, timidly: "Yes, Mr. Robinson my brothers and I are going to try the circus business."

"Well, sir," he belched; "you want to keep out of my way. I have ordered my people to burn, sink and destroy everything they meet."

It was not comforting to contemplate, I am sure, but "Uncle John" didn't mean half he said at that time. We afterward became fast friends, and I discovered that his rough manner was the chestnut burr that covered a warm heart.

"Plek" Russell assisted me in selecting my first order. I had had no previous experience and, as a matter of fact, knew no more about show bills than a Comanche Indian. I believe I can name every bill I used that season. There were several 10-sheets, made up of 2-sheets high the long way, a 3-sheet descriptive, three 4-sheets and a number of 1 and 2-sheets for country work, and a "tree descriptive." Some of you latter-day showmen may not know how important a part a "tree descriptive" played in the long ago. It was a narrow bill about 7 feet long and 14 inches wide and was used to tack on trees as we traveled through the country. We engaged some one in the town to take our bills to the country and post them throughout the county. We would give him a lesson in paste-making, generally in the office of the tavern, and contract with him to take a bucket of paste and a whitewash brush and paste the bills up. Tacking would not answer. Nine times out of ten, however, in spite of the agreement to do this, the bills were tacked up to blow off the first time it stormed. I have frequently been asked how we ever drifted into the circus business, none of our family ever having been identified with circuses previously. There were four brothers of us. Ephraim had been living near Cleveland on a farm. Allen, Lewis and myself were traveling auctioneers. The year before we started a circus Allen and I traveled throughout the country selling notions by auction from a large wagon, and, accidentally, one day we found ourselves in the same town where Hemmings, Cooper & Whitby's Circus was exhibiting. We followed that show several months, meeting with violent opposition from its owners at first, but finally succeeded in quieting their objections, and, by paying the circus a weekly stipend, we traveled under their auspices. It was while thus engaged that we obtained what little knowledge we had of the circus. We had accumulated by hard work about \$20,000. We used this money and \$6,000 we borrowed from our father to put out our show. We had youth, courage and ambition in our favor, and success was almost sure. Little by little we grew, and by practicing economy and careful management we were able to meet our obligations and add something to our exhibition each year. Ours, I believe, was the most pretentious show that was ever started by wholly inexperienced men and that did not have the remnants of some other show to form a nucleus. Ephraim sold tickets and acted as treasurer. Allen looked after the stock and vehicles. Lewis had no defined duties and spent the greater part of his time "guying" negroes, and to this day he has not fully outgrown that propensity; while I acted as contracting and press agent and sort of a general advance man. During the first five years of our show career Lewis and I followed the auction business in the winter months, contributing our earnings while thus engaged toward wintering the show as an offset for the services of Allen and Ephraim in putting the show in shape for the following summer. Thus, for five years, the owners drew very little money out of the business, using its profits toward rebuilding, enlarging and improving the plant.

Allen withdrew from the firm in 1882 and located in Topeka, Kan., where he engaged in real estate and other business on quite an extensive scale, and was successful, remaining thus engaged until he died, in 1894. Ephraim withdrew on July 4, 1888, selling his interest to Lewis and myself,

which he afterwards repurchased within six months. With this exception he remained in the business until his death, August 1, 1898. Lewis and I have remained in the business continually ever since its organization, except that I withdrew for about eight months, while my domestic affairs were in court. I remember many of the older showmen very well, and especially the old agents. Among the most noted were Charley Castle, who in his time was one of the best. His last work was in our service. Andy Springer was another of the famous agents of the past. He was a man of sterling integrity, wide experience and a high-class man. His last season was in our service. George Bronson was another great agent. He, too, was a splendid type of a man. Of exemplary habits and great knowledge of the country, he commanded a large salary as a railroad contractor. Mr. Bronson's last year in circus business was with our show. Col. Toole was also a great agent. He was one of the finest-looking men that ever followed circus business—a high-minded, honorable man. Castle, Springer, Bronson and Toole constituted a quartette of agents never surpassed in ability, and men who lent much credit to the business. To this class of men every circus

Among the circus agents of the long ago and who still remains with us is Col. Chas. T. Svalis. His connection with the circus dates back into the '50s. He was treasurer of the Van Amberg Show in 1859 and has continued in show business up to the present time and is probably the oldest active agent now living. By the way, in 1876 we showed in Wedowee, Ala. It is a small county seat of the railroad in eastern Alabama. When our show billed Wedowee I found a 3-sheet bill of the Van Amberg Show posted there, in 1859. It was still in good condition on the front of a store building under an awning, where it had been protected from the sun and the rain all these years. The colors were almost perfect. I secured the privilege of using this same place for our bills and instructed our agents to post all around it, but not to cover it, which they obeyed. And, no doubt, if the building is still standing, the bill is there to-day, telling the people of the wonders of the "Great Van Amberg Show, Ira W. Gregory, Manager," unless some thoughtless latter-day showman, vandal-like, has obliterated it from the sight of man forever more. When we embarked in the business, every circus in America traveled by wagons. The first to take rail

writer and the originator of the ten-thousand-dollar-beauty scheme, which is said to have been the means of the Forepaugh Show cleaning up a quarter of a million dollars in one season. There is another agent who has given his entire time for thirty years or more to advertising and managing the advance forces of the leading circuses. He is probably the best-known and most popular circus agent in the world. I refer to Wm. H. Gardner. His predilection for the circus comes by natural inheritance—his father and, I believe, his mother also, belonged to the profession. Mr. Gardner has represented Mr. Bailey's interests in North and South America, Australia, New Zealand, Great Britain, Germany and Austria, returning to the United States about a year ago to take the general agency of the Forepaugh-Sells Show. He also took Pawnee Bill's Wild West Exhibition to Antwerp.

Louis E. Cooke is another prominent circus agent. He began his circus career with the W. W. Cole Show a good many years ago, and rose steadily, from a subordinate that of general agent, and has held this important place with Adm. Forepaugh and P. T. Barnum's circuses, and for several years with Buffalo Bill's Wild West. Mr. Cooke has manipulated some of the most important deals in the history of modern circuses. He is a gifted writer, a most able designer and originator of show bills, and with all he is an amiable, modest and courteous gentleman. Both Gardner and Cooke are model men, of splendid character and a credit to the profession.

R. C. Campbell, who for several years has been connected with the American Post-Service Company, of Chicago, was considered one of the brightest agents that ever directed the advance of circuses. He is aggressive, loyal and a man of indomitable energy, one of the best advertisers and a man of marked ability.

Going back to the early days when circuses traveled by wagons, there were many hardships that modern showmen know nothing about. Usually the show got break-fast long before daylight and started on its march over rough roads, through swamps and oftentimes for miles through the woods. One of the difficulties they encountered, traveling in the night, was to keep on the right road. Sometimes they would come to a fork of the road where both roads seemed to be equally traveled. To decide which one to take was a difficult matter. The manager usually led the way and would "rail" the road, so that those behind would be able to follow him. He would place a rail across the road, which meant that those who followed must take the road that was not "railed." Frequently there were no rails handy. He would, in such cases, improvise some way to mark the road he had gone. It is said that one time Uncle John Robinson was leading his show and came to a fork of the road. There was a sign-board, directing the way; but, having no light, nor matches, and it was pitch dark, he was in a quandary. He finally solved the problem by climbing up the post, tearing off the sign-board and putting it in his buggy, where he carried it until day break, when he discovered, much to his dismay, that he was on the wrong road. It was a difficult matter to mark the road in the prairie country. One time, in Kansas, my brother Lewis and Louis Heck, our band leader, were riding together following the show train several hours behind, having been detained at the last camp. They came to a place where the roads forked, and Louis Heck got out to see which road had been taken by the show. He discovered that both roads showed fresh tracks. Louis Heck was a most precise man in everything and prided himself on speaking English correctly, although he was a German. After gazing intently at first one, then the other road, he looked up, and, addressing my brother, said: "Mr. Sells, my opinion is that some of those wagons must have went hote roads."

## QUIT CIRCUS

## To Become Brave Soldier Lads.

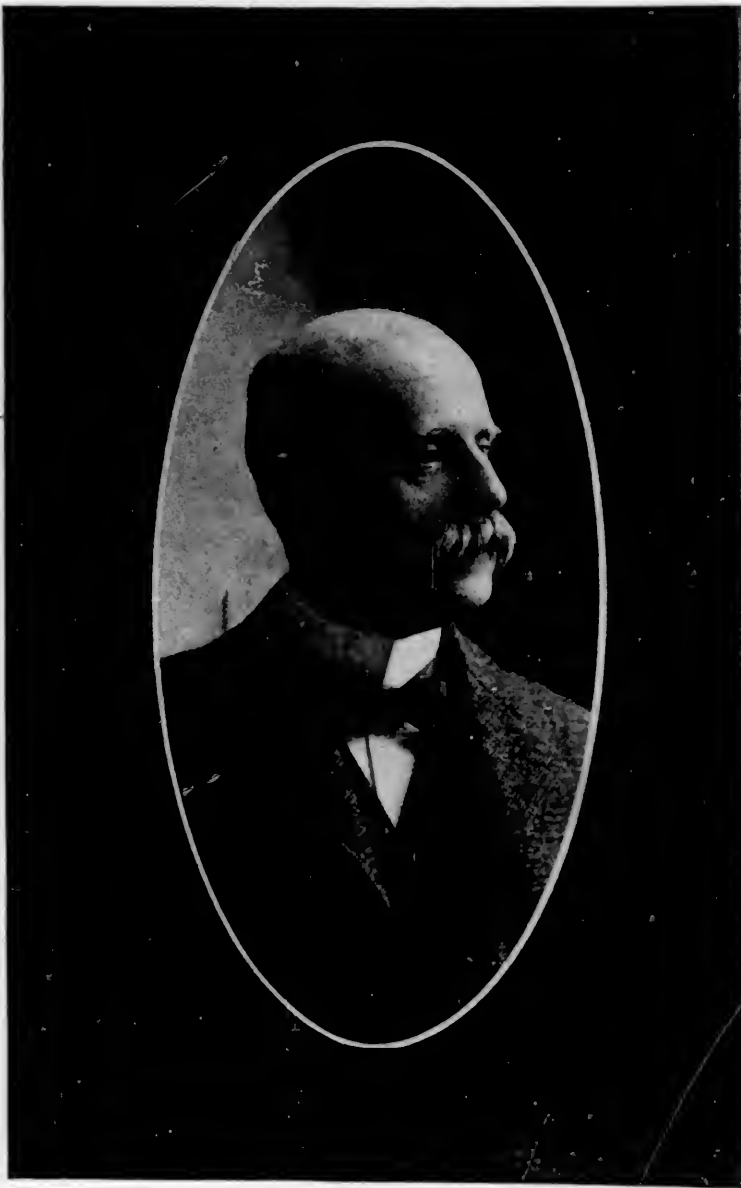
At St. Louis, Mo., recently, the four Cronthers brothers, whose home is in Freedom, Mo., made application to Major Davis, of the recruiting station, to enlist in the United States army as musicians. The brothers are Frank, aged 28; George, aged 27; Jerry, aged 23, and Charles, aged 24.

The young men stated that they had been traveling with a circus, which broke up a few days ago and left them without a job. They had been thrown out so much that they had become tired of it, and wanted to get some place where their positions would be steady.

Frank plays the trombone and violin, George the tuba and piano, Jerry the cornet and drums, and Charles the clarinet, piccolo and drums.

The young men were examined and passed the physical test successfully, but Major Davis did not want to enlist them until he had heard from their mother who is a widow living at Freedom, Mo. Though they are all of age, the Major thinks that Mrs. Cronthers may be dependent on them for support, and he does not wish to enlist them unless she is satisfied that they will and can support her while they are in the army. Major Cronthers wrote to her, telling her the circumstances, and if he receives a favorable answer he will take the young men in. If, enlisted, they will be sent to Fort Snelling, Minn., where fourteen musicians are needed to complete a band.

Patron: "Oh, I've found an oyster!" Restaurant Proprietor: "Have it identified at the cashier's desk and get your money back."



MR. PETER SELLS.

of the present day owes a great deal, for it was the sterling character of these men and their splendid methods that did much to overcome the prejudice that existed years ago against the circus. These four men were all in our employ at the same time and finished their earthly pilgrimages either while thus engaged or shortly afterwards. I could name many other men of the highest class, whose show career was contemporaneous. Among them is Joel E. Wriner, who ranked high as an agent. He has been honored at his home by serving as mayor of the capital city of Michigan. I met him the past summer at Petoskey, where he was spending the hot months with his family. Of the press agents of the past, Wm. Durand was one of the most prominent. He died in the railway station at Indianapolis several years ago. Fred Lawrence was also a great press agent. He crossed the "great divide" some time ago. Of the others who have paid the debt of nature is Wm. C. Crum. Perhaps the most gifted writer of circus literature is Charles Stow. He was connected with the Pan-American exposition, which closed its gates a few weeks ago. Dr. Jones was the pioneer of circus writers. He was an able writer, and in his day was the nestor of his profession.

was the P. T. Barnum Show, in 1872. Howes' London soon followed suit; W. W. Cole's took rail in 1873; Forepaugh, John Robinson and, in fact, nearly all the other large shows were on rail before 1880. We took rail in 1878. The happiest days of my life were spent while we traveled by wagons. I was young then. The road was ahead of me, youth and hope were the sheet anchors which lightened the hardships. The road is mostly behind me now, and as I glance back through the haze of thirty years I can see the road strewn with the wrecks of shows that gave up the ghost in despair. Many have failed, only a few have succeeded. Way back in the early '70s James A. Bailey, the greatest showman the world has ever known, was a struggling agent for Heddings, Cooper & Whitby. For the past four years the Barnum Show, of which he is the managing director, has toured Great Britain and the continent of Europe, and when this article is published it will be astonishing gay Paris. Next summer it will tour the republic of France. With no other words to conquer, we may expect his show back to America to renew its triumphs in the country that it so splendidly typified.

Of other agents I think of at present there is genial Charley Day, a versatile





illboard, Christmas, 1901.



S CHRISTMAS DREAM.







## A TRAGEDY

In the Bill Room of a Burlesque Theater.—The Cause of It All.

Written for "The Billboard" by H. D. Robinson.

It all happened in the billroom down at the Empire Theater. It was really very, very funny, too, how it all came about. But things, as well as mortals, will do some queer stunts when in love. My, but the brush was terrible though! I never remember, before or since, having witnessed such a horrible tragedy.

A "beaut" of a poster, a nobby little one-sheet, a maid with a burlesque show, which came to the house for Christmas week, was the whole cause of it all; that is, if you want to go to the bottom and start in the primary department to sift out difficulties. She was a "beaut for fac"; and so graceful. Why, the way she kicked was par excellence itself. Everything around the place lost its head the time she arrived.

There was another one, too. A staid old fellow, with a high stock and a wide black cravat, and a long-tail coat—the staid old hero in a high-class comedy-drama that was then being played in the house. Somehow he had been left behind and not posted. Of course he claimed, as any one else would have done under the same circumstances, that fate had brought them together; that a divine providence had made it so. And he never lost a chance of whispering this into the fair ones ears, either—except when the long-handle brush was about.

He was deathly afraid of the long-handle brush. I didn't blame him much, either. The brush was not very stout. But my! he had a long reach and was hard as a rock. Of course the brush was out a good deal, and as the rest of the paper for the burlesque show was being posted, the cause of it all, went out with the brush every day, along with the rest of the paper.

Oh my, but it would make the staid old hero mad, though, when he would see the cause of it all and his rival, the brush, piled up on the bill wagon together for a ride through the city's streets and vote the look of pride and triumph on the face of the long-handle brush.

Jealousy is a terrible thing, I can tell you. And so can the staid old hero, for that matter, for his face grew longer, his color paler, and he seemed to lose interest and became dowdy and dusty.

The admiration for the charmer was not confined to the brush and the staid old hero alone, however. Even a little hit of a piece of paste crawled out of the bucket one day, and, slipping up beside her face, whispered: "I'm stuck on you." Say, you should have seen that brush! He simply wiped up the earth with Mr. Paste. Why, he actually smeared him all over the place. There wasn't a sign of him left.

Oh my, but the brush was proud of his conquest! He used to stand in the corner towering far above all the rest of us, and in his majestic way threaten dire calamities to all of us if we dared to even look at the fair one. He'd say these things right before her, too, such was his egotism.

Why, one night he even threatened to paste the staid old hero on the bottom of a trunk belonging with a cheap ten-twenty-third affair. Think of it, will you! That dear, aristocratic old hero with a cheap thing like that. And told the hocket of paste he used the whole of him in doing it, too, if he even batted his eyes. Oh! he was becoming unbearable; except to the fair one. She seemed to be enamored of him, for some reason. She would only laugh the more and kick the higher when he would get on one of his tantrums and commence laying down the law.

For the life of me I can't see what she saw in him. He was not graceful, nor handsome. And such a broad face; and my, his hair!—straight and stiff as it could be. Now, if it had been the tack hammer I would not have been surprised—he's such a magnetic little fellow. I guess she had her reasons, however. He's such a terrible knocker.

Well, to make a long story short, the climax came on Christmas eve night. For my part, I think the brush must have taken on a load somewhere, in the exuberance of his spirits, on account of the holiday and his conquest in love. I know the staid old hero was soaked. I saw one of the bill posters, while sneaking a drink with one of the chorus girls in the billroom, spill half a glass of beer on him.

The show was over, and the house closed for the night, when Mr. Brush began his capers. He commenced by ordering every one around and threatening all kinds of things to all of us, especially the staid old hero. He, poor old fellow, stood the racket as long as he could, then he called the brush down. And the brush came down, too, let me tell you. I didn't think he'd do it so quick. I thought he was bluffing most of the time.

Straight down from his corner he came, right to the spot where the staid old hero lay. They grappled with each other in a deadly struggle, rolling over and over; first one on top, then the other, starting every fibre of wood and paper. Oh, it was terrible!

The poor staid old hero had one eye punched out and a terrible tear, right across his arm and chest. My! but what he did to the hair of that brush was a plenty. He pulled out most every strand. And the fair one—Oh! she didn't do a thing, but smile the more and kick the higher. "She liked a little rough house once in a while," she said. "All burlesque girls do." Think of it!

As luck would have it, the boss bill poster's working coat was lying on the floor right near the staid old hero, and the bucket of paste right beside him. Of course, in the scuffle the bucket of paste—

poor old fellow, I always did feel sorry for him, as he had no part in the fight—got turned over and some got on the back of the boss bill poster's working coat, and when the staid old hero, raked with pain from his injuries, during the night rolled over on his back and on to the coat, there he stuck.

Say, you should have heard the boss bill poster when he came in, tanked up, Christmas morning. My, he did swear! And the first thing he did was to kick Mr. Bucket clear across the room, poor fellow.

Next he pulled the staid old hero off his coat and threw him in the trash barrel. The fair one, the cause of it all, he pasted on the inside of the door, right over a nasty black minstrel man, mind you. And the brush—just deserts—worse fate of all. With a "D—n you, you never were any good," he pulled off his head, hair and all, and threw it in the fire. The handle is still doing duty, but, I'll tell you, it keeps mighty shy of burlesque girls.

of miles traveled by the show between each stand. He learned that a jack rabbit could easily be caught if he chased it into a stubble field or among corn stalks, and the applause he drew (from the driver's seats in the moving caravan) when he captured the swift quarry, was the envy of the conchans. Rube was a living picture when he ran against a bunch of quail or a prairie hen and struck a pose, but he looked immensely dejected when no one took a shot at the game, for he evidently imagined the troopers were out for no other purpose.

Rube and the performing dogs had no affiliation for each other. He looked upon these dandish canine aristocrats with stolid indifference, and they in turn held aloof from any association with Rube. Although he could not perform the tricks for which they were famous, he was their equal in intelligence.

One Sunday morning, when the show was not in a hurry to break camp, old Rube had a chance to prove that he knew some-

thing. In some localities of the West rattlesnakes are numerous, and this morning the ground occupied the night before by a section of reserved seats seemed infested with the reptiles, from the numerous holes that were seen in the surface of the ground. Rube evidently had observed one of the snakes slink out of sight in a hole, and lay down to watch for it to reappear. In connection with this curious thing happened.

Miss Louise Morgan, a comedienne, was looking over the ground for lost money. She picked up a small coin near where the dog lay, and accidentally let it fall directly into the tiny hole. To reach the coin Miss Louise began tearing away the mellow earth with her slender fingers. The watchful dog apparently realized the danger the woman was in. Rube instantly caught her skirts and tried to pull the lady away from the deadly peril. Miss Louise did not comprehend the dog's intelligence, and scolding him away, secured the lost coin by inserting her fingers in the rattlesnake's retreat, just a few inches from the surface.

Jack Cavanaugh, an attache of the show, whose years of experience in capturing snakes on the plains, attracted by the dog's queer behavior, thus warned Miss Morgan: "Better look out! There's a rattler there, or Rube wouldn't want to pull you away."

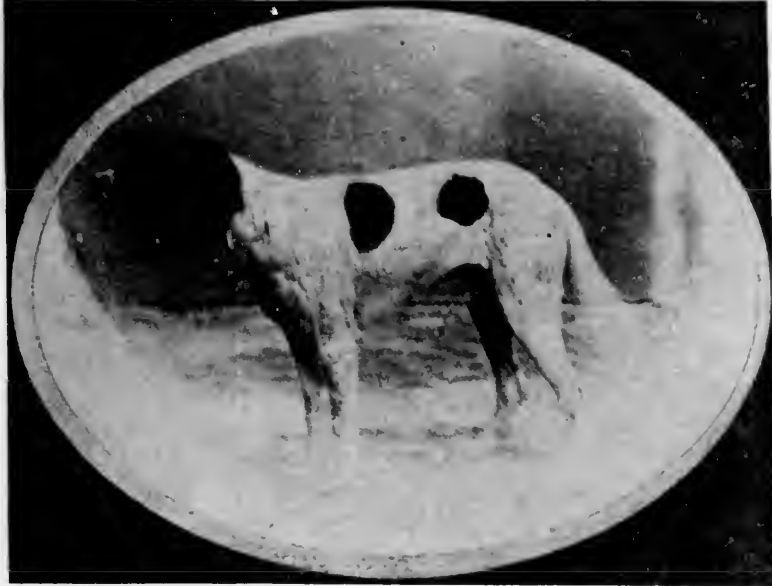
"Nonsense," said she. "Old Rube didn't want me to recover that money, that's all."

So certain was Cavanaugh that a deadly rattlesnake was hiding there, to show the lady how near his venomous fangs had been to her finger ends, he offered to bet he could get the snake out. A pickaxe was procured, and sure enough his snake-ship was unearthed. He had come up near the surface to see what was tampering with his burrow. The dead snake measured over four feet, and had six rattles and a button, which Cavanaugh gave to Miss Morgan as a trophy.

"When a rattlesnake enters a hole after being frightened," said Cavanaugh, "it quickly doubles in a space not larger than its body, and comes back head first. They never back out. I've caught hundreds of them for snake shows, and know their habits like a book. It's likely Rube scared the snake, for he lay with his head near enough to have touched Miss Louise's hand."

A smart little Scotch coolie traveled a few days with the show previous to the advent of old Rube, but, unlike Rube, he was a dry weather dog. While the sun shone and the weather was bright the coolie was contented. But one morning, after an all-night rain, the dog showed such supreme disgust for show life that he would not wag his tail when kindly spoken to. His comfort had been disturbed continually during the night by the ever-increasing flood intruding on the dry spots, until he could find no higher place upon which to lay in the cook tent.

When the train of gaudily painted wagons pulled out through the mud all day, break the dog walked out and took a survey of the road. He sniffed the rain-scented air in the direction of home, as if calcu-



THE DOG IN THE CASE.

## CANINE CAMP FOLLOWERS.

Dogs That Forsake Their Masters and Home For the Rascinations of Trouping With a Wagon Show.

(Written for "The Billboard.")

If a dog is bent on following a wagon show, and escapes without injury the clods and whips usually directed against him, he will trail along at a safe distance and come into camp when the working people are too busy to watch him. Day after day he repeats the process, until by sheer dogged persistency he wins the friendship of the rough troopers.

Somewhere in Oklahoma, in the early part of the season just passed, an old pointer joined the Bonheur Bros. wagon show. By faithfulness in protecting the cook tents at night he finally became a recognized member of the show. No matter how long the drives were, he always kept up with the caravan, the while displaying the true instinct of the well-bred bird dog



MISS LOUISE MORGAN

by scouring the fields en route, and flushing every boy of quail that happened in his way. His hunting proclivities made him a general favorite. Although footsore and travel weary, old "Rube," whose appearance and action when not posted before a bunch of quail suggested this name, was always among the first to arrive in camp. He usually covered four times the number

## RARE BIRD.

That Can Beat Out a Locomotive for Speed, is Presented to the Cincinnati Zoo.

One of the most remarkable birds found in the United States has been added to the large collection at the Zoological Garden at Cincinnati. It is a chaparral cock or road runner, and authorities say it can outrun any animal. The road runner is found on the Western plains, and, according to Engineer Ware, of the Union Pacific, who presented it to the garden, it can outrun the fastest locomotive. In speaking of the running qualities of the bird, he said: "One time while making a run on the prairie I saw a chaparral cock ahead of us on the track. We were making good time, and as I had often heard of how fast these birds could run I put on an extra head of steam, and then commenced one of the most remarkable races you have ever heard of. The bird kept in the center of the track about twenty feet ahead of the locomotive, although for some of the distance I was making about 60 miles an hour. The race kept up for about ten miles before the bird took to its wings and flew away, and then it was further ahead than when we started." The road runner is about the size of a pigeon, but its legs are longer and it is of a trimmer build. It usually frequents a run or road, and will always keep ahead of any horse that disturbs it. Some of those who are familiar with its habits say that it can easily run about 70 miles an hour, and that it will run many miles before flying. It feeds on mice, and when on the lookout for food will stand as still as a stone figure for hours or until it captures a mouse. The one received at the Zoo is on exhibition in a specially built cage.

## THE SNOW.

Oh, this is the fun for a boy like me,  
Happy and gay,  
Happy and gay,  
Chasing the snow-bees, o'er meadow and  
lea,  
Settling in swarms to-day.

Oh, this is the time when my spirit is  
free,  
Light as the spray,  
Light as the spray,  
Wind-waves are gleefully tossing o'er me,  
Down from the oceans of gray.

Yes, this is the fun for a boy like me,  
Happy and gay,  
Happy and gay,  
For the snow-bees I'm chasing are only, you  
see,  
Part of the storm in the play.

About the slowest thing on earth is a  
farmer in town getting ready to go home.



JOHN L. REH

John L. Reh was born in Washington, D. C. November 12, 1876, of German parents. He adopted the stage at the age of 15, doing at that time Punch and Judy and vaudeville. He then worked three seasons with the World Comedy Company, doing his specialty and playing small parts. After leaving that company he joined Geo. S. Ely for two seasons, closing with Corson & Golden's Big Double Minstrels. At the age of 22 he was stage manager for White and Allen's "Darktown Affair" Co. Season of 1899-1900 he joined hands with Miss Margie Hilton, and played leading parts with Whitney's "Busy Day" Company, closing to join Whitney's "American Girl Burlesquers." Mr. Reh is original in all his work. He is the composer of two very clever coon songs, which have made quite a hit. The names of the songs are, "I'm A Goin' to Take That Black Gal Away From You, Rube" and "The Leader of the Coon Cake Walk."





MISS LAURA PIERPONT,  
Who is making a hit in the new production,  
"The Bunglers."

### SMALL WORLD

In New York City Where Vaudeville  
People Live Among Themselves.

Vaudeville land is one of the most interesting and characteristic quarters of New York City. It lies along Broadway and Fourteenth street, and up Second and Third avenues to about Twenty-third street. Here are all the agencies, managers, syndicates and machinery that set the mime world in motion.

To the average dweller in vaudeville land this is the extent of New York City. His attitude toward the other world is one of indifference tempered with compassion. He knows that it exists somewhere, somehow, but the matter is of no consequence to him. Vaudeville land itself is a world of quaint contradictions, where half of the day is night, where breakfast is served at sundown and dinner at midnight, where real faces are masks, where grown-ups are children, where pleasure is humdrum. Moreover, "down on 14th street" is very different from the area of the regular drama "up around 40th street." The line of demarcation is maintained about as jealously by one faction as the other.

Dropping into vaudeville is still in the nature of an incursion for booty into a foreign field by the old-time actor. The vaudeville performer on his side, always resents the airs of kings in exile, and it is his opinion that "topplers from the legitimate never make good." Variety actors do not live in a constant striving toward the regular drama. They seldom think of it.

New York City is headquarters for all the vaudeville actors in this country, and thousands are congregated there at this season of the year to sign contracts and to start on the circuit. Under the present syndicate arrangement, performers usually make the rounds of the New York houses before they are sent out on the road. This gives them a stay of from six to eight weeks there, and the time is utilized in pathetic and more or less comical attempts at haulting the other world and settling down to domestic life. Shorn of stage trappings, vaudeville land shows a surprising number of middle-aged men and women in plain clothes and with homing instincts in their hearts. Nearly all have an ambition to keep house, and they establish their fugitive homes for a week or a month like birds on a bough.

Between them and the conventional boarding-house landlady there is war. Break-

fast, innumerable Dutch luncheons, and 'hop sueys in the very small hours of the morning, disorganize a house. Variety actors, too, accumulate cats and dogs, and all manner of pets, much as other people collect postage stamps and photographs. The true vaudeville actor is also a lordly person, and sees no reason why a case of beer should not come up by the front way or why a small family wash may not with propriety be hung up in the parlor bedroom. For these and various reasons they play at housekeeping. Three large, six-story apartment houses near Third avenue accommodate 350 vaudeville people, no others being allowed in the building. It was the first house of the sort in the world, and is typical of many similar places which have been established more recently. Each floor consists of two single rooms in front for renting and two furnished housekeeping suites of three rooms each at the back. Prices for the latter range from \$8 a week, and the furniture is substantial, but battered, for vaudeville housekeepers prefer property things which they do not need to be careful with. In one of the houses there is a dining room, where things to eat may be had at any hour of the day. Vaudeville land is clanish and democratic. The team that commands a salary of \$200 a week takes apartments next door to the team that

to have her picture taken in, and is very proud of her skill in fine needlework. She learned it up on the New Hampshire fair where she was reared.

Strange to say, a large proportion of these stage folk are from the country which may account for their endless round of jokes on Uncle Josh and their farcicalness. A constant exchange of visits I kept up among the various flats, for vaudeville land is nothing if not gay and social. Talk always turns on shop; and the variety actor is at once the most loyal friend and inveterate "knocker" that ever existed.

### THOUGHT IT REAL.

Broadway Manager's Servant Goes to  
the Theater for the First Time.

"One of the funniest experiences I ever had with servant girls," said a Broadway theater manager, "occurred last Thursday afternoon. You know in many families that is the domestic's regular 'day off.' We have an excellent girl whom we have had several months. Although she was as green as grass when we first engaged her, she has developed into a useful and capable servant, but



EDWARD VAN WYCK,  
A once successful performer who is making a  
fortune as a manufacturer.

he pulled down the bottom of a chair, right down in front, and motioned me to sit there.

"I never felt so flustered in all my life. Whenever I looked there was a whole lot of elegantly dressed people. I thought I'd made a mistake and got up to go out, but the little soldier told me to stay where I was, and I had to stay. By and by the big brass band down in front began to play, and the music was fine. I never heard anything like it except in Ireland or in church.

"Pretty soon, away down in front, a great big shade rolled up and I couldn't believe my own eyes when I saw what was behind it. Why, sir, it was a real parlor, all furnished and lighted up just like it was night. And I knew it was only afternoon, too. There was a nice old gentleman sitting by the fire and talking to himself. I felt so sorry for him because he was telling himself what a lot of trouble he was having with his daughter. While he was talking and groaning, all of a sudden she came in with a young man who looked like a prince. Oh, he was just the handsomest creature I ever laid my eyes on. Then they all three began to talk about family affairs and I got up and went out."

"But why didn't you stay, Bridget?"  
"Indeed, sir, I was just crazy to stay, because it was so interesting. But I knew I ought not to be sitting there listening to private affairs of people. Sure, sir, I may be green about some things, although I'm only a servant, but I think I know my place."

"And she returned to the kitchen serenely confident that she had done no more nor less than her code of etiquette demanded."

### EDWARD VAN WYCK.

The well-known manufacturer of sporting and jugglers' supplies of Cincinnati, O., formerly known as Eddie Evans, the club artist, has invented many novelties in the line of clubs and juggling goods. His goods are used and sold all over the world. In the spring Mr. Van Wyck will make extensive improvements to keep up with his ever increasing business. He has the honor of supplying all the leading artists in America and Europe with novelties.

The evening's courting ended.  
They were standing at the hall door:  
He ready to take his departure  
And she to be kissed once more.  
His thoughts were all of the future,  
But of them no word would he speak:  
He was wondering how they'd manage  
To keep house on ten a week.



MR. CHAS. ZIMMERMAN,  
Business Manager of the Empire Theater, Indianapolis, Ind

draws \$30, and all live together "in harmony, with occasional bickerings." The manager of the house is a retired vaudeville actor, and he knows the infinite variety of the whims of his patrons. He is always ready to talk shop and to give advice.

One family begins housekeeping where another left off, settles down, and within 15 minutes steaks are sizzling in the broiler and home, with all of its advantages, has blossomed out. This peaceful, domestic life endures from two to three days to a month, when the tenants are off on the road and others take their places. Very often tenants in the single rooms are stirred to emulation, and no end of midday breakfasts and after theater suppers are cooked over a glass lamp, or a tiny oil stove. This is not ordinarily for the sake of economy, because in vaudeville land the rule is to spend as long as you have money. When out of money he frugal—or arrange a benefit.

The vaudeville housekeeper does not by any means hold Monday sacred as wash day. Usually she does the family wash, but she distributes it rather thoroughly through the week, while the windows of the parlor fronts are kept pretty well pasted up with pocket handkerchiefs every day in the seven. The women put in a great deal of their spare time sewing, and nearly all make their own wardrobes. One woman gymnast, for example, has been all the fall making for herself a handsome silk dress

is very verdant as regards the ways of the world.

"When my wife told me last Thursday morning that Bridget never had seen a play, I thought I would give her a treat, so I wrote her a pass, entitling her to a seat in the front row of the balcony for the matinee at my theater.

"The play is a society drama, and I was pretty certain that the girl would enjoy it, particularly as there is a couple of funny servants in it. I thought no more of the matter until the next day, when I said to her:

"Well, Bridget, how did you like the show?"

"The what, sir?"

"Why, the show—that is, the play you went to see yesterday afternoon."

"Sure, sir, I didn't see no play."

"Why, didn't you go to the theater? I gave you a ticket for it."

"Well, sir, you gave me a ticket, and I went to the place you told me. Oh, it was a beautiful horse on the inside, and there was a lot of people going in. There was a fellow in uniform standing by the door and he grabbed my ticket and tore it in two. Then he gave me back the other half and told me to give it to another fellow in soldier clothes, who stood just inside. Then he told me to go upstairs one flight, and I went. At the top I met another young soldier, who told me to follow him. Then I went down a little flight of steep stairs and



MR. LOUIS ALBION,  
Light Comedian with the Empire Stock Co.,  
Toledo, O.



MISS MAY CUSNARD,  
The versatile and clever leading lady of "The  
Tide of Life" Co.

FIGHTING BEASTS

While Building a Railroad in the Far East Some Desperate Experiences.

London, Nov. 15.—Probably there is no other stretch of country on earth that could produce so many oddities in the way of queer men and strange beasts as the 500 miles of jungle, wilderness, swamp and mountains which the new Uganda Railway, now nearing completion, will cross on its way from Mombasa on the eastern coast of Africa to Port Florence on the shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza.

Undoubtedly this line would have been finished long ago if it had not been necessary every once in a while for the entire engineering force to drop work and go off on a lion hunt, repel an attack on the part of some savage native tribe or head off an invasion by elephants; likewise the service on the completed part of the line would now be more perfect were it not incumbent upon the engineers to bring their trains to a halt every now and then and summon the entire train force to drag a rhinoceros or hippopotamus off the track.

Building a railroad across Uganda would have been the biggest kind of a job, even if the natural difficulties of the country—most of it an utterly unknown region—a comparatively short time ago—had been the only ones with which the constructors had to grapple, for its forests and jungles are almost impenetrable, malaria stalks abroad in its swamps, the sides of many of the mountains which it has been necessary to cross are almost perpendicular, and in some sections roaring torrents innumerable dispute the progress of the engineer.

But as if all this were not enough, Uganda is also the native heath of the tsetse fly, deadly enemy of beasts of burden, horse and ox alike, and also of the "jigger," the no less insatiable insect torturer of man. The activity of the first pest made it necessary to transport all the materials used in building the first 250 miles of the line on the backs of native "carriers," but the attacks of the "jiggers" upon these men were so fierce, especially on the soles of their feet, that hundreds of the carriers were incapacitated and many of them were forced to have one or more of their toes amputated.

In this part of the country, too, mile after mile stretches away in which no water is to be found, and all that was used by the thousands of men employed in laying the line had to be carried inland from the coast and doled out in rations. At different times fever raged in the construction camp, and once 90 per cent of the men were on the sick list; rivers, suddenly swollen by great rains, washed away the track soon after it was laid; savage tribes descended upon the laborers and had to be driven off.

Probably, however, if it could have been arranged, almost every member of the expedition would have agreed to bear all these hardships if they might have been spared the visitations of lions. The king of beasts has played havoc with the builders of the Uganda Railway from the first, and since the work was commenced over thirty men have been killed by these animals, to say nothing of those injured.

Two lions in particular bagged so many victims that at one time the whole construction force "set back" work until the pair of unweaned were killed off. This task was taken in hand by two of the engineers who already had become famed for their prowess as lion slayers. One of them was especially eager for the fray, his favorite servant having fallen a victim to these lions only a few days before. The beast had waylaid the servant and leaped on him from behind, completely crushing the bones of his right leg and gnawing and worrying him so fiercely that he died soon afterward.

A few days later, one of the officials of the East African Protectorate and a soldier were walking along the line when suddenly a lion bore down on them from the brush beside the track. The officer hastily ducked and escaped with an ugly scratch, but while he was making his escape the beast killed the soldier outright. It was after this that the two hunters vowed vengeance, and, after lying in ambush for several nights, they bagged both the beasts.

It was not long after this that Ryall, an official of the railroad, was attacked by a lion that entered the compartment in a sidetracked railroad carriage where the official was sleeping, and, in spite of his cries and struggles, carried him off bodily into the jungle and there devoured him. A few nights later, while the excitement at the station where this happened was at its height, the cause of it returned, jumped upon the roof of the station where the railway heads were sleeping, and tried to get in by tearing off the corrugated iron sheets. During the night his roars of baffled rage could be heard only too plainly by the seared inmates, and in the morning the roof was wet with blood from the animal's paws. Finding his efforts there fruitless, Leo had crouched for the rest of the night close outside the station door, where he occupied himself by gnawing into small pieces the station's whole stock of red and green signal flags.

It was only a short time ago that still another lion, not satisfied with hunting along the railroad, boarded one of the trains. The train in question had been held up at the station over night, and soon after the train hands were sent down to get it ready to go on yells of unmistakable terror were heard, and several of the white men hastily snatched their guns and started to the rescue. They found the hands drawn up in a little trembling crowd staring at a majestic-looking lion, which squatted solemnly on the rear platform of one of the cars and was growling ominously. He was quite prepared to tackle all comers, guns or no

guns, but the white men fired quickly and true, and his lionship bit the dust. It was on this line of railway, too, that one of the most awful adventures with a lion that ever happened in Africa took place. Five native laborers had deserted and, taking their guns with them, started back toward the coast. One night, while sleeping under a tree, they were set upon by several lions and promptly made the best of their way up into the low hanging branches. Accordingly the lions sat themselves down under the tree and waited patiently until, one-by-one, the miserable men above, exhausted or discouraged by weakness and hunger, let go their hold and fell

IN CLOSE QUARTERS.

Animal Trainer With Ringling Bros. Circus Had a Battle With a Leopard.

To battle to death with a fierce leopard in the confines of her small wagon cage was the recent experience of John J. Wallace, an animal trainer, who is here visiting his brother, Frank Wallace, at the Zoological Gardens. Mr. Wallace still navigates with the aid of a crutch, and the lacerated wounds in

of the wagon over the street caused the old female to become sullen and ferocious. Wallace is a small, muscular fellow, about 24 years of age, and he was somewhat cramped in the small 8-foot compartment. When the parade was about half over the old female discovered the opening and stealthily crawled through, and while her keeper's back was turned sank her teeth into his hip, in full view of thousands that lined the sidewalks.

A cry of horror arose from the spectators; women shrieked and fainted, while men stood horror-stricken and helplessly by. But young Wallace did not lose his presence of mind for a second, and, realizing his danger, reached into his pocket for his revolver. By this time the fierce beast had made a second leap at him and sank her teeth into his right arm, when Wallace, with his left hand, pressed the muzzle of the revolver against her head and fired a bullet into her brain. In her dying agonies she released her hold and again made a lunge for him, again catching his right arm, but a second shot finished her. It all happened.

Mr. Wallace says, so quickly that many people whose attention was not at the time of the original attack upon his cage, were not aware of the tragedy that was being enacted before their very eyes. The wagon was stopped and he was taken from the cage and his wounds dressed.

"It was a close call," he said, "but I realized that to lose my presence of mind meant to me to lose my life. We animal trainers always go armed, even the driver of the cage carries his knife and revolver. But, then, there is no more danger in our business than in many others. It is like everything else—you must be careful."

COST OF A ZOO.

Following is an estimate compiled by an expert animal man on the cost and equipment of a model zoo.

Over \$20,000 required to thoroughly equip such a place with animals.

Three lions	\$1,200
Pair Bengal tigers	1,500
Pair jaguars	400
Pair leopards	300
Pair mountain lions	200
Pair Canadian lynx	50
Caracal	75
Cheetah	175
Pair ocelots	50
Elephant	1,500
Hippopotamus	3,000
Indian rhinoceros	1,500
Two timber wolves	\$75
Pair black wolves	100
Pair spotted hyenas	400
Four coyotes	50
Pair gray foxes	20
Four red foxes	40
Four kit foxes	50
Pair polar bears	500
Pair grizzly bears	300
Pair black bears	125
Pair European brown bears	250
Four white-tailed deer	120
Pair mule deer	75
Five American elk	400
Pair fallow deer	125
Pair axis deer	200
Pair buffalo	1,000
Pair yaks	300
Camel	250
Dromedary	250
Pair alpacas	300
Pair llamas	300
Pair bridled guanaco	1,400
Four American antelope	400
Pair nilghau	150
Pair Indian gazelle	150
Pair Bushbuck zebras	1,200
Pair large baboons	200
Two white-faced mangabeys	25
Two capuchin monkeys	24
Six green monkeys	20
Two white-headed marmosets	6
Six Java ringtails, etc.	100
Group of squirrels, woodchucks, etc., native and foreign	300
Colony of heavers	20
Village prairie dogs	20
Pair agoutis	3
Canadian porcupine	12
Four Belgian hares	10
Four jack rabbits	2
Six gray rabbits	250
Python, 22 feet long	60
Python, 12 feet long	20
Boa constrictor, 10 feet long	20
King cobra, 8 feet long	80
Common cobra	80
Pair ostriches	300
Two emus, half grown	40
One rhea, large	50
Two storks, white	12
Pair white swans	30
Pair black swans	60
Pair whooping cranes	50
Pair sandhill cranes	30
Pair white storks	20
Pair American flamingoes	35
Five varietal ibis	100
Pair snake birds	25
Pair cormorants	100
Pelleas, white and brown	30
Heron and egret, (five kinds)	40
Group turkeys and grouse	50
Pair common peacocks	10
Pair golden pheasants	18
Pair silver pheasants	15
Pair Argos pheasants	150
Group macaws, cockatoos, parrots, parakeets	100
Group pigeons and other small birds	50
Golden eagles	25
Pair bald eagles	20
Group native hawks	50
Group native ducks (wild)	50
Pair Maudslayi ducks	15
Condor, adult male	125
Bearded vulture	100
Blue falcon	15
Eagle owls	15
Total	\$21,686



RAILROAD BUILDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

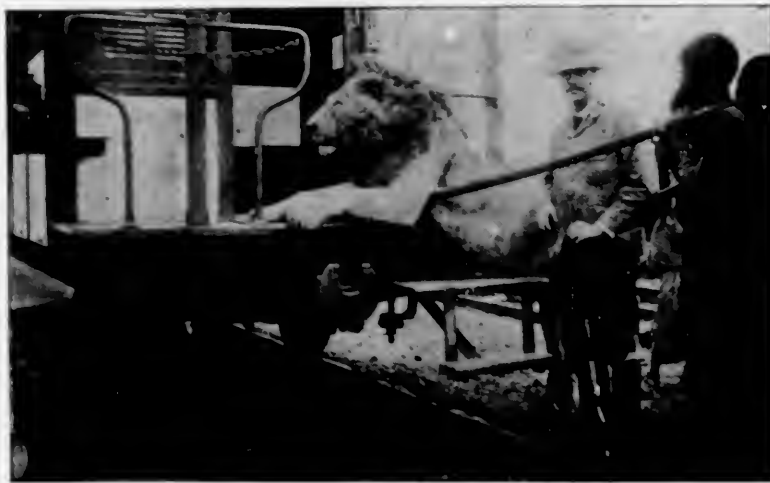
to the ground, there to be torn to pieces and eaten. One man only was able to stick it out until the lions grew tired of waiting.

It was because the natives refused to help in building the Uganda road that the British Government brought practically all the working force from India. These men, who number about 20,000, are capable of standing the sun's rays, and work cheerfully and hard sixteen hours a day for little more than a handful of rice.

When the British Government went about building the Uganda Railway it was calculated that it would cost about \$15,000,000, and Parliament voted that amount; but an expert who has just inspected the work gives as his opinion that, when finished, it will have cost \$25,000,000. The line will probably be finished some time in 1903; at present about 300 miles are open for busi-

ness, the passengers being principally merchants and coolies, caravan porters and British soldiers and officials. The project has not been carried out without American assistance. Of the locomotives in use on the railroad more than half are of American make, the government having been unable to build as heavy a type of engine as was needed for the literally "up-hill" work, and the large rivers which the remainder of the line will cross are now being spanned by American bridges.

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THIS FELLOW HAD A FONDNESS FOR SURVEYORS.

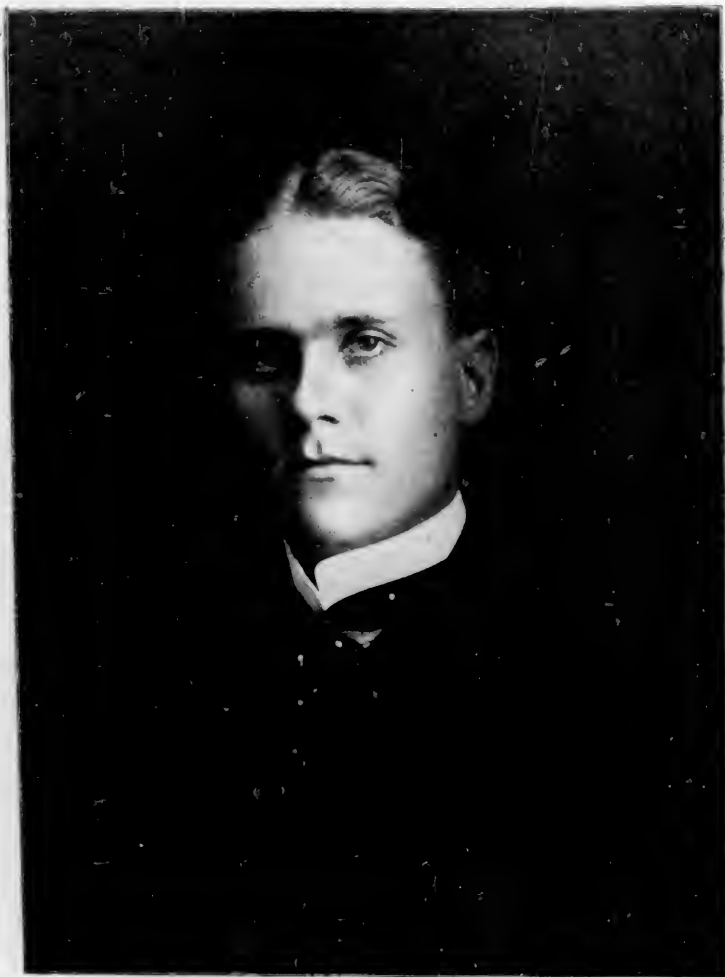
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CLARK C. DOUGHTY.

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**A Hustling Young Fair Promoter, Whose Headquarters Are Columbus, Ohio.**

The half-tone picture that appears above is a very good likeness of Mr. Clark C. Doughty, a young and hustling promoter, whose home is at Columbus, O. Mr. Doughty is one of the youngest and most successful promoters of both indoor and outdoor amusements in the United States to-day.

Mr. Doughty was born in Roseville, Muskingum County, Ohio, twenty-four years ago and received his education in the public schools of Roseville and Zanesville. He moved to Columbus at the age of fourteen and shortly afterwards commenced promoting small entertainments, lawn fetes, merchants' fairs, etc. He has continued in the amusement line ever since and has promoted several successful street fairs and carnivals, a number of pure food shows and numerous other amusements on a large scale. He has the distinction of being the first person to suggest and carry out a Dewey Day celebration, to celebrate the destruction of the Spanish fleet by Admiral George Dewey. He also suggested the Dreyfus Day celebration, which day was observed in a great many places throughout the United States by the Jews who believed in the innocence of the young officer.

Governor Geo. K. Nash, of Ohio, in a letter, has the following to say about Mr. Doughty: "Mr. Doughty is a young man whom I have known for a number of years in a personal and business way. He is a gentlemanly, honest, honorable and industrious young man, whom no one would make a mistake in trusting."

A letter of recommendation by the late President, William McKinley, written at Washington during his first term, in part says: "I met Mr. Doughty a great many times while I resided in Columbus, and I always found him to be a strictly sober, industrious, capable and honorable young man. I believe he has a very bright future before him."

One thing that has made Mr. Doughty's ventures successful is the way he has handled the newspapers throughout the country. He has received from them hundreds of columns of reading matter free of charge booming his many enterprises, where others have been compelled to pay for the same. His gentlemanly disposition wins for him these courtesies.

During this winter he will promote several indoor expositions, and has already completed arrangements for the first of this series. His "street fairs" inside will be a novelty, no doubt.

Next season will see him at the head of some of the big street fairs and carnivals that will be given under his personal management. He has many new ideas that he will give to the public, and "The Billboard" wishes him continued success and prosperity.

**ATTENDANCE AT EXPOSITIONS.**

**Comparison Shows What a Gigantic Failure the Pan-American Was.**

Nothing so strongly exemplifies what a gigantic failure, in point of attendance, at least, the recent Pan-American Exposition was, as a comparison of the figures for attendance with those of the other great ex-

positions of the world since 1851, when the first great exposition was held in London. Here are the figures. Note the vast difference between those at Buffalo and either Chicago or Paris:

1851—London	6,170,000
1855—Paris	4,680,000
1862—London	6,117,450
1867—Paris	9,750,000
1876—Philadelphia	9,789,392
1878—Paris	16,032,757
1883—London	2,703,051
1884—London	4,153,390
1887—London	3,791,581
1888—London	5,550,745
1889—London	2,750,000
1889—Liverpool	1,072,000
1887—Manchester	4,765,137
1888—Glasgow	5,745,929
1889—Paris	26,538,543
1893—Chicago	32,350,237
1900—Paris	50,859,955
1901—Buffalo	8,170,674

The figures for Buffalo include, too, the free passes and other dead heads, while the others are only the paid admissions. How far the attendance fell below the expectations of the exposition promoters may be judged from the fact that the exposition paid premiums on a blanket accident policy on 10,000,000 paid admissions for the season. Many wagers were made that the attendance would exceed 16,000,000 and others that it would exceed 25,000,000 and 30,000,000. An average of 2,000,000 a month had been figured on by the exposition officials.

**HE HAD TRAVELED.**

**An Arkansas Man Who Had Seen the World.**

"Have you spent all of your life here in this one place?" asked a stranger of an old fellow he came across seated on a rail fence whittling in front of a log and slab cabin, in one of the back counties of Arkansas.

"Not by a durned sight," was the terse reply. "I been hyar the better part o' the time; but, la, I hev traveled fur an' wide!"

"Ever been abroad?"

"Well, not eggsackly to say abroad, unless you call it golin' abroad to go from here way over to Petersville. I been over thar twice in the last 40 year. It's 364 miles to Petersville, an' I ben furder than that, fur my ole woman an' me went cleau to Hog-back ridge on our weddin' tower, an' thar's 41 mile from here. Then I been over in Pettis county to see my wife's folks twice, an' thar's 20-odd mile from here. Then I been over to Rocky Hill ez menny ez four times, an' thar's 18 mile. Ez I say, I been here most o' the time, but then I've traveled fur an' wide, all the same. I've seen the big four-story mill over to Petersville, an' the engine kyars over to Peaville. I rid three times on 'em, an' it's all I want o' the pesky things. I've seen a calf with two heads an' a feller that could eat fire an' dance on broken glass in his bare feet. I see a man hung once an' a boss race fur a purse o' \$65. Yes, sir; I been fur an' wide, an' I reckon I've seen the biggest part o' what there is to see in this world, an' I don't low on doin' no more gaddin' about."

—Lippincott's.

**NECK IS BROKEN.**

**But This Woman Still Lives, and Promises to Recover Entirely.**

McKeesport, Pa., Dec. 1.—The case of Mrs. Richard Buck, the woman with a broken neck, is attracting the attention of the medical world to the McKeesport Hospital. Mrs. Buck sustained a broken neck in a runaway accident the evening of Oct. 16. Last Wednesday she had so far recovered as to be able to sit up in bed, and within a few more weeks, it is thought, will be discharged from the hospital permanently cured.

Mrs. Buck is the wife of Richard Buck, a wealthy liquor dealer of this city. On the evening of Oct. 16, in company with her sister-in-law, Mrs. John Buck, she went driving. The horse reared at a party of boys. Mrs. Buck was thrown out and alighted on the top of her head. Her companion escaped with a few bruises. Mrs. Buck struggled to her feet and walked a number of steps before she was caught by some persons running to the assistance of the woman, when she became unconscious.

By the time the victims had reached the hospital, Mrs. Buck had recovered consciousness. She complained of a slight pain in her neck, and said it felt numb. She was unable to hold up her head. Dr. Theodore Nason, an expert surgeon, discovered that the third cervical vertebra was badly shattered, and that the woman's neck was broken. In spite of this, there was no pressure on the spinal cord, and there was no indication of paralysis. This fact had thrown the physicians off their guard when the woman was first admitted, and it was over an hour after the accident occurred when the really serious nature of the case was determined.

Dr. Nason gave it as his opinion that the woman could not live many hours. In spite of this the next day found her decidedly improved, although suffering great pain. A consultation was called of all the leading physicians of the city, and it was finally decided that there might be a chance for her life. She was carefully strapped to her bed in such a manner as to forbid the slightest movement. The fracture of the vertebra was reduced as much as possible, and nature was left to do the rest.

Although the physicians believed the case to be hopeless from the first, Mrs. Buck refused to consider it so. She knew the serious nature of her injury, but when informed that there might be a chance for her recovery she decided she would take that chance. Although suffering great pain at all times she did all she could to assist the nurses, and retained her naturally cheerful demeanor. Last Wednesday she sat up in bed for the first time, and the physicians think she will be sufficiently improved to leave the hospital within another month.

The physicians regard the case as one of the most remarkable in surgical experience. Although there was a complete fracture of the vertebra, there was no pressure on the spinal cord, or, if there was, it was relieved in some way before the surgeons took hold of the case. No paralysis developed at any time.



Above appears a handsome picture giving an exterior view of Capt. Louis Sorecho's splendid Deep Sea Diving and Novelty Company outfit and some of the members of his remarkably fine company of people. This novelty, which is spoken of in the highest terms of praise everywhere it ap-

pears, was the feature attraction at all of the biggest street fairs last season, being exhibited, among other places, at the great Interstate Fair at Louisville, Corn Carnival at Peoria, Industrial Fair at Rock Island, Ill., and is now at the big pure food fair being held in the mammoth Coliseum Build-

ing in Chicago. An 80,000-gallon glass tank is used by Capt. Sorecho for his exhibition, and a true representation of diving in the deep sea is given. Not alone for its novel character is this great entertainment to be commended, but for its value as an educational exhibition of no mean caliber, also.



WARM TIME

Experienced by Uncle Dan Rice With His Circus During the Civil War.

A writer in a Philadelphia paper says that Dan Rice told this story to a party of friends in the Pennsylvania metropolis a few years ago:

"I barely escaped with my life in Cincinnati early in the war," he said. "I went down South at the breaking out of the Rebellion, and, like all show people coming up from Dixie land, I was looked upon with suspicion. Nearly all of the prominent people suffered in some way. Edwin Forrest's company was hided off the stage in Philadelphia. When I got up in Cincinnati with my boat and set up my tents all went well until the night of the last performance. Then some fellows whom I had discharged spread a report that I had my boat loaded with arms and ammunition, which I loaded carrying up to the Kauuwha and turning over to the rebels. I knew nothing of it until I got down to the boat, when I found fully 5,000 people on the levee making all sorts of threats and ready to a mood to do violence. I got aboard, and just as I did so the United States Marshal came down to the water's edge and demanded to be taken on board. I had a gangplank let down for him, and asked him what he wanted. He said he had come to search the boat for contraband of war. I told him to go ahead. The first thing he examined was a cannon in the bow of the boat. It was a formidable looking object, but proved to be nothing but painted wood. Then he saw a box that resembled a gun box. Mr. Marshal thought he had struck a lead and sternly ordered me to open it. Without making the slightest objection, I did so by tearing off a board, and the marshal then put his hand in to feel for himself, and it came in contact with the cold, silny skin of a boa constrictor. He was so scared that he turned as white as a sheet, while I laughed immoderately and urged him to help himself to some guus.

"The search was continued high and low and at last, down in the hold, hidden away in a dark place, the old fellow did find some guus. He became much excited and hurried up to the deck with an air of triumph. When he got there he made the mortifying discovery that they, like my cannon, were all of wood. At last the marshal gave up. He acknowledged that he felt satisfied that there was no contraband on board, and he and I went out and made speeches to the angry crowd, which had the effect of dispersing them.

"That night I moved my tents across the river to Covington. The next morning the Gazette appeared with a most venomous article about the search of my boat. It said that I was a Secessionist and had arms on my boat, but learning that I had been found out had moved over in the dead of night to Covington to escape the wrath of the loyal men of Cincinnati. Oh, it was a vicious thing, and did me a great deal of harm all through the North. When I got to Philadelphia I showed on the stage of a theater, and the audience tried to mob us. They threw decayed eggs at the performers and hooted and hissed and acted like devils. They scared everybody out of the ring. Then I went out with a little Union flag in my hand. I struck it down in the sawdust in the center of the ring, and, drawing myself up, I said:

"Gentlemen, you can drive women out of this ring by your silly delugs, but you can't drive me out. I am as good a Union man as any man in this theater. Tell me who founded the Union Club in this city; tell me who gave the Eighty-third Pennsylvania Regiment its entire outfit. Dan Rice did it, gentlemen."

"I went on in that strain, offering proofs of my loyalty, but they would not have it. They were there to break up the show, and at last I had to ring down the curtain. On the following day I went to the mayor and chief of police and asked them to send an extra detail of police to preserve order that night. They refused to do so, and advised me not to try to give a show. Well, that made my mind right up, and I swore that I would give a show, and that I wouldn't be downed by any lot of thugs. I said I was a loyal Union man and everybody in Philadelphia knew it, and that they should not make any such excuse to drive me out of the city.

"Leaving the pusillanimous mayor and police superintendent, I went to a fire engine house. The boys all knew me and loved me. I had often befriended them. I told them what the mayor had said, and asked them if they were going to allow me to be mobbed. They declared that I should not, and told me to open my doors that night and leave all the rest to them. I knew I could rely on them, and, perfectly serene, I went back to my hotel and waited for the time for the evening performance to arrive. It came. My people were thick about risking a performance, but I assured them that they would be fully protected. And so they were. The curtain had not been up a minute before a shower of rotten eggs, stones, clubs, and everything else came pouring on the stage from all parts of the house. The whole crowd was on its feet in an instant, and pumpanium ensued. The most terrible onts were hurled at us, along with more damaging things. The crowd became a raging, furious mass of men, yelling, fighting and throwing missiles at us. They had it all their own way for a moment. Then something happened that surprised them. The air began to be filled with flying mud, as well as flying eggs and bricks. My brave firemen had collected all their friends and had disposed themselves all through the house, and when the toughs began their demonstration my noble fellows went for them. Those in the upper tiers were picked up and thrown to

the floor of the parquet, where they were beaten and pitched out of the windows and doors by the firemen below. It was a terrible scene, and the punishment of these rowdies, well deserved, was fearful. It did not take long to clean out the whole crowd of them, and then we all came out and gave the best performance we knew how to those heroic firemen."

TOBE'S RETURN.

How Love Found the Way to Wealth For a Ne'er Do Well.

From surrounding farms the people had flocked to the village. In town that day was to be a circus, not the railroad, three-ringed profanation that settles as a blight upon the most exciting memory of childhood, but an old-fashioned wagon show with an elephant that had swum a river. There was no shrieking calloppo to drown the voice of the man who from his buggy shouted that a free exhibition would be given upon the grounds. There was the hippopotamus, the monster advertised to eat a bushel of potatoes in three minutes; and in a gilded cage stood the beautiful girl, glancing down at a lion crouching at her feet.

In the open-mouthed throng stood Tobe Patterson, the worthless, a young fellow whom the girls snubbed because he was shiftless and whom the men gibed because he couldn't learn arithmetic.

enough to pay for a ticket to the "grand court."

"If you are goin' home now you can ride out with me, Tobe," an old man said, and in a dazed way Tobe looked at him and replied: "No, I am goin' to stay and see the last of —HER."

"You haven't got money enough to pay your way in to-night, have you?"

"Can't help it. I'm goin' to stay."

And he stayed, working for the show until night for the privilege of going into the tent. When it was all over, when rude hands pulled down the tent and piled up the seats, Tobe stood near a lamp, sputtering on a barrel, lost to the world. "Goin' home, Tobe?" some one asked.

"No, there ain't no home for me—now."

"What's the matter? Stuck on that show gal?"

"I love that angel if that's what you mean. Tell dad that I'm goin' with the show."

And he went. The "aggregation" was run on an economic plan and his application for a place as canvasser or roustabout was rejected. They refused to let him ride in a wagon, but he walked along and was always on hand at nightfall. The beautiful girl was an orphan, but her uncle was there to protect her, and he told Tobe that unless he stopped trying to speak to her he would boot him across the road and over the fence.

"Whenever you want to mix with me I'm here," said Tobe. "But I want to tell you that when you do, it will be red mixture."

"When they give out I'll steal a blanket and wrap up in it, all but my eyes, and they'll be a-gazin' at you."

"Well, I must say you are a persistent admirer."

"I don't know who he is, but if you mean a feller in love, I'm him."

The eye of love is always beautiful; nature has no music like the lover's voice, and her heart warmed toward this rustic cavalier. But she told him to go, knowing that he wouldn't, and she pretended to hide from him, but let him see her. Not permitted to go into the tent, he would wait outside until the show was over, and then at night he would help the men load the wagons, glad that on the road he would see the captor of his heart.

After many days they came to a hill region where men who had no respect for property, especially the property of a circus, were wont to congregate on a Saturday evening, and one night in the midst of the performance the "hey Rube" cry called the canvasser to arms. A hard fight ensued, and the circus was likely to have been broken but for Tobe. Now he was majestic, leading the fray; he knocked down the leader of the gang; he broke bones right and left. And when it was over the girl came to him and smiling said he was a hero. Tears flew to his eyes. "You are one of us now," said the manager. "Your place to ride is on the band wagon."

One day the papers of the village made the startling statement that "Patterson's Allied Shows" was about to visit the place, and the mayor said: "Tobias was always a smart fellow, and I knew that he would amount to something," and the girl who had snubbed him for a man who could not afford to take her to the circus, sighed and said that the show couldn't amount to much. But it did. It filled the streets, and a mighty cheer went up when Tobe and his wife appeared on gold-starred horses.

"Thought you'd come back and see us, did you, Tobe?" said an old man, and Tobe replied: "Yes, 'lowed I'd drop in and relieve you guys of your dough. But I have sold out and I'm goin' to live on my farm out here. My wife ain't stuck on the show. She is inclined to belong to the church, and in ridin' that horse she has to kick up a little higher than a Christian ought to, she thinks, and I tell her whatever she thinks is right."

THE FIRST CLOWN.

He Existed Ages Ago, and His Real Origin is in Serious Doubt.

There is much controversy as to the origin of the clown. The professional jester or buffoon may be traced to the history of almost every country except China. The character may have had its origin in the ancient Roman pantomime, which has passed into the representations of the wandering acrobats of the dark ages, and thence into the mysteries and miracle plays, and later was developed into the harlequin by the Italians. The clown or court fool who forms no inconsiderable part of Shakespearean characters just at the time when the private employment of buffoons was going out of vogue was a part of the household of medieval times. The last of the medieval clowns was Archie Armstrong, who was attached to the courts of James I. and Charles I. He died in 1672. Triboulet, the court fool of Francis I., was made immortal by Rabelais, and a number of others have become historical. Their characteristic dress was a motley coat, light breeches and they carried a buble or short staff surmounted by a ludicrous head. As to the modern circus clown, he has for some reason or another always evoked a sort of pity from the public. This is, perhaps, due to the many pathetic stories that have found their way in the paper of hearts filled with grief hidden under an apparently hilarious exterior. The spectator is thus made to believe that the poor fellow who is doing his best to amuse him may be the most wretched mortal on the face of the earth. This, however, may be fully as true of the comedian or tragedian, but the latter embodies the role he plays to such an extent that his personality is lost sight of altogether. As to the clown, there seems to be a closer intimacy between him and the audience he amuses. The man is never forgotten, despite his varying roles, which seem to be unrehearsed, improvised during the performance. Of course this is but an illusion, for he is as much a comedian as any on the stage, and his role is usually studied and rehearsed. Billy Hayden, one of the most renowned clowns of the last century, was the hero of one of the many stories that have attracted public sympathy to this gentry. His wife was an equestrienne, and as the result of a bad fall one night lay dying in her dressing-room in the circus of the Champus Elysees. Poor Billy Hayden, who could not afford to lose his position, appeared in the ring as usual. He mimicked the pinnettes of the dancers, the feats of the horsewomen, of the athletes and wrestlers, and while the big audience applauded his heart was breaking. During one of the pauses his wife died. His tears made long streaks all over his white cheeks, but when he returned to the ring the spectators thought this was part of his work, and the applause was tumultuous. He rushed back to the dressing-room, where his wife lay dead, and fell in a faint. The best clowns are either American or English. Italy has produced some droll and spirited imitators, but it takes an English or American clown to amuse successfully. Their irresistible phlegm, varied by their jolly grimaces, keeps the spectators in constant laughter.



OLD CHRIS  
CKED OUT.

Old Chris was out early—  
He's always on time,  
With the bells in the steeple.  
That merrily chime;  
In musical chorus,  
The advent anew,  
Of fun for the many,  
Paid for by the few.

He took them all in—  
Not a one overlooked,  
From the star to the "super,"  
Had every one "booked."  
At least, so he'd figured,  
But alas, for his lot!

"Tobe, goin' to the show?" a neighbor inquired.

"Just eat, and that menu I just will."

"Did your daddy give you the fifty cents?"

"No; I chopped wood for it, and chopped all day, too; and if anybody ought to go, I'm him."

"Gee, look at that gal with the lion."

Tobe caught sight of her; he did more than that, he fastened his eyes on her and shouldering his way through the crowd he reached the cage and walked along beside it. "Hey, look at old Tobe," the boys jeered, but he did not heed them. He was enraptured with the beautiful woman, and he looked as if that for her he would have been willing to fight the lion. In the ring that afternoon the beautiful girl rode a cream-colored horse, and Tobe gazed at her, dazzled by her grace and her spangles; and when the performance was at an end he went out sorrowfully, not having money

In his haste the fat woman  
Somehow, he'd forgot.

But the size of the stocking  
She'd hung up to fill,  
By the side of the chimney,  
Old Chris gave a chill.  
Then, reshipping a cargo  
Of flavored ozone,  
He severed the stay  
Of his thinking balloon.

"I have it!" he chuckled.  
And then the old wag,  
Taking down the big stocking,  
In its place hung his bag.

"I believe that lank Kentuckian would cut my throat," said the uncle, speaking to an actor. "but I don't know what to do with him."

"Let Louise manage him," replied the actor, meaning the beautiful girl. And so, she was permitted to talk to him. "Don't you get tired walking?" she asked, and he answered: "Not when I think there's a chance to see you. That rests me, and you don't know how sweet rest is to a feller that don't like to work."

"I wish you would go on away."

"And that's what the feller said to the river that he wanted to cross and the river went, but it kept on a-comin'."

"But you can't keep this up all the time."

"I can as long as I'm alive and when I ain't I won't care much, I reckon."

"How do you get anything to eat?"

"Manage to pick it up first one place and then another."

"But your clothes won't last long."

FUNNY MISHAPS ON THE STAGE.

Incidents Not Down on the Bill That Disconcert Performers and Injure Plays.



NE of Tom Costello's biggest hits was made in a song in which he was wont to appear in the role of a broke-down actor, persecuted by duns. To add to the effectiveness of the "business," Tom arranged for an assistant to make his way through the audience, and serve him with a writ on the stage. The idea worked beautifully until one evening, when one of Tom's lady admirers, thinking the incident real, started vigorously striking the unfortunate assistant with an umbrella. Then the assistant struck—work.

A somewhat similar incident occurred quite recently at the Tivoli, London, when Marie Lloyd was singing her "Georgie" song. In this, it will be remembered, she used to engage in a bogus altercation with a gentleman in evening dress in the stalls. As is usual in most London halls, a policeman is on duty at the Tivoli to maintain order. He, of course, was aware of the fact that the "altercation" was part and parcel of Miss Lloyd's "business."

One evening, however, his inspector happened along, just as the "disturbance" was at its height, and, after soundly rating his astonished subordinate for his "neglect of duty," proceeded himself to evict the disturber, amid the ironical cheers and laughter of the audience, the majority of whom, as it happened, were "in the know."

Mr. Dan Leno considers his most curious unhearsaid stage experience was one in which he was the principal—and indeed, in a sense, the only—actor. It was at Herne Bay, England, whither Dan had been hidden to a charity bazaar, and it was during the period when all London was laughing itself hoarse over his inimitable "Mrs. Kelly" song.

Here is the story, in Mr. Leno's own words, as told behind the scenes one evening recently: "I began to be conscious before I was half way through the first verse, that there was something wrong with the audience. Nobody laughed. Some looked shocked, others puzzled; and I noticed sundry furtive glances directed towards the center of the reserved seats, where sat the local bigwigs. Nothing daunted, however, I determined to raise a laugh or die in the attempt. In the end I very nearly did die—from sheer exhaustion. I never worked so hard in my life. The perspiration poured from me. I out-heroded Herod, or rather out-killed Kelly. I sang the changes on Mrs. Kelly till I was ready to drop. Then, when just on the verge of despair, an inspiration seized me, and I switched off on to Mr. Kelly.

"Well," I said, "if you don't know Mrs. Kelly, perhaps you know Mr. Kelly—little red-faced man in a crumpled waistcoat. Oh, come, you must know Mr. Kelly!" and so on, and so on.

"It was no use. The people simply would not laugh. When I came off the stage, I learned why. Sitting opposite me was the originator and getter-up of the show—Major Kelly, and with him was his wife, Mrs. Kelly. The audience had not dared to give vent to its mirth."

Old Manchester theatergoers remember the marvelous presence of mind displayed, under exceptionally trying circumstances, by Mr. Joseph Berisor, the originator of the "Jackley Wonders," when performing at the Folly (now the New Tivoli), one evening. Mr. Berisor was supporting on his shoulders a living pyramid of eleven people, when to his horror he felt the stage slowly but surely slaking under him. To raise an alarm would, he felt sure, result in serious injury either to himself or his troupe, so he just stood still, and sank with the floor, balancing successfully his living burden the while.

The audience was at first rather puzzled at the gradual disappearance of the pyramid through a big trap, but eventually concluded that it was part and parcel of the performance, and showed its appreciation by an enthusiastic encore. Needless to say, however, the encore was not responded to.

Unhearsaid incidents due to "little larks" are by no means infrequent occurrences in music hall annals. At the Empire, Newport, for instance, some little time back, O'Connor and Brady, the well-known "music hall butchers," were working on a turn wherein the latter gradually indicated the former (who wore a balloon-like dress under his smock) with a pair of bellows, so that eventually he soared (or rather, was supposed to soar) upwards into the flies. As a matter of fact, of course, he was hauled up by an invisible wire.

On this particular occasion the wire was fastened at the critical moment when O'Connor had attained the greatest altitude, and tightly knotted, leaving the unhappy performer dangling in mid-air, while he was supposed to gracefully descend and "take" the "call" which the comical scene invariably elicited.

O'Connor blamed Arthur Reece for this little mishap, and vowed vengeance. Reece was just at that time singing his great success, "Those wedding bells shall not ring out." At the same hall, the same week, the Collinson Combination were playing a sketch, entitled "The Academy," in which a huge and exceedingly discordant bell was used to call the lads to their studies. O'Connor borrowed this bell, and, when Reece's turn came, after waiting for the audience to become duly impressed with the pathos of the first verse, he chimed (or rather clanged) in with it just

at the crucial part of the second stanza, wherein the singer declared emphatically that "Those wedding bells shall not ring out, I swear it on my life." Reece looked unutterable things, but continued.

At the conclusion of the third verse he had to declare—still more emphatically—that the bells in question should not, etc., and at the same time fire a pistol at the imaginary bride. The thrilling declaration was again followed by the clanging of the school-bell, and when the pistol shot rang out, it was echoed no fewer than six times from the wings, Brady having borrowed a revolver for that express purpose. Reece was furious. So was the stage manager. But both Brady and O'Connor, to say nothing of the audience, enjoyed it immensely.

the two young fellows into prosperous actors. The series of humorous plays of city rough life ensued. Mr. Hart, to whose memory Mr. Harrigan dedicates the book, died soon after quitting his partner. John Wild, usually an eccentric negro barber in the productions, but sometimes a white tramp, is dead. So are Billy Gray and Billy West, lesser lights in the negroism, and Harry Fisher, the representative German. Annie Yeamans, the droll Cordella Mulligan, later went into Augustin Daly's company, where she proved too eccentric to be of value, but she is still irresistible in broad Irish depletion. Emma Pollock, the pet Harrigan soubrette, went to London with Nell Burgess in "The County Fair," remained there for years, and only reappeared in New York a few weeks ago when Mr. Burgess revived the Baruard play at the Grand Opera House. Dan Collyer, who figured as a lively negro girl, is now heavier but not less meticulous in the current extravaganza of "The King's Carnival." Dave Erskine, who made the tunes for the Harrigan songs, is still an orchestra leader.

parquet had been taken. The 50-cent general admission tickets, however, had a fairly good sale, as theatrical performances in the town were something of a novelty. A large church "sociable" was another feature of the town's evening, and for that reason, perhaps, there were few women represented by general admission pasteboards. Perhaps for the same reason also the men thought 50 cents none too much to spend for an excuse to absent themselves from the latter function.

As is usual in country towns, especially where general admission tickets are held, the holders thereof arrived early, and at least half an hour before the performance was billed to begin the 50-cent seats were filled. Every one present knew every one else, and there was much whispering over the empty reserved seats. Flunkey one adventurous soul volunteered to investigate and returned with the information that none of them had been purchased. After more whispered consultation it was decided to storm the box office in a body, and ask permission to occupy the reserved seats.

After much argument and wrangling, the agent told them that if none of the seats were sold before the raising of the curtain they might, after a few minutes' wait and at a given signal, take possession. At 8 o'clock the curtain rose and in due time the actor, as Hamlet, advanced down the stage and began to rant. He had gotten well under way and was spouting his worst, when, at the given signal, the crowd rose, and each person, actuated by the same desire of securing the best of the front seats, rushed madly toward the stage.

The startled actor hesitated, paused, gave one look at the rapidly advancing crowd, and, believing that the oft-heard prophecies of his being mobbed were about to be realized, gave a frightened cry, turned, and, with waddling legs, dashed off the stage. The townspeople saw no more of Hamlet that night. The next morning the actor was found by some of his friends, still in his play robes, hiding in a shed about three miles from the town of the previous evening's performance, and near a railway station, where he had hoped to crawl unobserved upon some passing train and escape his supposed pursuers.

**HEARTS**  
By HARRY EARL

HEARTS OF OAK of which we All Knew  
HEART OF MARYLAND found so true  
HEART OF THE BLUE RIDGE the gentle zephers blew through  
And True Irish HEARTS was successful too  
A Home spun HEART first came to light in the HEART OF CHICAGO on a Saturday night.  
Human HEARTS was a big go seen way out in Fargo. There are HEARTS that have been broken And HEARTS that have had bumps Evidently the Playwright thinks HEARTS ARE TRUMPS.

**MEMORIES**  
Of "The Mulligans," Eddie Harrigan and His Conferees.  
Edward Harrigan, once conspicuous as an actor, playwright and theatrical manager, was a saunterer in Broadway recently. It is a long while since New Yorkers saw him across the footlights, though he is still making tours of the country in "Old Lavender," in which his portrayal of a good-hearted old set of a lawyer holds its own as a fine performance. Mr. Harrigan still owns the Garrick Theater, which he built for his professional home, but had to quit because our tickle public, ever eager for new amusements, turned from his local fares to other kinds of song-and-dance plays. Mr. Harrigan had in his pocket an advance print of a book, "The Mulligans," in which he has put into narrative the characteristics and deluges of that Mulligan family which used to divert us on his stage. It is thirty years since Mr. Harrigan and Tony Hart brought out at the Theater Comique, a vaudeville theater in Broadway near Spring street, a short sketch in which one figured as the captain of the Mulligan Guards and the other as the entire company. The enrapture of the target parties, then numerous, was helped by witty verses and a lively tune, and it soon advanced

**FEARED THE MOB.**  
Actor Who Ran For His Life at the Rush of the Audience For Good Seats.  
**B**OTH TARKINGTON, the author of "Monsieur Beaucaire," tells a good story of a certain Western actor, a man who not only lacked the ability to act, but was one of the worst rangers ever seen on ever remote Western boards. Again and again he had been denounced as the "worst living actor," not only by the critics, but by his friends, who, in their efforts to make him abandon histrionic fields, often assured him that if he persisted in his endeavors to act he would some time certainly be mobbed by an over-exasperated audience. However, he pursued his way, albeit not without some misgivings. At a far Western one-night stand the climax was reached. The sale of tickets on that particular evening had been limited—at least, none of the reserved seats in the

**KEEPING A DATE.**  
I WAS standing on the corner Of a very busy street; I was anxiously waiting For a friend I wished to meet. I had waited twenty minutes And my brain was in a whirl—I was looking for a girl.

Tall girls, short girls, girls of middle height; Stout girls, thin girls, girls of brawn and might; Young girls, old girls, girls of every age; And the dreamy matinee girl from the fashion paper's page.

I maintained my careful vigil Though my eyes were growling weak; I was just a trifle dizzy And a flush was on my cheek. I had waited for forty minutes And my brain was in a whirl—I was waiting for a girl.

Prim girls, trim girls, girls of every size; Fair girls, rare girls, girls with angel eyes; Prude girls, rude girls, bashful girls and shy; And the girl of comic opera with the naughty little eye.

I grew faint, and weak, and thirsty, And my back was bent with pain; I felt a strange sensation At the bottom of my brain. I had waited sixty minutes, With my lackless brain a whirl— Just waiting for a girl.

Pale girls, frail girls, girls of slender waist; Blonde girls, brunette girls, girls of paint and paste; Gibson girls, Christie girls, girls both mild and rash; And the supple-limbed athletic girl who always "cuts a dash."

Beware my fate, kind reader, Should you chance upon these lines; A little ten by seven now My wasted self confines. They tell me that I'm harmless, That my brain is in a whirl— All through looking for a girl.

Old girls, sweet girls, girls cut in a mode; Quiet girls, riot girls, girls who've "seen the road"; Bright girls, slight girls, all make a phantom new That passes through my mind in vague kaleidoscope view.

Castleton (to Dashaway)—What do you think of it? Here's Clubberly, who I have always thought was a friend of mine, actually asking me to lend him \$25.  
Clubberly (later, to Dashaway)—What do you think of it? Here's Castleton, who I have always thought was a friend of mine, actually refusing to lend me \$25.

The guide was guiding a guy. As the guide guided the guy, the guide guided the guy until the guy would no longer be guided by a guide whom he had hired not to guide, but to guide. So the guyed guy guided the guide. No wonder everyone guyed the guyed guide guiding a guyed guy.



FOUR GENERATIONS OF A FAMILY

Whose Ancestors Made the Circus Business What It Is To-day—An Old Landmark in Kentucky.

Through the courtesy of Mr. "Gil" Robinson, "The Billboard" presents herewith a group of ladies who are, without doubt, the most illustrious and best-known of any circus family in the world. They are half-tones made from a photograph of four generations of the famous Lake family, beginning on the right with Agnes Lake, then

BUFFALO BILL WRECK.

The financial and property risks, and I may say personal dangers, attending a tent show are large, and the exhibition is not "a sure thing" by any manner of means, even when the guiding hand is firm and the attractions are worthy of the advertise-



THE OLD LAKE HOMESTEAD IN KENTUCKY

following in order toward the left, Emma Lake Reed, Agnes Robinson Reed and Emma Lake Robinson. Emma Lake Reed is the baby. She is the daughter of Charles and Agnes Robinson Reed. The former is a grandson of old Dan Rice, the famous circus clown, while the mother was, before her marriage, Agnes Robinson, daughter of "Gil" and Emma Robinson (nee Lake). "Gil," as is well known, is the son of "Uncle" John Robinson, while his wife is a daughter of Agnes Lake, who in her day was the greatest rider the world ever knew, and "Bill" Lake, who was one of the best-known circus proprietors in the old days; so that Baby Reed is the granddaughter of "Gil" Robinson, Emma Lake and Charles Reed, a famous rider, and the great granddaughter of Agnes Lake, the greatest rider who ever lived, as well as Uncle John Robinson, Bill Lake and Dan Rice, than whom no better circus men ever lived. Baby Reed's father is himself a circus performer as well as the grandson of old Dan Rice. Baby Reed's mother (Agnes Robinson) was never a performer, but her grandmother (Emma Lake) enjoys the distinction of being the only menage rider who ever appeared before Queen Victoria by "command" at Windsor. Mrs. Robinson now treasures a handsome remembrance from the mother of King Edward in the shape of a diamond-studded medal. To the right of Mrs. Lake Robinson is Agnes, her only daughter, who holds in her arms her only daughter, Emma, the youngest of these four "only daughters," the eldest of whom is eighty years of age, while the youngest is not more than twelve months. Mme. Lake, after the death of her first husband, who was at one time a partner of "Uncle" John Robinson in the circus business, married William Hilecox. Emma Lake, her daughter by her first marriage, became the wife of "Gil" Robinson while she was yet in her teens, and their only daughter, Agnes—better known as Daisy—is now the wife of Charles Reed, the son of Charles Reed, the rider, and grandson of old Dan Rice, the once famous clown. If there be anything in the theory of heredity, Baby Reed should certainly show it.

In connection with the pictures of these four generations, "The Billboard" also presents pictures of the house where Baby Reed's grandmother and great grandmother and great grandfather lived for years, and the ring barn where her grandmother practiced for years. Both buildings still stand, in a splendid state of preservation on a lovely spot a couple of miles south of Ft. Thomas, Ky. The property was purchased by Mrs. Lake in 1871, and for five years she and her daughter Emma (now Mrs. Gil Robinson) lived there. At that time the place was in the heart of a wilderness, but every season, at the close of the Robinson circus, Mrs. Lake and her daughter went there to spend the winter, and in the old ring barn Emma Lake practiced riding, day after day, until she became queen of equestriennes.

The publication of these pictures will recall less pleasant and less prosperous days to Mr. James A. Bailey, now owner of the Barnum circus, for he spent one winter at the Lake homestead, back of Ft. Thomas, and the following spring he went out as advance agent of the great William Lake's Combined Shows. To-day he is the greatest and wealthiest circus proprietor in the world.

The photographs from which the accompanying half-tones were made were taken especially for "The Billboard," and when the writer visited the scene, a couple of weeks ago, the homestead and ring barn were in as good condition as the day they were built. The property has passed into other hands, but the ring barn still stands there, and a sort of halo seems to hang over it as a sacred memory to the triumphs it once witnessed.

ments. Still, I do not know to-day of any business that returns so much for the investment when the tide of favor and fortune sets in. Neither do I know any in-

Will C. Ferril, curator of the Historical Society.

In the campaign which resulted in the election of James A. Garfield as President, one of the features of the canvass in Colorado was the presence at political meetings of a big eagle named "Jim Garfield." The year before two prospectors hunting for minerals in the foothills of the Green Horn Range, saw an eagle high up in the air, one of them raised his gun and fired. The bird fluttered around in the air for a while, then sank slowly toward the ground. Hoping to capture him the prospectors made no further effort to kill him. When the eagle was within a few feet of the ground the two men were amazed to see he was wrapped in the coils of a huge blacksnake, and that before the shot was fired a battle between the snake and the eagle had been raging.

When the bird saw his new enemies he rallied and started to ascend, but within an hour he fell to the ground exhausted. During all this time he had been fighting the snake, killing it, and merely circulated about in the air; consequently, he fell almost at the feet of the miners.

The eagle got well, and was presented by his captors to A. H. Lacy, then editor of the Silver Cliff Republican, who named him "Jim Garfield," and exhibited him in the campaign. All the old-timers in the State will remember the bird, as he was a great favorite with the Republicans, and the orators, by his presence, were given an opportunity for some eloquent patriotic perorations.

After Garfield was chosen President it occurred to the Republicans in Silver Cliff that the eagle had earned his freedom, and a day was set on which he was to be set at liberty. The people came from far and wide, and there was a band in attendance. "Jim" was let out of his cage, but he flew only a little way up in the air and then came back. He spurned freedom, and in the light of what followed many persons regarded as mysterious his refusal of a boon supposed to be especially precious to eagles.

Then came the news of James A. Garfield's assassination and death. Memorial exercises were held everywhere, just as they

One of the orators of the day was Judge Adams, well known in this State and in Kansas, where he had twice been Speaker of the House of Representatives. The speaker, during his oration, made many references to the crime, and the people listened in silent approval. Now and then the eagle tugged at his chain, but he manifested no extraordinary excitement until the name of Galtreau was mentioned by Judge Adams.

Just as the speaker had pronounced the assassin's name the eagle gave an awful scream and fluttered his wings widely. The demonstration he made was so marked that the speaker stopped. Every one in the house held his breath, and felt that something beyond his understanding was happening. For almost a minute the bird continued his remarkable action; then he quieted down, and again the exercises proceeded. Those who had seen the occurrence freely expressed the opinion that there was some occult means by which the bird had become cognizant of events, and possessed of resentment against the assassin. Curator Ferril was present, and so was A. H. Lacy, both of whom vouch for the truth of the mystery, to which they have never found the key.

KILLED HIS MATE.

Fight To the Finish Between Captive Bears.

A terrible fight between a large Russian male bear and his female, ending in the death of the latter, recently took place at Leadbetter's menagerie at Hazlemere Park, near High Wycombe, England. The keeper's attention, was drawn to the bears' cage by a great commotion, and on rushing to the spot he found a terrific struggle in progress. He tried to separate the bears with an iron bar, and was assisted by several workmen on the estate, but without avail. The fight lasted half an hour, and when the male had killed his companion he proceeded to tear her to pieces. The bears had previously lived on the best of terms, and the cause of the fight is not known. The female at one time performed at the London Hippodrome.



EMMA LAKE ROBINSON. AGNES ROBINSON REED EMMA LAKE REED AGNES LAKE.

vestment so desperately beyond recovery as when the sea of success subsides and it is low water in the red wagon of the treasurer.

Recurring accident, epidemic and unfavorable weather drain the strong boxes of the richest circus managers at times, and I believe that there is not a one of them who at some period has not experienced the bitterness of the other side of the story.

EAGLE SHRIEKED

In Its Resentment at the Mention of the Name of President Garfield's Assassin.

Denver, Col., December 1, 1901.—Mystics of the East, who believe in the transmigration of souls, might easily explain remarkable occurrences which the present period of mourning recalls, but the matter-of-fact citizen would find them difficult to believe unless vouched for, as they are, by such unimpeachable authority as

were in honor of McKinley. At Silver Cliff elaborate preparations had been made to observe the day. The eagle's cage was draped with crape, and when the time for speech-making arrived the eagle, with black ribbons about his neck, was taken to the hall.

The American in England was at a dinner where his near neighbor was a bishop. "In America," said the latter, "I understand you have no old wines." "No," replied the American. "We have no old wines. We have no established church," he added.



THE OLD EMMA LAKE RING BARN.



Having nothing but brains, good judgment and perseverance to back him, he has fought his fight in the world, until he is considered a fairly well-to-do business man, and his life is still before him. In the few years that he has been in Cincinnati he has won his way into the good wishes of Cincinnati business men and theater-goers, and to-day there is not a more popular young man in Cincinnati. He knows advertising from A to Z, because he has made a study of it, and he deserves to succeed.

PLAY HOUSES.

Managers, press agents, stage managers, treasurers, performers, etc., are invited to contribute items of news concerning themselves or friends or houses to this column, which is always open to friends of the Billboard.

Jacksonville, Fla., is rising from the ashes and Jas. D. Burbridge's New Theater is doing an immense business.

E. A. Paul, manager of the Star Theater, Atlanta, has left that city, and it is charged that he left owing to pressure of creditors.

The opera house at Belleville, Ill., which was destroyed by fire Nov. 11 will be rebuilt on a bigger and grander scale than ever.

The appraisal of President McKinley's estate developed the fact that he was

thumbed volume of Shakspeare, and, best of all, the sweet face and low voice of my mother.

"We went down by boat on the Wabash to Vincennes, where the company was 'stranded.' Our last trunk was left with the tavern keeper for board. How we got back East I do not remember, as I was too young then to appreciate such a situation. Think of it! There we were, utter strangers, without a dollar, a thousand miles from home, in a country where a telegraph and a railroad had not been built.

"Five or six years ago, while in Fort Wayne, a gentleman introduced himself to

LARGE HOWL

Let Out By the Burlesque Managers Whose Shows Are Frozen Out By the Wheel Scheme.

New York, N. Y., Dec. 2.—The burlesque theater and traveling managers have not beaten about the bush in forming their combination and shutting out certain attractions which, for various reasons, they consider undesirable. In one instance they have bluntly declared as their reason for refusing to give time to the Dewey Burlesques, owned by George Kraus, the fact that Mr. Kraus would not allow Harry Williams' Imperials, James Fennessy's Ramblers and Jacob & Lowrey's Topsy Turvy and Merry Maidens to appear upon the boards of his Dewey Theater in New York.

This is but one of the bold and sweeping acts of the newly formed association, which was organized last week in Pittsburg. This alliance of men engaged in the burlesque business is a far greater case of close corporation than the union of "legitimate" managers, known far and wide as the Theatrical Syndicate.

T. W. Dinkins, who has a burlesque theater in Jersey City, and is also the manager of one or two traveling companies, felt so confident of his position that he rather slyly declined to go to Pittsburg, assuring his friends that the other people in his line of business couldn't afford to overlook him. Mr. Dinkins' shows are among the others that are out.

There are 14 of them, all told, including in addition to those already spoken of, Al Reeves' Company, the Night Owls; Sam T. Jack's Show, the Howard and Emerson Company and four of the six enterprises now controlled by Ed. Rush. After the men interested in this movement had brought their Pittsburg meeting to order, their first step was to announce the cancellation of all next season's routes. It was then agreed that all the shows represented should be booked by a committee of managers consisting of Gns Hill, Sam Scribner, George Rice, James Curtin and Harry Martel. Every company will go in upon the same basis of percentage. Each of the managers will draw from a hat a slip of paper containing the time and place of his opening date, thus avoiding any chance of fault-finding on the ground of favoritism, as would most likely be the case under the other system.

There are 32 theaters represented in the deal, and there are 41 traveling shows, this difference in numbers going to indicate that all the attractions at one time or another during the season will be obliged to play one-night stands in addition to "repeat" engagements here and there.

The list of companies recognized by the syndicate is as follows: Bowery Burlesquers, Transatlantics, Hazleton's, Sam T. Jack's Company, "A New Woman and Song," Big Sensation, Tom Miner's, Bohemian, Americans, Anstrallians, Bon Tons, Blue Bloods, City Sports, Cracker Jacks, Dainty Duchesses, Sam Devere's, Grass Widows, High Rollers, Imperials, Irwin Brothers, Malestics, Knickerbockers, Morning Glories, Brigadiers, Merry Maidens, Gus Hill, Ramblers, World Beaters, Rentz-Santlev, Rice & Barton, Rose Hill, Kelly & Woods, Curtin-Trocadero, Parisian Widows, Harry Morris, Topsy Turvy, Royals, Tiger Lillies, May Howard, City Club, Orientals and Frank Carr.

One of the managers who has been shot out said: "I never saw such a high-handed piece of oppression as that in all my years of experience in handling road shows. These people have practically put me out of the business, tacitly admitting that their action is based on motives of revenge."

AT TERRE HAUTE

Occurred the First Appearance of Joe Jefferson.

When ex-Congressman Lamb was in Boston a few days ago he met Joseph Jefferson, who told of his first appearance in Terre Haute, Ind.

"How old are you?" asked the actor. Mr. Lamb replied that he was 48 years old. "Oh, then I was in Terre Haute before you were," said Mr. Jefferson. "In the winter of 1839-40, when I was 12 years old, I was there with my mother and father. We played in an old warehouse or porkhouse. My father had organized a company that was traveling through the West.

"I shall always remember Terre Haute, for it was there I heard one of Shakspeare's plays read through for the first time. After the performance was over one night my mother read to me by the light of a candle 'Much Ado About Nothing.' How it all comes back to me now—the porkhouse, the frame hotel, the bare parlor and sitting room combined, the well



IKE SOTHERN.

me at the hotel, and, taking from his pocket a silver teaspoon, asked me to look at the initials on it. They were 'C. B.' I said: 'Those are my mother's initials, her maiden name was Catharine Barke.' In a few words the gentleman informed me that the spoon was found in a trunk after that disastrous visit to Vincennes. He presented the spoon to me, and it is one of my treasures at Huzzard's Bay."—Chicago Tribune.

A COURTEOUS HUSTLER

Is Ike Sothern, of the Interstate Advertising Company.

The accompanying likeness is a good one of Ike Sothern, of the Interstate Advertising Company, which controls the programs of the Heuck, Fennessy & Stair enterprises in Cincinnati and Indianapolis, to say nothing of the Millers Creek Valley street car line in Cincinnati. "Ike" Sothern was born a gentleman and a good fellow, and he could not be anything else if he would.

He is a native of Elizabeth, N. J., but he is sorry for that, and as soon as age would permit he came West, and branched out for himself. To-day there is not a young man in the advertising business whose future is brighter than that of Ike Sothern.

a heavy stockholder in the opera house at Canton, O.

Ida Burroughs, the actress, who committed suicide in New York City last week, was a sister of Gil Burroughs, treasurer of the Park Theater, at Dayton, O.

George Marder, special officer in the gallery at the Alhambra Theater, Chicago, was probably fatally shot last week while trying to quell a disturbance in the theater.

The new theater which is being constructed by the Opera House Block Investment Company, at Parkersburg, W. Va., will be named The Camden Opera House.

Corse Payton's new theater at Lexington avenue and 123d street, New York, will include a reading room and gymnasium, which will be free to patrons of the house.

Mrs. H. E. Root owns and manages the only first-class theater and bill posting plant in Laramie, Wyo. Her house plays first-class attractions and her bill posting service is guaranteed.

The business of Hennegan & Co., poster printers, Cincinnati, O., has been very prosperous during the past year, and they have added new machinery for a still greater increase for the coming year.

Good, first-class attractions are wanted for the McGregor Opera House, McGregor, Tex., is a good show town, and J. W. Conley, manager of the opera house, has open dates in January and February.

Manager Fennessy, of Henck's Opera House, was compelled to put chairs on the stage at every performance of "Sis Hopkins" last week. There was not a seat to be had during the week after Sunday matinee.

White Eddle Winterburn and Andy Hettshelmer, of the People's and the Walnut, respectively, were hunting near Cincinnati last week, a dog which they had borrowed, was run over and killed, but Col. Fennessy charges that one of the hunters shot it in mistake for a rabbit.

It is rumored that the attractions which have been run in at the Lyceum Theater, Buffalo, at popular prices will be transferred to the Academy Theater next season, the Academy being on the Stair circuit and most of the companies are now doing the circuit at the other houses.

The Broadway Theater, Lincoln, Ill., is situated midway between Bloomington, Springfield, Peoria and Decatur and is on a direct line to Champaign. The seating capacity of the house is 825. Christmas week is open to first-class attractions. Address Gossitt & Tolpy, managers.

Manager Max Anderson, of the Columbia Theater, Cincinnati, has gone to Hot Springs, Ark., accompanied by ex-Mayor Rhinock, of Covington, Ky. They have agreed that while they are away Anderson is not to smoke a cigarette and Rhinock is not to bet on a horse race.

The new theater at Kane, Pa., has a total free list of six—all press tickets. The house uses no lithographs and pays for all 1-sheet board locations. Since the opening the receipts have ranged from \$200 to \$600, and among the attractions played have been: "Taming of the Shrew," "The Missouri Girl," "Miss Bob White," "The American Girl," "Toll Gate Inn," Kellar, Vogel's Minstrels, "Old Arkansas" and "Mistress Nell."

The Cleveland Theater in Chicago has proved a great surprise to the wisecracks who could see nothing but failure in his attempt to place a permanent organization in that city to produce entertainments of "top, top minstrelsy and polite vaudeville." They are now convinced that Mr. Cleveland had not misjudged the amusement pulse when he decided that his idea of entertainments was the one thing lacking among the metropolitan theaters. His theater has been a success from the start, and his minstrels have long since passed their hundredth performance and are now well on to the hundred and fiftieth, and the end is not in sight yet. This is the longest minstrel run ever recorded. The Cleveland idea of amusements has caught the popular fancy, and his house has become the fad of the Chicago season in theatricals. Two performances are given every day, and sixty stars of the minstrel and vaudeville world contribute to the performances.

DRAMA AND TRAGEDY.

Performers are cordially invited to contribute items of news concerning themselves and friends to this column, which is always open to friends of the Billboard.

John Fay Palmer's Actors' School at Cleveland, O., has closed.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell has accepted Constant Smedley's new play, "Gypsy Marie," for production in America.

Richard Mansfield's advance sale at the Herald Square Theater, for "Beaucaire," already amounts to over \$10,000.

The veteran Joseph Jefferson is at Palm Beach, Fla., to spend the winter. He will make a few stands in the spring.

Mr. E. J. Morgan, who plays John Storm in "The Christian," won a handsome gold watch in a raffle at Cincinnati last week.

Pete Baker, in new, revised edition of "Chris and Lena," is open for engagements. Address Geo. Mauderback, 160 S. Clark st., Chicago.

Arrangements are being made in London for the presentation of "Arizona," to follow "The Belle of New York" at the Century Theater.

Capt. Stewart, 14 Putnam street, Ft. Wayne, Ind., wants male and female performers for medicine show. He prefers those that fake organ.

W. A. Brady is negotiating for the entire season at the Theater Republic, New York, for the production of "Under Southern Skies" by Marle George.

Frank James, the once notorious outlaw, made his first appearance as an actor in "Across the Desert" at Ft. Wayne, Ind., Nov. 26. He admits that he was scared.

Rose Coghlan presented her new play, "Collinetti," for the first time at the Great Southern Theater, Columbus, O., Nov. 28. It was an immense success.

J. H. McMiller & Co. will take the management of Pierson & Pool's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" next season, when they can use all kinds of "Tom" people. Address J. H. Miller, Newark, O.

The romantic drama, "The Secret Dispatch," was the Thanksgiving week attraction at the Empire Theater, Pittsburg, and gave excellent satisfaction. "Mam'selle Awkins" is this week's offering.

The niece of President Roosevelt and several members of the Cabinet witnessed Bertha Galland's presentation of "The Forest Lovers" at Washington, D. C., Nov. 25. It was a huge success every way considered.

John Griffiths' Faust Company is tied up at Lexington in an attachment issued by H. L. Lulek, the musical director, and Neil St. Clair, a performer, for salary. Lulek was arrested for refusing to give up the music.

The cast for Frederick Ward's spectacular revival of "King Lear" will include, besides the star, Charles D. Hanford, Barry Johnston, Francis D. McGinn, Miss Aileen Bertelle, Virginia Drew Prescott, Antoinette Ashton and May Ward.

W. J. Norris, a member of Otis Skinner's company, was compelled to re-



POOR SERVICE

Results in the Forfeiture of Three Franchises in Southeastern Bill Posters' Association.

Savannah, Ga., Dec. 2.—A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Southeastern States Bill Posters' Association was held at the office of the Bernard Advertising Service, in Savannah, on Monday, Nov. 25. The meeting was called by President J. D. Burbridge to investigate the charges filed against members of the Southeastern Association for bad service on "Sozodont" posting for Hall & Ruckle, placed by Solicitor W. W. Seeley, President Burbridge, Vice President E. C. Cheshire, Secretary Chas. Bernard, W. S. Burton and Chas. H. Consolo were in attendance. The complaints were against Members Clark & Flynn, of Pensacola, Fla.; V. J. Seuerman, of Bay St. Louis, Miss.; Searles & Moles, of Vicksburg, Miss., and the Tisdale Bill Posting Co., of Montgomery, Ala. The members had been notified thirty days previous to this meeting, of the charge filed against them, and in due time were notified of the called meeting to investigate the charges, and requested to meet with the Executive Committee. However, none of them appeared before the Executive Committee in person, but there were letters of explanation and excuse for the bad service from Pensacola, Vicksburg and Montgomery; no communication of any kind had been received from Bay St. Louis.

The Inspector's report of the condition in which "Sozodont" paper was found in the respective places was so clear and the correspondence from the members in question was such as to justify the Executive Committee in concluding that there was just cause for the charges as filed, and that it was clearly the duty of the Executive Committee to take such action as would demonstrate that the purpose of the association and the requirements of its members, together with the guarantee which is promised, must and will be carried out in the Southeastern to the fullest extent of the jurisdiction of its Executive Committee. In the case of the Pensacola (Fla.) members, the evidence of bad service was so conclusive, through the Inspector's report and a letter from Clark & Flynn, offering to receipt their bill in full to W. W. Seeley & Co., hearing date two days after they were notified of the charges filed against them, proved an admission of bad service, and there was additional information and evidence showing insufficient capacity to take care of commercial advertising as it should be taken care of in a city the size of Pensacola. The Executive Committee declared the membership franchise of Clark & Flynn for Pensacola, Fla., revoked.

The case of V. J. Seuerman, of Bay St. Louis, Miss., was equally conclusive as to evidence of bad service, and there being no reply to the charges from Seuerman, the membership franchise for that city was also declared revoked.

In the case of Searles & Moles, of Vicksburg, Miss., the evidence showed that at the time of the inspection, which was at the beginning of the third month's display of "Sozodont," the entire showing had been covered by theatrical and circus posters, the excuse given for covering the paper being that the first and second month's posting had not been paid for at the time the third month's display was to begin. The date of this correspondence, however, showed that the members in question made this claim after they realized that they had been inspected and would naturally have charges filed against them. No notice had been given W. W. Seeley & Co. of the intention to cover the posting or that the posting had been covered until after the Inspector had visited Vicksburg and asked for an explanation of why his paper was not up. Searles & Moles, however, made a proposition to W. W. Seeley & Co. that they would post the original amount of "Sozodont" paper and keep it displayed for the time contracted, for which they would make no charge, as an adjustment of the difficulty. W. W. Seeley & Co. had accepted that proposition with the understanding that the display was to be subject to monthly inspection and acceptance at the end of the term, if it proved satisfactory after inspection. With this agreement of adjustment between the members and W. W. Seeley & Co., the Executive Committee decided to continue the franchise at Vicksburg, Miss., in the name of Searles & Moles, but with the understanding on record in the association and by notice given the Vicksburg (Miss.) members, that any future complaint of bad service from advertisers, with sufficient evidence to sustain the complaint, would result in their franchise being revoked without any further consideration.

In the case of the Tisdale Bill Posting Company, Montgomery, Ala., the Inspector's report and evidence were equally conclusive as to bad service. A proposition had been made by the Tisdale Bill Posting Company to W. W. Seeley & Co., to post and maintain for the third month's display the full quantity of the "Sozodont" paper contracted, and to maintain for the third month's display the full quantity of the "Sozodont" paper contracted and to maintain the display subject to inspection and satisfactory acceptance of the advertiser and to waive charges on same; this proposition had also been accepted by W. W. Seeley & Co., and as in the case of Vicksburg, the Executive Committee ruled to allow the membership of the Tisdale Bill Posting Company to continue, subject to the same conditions applying to Vicksburg, viz.: That a complaint of bad service sustained by evidence, will result in immediate revoking of the franchise without further consideration, and a resolution was also adopted by the Executive Committee that the actions taken by them on the complaints in question be given to "The Bill-

board" for publication, and that all official solicitors be notified and that a report of the action as taken be made to the Board of Directors of the National Association at their meeting on Dec. 3.

Reports of the member at Elberton, Ga., not having bill boards to meet the requirements of advertisers, and complaints from various advertisers that they were unable to secure service at Elberton by the member's lack of bill-board capacity and that they could not do business with another bill poster located there who had sufficient capacity and gave good service, while the present membership existed, resulted in an investigation which showed that the reports as made were true, and the Executive Committee ruled that the membership franchise of J. A. Giles, of Elberton, Ga., be revoked and his name removed from the official membership list.

The following applications were approved and membership issued: H. J. Selliger, Greenwood, Miss.; A. C. Collier, Clarkesdale, Miss.; Charlie Bigly, Jr., Franklin, Tenn.; J. E. Word, Thomaston, Ga.; I. Sugar, Monroe, La.; E. A. Daymon, Jennings, La.; Myers & Crump, Waynesboro, Va. A committee of three members was appointed to draft a plan to regulate the ap-

WILLIAMS IS "IT."

He Will Be Hagenbeck's American Agent, as Well as Manager of the Cincinnati Zoo.

Arrangements have been perfected whereby C. Lee Williams will continue to act as the American representative for Hagenbeck, as well as manager and secretary of the Zoo at Cincinnati. This will be cheerful news to Mr. Williams' many friends, as well as the American clients of Mr. Hagenbeck. The deal was completed late last week. As announced in "The Billboard," Mr. Williams was given the refusal of the appointment as permanent agent for Hagenbeck, but he would not give a decided answer until he had heard from the directors of the Cincinnati Traction Company, which recently secured control of the Zoo. Last week the Traction directors held a meeting, at which Mr. Williams was invited to be present. He was told that his services were wanted for the Zoo. Then Lee told the directors of the Hagenbeck offer. "Well," said Vice President Schrepf, "if

SCHLEY USED STRATEGY.

How He Got Rid of Two Objectionable Monkeys.

The following anecdote is told of Admiral Winfield Scott Schley by a former messmate of his in the days when Schley was a midshipman in the Navy "befo' de wah." Schley's vessel had been on a cruise to the tropics, and while there the officers had captured two small ringtailed monkeys, and had taken them aboard the ship as mascots.

When the monkeys had acquired their "sea legs" and a working knowledge of the ship, they set about to make the lives of the officers and men as miserable as they could—and, being monkeys, they succeeded very well. Daily their victims would be incensed to find that the simians had paid them a most unprecedented visit, and had either hiddeu or thrown overboard some of their belongings.

At last the officers determined that they would stand it no longer. A council of war was held, during which the monkeys threw several other things to Davy Jones and ways and means of ridding the ship of these little pests were discussed. Although the meeting was a unit that the monkeys should be disposed of, none of the gentlemen wanted to be constituted executioner, and the council was adjourned without arriving at a decision.

When Midshipman Schley went on deck next morning, after having been visited the preceding night by the monkeys, his eye fell upon a bucket of grease. He immediately began to associate the greuse with the monkeys, and the upshot of his ponderings was told by the officer as follows:

"Schley fired the monkeys to him with something to eat, and when he got his hands on them he greused their tails well with the mess in the bucket. The monkeys seemed rather to enjoy the thlug, as when Schley got through with the task, they began to chase each other about the deck, as they had a habit of doing. Finally they ran up a rope and got out on a spar, where they proceeded to indulge in gymnastics, which ultimately proved fatal, for as they wrapped their tails about the spar and swung free of the ropes they promptly slipped overboard and were lost. Thus did the future Admiral evince the budding of that strategic ability which later in life sent the Spanish Squadron to the bottom."

DEER INCREASING

So Rapidly in Vermont That They Are a Menace to Crops.

Wealth have complained to their Representatives in the Legislature and requested Deer so plentiful as to be a positive menace to the crops of the farmers, was the situation that confronted hundreds of hunters within the borders of Vermont during the open season, which has just closed.

Last season there were 117 bucks killed in the whole State. The number killed last year was the largest on record for any one previous year, but it is safe to predict that the number this year will be fully four times as large when the returns are all in.

That the supply of deer in the State of Vermont is increasing rapidly is shown by the numerous reports received from farmers and others who have occasion to be much in the country districts. Never before in the history of the State has there been a time when it was not necessary to take the utmost precautions in order that these animals might not become extinct.

In places far removed from all the thickly settled towns and villages the deer have multiplied so rapidly and become so numerous during the past year that they have actually become a nuisance to the farmers and they are classed by them along with woodchucks, skunks and other enemies.

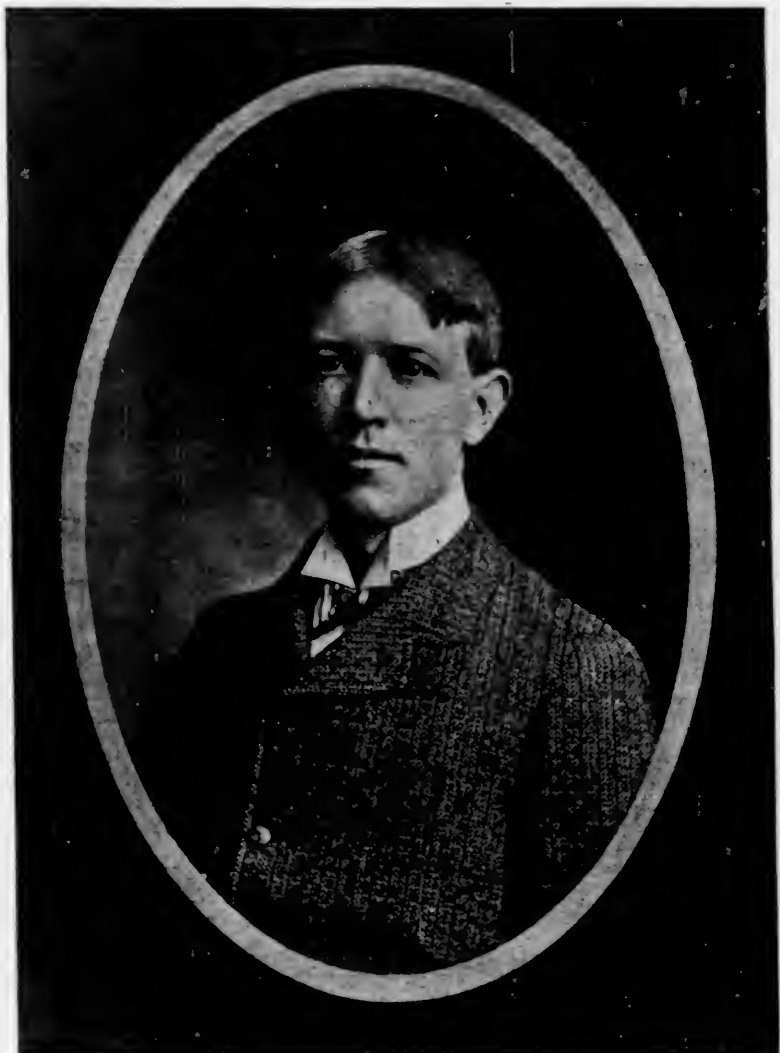
The depredations of the deer upon the crops have been so serious that farmers in many places throughout the Commonwealth the open season for shooting the animals be extended in order that more of them may be killed off.

At present the law, even in the open season, permits the shooting of mature bucks only, and, as the does can not be killed under any circumstances, the killing of a few hundred males does not greatly retard multiplication. The farmers in the rural districts also desire to have the laws amended so that does may be killed, as only in this way can the trouble be remedied.

John W. Titcomb, of St. Johnsbury, Fish and Game Commissioner of the State of Vermont, who is probably better acquainted with the conditions of game throughout the State than any other man, was asked regarding the plentiful supply of deer.

"Why," said the Game Commissioner, "they are getting to be a regular nuisance in some places. I used to think that this was all a fable, but reports received lately and observations I have made convince me that it is the truth. I know of instances where it is impossible for farmers to raise garden truck or orchard fruit with any success on account of the depredations of the deer."

W. S. Cleveland, the noted minstrel manager, is responsible for another innovation in amusements. He has installed in his Chicago home of "polite vaudeville and tip-top minstrelsy," the most magnificent pipe organ ever erected in a theater, and with but one exception, the most expensive instrument in America. Musicians of note who have listened to the Cleveland theater organ, pronounce it in tone and volume the best organ in the world. As an accompaniment to a class of songs which have become very popular of late, and of which "The Holy City" was the forerunner, it is unexcelled by the finest orchestral effects that might be produced.



MR. ARCH M. DONALDSON, Treasurer of the Donaldson Lithograph Co., whose plant is located at Newport, Ky.

quirements as to the amount of space a bill poster should have before being admitted to membership in the Southeastern. It was the sense of the Executive Committee that there should be some specified requirements that applicants for membership should meet before their applications could be considered by the association. In the matter of capacity of plant, it being evident that the present method of admitting members who have insufficient capacity to handle the commercial advertising which would come to their respective towns, lacked proper safety. If their plants were of the proper capacity when admitted, service would be guaranteed by reason of the required number of new boards being ready for use at the time of the applicant's acceptance, instead of the promise that they would be built afterward.

The present Executive Committee of the Southeastern Association has determined that during their service as officers of the association, every possible means of improving service and maintaining the objects of the association shall be carried out, regardless of whom it may affect or how many franchises will be revoked, if the members are found in condition to require it.

J. D. BURBRIDGE, President. CHAS. BERNARD, Secretary.

Clara Morris' lecture in Cincinnati was an awful frost, and undeservedly so, for it was worth going miles to hear. Miss Morris closed her tour at Cincinnati and returned direct to New York, having decided to devote her entire time in the future to writing stage stories for magazines and newspapers.

It comes to a question of losing Mr. Williams' services as manager of the Zoo, I move that he be allowed to hold both positions."

The motion was carried, and so it is settled that Mr. Williams will succeed "Doc" Colvin as Hagenbeck's American representative, and the Cincinnati Zoo will be his American depot.

Mr. Hagenbeck has made a good selection and the directors of the Traction Company have acted wisely. The two positions will not conflict, and Lee Williams can easily fill them both.

THE FRENCH POSTER TAX.

The French definition of a poster—that is, the legal definition—states that it is a written, printed or painted placard that is exhibited on a wall, boarding or other public place in order to spread information of any kind. Whether printed or written, all posters must bear a stamp, save for Governmental or administrative publications whose contents are for public and not private interests.

The stamp tax is fixed, plus 2 decimes, (at 5 centimes for a sheet measuring 124 decimeters square 49 1-5 inches square); 16 centimes above 124 decimeters square and up to 25 decimeters square (98 2-5 inches square); 15 centimes above 25 and up to 50 square decimeters (196 4-5 inches square); 20 centimes above this. This maximum is always obligatory if the poster contains several distinct advertisements and is doubled when it has more than five advertisements. The revenue in 1899 was \$710,000.—Popular Science.





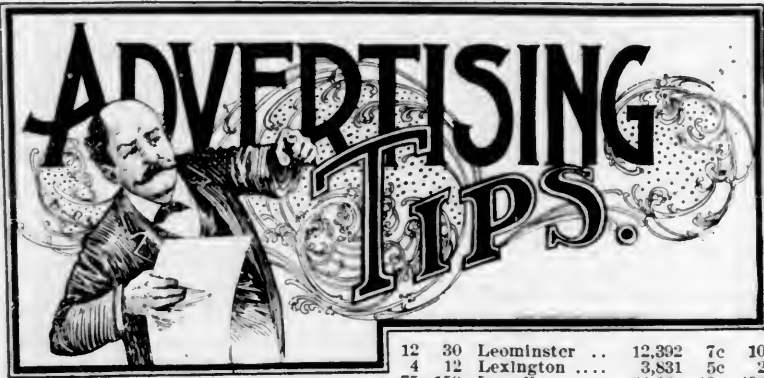












NEW ENGLAND STATES.

Estimate compiled by Clarence E. Rukey, of Cincinnati, O., showing the number of 8 and 2-sheet posters necessary for a good display; also the approximate cost of each town for a thirty-day listed, renewed, protected and guaranteed service, covering a total population of 5,591,854 people and 62,307 square miles of land by 275 expert bill posters whose service is guaranteed. Number of posters required: 3,500 8-sheets, 10,000 2-sheets. Cost of printing, approximately, \$600; cost of posting, approximated, \$3,649.56 for 425,000 square feet of advertising space.

Table with columns for '8-sh.', '2-sh.', 'Pop.', 'per sh.', and 'Cost.' listing various states (Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut) and their respective towns with associated population and cost data.

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Table with columns for population, per sheet, and cost, listing various states (Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut) and their respective towns.

ADVERTISING TIPS.

Try to be original, but pray that, be consistent at the same time. Good posters in a good position, on a good board, is like a good shop on a good street. That Printer's Ink sugar bowl controversy is becoming tiresome. Some one let up a bit. Booklets and folder advertising 'Anti-phlogistone' are being distributed by the Denver Chemical Company, of New York City. J. H. Woodbury, of dermatologist fame, has sold his business for a quarter of a million dollars, with a guarantee royalty on all future sales. The Fitch Chemical Company, the makers of 'Puriline,' are sending out by mail advertisement through distributors, a mass of matter advertising their products. Nothing succeeds like a business well advertised. Use the best method—the poster display method—and make your success the more pronounced. One of the simplest, but handsomest, booklets of the season is that of the Dermatolue Company, St. Louis, Mo. It is artistic in point of printing and the matter it contains. A dainty embossed cover adds attractiveness to the booklet.



Advertisements under this heading will be published weekly at the uniform rate of ten cents per line per issue, or \$4.00 per year.

- List of poster printers including: N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.; Bell Show Print, Sigourney, Ia.; Boston Job Print Co. 4 Alden, Boston, Mass.; Brooklyn Daily Eagle Job P. Co., B'yn, N.Y.; Calhoun Printing Co., Hartford, Conn.; Calvert Litho. Co., Detroit, Mich.; Central City Show Print Co., Jackson, Mich.; Central Litho. Co., 140 Monroe st., Chicago; Donaldson Litho. Co., Newport, Ky.; Enterprise Show Print, Cleveland, O.; Enquirer Job Print, Co., Cincinnati, O.; Erie Show Printing Co., Erie, Pa.; Forbes Litho. Co., 131 Devonshire, Boston; Free Press Show Print, Co., Detroit, Mich.; Great Am. Eng. & Print. Co., 57 Beckman, N.Y.; Great W. Print. Co., 511 Market, St. Louis; Grove Litho. Co., The Milwaukee, Wis.; Haber, P. B., Fond-du-Lac, Wis.; Hennegan & Co., 127 E. 8th, Cincinnati, O.; Sam W. Hoke, 255 5th ave., N. Y.; Home Show Printing Co., Atchison, Kan.; Morgan, W. J. & Co., St. C. and Wood, Cleveland; Morrison Show Print, Co., Detroit, Mich.; Pioneer Print. Co., 214 Jefferson, Seattle, Wash.; Planet Show Print, Co., Chatham, Ont. Can; Russell & Morgan Show Print, Cincinnati; Clarence E. Rukey, 127 E. 8th st., Cincinnati.

POSTER PRINTERS' ASSOCIATION.

The old and somewhat threadbare subject of a poster printers' association is again being agitated. It is proposed to call another meeting for May in New York City. It is to be hoped that this attempt to get together will meet with better success than its predecessors. If ever a calling needed protection it is that of the poster printer. It is doubtful if any branch of industry labors under one-half as many disadvantages. The remedy is simple. The poster printers have it in their own hands. All that they have to do is to get together, organize and the thing is done. It will do away with bad debts, unwise competition and render the business one of the most lucrative in America. Here is hoping the May meeting will prove a success.

INKLINGS.

The rumor that E. C. Neale will again assume the management of the Russell & Morgan factories will not down. The Calhoun Show Print, Hartford, Conn., does most satisfactory pictorial, block and type work. Their assortment of cuts is extensive and comprehensive. M. E. Raymond, the New York representative of The United States Litho. Co., has a show on the road. It is called 'Other People's Money,' and is doing well.

WEEKLY LIST OF BILL POSTERS.

Advertisements under this heading will be published weekly at the uniform rate of ten cents per line per issue, or \$4.00 per year.

- List of bill posters including: ALABAMA: Troy—Josh Copeland. ARKANSAS: Conway—J. F. Clark, Box 92; Springdale—Hite Sanders Co. GEORGIA: Columbus—J. C. Bingley (ad. Charleston). MICHIGAN: Flint—W. S. Lamb, 110 Patterson Block; Peoria—Auditorium Bill Posting Co. MINNESOTA: Morris—Geo. R. Lawrence, B. P. & D. MISSOURI: St. Louis—S. A. Hyde, 2136 Eugenia st. NEBRASKA: Hastings—M. M. Irwin; Schuyler—Irus & Bolman. NEW YORK: New York—New York B. P. Co.; Ogdenburg—E. M. Bracy; Oswego—F. E. Monroe; Schenectady—Chas. H. Benedict, 121 Jay st. NORTH CAROLINA: Statesville—Rowland Advertising Co. OHIO: Columbus—S. A. Hyde, 2136 Eugenia st.; Fostoria—W. C. Tirthill & Co., 116 W. Tiffin st.; New Bremen—Herbert Schulenberg. PENNSYLVANIA: Carlisle—Wm. M. Meloy, Box 49; East York—Richard R. Staley; \*\*Johnstown—Geo. E. Updegrave & Co. SOUTH CAROLINA: Columbia—J. C. Bingley (ad. Charleston). WISCONSIN: West Superior—C. A. Marshall, W. Superior Hotel. CANADA: A. F. Morris, manager, Hastings st., Vancouver, B. C.; Montreal—C. J. T. Thomas, Box 1129.

- IDAHO: Pocatello—Geo. Dash, Box 272. ILLINOIS: Bloomington—City B. P. Co., Coliseum Bldg Peoria—Auditorium Bill Posting Co.; Winchester—T.H. Flynn. INDIANA: Michigan City—J. L. Weber & Co.; Winamac—E. O. Burroughs. IOWA: Des Moines—W. W. Moore, (licensee Dist.) KANSAS: Atchison—City Bill Posting Co.; Parsons—George Churchhill. MISSISSIPPI: Yazoo City—H. C. Henick. MONTANA: Billings—A. L. Babcock. NEBRASKA: Hastings—M. M. Irwin. NEW YORK: New York City—New York Bill Posting Co.; Rhinebeck—W. A. Mann. NORTH CAROLINA: Statesville—Rowland Advertising Co. OHIO: Middletown—Anthony H. Walburg; St. Mary's—F. F. Aschbacher; Zanesville—Wm. D. Schultz. PENNSYLVANIA: \*Johnstown—A. Adair; New Castle—The J. G. Loving C. B. P. Co. TEXAS: Carthage—A. Burton; Gainesville—Paul Galilla, C. P. B. and Dist. UTAH: Salt Lake City—Grand Bill Posting Co. WISCONSIN: Prairie-du-Chien—F. A. Campbell. WEEKLY LIST OF DISTRIBUTORS: Advertisements under this heading will be published weekly at the uniform rate of ten cents per line per issue, or \$4.00 per year. ALABAMA: Troy—Josh Copeland. ARKANSAS: Conway—J.F. Clark, Box 92. CALIFORNIA: Eureka—W. H. Mathews, 636 2d st. GEORGIA: Cedartown—J. C. Knight. ILLINOIS: Chicago—John A. Clough, 42 River st.; East St. Louis—H. H. Deemar; Gainesville—H. Hulien B. P. & Dist. Co.; Peoria—Auditorium Bill Posting Co. INDIANA: Huntington—Benjamin Miles, 3 Everett st.; Indianapolis—Indianapolis Adv. Co.; Indianapolis—Vansyckle Adv. Co., 114 Ill. Marion—John L. Wood, 929 S. Branson st.; Michigan City—J. L. Weber Co. IDAHO: Boise—R. G. Spaulding. IOWA: Des Moines—Des Moines Adv. Co.; Fort Madison—Sylvester Johnson; Sioux City—A. B. Beall. KANSAS: Atchison—City Bill Posting Co. MASSACHUSETTS: Boston—Cunningham & Gourley; Brockton—John V. Carter, 288 Belmont st. MICHIGAN: Flint—W. S. Lamb, 110 Patterson Block; Peoria—Auditorium Bill Posting Co. MINNESOTA: Morris—Geo. R. Lawrence, B. P. & D. MISSOURI: St. Louis—S. A. Hyde, 2136 Eugenia st. NEBRASKA: Hastings—M. M. Irwin; Schuyler—Irus & Bolman. NEW YORK: New York—New York B. P. Co.; Ogdenburg—E. M. Bracy; Oswego—F. E. Monroe; Schenectady—Chas. H. Benedict, 121 Jay st. NORTH CAROLINA: Statesville—Rowland Advertising Co. OHIO: Columbus—S. A. Hyde, 2136 Eugenia st.; Fostoria—W. C. Tirthill & Co., 116 W. Tiffin st.; New Bremen—Herbert Schulenberg. PENNSYLVANIA: Carlisle—Wm. M. Meloy, Box 49; East York—Richard R. Staley; \*\*Johnstown—Geo. E. Updegrave & Co. SOUTH CAROLINA: Columbia—J. C. Bingley (ad. Charleston). WISCONSIN: West Superior—C. A. Marshall, W. Superior Hotel. CANADA: A. F. Morris, manager, Hastings st., Vancouver, B. C.; Montreal—C. J. T. Thomas, Box 1129.







BOARD.



THE DONALDSON LITHO. CO NEWPORT, KY.

DINER ON THE STAGE.











WHEN We Were Twenty-one, (Eastern; L. E. Rice, Mgr.) Salamanca, N. Y., Dec. 3; Bradford, Pa., Dec. 4; Warren, Dec. 5; Jamestown, N. Y., Dec. 6; Sharon, Pa., Dec. 7.

REPERTOIRE AND STOCK.

AKERSTROM, Uille, Comedy Co.—Watertown, N. Y., Dec. 2 to 4; Ogdensburg, Dec. 5 to 7. ARNOLD Stock, (J. P. Arnold, Mgr.)—Tusculous, Ala., Dec. 2 to 7.

HAWTHORNE Sisters' Comedy—Van Buren, Ark., Dec. 2 to 4. JACOBS & Steinhilber, (Jack Sawyer)—Jacksonville, Ill., Dec. 2 to 4; Louisiana, Mo., Dec. 5 to 7.

FLORODORA, (Fisher & Ryley)—Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 2 to 7. FLORODORA, (Fisher & Ryley)—New York, N. Y., Nov. 25, indefinitely.

Dec. 5; Lancaster, Dec. 6; Pottsville, Pa., Dec. 7. KNICKERBOCKER'S, (Roble's)—Boston, Mass., Dec. 2 to 7.





ly fond of music, and while playing will make guttural sounds as if attempting to sing. Under the skillful training and direction of Captain De Laucier, he has learned to use the pen, and does imitation writing, of course not being original in the formation of his letters.

Cycling is also one of his favorite pastimes, he having a small bicycle built especially for him, which he rides for hours; but owing to the small space which he has to exercise in, he is forced to ride in a circle.

Many people wonder why he is kept in a glass house. This is easily explained, for the climate from which he came is very warm, and it is necessary in order to climatize him to keep the temperature in the room where he holds his receptions up to 65 degrees, and ranging from that up to 110. The lungs are weak and susceptible to the slightest change, and all tubercular diseases are his worst enemy. Should he be brought out into the open air the same as any other creature, he would be dead within twenty-four hours.

He is allowed to take exercise in a warm room about twice a day, and during the hot summer months he also enjoys the freedom of a stroll, or rather, a brisk hop-skip-and-a-jump in the open air.

Esau smokes and also chews. He anxiously awaits the coming of the morning paper, and eagerly scans the columns for news, or perhaps it is the pictures that hold his attention. He will sit for hours contentedly turning over the leaves of an illustrated story book, and takes the greatest care of all his playthings, putting them carefully away when he is tired of them. He has been taught to build various things with blocks, and can watch colors and shades with the skill of an artist.

Children are to him creatures of marvelous interest, and he is never so happy as when playing hide-and-seek, ring-around-a-rosy, or some other game dear to the juvenile heart.

Captain De Laucier has a friend who is far-sighted, and Esau seeing him put on a pair of glasses one day before reading the paper, ever afterwards refused to take any interest in the news until his master bought him a pair of spectacles. Now the monkey never thinks of taking up a book or paper without first adjusting his glasses.

He has learned to waltz, and after a good deal of coaxing will do a cakewalk or two, but he seems to feel that such frivolous amusement lowers his dignity, and much prefers a two-step or a stately polka.

Captain De Laucier has spent many years in the wilder portions of Central Africa. He has made an especial study of the jungle beasts, and has written much that has thrown light upon more or less obscure tropical subjects, particularly the daily life and habits of the ape tribes. The captain is of the belief that the chimpanzee comes the closest to the human species and is capable of the highest development.

Captain De Laucier and Mr. Esau are inseparable, and the development of the jungle beast into the semblance of the human is a task that reflects credit upon the traveler and trainer. Mr. Esau sits at table with the captain, eating with knife and fork, just as any well trained child might do, partaking of civilized dishes, being fond of the sweeter varieties. He is particularly partial to tea, pouring into it a liberal dash of cream, and sweetening it with two lumps of sugar, exactly as the captain himself does. In fact, imitation, even to the smallest habit, is Mr. Esau's strong point, and the captain finds his own idiosyncrasies reflected in the chimpanzee with remarkable fidelity.

Physically, Mr. Esau is more man than monkey. He has the same bone structure, teeth without the canine fangs that monkeys usually have; ear, hand, arm and leg. He is without a tail. This peculiar tribe is called "the wild men of the jungles" by the natives of the Congo district, for the reason that they seek the treetops, where they construct their houses, living in pairs and rearing little families of chimpanzees quite separate from one another. This is unlike the monkey family, which is usually to be found in colonies.

Altogether, Esau is a study in the evolution of the human species. He is not a mere trained monkey. In fact, there is nothing of the trained animal at all about him. What he knows and does has been acquired by direct contact with civilization, and he bears none of the ear-marks of a schooling. Every day he learns the significance of some new word, or imitates some new idiosyncrasy of his superiors.

**NEW PHILADELPHIA, O.**

New Philadelphia, O., Nov. 28.—Union Opera House, (Geo. W. Bowers, Manager)—"For Her Sake" came Nov. 28 and pleased a well filled house. Coming, Keller, Dec. 5. John Brister has joined "Don't Tell My Wife" to do the landlory.

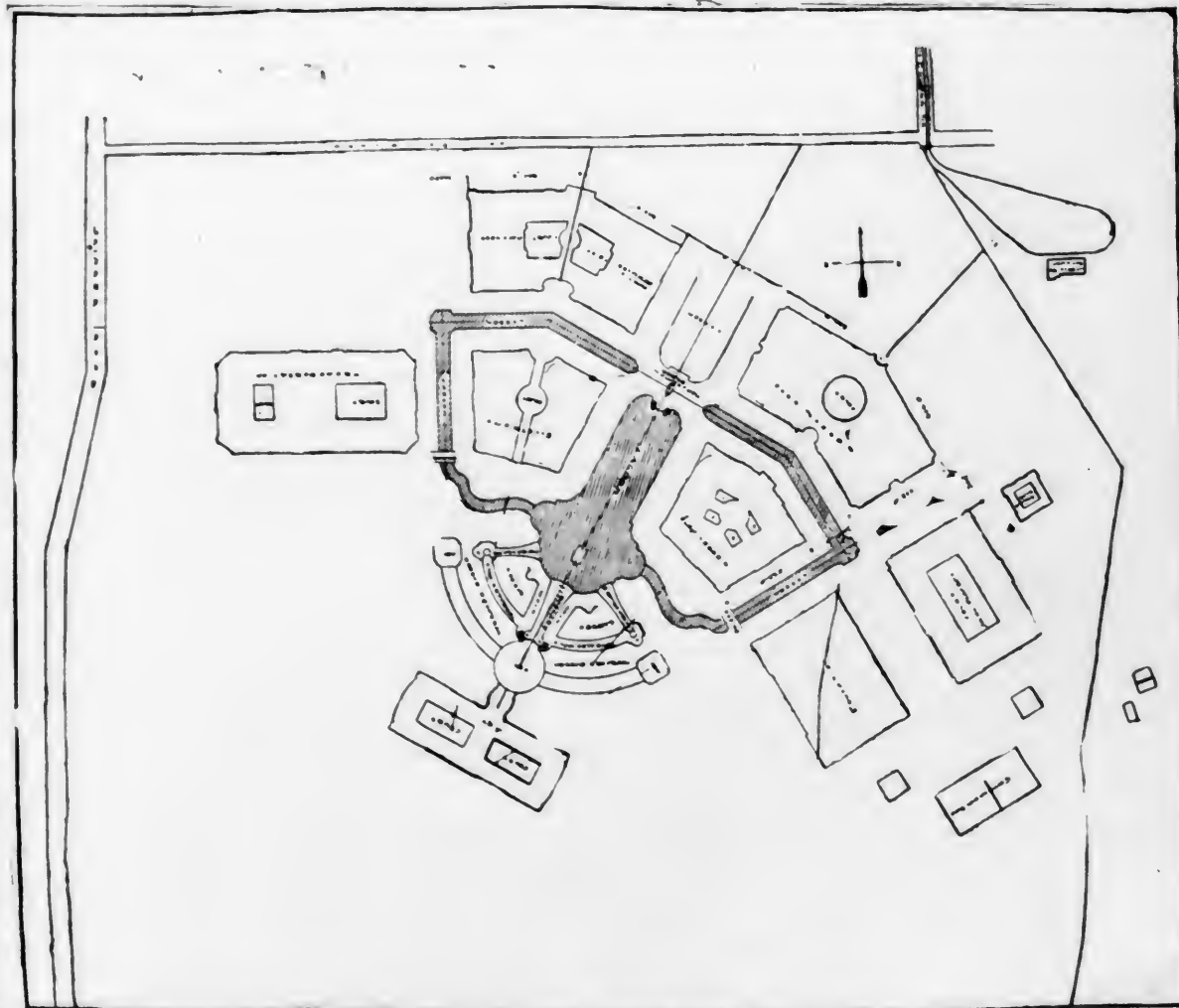
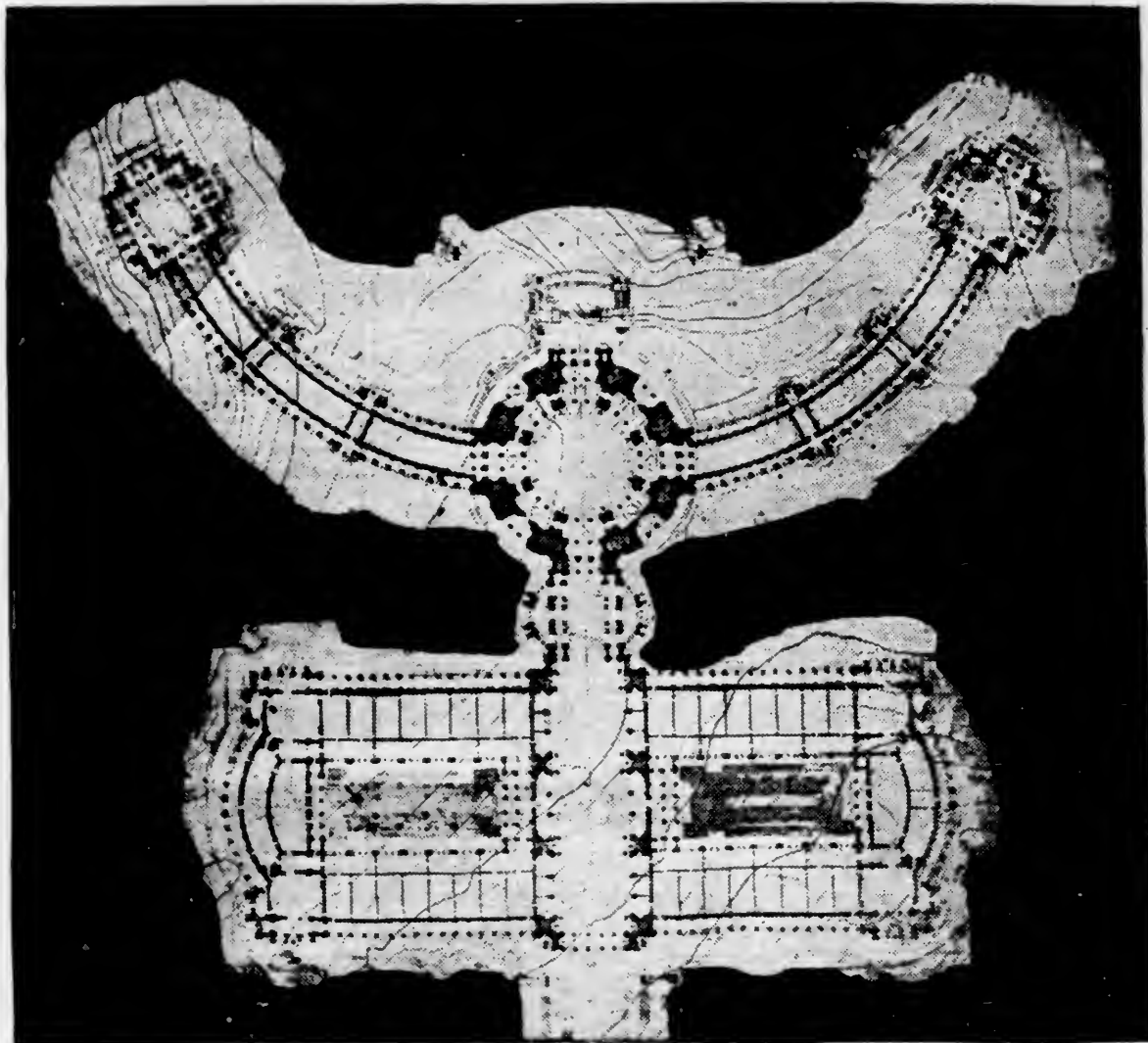
**MANSFIELD, PA.**

Mansfield, Pa., Nov. 30.—Gorton's Minstrels played to good house on Nov. 19; audience well pleased; the musical numbers well rendered. Local band and orchestra benefit concert Thanksgiving night, Nov. 28, drew big crowd. W. D. HUSTED.

**GAINESVILLE, TEXAS.**

Gainesville, Tex., Nov. 30.—We are having some good shows here this year. The Price-Arlington Co. is here this week, and played to a good house. Gainesville is a good show town, and has a first class opera house. D. M. HIGGINS.

A Williamsburg coal merchant is using a large colored poster showing a necklace made of bright pieces of coal, and the caption reads: "Our Black Diamonds Are Always Fashionable."



GROUND PLAN OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION, TO BE HELD AT ST. LOUIS IN 1908.

LIST OF FAIRS.

CALIFORNIA.

SONORA, CAL.—Twenty-ninth Agricultural Fair. Sept. —, 1902. Thos. W. Wees, secy., P. O. Box 448.

ILLINOIS.

STERLING, ILL.—Great Northwestern Fair. Aug. 26 to 30, 1902. J. T. Williams, pres.; J. F. Keefer, vice pres.; J. H. Lawrence, treas.; W. S. Kilgour, secy.

INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Elks' Indoor Fair. Dec. 2 to 7, 1901.

KANSAS.

BAXTER SPRINGS, KAN.—Interstate Reunion Association. Aug. 25 to 31, 1902. J. M. Cooper, pres.; C. W. Daniels, secy.; Chas. Collins, gen. mgr.

PENNSYLVANIA.

MONTROSE, PA.—Susquehanna County Agricultural Society. Sept. 16 and 17, 1902. W. A. Titsworth, secy.

Street Fairs and Carnivals.

BELLVILLE, TEX.—Cow Boy Carnival. Dec. 17 to 19, 1901. W. R. Stewart, Mgr. Privileges.

CORSICANA, TEX.—Carnival and Merchants' Free Street Fair. Dec. 16 to 23, 1901. L. C. Revare, secy.

COVINGTON, TENN.—Street Fair and Carnival. Dec. 4 to 6. Geo. Weber, secy.; F. A. Loomis, mgr.

EL PASO, TEX.—Second Annual Midwinter Carnival. Jan. 14 to 18, 1902. H. C. Lockwood, El Paso, Tex., secy.

FITZGERALD, GA.—Indian Summer Carnival. Dec. 18 to 21, 1901. J. E. Mercer, pres.; J. A. Justice, secy.

GADSDEN, ALA.—Free Street Fair. Dec. 3 to 7, 1901. D. R. Burton, secy.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.—Elks Society Circus. March 10 to 15, 1901. H. L. Leavitt, Mgr.

HOUSTON, TEX.—Nonten-oh Carnival and Street Fair. Dec. 9 to 14, 1901. G. P. Brown, secy.

LAREDO, TEX.—Street Fair, Fleeta and Bull Fight. Dec. 1 to 31, 1901. Charlie Rors, mgr.

LA SALLE, ILL.—R. P. O. E. Carnival, June 30 to July 5, 1902. Wm. J. Stiegler.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Mardi Gras. Feb. 11, 1902.

PLATTSBURG, N. Y.—Winter Carnival. Dates not fixed. Edwin G. Clark, Pres.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Carnival. Dec. 16 to 21, 1901. R. F. Walters, secy.

TELL CITY, IND.—Street Fair. Summer of 1902. Date not fixed. H. G. Bott, secy.

TEMPLE, TEX.—Street Fair and Carnival. Dec. 2 to 7, 1901. Auspices Board of Trade. L. Oppenheimer, mgr.

Conventions

Fetes, Celebrations, Etc.

Under this heading we publish free of charge the dates of all notable events which are likely to attract large concourses of people to any one particular city and for this reason prove of importance to advertisers, showmen, streetmen, general passenger agents, etc. This list is carefully revised and corrected weekly.

ALABAMA.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.—State Dairymen's Association Convention. Dec. 5, 1901. F. H. Baks, Hamburg, Ala., secy.

MOODY, ALA.—Alabama M. E. Church Convention. Dec. 5, 1901.

CALIFORNIA.

PACIFIC GROVE, CAL.—State Teachers' Association Convention. Dec. 30, 1901, to Jan. 3, 1902. Richard D. Faulkner, Eighth st., San Francisco, Cal., secy.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Fruit Growers' Convention. Dec. 3 to 6, 1901. B. N. Rowley, secy.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—State Creamery Operators Convention. Dec. 26 and 27, 1901.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—State Travelers' Protective Association Convention. Dec. 26, 1901. J. J. Baumgartner, 217 Front st., secy.

COLORADO.

COLORADO CITY, COL.—Modern Tontles State Convention. Dec. 11, 1901. G. W. Haver, secy.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.—Stone Masons' Union of America. Jan. —, 1902.

DENVER, COL.—Colorado Pioneers' Association Convention. Jan. 13, 1902. Edmund A. Willoughby, 309 Charles Block, secy.

DENVER, COL.—Patrons of Husbandry State Grange Convention. Jan. 14 to 16, 1902. J. A. Newcomb, Golden, Col., secy.

CONNECTICUT.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—Daughters of Herman Grand Lodge Convention. Jan. —, 1902. Mima Heinz, 142 Howe st., secy.

HARTFORD, CONN.—Patrons of Husbandry State Grange Convention. Jan. 14 to 16, 1902. H. F. Potter, North Haven, Conn., secy.

HARTFORD, CONN.—F. and A. M. Grand Lodge Convention. Jan. 15, 1902. John H. Barton, secy.

HARTFORD, CONN.—New England Tobacco Growers' Association Convention. Jan. 14, 1902. S. C. Hardin, Glastonbury, Conn., secy.

HARTFORD, CONN.—State Constitutional Convention. Jan. 1, 1902.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Church Clubs of U. S. National Convention. Jan. 22, 1902.

TORRINGTON, CONN.—League of American Wheelmen National Assembly. Feb. —, 1902.

DELAWARE.

WILMINGTON, DEL.—Royal Arch Masons' Grand Chapter Convention. Jan. 15, 1902. Jas. H. Price, Box 94, secy.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—National Shipmasters' Association Convention. Jan. 14 to 21, 1902. Capt. E. G. Ashley, 208 Chamber of Commerce, Toledo, O., secy.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Astronomical and Astro-Physical Society of America. Dec. 28, 1901. G. C. Comstock, Madison, Wis., secy.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—American Historical Association. Dec. 27 to 29, 1901. A. H. Clark, Smithsonian Institute, Washington, secy.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—D. K. E. National Convention. Dec. —, 1901.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Delta Kappa Epsilon National Convention. Dec. —, 1901.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—American Economic Association. Dec. 26 to 28, 1901. Chas. H. Hill, Ph. D., Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., secy.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—National Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association Convention. Jan. 20 to 25, 1902. Geo. Uhler, 1609 Brown st., Philadelphia, Pa., secy.

FLORIDA.

MARIANNA, FLA.—State Baptist Association. Dec. —, 1901.

OCALA, FLA.—Woman's Educational State Convention. Dec. 26 to 29, 1901. A. A. Simpson, Kissimmee, Fla., secy.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.—National Freight Claim Agents Association Convention. Jan. —, 1902. W. H. Taylor, Richmond, Va., secy.

GEORGIA.

FITZGERALD, GA.—Georgia M. E. Church Conference. Dec. 19, 1901.

SAVANNAH, GA.—Kings Daughters Interstate Conference. Jan. —, 1902. Mrs. Mary T. Howe, Battle Hill, Jackson, Miss., secy.

IDAHO.

MUSCAW, IDAHO.—State Teachers Association Convention. Dec. 26 to 2, 1901. W. A. Mullins, Salmon, Idaho, secy.

ILLINOIS.

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.—State Horticultural Society Convention. Dec. 10 to 12, 1901. L. R. Bryant, Princeton, Ill., secy.

CHICAGO, ILL.—American Psychological Association. Dec. —, 1901. Dr. Livingston Farrand, Columbia University, New York City, secy.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Western Surgical and Gynecological Association Convention. Dec. 18 and 19, 1901. Dr. J. B. Murphy, 100 State st., secy.

CHICAGO, ILL.—American Naturalists Society Convention. Dec. 31, 1901, to Jan. 2, 1902. Dr. C. B. Davenport, University of Chicago, secy.

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.—Patrons of Husbandry State Grange Convention. Dec. 10 to 12, 1901. Geo. R. Tate, Belleville, Ill., secy.

EDWARDSVILLE, ILL.—Illinois State Firemen's Association Convention and Exhibition of Fire Fighting Apparatus. Jan. 14 to 16, 1902. Simon Kellermann, Jr., secy.

FREEMONT, ILL.—State Dairymen's Association Convention. Jan. 7 to 9, 1902. George Caven, 154 Lake st., Chicago, Ill., secy.

GALESBURG, ILL.—State Clay Workers' Association Convention. Jan. 14 and 15, 1902. G. C. Stoll, Wheaton, Ill., secy.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—State Teachers' Association Convention. Dec. 26 to 28, 1901. J. M. Frost, Hinsdale, Ill., secy.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—State Teachers' Association Convention. Dec. 26 to 28, 1901. J. M. Frost, Hinsdale, Ill., secy.

INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Convention of United Mine Workers of America. Jan. 29, 1902. W. B. Wilson, Stevenson Bldg., secy.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—State Teachers Association Convention. Dec. 26 to 28, 1901. W. P. Hart, Covington, Ind., secy.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—State Lumbermen's Association Convention. Jan. 15 and 16, 1902. R. K. Willman, Hartford City, Ind., secy.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Western Box Manufacturers Association Convention. Jan. 16 and 17, 1902. R. H. Crane, 315 Main st., Cincinnati, O., secy.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—State Horticultural Society Convention. Dec. 5 and 6, 1901. J. Troop, Lafayette, Ind., secy.

PLAINFIELD, IND.—State Dairy Association Convention. Dec. 18 and 19, 1901. H. E. Van Norman, Lafayette, Ind., secy.

ROCHESTER, IND.—Patrons of Husbandry State Grange. Dec. 10 to 12, 1901. L. S. Fitch, Oakwood, Ind., secy.

IOWA.

AMES, IA.—The Glorious U. C. T. State Convention. Dec. 21 and 22, 1901. N. W. Lundy, Marshalltown, Ia., secy.

DES MOINES, IA.—State Bottlers' Association Convention. Jan. 14, 1902. Geo. E. Hloa Convention. Jan. 14, 1902. Geo. E. Bryan, secy.

DES MOINES, IA.—State Millers' Association Convention. Jan. 15, 1902. S. P. Rogers, Boone, Ia., secy.

DES MOINES, IA.—State Teachers' Association Convention. Dec. 26 to 28, 1901.

DES MOINES, IA.—State Legislature. Meets Jan. 6, 1902.

KANSAS.

IOIA, KAN.—State Academy of Science Convention. Dec. —, 1901. D. E. Lantz, Manhattan, Kan., secy.

NEWTON, KAN.—State Barbers' Association Convention. Jan. 1 and 2, 1902.

TOPEKA, KAN.—State Horticultural Society Convention. Dec. 26 to 28, 1901. W. H. Barnes, State Home, secy.

TOPEKA, KAN.—Patrons of Husbandry State Grange. Dec. 10, 1901. Geo. Black, 11th H. Barnes, State Home, secy.

WICHITA, KAN.—Modern Tontles State Convention. Jan. 8, 1901. J. F. Thompson, secy.

KENTUCKY.

FRANKFORT, KY.—State Legislature. Meets (60 days) Jan. 6, 1902.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—State Educational Association. Dec. 25 to 28, 1901. Miss Katie McDaniel, Hopkinsville, Ky., secy.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Modern Tontles State Convention. Dec. 11, 1901. T. S. Ewart, 924 E. Jefferson st., secy.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—State Teachers' Association Convention. Dec. 25 to 27, 1901. W. W. White, Alexandria, Ky., secy.

LOUISIANA.

BATON ROUGE, LA.—State Legislature. Meets (60 days) May —, 1902.

FRANKLIN, LA.—State Teachers' Association Convention. Dec. 25 to 28, 1901. Prof. C. E. Irves, secy.

NEW IBERIA, LA.—Louisiana Conference. M. E. Church, South, December 19, 1901. Fitzgerald Sale Parker, Jackson, La., secy.

MAINE.

BANGOR, ME.—Patrons of Husbandry State Grange. Dec. 17 to 19, 1901.

PORTLAND, ME.—State Commercial Travelers Association. Dec. —, 1901. Wm. B. Adle, 74 Winter st., secy.

MARYLAND.

ANNAPOLIS, MD.—State Legislature. Meets Jan. 1, 1902.

BAITIMORE, MD.—State Horticultural Society Convention. Dec. 12 and 13, 1901. H. P. Gould, 1219 13th st., N. W., Washington, D. C., secy.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON, MASS.—National Wool Manufacturers' Association Convention. Jan. 8, 1902. S. N. D. North, 683 Atlantic ave., secy.

BOSTON, MASS.—State Press Association Convention. Jan. 13, 1902. A. C. Dowse, 46 Clifton st., secy.

BOSTON, MASS.—State Master House Painters and Decorators' Association Convention. Jan. 8 and 9, 1902. William E. Wall, 14 Morgan st., Somerville, Mass., secy.

BOSTON, MASS.—F. & A. M. Prince Hall Lodge State Convention (Colored). Dec. 19, 1901. John H. Dorsey, 29 Blossom st., secy.

BOSTON, MASS.—American Statistical Convention. Jan. —, 1902. Davis R. Dewey, 491 Boylston st., secy.

BOSTON, MASS.—State Forestry Association. Dec. —, 1901.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—American Dialect Society. Dec. 26 to 28, 1901. O. F. Emerson, Western Reserve University, Cleveland, O., secy.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Patrons of Husbandry State Grange. Dec. 10 to 12, 1901. C. A. Dennen, Pepperell, Mass., secy.

WORCESTER, MASS.—National Building Trades Council of America Convention. Jan. 13, 1902. Wm. Crosby, 2 Illinois st., secy.

MICHIGAN.

DETROIT, MICH.—Royal Arch Masons' Grand Chapter Convention. Jan. 21, 1902. R. C. Webb, secy.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—State Teachers' Association Convention. Dec. 26, 1901. O. D. Thompson, Romeo, Mich., secy.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Michigan Conference of County Agents, and Convention of the Board of Charities and Correction. Dec. —, 1901. Mrs. Edw. L. Knapp, secy.

IONIA, MICH.—Charities and Corrections, State Conference. Dec. 10 to 12, 1901. Hon. C. A. Gouer, Lansing, Mich., secy.

LANSING, MICH.—Patrons of Husbandry State Grange. Dec. 10 to 13, 1901. Geo. B. Horton, Fruitridge, Mich., secy.

LANSING, MICH.—Knights of the Grip State Convention. Dec. 27 and 28, 1901. H. E. Bradner, secy.

MUSKEGON, MICH.—F. and A. M. Grand Lodge Convention. Jan. 9 to 10, 1902. Dr. P. A. Quick, secy.

PETOSKEY, MICH.—State Beekeepers' Association Convention. Jan. 1 and 2, 1902. George E. Hilton, Fremont, Mich., secy.

MINNESOTA.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Patrons of Husbandry State Grange. Dec. 17, 1901. Mrs. Augusta J. Adams, secy.

ST. PAUL, MINN.—State Veterinary Medical Association Convention. Jan. 8 and 9, 1902.

ST. PAUL, MINN.—State Educational Association Convention. Dec. 26 to 28, 1901.

SAUK CENTRE, MINN.—State Dairymen's Convention. Dec. 10 to 12, 1901. Robert Crickmore, Pratt, Minn., secy.

MISSOURI.

CHILLICOTHE, MO.—State Horticultural Society Convention. Dec. 10 to 14, 1901.

CHILLICOTHE, MO.—Patrons of Husbandry State Grange Convention. Dec. 10 to 14, 1901.

CHILLICOTHE, MO.—State Board of Agriculture Convention. Dec. 10 to 14, 1901.

CHILLICOTHE, MO.—State Dairy Association Convention. Dec. 10 to 14, 1901.

CHILLICOTHE, MO.—State Horse Breeders' Association Convention. Dec. 10 to 14, 1901.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—State Teachers' Association Convention. Dec. 26 to 28, 1901.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Western Implement Dealers' Association Convention. Jan. 14 to 16, 1902. H. J. Hodge, Abilene, Kan., secy.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—State Hotel Keepers' Association. Dec. —, 1901. Chas. L. Wood, National Hotel, Topeka, Kan., secy.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—State Horticultural Society Convention. Dec. 3 to 5, 1901. L. A. Goodman, 4000 Warwick Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., secy.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—State Federation of Labor Convention. Jan. 6, 1902.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Brotherhood of Railway Trackmen of America. Dec. —, 1901. Henry A. Grimm, 204 N. Eighth st., secy.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—National Federation of Commercial Schools. Dec. 26 to 31, 1901. E. H. Fitch, cor. Eighth and Olive sts., secy.

MONTANA.

HELENA, MONT.—State Implement Dealers' Association Convention. Dec. 6 and 7, 1901. T. L. Martin, secy.

HELENA, MONT.—Montana Bar Association Convention. Jan. 14, 1902. Edward Russell, secy.

NEBRASKA.

LINCOLN, NEB.—State Teachers' Association Convention. Dec. 31, 1901, to Jan. 3, 1902. U. S. Heltzman, Beatrice, Neb., secy.

LINCOLN, NEB.—State Dairymen's Association Convention. Jan. 20 to 25, 1902.

LINCOLN, NEB.—State Horticultural Society Convention. Jan. 7, 1902. C. H. Barnard, Table Rock, Neb., secy.

LINCOLN, NEB.—State Board of Agriculture Convention. Jan. 20 to 25, 1902.

LINCOLN, NEB.—State Farmers' Institute Convention. Jan. 20 to 25, 1902.

LINCOLN, NEB.—State Sugar Beet Growers' Association Convention. Jan. 20 to 25, 1902.

OMAHA, NEB.—Royal Arch Masons Grand Chapter Convention. Dec. 11, 1901. Jas. W. Maynard, 3024 Chicago st., secy.

OMAHA, NEB.—Royal and Select Masters Grand Council. Dec. 11, 1901. Wm. McDearmid, secy.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

CONCORD, N. H.—Patrons of Husbandry State Grange. Dec. 17 to 19, 1901.

CLAREMONT, N. H.—State Dairymen's Association Convention. Dec. 5 and 6, 1901. J. L. Gerrish, Contoocook, N. H., secy.

NEW JERSEY.

LAKESWOOD, N. J.—State Sanitary Association Convention. Dec. 6 and 7, 1901. Dr. James A. Exton, Arlington, N. J., secy.

MT. HOLLY, N. J.—State Horticultural Society Convention. Jan. 8 and 9, 1902. H. J. Budd, secy.

NEWARK, N. J.—State Lumbermen's Protective Association Convention. Jan. —, 1902. Jas. M. Reilly, 764 Broad st., secy.

TRENTON, N. J.—State Teachers' Association Convention. Dec. —, 1901. Prof. Langdon S. Thompson, Jersey City, N. J., secy.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY, N. Y.—Knights of Labor State Congress. Jan. 15, 1902. J. H. Dulin, 124 A. Lark st., secy.

ALBANY, N. Y.—State Legislature. Meets Jan. 2, 1902.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—State Barbers' Association Convention. Jan. —, 1902. H. Wood, Hughamton, N. Y., secy.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—American Bowling Congress Convention. Jan. 20 to 25, 1902. Samuel Karpf, Dayton, O., secy.

ELMIRA, N. Y.—Southern Tier Masonic Relief Association Convention. Jan. 14, 1902. J. Maxwell, Masonic Temple, secy.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.—Templars of Liberty of America Grand Temple. Jan. 14, 1902. John McClurg, 267 Kingsland ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., secy.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.—New York Zoological Society Convention. Jan. 14, 1902. Madison Grant, 11 Wall st., secy.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.—American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers' Convention. Jan. 21 to 23, 1902. W. M. Mackay, Box 1818, secy.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Church Temperance Society Convention. Jan. —, 1902. Robert Graham, 218 South st., secy.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—National Society U. S. Daughters of 1812 Convention. Jan. 8, 1902. Mrs. Leroy S. Smith, 332 W. 87th st., secy.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—National College Gymnasium Directors' Convention. Dec. —, 1901. Dr. W. L. Savage, Columbia University, secy.

OLEAN, N. Y.—State Dairymen's Association. Dec. 11 and 12, 1902. W. W. Hall, Fayetteville, N.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—State Fruit Growers' Association Convention. Jan. 8 and 9, 1902. F. E. Dawley, Fayetteville, N. Y., secy.

**NORTH CAROLINA.**

RALEIGH, N. C.—F. and A. M. Grand Lodge Convention. Jan. —, 1902. Jno. C. Dreyer, secy.

**NORTH DAKOTA.**

GRAND FORKS, N. D.—State Educational Association Convention. Jan. 2, 1902.

**OHIO.**

CINCINNATI, O.—National Liberal League. Jan. 29, 1902. W. E. Jamieson, secy.

CINCINNATI, O.—Federation of Catholic Societies. Dec. 10, 1901. Henry J. Fries, Erie, Pa., pres.; John J. O'Rourke, Philadelphia, Pa., secy.

CLEVELAND, O.—Royal Temple of Temperance Grand Council. Jan. —, 1902. Dr. C. A. Steadman, 176 Euclid ave., secy.

COLUMBUS, O.—State Veterinary Medical Association Convention. Jan. —, 1902. Wm. H. Gribble, Washington C. H., O., secy.

COLUMBUS, O.—State Infirmary Directors' Convention. Jan. 13, 1902.

COLUMBUS, O.—State Horse Breeders' Association Convention. Jan. 15, 1902. Samuel Taylor, Grove City, O., secy.

COLUMBUS, O.—Advancement Osteopathy, State Association Convention. Dec. 7, 1901. M. F. Hulet, secy.

COLUMBUS, O.—State County Commissioners' Association Convention. Jan. —, 1902.

COLUMBUS, O.—State Legislature. Meets Jan. 1, 1902.

MT. VERNON, O.—Patrons of Industry State Convention. Dec. 4 and 5, 1901. J. C. Earlywine, Bladensburg, O., secy.

TOLEDO, O.—State Hotelmen's Association Convention. Dec. 12 and 13, 1901. Ferdinand Welsh, Boody House, secy.

**OREGON.**

EGGERS, ORE.—State Teachers' Association Convention. Dec. 27 to 31, 1901.

PORTLAND, ORE.—Prohibition State Convention. Dec. 6, 1901.

**PENNSYLVANIA.**

BLOOMSBURG, PA.—State Horticultural Society Convention. Jan. 14 and 15, 1902. Enoa B. Engle, Waynesboro, Pa., secy.

CLARKS SUMMIT, PA.—Order Eastern Star Grand Chapter Convention. Jan. —, 1902. Imogene Ackley, secy.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.—Patrons of Husbandry State Grange. Dec. 10 to 13, 1901. Mr. J. T. Altman, Thompsonstown, Pa., secy.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—State Lumbermen's Protective Association Convention. Jan. 9, 1902. T. J. Snowdon, Scranton, Pa., secy.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Commission Merchants' National League Convention. Jan. 8 to 10, 1902. A. Warren Patch, 17 N. Market st., Boston, Mass., secy.

PITTSBURG, PA.—International Bricklayers' and Stone Masons' Union of America Convention. Jan. 13 to 25, 1902. Wm. Dobson, 14 Eagle st., North Adams, Mass., secy.

PITTSBURG, PA.—Electrical Contractors' State Convention. Jan. 15, 1902. H. W. Cleland, 1012 Wood st., Wilkensburg, Pa., secy.

SCRANTON, PA.—Associated Labor Press of America. Dec. —, 1901. John M. McDermott, 700 Flornroy st., Chicago, Ill., secy.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.—State Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union Convention. Dec. 10, 1901. D. M. Omwae, Greencastle, Pa., secy.

**RHODE ISLAND.**

PORTSMOUTH, R. I.—Patrons of Husbandry State Grange. Dec. 10, 1901. I. L. Sherman, South Portsmouth, R. I., secy.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—State Legislature. Meets Jan. 1, 1902.

**SOUTH CAROLINA.**

CHARLESTON, S. C.—Interstate Y. M. C. A. Conference (colored). Dec. 26 to 29, 1901.

CHARLESTON, S. C.—Ancient Free Masons Grand Lodge Convention. Dec. 10, 1901.

COLUMBIA, S. C.—Southern Educational Association Convention. Dec. 26 to 29, 1901. P. P. Claxton, Greensboro, N. C., secy.

FLORENCE, S. C.—State Baptist Association Convention. Dec. 3 to 7, 1901. W. M. Waters, secy.

**SOUTH DAKOTA.**

MADISON, S. D.—State Educational Association Convention. Dec. 26 to 28, 1901. W. W. Glrtn, secy.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D.—State Horticultural Society Convention. Jan. 21 to 23, 1902. N. E. Hansen, Brookings, S. D., secy.

**TEXAS.**

EL PASO, TEX.—Texas Live Stock Association Annual Convention. Jan. 15 and 16, 1902. Verlie P. Brown, San Antonio, Tex., secy.

FT. WORTH, TEX.—Southwestern Retail Saddlers' & Harness Makers' Association Convention. Jan. 14 and 15, 1902.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—United Daughters of Confederacy Convention. Dec. 4 to 6, 1901. Mrs. A. W. Houston, secy.

**UTAH.**

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—State Teachers' Association Convention. Dec. 26 to 29, 1901. W. S. Wallace, 718 S. Fourth st., E. Salt Lake City, Utah, secy.

**VERMONT.**

MONTPELIER, VT.—State Dairymen's Association Convention. Jan. 7 to 9, 1902. F. S. Davis, N. Pembret, Vt., secy.

BURLINGTON, VT.—Union of Christian Young People of Vermont. Dec. 31, 1901, to Jan. 2, 1902. C. L. Hall, secy.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.—Patrons of Husbandry State Grange. Dec. 11 to 13, 1901.

**VIRGINIA.**

RICHMOND, VA.—State Horticultural Society Convention. Jan. 7 and 8, 1902. Walter Whately, Crozet, Va., secy.

**WASHINGTON.**

EVERETT, WASH.—State Teachers' Association Convention. Dec. —, 1901.

PORT TOWNSEND, WASH.—Native Sons' Grand Camp. Jan. 7, 1902. A. L. Learned, secy.

SPOKANE, WASH.—Northwest Milng Association Convention. Dec. —, 1901. L. K. Armstrong, secy.

TACOMA, WASH.—State Labor Congress. Jan. 15 and 16, 1902.

**WISCONSIN.**

BANGOR, WIS.—Y. P. S. C. E. Welsh Interstate Convention. Dec. 29 and 30, 1901. John Jenklus, secy.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—National Retail Grocers' Association Convention. Jan. 27 to 29, 1902. Charles Pfeiffer, St. Louis, Mo., secy.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—State Optical Society Convention. Jan. —, 1902. W. H. Grunard, Green Bay, Wis., secy.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—State Cheesemakers' Association Convention. Jan. 8 to 10, 1902. U. S. Baer, Madison, Wis., secy.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—State Plumbers' Association Convention. Jan. 12 to 15, 1902. F. R. Dengel, pres.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—State Board of Pharmacists' Convention. Dec. 11 and 12, 1901.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—State Teachers' Association Convention. Dec. 26 and 27, 1901. Prof. W. H. Cheever, Normal School, secy.

**WYOMING.**

LARAMIE, WYO.—State Industrial Convention. Dec. 11 and 12, 1901.

**CANADA.**

WESTERN BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND, CAN.—Grand Orange Lodge of Newfoundland Convention. Jan. —, 1902. E. G. Martin, St. Johns, Newfoundland, secy.

**FOOD SHOWS.**

CHICAGO, ILL.—Food Show. Dec. 1 to 31, 1901. Address J. A. Gorinaw, room 814, No. 135 Adams st.

TOPEKA, KAN.—Pure Food Show. Dec. —, 1901.

ROCHELLE, ILL.—Farmers' Festival and Pure Food Exhibit. Dec. 9 to 14, 1901.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Food Fair. Dec. 16 to 21, 1901. Robert F. Walter, secy.

**EXPOSITIONS.**

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—World's Mineral Manufactured and Agricultural Exhibit

BIENOS AYRES, R. A., SOUTH AMERICA.—International Exposition Agricultural Implements. May, 1902.

CHARLESTON, S. C.—South Carolina Interstate and West India Exposition. Dec. 1, 1901, to June 1, 1902. Samuel Lapham, Charleston, S. C.

CITY OF MEXICO.—American Manufacturers' Exposition April, 1902. Jnan D. Bauman, general manager.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.—Jewelers' and Watchmakers' Exposition. May, 1902.

HAMBURG, GERMANY.—Commercial Exposition of German Manufacturers. May, 1902.

HAVANA, CUBA.—Industrial Exposition. Contemplated Jan., 1904. Habana, Cuba. Dr. DeGarmo Gray, manager. P. O. Box 2160, City of Mexico.

HONOLULU, HAWAII.—Hawaiian Industrial Exposition. Jan. —, 1902. Chas. E. White, Honolulu, Hawaii, secy.

LONDON, ENG.—American Exposition, Earles Court May, 1902.

LONDON, ENG.—Tailors' Exposition. Dec. 1901.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—International Exposition of Electric Machinery and All Electric Appliances. September, 1902.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.—Furniture Exposition. Jan. 13 to Feb. 1, 1902. Charles E. Spratt, Lexington av. and Forty-third st., secy.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y. (Grand Central Palace).—Mining Exposition. Dec. 2 to 18, 1901. Allen S. Williams, mgr., Park Row Building.

PARIS, FRANCE.—International Automobile and Balloon Exposition. May, 1902.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—International Fish and Game Exposition. November 25 to December 14, 1901. Mr. Dawes, Chicago, Ill., pres.; Robt. E. Follett, vice pres. and mgr.

PORTLAND, ORE.—Portland International Exposition. 1905.

SEATTLE, WASH.—International Exposition. 1903. John Hackmeiter, secy.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—World's International Exposition. 1903. Ex-Gov. D. R. Francis, pres.

TOPEKA, KAN.—Kansas Manufacturers' and Merchants' Midwinter Exposition. Jan. —, 1902.

**POULTRY SHOWS.**

ADAMS, MASS.—Adams Poultry Association Show. Jan. 7 to 9, 1902. A. W. Stafford, secy.

AKRON, O.—Akron Poultry and Pet Stock Club. Jan. 6 to 11, 1902. F. B. Zimmer, judge; Dr. R. J. Hill, secy.

ALBANY, MO.—Grand River Valley Poultry Association Show. Dec. 13, 1901. Mr. Rhodes, judge; R. R. French, secy.

ALEXANDRIA PALACE, MIDDLETON HALL, BRENTWOOD, ENG.—Grand International Show of Poultry. Dec. 18 to 20, 1901.

ALPENA, MICH.—Alpena County Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association Show. Feb. 3 to 7, 1902. Mr. Tucker, judge; Chas. L. Whitney, secy.

AMESBURY, MASS.—Poultry Show. Dec. 4 to 6, 1901. I. K. Felch, judge; M. H. Sands, secy.

APPLETON, WIS.—Poultrymen's Advancement Association Show. Jan. 23 to 25, 1902. Mr. Pierce, judge; J. A. Oimstead, secy.

ATCHISON, KAN.—North Kansas Poultry Club Show. Dec. 16 to 21, 1901. R. P. Holland, secy.

ATHOL, MASS.—Poultry Show. Dec. 24 to 26, 1901. J. E. Burt, secy.

AUGUSTA, GA.—Augusta Pet Stock and Poultry Association Show. Dec. 16 to 21, 1901. F. P. Bullock, secy.

AURELIA, IA.—Aurelia Poultry Association Show. Jan. 13 to 16, 1902. F. H. Shellabarger, judge; H. B. Green, secy.

AURORA, ILL.—Aurora Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 20, 1901, to Jan. 3, 1902. Mr. Currier, judge; Ben. Leigh Smith, secy.

AUBURN, ME.—State Poultry Show. Dec. —, 1901. A. L. Merrill, secy.

AUBURN, N. Y.—Poultry Show. Jan. 28 to 31, 1902. C. J. Filkins, secy.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Michigan State Poultry and Pigeon Association and Michigan Fanciers' Association (combined shows). Jan. 7 to 10, 1902. Tucker and Butterfield, judges; L. G. Nichols, secy.

BEIVIDERE, ILL.—Northern Illinois Poultry Association Show. Jan. 6 to 12, 1902. Chas. McClave and Geo. Holden, judges; Ben. R. Lucas, cor. secy.

BELLEVILLE, ILL.—St. Clair County Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Jan. 15 to 19, 1902. Inclusive. C. A. Emery, Carthage, Mo., judge; H. R. Helmberger, secy.

BEVERLY, MASS.—Essex County Poultry Association Show. Dec. 31, 1901, to Jan. 3, 1902. W. H. Palmer, secy.

BIG RAPIDS, MICH.—Big Rapids Poultry Association Show. Dec. 5 to 7, 1901. Mr. Butterfield, judge; B. W. Fellows, secy.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Alabama Poultry Association Show. Dec. 17 to 21, 1901. Oille Esdale, secy.

BLOOMFIELD, IA.—Iowa State Poultry Association Show. Dec. 30, 1901, to Jan. 3, 1902. Mr. Russell, judge; S. J. Henderson, secy.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.—Bloomington Poultry Association Show. Dec. 18 to 21, 1901. Mr. Russell, judge; Israel Root, secy.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.—McLean County Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 1901.

BLOOMINGBURG, O.—Bloomingsburg Poultry Association Show. Jan. 7 to 10, 1902. Mr. Lane, judge; W. F. Jefferson, secy.

BOONVILLE, MO.—Central Missouri Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 26 to 29, 1901. Mr. Helmlich, judge; H. P. Mason, Fayette, Mo., secy.

BOSTON, MASS.—Poultry Show. Jan. 14 to 19, 1902. Arthur R. Sharp, Tannin, Mass., secy.

BOSTON, MASS.—American Bnf Plymouth Rock Club Show. Jan. 16, 1902. W. C. Denny, 916 South ave., Rochester, N. Y., secy.

BOWLING GREEN, MO.—Bowling Green Poultry Association Show. Dec. 2 and 3, 1901. Mr. Helmlich, judge; L. T. Sanderson, secy.

BRAYMER, MO.—Fourth Annual Poultry Show. Dec. 8 to 7, 1901. R. V. Glenn, Kingstown, Mo., secy.

BRISTOL, CONN.—Bristol Poultry Association Show. Feb. 4 to 6, 1902. O. J. Bailey, secy.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—National Federation American Homing Pigeon Fanciers. Dec. 10, 1901. L. J. Kengott, 119 Northern ave., secy.

BURLINGTON, IA.—Burlington Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 16 to 18, 1901. John A. Dehner, secy.

BURR OAK, KAN.—Jewell County Poultry Association Show. Dec. 31, 1901, to Jan. 3, 1902. Thomas Kirk, Jr., secy.

BUTLER, IND.—Butler Fanciers' Association Show. Dec. 9 to 14, 1901. F. C. Shepherd, J. W. Munnix, judges; D. D. Melroy, secy.

BUTLER, MO.—Bates County Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 31, 1901, to Jan. 3, 1902. Mr. Southard, judge; C. A. Allen, secy.

CAMBRIDGE, O.—Guernsey County Poultry Association. Jan. 22 to 25, 1902. Wick Hathaway, judge; James Cook Sarchet, secy.

CANTON, ILL.—Pulton County Poultry Breeders' Association Show. Jan. 1 to 4, 1902. Ben S. Myers, judge; C. C. McCutchen, secy.

CALIFORNIA, MO.—California Poultry Fanciers' Club Show. Dec. 3 to 6, 1901. Mr. Rhodes, judge; R. M. Ramsey, secy.

CASS CITY, MICH.—Thumb Poultry and Dairy Association Show. Dec. 10 to 14, 1901. Mr. McKenzie, judge; Walter C. Snigden, secy.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.—Western Poultry Fanciers' Association Show. Jan. 13 to 18, 1902. E. E. Richards, secy.

CHARLESTON, ILL.—Eastern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Jan. 6 to 10, 1902. R. H. Taylor, judge; Mrs. Henry Gaiser, cor. secy.

CHARLESTON, S. C.—Poultry Show. Jan. 20 to 23, 1902.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Poultry Association Show. Jan. 7 to 10, 1902. J. B. Taylor, secy.

CHICAGO, ILL.—National Fanciers and Breeders' Association, Sixth Annual Exhibition. Jan. 20 to 25, 1902. Fred L. Kim may, secy.

CHILLICOTHE, MO.—Tenth Annual Show of Missouri State Poultry Association. Dec. 9 to 13, 1901. W. S. Russell and F. H. Shellabarger, judges; C. W. Nnss, Tina, Mo., secy.

CINCINNATI, O.—Cincinnati Poultry Fanciers' Association Show. Jan. 13 to 18, 1902.

CLAY CENTER, NEB.—Poultry Show. Dec. 10 to 13, 1901. Flora T. Schroyer, secy.

CLEVELAND, O.—Cleveland Poultry and Pet Stock Association and Ohio State Poultry Association Show. Dec. 4 to 11, 1901. E. T. Hunt, secy. Cleveland Poultry Association; Chas. McClave, New London, O., secy. Ohio State Poultry Association.

COATSVILLE, PA.—Poultry Association Show. Jan. 16 to 18, 1902. John Stone, secy.

COLUMBIA CITY, IND.—Columbia City Poultry Association Show. Jan. 13 to 18, 1902. Lane and Greer, judges; P. Jantnes, secy.

COLUMBUS, O.—Central Ohio Fanciers' Association. Dec. 26, 1901, to Jan. 2, 1902. F. A. Brigel, secy.

COLUMBUS GROVE, O.—Poultry Show. Third week in December, 1901. Wick Hathaway, judge; Levi Baslager, secy.

COLUMBUS JUNCTION, IA.—Columbus Junction Poultry Association Show. Dec. 12 to 14, 1901. Mr. Shellabarger, judge; H. L. Duncan, Columbus City, Ia., secy.

CORTLAND, N. Y.—Poultry Show. Dec. 10 to 14, 1901. Dr. E. M. Santee, secy.

CORYDO, IND.—Poultry Show. Dec. 2 to 7, 1901. Henry W. Denbo, secy.

CYNTHIANA, IND.—Watach Valley Poultry Association Show. Dec. 16 to 20, 1901. D. A. Stoner, judge; James H. Gwathuey, Poseyville, Ind., pres.; C. V. Emerson, Princeton, Ind., secy. and treas.

DANBURY, CONN.—Western Connecticut Poultry Association Show. Dec. 11 to 14, 1901. John Deann, secy.

DANVILLE, ILL.—Vermillion County Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 17 to 20, 1901. Mr. Myers, judge; A. R. Harper, secy.

DAVENPORT, IA.—Eastern Iowa Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Jan. 7 to 10, 1902. Mr. Warnock, judge; Henry Regenlter, secy.

DAVID CITY, NEB.—Butler County Poultry Association Show. Dec. 17 to 20, 1901. F. E. Schaaf, secy.

DAYTON, O.—Dayton Fanciers' Club. Dec. 31, 1901, to Jan. 4, 1902. F. B. Zimmer, judge; Oliver L. Dorsch, secy.

DAYTON, O.—Gem City Association Poultry Exhibition. Jan. 3 to 7, 1902. James Tucker, judge; Theodore Faustich, secy.

DELEVAN, WIS.—Poultry Show. Feb. 4 to 7, 1902. E. J. Scott, secy.; Mr. Shellabarger, judge.

DELPHOS, KAN.—Delphos Poultry Association Show. Dec. 26 to 28, 1901. Mr. Rhodes, judge; E. M. Swain, secy.

DENVER, COL.—Colorado Fur and Feather Association Show. Jan. 13 to 18, 1902. Mr. Myers, judge; C. W. Stidger, secy.

DES MOINES, IA.—Des Moines Poultry Association Show. Dec. 23 to 28, 1901. Mr. Russell, judge; C. H. Clarke, secy.

DETROIT, MICH.—Detroit Poultry and Pet Stock Club. Dec. 24 to 27, 1901. Messrs. Butterfield, Bridge, Halley and Shepherd, judges; W. H. Mercer, secy.

DUBUQUE, IA.—Mississippi Valley Poultry Association Show. Jan. 6 to 11, 1902. Jas. Agnew, secy.

EAST PALESTINE, O.—Poultry Show. Dec. 17 to 20, 1901. Mr. McKenzie, judge; F. W. Reese, secy.

ELDORADO, O.—Fort Dick Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 17 to 20, 1901. Thos. F. Bigg, judge; A. C. Carney, secy.

ELGIN, ILL.—Elgin Poultry Association Show. Dec. 23 to 26, 1901. Mr. Hewes, judge.

ELLINWOOD, KAN.—Barton County Poultry Association Show. Dec. 17 to 21, 1901. W. H. Grant, Ellinwood, Kan., secy.

ELMIRA, N. Y.—Elmira Poultry Association. Dec. 17 to 20, 1901. H. E. Benedict, secy.

ELSBERRY, MO.—Elsberry Poultry Association Show. Dec. 10 and 11, 1901.

EMPORIA, KAN.—Lyon County Poultry Exhibition. Dec. 9 to 14, 1901. L. G. Alvord, secy.

FARGO, N. D.—North Dakota State Poultry Association Show. Jan. 21 to 24, 1902. Mr. Shellabarger, judge; S. F. Crabbie, secy.

FENTON, MICH.—Fenton Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 10 to 13, 1901. James A. Tucker, judge; Geo. F. Curtis, secy.

FINDLAY, O.—Poultry Show. Jan. 8 to 11, 1902. M. L. Detwiler, secy.

FITCHBURG, MASS.—Poultry Show. Dec. 31, 1901, to Jan. 3, 1902. J. L. Frost, secy.

GRAY'S LAKE, ILL.—Lake County Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 1, 1901. J. Frank Pickering, secy.

GREENFIELD, MASS.—Greenfield Score Card Poultry Club Show. Dec. 10 and 11, 1901. Felch and Crangle, judges; F. E. Marsh, secy.

HAMILTON, O.—Butler County Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 12 to 16, 1901. C. W. Rudolph, secy.

HARRISBURG, PA.—Poultry Show. Jan. 21 to 25, 1902. Jno. R. Gore, secy.

HARTFORD, CONN.—Hartford Poultry Association Show. Dec. 3 to 6, 1901. McGrew, Crangle, Craft and Zimmer, judges.

GALENA, ILL.—Galena Poultry Association Show. Jan. 6 to 9, 1902. Mr. Shella-barger, judge; F. H. Turner, secy.

GALVA, ILL.—Galva Poultry Association Show. Dec. 10 to 14, 1901. A. B. Shaner, judge; T. E. Olsen, secy.

GEORGETOWN, ILL.—Georgetown Poultry Association Show. Dec. 30, 1901, to Jan. 8, 1902. L. Reynolds, cor. secy.

GEORGETOWN, O.—Georgetown Poultry Association Show. Dec. 18 to 20, 1901. Mr. Lane, judge; J. W. O'Hare, secy.

GIRARD, PA.—Girard Poultry Association Show. Jan. 7 to 10, 1902. Henry C. Rath-haverhill, MASS.—Merrimack Valley P. and P. S. Association Show. Dec. 10

HEBRON, NEB.—Thayer County Poultry to 14, 1901. Geo. S. Drown, Groveland, Mass., secy.

Association Show. Dec. 1, 1901, to Jan. 4, 1902. P. F. Hensel, secy.

HIGH POINT, N. C.—North Carolina Poultry Association Show. Jan. 14 to 17, 1902. R. L. Simmons, Hillsboro, N. C., secy.

HOLLAND, MICH.—Holland Poultry Association Show. Dec. 17 to 20, 1901. S. Bitterfeld, judge; C. St. Clair, secy.

HOMER, ILL.—Champaign County Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 18 to 21, 1901. G. D. Salladay, secy.

HOPKINSON, ILL.—Hopkinton Poultry Association Show. Dec. 16 to 18, 1901. A. L. Knox, secy.; Mr. Helmlich, judge.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA.—North Alabama Pigeon and Pet Stock Association Show. Jan. 1, 1902.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Indiana State Poultry Show. Dec. 12 to 18, 1901.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Indiana Fanciers' Association Show. Dec. 4 to 10, 1901. Lora C. Hoss, Kokomo, Ind., pres.; C. W. Hackleman, secy.; H. D. Lane, treas.

IOWA CITY, IA.—City Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Jan. 19 to 22, 1902. H. W. Fairall, secy.

JACKSON, MICH.—Poultry Breeders' Union Show. Dec. 9 to 13, 1901. Mr. Tucker, judge; N. Schweinfurth, secy.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.—Jacksonville Poultry Association Show. Dec. 12 to 14, 1901. C. Brewer, secy.; Mr. Helmlich, judge.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.—Adirondack Poultry and Pet Stock Club. Dec. 4 to 7, 1901. H. S. Wempel, Fultonville, N. Y., secy.

JOLIET, ILL.—Illinois State Poultry Association Show. Jan. 6 to 11, 1902. C. E. Ellsworth, Danville, Ill., secy.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Poultry and Pet Stock and Belgian Hare Club Show. Dec. 19, 1901. C. S. Hunting, 3817 E. Thirtieth st., secy.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—S. W. Michigan Poultry Club Show. Dec. 6 to 8, 1901. Mr. Russell, judge; C. S. Hunting, 3817 E. 13th st., secy.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Kansas City Fancy Poultry Club Show. Dec. 8 to 9, 1901. Mr. Russell, judge; C. S. Hunting, secy.

KING CITY, MO.—Grand River Valley Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 9 to 14, 1901. C. H. Rhodes, judge; R. R. French, Ford City, Mo., secy.

KINGFISHER, OKLA.—Central Oklahoma Poultry Association Show. Jan. 21 to 24, 1902. Ed. S. Gibbany, Albany, Mo., pres.; Robt. Larmer, Raymond, Mo., treas.; R. R. French, Ford City, Mo., secy.

KIRKSVILLE, MO.—Kirksville Poultry Association Show. Dec. 4 to 7, 1901. Mr. Helmlich, judge; F. A. Buckingham, secy.

KIRKSVILLE, MO.—North Missouri Poultry Association Show. Dec. 2 to 6, 1901. D. T. Helmlich, judge; E. Fraker, Downing, Mo., pres.; F. M. Buckingham, secy.

LA CROSSE, WIS.—State Poultry Association Show. Dec. 31, 1901, to Jan. 4, 1902.

LANARK, ILL.—Lanark Poultry Association Show. Jan. 16 to 18, 1902. Mr. Shaner, judge; E. D. Leland, secy.

LAPORTE, IND.—Laporte County Poultry Pigeon and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 30, 1901, to Jan. 4, 1902. H. C. Schults, pres.; A. L. Peterson, secy.; J. C. Beck, treas.

LARNED, KAN.—Pawnee County Kansas Poultry Association Show. Dec. 24 to 28, 1901. B. B. Gillert, secy.

LENOX, MASS.—Poultry Show. Jan. 6 to 8, 1902. Mr. Nichols, judge; H. Peters, secy.

LEWISTON, IDA.—Snake River Valley Poultry Association Exhibition. Dec. 28 to 29, 1901. Laura Berns, secy.

LEWISTON, ME.—State Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 17 to 20, 1901. A. L. Merrill, secy.

LINCOLN, ILL.—Logan County Poultry Association Show. Dec. 23 to 28, 1901. Henry Stricker, Lincoln, Ill., secy.

LINCOLN, NEB.—Poultry Show. Jan. 20 to 25, 1902. L. P. Harris, Clay Center, Neb., pres.

LINCOLN, NEB.—Nebraska State Poultry Association Show. Jan. 15 to 18, 1902. U. W. Garoute, secy.

LOGANSPOUT, IND.—Logansport Poultry Association Show. Jan. 15 to 21, 1902. W. A. Grams, secy.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Poultry Show. Jan. 13 to 18, 1902. Henry W. Kruckenberg, 115 N. Main st., secy.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Poultry Show. Jan. 6 to 11, 1902. John H. Good, secy.

LIVERNE, MINN.—Luverne Poultry Association Show. Jan. 16 to 18, 1902. Mr. Shewahager, judge; N. R. Reynolds, secy.

LYNN, MASS.—Poultry Show. Jan. 7 to 10, 1902. I. R. Elliott, secy.

MCDONALD, PA.—Poultry Show. Dec. 11 to 14, 1901. Mr. Barger, judge; R. R. Holmes, secy.

MACOMB, ILL.—McDonough County Poultry Association Show. Dec. 16 to 21, 1901. A. B. Shaner, judge; W. E. Thompson, secy.

MCCOOK, NEB.—Republican Valley District Association Show. Dec. 30, 1901, to Jan. 4, 1902. Mr. Rhodes, judge; B. G. Gossard, secy.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Poultry Show. Jan. 21 to 24, 1902. W. B. Sanford, secy.

MANCHESTER, CONN.—Manchester Poultry Association Show. Dec. 3 to 6, 1901. C. J. Balch, secy.

MANHATTAN, KAN.—Manhattan Poultry Club Show. Dec. 23 to 25, 1901. Mr. Rhodes, judge; W. H. Lamb, secy.

MANKATO, MINN.—Southern Minnesota Poultry Association Show. Dec. 31, 1901, to Jan. 3, 1902. Mr. Loth, judge; F. O. True, secy.

MARSHALLTOWN, IA.—Marshalltown Poultry Association Show. Jan. 6 to 10, 1902. Mr. Shaner, judge; H. C. Hansen, secy.

MARYSVILLE, O.—Marysville Poultry Association Show. Jan. 26 to 31, 1902. M. L. Myers, secy.

MASON CITY, IA.—Upper Iowa Poultry Association Show. Dec. 17 to 20, 1901. Mr. Shellabarger, judge; J. D. Reeler, secy.

MATTEAWAN, N. Y.—Walkill Valley and Hudson River Poultry Association Show. Dec. 24 and 25, 1901. Rockenstyre and Morton, judges; H. V. Millspaugh, Walden, N. Y., secy.

MEADVILLE, PA.—Meadville Fanciers' Club Show. Jan. 8 to 10, 1902. H. L. Lamb, Cambridge Springs, Pa., secy.

MELROSE, MASS.—Melrose Bantam and Pigeon Association Show. Dec. 17 to 20, 1901. E. Greely Clark, secy.

MIDDLETOWN, O.—Middletown Poultry Club. Dec. 10 to 14, 1901. N. O. Selby, secy.

MILFORD, N. H.—Milford Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Jan. 7 to 10, 1902. John H. Twiss, secy.

MILFORD, MASS.—Poultry Show. Dec. 10 to 14, 1901. D. J. Lambert, W. B. Atherton and J. Fred Watson, judges; W. H. Pyne, secy.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Wisconsin Feathered Stock Association Show. Jan. 7 to 12, 1902. H. L. Kasten, secy.

MITCHELL, S. D.—South Dakota State Poultry Association Show. Jan. 30 to Feb. 2, 1902. Mr. Russell, judge; C. C. Bras, secy.

MONROE, N. C.—Poultry Association Show. Jan. 14 to 17, 1902. A. E. Tate, Monroe, N. C., pres.

MUSCATINE, IA.—Muscatine County Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Jan. 8 to 10, 1902. Mr. Shellabarger, judge; G. M. Porter, secy.

MUSKOGON, MICH.—Western Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Jan. 26 to 31, 1902. P. P. Steketee, secy.

NAPOLEON, O.—Poultry Show. Jan. 1 to Feb. 1, 1902. E. J. Davis, secy.

NASHUA, N. H.—Poultry Association Show. Dec. 3 to 6, 1901. H. Colton, secy.

NASHVILLE, ILL.—Egyptian Poultry Association Show. Dec. 25 to 30, 1901.

NEWARK, N. J.—Fanciers' Association of New Jersey. Dec. 10 to 14, 1901. Howard Van Svelde, secy.; Lebanon, N. J.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—New Bedford Poultry Association Show. Dec. 1, 1901. Geo. A. Munson, secy.

NEW MADISON, O.—Fort Black Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 17 to 20, 1901. A. C. Carney, Eldorado, O., secy.

NEWTON, KAN.—Harvey County Poultry Association Show. Dec. 2 to 7, 1901. Mr. Russell, judge; C. M. Glover, secy.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.—National Bantam Association Show. Jan. 1 to 7, 1902. E. Latham, 2403 Church st., Flatbush, N. Y., secy.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.—New York Poultry and Pigeon Association Show. Jan. 14 to 18, 1902. H. V. Crawford, Montclair, N. J., secy.

NO. ARINGTON, MASS.—North Arlington Poultry Association Show. Dec. 25 to 27, 1901.

NUNDA, ILL.—Nunda Poultry Association Show. Jan. 14 to 17, 1902. Mr. Summers, Curran, Ill., judge; Dr. L. A. Warden, pres.; Geo. H. Prickett, secy.

OAKLAND, CAL.—Oakland Poultry Association Show. Dec. 4 to 7, 1901. H. Berrar, R. J. Venn and Ben Woodhull, judges; C. A. Hinds, secy.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Poultry Show. Dec. 17, 1901.

OLNEY, ILL.—Olney Poultry Association Show. Jan. 7 to 13, 1902. Mr. Helmlich, judge; J. Wilson, secy.

ONAGO, KAN.—Portawatomie County Poultry Association Show. Dec. 20 and 21, 1901. Mr. Rhodes, judge; Mrs. Minnie Chambers, secy.

ONAWA, IA.—Monona County Poultry Association Show. Jan. 28 to 31, 1902. Mr. Shellabarger, judge; C. M. Willey, secy.

ORANGE, N. J.—Fanciers' Association of New Jersey Show. Dec. 10 to 14, 1901. Howard Van Svelde, Lebanon, N. J., secy.

OSHKOSH, WIS.—Wisconsin State Poultry Association Show. Jan. 20 to 25, 1902. Mr. Shaner, judge; Earl L. Heath, secy.

OWEN SOUND, CAN.—Owen Sound Poultry Association Show. Jan. 21 to 23, 1902. Mr. Bicknell, judge; R. B. Cameron, secy.

OWOSSO, MICH.—Shlawassee County Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 25 to 28, 1901. Mr. Tacker, judge; Leo J. Brewer, secy.

OXFORD, O.—Oxford Poultry and Belgian Hare Club. Dec. 30, 1901, to Jan. 3, 1902. I. K. Felch, judge; Harry D. Gath, secy.

PAINESVILLE, O.—Painesville Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Jan. 2 to 6, 1902. Mr. Bicknell, judge; F. G. Johnson, secy.

PEORIA, ILL.—Peoria Fanciers' Association Show. Dec. 27, 1901, to Jan. 1, 1902. Mr. Hewes, judge; H. C. Schwab, secy.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Keystone Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 28, 1901, to Jan. 2, 1902. James Cheston, Jr., secy.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—American Black Minorca Club Show. Jan. 1, 1902. Roland Story, 187 Arlington av., Brooklyn, N. Y., secy.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—American Leghorn Club Show. Dec. 31, 1901. Geo. H. Burcott, Lawton's Station, N. Y., secy.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—National Wyandotte Club Show. Jan. 1, 1902. C. S. Mattison, S. Shaftsbury, Pa., secy.

PITTSBURG, PA.—Pittsburg Fanciers' Club. Feb. 17 to 22, 1902. J. C. Moore, 1006 Penn ave., secy.

PLAINVILLE, KAN.—Rocks County Poultry Association Show. Jan. 27 and 28, 1902. Mr. Rhodes, judge; M. Millott, secy.

PONTIAC, MICH.—Poultry Show. Jan. 14 to 17, 1902. J. Y. Bicknell, judge; Daniel Thomas, secy.

PORTLAND, ORE.—State Poultry Association Show. Dec. 30, 1901, to Jan. 4, 1902. E. J. Ladd, secy.

POSEYVILLE, IND.—Wabash Valley Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 17 to 21, 1901. C. V. Emerson, Owensville, Ind., secy.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Rhode Island Poultry Association Show. Dec. 11 to 14, 1901. Lambert, Ballou, Flanders and Evans, judges; H. S. Bahcock, secy.

PULLMAN, WASH.—Whitman County Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Jan. 15 to 18, 1902.

READING, PA.—Mt. Penn Poultry and Pigeon Association Show. Dec. 4 to 7, 1901. Harry C. Colride, 21 S. Ninth st., secy.

RED BUD, ILL.—Randolph County Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 17 to 19, 1901. Mrs. Altha Smith, Red Bud, Ill., secy.

REDFIELD, IA.—Dallas County Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Jan. 7 and 8, 1902. Mr. Rigg, judge; A. Moorhead, secy.

RICHWOOD, O.—Richwood Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 18 to 21, 1901. Ira C. Keller, judge; E. S. Curry, secy.

RIDGEVILLE, IND.—Poultry Association Show. Dec. 31, 1901, to Jan. 3, 1902. Ora F. Frazer, Ridgeville, Ind., secy.

ROBINSON, ILL.—Crawford County Poultry Association Show. Dec. 17 to 20, 1901. O. P. Greer, judge; S. T. Lindsay, pres.; C. H. Musgrave, Hutsonville, secy.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Rochester Poultry Association. Jan. 10 to 14, 1902, at Fitzhugh Hall. Mr. Zimmer, judge; John Drechsler, Box 472, secy.

ROCK FALLS, ILL.—Poultry Show. Dec. 26, 1901, to Jan. 1, 1902. L. A. Kline, secy.

ROSCOE, O.—Roscoe Poultry Association Show. Dec. 28 to 30, 1901. Chas. McClave, judge; C. N. Randlee, secy.

ROSEBURG, ORE.—Douglas County Poultry Association Show. Dec. 26 to 28, 1901. T. B. Hamlin, secy.

SAGINAW, MICH.—Saginaw Poultry and Pet Stock Association. Feb. 4 to 7, 1902. A. B. Shaner, judge; F. E. Will, secy.

ST. JOHNS, MICH.—Central Michigan Poultry and Belgian Hare Association Show. Dec. 3 to 6, 1901. Jas. A. Tucker, judge; C. E. A. Runge, secy.

SALEM, O.—Quaker City Fanciers' Club. Dec. 24 to 28, 1901. Dr. H. E. Phillips, secy.

SALINA, KAN.—Salina Poultry Association Show. Dec. 30, 1901, to Jan. 4, 1902. Mr. Helmlich, judge; L. D. Arnold, secy.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Western Texas Poultry Association Show. Dec. 10 to 14, 1901. Mr. Bicknell, judge; F. W. Church, secy.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—Adirondack Poultry Club Show. Dec. 17 to 21, 1901. N. W. Rosa, secy.

SHELBY, O.—Shelby Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1902. E. P. May, secy.

SHERWOOD, MICH.—Sherwood Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 5 to 7, 1901. J. A. Tucker, judge; W. R. Chlesman, secy.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Poultry Show. Dec. 9 to 14, 1901. Helmlich and Byron, judges; J. A. Nielsen, secy.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Springfield (Ill.) Poultry Association Show. Dec. 8 to 12, 1901. Mr. Helmlich, judge; J. Lauterbach, secy.

STERLING, ILL.—Arens Poultry Association Show. Dec. 26, 1901, to Jan. 1, 1902. Chas. McClave, judge; L. A. Kline, secy.

STAMORE, O.—Stamore Poultry and Pet Stock Club. Jan. 1 to 4, 1902. Geo. H. Burcott, judge; A. E. Bennington, secy.

TABLE GROVE, ILL.—Table Grove Poultry Association Show. Dec. 23 to 27, 1901. Mr. Helmlich, judge; W. D. Hall, secy.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.—Terre Haute Fanciers' Association Exhibition. Dec. 9 to 13, 1901.

TEXARKANA, ARK.—Texarkana Poultry Association Show. Dec. 10 to 14, 1901. Helen Vaughn, secy.

TIPTON, IND.—Tipton County Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Jan. 14 to 18, 1902. D. A. Stoner, judge; John Langan, secy.

TOPEKA, KAN.—Kansas State Poultry Association Show. Jan. 6 to 11, 1902. Rhodes and Harris, judges; Geo. H. Gilles, secy.

TRENTON, N. J.—New Jersey Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association. Dec. 10 to 14, 1901. Walter S. Gladney, Jr., secy.

UPPER SANDUSKY, O.—Upper Sandusky Poultry Association Show. Dec. 11 to 14, 1901. Fred H. Inman, judge; Fred Kennan, secy.

VALLEY FALLS, KAN.—Jefferson County Poultry Association Show. Dec. 16 to 19, 1901. E. S. Mitchell, secy.

VAN WERT, O.—Van Wert Poultry Association Show. Jan. 26 to 31, 1902. Mr. Keller, judge; C. E. Dettler, secy.

WAHASH, IND.—Interstate Poultry Association Show. Jan. 23 to 27, 1902. Mr. Russell, judge; B. F. Clemens, secy.

WALLINGFORD, CT.—Poultry Show. Dec. 31, 1901, to Jan. 2, 1902. H. Haywood, secy.

WAIREN, PA.—Poultry Show. Jan. 13 to 17, 1902. J. H. Bowden, secy.

WATERLOO, IA.—Cedar Valley Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 31, 1901, to Jan. 4, 1902. D. J. Lambert and W. E. Walden, judges; C. A. Hollis, Hudson, Ia., secy.

WAUSEON, O.—Wauseon Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 31, 1901, to Jan. 5, 1902. S. H. Taylor, judge. A. W. McConnell, secy.

WEBSTER CITY, IA.—Webster City Poultry Association Show. Dec. 30, 1901, to Jan. 4, 1902. Mr. Rigg, judge; Fred Hahne, secy.

WENONA, ILL.—Wenona Poultry Association Show. Dec. 18 to 21, 1901. Mr. Helmlich, judge; N. R. McAdam, secy.

WEST BROOKFIELD, MASS.—West Brookfield Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Jan. 21 to 24, 1902. C. A. Ballou and D. J. Lambert, judges; E. L. Richardson, secy.

WHITEWATER, WIS.—Whitewater Poultry Association Show. Jan. 13 to 19, 1902. Mr. Helmlich, judge; W. A. Cowles, secy.

WICHITA, KAN.—The Arkansas Valley Pigeon Fanciers' Association Show. Dec. 10 to 14, 1901. Thos. S. Solters, secy.

WICHITA, KAN.—Poultry Show. Jan. 6 to 11, 1902. Mr. Savage, judge; H. W. Schopp, secy.

WINONA, MINN.—Winona Poultry Association Show. Jan. 13 to 15, 1902. Mr. Shaner, judge; Henry Hies, secy.

YPSILANTI, MICH.—Ypsilanti Poultry Association Show. Dec. 31, 1901, to Jan. 5, 1902. Jas. A. Tucker, judge; I. M. Gids, secy.

BENCH SHOWS.

LOGANSPOUT, IND.—Hoosier Pet and Kennel Association Show. Jan. 6 to 14, 1902. Sol. D. Brandt, Box 178, secy.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America Show. Dec. 18 to 21, 1901. Miss May Bird, Westbury, L. I., secy.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Rhode Island Kennel Club Show. Feb. 4 to 6, 1902. Geo. D. Miller, secy.

LIVE STOCK SHOWS.

BEMENT, ILL.—State Swine Breeders' and Expert Judges' Association Show. Jan. 7 to 9, 1902. G. L. Burgess, secy.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—State Breeders' Association Show. Dec. 17 to 19, 1901.

CHILLICOTHE, MO.—State Sheep Breeders' Association Show. Dec. 10 to 14, 1901.

CHILLICOTHE, MO.—Improved Live Stock Breeders' Association Show. Dec. 10 to 14, 1901.

COLUMBUS, O.—Ohio Jersey Cattle Club Show. Jan. 14, 1902. A. T. Dempsey, Westville, O., secy.

DES MOINES, IA.—National Duroc Jersey Record Association. Dec. 26, 1901.

DETROIT, MICH.—State Merino Sheep Breeders' Association Show. Dec. 17, 1901. E. N. Ball, Grand Blanc, Mich., secy.

EL PASO, TEX.—Midwinter Exhibit of American Shorthorn Association Show. Jan. 14 to 18, 1902. H. C. Lockwood, secy.; H. C. Myles, chairman.

EL PASO, TEX.—National Association of Hereford Breeders' Show. Jan. 14 to 18, 1902. H. C. Lockwood, secy.; H. C. Myles, chairman.

GUELPH, ONT., CAN.—Fat Stock Club Show. Dec. 10 to 14, 1901. A. P. Westervelt, Toronto, Ont., Can., secy.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—State Cattle Breeders' Association Show. Jan. 1, 1902. A. E. Leavitt, Vernon, Ind., secy.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—State Swine Breeders' Association Show. Jan. 1, 1902. Luellen Arbutick, Hope, Ind., secy.

JEFFERSON, IA.—Improved Stock Breeders' Association Show. Dec. 18 and 19, 1901. E. H. White, Esterville, Ia., secy.

LINCOLN, NEB.—State Duroc Jersey Breeders' Association Show. Jan. 20 to 25, 1902.

LINCOLN, NEB.—State Swine Breeders' Association Show. Jan. 20 to 25, 1902.

LINCOLN, NEB.—State Improved Stock Breeders' Association Show. Jan. 20 to 25, 1902.

LINCOLN, NEB.—State Jersey Breeders' Association Show. Jan. 20 to 25, 1902.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—State Swine Breeders' Association Show. Dec. 10, 1901. M. W. Neal, 514 Third st., secy.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Ayrshire Breeders' Association Show. Jan. 1, 1902. C. M. Winslow, Brandon, Vt., secy.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—New York State Breeders' Association Show. Dec. 17 to 19, 1901. F. E. Dawley, Fayetteville, N. Y., director.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Western New York Shropshire Association Show. Dec. 17, 1901.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Standard American Merino Sheep Breeders' Association Show. Dec. 17, 1901.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Western New York Jersey Cattle Club Show. Dec. 17, 1901. M. H. Perry, Olin, N. Y., pres.; Jacob Howe, treas.; Geo. E. Peor, secy.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—State Breeders' Association Show. Dec. 1 and 10, 1901. F. C. Dayley, Fayetteville, N. Y., secy.

TOPEKA, KAN.—State Improved Stock Breeders' Association Show. Jan. 6 to 8, 1902. H. A. Heath, secy.

NEW ZEALAND BILL BOARDS.

How An American Introduced Bill Posting in Christ Church.

Accompanying is the cut of one of the greatest boardings in Christchurch, owned by the D. C. I., the greatest department store in New Zealand, and erected through the interest in bill posting excited by Mr. John Moore, the representative of the English branch of the celebrated Donaldson Lithographing Company.

When Mr. Moore first visited Christchurch, in 1889, he found in the best of New Zealand cities only one billposting firm, composed of two young men who were much more interested in another business



R. DRAYTON BAMFIELD.

than they were in billposting. So far in the background was the posting service that Mr. Itaine, representing Quaker Oats, had secured several fine locations and painted bulletins, because it was neither safe nor practicable to do otherwise.

Finishing affairs in this undeveloped state, Mr. Moore enlisted the interest of the manager of the D. C. I., and together in a cab they made a tour of inspection, seeking suitable location for boardings.

The manager, through the consent of Mr. Moore, having found sites that suited him, contracted for five locations like the large boarding shown in the cut, paying \$50 per year for a three-year lease. He had never before had a bill posted of any kind, but the Yankee posters appealed to him so strongly that he concluded a contract with Mr. Moore to furnish posters for the next three years.

The layout of the stands where the posters are spotted is excellent. The entire boarding is painted a pretty blue, the plans having been drawn up by Mr. Moore himself.

There are four cities in New Zealand in which the population numbers about 50,000 each—Christchurch, Auckland, Wellington and Dunedin—and no place in the world affords a better field for the bill poster, the billposting in these cities being in the hands of newspaper companies, to which the posting service is a matter of secondary importance.

In the future Mr. Moore contemplates visiting Australia, South Africa and Manila yearly to spread the glory of up-to-date commercial posters.

Mr. R. Drayton Bamfield, whose photograph is reproduced herewith, is the owner of the New Zealand Railway Advertising Department, and is now erecting boardings along the railway lines, his headquarters being at Dunedin.

So far as concerns railway advertising, England and the English colonies are far ahead of America.

The enterprise of the Christchurch merchant, paying \$248 per year for the side of one building about 50 feet long and 30 feet high, and proportional prices for other lo-

calions, evinces the true advertising spirit of the place.

What a pleasure it is (and for the reason that it is so seldom afforded us) to meet a man in commercial business who understands the art of getting people into the house he represents.

Most merchants know the goods they handle. They know how and what to buy, how to instruct their clerks, how to entertain customers when they call, but not ten per cent, possible nor even five per cent of business men know how to first get prospective customers to enter their establishments.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 1.—Agreeable to a suggestion from your office several months ago, I will give you a brief statement of country bill posting in the Golden Grain Belt of Minnesota, as conducted by the Gibbons Bill Posting Co.

The Gibbons Bill Posting Co. is a reflection of the honest character in the out-door display line in the Northwest. Everybody calls Mr. Gibbons "Pat," and he is equally well known as the founder of a celebrated society, which the newspapers have named "The Sons of Rest." Gibbons personally is a hustler, and his honesty is so well known that when he promises to do a thing the business men assume that it is done.

The work of the Gibbons Bill Posting Co. was planned upon large lines. There is a very rich farming country lying northwest and west from Minneapolis, along the lines of the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific and the Soo. The manufacturers and jobbers of the Northwest, and those who are after Northwestern business, were anxious to get into this section with outdoor work.

The Gibbons Company organized a force of four wagons, with two men to a wagon, and the indubitable "Pat" in his buggy to go ahead and lay out the routes. The railroads in this territory have direct lines, aggregating 1,200 miles, and the cross-roads and by-ways, the country thoroughfares and the doubling back sometimes required, made the trip cover at least 2,500 miles. The area covered is estimated at about 12,000 miles. It took six months to make the showing, and it has been pronounced by the houses that had the work done that the showing made was the most profitable advertising ever done. This is borne out by the fact that the same concern have in every instance renewed their order, and in several instances doubled their appropriation for the same line of work.

The same line of work is now being done by the Gibbons Bill Posting Co. in what is known in Minnesota as the "potato country." This is about eight of the counties lying north of Minneapolis and northeast. The potatoes have been a most profitable crop this year, not alone because of the big yield in this section, but the almost total failure elsewhere, which has made the price very high.

The creameries, the cross-roads and the fence rails show the handiwork of Pat and his satellites, and a new campaign is already planned, to begin about January 1, 1902.

Gibbons goes upon the theory that a bill poster may be a gentleman, if it is in him. He says that he finds it pays to treat the public and the advertiser right. He gets new orders wherever he goes, when he once gets a start, and he generally gets results that the advertiser appreciates.

O. W. MILLER, Secretary.

THE DUKE AND THE BILL POSTER.

Most people know, of course, that one of the pet hobbies of the Duke of Cornwall and York is collecting posters. Indeed, he is credited with having originated the craze which has since raged for the gathering of the artistic affiche. In connection with this amusement of his Royal Highness a story is told. One day, it appears, he was walking incognito down one of our principal metropolitan avenues when his eye alighted on a new poster by Dudley Hardy.

It was a subtle picture of a charming girl with an alluring little foot which one spontaneously pronounced "tres chic." The Duke was delighted with it and impatient

to procure a copy, whereupon, noticing the bill posting man still at work on the board, he approached him and asked if he had another copy. The man had several, but pointed out that he could not part with one, as the number handed to him had been noted at the office of his employers. The Duke pressed the man to make some excuse, inasmuch as he badly needed a copy. For a time the faithful workman was obdurate, but the production of a £5 note induced him to say that he would try and invent some story to account for the disappearance of one of the number. "I reckon I'll get in a bloomin' row," givnor, all the same," he added, as the Duke coolly rolled up the picture. "If there is any bother," retorted his Highness, merrily, "tell Messrs. F.— mentioning the name of the man's employers; that the Duke of York stole one whilst you were up the ladder." Then he walked on, leaving the amazed bill poster standing in open-mouthed astonishment.—The Week End.

NECK IS BROKEN.

But J. W. Gates, a Beloit (Wis.) Bill Poster, Not Only Lives, But Posts Paper as Well.

Beloit, Wis., Dec. 1.—John W. Gates, the City Billposter of Beloit, is the only billposter in the United States who lives with a broken neck. Gates is not only very much alive, but he is about as fast and as clever as any man in his craft when it comes to posting paper. Gates recently left the Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago with his broken neck securely bound in a cast of plaster of paris, but his injury is so far mended as to allow him to dispense with the cast.

The accompanying illustration, however, shows a peculiar twist of Gates' head, due to his injury.

Last November while helping to unload a



J. W. GATES.

wagon load of theatrical scenery here Gates fell from the top of the load and struck on the top of his head, the fall breaking his neck.

Contrary to expectations of the physician summoned, Gates experienced little ill effects from the accident, and in a few days was walking about town with his head hanging on his breast.

Gates went to Chicago and had his neck treated by Dr. Christian Fenger. Dr. Fenger, deciding it would be fatal to operate, had an iron band made for the crown of the patient's head, and placed the neck in a cast. The man with the broken neck was then placed in a bake-oven and the cast allowed to harden.

Apparently Gates suffers no inconvenience from his injury, and his recovery is considered one of the wonders of medical science.

ODDITIES IN SIGNS.

Since medieval days the painted sign has been the mainspring of advertising, and more wares of various kinds have been made known to the world by the use of paint, a planed board and the artist's brush, perhaps, than by any other means. I say "artist," advisedly, for I fear to offend, and 'tis not my part to criticize. But, really, have you ever, in your perambulations through a city's streets noted how many ludicrous painted things you will come across in a day's wanderings. I have, and I have seen many really funny—yes, I can not say anything else—really funny ones.

I remember particularly one in a small Southern city, which adorned the top of the door of a Greek fruit merchant's place of business. It smacked of a correct business instinct, and, although rather candid in its directness of purpose, no doubt was effective in doing what was expected of it. It read, if I remember rightly, something like this:

To trust is to bust;  
To bust is hell!  
No trust,  
No bust,  
No hell.

The Japanese have a mania for putting up English signs, and they flood the rooms at the hotels with English cards. And such English! They have no imperative mood, and they generally express positively.

One day a traveler said to the waiter: "Kishi, the rolls are cold."  
"Yes," he said; "a good deal of not cooling the cakes is good."

A conspicuous notice at a leading hotel reads:

"On the dining time nobody shall be enter to the dining and drawing room without the guests allow."

One of the articles in the municipal laws of Kioto reads:

"Any dealer shall be honestly by his trade. Of course the sold one shall prepare to make up the safe package."

A Tokio dentist's circular reads: "Our tooth is an important organ for human life and countenance, as you know; therefore when it is attacked by injury, artificial tooth is useful. I am engaged in the dentistry and I will make for your purpose."

Not far from the Strand, in London, there is this notice at a bookseller's:

"Books bound anyhow."

Very near to this notice a maker of picture frames displays in large letters the following:

"Notorious for our Picture Frames."

In High street, Clifton, a dressmaker announces, in a sign above her door, that she is:

"A Milliner and Modest."

In Paris a restaurant catering to Anglo-Saxon custom informs the passerby that "American drunks are to be had here."

On a sandwich-board man in the same city this sign appeared:

"Fine Medoc of the '84 vintage, 2 frs. 70. The same, very old, 3 francs."

Another wine merchant fairly caps this by saying:

"Vin ordinaire at 75 centimes the Litre, Vin tres ordinaire at 50 centimes the Litre."

And this is the lued way a Shanghai laundry posts up its excuse for increasing its prices for washing:

"With reference to notify you for the employed in the various laundries of Shanghai, but any washerman is quite inability of disadvantage of washing any public, and tho' the high price ruling now for rent, charcoal, coal, soap, rice, etc., is never counterfeited. The committee of the Laundries' Guild are now to notify the general public which must will be increase. If any gentleman or lady will unbelieve upward a few lines will can see the daily news is written quietly, distinctly, and obliged, many thanks."

In Canton, Wong Foo, a merchant, has this sign over his shop:  
"All kind goods many merchandise in steamer not seldom anywhere and safe."

IN THE ORIENT.

The Bill Posting Business and Its Promoter in the Philippine Islands.

Mr. John H. Dow, whose cut accompanies this sketch, is proprietor and organizer of the Manila Billposting and Advertising Company, the first and as yet the only one of its kind in the Philippine Islands.

Mr. Dow is possessed of an abundance of Yankee "push" and "go ahead," and is consequently and meritoriously attaining a most enviable and marked success in his wisely chosen territory far away in the middle of the Pacific.

He was born in St. Paul, Minn., thirty-one years ago, and in the natural order of events learned a trade, incidentally and as it has proved, fortunately, imbibing at the same time a knowledge of the posting and bulletin service from L. N. Scott's work in that city.



JNO. H. DOW.

When our growing troubles with Spain culminated in war, Mr. Dow enlisted his fortunes with the "Boys in Blue," and was sent to Manila in the summer of '98, being discharged from the army in August, '99.

Then his former training stood him in good stead, for, scenting an unmistakable chance for posting work in the unworked territory, he entered into the enterprise with a zeal, realizing his anticipated success.

The business is in the charge of an experienced hand—one William Jndt—and is prospering nicely.

His rates for listed and renewed posting is ten cents per sheet per month; C. O. M. work, five cents per sheet; bulletin service varying according to location.

Mr. Dow is about to make application for membership in the Bill Posters' Association of the United States and Canada.



A HAND PAINTED BOARD IN NEW ZEALAND

ROMANCE OF THE PAINTED LADY,

A Dramatic Sketch For Three People, Dealing With an Occurrence of Christmas Eve.

(Written for "The Billboard" by W. Gault Browne.)

With a slight Preface by the Author and apologies for the pipe.

THE PREFACE.

**W**HILE taking a quiet siesta after hitting a pipe (of tobacco), one afternoon, I dreamed (I believe it is customary to dream after hitting the pipe) a little sketch that I will endeavor, with the assistance of my mental powers, to reproduce in writing. If I have forgotten any portion of it I trust you will lay no blame to the pipe, but take your revenge out of me. And now, as we say on the stage, "Ring up."

THE CAST.

Violet (a simple child of Nature).  
Jack Carleton (an artist).  
Mrs. Montclair (now a widow, formerly a sweetheart of long ago).

THE SCENE.

Interior of Jack Carleton's studio in the Latin Quarter (of New York). Plain 2 door chamber in 4, boxed set, doors R & L 3 E, fireplace with real fire in it L 2 E, mantle with clock and bric-a-brac on same over fireplace, paintings on walls, paintings on easels up C and R & L, some unfinished, table up C containing portfolios and artists' material, table and two chairs R H, lighted lamp turned low on table, couch with sofa pillows L H. Red lights half on, music, "In the Gloaming," at rise. Enter Jack at rise D in R F, overcoat, hat and gloves; removes same and hangs on hall tree up L; comes down, turns up lamp, warms hands at fire L; pause.

Jack—Whew! It's a bitter cold night out; Christmas Eve, too, and the club almost deserted; no pleasure to be found there among that rattle-brained lot of boys, so I've returned home earlier than usual. (Yawns; clock on mantle strikes 10.) Only 10 o'clock, by Jove. (Sits on couch, looks in fire.) Too early to go to bed, and I'm in no humor for reading (throws aside book he has picked up), so I'll sit here by the fire and reflect over my last success. (Lights cigar.) Success, indeed! (Laughs.) As though a poor, struggling artist, could ever hope for such a thing as success! And yet that last landscape of mine did realize me quite a sum—there's no denying that. (Lost in thought; Violet knocks softly at R D; he pays no attention to it; pause; knock repeated; Jack starts up.) What was that—some one at the door? No; impossible at this hour; it must have been the howling of the wind. (Opens R D and looks out. As he does so L D in F is opened softly and Violet enters, attired in night robe, slippers, etc. He turns and sees her.) Well, well—

Violet—Oh! I guess I must have made a mistake! (Edges towards door.)

Jack—Yes, I guess you did, little one. Who are you, anyhow, and where did you come from?

Violet—I'm just Violet, sir. I live in this house somewhere. I thought this was my mamma's room, but I suppose it's further upstairs.

Jack—And what are you doing out of bed at this hour? Don't you know it's very late for little girls to be abroad alone?

Violet—Yes; but I went to look for Santa Claus.

Jack—Oh, you did, eh? But don't you think he could have found you without you going out in the storm to seek him?

Violet—Oh, but it's Christmas Eve, and nothing can hurt little girls on Christmas Eve—not even the storm—and I did want to find Santa Claus so badly; but I couldn't unlock the big door downstairs in the hall.

Jack—Well, I should hope not; but it's not your place to seek him; he'll come tumbling down the chimney to find you.

Violet (wipes away a tear)—No, he won't, either. He won't never come to find me.

Jack (sits on couch, interested)—And why not?

Violet—Santa Claus don't ever go to folks that don't have no money, and no friends, and we have neither, because mamma's out of an engagement, you know.

Jack—No, I didn't know; but, then, your papa—

Violet—Oh, he's in heaven. Oh, when he was alive old Santa Claus used to come to visit us every Christmas. But (sighs) he won't come now; I know he won't. (At fire L warms herself.)

Jack—You mustn't be too sure. Where do you live?

Violet—Right upstairs, over that artist man that paints the pictures.

Jack—Well, I'm the artist man, so you must live right above me on the next floor, so you run along, and I'll see old Santa Claus when he comes and put in a good word for you. Your mamma will certainly think you are lost.

Violet—Oh, no, she won't. Mamma's gone out to the theater to try and get an engagement. She told me not to sit up for her, as it was a long distance away, and she might not get home till midnight. Will you please let me look at all your pictures?

Jack—Why, certainly, if you care to. (Draws aside coverings from easel R, but leaves easel portrait up C covered. Violet admires the pictures R C, then shudders.) You don't like that one, do you?

Violet—No, sir, I don't. Don't you ever paint fairies?

Jack—No, not often.

Violet—Nor angels?  
Jack—No—  
Violet—Or little girls with wings on them, either?

Jack—Oh, sometimes. I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will pose for me some time I will paint a picture of a fairy with wings for you, which you can doubtless sell for a good deal of money. Now, what do you say to that?

Violet—Oh, I wouldn't sell it for the world; but, then, I'll pose for you if my mamma will let me. I posed once for a picture and papa paid the artist ever so much for it when he made it.

Jack—In this case I will pay you.  
Violet—Why don't you ever paint the Virgin and child? When I was ever so little my papa took me to the Louvre in Paris and there was such a beautiful picture like that. My papa said it cost ever so many thousands of dollars. Did you ever see that one, too?

Jack—Oh, yes, I've seen it. So you have been to Paris? Well, you must have been wealthy then, and now so poor! What does your mamma do?

Violet—Oh, folks call her an actress. She plays at the theater sometimes, when she can get an engagement; but, then, she hasn't acted out now for ever so long, and we are so poor. Mamma says we're as poor as church mice.

Jack (laughs)—Well, then, she won't object to your posing for me, will she?

Violet—No, I think not. My mamma used to paint some, too, only not great big pictures like yours, but only little scenes on tiny pieces of glass; min—min—miniatures she calls them. Would you like to see some of the min—min—

Jack—Miniatures?  
Violet—Yes, that's it—miniatures—that she painted.

Jack—Why, yes, some time, I wouldn't mind looking at them.

Violet—Oh, I could go and bring them now. Mamma wouldn't care.

Jack—You'd better not now; she might object.  
Violet—Oh, no, I'm sure she would not. (Exits D in F L.)

Jack—Well, well, here's an adventure for a bachelor—rather an amusing one, too. By Jove! I've a capital idea. (Rises.) I'll just rig up a Christmas tree in miniature out of the old tree I was using for a model—that is, if the janitor hasn't destroyed it. (Gets small tree off R 1 E, arranges it on table R C, removing lamp to mantle.) There! the tree looks the real thing, but where are the presents to come from? And there's the trimmings, too—I have it! (Gets several small wax candles from mantle, trims them on tree and lights them, humming "In the Gloaming.") Those triffles help out amazingly; now for the presents. There's a box of bon-hons I've scarcely tasted. (Hangs them on tree.) And—(feeling in pocket, brings out a locket)—here's the locket I found on the street yesterday. (Cuts ribbon from scarf on mantle, ties it on tree.) We'll tie it with a pink ribbon, so. That's not much of a showing—scarcely enough for a country Sunday school—but what the deuce is a fellow to do on short notice? (Hums air, sits L; enter Violet D F L.)

Violet—Here I am back again, you see. (Holds miniature in hand.)

Jack—Yes, so I see.  
Violet—Did you see anything of old Santa Claus while I was gone?

Jack—Oh, yes, he was here; he jumped down the chimney and frightened the life out of me.

Violet—He did? Where is he now?  
Jack—Oh, he's—he's—gone.

Violet—Gone? (Drops miniatures; Jack points to table on which tree, etc., is arranged.) Oh, how lovely! (Clasps hands.) Did Santa Claus bring that?

Jack—Certainly; how else could it get here? And see what he left for you!

Violet—For me?  
Jack—Yes, for you.

Violet (tries to reach up, but cannot do so)—Oh, my! why didn't I grow taller?  
Jack (lifts her up to tree)—There—(she unties locket, candy, etc.)—you see he didn't forget you, after all.

Violet—Oh, goody, bon-hons! (Sits L by fire; tastes them.) Oh, how nice it is! Won't you have a bite?  
Jack (bites candy)—Thank you.

Violet—Oh, you're welcome. (Eats candy.) Just look at that lovely locket! Did old Santa Claus leave that for me, too?

Jack—Yes, I'm sure he did; and now you must show me your mamma's paintings.

Violet (places miniatures in his hands)—Here are some of them, and the next time you see Santa Claus I want you to thank him ever so much for me.

Jack—I'll not forget it, though it may be a whole year. (Laughs.) These are very nice—very nice, indeed.

Violet (eating candy)—Do you really think so?  
Jack—Certainly I do.

Violet—Do you know, I think it would be ever so nice if you would paint a picture of the Virgin and child, like the one I told you about.

Jack—But suppose I didn't believe in them?  
Violet—Not believe in them? (Eating candy, speaks with mouth full.) But you must believe in them. It's awful easy. Say, don't you ever pray?

Jack (aside)—What an odd question from a child! (Aloud) I'm afraid not, little one.

Violet—You don't? Oh—oh—  
Jack—I suppose you think I'm a dreadful man, don't you?

Violet—No; but, then, I'm very sorry for you, that's all.  
Jack (smiles)—But there, why should we speak of these things? If you were older it would be all right.

Violet—God must be very angry with you. You must do something good and nice to make him glad again; you must paint that picture, just to please God.

Jack—Well, if it would please you, and your little heart is so set upon it, I will, just for your sake. By Jove! here, come to think of it, you'd make a capital boy. I'll use you for a model, and now what will we do for a Mary?

Violet (claps hands in delight)—Oh, I know—mamma!

Jack (sadly)—No, I will need no model for Mary; I have one in my mind's eye—'No fairer face was e'er seen,' and yet if she hadn't disappointed me—well, no matter—

Violet—And could you paint her from memory?  
Jack—Yes; I remember every line of her face, as though it were but yesterday.

Violet—Oh, good! And the picture will make you rich—you shall see.  
Jack—What an old-fashioned little woman you are! I suppose some day you will make some lucky fellow a good wife?

Violet (stops eating suddenly)—Why didn't you ever get married. It's a heap better than living all alone, like you do.

Jack—Little girl, marriage is a question of love, and I love no one but—myself.

Violet—You selfish man! Didn't you ever love any one?  
Jack—Yes, once I loved a woman who—but there, never mind. I can never love another.

Violet—Oh, I know; I can guess. It's the one you are going to paint for Mary, isn't it?  
Jack—Yes, you are right, little one; it is she.

Violet—But why didn't you marry her?  
Jack—Oh, we quarreled about a trifle once on a time long ago, and—

Violet—And you never made it up again? Oh, I wouldn't be like you for all the world.

Jack—We parted in anger; I went abroad. When I returned Nellie was gone, I could never find out where—

Violet—Did you say Nellie?  
Jack—Yes, Nellie—that was her name.

Violet—Nellie! Why, that is my mamma's name.

Jack—And your mamma, is she pretty?  
Violet—Oh, yes; I just think she's the sweetest thing that ever happened; but, then, I dare say you know how it is admiring one's relatives. (Looks about.) I think her that—say, what lots of nice things you've got here. (Up R C, raises cloth from picture on easel and starts back amazed.) Oh—

Jack (starts up)—What is it, little one?  
Violet—Why didn't you tell me you had painted a picture of my mamma?

Jack—Painted a picture of your mamma? Where?  
Violet (points to easel R C)—Why, here!

Jack (turns aside)—My God! Can it be? She said her mamma's name was Nellie, and—

Violet—Oh, you naughty man!  
Jack—Why so?  
Mrs. Montclair (outside)—Violet! Oh, Violet!

Jack (aside)—That voice!  
Violet—There's my mamma now. (Opens D L F.) Here I am, mamma. I want you to come and see my new friend, the artist, and all the goodies that old Santa Claus has brought me.

Mrs. Montclair (enters D L F, starts back)—Jack!

Jack—Nellie! (Embrace C.) We meet at last after all these years, thank heaven!

Violet (comes between them C, looking up at them)—Oh, mamma, you do know him already.

Mrs. Montclair—Yes, dear—  
Violet—Then you are sure enough the Painted Lady?

Jack—Nellie, can you forgive me and forget the past?  
Mrs. Montclair—Yes, Jack, I think I can. (Music, Wedding March, Jack slowly leads her to seat on sofa L, lights gradually low; as he sits music changes to "In the Gloaming." Violet stands behind them, hands raised over them.)

Slow Curtain.

END.

HOW PAT BROKE THE NEWS.



**J**IM Casey and his friend, Pat Kilue, were blasting rock one day.

When a blast went off and blew poor Tim Clear to the Milky Way.

When Tim came down he came so fast He left his soul behind.

An arm and leg was all of him That they could ever find.

The foreman said to Pat: "Go home And see Tim's poor old wife, And gently break the news to her That Tim has lost his life."

So Pat went sadly to Tim's home, And when he saw Tim's wife He cried: "Did Mr. Casey have Insurance on his life?"

"You bet yer life he has!" said she. "Hurrah for that!" yells Pat; "We can't collect your husband, but We'll help ye collect that!"

—Mapley Weak in St. Paul Dispatch.

MY CHRISTMAS BURGLAR.

The Solution of the Mystery of a Boy Who Was a Veritable Fifteen Puzzle.

(Written for "The Billboard" by George Alfred Gohun.)



**T** was one of those hazy, luzzy days so common to early December in southern South Carolina and very similar to the Indian summer of the Central and Northern States. The grass had not yet felt the icy touch of Jack Frost, and the trees were yet as green as in early September. The almost tropical sun shone with just enough radiance to bring about that lazy, tired feeling which is never felt at any time or in any place, save in a semi-tropical climate.

The town was not "right," and only one "joint" was at work that day. The other boys lolled around on the grass on the show lot or played "seven up" in the privilege car, which was slide-tracked not more than a stone's throw from the main entrance to the "big top." The afternoon show was about half over, and a few stragglers who had not either the inclination or the price to attend the big show or "kid" show hung around on the lot waiting for something to turn up. Things had been slow in every stand in the state, and no one around the troupe was rolling in wealth.

"Well, we'll take another whirl at these guys," said Jim, whose "jewelry joint" was the only thing the sheriff would stand for that day. "Hustle up a couple of boosters there, kid, and let's see what we can do."

The "boosters" were secured, and the game was on. If slow, I was one of those who, for want of something better to do, lolled on the grass near where Jim was working in his buggy. A freight train passed, and from between the bumpers of two stock cars I saw a boy alight. How he ever made that leap and escaped with his life is a miracle. Once on his feet, he made straight for the lot. I had risen from my position on the grass to see if the reckless lad had fallen under the wheels, and I was still standing entranced at his courage and escape when he walked up to me. He was not more than nineteen and his clothes, though not old, showed hard usage and good evidence of the way he had been traveling—on the "John O'Brien." He had a good face—in fact, a handsome one—and a pair of big, liquid brown eyes that fairly looked through one.

"Anything doin', Cull?" he asked as he reached the spot where I stood.

"Nothing much," I replied.

"Any chance to butt in as a 'booster' for that 'joint' there?"

His circus dialect startled me somewhat, and I asked: "What do you know about 'boosting'?"

"Oh, I've trooped before," he replied, "and 'boosted,' too. I ain't no slouch."

"Been trooping lately?"

"Naw; it's too slow for me. I've got a better graft 'n dat, but t'ings has been breakin' bad fer me, lately."

"Broke?"

"Worse'n dat."

"How?"

"Hungry. How do you stand at de cook tent?"

"Pretty fair; but you're 'in bud' this time of day. I might fix it for you at supper time."

"Say, Cull, if I wait for supper time I won't need it. I'm dat hungry dat I'm weak. Dat's on de level. I ain't had nuttin' to eat fer two days, an' I can't last dis day out. Dat's why I blowed de 'rat' 't'ee sees a show here, and I says, dat's good fer a meal sure. Don't turn me down, Cull. I see yer pull at de cook house and git me a handout."

In spite of his rough exterior and dialect the boy's face had truth and hunger written all over it, and there was no chance for imposition or deception. I was none too "strong" at the cook tent myself, but I did "jolly" the cook into staking my young friend to some cold beef and potatoes left over from dinner, and a cup of coffee. I left the boy to enjoy his meal and went around to the front of the big top, thinking no more about it. Probably half an hour had elapsed when my new friend hove in sight, and I said:

"Well, how about you, now?"

"Say, Cull, he replied, "Dat wuzn't de best meal I ever had by a h— I uv a lot, but I reached de spot all right. An' now dat you've paid me in advance, I'm ready to work out me grub. What kin I do around here to square meself?"

"You say you're a good 'booster'?"

"Don't ask me; try me."

I took him at his word and "put him in to boost" for the jewelry "joint" to see what he did know. I soon learned that he had been there before. He not only got in and out at the right time, but he actually boosted "suckers" with his "con" talk. He was too good to let go, and I kept him at work until "Mr. Slough" came along.

"How um 1?" asked the boy when the crowd had disbursed.

"Great," I replied. "Don't you want to stiek? I guess I can land you as a 'razor hack' or 'prop,' and you can make some thing on the outside."

"Naw, t'anks; not fer me. Dis game is too slow fer de kid. I'm on me way now 't' land a good 'ting, an' if it comes off I'll have all kinds o' coin."

"You'd better stiek," I persisted.

"You don't know me, er you wouldn't say so. I ain't no cheap grafter, Cull. When I work I git de long coin. I ain't always fixed like dis, but mebbe I'll see

you ain't some time, and if I do I won't forget dat you staked me to a 'square' when I needed it bad."

"Oh, that's all right, and if you won't stay here's 'half a case' for you. You earned it."

"Thanks, Cull. I wouldn't cop dis from you if I knowed where I'm goin' to chew again, but I don't. Say, ain't been troopin' long, hev you?"

"No, not very. Why?"

"I ought so. You're too lib'ral fer a wise boy."

"Why do you say that? You earned the money, and it doesn't come out of my pocket, so why shouldn't I pay you?"

"Say, I s'pose you never heard o' 'short-lin' a guy, did you?"

"Oh, yes, I've heard of it and have seen it done. Why?"

"Well, you had all de license in de world t' tip me short. Dat's why I knowed you wuzn't an old-timer. But I like you all de better fer dat, Cull, and I'll git even some time—see if I don't. Say, what might your name be, if I ain't gittin' personal?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Well, I t'ought melbe I'd like t' write you a letter some day."

"All right, my boy, you're welcome to my name if it will do you any good," and I gave it to him.

"How do you spell dat last mouler?"

I spelled it for him, and as I did so he pulled out a cheap memorandum book, is sued by a well-known patent medicine firm, and made a note of it. Placing the book and pencil back in his inside coat pocket, he asked:

"Gidu' to stiek wid dis rag?"

"No, I'm thinking of going home soon."

"Where's dat?"

"Inclinat'."

"I've been t'rough dere once er twist, but I never stopped off. Dere's a guy dere as don't like me."

"Who is it? Maybe I know him. I used to be a reporter there, and I know almost every person of consequence in de city."

"Newspaper guy, eh?"

"Yep."

"Well, w'at t'ell 'r you doin' 'round a cheap trick like dis?"

"Oh, just got de fever and joined out."

"Ever work on de Inquire?"

"Oh, yes—several years. But who is your enemy in Cincinnati?"

"I can't say dat he is me enemy, 'cause I never seen him, but I know he don't like me."

"Never saw him, but you know he don't like you? How do you know, then?"

"Oh, I know all right."

"Well, who is it? Maybe I know him."

"I guess you do if you worked on de Inquire."

"Well, tell me his name."

"Deltseh."

"The Chief of Police? Why, de colonel don't dislike anybody. He's one of de finest old gentlemen in de world. You are mistaken about him being your enemy. You must have done something to him. What was it?"

"I didn't do nuttin' to him, but he don't like me, jst de same."

"Tell me about it. I know de colonel well, and maybe I can 'square' it for you."

"Tain't nuttin' dat needs squarin', an' if I did, you an' de whole Inquire couldn't square dat 'mark.' I don't know Mr. Deltseh, and, w'at's more, I don't want t' know him. I guess he's all right, if you say so, but dat's fer newspaper guys. None o' him fer me!"

The only tangle theory of de boy's dislike for Col. Deltseh that I could evolve was that perhaps de veteran thief-catcher had been instrumental in "panting away" one of de boys' friends or relatives—his brother or father, perhaps. However, de "kid" refused to answer any more questions, and he even seemed to lose interest in me and my affairs though he continued to assure me of his gratitude for what I had done for him and he hoped a time would come when he could give me a more substantial token of his appreciation of de kindness I had done him. He was certainly a bright youth; bright and intelligent far beyond his years. Despite his rough language and apparent illiteracy, he was anything but a "dummy," and notwithstanding his tender years, worldliness was written in every motion of his body and spoken in every word he uttered. It was evident that this mere boy had seen a great deal of life, and no doubt more of de shady than of de sunny side of it. Yet, through it all he had kept inviolate that greatest, rarest and most priceless of all virtues—gratitude. Apparently he was too frank to be other than honest, too grateful and sincere to be a hypocrite, and yet there was something mysterious about him—a something undefinable, yet winsome; attractive, yet negative that made one feel uncomfortable, yet interested in his presence. That he was nobody's fool was evident from his knowledge of de world and de things in it; that his delivity to a friend was without limit, and without price, was indicated in his big hazel eyes, where loyalty, fidelity, courage and affection were stamped as plainly as was determination and pugnacity on his almost square lower jaw. Here was a boy who fascinated rather than interested one, and yet de closest analysis failed to bring out de reason therefor; except it be his gratitude and his great brown liquid eyes which fairly spoke de words their owner thought. He was a puzzle every way one took him. There was nothing of de animal or criminal about him save his broad, square lower jaw, which seemed to round off into a well-shaped curve, with one look into those great soulful brown eyes. A slight change in de pitch of de voice and a suspicion of curve to his lower jaw was all that was necessary to stamp him as effeminate. Yet he was so manly and world-wise withal

that he seemed in short a paradox in de flesh.

"Wan't you tell me your name?" I asked in an effort to draw him out.

"Dat wouldn't do you no good. Jst call me 'Kid.'"

"But I told you my name, and all about myself and it's only fair play to tell me yours."

"Dat's so, Cull, but it wouldn't do you no good fer me t' tell you me moniker, for I wouldn't tip you de right one, nohow. Jst call me 'Kid.'"

"But you say you might write to me some time; suppose I should want to answer your letter, how should I address you?"

"Oh, you wan't want to answer, and besides, I wouldn't be dere when it came; so w'at de use?"

"You're not ashamed of your own name, are you?"

"No; tain't dat, but somebody else might be, if dey knowed I thiped it off."

He was incorrigible, so I took another tack.

"If you'll stiek around till supper time I'll fix it for you in de cook tent," I suggested.

"Well, dat depends on how soon de next 'rattler' comes t'rough dis man's town. De lugagement is pressin', an' I'm off on de next west-bound express, freight od' erwise. Here she comes now," he added, looking to de East. "Well, so long, Cull; good luck t' you. You're a d—d decent feller, and I hope t' see you under oder circumstances. So long."

And away he went across de lot. It was a through freight that passed, and I looked for de boy's life to be crushed out under de wheels as he grabbed a handle-bar and swung himself up until his feet landed safely on de frail iron support which serves brakemen on freight trains as a step. But his agility was not confined to getting off trains, for he bounded de moving car without a slip, and as he clung between de bumpers he waved his hand to me and was gone.

The incident was quite forgotten when three weeks later I left de show to go home for my Christmas dinner. I stopped over in Atlanta to pay my respects to a distant relative—a mining engineer—who at dat time was opening up some gold property in White County, Ga. He was up at de mines when I called at his office, but he was expected to return dat day or de next, and as I had plenty of time to reach home for Christmas, I decided to wait over and see him. The morning after my arrival in Atlanta I was standing in front of de Markham House smoking and wondering what I should do to kill time, for I was a perfect stranger in de Gate City, and time hung heavily. I was probably indulging in day dreams when a familiar voice said:

"Stake me to a light, Cull, will you?"

I replied: "Certainly." In an absent-minded way, at de same time offering a match to de person. I had not even looked at him, but even in my abstractedness there was something familiar about de voice, but I was too engrossed with my own speculations to allow it to divert de thread of my thoughts. My mental preoccupation was evidently noticed, for catching my sleeve and tugging at it de owner of de voice said:

"Don't you know me, Cull?"

I looked around then and saw a familiar face but I could not place it. It seemed as if I had seen it before, but so long ago that I could not recall de circumstance.

"Yes, I do," I replied, "but I can't place you exactly. Who are you?"

"W'y, I'm de 'Kid' w'at you staked to a 'square' in 'Sout' Ca'lina'."

Then it all came back to me and I knew why I had failed to recognize my grateful "booster." The "Kid" was all "tugged up" in new clothes, his face fairly shone with cleanliness and he looked de picture of prosperity. At de second glance, however, I wondered that I had not recognized those big brown eyes which now seemed brighter than ever.

"Why, 'Kid,' I said, "I'm glad to see you. Evidently your good thing went through, for you look like a bank President."

"Do I?"

"You do that. You have been working. I should judge."

"Well, not much; jst triffin' a little."

"Well, how about dat good job you expected to get? Have you landed yet?"

"No, not yet. But I tink it'll be ripe in a few hours."

"I hope it will, for your sake. But, tell me about yourself. What have you been doing since I saw you?"

"Oh, I jst been feelin' me way along till I got here a couple o' days ago. But, w'at 're dese here, Cull?"

"I'm on my way home."

"Chelpnati, eh?"

"Yep."

"W'en you goin'?"

"I can't say exactly; tonight, perhaps; maybe not until to-morrow."

"Wait till to-morrow, Cull, an' I'll go wid you."

I smiled and inquired: "Do you think dat snufflet inducement fer me to wait ower?"

"Well, melbe not, but I wish you'd wait an' go to-morrow."

"Well, if you give me a good reason, perhaps I will. Why do you want me to wait until to-morrow?"

"I ain't fixed jst right, Cull, an' I want t' give you a Christmas present, t' remember me by, an' I won't have de coin till to-morrow."

"That is certainly an inducement, and it is more than kind of you to offer it, but I couldn't think of accepting it. Things haven't been breaking well for you lately, you know, and I've no doubt you need all you'll have to-morrow and next day, too."

"Now, Cull, listen. Don't git me wrong. I told you I'd git even wid you some day, and to-morrow's day, I'll have more coin t'morrow dan Vanderbilt ever seen, an' I want t' make good. But it tain't dat, exactly; it'd be a big favor t' me if you wait till to-morrow, an' let me ride t' Cincinnati wid you. I can't tell you w'y jst now, but it'd be an awful big favor, Cull. Do it, won't you?"

"But I thought you intended to remain here to take dat good job you are after?"

"I don't have t' wait here fer dat."

"Now?"

"How is dat?"

"Well, you see, de man I'm t' do de work fer lives here, but I don't have t' stay here long after I call on him."

"Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do," I replied. "I waited over here to see a friend who is out of town, but he is expected back today. I'll wait to see him anyhow, but I shall leave in de morning. Now, if you say you'll be on hand for de early train to Chattanooga you may ride over with me if dat will please you. But it must be de morning train, mind you; no later."

"Thanks, Cull, I'll be on hand widout fail. Is dis your hotel?"

Being told dat it was, he continued:

"I'll be here at 7 o'clock; melbe before dat. Oh, I'll be early enough, all right."

"Very well, then it's agreed."

"W'en'll you be all day, Cull?"

"Oh, I don't know; perhaps around de hotel, unless my friend should get in town. In dat event I shall be with him. Why?"

"Oh, nuttin', on'y I t'ought if you wuzn't busy I'd see you ag'in before night."

"That is not probable, for I expect my friend at any time, and now before you go, will you have a drink?"

"Now, t'anks, Cull; I'm not drinkin'."

"That's right; keep it up."

"Oh, I drink, all right, but I'm on de water wagon to-day. I don't want de smell o' liquor on me b'reat' when I see de man I'm t' do de work fer, dat's all."

"All right, then, I'll see you in de morning."

"So long, Cull," and my little friend for whom I had conceived an unaccountable fondness and friendship, strutted on down de street, leaving me to indulge in another guessing contest. It was not long until I was called to de telephone with de information dat my relative had arrived, and dat he would call at de hotel for me in a few moments. The luncheon and drive around de city, de talk over "de folks" and a thousand other things soon drove away all recollections of de "Kid." Then, after a dinner and de theater in de evening I was not conscious dat he existed, and I retired dat night to sleep and not to dream.

Some time during de night or early morning I was awakened by a perfect fusillade of shots. I was too sleepy and indifferent to attempt to count them, but in my semi-dazed condition, it seemed dat they would never end. I was both too sleepy and too indifferent to what occurred in a strange city to spoil a good sleep, so I turned over and snuk back into slumber as though nothing had happened. When de hall boy called me next morning I was up at once and prepared for breakfast. At de dining room door I bought a copy of de Atlanta Constitution intending to read it at my leisure on de train, but a double-headed, double-legged article on de first page of de paper told me dat it was something big, and my newspaper instinct made me fold de paper conveniently and read it. I gave my order for breakfast, and then proceeded to read. I was an account of a burglary dat had taken place early dat morning, just a block from de hotel. The victim was a thiner, whose residence adjoined his place of business. A narrow passageway separated de two houses, but there were doors exact'y opposite each other leading from dis passageway, both into de tin shop on one side and de lower floor of de residence it was a cottage) on de other. Both doors opened toward de inside. The burglars evidently knew dis, for they had tied a clothes' line across de entryway from one door-knob to de other, not only making a barrier to de passageway in case of intruders, but also rendering de door of de residence impossible of opening. The burglars had attacked a safe, which was in a room immediately in de rear of de tin shop proper, with nitro-glycerine, and nitroly wrecked it. The safe contained between \$7,000 and \$8,000 in currency, silver and gold—the lifetime savings of de tin merchant. He feared de stability of banks and kept his savings in his own safe—a very respectable affair, too, which would have resisted a small charge of de fearful explosive, but de burglars evidently understood deir business, as well as de worth of de prize, for not only was de outer door of de cafe torn from its fastenings, but de interior strong box was wrecked as well. The noise of de explosion had awakened de thiner, who, divining what had happened, grabbed his revolver and ran to de door leading to de entrance way. Finding this barred he went to de front door and discovered de "look-out" just as he was giving de danger signal to his partner inside. The thiner fired and de burglar returned it. The street duel attracted de police, who arrived on de scene in time to see a man crawl over a rear fence. They gave chase across an empty lot in de rear, and fired when the fugitive refused to halt. One of de bullets took effect, for de burglar sank to de ground and submitted to arrest. With him was found de entire money contents of de safe. In de chase after de wounded burglar de other one had escaped, and de thiner could give no description of him dat would aid de police in effecting his capture. It was, de Constitution said, de most daring burglary dat had ever taken place in Atlanta, and de police were congratulating themselves dat they had at

least captured one of de burglars with de booty in his possession. The newspaper article was a masterpiece of repertorial description and detail, accompanied by chalk-plate cuts of de captured burglar, de wrecked safe and de premises where de burglary occurred, as well as portraits of de thiner and de officers who effected de capture. I was so interested dat I was oblivious of time and all things, until de waiter attracted my attention with:

"Scuse me, boss, kin I bring you some hot coffee?"

Then I came back to earth, looked at my watch and realized dat I had only 15 minutes until train time. However, de depot was only across de street, so I gulped down my breakfast, hurried to de office to settle my bill and reached de train only a moment too soon.

It was not until de train reached Marietta dat I remembered de "Kid," and wondered what caused him to miss de train. However, it was of no consequence to me, so I dismissed de matter from my mind. Several days after my arrival in Cincinnati I dropped into de Enquirer office to renew my acquaintance and shake hands with old friends and companions. While I was chatting with de boys one of dem said:

"By de way, dere's a letter here fer you. It came day before yesterday."

I took it from de mail box from among a lot of other letters. It was written in pencil in a strange and scrawling hand, and was postmarked Gainesville, Ga., Dec. 24, 10 a. m. I opened de envelope and dis is what it said:

"Oh, dat dam peter was at rite las nite but my pal got shot in de getaway an de lam was so hot I cooden mete you, mery erasmus. KID."

OUT OF THE LIGHT.

A Christmas Story of Life in New York — A Love That Was Lost.

(Written for "Billboard" by Chas. H. Day.)



ll Fanny?"

"Why, William?"

"I am so glad to see you, Fanny," said de youth. "I have looked everywhere to find you ever since I came to New York."

Somehow de girl did not appear to be overjoyed to meet de young man. She was surprised, but not glad. As de miss, in de to him, unobserved confusion, did not reply, he reaffirmed:

"Indeed, Fanny, I am glad to see you."

Feeling de necessity of saying something de girl-woman remarked:

"It is sometime since we met."

"Seems like an age," interposed William, himself a bit disconcerted, feeling dat he was treading on delicate ground.

"I suppose dat they are talking horridly about me in dat old jail place?" said de pert miss, blushing a bit.

"Their talk never influenced me," replied de youth. "I, for one, never doubted you."

There was a perceptible quaver in his voice as he said it, but every word of it was spoken from de heart.

The girl regarded de pavement and stammered.

"How kind of you."

As de pair who had so abruptly come in contact talked, de rays of de electric light illumined deir faces. William saw before him a fashionably attired girl or young woman, equipped with a sort of dash or style which she had acquired since her coming into de vortex of de whirl of a great city. Fanny saw de same William of deir country town improved in appearance by de city tailor and de associates with whom he came in contact in his everyday walk of life.

As they talked de girl—but just a girl—seemed ill at ease and cast furtive glances about her as if guarding against some approaching danger.

William told Fanny something of himself; how he had come to de great city all on her account; dat he had always believed in her, still believed in her.

She pretended not to comprehend and observed:

"I thank you for your good wishes."

"Fanny," said de youth, lowering his voice and speaking in a tone dat was fairly pathetic, "dere's more than good wishes in my heart for you."

"Don't talk dat way to me!" she commanded.

"But I must," expostulated William. "You went away from de old place before I could tell it to you there. I followed you to New York—"

"More's de pity!" came from Fanny's lips, in a strange way.

"I didn't care what people said of you. You were so good and so pretty and I defended you. Yes, I thrashed a fellow who spoke slightly of you—"

"Like a brave Knight," said de girl, with a forced laugh.

"I could have killed him for you!" exclaimed de youth, fiercely.

"How foolish," said de young woman, coldly placing a restraining hand on his arm. "I'm not worth it!"

William stepped back and regarded Fanny with surprise and quite dazed. She could not meet his honest gaze, for her eyes fell as she repeated unmeaningly:

"I'm not worth it!"

"Oh, Fanny!" came in a gasp of pain from de young man's lips. "Oh, Fanny!"

It was a cry of agony dat startled de girl and she made haste to say soothingly:

"I suppose you have done well, William, since you came to the city?"

"I have done well," was the proud response; "done well for your sake, trusting and hoping that I could find you and tell you that which I have but just said. All my efforts have been for your sake."

As she spoke he extended his hands, but she pretended not to see them. The silence was becoming awkward; people were coming and going with city indifference, and lack of inquisitiveness. The woman was alert, but ill at ease. Hardly knowing what he said or why he said it he crossed the delicate ground and asked a fatal question:

"Fanny, how have you done since you came here?"

A frightened look came into her eyes, as she grasped him by the coat sleeve and gasped in a whisper:

"Here comes a policeman. Step out of the light into the shadow!"

LEARNING THE BUSINESS.

Being the Story of An Ambitious Reporter Who Would a Trooper Be.

[Written for "The Billboard" by George Alfred Cohen.]

"I was certainly old enough to know better when I fell a victim to the wiles of the insidious disease, but, unfortunately, sawdust fever is no respecter of either age or weight, size, color, sex or creed. I had been a fairly well behaved, self-respecting, modest reporter on a big Cincinnati daily up to the time I was inveigled by one "Gil" Robinson into visiting "The Ten Big Shows" as his guest on my vacation there to study human nature, as it can only be studied in the atmosphere of a circus.

Only two weeks of association with the cook tent, the "kid show," "the lucky boys" and the "tenth," as the "Governor" calls them was necessary to inoculate me with the germ of the awful disease. I made a game fight against it, but before I had seen "Gil" lead the train the fifth night I realized that my doom was sealed, and that some day in some manner which was not clear to me then, I must be a "trooper." I was like the "guy" that is "represented" at the die case. I knew I was up against it, but I couldn't resist the temptation to take another shy at the game. Barring the ban which the "Governor" placed on the "tenth" for John and me, I practically owned the show, and I soon learned the true sport of "entertaining the newspaper guys" on the lot, while the "lucky boys" attended to their own honest little game in the "kid show." Before my vacation had expired I had received a pressing invitation from the "Governor" himself to "visit the show again next summer." Of course, I went, and my temperature went higher from the awful fever that was fastening its deadly fangs in my hitherto immaculate and supersensitive system. After the second visit to the show I fully realized my helplessness and fate. I knew then that I was a made-to-order showman, and I was quite ready to mortgage my interest in the hoped for hereafter if necessary for funds to become the sole owner, proprietor, lessee and manager of a whitetop layout. A more than cordial invitation to "come again next summer" was probably all too readily accepted, but fate was more kind (or cruel) than had been anticipated, for she "horned in" in a manner that brought my circus talent into the market and made the accompanying story possible. And so one day in March, when my oculist informed me that I must not read or write for a year I knew that my time had come to be a circus man, for I knew nothing but newspaper work, and had to make a living, so circus life seemed to be the only legitimate and logical berth into which I could fall. Timidly I confided my ideas to the man who was not only my physician, but my friend.

"Do it by all means," he said. "Your eyes are not bad, and I do not wish to scare you, but if you continue to read and write at night for another year, I shall not be responsible for the consequences. A life outdoors for a year or two will be the making of you, and restore your overtaxed eyes to their normal condition. You can't do better than go with a circus."

That settled it. It so happened that Fisher & Alken (hallowed be their names) were just then organizing their great allied aggregation (of air bubbles) and since I knew them both it was only natural that I should become their "press agent." Only those of my friends who enjoy my most sacred secrets know how rapidly I learned the business under the able tutelage of my illustrious preceptors; how, in 60 days, I had descended from press agent and assistant treasurer to bass drummer in the band of three pieces; how I learned to lie to railroad agents and editors, and to promise them grosses of fancy playing cards which I never for a moment intended to or was even able to make good. Even my best friends do not know how I soaked my stud, rlag and cuff buttons in Chicago to help pay the transportation from Waukegan, Ill., to the first stand in Wisconsin, to say nothing of the "blow off" at Baraboo, where I became manager of a benefit for the performers who were broke and hungry. (Beach & Bowers please write), and my ride back to Chicago in the caboose of a through stock ear, thanks to the "pull" of a brother newspaper man in Baraboo with the conductor of the train. It was not until then that I realized and understood the real significance and import of "Cal" Towers' "spiel" before the Robinson "kid show," when he said:

"Well, good people, it's a short life and a merry one. We're here to-day and some

place else to-morrow. Here, gathered together under this canopy of canvas are the wonders and curiosities of the world, brought here from the four quarters of the globe for your amusement and education. The tall people, the small people, the fat people, the lean people, they're all here to-day. Just as you see them represented on the banners, that's how they appear upon the inside. It's a museum of curiosities, a school of instruction. It's up one aisle and down the other; from stage to stage, from cage to cage, a continual round of pleasure, etc." As I say, I never understood the importance of that "spiel," music as it was to me, when I used to visit the "10 big shows" until the "blow off" with the Fisher & Alken show came at Baraboo. I had long since ceased to either ask for or expect a salary, for after the second week out the matter of salary was a standing joke for everybody. To even hope for such a thing after the fourth week meant "a flash at the red lights." I had learned how to lay out the lot, "fix the Mayor for a cut in the license fee, and loading the train became only an evening's diversion. I was on the verge of even becoming an "actor," made a stub at it, but for the "don't" of Charlie Murray, who was the clown, and who "doubted" in the band, playing to my bass drum, and did a black face in the "concert." In addition to driving stakes, acting as chandeller man and props, selling concert tickets and occasionally driving the band wagon, and a few other pleasant things. I have often wondered how Murray had the moral courage to follow

me? No? Then you do not know; you can not appreciate the desperate chances an otherwise honest man will take when he goes broke there. Yes, I know that it is the home of the Ringling Bros., but they don't spend much time there themselves, which may account for it. When I think of some of the desperate things I have done in my young life I can justify all but one act of mine on the grounds of self-defense or justifiable contingency, but there is one thing that still brings the blush of shame to my well-weathered cheek, when I think of it, and to this day I can not recall a single offense, not one shade of insult or humiliation, offered me by the citizens of Baraboo which by any stretch of imagination or conscience can be twisted into a justification of my conduct in taking the money from those people in Baraboo for that benefit. And what a truly kind and patient people they must have been not to resent the unpardonable insult that we offered to their intelligence. I have just been glad to appreciate what a game man I am, when I think of how calmly I went in the box office that night and robbed those inoffensive people of their money under their very noses. Why, the nerve required to "film" or "slide" or "telegraph a guy" on the lot pales into insignificance, when compared with that required to steal money from people who are trying to "hand it to you." And then, as if to see how far I could go and get away with it, I was told how necessary it would be after the "show" (God save the mark) was over to face them again and thank them for their "patronage



THE BILLBOARD GIRL.

Oh, charming girl! too bad, it seems in those great eyes no love-light gleams; That perfect form, no grace impels; No living tide, that bosom swells; No hidden pearls, no honeyed store, Those lips are envied guardians o'er.

But none the less, I must admit, Of feelings that true art acquit; In other words, you are indeed Precisely what your "sire" decreed— A dream to whet the appetite, To see the waking thing to-night.

the show business, and how he ever developed into the clever comedian that he is after his experience with the Fisher & Alken nightmare, for Pat Kane, his partner then (it was before the days of Ollie Mack), weakened at Chillicothe, and left Murray to do single stunts the remainder of the "season." You bet it was "a short life and a merry one" for everybody around that troupe, and by the time Baraboo was reached I had seen so many canvassmen, ror-backs and performers showa "the red lights" that it was a question of who would be next, and when some one put a plaster on the show and a chain on the sleeping-car axle at Baraboo I concluded, with several others, that I had had about all the show business I wanted for one season, so we "blowed the show."

And that benefit! It is still a wonder to me how the Ringling boys stand so well there, after encouraging us to give it, for they were there at the "blow off," and abetted the crime we committed on their fellow-citizens, and tax-payers by buying tickets for the "benefit" and "fixing" the opera house manager to let us have the place free. And I sincerely hope that the good Lord, to say nothing of the people of Baraboo, have forgiven Beach & Bowers for the despicable part they took in the outrage that we committed on a patient and peaceable people, for Beach & Bowers were only rehearsing at the time, and had no kick coming on the people of Baraboo.

Were you ever forced by circumstances or otherwise, dear reader, to go to Baraboo? No? Then you do not know; you can not appreciate the desperate chances an otherwise honest man will take when he goes broke there. Yes, I know that it is the home of the Ringling Bros., but they don't spend much time there themselves, which may account for it. When I think of some of the desperate things I have done in my young life I can justify all but one act of mine on the grounds of self-defense or justifiable contingency, but there is one thing that still brings the blush of shame to my well-weathered cheek, when I think of it, and to this day I can not recall a single offense, not one shade of insult or humiliation, offered me by the citizens of Baraboo which by any stretch of imagination or conscience can be twisted into a justification of my conduct in taking the money from those people in Baraboo for that benefit. And what a truly kind and patient people they must have been not to resent the unpardonable insult that we offered to their intelligence. I have just been glad to appreciate what a game man I am, when I think of how calmly I went in the box office that night and robbed those inoffensive people of their money under their very noses. Why, the nerve required to "film" or "slide" or "telegraph a guy" on the lot pales into insignificance, when compared with that required to steal money from people who are trying to "hand it to you." And then, as if to see how far I could go and get away with it, I was told how necessary it would be after the "show" (God save the mark) was over to face them again and thank them for their "patronage

tubs of suds with the spoils of the hold up. There I met one of Baraboo's leading citizens—a Mr. Ohlsen, I think his name was, and I was informed that he was somehow engaged in the lumber business. During our conversation regarding the rob-beg pardon—benefit, I presumed to inquire of Mr. Ohlsen if he was present at the Opera house. He said: "Yass; Ay 'tunk so."

"What did you think of it?" I dared to inquire.

"Ay 'tunk yoe fallers bane purty soon in yall; dat's yoe Ay 'tunk."

Some of the other citizens expressed similar opinions, and taking it for granted that they were "on the level," I "ducked" on the through stock "rattler," which stopped at Baraboo for water.

It would be cruel to expect me to reveal the delights of my trip to Chicago in the caboose; to tell of the tissue paper sandwiches we ate and the dish water coffee we drank, to say nothing of the delightful fumes of home-cured navy the cow punchers smoked. But God is certainly good to the Irish, for the cow punchers started a seven-up game somewhere near Jamesville, and one "gent" seemed to be "in bad." He asked me (which was equivalent to a command to play his hand and I did. It would not be fair to expect me to tell how I felt when I sat down. I knew how to count the four points of the game, and that was about all, but luck was with me again, for I not only got away with the bluff, but had won \$22 at \$1 a crack by the time we reached the Chicago stock yards, and my friend from the West cut the winnings in half with me, and when I boarded it car to ride uptown I should have refused an introduction to Phil Armour with so much coin to the good.

I reached Cincinnati determined not to do it again, but before I could get to any one of the newspaper offices to pray for forgiveness and ask for a job, I met "Nobby" Clark, who was a fixture with the Chas. Bartine aggregation. Nobby had come to Cincinnati to land a bunch of "actors," and undoubtedly the show needed a press agent, he said. I pleaded not guilty, but Nobby said it would never do to "come to a weak end" at that stage of the game, and he convinced me, though against my will, that it was my duty to myself, my friends and the "profession" to accompany him to the Bartine show at Warrensburg, Ill. Of course I did my duty, I didn't know until I reached Warrensburg that the Bartine aggregation was a wagon show, and I did not learn until the next day how much more rapidly the pace was than that which I had been accustomed to travel with the Fisher & Alken troupe. I learned, however, that the press agent also made the uptown announcements, as well as that on the lot, to say nothing of announcing "feature" acts in the big top and the concert. Between times he sold tickets for the kid show. Now, my speech in the Baraboo Opera House was my maiden effort on the platform, but again I was game and made good, with the uptown announcement. And then, when it came to opening the kid show, how I thought of "Cal" Towers and his wonderful spiel, and how I thanked my stars that I had stood on the lot for hours with the Robinson show, drinking in his talk. Maybe it didn't all come back to me, and maybe I didn't use it word for word until I got blue in the face! When it was over I heard Bartine say to Clark:

"Why, Nobby, that guy's no sucker; he's a peach. Where did you ever dig him up?" "Shatt!" was all Nobby replied, and my chest went out. "This is sure salary," I said to myself. "He can't live without me." But Bartine had me on a star number. I kept on being represented until the show reached Middletown, O., when the old desire to see the lights on Vine street came back, and I let out a yell for color. I got a three spot and went to Cincinnati, but I did not know for a long time why my former friends got busy when I have in sight. Years after, a friend confided to me that I was the most disreputable looking tramp it had ever been his misfortune to meet, and I guess he told the truth. However, I went back to the show at Lebanon, and was rapidly winning laurels, if not medals, as an orator when the show crossed the river to Huntington, W. Va. Then there was trouble. The advance brigade had refused to go beyond Huntington unless they were paid. The show was on the bum, and the lucky boys had done no business in either Indiana or Ohio, and "Cash" was a mighty scarce article around the trick just then. Finally Tom Fanning, Nobby Clark, old Ben Benoit, Bob Terry and the others clubbed in sufficient to pay the bill posters ahead, but the advance man would have no more of it and quit right there.

"Tell with him," said Clarke; "we've got a cracker-jack agent right here to go on ahead."

"Who's that?" asked Bartine. Why, nobody but your truly, of course. Now, I knew as much about routing or billing a circus as a negro preacher knows about Hebrew theology, but I was elected "it," and another "Con" from Nobby convinced me that I was really a genius, and that I had all along been underestimating my ability. So it was settled that I was to route and bill the show from Huntington, W. Va., to Winston Salem, N. C., where we were to rise to the dignity of a car show.

I darted ahead with three bill posters, and about enough stock paper to wad a shotgun, but I didn't know any better, so it didn't matter. It is no more than charity to allow me to pass hurriedly over the events that marked by education as an advance agent and bill poster, so say nothing of the way Bartine tore his hair at the eighteen and twenty mile jumps I gave him over those awful mountain roads and in towns where a circus had never been since the "Ten Big Shows" was a caravan. It



was at Buffalo Gap, W. Va., that I learned my first lesson in bill posting. Two of my three men had gone to wait for the show, and demand their money, and only "Big" Henry and I were left to route the show, do the contracting and bill the towns, and if we earned no medals at it, it was because we knew no better, for Henry was not such a much as a bill poster himself, and I was the worst ever. But the paper, such as it was, went up, and the lucky boys told me at Winston that the show got the money, but if it did Henry and I never saw the color of it. Finally Henry mutinied at Winston, where we became a train show, and I began to look around for a way to get some money with which to get home. Jim Sturges was my salvation, for he gave me the option of handling the boosters for his jewelry job, and I grabbed at it. But I was a frost from the start. At Highpoint, N. C., the first stand out of Winston, a "dinge booster" screwed with \$8, and it broke my heart. I was ready for a "Hey, kube," if necessary, to get that money back, but "Sturges" gave me the office to let it go at that. It was not the only experience of the kind I had before the fish came. I was doing fairly well, however, until Tom Fanning braced me for privilege money.

"What for?" I asked.  
 "For sleeping in the ear," he replied.  
 "Not for me," I answered. "I'm still press agent and drawing salary from the show, only I don't know it. If you don't think so, ask Bartine."

I was in hopes Bartine would say "No," so I could demand what was coming to me, but he didn't. He decided that as I had never been discharged I was still press agent, though I was doing everything but that. Nevertheless, Mr. Fanning and I did not transact any financial business. Sturge was "on the level" with me, and paid my salary with commendable regularity, and I was beginning to feel that maybe circus life wasn't so bad, after all, if a fellow was in right. About that time we struck Henderson. The boys didn't work that day, but Kirby and One-eyed Charlie Henderson drove out to Decatur, a suburban town, to look at the growing crops. I was standing in front of the hotel when Kirby came down the street. He handed me three dollars, saying: "Take this up to that livery stable you see there and pay for the rig I had. Take a receipt for the money."

I did as I was told, but the proprietor of the stable was not in, and I waited. He came finally, and I told him my business.

"Where's the rig?" he asked.

"Why, it's here, I suppose."

"No, it isn't, and I don't take that money until it's brought back."

"Well," said I, "that is news to me. I'll go down to the hotel and see the gentleman about it."

"No, ye won't, neither," said a voice in the doorway, and I looked up and saw a husky policeman coming in.

"Yewuns'll go to leekup with me, thet's whar yewuns'll go, by hunky."

I thought that the boys had framed up a job on me, and I took it good naturedly until we reached the station house and the operation of "frisking" me began. I had been a police reporter long enough to realize then that it was "on the level."

"Come down hyar a steallin' of hosses, will yew?" asked the policeman as he began to search me.

"Doing what?"

"A steallin' of hosses, ding yew. D'ye know whar weuns dew tew hoss thievers down hyar?"

Now, I had heard of the kind of hospitality that is dealt out to horse thieves in the South, but I couldn't understand how I could be suspected of such a thing even, taking into consideration my conduct in Baraboo, which was bad enough; but horse-stealing—never! Besides I had not seen the blamed horse, and didn't even know that Kirby had hired it. I certainly did not know that I could be mistaken for One-eyed Charley Henderson, for, while I was 24, slightly built and perfectly smooth face, he was 50 years old, of a day; weighed over 200 pounds and more, a full beard mixed with gray, to say nothing of having one "bum lamp," while both of mine were working. Notwithstanding, I learned later that I had just been identified for Henderson. I had just said to the officer:

"Are you kidding me?"

"There wasn't no kids about it, ding ye. Mought be lucky fur yewuns if t'was. It's a horse and buggy yewuns tuk, and its dinged beky fur yewuns that weuns got yewuns fast, er, by gum, yewuns hed a-been a stretchin' uv hemp by this time."

"Why, officer," I persuaded, "there is some mistake here. I have not seen a horse and buggy to day, except on the show lot, and I certainly never touched one. I was on the show lot all day, and no doubt hundreds of people will identify me as having made the opening announcement outside and the concert announcement inside the tent. You certainly have the wrong man."

"Hev, eh?"

Just then the man whom I recognized as the stable proprietor came in.

"Sam's this th' feller as hired yewun's rig?" asked the officer.

"Thet's him, sure's blazes, durn his buttons! What'd yewuns do with it, confound ye? Sold it, I reckon?"

"My friend," I replied, "you are mistaken. I hired no rig from you, and I never saw you until I went to your stable to pay you the money."

"Didn't, hey? Well, we'll see about that in cote, by cracky!"

There was no further use for argument; in fact, I was given no more chance to argue, for I was locked up.

In about an hour a great big fellow with a jolly, good-natured face came in to see me. He was a newspaper man, he said, and the Henderson correspondent of the Cincinnati paper upon which I had been a reporter for years. He told me his name was

Price, and I told him my name and asked him to verify my statement that I had hired no rig that day. I showed him cards and letters which fully established my identity, and he said:

"Why, old man, I saw you myself on the show lot all afternoon."  
 How I did thank that fellow when he said: "Why, I'll go and tell the chief so. There's a mistake here, some place."

Price was as good as his word, but it wouldn't go. The livery stable keeper insisted that I had hired the rig and not returned it, and that settled things. I asked Price to notify some one around the show, so that I would at least be given my liberty on bill.

"Why, everybody around the show has been breaking his legs to get you out," he said, "but cash ball don't go. Nothing but a real estate bond will do." Then it was that it dawned on me that circus life was not what I thought it. Pretty soon the chief of police came in to interview me. He was a kindly-faced old gentleman, but his long years in police business had hardened him. I told him who and what I was, showed him my letters and proved to him to my own satisfaction at least that I was innocent.

"I'll admit you don't look like a boss thief," he said, "and maybe you're telling the truth; but I'll tell you one thing, young fellow, if you are innocent, you're in d-d suspicious company." And that was all the consolation I received from him.

I could not if I would describe the horrors of that—my first and only—experience

noon, only a week later, I was lying in my berth in the car. I was not well and had gone to the car to lie down. Two stapping big fellows entered the car, and one said:

"Ye yewuns one o' them show fellers?"

"Yes, I have that honor," I replied.

"Well, I reckon yewuns'll dew. Git up."

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?"

"Yewuns kin git up and go with weuns to see the Mayor, and be d-d quick about it."

I wondered if I had stolen another horse, but I didn't ask. I knew I would be enlightened soon enough. I arose and dressed and led the way out of the car.

"Don't yewuns try t' skip, or weuns'll blow yewuns' d-d head off," said one.

"Never fear, gentlemen, I'll not try to escape, but might I ask what you want of me?"

"Yewuns'll find thet out soon 'nough," the spokesman replied.

"Thank you, gentlemen," I ventured, and the march into the presence of the august Mayor began.

On the way uptown we met "Nobby," who seemed to be on speaking terms with my captors, for he called them aside, and they actually left me unguarded. I could not hear what Nobby said, but the marshal, for such it proved to be, replied:

"Can't help thet. Weuns wuz sent t' git somebody with this show, and weuns got 'im, by ginger! Yewuns'll hev t' see the Mayor."

"All right," said Nobby, "I'll go with you," and the walk to the Mayor's office was resumed. On the way I presumed to say: "What's all this about, Nobby?"

"Nix crackin'" was all the satisfaction I

Once outside, I said: "Nobby, will you tell me what this is all about?"

"Certainly," he replied. "Some sucker complained that his pocket was picked of \$25, and the Mayor sent the marshal out to arrest some one with the show. They happened to see you first, that's all."

"So I'm a pickpocket now, am I?"

"No, not at all; don't mind that. They would have 'pinched' anybody else, only they found you first."

"Well, if I didn't do it, why did you give up that coin?"

"You were fined \$25 and I paid it, that's all."

"Fined \$25!—when, where?"

"By the Mayor."

"Do you mean to say that was a trial?"

"He said so."

"And I am on record here as being fined \$25 for picklup pockets?"

"Not at all. There isn't any record, and there won't be. You needn't fear for your reputation. That old skintint has got that money deposited in bank in his own name by this time. Don't mind it, my boy. It's an old story around a circus. The Mayor happened to need the money, and some sucker complained of having been robbed. He sent out his marshal to pinch anybody connected with the show, knowing that whatever fine he assessed would be paid without question. It's a little way they have of shaking down circus guys, so don't mind it."

"Nobby," I said, "I appreciated what you have done for me to help me realize my ambition to become a circus man; but I'm afraid the pace is too rapid for me. I'm ambitious, as you know, and I hope I'm a bit versatile; but, Nobby, I'm going too fast, and I know it. I can't last the distance. I feel myself pulling up lame right now, and I haven't gone to the three-quarter pole yet. I've learned a lot about the circus business in nine months, Nobby, and I hope you won't think I'm egotistical when I say that I'm somewhat proud of my achievements in that short time. It is not every young man who in nine months can become successfully, if not successfully, a press agent, boss canvasser, bass drummer, theatrical manager, gambler, advance agent, side show blower, bill poster and handler of 'boosters.' You'll pardon me, Nobby, if I'm a little proud of my record in the show business, and I'm even willing to count as an asset my very questionable conduct as a theatrical manager in Baraboo; but I'm learning too fast, Nobby; I'm going beyond my gait for a two-year-old on his first try out. I might get away with my other accomplishments, but these last two embarrass my modest opinion of myself. It is too much to expect a young man of my years to absorb and retain all the knowledge that I have drank in as a trooper. I wanted to learn it all, I admit, but I confess I find it too many for me. The press agent, bill posting, advance agent business and all that is all right, maybe, but to add to all these accomplishments that of horse stealing and pocket pickling, and all in nine months, is too much for me. I am sure these Southern gentlemen have an exalted idea of my cranial capacity, and I must pass it up. I want to go back where the people know I am not as smart as these people think I am. I don't want to sail under false colors and beside, and I think I have learned enough about show business to hold me for a while. So, with your permission, Nobby, and that of His Honor, the Mayor, I'll duck back to old Cincinnati, and if I live to see the lights burn on Vine street again I promise I'll never go out as a trooper again."

And I never have.

A HISTORY

Has This Elephant—Posed As the Sacred White One.

Forepaugh and Sells Brothers have an elephant with a most remarkable past. He is known as Othello, and is one of the eight pachyderms which have become famous as a result of their quadrille-dancing specialty. Othello's companions in the terpsichorean performance are Julius Caesar, Richard III., Hamlet, Cleopatra, Rosalind, Ophelia and Desdemona.

Othello posed a few years ago as the "Sacred Siamese White Elephant." In opposition to Barnum's snowy pachyderm. A bitter circus war was waged between the Forepaugh and Barnum Shows, each company spending thousands of dollars to disprove the claims of the other of possessing "the only sacred white elephant." Othello was then known as the "Light of Asia," and each morning was taken from his luxurious private stall in the railway car, looking exceptionally grand in his dress of white calcimine and glue. He really played the part well, and was attended by a coterie of Siamese priests and bejeweled attendants.

At the close of that season, the white elephant had being played out, it became necessary to dispose of the white elephantine delities. It was given out shortly after the Forepaugh Show went into winter quarters that the "Light of Asia" had quietly "faded away" one Sunday night. Knowing ones, however, assert that the sacred beast was given the name of John L. Sullivan and was taught to do a boxing act. Instead of dying, the elephant experienced a cessation of "dyeing." In his new role he was a great success, giving a splendid exhibition of the many art. In another year or two, however, he became too big and strong for a human antagonist to cope with. He was then made a member of the quadrille-dancing contingent and given the name of Othello. He is now twenty-six years of age, and is the best-advertised elephant in the world. The Barnum and Bailey white elephant was burned to death in the Bridgeport fire of 1887.



THE VAUDEVILLE QUEEN.

Her turn was done, the laggard shouts.  
 And clapping fainter grew,  
 As all serene behind the scenes,  
 She dreamed of conquests new.

'Tis Christmas Eve. "Ah, me!" she sighed,  
 How many hearts to-night  
 Are hung'ring for the vanished joys,  
 Whose home is lost to sight?"

The curtain falls, the lights go out,  
 The mimic reign is o'er,

And erstwhile queen of vaudeville  
 Is Pretty Plain once more.

Oh, no, not yet! I quite forgot,  
 All hearts are not of flint;  
 For lo! before the greenroom door,  
 She spies a "human hint!"

"Aw, homeless death—yeah pahdon, please,  
 I'm sure you'll not ignoah  
 This gift, though mean, from one who's  
 In debt for such befoah!"

In a cell and the awful night I spent, But old Dame Fortune had not turned her back on me entirely, for shortly after daylight the officer who had arrested me came around, opened the door and said: "I reckon yewuns better git outen hyar quick ez you kin, and don't come 'round hyar no moah."

"Not if I can help it," I replied; "but you found that I told you the truth, did you?"

"Don't believe yew did, but weuns can't prove it on yewuns, thet's all."

When I got uptown I learned the whole story. Charley Henderson had hired the rig, and he and Kirby went driving. When they returned Kirby gave a negro boy ten cents to drive the buggy to the stable, and he took it to the wrong place. The livery stable keeper kept the rig all right so as to charge his rival salvage, and early in the morning he telephoned his rival to come and get his rig.

There was just one thing in the sequel to my first arrest that hurt my self-pride, and that was to be mistaken for Charley Henderson. It was tough enough to be locked in that awful cell all night, but the other was worse—at least, it hurt more; but I learned a good lesson on the value of identification by "suckers."

I guess I must have looked like the only good thing around the show, for one after

received, and I closed up like a clam. We found the Mayor's office in a general store, of which His Honor was proprietor as well as chief magistrate of the corporation. He was a tall, cadaverous-looking wretch—half starved and sour on the world, evidently. He was sawing off a hunk of side-meat for a nigger when we entered.

"Hyar be yewun's pris'ner, Mayor," said the marshal.

"Ugh!" was the answer, without even a glance at me.

"Howdye, Mayor," ventured Nobby.

"Ugh!" was the reply.

When His Honor had finished waiting on his customer he glanced at the marshal, scowled at me and looked inquiringly at Nobby, who said:

"Like to see you privately Mayor."

"Ugh!" and both walked toward the further corner of the store. I could not hear what was said, but I saw Nobby take out a roll of bills and count out five of them, which he handed to the Mayor. The latter granted his customary "Ugh!" walked behind the counter, put the money in his cash drawer and nodded with a scowl to the marshal.

"Pris'ner, yewuns is discharged," said the latter, and with a "Come along" Nobby took my arm and we walked out.

## OLDEST SHOWMAN

Is Judge H. P. Ingalls, Who Is Still Alive, and a Resident of Bellefontaine, Ohio.



**B**ELLEFONTAINE, O., Dec. 1.—Judge H. P. Ingalls, the oldest living showman, the boon companion of Barnum, Van Amberg, Forepaugh, Pastor and Robinson, the man who reaped fame and fortune with the Siamese Twins, he who gained and then lost half a dozen fortunes, and, best of all, could beat Dan Rice at a game of checkers, is now living in seclusion in the little village of Hantsville. He has long since retired from the circus business; but the scent of the sawdust and gasolene torches still has a fascination for this veteran showman. He is like the old war horse who, though now unfitted for action, still wishes and longs for the halcyon days.

Judge Ingalls, with his handsome wife and four children, now conducts the one hotel at Hantsville. On the porch of the little hostelry Judge Ingalls talked entertainingly regarding his career in the circus realm.

"I supposed the 'boys' had almost forgotten the old Judge," said the veteran, and he smiled, perhaps somewhat pathetically. "I was born," continued the Judge, "on the 15th of March, 1823, near Morriam, N. H. I was a farmer boy, and from the earliest remembrance the life of the showman appealed to me. In the year 1850, when I was about 24 years of age, I went to New York City. Times were tough for me then, and it was very difficult for me to make both ends meet. However, after earnest effort, I secured a position as a street car conductor. But the free life of the circus man seemed to be calling and calling, and one day I responded. I joined old Frank Carnegy's Hippodrome, and got my first taste of open-air life. After a year or two with this aggregation I joined the Welsh & Lent's Circus, and I remained with this attraction for three years. I had during this period raked and scraped together a little capital. Then I started in the show business for myself.

"It was in 1854," he continued, reflectively, "when I took charge of the old Philadelphia Museum in Philadelphia. Here it was that I became acquainted with Avery Smith, Old Man Quick, Dick Sands, Dan Rice and others of the old-timers. I guess that Tony Pastor and myself are the only ones who now remember these noted old showmen.

"Shortly before I came into possession of the Philadelphia Museum, a Captain Coffin, owner of a trading ship, arrived in this country with the since world-renowned Siamese Twins. He had secured them by some trivial contract with the King of Siam. The twins were then 18 years of age. A man named Zimmerman attempted to exhibit them, but the venture was not financially successful. I then secured the Siamese Twins, and showed them first of all, with great success, in my Philadelphia Museum. It was at this time that I became so well acquainted with P. T. Barnum. Barnum had heard, it seems, of my initial successes with the twins, and one day approached me for an interest in them. The bargain we struck has never been made public before. It was as follows: I gave Barnum a fourth interest in my Siamese Twins for his long experience in the museum business and the exchange of certain curiosities. We then toured the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and exhibited to mammoth crowds. Then we went to England. At the Crystal Palace, in London, on a Good Friday, we cleared \$3,700; 55,000 English people saw the Siamese Twins on that day. Barnum and I showed for three years. But at 21 the Siamese Twins went into business for themselves. They quickly made a fortune and settled in Kentucky, investing the money they had made in the slave traffic. They lost their fortune during the war, and afterward exhibited themselves over the United States again. The Siamese Twins died in Surry County, North Carolina, in the seventies.

"While Barnum and I were together I found him full of personal magnetism. He was a strictly temperate man, and when inviting us down to his country house in Connecticut he would say: 'Boys, come down and see me Sunday, but if you want to have anything to drink, you'll have to bring it with you.' When Barnum and I left for England he said to me on the wharf: 'Ingalls, I believe you are a temperate man, but if you drink in England be very careful. They got me drunk over there once, and I'll never hear the last of it.' P. T. Barnum was a wonderful business man. He was the only person I ever saw who could talk business and write letters at one and the same time.

"I'll never forget," continued Judge Ingalls, "my first meeting with Dan Rice, the clown. It was while I was running the Philadelphia Museum. I had gained a local reputation as a checker-player. One afternoon a stranger walked into my establishment and, approaching me, said: 'Is this H. P. Ingalls?' 'I replied that it was.

"'Well,' said the man, 'my name is Dan Rice, and I'm told that you're something of a checker player. I'm going to play one game with you and see if it's true.' 'I acquiesced, and the game was immediately played. Dan Rice was really and truly defeated. After that I was his friend, and many a game of checkers did we play together. Dan Rice was known at that time to every lad in the United States. He had a way of collecting the children and

taking them into the show free of charge. He traveled for me for some time, and repeated this trick at every stand. Stories have been told since Rice's death of his continued drinking. Rice, when I knew him, did not drink a drop. After the show he would line the boys up to the bar, but always took a drink of water for himself.

"After I severed my connection with Barnum I toured England with Captain Bites and wife, the Nova Scotia giants. While in England this couple were married. The ceremony was performed in Martin Church, Trafalgar Square, and I had the honor of giving the bride away. The great Trafalgar Square was packed with people, all eager to obtain a glimpse of these tall people, and the ambulances were unable to get through the immense crowd of curious people.

"Mille Christine, the two-headed girl of North Carolina, was taken by me to England in 1871. She I consider the greatest living curiosity.

"I must tell you where I first met old John Robinson. Avery Smith and he were stopping at the old Revere House, in Philadelphia, where I was to meet them on business. I had never seen John Robinson, but knew Avery Smith well. The two, it appears, had attended the theater in the evening, and I had arrived at the hotel just after Robinson had retired. Smith and I were sitting in the office chatting, when a man dashed into the apartment, drenched with sweat. He was gesticulating wildly, and rushed up to Smith with the exclamation: 'Ave, I've had my pockets picked. I just knew that fellow in the crowd was too close to me.'

"'Well,' said Smith, 'forget it. Just let me make you acquainted with Mr. Ingalls.' 'I suppose I'll have to,' responded Robinson, philosophically, as he shook hands. 'But there was \$1,000 in that pocket-book.'

"That was the first time I ever met the great John Robinson.

"Adam Forepaugh and I were great friends," continued the Judge. "He used to be a horse trader in Philadelphia, and that was how he came into the show business. Old Dan Timms wished to start a circus, and wanted horses. He went to Forepaugh, who secured the animals for a half interest, and he stayed in the profession ever afterward. Forepaugh was a stern and taciturn man, not at all popular with his help. Perhaps you don't know that I, too, had the first museum with the first circus ever taken on the road by Forepaugh himself.

"Tony Pastor and John Nathans are good friends of mine. Pastor and I have traveled many a mile together. Several years ago, while I was in Bellefontaine on business, Pastor, who was passing through there with his opera troupe, spied me at the depot. He knew me instantly, although 30 years had passed since I had left him. He sprang from his car and grasped me by the shoulders.

"'Why,' said he, 'it's Ingalls.' 'Pastor stayed with me that afternoon, and we had a great time exchanging old stories.

"While in Bellefontaine he was shown an old show print, announcing, in grandiose terms, one of our attractions of 30 years ago. The bill was in a collection belonging to the veteran John B. Miller, a noted showman in his time, but long since deceased.

"I have been connected with many amusement enterprises in my time. There was Hiram Franklin, who was the first man to turn a double somersault. The World Sisters also deserve a mention. They were first with our Welsh & Lent's Show, and afterward became renowned in theatrical circles.

"In the seventies I became superintendent of the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens. Julius Hexter was then the president. During my regime many wild animals were added to the collection. I can also say that while I was the superintendent of the Zoological Gardens the enterprise more than paid expenses.

"In 1873 I retired from the show business and settled in this village."

## BIG SHANG.

An Old-Time Trouper Tells a Few Inside Secrets of the Circus Business.



**P**ROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 1.—Among the men that the new Providence and Dan- ton Railroad has found in its picturesque journey across the sparsely settled northwestern part of the state is Big Shang Bailey. In his day Big Shang was more widely known than any other Rhode Islander now living; but the world forgot quickly, and, though Shang has been the landlord for the last three or four years of a famous old tavern in Johnston, a quarter of a mile from the Selatone line, still it was not until the electric lines began running through his back yard that this forgetful world recalled the once familiar figure.

Now that the wild and dangerous years of the old man's stormy life are over, there is a charming fitness in the peace and quiet of his last days.

Every afternoon, when his nap is finished, he sits on the piazza, his clay pipe never far from his mouth, and a yard full of chickens about him. Then is the time to get him to tell some of his adventures, whaling, fighting in the Army of the Potomac, or in the navy under Admiral Farragut, cheering up the boys in Libby Prison, or "showin' the country with Barnum."

"Guess I always was raisin' the devil," Big Shang explained in a sort of preface

which he accompanied with enough match scratching to light his pipe. "I began when I was thirteen years old—ran away from home to go a-whaling. Four of us boys from Burrillville went to New Bedford to ship on a whaler.

"When I was discharged from the navy to New Orleans, went up the Mississippi to Cairo, Ill., and then up the Ohio to Louisville on the way home. There I hit a circus and hired out with Hill Lake's show. They were showing Louisville at the time, and I worked as a canvasser. Being a sailor, I got a good position as assistant.

"I thought that I was capable of being a boss canvasser, if I could only get the training, and that place is worth \$75 a month. So that winter I put an ad. in the New York Clipper, stating that I had worked at the show business for a number of years, when I had only been in it a number of months, and applying for a place as boss canvasser. I got a letter from Dan Rice, of Glard, Pennsylvania. He said he wanted a man, but he wanted references.

"So I took a chance, and gave as references two or three of the leading shows that I had only heard about and hadn't ever seen. I tell you, check's the only thing in this world. I wasn't nothing out, if I did lose the place, and I couldn't get it without the references, and so I got 'em.

"I got a letter from Rice a fortnight on the spot. Now, I didn't know any more about laying out the ground and putting up the big show tents than a carpenter who has only worked a day knows about building a house. But I took on with me an old circus man, who knew all about it, but was such a drunkard he couldn't hold any job over night. And he showed me all about the work and I kept him supplied with rum after working hours.

"That's how I got to be boss canvasser at \$75 a month and expenses.

"In '69 I went with Barnum as assistant boss canvasser under Joseph Baker for \$100 a month.

"Winters I used to rig up as a giant and show to the Bowery at \$20 a week. That was better than carrying the hod. Then I was 6 feet 8½ inches tall, and as Shang had just left the country after exhibiting in a museum in New York only, I thought I would fake up as the Chinese giant. Of course he was a foot taller than me, but I knew my job. I daubed my face with butter-tinted juice you can get at any drugstore, grew a goatee that was just as good as Shang's, hitched on a pigtail, stuck on a high cap that made me look six inches taller and then got into some wooden slippers that stole another six inches from the crowds that came to see me. Why, damme, my heel wasn't on the ground at all. I was standing on tiptoe all the time. I didn't move around much, though, like the ballet dancers. My dress hid the top of the shoe, so that I was all right. I was proud of my fake, and nobody but the people that were on ever doubted I wasn't Shang, the Chinese giant.

"One day, Hutchinson, manager for Barnum's side shows, came into the Bowery museum where I was, and says:

"'By God, Bailey, I want you next summer, you're as good as old Shang.'

"So the next summer I started in as Shang at \$60 a week and picture money, and that went up as high as \$75 and never lower than \$25. You see, the papers had advertised Shang until the whole country wanted to see him, and then he had gone off, showing Europe before visiting any place but New York.

"Oh, I was worth thousands to Barnum! I went all over the West and parts of the East, but I never came to Providence, because somebody might get on to me.

"Well, the side show business ain't all that might be desired, but there's the money. Nearly everybody is straight, but the Christian ladies. They're all fakes, and have their hair bleached with stale beer. The tattooed man is real enough, and it's rather interesting studying his pictures. I never cared much for the fat lady or the human skeleton.

"No, I didn't have much trouble with the people who asked questions about China. You see, I was only eight years old when I left China to be educated in South America or Australia or any other place that came into my head, and how could I be expected to be up on all that was going on in my country? I spoke English without any foreign accent, and that was worth a lot. It showed how smart I was.

"You understand, I was descended from the Emperor of China, and I couldn't leave the country without his special permission. The announcer told the people this and a lot of other things about me that I have forgotten now.

"Ginks used to bother me more than anyone else. Some of these washer fellows would come in and try to talk to me about home and mother. I suppose. Then I would put my hand up to my ears and squeal, trying to let them know I was deaf and dumb. I wasn't so hard on the women. I'd let them ask questions until I was out of lies, and then I'd shake 'em. It's easy enough. In a museum you are five feet from the ground, and you can freeze off anybody when you want to."

An elephant catcher seems to be needed in India on the railroad between Bengal and Assam. As the superintendent of the line was making an inspection trip over it on the night of July 17 last, while passing through the great Nambur forest, the train came to a stop with a lot that threw the travelers out of their berths. It had run into a herd of wild elephants which were trotting down the track, the hindmost of which had both hind legs broken and was thrown into the ditch, while the engine man counted seven others which got away. This was not the first time that wild elephants had got on the track, and ordinary fences and cattle-guards are no protection.

## HIS OWN LIFE

Offered Up For Those of His Horses—A Page in the Life of a Circus Proprietor.

(Written for "The Billboard.")



**A**RECENT notice in "The Billboard" of the death of Mr. Cook, Sr., of circus fame in England, took me back to my boyhood days and recalled to my mind the fearful night when Mr. Cook's circus had gone into winter quarters at Portsmouth, England. It occupied a large wooden structure, and was doing a large, steady business. Then along came Mander's Menagerie, who pitched their tent in the same town, and both concerns being the largest of the kind then in the country, the rivalry between them to catch the crowd was great. But Cook had the lead, and held his own, and Manders played to empty benches, or seats. The struggle between the two shows lasted for several weeks, but was ended by a fire. Cook had been playing "Dick Turpin" as a drawing card during that week, and "Mazepa" the week previous, and the prominent features in the two pieces were the beautiful horses, "Black Bess" and "Snow Drop." On the night of the fire, the audience had dispersed, the members of the troupe had gone home and everything appeared to be as usual, but suddenly, in the small hours of the morning, the fire alarm was sounded and everybody rushed to the scene of the conflagration. I followed the crowd, guided by the reflection of fire in the sky, and when I arrived at the corner of the street near the fire, was stopped by a cordon of soldiers, who had been detailed to see that to hold back the crowd and give the firemen a clear space in which to work. The drags were there, and was working towards the circus stables at the rear. I had not been there long before Mr. Cook came struggling through the crowd and was allowed to pass the cordon. He rushed for the building, but was prevented from entering by the police. He struggled with them to get away, and finally succeeded. He then called on volunteers to help him get out the horses and other animals. A number of sailors volunteered, and away they went with a cheer, and in a moment they had disappeared in the fire and smoke. The crowd waited breathlessly for them to reappear. They came back soon, choked and blinded with smoke, but only one succeeded in bringing out anything. It was a small monkey, and the sailor in handling it had been bitten badly by the terrified animal. But where was Cook? Had he come out with the rest? No one had seen him since he entered the building. He must still be in the building. It did not take long for the brave sailor boys to decide what to do.

"Jacks to the rescue," was yelled by the sailors, and away went a dozen of them, through the fire, smoke and water. In they went to a veritable hell of fire, back again into that scorching eddies from which only a moment ago they had been driven, choked almost to suffocation. The crowd stood silent, watching with fear the roof that had been burned through and seemed ready to fall at the next moment. They listened for some sound that would tell them that the sailors were still unhurt. Minute after minute the multitude outside listened breathlessly. Not a soul moved. Everyone seemed paralyzed with fear for the safety of the brave sailor boys. Suddenly from among the crowd in the front there arose the cry: "There they are. There they are."

As soon as they entered the burning building they went in pairs in different directions, stumbling over burning seats and flooring until they struck the ring of smoldering sawdust. Across this they groped their way to the dressing rooms in the rear, which were all burned through and in ruins. Through these they made their way to the stables, which were burning fiercely, and there they saw through the smoke the form of a man lying between two horses that had been burned to a crisp. It was Cook, who had fallen down to die with his favorite horses. When first seen with any distinctness, they found him lying on the ground with his arms around the neck of "Black Bess," his face buried in her mane. Tears were running down his face, and he was sobbing as if his heart would break. When he was made aware of the presence of the sailors, and realized their intention of taking him out, he begged and cried to be allowed to die with his pets, begging his rescuers to save themselves if there was time. When they asked him to go with them, or let them carry him, he absolutely refused to stir, and stubbornly fought them, when they, realizing there was not a moment to waste in persuading, seized him bodily and went back again over that fiery ring, with flame and smoke encircling them in every direction. They carried him, struggling and shrieking, to the street and open air.

It was a long, long time before Cook recovered from his sickness, and it was many years before he fully regained his footing in the circus profession again. But he was a man, an Englishman, a gentleman, a man whom everyone in and outside of the profession loved for his kindness and gentleness, and at the same time a man with the dogged determination to overcome all obstacles that came in the way of his success, and his record in the circus business is one that any man might be proud of.

GEO. B. NICHOLS.

Nunda, Ill., Dec. 1, 1901.

"I DON'T WANT TO PLAY IN YOUR YARD"

Was the Song Which Won For an American Girl a Life Engagement in Italy.

OF ALL the hopeful American girls in Milan who had reached the close of their term of preparation for the operatic stage...

Most of the girls studied with old San Donato, a wily, snuff-taking master of music, who, it can not be denied, knew much about training the human voice.

Near the studio, its broad porte-cochere opening on the sidewalk of Via Brera, stood the palace of the duke of Lednoll—a stately pile, gray with its centuries of age.

It was on one of these evenings at the palace that Bettina met the impresario who gave her her first engagement.

"What?" San Donato swung around on the stool and stared at her in amazement.

"You sang like an angel of heaven," Prince Francesco whispered, as he took her into the supper of colored sweets that the Italians love so dearly.

"It pleased me as well," she said, and he felt that her meaning was free of self-conceit.

They met the next afternoon in the Victor Emmanuel Arcade, where he had waited two hours for her to pass.

"Will you come into our garden?" he asked. Through the arch of the portico she could see the wealth of greenery.

"Come, I will show you some flowers," she said by side they walked through the grounds, under canopies of gorgeous magnolias, beside fragrant oleanders and

sparkling fountains and urns of blossoming glory. "Beautiful, beautiful!" was all she could say.

"Yes," he said, passionately, "but not so beautiful as you are to me. Bettina, I love you. Some day this yard will be mine. Will you come and play in it?"

For a moment they regarded one another silently, he holding her hand, and then both gave way to joyous mirth.

JENNY LIND'S YOUTH.

The Swedish Nightingale's Struggle from Obscurity to Fame.



JENNY LIND was baptized as Johanna Lindborg, says a Stockholm letter in the Chicago Record.

Her annual pension from the British Government is £50,000 (about \$250,000). He belongs to several fashionable clubs, and for two years was honorary aide-de-camp to Lieutenant-General Ross.

A Mr. Lindhahl, who holds a position in the Royal Library at Philadelphia, has an interesting collection of letters and documents relating to the early life of Jenny Lind.

One of them, written at the age of eleven, is extremely interesting, for it reveals the poverty of her family and her thoughtfulness in saving expenses for her mother.

There are people still living in Stockholm who knew her intimately, although the greater part of her life was spent in London.

When she was ten years old she was apprenticed to the singing master of the Royal Opera in Stockholm, with a number of other girls of her age who had fine voices.

THE LIMIT REACHED.

Mr. Clarence Lucas, now resident in London, is said to be the first Canadian writer of orchestral compositions to receive a public hearing.

Like the majority of composers, Mr. Lucas prizes quiet as above all price, and he holds the street piano to be an enemy of inspiration.

Feeling that the street piano had provoked the assault, Mr. Lucas went to a neighboring magistrate and explained what he had done.

ROYAL COMPOSER.

An Indian Prince Is To Offer His Own Composition For Presentation in London.



PRINCE Dupleep Singh, by right of succession entitled to the throne of the Maharajah Runjeet Singh, is a song composer of more than ordinary merit.

The Prince, who leads the life of an English country gentleman at Beckwold Hall, Norfolk, and who is captain in a volunteer regiment, was educated at Eton and Cambridge.

His annual pension from the British Government is £50,000 (about \$250,000). He belongs to several fashionable clubs, and for two years was honorary aide-de-camp to Lieutenant-General Ross.

Prince Dupleep Singh, frank and democratic in manner, is a musical enthusiast, and travels up to London for every concert of importance.

HIS ENGAGEMENT.

What Caused the Comptroller of the Treasury to Eat a Cold Lunch and Dismiss Callers.



FEW weeks ago a gentleman called at the office of Mr. Charles G. Dawes, Comptroller of the Currency, at Washington.

"Francis, tell those people that I will be with them in a few moments."

The caller's affairs were easily disposed of, and Mr. Dawes, grasping his hat, hastened out of the office.

"Get in line there, you fellows!" said the big Treasury official. "Hurry up, or we'll be late!"

"Oh, you must have a name," said the Comptroller, "let's see; I guess we'll call you 'Honorable Ethan Allen White.'"

"What is your name?" asked the Comptroller the first time this little fellow halled him with the Washington newsboy's cry.

"First rate, boss," grinned the darky—and the imposing title sticks to him.

It was a merry party that went out to the show that afternoon. When Mr. Dawes went up to the ticket window some one

whispered to the ticket seller that this was a prominent Government official to whom it would be well to show attention.

A REAL KNOCKER.

The Georgia "Cracker" As an Axe Artist, After Being Turned Down For a Pass.

(Written for "The Billboard.")



R. J. A. COBURN, of Barlow Bros., Minstrels, tells a new one on himself. It happened in Georgia, and the second part in the dialogue was a dream.

"No, sir." "Yeon fellers got a good band, all right. Liked yer music to-day. Yeon kin play that cornet some, tew, can't ye?"

"Yes, sir. I don't reckon there's a planer in the county I haven't tuned for the last ten years. Heow's yer show—good?"

"Well, I am sorry I can not offer you a pass, my friend. I simply work here for the owners."

"What for?" "Well, we're musicians, and I keep this eperny planer tuned always."

"You don't make any rate for musicians, then?" "No, sir."

"Well, I don't care much fer yer show, anyway; don't s'pose it amounts to much."

"GIRLS" OF THE STAGE.

The Musical-Comedys Successes Built Around the Females.



THE music composers and play builders seem to find their inspiration in female. If one is to judge by the number of recent musical effusions which have "Grls," or the suggestion of one used in the title.

It is a curious fact that grand operas written in America have either never seen the light on the stage, or, if produced, have had brief and inglorious careers.

### HIGH PRICE

**Paid by Australian Creditors of a Tenor for the Pleasure of Hearing Him Sing**

A single second-class berth and passage from Melbourne or Sydney to San Francisco costs about \$200, and as in the alternative there are no railway ties to walk between these ports, Australia is a good country for American theatrical managers of a speculative character to keep 12,000 miles away from.

Australians are, however, not uncharitable towards the stranded manager, as witness the following nuthentic tale:

"An Italian operatic manager and slager of some note, after playing through a season of drought that seemed to produce nothing but snowed playhouses from Brisbane to Ballarat, returned disconsolate to his home, in Melbourne, where most of his creditors also resided.

"His liabilities were fairly heavy; his three largest creditors claiming between them over £7,000 (\$35,000) for money loaned him without security.

"Immediately after Mr. Impresario returned home he caused each of his three largest creditors to receive a mailed notice to attend a private meeting of creditors, convened for 3 o'clock the following day, at the offices of his lawyer. Each of these creditors had some knowledge of their debtor's insolvent position, and, antipathizing that their debtor desired to make some private compensation arrangement they each turned up at the meeting.

"The debtor, however, had no cash composition or secured promissory notes to offer in liquidation of his debts, and apparently had only instructed his lawyer to call the meeting under the belief that that course was the proper thing for him to do, in order to give an account of his stewardship.

"The creditors believing they knew the causes of their debtor's insolvency better than the debtor himself, did not want to listen to any lengthy explanations, but pressed the debtor for some offer or proposal that might meet their favorable acceptance.

"The debtor under their repeated pressure for something equivalent to so many cents to each dollar he owed responded by pleading he no longer had any money nor any friends to help him, and the only thing he could offer that day was to sing them a song.

"The unique proposal to creditors created a heavy outburst of laughter, and one of the three creditors, really an old friend of the debtor's, in a jocund mood submitted a resolution to the other creditors then assembled, that a song be accepted in full discharge of their joint and several claims, and this resolution was carried unanimously.

"Mr. Impresario thereupon complacently rose from his seat, and, in a silvery tenor voice sang Balfe's well-known solo, "Then You'll Remember Me."

"Australians when they read newspaper cablegrams recording the large amount of salary or remuneration paid their Mrs. Armstrong nee Nellie Mitchell, otherwise known as Melba, for a single performance or concert in New York, snap their fingers and exclaim: "Pooh! We still have a live tenor who not so long ago cleared 35,000 of those American dollars for simply singing one song here in Melbourne."

### SOUND WAVES

**Prevent Flies From Bothering Musicians While They Are Playing.**

"While listening to an open-air concert last summer," said a young man, "I was greatly annoyed by the flies, which were so persistent that I could hardly drive them away. I wondered how the musicians, with both hands busy playing, stood them, and I drew near the shell in which they sat to see. To my surprise, I found that there was not a fly in the shell, and then, to my greater surprise, I discovered why this was. The sound waves of the music, rolling with tremendous volume from the shell, kept out the flies. The insects could not fly against the waves, though they tried hard. Hundreds of them were struggling frantically to reach the shell, but they might as well have tried to fly against a tornado as against those sound waves. Thus protected, enclosed by a magic curtain made of their own music, the musicians played Wagner, unannoyed by the sticky and pestering flies."

### A RECLUSE

**Is Rafael Joseffy, the Renowned Pianist.**

Rafael Joseffy, the world-renowned pianist, has of late years become a confirmed recluse, seldom leaving his home, above Tarrytown, N. Y., for any length of time. It is almost impossible to get Joseffy to play in public, and he refused positively all offers to make a town of the country, no matter how tempting. The reason for this is that for days and sometimes weeks before a concert he is seized with such fits of nervousness that rather than go through this period of anxiety he altogether refrains from playing in public.

Among songs that have produced the greatest amount of money is Sullivan's world-famous "Lost Chord." This song was substantially composed (under said conditions) in less than an hour, and for that hour's work the composer received in royalties quite \$50,000—probably the largest sum any man has ever earned in an hour by his brain.

### FOR YOUNG MUSICIANS.

**Camilla Urso on the Ways and Means of Violin Playing.**

"I am often asked," said Camilla Urso, the noted violinist, "why there are so many girls who undertake to play such a difficult instrument as the violin, and why so few achieve the desired result, while most of them play wretchedly out of tune and produce a raspy, harsh tone. There are several reasons.

"Firstly, the lack of proper and conscientious teaching; secondly, the insufficient amount of time devoted to studies required to become an artist. American pupils seldom, if ever, devote more than one and one-half or two and one-half hours to daily practice, whereas it requires from six to eight hours a day of continuous study to conquer the numerous and complicated technical complications of the left-hand work, as well as countless diversity of bowings, to form a perfect whole.

world. It is essentially United States, and fatal in its consequences. No one would dream of going to school off and on.

"There is a regular course of study to be pursued for one who aims to become a fine violinist, as there is for one who desires to be graduated with highest honors. The usual time required to become an artist on the violin varies from six to nine years (according to the aptitude of the pupil, with constant study under a good teacher. After this has been accomplished, in order to retain what one has acquired, the same amount of practice is needed. Remember that what has been conquered by your fingers does not remain unless one practices daily. The mind can retain, but the fingers lose flexibility, if not in daily practice. I practice five hours daily, and I never omit playing scales.

"I have had a wide and varied experience in examining pupils who come to me for advice. They are nearly all deficient in the manner of holding the bow, and not one has ever been told how to adjust his strings so as to secure the proper working

difficulty in understanding. Barring an occasional tendency to "mouth" certain big words, the speaker talked with remarkable distinctness, considering his loss of the principal organ of speech.

The patient, C. H. Lefferts, attributes the loss of his tongue to the habit of smoking. "I was an inveterate smoker," said he. "My pipe was an almost constant companion. I smoked after every meal, while I was at work, before I went to bed and sometimes I would wake up in the middle of the night craving for a draw at the pipe, which I had to have before I could go to sleep again. This trouble began with a smarting sensation at the end of the tongue, which was especially acute after I had taken a drink of water. Then early in the summer, a small growth, the size of a pinhead, appeared. I paid little attention to it at first, but it slowly grew larger and, becoming uneasy, I went to see doctors about it. They all expressed the conviction that it was a cancerous growth, and finally I was advised to consult Dr. Angus Melrose. He at once expressed the conviction that nothing could save me but the removal of my tongue. The growth had by this time reached the size of a hickory nut, and, though it gave me little pain, I had great distress in eating. The doctor told me that the operation would not cost me my speech, and everything has come out just as he said it would.

"I came to the hospital on July 18, and was operated on July 19. You can imagine that I suffered a good deal after I came out of the influence of opiates. The tongue was removed close to the roots and then sewed down. For two weeks I endured an awful thirst, being unable to receive nourishment except through a tube. A piece of ice always lay on my table, and with this I would moisten my parched lips. I couldn't swallow—all the surroundings seemed to be paralyzed. But the wound gradually healed, and with the ability to swallow speech also returned. I hope to improve still more in this regard, and I can't tell how grateful I am to Dr. Melrose. I have been able to talk three weeks now.

"Yes, my home is in Detroit, but I have no kin here. Many housewives will recognize me as the old man that sells silverware polished wrapped in tin foil. Please tell them that I have not deserted them, but will soon be calling on them again. Have I cut out the tobacco? Yes, but I get an awful yearning sometimes," and the tongueless man that talks looked longingly at the ascending smoke from the cigar of another convalescent patient.

### HAD A MONOPOLY

**Did the Ministers, and the Theatrical Managers Wanted a Chance.**

Mr. William L. Lyster, the Australian opera manager, after giving a series of secular operas in Melbourne, believed a semi-religious production would attract that element accustomed to look with horror upon such productions as Gounod's "Faust." After due deliberation Lyster decided upon "Moses in Egypt," as a fitting vehicle to appeal to the religious portion of the community.

Instructions were, therefore, given out to the stage management to begin rehearsals for that opera, and it being early in December, when the hot winds are prevalent in Victoria, Lyster was glad to escape from the 100 in the shade daily temperature of the Victoria capital and go fishing along side the streams and lakes of Gippsland.

Before departing Lyster said: "Be sure and rehearse the opera in its entirety." Now in the first act of "Moses in Egypt" there is a scene where Moses appears on the side of a mountain and gives a religious recitative and declamatory solo. This chant is answered by a spirit representing the Almighty from the other side of the mountain.

The religious character of this scene at rehearsal gave rise to some slight difficulty with Bondi, the Italian singer, who first insisted that this particular scene should be cut. This trouble at rehearsal becoming known to the public a hue and cry at once arose among the good people of Melbourne.

The controversy and arguments pro and con became more heated each day, and finally in desperation George Leopold, the stage manager, wired this message to Lyster:

"Sacriligious scene over Moses; all the churches and newspapers have taken up the controversy."

Lyster hurriedly returned home and was immediately waited upon by a deputation of clergymen, headed by the Bishops of Melbourne.

"Well, gentlemen, why am I indebted the honor of this unexpected and slightly inopportune call?"

"Mr. Lyster," replied the Bishop, "we have heard of the sacriligious scene which you propose to introduce into the opera called 'Moses in Egypt,' and we came here to request you to abrogate it."

"Eliminate it," cried Lyster, in a lowering rage; "and so you would have me spoil the opera by cutting out the best part? Gentlemen, brevity is the soul of wit; to come right down to the point, you gentlemen have been staring the Almighty quite long enough; now give me a show."

Affable Passenger: "Indeed, and you are a noble hall artist? I am a banker, and I think it is twenty years since I was in a music hall."

Music Hall Artist (regretfully): "And I'm certain it's twenty years since I was in a bank."

She: "Don't those old songs annoy you?"  
He: "No, I never murdered any of them, thank heaven!"  
New York Journal



MISS HELEN MAY BUTLER,  
Directress of the Only Strictly Ladies' Military Band in America.

This splendid musical organization has achieved great fame throughout the United States, and perhaps a brief history of its existence would not prove uninteresting. Its accomplished director, Miss Butler, is a native of Keene, N. H., and is but 19 years of age. Tall, graceful and handsome, she presents a commanding appearance, and is master of the situation. In 1882 she, with her parents, removed to Providence, R. I. Miss Butler first took up the violin with Abbie Shephardson, following with D. D. Phillips of Reeves' American Band, and then with Bernard Listemann, formerly of Boston, Mass., but now of Chicago, Ill. Afterwards she studied with Henry Helnde, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. At this time she was considered to be America's representative lady violinist. Miss Butler then took to directing and received her instructions from George Lowell Tracy. In 1891 she organized the Tinha Ladies' Orchestra, which proved a grand success. In

1898 she undertook the seemingly impossible task of organizing a ladies' military band, composed of ladies only. How well she succeeded is reflected in the clever corps of thorough lady musicians which to-day she herself directs. As a lady director she stands alone in America. Her band is the only real ladies' band in America. There are others claiming to be lady brass bands, but they either are mixed or have a male director. The band has a membership of 32 lady players, and is the only ladies' band that has played at the Pan-American Exposition. All credit is due Miss Butler, for she alone, in spite of all opposition, has made this band a success far beyond all her earthly hopes. Each and all look modest and becoming in their military caps and suits of cardinal red. They played an engagement in New York City, and the hit of the program was the "Billboard March," a copy of which rests on the stand in Miss Butler's picture.

"Foremost among the important points is a fine, sonorous, limpid and musical tone. Everybody can draw a tone, but the requirements are not to be classed as natural gifts, as the uninitiated are wont to call them, but are due to solid, steady, hard work the year round. Technical accomplishments can not be acquired or retained by nature's gifts, as so many believe. The most intelligent and capable mind can not conquer scales—scales in thirds, in sixths, in octaves in tenths, in unison, in chromatics, in broken thirds or three and four octaves, arpeggios, harmonics, shifting and sliding, command the finest of tone and obtain the variety of bowings except by hard work.

"In this country only do I find pupils who learn to play the violin off and on, aiming to become artists. Such a disposition does not exist in any other part of the

of the pegs. This part of teaching belongs to the first violin lesson, and I regret to testify that every one of the pupils who has come under my notice is ignorant of it."

### TONGUE IS GONE.

**But This Old Man Can Speak Almost as Well as He Ever Could.**

Detroit, Mich., December 1.—Seated on the edge of a bed in a room at Harper Hospital, this city, a gray haired, though still vigorous-looking man just over the border of 90, told how he came to have his tongue cut out. The story sounded strangely enough, coming from the lips of a practically tongueless man, yet the enunciation was fairly clear and the listener had little

A PRINCE

Was the Late Jack Haverly With His Money.—Never Neglected a Friend.

"Jack Haverly never went back on a friend," said an old-time minstrel man. "I'd like to have about 10 per cent. of the money that he let his friends have without ever accepting their signatures on a piece of paper for it and that he never saw again. He was 'done' by a good many, but he always found some excuse for those who 'did' him. He wouldn't let them be 'hammered' in his presence.

"A good many years ago a Chicago theatrical man 'touched' him for \$8,000 to put some sort of a stage scheme in motion. Haverly wouldn't even take the man's note of hand for it.

"Pass it over when things come your way," he said, when he lent the money. "The \$8,000 put the Chicago man on the path to fortune. He quadrupled the money inside of a year, and three years after he made the borrow from Haverly he was rich, while Haverly himself was on the financial rocks.

"This man never offered to pay back a nickel of the \$8,000. He was the kind of a man who would have dodged Haverly had Haverly gone after him to collect, but Haverly did the dodging himself, so that this debtor wouldn't think he was after him for the amount of the borrow.

"A number of us who were intimate with Haverly had heard about this \$8,000 loan, and one night in the rotunda of the old Grand Pacific Hotel, in Chicago, we began deliberately to 'knock' the lugrate in Haverly's presence. Haverly finished up.

"Oh, he'll pay it some time," he said, obviously annoyed to find that the matter was known.

"Well, he cleaned up \$60,000 with his Chicago theater and the one in Kansas City last year," said one of us. "That would have enabled him to come to the front, wouldn't it?"

"Haverly chewed on an unlighted cigar and tiddled and twiddled around. "Well," said he, "he's got an expensive family, and I understand he's been paying up a lot of 'dead horse.'"

"Haverly unquestionably framed up this presumption himself, for the man who borrowed the \$8,000 had never been known to pay a dollar that he could squirm out of paying.

"Haverly kept out of his debtor's way for two or more years, and all the time he was getting deeper and deeper in the hole. Five years from the day upon which he had handed over the \$8,000 Haverly sat down, wrote a receipt for the amount and sent it to the lugrate through the mail.

"This touched the man on the 'raw,' and got his conscience working, and half an hour after he received the receipt he presented himself to Haverly with the \$8,000 and interest.

"This may have been a little long in coming, Jack," he said, producing the check, "but—"

"But you couldn't afford to pay it—I understand," said Haverly, quietly.

"He took the check from the man, tore it into four parts, threw the scraps of paper into the fire, and walked out of the room. The amount would have been big money to him just then, but wild horses couldn't have forced him to take a cent of it.

"He never did take it. He was a stayer, and when he brought his teeth together with a click on any kind of a proposition he stuck along with it to the finish, and never reversed a move.

"Five or six years ago, when Haverly was struggling to get out of the financial bog into which his penchant for speculating had led him, an incident occurred that affected him, perhaps, more than anything that ever happened to him.

"A young fellow of 30 or so, who was then and still is eating money on the Chicago Board of Trade, sent his card up to Haverly's hotel room one night.

"Mr. Haverly," said the young fellow, "I hear that you could use a little money now. Would \$10,000 be of any use to you?"

"Haverly stared at his visitor wonderingly, and then his ruddy face creased into a smile. He doped it out that the young fellow, whom he didn't know at all, was either slightly touched in the head, or slightly woozy from dining over heavily.

"Let's play a game of checkers," said Haverly, for lack of something better to say. "That's better than dreaming."

"The Board of Trade man smiled when he saw that Haverly had him chartered out as an eccentric or a jagster, but he repeated his question with seriousness.

"Ten thousand?" said Haverly then. "Yes, I could use ten thousand. I believe there are some places where I could get it, too, if I cared to go after it. But I don't care to."

"Well, you'll do me a favor if you'll let me pass it over to you as a loan," said the Board of Trade operator. "You'll also do me a kindness," he went on, good naturedly. "If you'll stop looking at me as I were bug-house."

"I'll tell you why I'd like to come to the front with this little loan. Pretty nearly 20 years ago, when I was a kid running loose around Cleveland, your first minstrel outfit hit the town. I wanted to see the show bad, but there was no possible way whereby I could swing 'em at home for the price of a seat in the gallery.

"So another kid of my own age and I united the business manager of your show for a chance to distribute hand bills for passes to the gallery. He gave us a ton or so of hand bills each to distribute, and from 7 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening, without anything to eat, we tramped through the snow and slush of

Cleveland, scattering those yellow hand bills from house to house.

"When we waited in front of the theater to catch the business manager as he went in so's to get our pair of passes, the men cuss refused to recognize us, and when we followed him into the theater he booted us down the steps, while the boys of our gang, to whom we had been bragging about the passes we were going to get, gave us the boot.

"We were sneaking off, disconsolate, when you came swinging along, and we took a brace and related the affair to you.

"You took us into the theater, asked the business manager if we were the kids that had worked for him that day, and when he was compelled to reply that we were you got two box coupons, skated us two urchins into one of the second tier boxes, handed each of us a five-dollar note, and told us to enjoy ourselves.

"That was the greatest triumph of my life up to date. Now, I'm not a sentimentalist. But I've never forgotten that little incident, and that's the reason why I'd like to have you use a little bundle of money that I don't want just now and wouldn't know where to put it if I kept it."

"Haverly wasn't a demonstrative man, but this little talk got him rocking for a minute or so. He got up from his chair and walked to the hotel window and looked

business at all. I exposed myself a lot that week, while a three-day blizzard was raging, and on Saturday I woke up in my hotel room to find that I couldn't move in my bed without suffering.

"They sent for a physician and for Jack Haverly, and they got around about the same time. The medical sharp told me that I had about the cutest dose of inflammatory rheumatism that he'd stacked up against since he had begun practice.

"When I asked him if he couldn't fix me out so that I could leave with the show that night he laughed at me and told me that I'd be playing in big luck if I got out of that bed within less than three months. So there I was, stranded and on the flat of my back, and, of course, after that whizz with Emmet, without the price of a shave or a shave.

"That's when the boss, Jack Haverly, came to the front for me. He sat alongside my little old bunk for an hour or so and told me not to worry, and then he sneaked a one hundred dollar bill into a fold of the bedclothes and got up to go.

"You'll be all right soon, son," said he, "and when you get your legs again make haste to join the show, wherever it is, and—and be good," and he went away, leaving me pretty sore on myself for having turned him up the way I had.

"At the end of the week I got from Hav-

without a word of comment enclosed or anything like that. But the recipients of these envelopes always knew where they came from.

"Jack had his pensioners of this sort all over the Union, and one of the things that hit him the hardest when his wealth slipped out of his grasp was his absolute inability to keep on helping the boys that had permitted themselves to get down.

"One morning about fifteen years ago, while Haverly was still in the big game, he dropped into a Detroit saloon to get a drop of bitters. He heard some husky slugging proceeding from the back room of the saloon. It was an old minstrel song, and Haverly recognized the voice.

"He strolled into the back room and found there an old-time burnt-cork man whom he had employed years before until the man became so useless through drink that he had to let him go. There was the tattered old-timer croaking out old first-part songs for a lot of gaying young fellows for the drinks.

"Jack took the man in hand and led him to a clothing store, where he togged him out in a fine suit and overcoat, and rigged him generally in a complete outfit of everything that a man wears. Then he took the old-timer to a good boarding-house, paid three months' board in advance for him, handed him a ten-dollar note, and told him that if he'd try and take a brace and be good he'd see if he couldn't place him in a job in the business end of one of his shows.

"That night the poor devil showed up at the stage entrance where we were performing. He had spent his \$10 and done the reliever act with the clothes Jack had bought him, and made his appearance in a bum linen duster and a straw hat and only one shoe.

"Haverly shook his head mournfully over the spectacle the man made, but he dropped everything, put the unfortunate into a carriage and drove to the boarding house with him. He engaged a doctor to fetch the man around, and the old-timer did really take a brace.

"When he had got himself into some sort of shape Haverly sent for him and gave him employment in a business capacity under his own eye. But it was no go.

"Whisky had got him, and he fell down disastrously. Haverly had to discharge him, but he paid him his salary until he died as the result of a prolonged spree a couple of years later.

"I could go on for a week," concluded the old-time minstrel man, "telling you of the big-hearted things Haverly did, and always on the quiet; but what's the use? Everybody that knew the man knows that they didn't mold 'em any better or finer than Jack Haverly."

TO THE HEROINE.

(Written for "The Billboard.")  
By Cella Myrover Robinson.

There was a time when you, fair maid,  
Were languishing and gentle;  
Your heart quite ruled your curly head,  
And you were sentimental.

You had the most enchanting way,  
Of falling in a swoon  
Just as the hero on the scene,  
Stepped—not a whit too soon.

A trifle frivolous, you were;  
Perhaps a bit flirtatious,  
But charming to the last degree,  
And interesting—by gracious!

No more in ringlets curls your hair,  
For curls are out of fashion,  
And with them fainting, too, has gone,  
You fly quite in a passion.

At the mere thought of sentiment,  
The head now rules the heart,  
Since novel-writers, one and all,  
Have voted you the part.

Of lady-hero, brave and bold,  
A leader of the fray,  
It matters not if on the land  
Or on the sea you stay.

I care not what your station,  
You are always in the van—  
While jogging slowly in the rear  
Comes our old hero man.

Beseech thee, writers of to-day,  
We're tired of blunderbusses,  
Of ladies fair in man's attire,  
Of massacres and fusses.

Give us the old-time love affair,  
With maiden sweet and coy;  
We want a little tender girl,  
And not a rough tom-boy.

THE ACTOR'S FAREWELL.

I've starred in plays romantic,  
I've tragic roles essayed,  
I've "stormed" the fortunes of fame  
With courage undismayed.

But now my dates are canceled;  
The fates have got my share,  
And soon upon the golden shore  
I'll count celestial dais.

Cincinnati, O.

First Citizen: "But shouldn't the sheriff defend a nigger ag'in the mob?"  
Second Citizen: "Pshaw! Wasn't the sheriff elected by the mob?"



J. M. J. KANE.  
The hustling and energetic advance representative of Al. G. Field's Greater Minstrels.

at the snow falling in the gaslight for a little while.

"Then he turned around and told the Board of Trade man that he'd take the \$10,000 and be glad to have it. He used the money in furthering a summer garden scheme, from which he broke just even, without making a cent. He handed the Board of Trade man back the \$10,000 in a lump at the end of the summer garden season.

"Haverly's patience and forbearance in dealing with men under his direction who formed bad habits were remarkable. I don't mind saying that I had one experience at first hand of Jack Haverly's kindness in this respect.

"It was one Christmas week when the show struck St. Leo. I was one of the main bartones of the outfit, and my work was going so well at that time that they featured me in the advance notices a good deal more than I deserved to be featured, considering that I was a harum-scarum sort of a youngster at best in those days.

"Well, it was Christmas week, and St. Leo was my home town, and I met up with Joe Emmet—St. Louis was also 'Fritz's' home town—who happened to be just embarking on one of his colossal lamborees Joe and I locked arms and started off to klick the slate out of the old burg.

"Joe's manager had to cancel the week, and I didn't show up at the theater for

erly, who was with the show in Chicago, three-quarters of my pay, and when I called the hotel proprietor up to settle he told me that that was all right—that Haverly had attended to all that.

"Right on top of this I got a letter from my mother, who was living up North, and to whom I had always sent a quarter of my salary, saying that she had received the regular remittance from Mr. Haverly. It was two months before I got out of that hotel bed, and all during that time Jack Haverly sent me my three-quarter pay, sent my mother her one-quarter, forwarded a check to the hotel man for my keep, and wound it all up by paying my doctor's bill before I knew anything about it.

"I joined the show in San Francisco when I got well, and when I tried to tell Haverly what I thought of his conduct I went all to the bad up around the neckband, and he fanned me out of the office. The job was a big lesson to me.

"In nearly all the big cities of this country there used to be some ex-minstrel man that had gone all to the bow-wows from dissipation, and Haverly was forever snooping around on the quiet, hunting these poor chaps up and straightening them out. It hurt him and ached him to see a man down that he had known in better days.

"When he had it he was always slipping a twenty or a fifty into an envelope and shipping it along to these unfortunates,

## THE PIE-FEST.

Being a Christmas Experience of a Bill-Poster in an Indiana Town.

Written for "The Billboard" by Milla Wolfe. Over in Indiana is a little village by the name of Mechanicsburg; a quiet unassuming little place of about four dozen inhabitants, all told; but nevertheless its reputation is much greater than the size of the village would warrant, owing to the fact that there is the birthplace and the home of Christmas tree hilarities and gay and festive pie entertainments.

A year ago I was sojourning in that neighborhood and was fortunate enough to attend a Christmas pie social given for the benefit of the school at that place, and for hungry and tottering humanity in general. It seemed that the little burg, on this occasion, outdid all previous efforts along that line of festivities.

For the benefit of those who never saw a pie entertainment in its wild and unfettered fastness I had better diagnose one before going further. Pie, more especially Indiana pie, is an asteroid, having four equal sides; viz., top side, bottom side, inside and outside. Pie, like society, has two crusts: an upper crust and a lower crust. And, like society, the upper crust is generally raspy and puffed up, while the lower crust, if not thoroughly soaked, is most invariably sad and disagreeable.

Scientists claim that man is an epitome of the universe; that is, he contains in his organization all the elements contained in the universe. Pie is also an epitome. It is much more of an epitome than man. In the immediate neighborhood, which is most likely to be infected by the malady, there is an epidemic of dyspepsia among the inhabitants for a period of from four to ten days, owing, of course, to the nature of the attack. Then, if the malady has not been checked or precautions taken to prevent its further spread, a dark-brown odor will be distinctly noticeable, pervading the entire community, as of mildewed pumpkins and decayed henfruit.

One or two days before the gathering comes to a head there may or may not be a gnawing sensation near the solar plexus. Authorities differ on this point; but I presume it depends on whether or not the victim has been there before. In my case there was no gnawing; at any rate, not perceptible. After the gathering has come to a head it is managed similar to the lottery business; there is a drawing game of chance.

The young ladies of the surrounding neighborhood, with their mothers and little sisters, when the appointed time has come, wag their weary way to the schoolhouse with their baskets filled with condensed dyspepsia and, amid the assembled crowd of sad-eyed and medicine-soaked humanity, deposit their cargoes on a shelf across one end of the room. And most always the smartest Alec of the community is selected, and with a masher and cold chisel he proceeds to carve the initials and the number on the pie of the gazelle-eyed damsel who brought it. A duplicate of the number on the pie is printed on a piece of cardboard and put in a hat or whatever comes handy, and when the pies are all in the duplicate numbers are sold, after a thorough shaking up in the hat. Of course a fellow doesn't know whose pie his number will draw until her name and number is called out. And then sometimes to his sorrow he finds there is more pleasure in pursuit than possession of pie, especially if he has been heard making large, three-cornered remarks about she, who made it.

On that memorable Christmas night I crawled out from a back corner of the schoolroom where I had sat for two hours and allowed my unappreciative fellowman to trample over my artistic anatomy and went forth and bought ten cents' worth of chance on a violet-eyed sissy's pie and got the other one, of course, as most everybody else did who invested.

But I did not back down. I am not easily dashed at the sight of pie, after walking four miles through snow a foot deep, without my supper.

But I want it distinctly understood by all pie-eating organizations that from Christmas night, 1900, henceforth and forever I shall object to being used as a garbage wagon for any community that wants to work off its decayed pie fruit on unsuspecting sojourners in a strange land.

As I tremblingly sat and fondled the meek and lowly pie, watched the anxious faces of pale-haired youths and old and weatherbeaten men with mouths agape like woodpecker holes in an elm swag, I did not (until that night) realize that pie is an epitome of the universe; that all the powers of the universe is latent within it, and that it could rear up in any unexpected moment and kick all the stiffening out of a man's internal perplexities and leave him rolled up on the floor in a little unconscious globular wad.

How frail is man, especially when he monkeys with the great unknown or undertakes to run a bluff on an Indiana pie.

## BLIND TOM.

The Most Wonderful Musical Prodigy of the Age Is Still Alive.

The recent visit to Baltimore of Blind Tom, the wonderful negro pianist, has aroused a flood of memories among members of the older generation, as well as awakened considerable interest among those of the younger generation, for Tom was probably better known 40 years ago than he is to-day.

Blind Tom, for that is his only name, was born a slave in Dixie—probably in

South Carolina—before the Civil War. In addition to being blind, Tom was always considered lacking in mental capacity—idiotic, in fact. Owing to his misfortune he was a favored character about the plantation, and was seldom required to do any work. His mistress was a fine performer on the piano, and his chief delight was to sit and listen beneath the open window of the room where she played.

One day, so the story goes, she had occasion to leave the music room, and while absent was surprised to hear emanating from the room she had just left, notes of one of her most difficult selections played correctly and with her own exquisite touch. Returning hastily to the room she was amazed to find Tom occupying the piano stool, his round head thrown back and his body swaying from side to side, just as his audiences saw him recently. This was Tom's genius discovered, and he became one of the most popular musicians of his day. He was taken by his master all over the country, and never failed to attract large crowds.

During the early part of the Civil War Tom made a tour of the Confederate States. These were his halcyon days. In his repertoire was one piece which never failed to set his audience wild. It was called "The Battle of Manassas," and was reputed to be a composition of Tom's. A lady who heard Tom play "The Battle of Manassas" thus describes it:

"From the treble notes came sweetly the far-away sounds of the Confederate bands, as they advanced, playing 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' while the bass sonorously represented the Northern hosts, heralded by the strains of 'Yankee Doodle.' Nearer and nearer drew the opposing armies, louder and louder grew the respective National airs; then came an ominous lull, followed by a single boom, and the contest had begun. What a perfect pandemonium of sounds next followed! The roar of artillery, the roll of musketry, the call of the

A farmer, while in New York City, taking in the sights, and other things, passed a large department store, in one of the windows of which was a sign reading: "Notice! Fine shoes inside, \$2.00." About three hours later he rushed up to the floorwalker, and, grasping his hand, said: "Say, I've done it!" The bewildered employe asked him what he had done and he replied:

"Why, they \$2-puzzle!" "The puzzle?" repeated the floorwalker, scratching his head as though troubled with—dandruff.

"Yep!" said the farmer; "I found the shoes!"

Another amusing story is told of a rural gentleman who entered a clothing store and asked to see the best suit of clothes in stock. He was shown a garment and was informed that the price was \$25. At that he raised his closed umbrella and, tapping the salesman on the shoulder, said: "See here, young fellow, you can't work any sleight game on me; no sirree!"

"Why," replied the clerk, "what do you mean?"

"Say," said the farmer, "you've got er suit out in the window for six dolla's an' a half, ain't yer?"

"Yes," the salesman answered; "but what of it?"

"Well," replied the countryman, "the sign over the door says that this is er 'one-price clothing store.'"

An Irishman, while on his way home after having participated in a St. Patrick's Day parade—the day before—stopped in front of a church, as the nearest lamp-post was a block away. Of course, he could have walked to it if he wanted to—because a stranger offered to assist him. But he was a man who was very selfish and, naturally, refused his aid rather than accept a favor from an A. P. A.

But, getting back to the story, after the Irishman was satisfied that the wall would

"No, yer Honor; I did not! It was his head that I aimed at."

Recently I called upon a young lady to take her to the theater, as was my custom—when I could afford it. As she had never been inside of a playhouse she was naturally very particular about her toilet on this occasion. Of course, this remark in regard to her dressing has no connection with the story, as it's a personal matter. However, after she had succeeded in getting her hat on straight, she deliberately turned to me and, without warning, asked if she looked all right. Women love that tery, so I replied: "Why, yes; you look charming," and she did—somewhat. I did not let it get to me, anyhow, on our way to the theater I innocently called her a "peach," and, would you believe it, she considered it an insult, and stopped right where she was—wouldn't go a step further. On seeing that I had offended her, I promptly apologized, and told her not to feel slighted; that it was a complimentary term. But try as I did I couldn't convince her that it was, so in her anger she started for home, thinking that I'd call her back. The incident affected me so that I could not speak, so I, too, went home—after the show. The next day I met her mother on the street, and she asked me what the trouble was about, and I told her. She looked at me for a moment and, shaking her head, placed a hand on my left shoulder and said: "Why, don't you know it's late in the season, and all fruit is decayed!"

Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to state that the incident just related did not happen. It's simply a story or, to be more modest, a lie—an intentional slip of the tongue at the right time, as you all, of course, know. (Raise hand.) Now, I'm not saying that any of you here practice that evil. I'm sure you're all above that! Then, again, you have no occasion to do such a thing. As for myself, I can truthfully say that I never did it. It has always come naturally and without practice—same as with yourselves.

I once knew two brothers. One was a policeman and, of course, never worked. The other was a plumber, but he was honest, and on account of his virtue couldn't get work, because it would be apt to get his employer into trouble. So one day the discouraged father said: "John, meaning the honest one, the officer was Philip, 'I guess you'd better try to get work at something else. You'll never be able to get anything to do in the plumbing business. They don't want such men as you.'"

"I know it, father," he replied, "but what am I to do?"

"Well," said the old gentleman, "I think a position as waiter in a restaurant would be best, because the Bible says, 'All things come to him who waits.'"

While looking over the paper I noticed an article about a couple who had just celebrated their silver wedding. It stated that during the 25 years of their married life they had never had as much as one quarrel, and had never even spoken harshly to one another, and, (raise finger) mind you, they had lived within 40 miles of each other during all this time—with the exception of 15 or 20 years, while the husband was in England. To me, the truth of the story appeared so doubtful, that I called my mother's attention to it, but, strange to say, she believed it, for the reason that newspapers make mistakes, and not only that, but because she personally knew of a couple who lived happily for 43 years. Now, my mother isn't a woman who makes fun of misfortune, so I asked her if she was really sincere. She informed me that she was, and that what she had said was a fact. While I knew that it wasn't the husband's fault, I was, nevertheless, curious to learn the reason for such an unusual absurdity, so I asked if they were both crazy. She said: "My child, (raise hand) keep your seats—this was 40 years ago!—neither was insane. Each one simply thought the other dead."

## PRESENCE OF MIND.

Presence of mind is a rare gift, and, strange to say, it is found more amid the stage than in any of the quieter walks of life. Eugenie Blair, who is now enjoying a successful tour with her production of "Teg Wollington," had an experience several years ago, which was particularly trying upon her nerves, and which causes her to shudder whenever she recalls it. It occurred during a performance of "Camille," in which Miss Blair was starring. While the fourth act was at its height a curling wreath of smoke was seen issuing from the extreme rear of the stage, and in an instant some spectator in the gallery gave the awful cry of "Fire!" The theater was crowded, with even the aisles jammed, and a serious panic seemed imminent; but the mad rush of humanity was stemmed by quickness of thought and immediate action on the part of the star. Breaking in the midst of an important speech, she turned to one of the minor characters and said in stern tones:

"Go down stairs this instant and tell the cook she is searching the banquet."

This happy interpolation prevented what might have been a serious panic, although as a matter of fact, there was a fire, which was luckily under control before the flames had made much headway. The audience was soon seated and the play progressed to a successful conclusion.

Proudpop: "Don't you think my little son favors her somewhat?" Cautid Friend: "He certainly looks like you, but do you consider that a favor?"



MAKING GAS FOR ANIMATED PICTURES. Which is said to be a rain-making element with Bonheur Bros' Show.

bugle were in turn imitated, while occasionally 'Dixie' and 'The Star Spangled Banner' came floating from the South and North; the audience, meanwhile, listening in breathless interest. At last the uproar ceased, and the ungainly musician, awkwardly bowing, retired amid prolonged applause.

This ability to play two entirely different airs simultaneously is one of Tom's most unique accomplishments.

Southerners of Tom's generation say that at the time of Tom's tour of the Southern States in the early sixties his age was given as 18, which would make him at least 58 years old now.

## THE SARCASTIC NARRATOR.

Written for "The Billboard" by C. D. Charles.

Enter R. S. Look far out into audience and quickly raise hand.

One moment, please! Keep your seats! [Lower hand.] Ladies and gentlemen: I beg to state that there has been a change made in the program, therefore you may all remain seated, as I positively will not sing to-night—till due warning is given.

This evening there were two gentlemen and an Irishman standing near the street door, and, as I entered, one of them passed a remark to the effect that I was beyond doubt the rankest performer that he had ever seen. Now, while he no doubt intended his utterance as a deserving compliment and thought that, in consequence, I would pass him in, I couldn't consider it other than unwarranted flattery delivered simply to cause laughter, so I promptly stopped, and, turning to the biggest fellow, who was a cripple, I said:

"Beg pardon, sir; but have you ever seen my act?"

"Yes," he replied; "when I was a boy." At that the Irishman stepped up and said:

"Say, don't you believe him; he never saw it."

"How do you know he didn't?" the second gentleman asked.

"Because," said the Hibernian, "dead men tell no tales!"

stand without his assistance, he started to go. When in the middle of the sidewalk he suddenly changed his mind—as he fell. An officer who happened to be passing on the opposite side of the street was awakened by the noise caused by the breaking of bottles, and, not realizing what he was doing, ran over to him; but, on finding that the Hibernian had no money, he promptly left—after kicking him once or twice in the side. As he regained his feet a lady appeared and, walking up to him, said: "I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself to be seen here, at the very door of a church!"

"But, mum," he replied, "ye needn't git alarmed. Of still have me sinners!"

Last week, while I was purchasing the shoes I now have on, an infuriated man entered the store and asked to see the boss. The clerk called the proprietor's wife. The excited visitor addressed her just as any man would his own wife. It was that angry. Then he took a parcel from under his arm, and, tearing off the paper, displayed a pair of shoes that evidently showed many years' hard service. Holding them before her, he said:

"Say, I bought these shoes in here less than a week ago, and now look at them! Why, they're all falling apart! I can't go on the street in them."

"Well," replied the Jewish lady; "you can't expect 'em to look dem back now?"

"Of course I do," he said; "you'll have to! They were warranted not to wear out."

"Well," added the woman, with a twist of the shoulders, "day didn't, 'ust the same as we said!"

During a street quarrel between an Irishman and a German the former hit the other with a brick, breaking his arm and causing his removal to a hospital.

The following day the Hibernian was arraigned in court on the charge of assault. The judge promptly found him guilty, and yelled: "One year in the workhouse!"

"But, your Honor," said the Irishman, "it was an accident."

"Then you didn't mean to break his arm?"

THE HUMAN FLY.

He Walks Up the Outside Walls of Buildings.

F. S. Southerland, the champion climber of the world, who is known throughout the United States and in Europe as the "Human Fly," was in consultation recently with Chief Clerk Taylor, of the Postoffice Department, at Washington, D. C., and a number of other Government officials.

For some time the question has been seriously considered of erecting a 50-foot flagstaff on the main tower of the Postoffice Building, and transferring to this pole, the time ball that now falls at exactly noon each day, from the staff on the State, War and Navy Buildings, unobscured to the country the official time by the meridian at Washington.

The erection of the staff and ball, however, appeared to be a very difficult job, and those steeply climbable who were consulted on the subject expressed the opinion that it would be necessary to erect a scaffolding from the base of the tower to its apex, as the sides of the tower rise almost perpendicularly for 75 or 100 feet.

Mr. Taylor asked the "Human Fly" whether he intended to use a scaffolding or ropes, and, if ropes, how he intended to get them to the top of the tower.

"But, my dear man," said the chief clerk despairingly, "you might as well try to walk up the wall of this room."

He quickly opened a valise, donned an odd-looking pair of shoes and a still more peculiar looking pair of gloves, and, stepping to a side of the room, clear of furniture, calmly walked up the wall until his head touched the ceiling, with as much ease and facility as if he were climbing a ladder.

The chief clerk will lay the matter of the erection of the pole and ball before the Postmaster General, and Southerland will probably do his sensational climb some time in the near future.

While in Washington, Southerland contemplates asking the proper authorities for permission to walk up the Washington Monument—on the outside.

"You could not climb to the top," he said, "because you are not strong enough and are not used to the work. And I would have to blindfold you, or you'd get dizzy. But you couldn't fall if you tried."

Mr. Dawson, however, has declined the honor.

The "Human Fly" is, perhaps, as well if not better known in Europe than in this country. It was he who put up the pole and ladders and raised the American flag on the Eiffel Tower, in Paris, worked on the spires of the cathedral in Cologne, Germany, and climbed up the outside of the chemical stack in Glasgow, Scotland, one of the tallest chimneys in the world.

Southerland was formerly a sailor in the United States Navy, and in climbing through the shrouds of the old style frigates and sailing ships he acquired the absolutely iron nerve, or lack of "nerves," that makes it possible for him to pursue his perilous vocation.

"How long did that lay you up?" asked Mr. Taylor.

"Oh, I was out in a couple of days," said the "Human Fly."

Southerland's business card, which gives his permanent address, in care of L. Z. Keller, Chicago, contains the significant statement: "I assume all risks."

COLD MUSH

Served Out To "Billboard" Readers By the Only Punch Wheeler.

[Written for "The Billboard." By "Punch" Wheeler.

One Christmas day Joe Spears wired me to come at once to Kansas City. An airship was due to leave the Chicago Stock Yards that afternoon on a trial trip, and I prevailed on the inventor to take me along as ballast, telling him I knew all about a Baker heater.

The manager answered they expected



A STREET FAIR IN MEXICO.

the yellow fever there that week and didn't want them both. It even looked like they preferred the fever. Any way, when the show played Montgomery the Board of Health said it would be necessary for the entire company to be vaccinated.

TENT SHOWS IN WINTER QUARTERS.

The following list gives the winter quarters of the various tent shows, circuses and Wild West combinations. In many instances but not all the address given is also the permanent address. The list is revised and corrected weekly:

- Bonhomme Family, 10 & 20c Show... En Route
Barium & Bailey... Paris, France
Barr Bros.' Shows... Easton, Pa
Boyer's Burk Tom Shows... Lincoln, Neb
Bonheur Bros.'... Augusta, O. T
Frank C. Haddock's... Charleston, S. C
Bostock Ferrar... Kansas City, Mo
Moble Bailey & Sons... Houston, Tex.
Buchanan Bros... Des Moines, Ia
Buffalo Bill's Wild West... Bridgeport, Conn
Callahan (Prof.) Tom Shows... Olathe, Kan.
Campbell Bros... Fairbury, Neb
Clark... En Route
Clark Bros... En Route
Clark's, M. L... Alexandria, La
Cooper & Co... Tampa, Fla
Conklin, Pete, 412 Sewell st., W. Hoboken N. J.

- Craft Dog & Pony Shows... Fonda, Ia
Cullins Bros... Concordia, Kan
Darling's Dog & Pony Show... En Route
Dashing's Dog & Pony Show... La Bette, Kan
Dock's Sam... Ft. Loudon, Pa
Downie (Andrew) Shows... Medina, N. Y
Elton Bros... Smithfield, Fayette, Mo.
Ely's, George S... Harrisburg, Ill
Joseph Ferrar Show... Hot Springs, Ark
Forepaugh-Sells Bros.' Shows, Columbus, O
Gentry's, No. 1, 2, 3 and 4, address... Bloomington, Ind
Gibb's Olympic... Wapakoneta, O
Gillmeyster (Wm. H.)... Ardmore, Pa
Goldmar Bros... Waupun, Wis
Gordrich, Huffman & Southey... Bridgeport, Conn
Great Syndicate Shows... Kansas City, Mo
Great Eastern Circus... En Route
Great Southern Circus... En Route
Haag's Shows, Le Comte, La., (En Route till after Xmas)

- Hall & Long's... Muncie, Ind
Hall's, Geo. W., Jr... Evansville, Wis
Harris Bob Robinson... Lancaster, O
Hargreave's Shows... Chester, Pa
Harrington Combined Shows, Evansville, Ind
Harris Nickel Plate... En Route
Harris, John E... McKeesport, Pa
Hoffman's Shows... Winchester, Ind
Hustler's Shows... Winchester, Ind
International Ex. Co... Kansas City, Mo
Jaillet's Bonanza Shows... Osterburg, Pa
Jones Bros... En Route
Kemp Sisters' Wild West... El Paso, Ill
Thos. W. Kehoe... Station M, Chicago, Ill
Kennedy Bros... Bloomington, Ill
Lambrieger's, Gus... Orville, O
Lee's Place, Mons... Bylesville, O
Lee Frank H... Pawtucket, R. I
Lee's Loudon Shows... Canton, Pa
Loretta... Corry, Pa
La Monte Bros. Shows... Salem, Ill
Lemon Bros. Shows... Seattle, Wash
Lowande's (Tony) No. 1... Havana, Cuba
Lowande's (Tony) No. 2... Havana, Cuba
Louis Crescent Shows... Trumbull, O
Lowery Bros. Shows... Sheandoah, Pa
Lu Bell's Great Sensation... Washington, La
Walker L. Main's... En Route, Winter Quarters, Geneva, O.
Marietta Shows... En Route
McCormick Bros... Gallipolis, O
McDonald's, Walter... Abilene, Kan
Miles, Orton... Centropolis, Mo
J. C. Murray, 414 S. 5th st., Atchison, Kan
Nall's United Shows... Beloit, Kan
Norris & Rowe's... San Jose, Cal
Orin Bros' Circus... City of Mexico
Pawnee Bill's Wild West... Chester, Pa
Perrins, Dave W... Eaton Rapids, Mich
Perry & Pressly... Webster City, Ia
Prescott & Co's... Rockland, Me
Publione's (No. 1)... Havana, Cuba
Publione's (No. 2)... Havana, Cuba
Raymond's Shows (Nat)... South Bend, Ind
Redan's Amusements... Parkside, Va
Reed's, A. H... Vernon, Ind
G. W. Rehn... Danville, Harper Co., Kan
Ren's Oriental Shows... Kankakee, Ill
Rice's Dog & Pony Show, New Albany, Ind
Ringling Bros... Baraboo, Wis
Rippel Shows... Muncie, Ind
Robinson's, John... Terrace Park, O
Royer Bros' Shows... Pottstown, Pa
Santelle's, Sig... Homer, N. Y
Sells-Gray... Peru, Ind
Setchell's, O. Q... Little Sioux, Ia
Schafer & Spry Bros... Portsmouth, O
Silver Bros' Shows, G. Silver, Mgr... Sipe's Geo. W... Kokomo, Ind
Snyder's Shows, (E. D. Snyder)... Pine Bluff, Ark
Smith's, E. G... Sycamore, Pa



JACOB ZIMBRO, JR.

The above is a good likeness of Jacob Zimbro, Jr., of Henderson, Ky., the popular Kentucky fair promoter, better known among the fair people as "Jake, the Hustler."

Mr. Zimbro writes that he expects to conduct a circuit of fairs in 1902 and, with the aid of "The Billboard," predicts a successful season.

He is also a member of the firm of Jacob Zimbro, one of the largest buggy and saddlery firms in western Kentucky. In this business he has been crowned with success, like with the fair business.

- Spaun's R. R. Shows... Port Jervis, N. Y
Spark's, John H. (two shows)... En Route
St. Julian Bros'... Burlington, Wis
St. Julian Bros... 3267 Miller st., Philadelphia, Pa.
Stang Bros... Burlington, Wis
Stewart's, Captain... Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Sun Bros... Norfolk, Va
F. J. Taylor... Creston, Ia
Tedrow & Gettie... Neilsouville, O
Teets Bros... En Route
Trout & Foster's, 430 Penn. av., Elmira, N. Y
Tuttle, Louis I... Box 1498, Paterson, N. J
Tuttle's Olympic... Linesville, Pa
Van Amberg & Gallagher... Medina, N. Y
Van Vranken's Shows... En Route
Wallace Shows... Peru, Ind
Ward's Shows... Plymouth, Mass
Welsh Bros... Lancaster, Pa
Whitney's Minstrels... Bennington, Vt
Whitney Shows... Attica, O
Williams' Vaudeville Circus, Nashville, Tennessee

Our readers will confer a great favor by bringing any errors or omissions in the above list to our notice. We revise the list carefully every week, making every effort to keep it reliable and correct. In writing to any of the above addresses, please state that you saw it in "The Billboard."

CHRISTMAS.

God bless all givers and their gifts, And all the giftless, too. And help them by whatever shifts Their kindly will to do.

When seasons, which our hearts expand, Our purses fail to fill, A word, a smile, a clasp of hand Shall carry our good will.

Let him who hath his plenty share, And him who lacks, his lack, Give, each one, what he may, nor care What recompense comes back. If only love his heart shall swell And kindness guide his hand, His Christmas he shall keep as well As any in the land.

Out greed! Out guile! Out jealousy! Out envy! Out despair! Come hope! Come faith! Come charity! And ease the pains of care. Come, Christmas, with thy message dear, And all thy gentle mirth. To teach that love shall cast out fear, And peace shall reign on earth. —EDWARD S. MARTIN, in Life.

The following is told of a druggist who is great on patent medicines. He manufactured one kind, called "Dr. Pratt's Two-Grain Anti-Billions Pills." One day a small boy walked into the shop and said: "Please, sir, give me a box of Dr. Pratt's pills." The druggist looked at him a moment, and then inquired: "Anti-Billions?" "No," replied the youngster; "uncle's sick."

**WATERVILLE, ME.,**  
is a  
**GOOD SHOW TOWN**

And S. H. Chase is manager of the Opera House. Waterville Bill Posting and Distributing Company.  
**S. H. CHASE, Manager.**

**BONHEUR BROTHERS'**  
Grandest and Most Wonderful



**SHOWS**  
Season of 1902.

Want Furniture Car that will pass R. R. Inspection; small Merry-Go-Round that can be easily, quickly set up; Novelties in Performing Dogs and Monkeys, small Elephant, Camel, Kangaroo and Tapir. Good Shetland Pony Trainer. Have six to break. Performers in all branches write in full.

WINTER QUARTERS  
**AUGUSTA, OKLAHOMA.**

CALL ALL PERSONS WHO HAVE NOT READ  
BREET'S LATEST BOOK, ENTITLED

**"Daisy's Blushing Confession"**

written in the famous "Billy Baxter" style, are requested to send twenty-five cents in stamps for this warm book. It is a story of a Pretty Maiden's Escapade in a Turkish Bath. **ACME SUPPLY CO., Box 47, Huntington, W. Va.**

**Mrs. H. E. Root**  
LAROMIE, WYOMING.

Owens and manages the only first-class  
**THEATRE AND BILLPOSTING**  
and **DISTRIBUTING PLANT**

In that city. Opera House equipped with electric lights and opera chairs. Seating capacity, 680. Plays all the best attractions. Billposting and distributing service guaranteed. Correspondence solicited. **Mrs. H. E. ROOT, Mgr.**

**House-to-House**  
**DISTRIBUTING**  
OUR SPECIALTY.

National Advertiser—Do you realize the importance of placing the entire distribution for a territory embracing several states and over 400 towns, with one firm, whereby you save the annoyance, expense and delay of correspondence, shipping and inspections?

We ship to the various towns, make the distribution, inspect, notify dealers of distribution and furnish you certified report of same.

Send for our list of towns, showing number of pieces required, system of handling, prices, etc.

Ask the Feister Printing Co. whose work we do, and how we do it. They ship us a car load of books for one firm every 90 days.

ADDRESS  
**BERNARD ADVERTISING SERVICE**  
11 West York St., Savannah, Ga.

**J. A. Trimble, Mgr. Butler Opera House,**  
**BUTLER, MISSOURI.**

Billposting and Distributing. Correspondence solicited.

Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads.

**SHOW PRINTING** Of all Kinds—Don't Forget That  
**Pictorial, Block**  
**Or Type Work.**

Largest Assortment of Stock Cuts for Everything Going.  
Send Stamp **CALHOUN SHOW PRINT** Hartford Conn.  
For Catalogue

**CHOOSE A WINNER**

**..... Broncho John's Wild West .....**

And Realistic Western Amusement Enterprises. Will bring the money to the gates of Parks, Summer Gardens, Pleasure Resorts, Towns and Street Car Terminal. . . .

**THE BRONCHO JOHN WILD WEST** is thrilling, heroically grand, and a perfect imitation of Western Life as it was in the early days. It can work in the field, on a race track or on the streets. Day or night, the system of lighting is simple and perfect, with but little cost. The work is wonderful and will draw crowds rain or shine. The work at night is great, the cabin attack, the stage coach on fire and run for life freshens the story of the stage hold-up.

My attraction consists of fourteen head of trained stock, trained especially for fair work. Ten acting people, besides common help. One genuine overland Concord stage coach, one mountain howitzer, one prairie battery, Winchester carbine 92 model, 44 caliber rifles 44 caliber revolvers, all ammunition for sham battles, a very picturesque camp in track field, the coach, the ponies saddled, the boys in their costumes, camp and flag flying, making a grand prairie picture. Everything genuine. We work in the field and on the track, or altogether on either place as you like.

We very often work an act between heats, and hold the coach to the last, and it holds the crowd. We have the Mexican burrows come in at the proper time to make the people roar with laughter.

A story without a hero is N. G. Broncho John's Wild West is an illustrated story with an illustrious hero.

A person will spend five dollars to see a Free Wild West Exhibition.

Write for terms. Secure Broncho John and his Wild West and you will never regret.

**J. H. SULLIVAN, Valparaiso, Indiana.**

**ASK ANY JOBBER**

And he will tell you

**ST. LOUIS**

Is especially responsive to good advertising.

**ASK ANY DEALER**

And he will tell you poster displays make the strongest impression.

**ASK ANYBODY**

And they will tell you our bill boards are located where they will be seen.

**ASK US**

How to make a poster display in St. Louis or anywhere else in the United States.

**ST. LOUIS BILL POSTING COMPANY,**  
516 WALNUT STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

**SOVEREIGN MASTER OF THE**  
**AMUSEMENT WORLD**

**Forepaugh & Sells Bros.**

**Enormous Show Perpetually United**

Will open the season of 1902 at Madison Square Garden, New York, Tuesday night, April 1st, for a season of three weeks, and under covers following. First-class people in all branches of the Circus business are wanted. Engagements for the Garden or for the entire season will be made. Address

**FOREPAUGH & SELLS BROTHERS**  
COLUMBUS, OHIO.

BILL POSTERS, CAR AGENTS, PRESS AND CONTRACTING AGENTS, AND LITHOGRAPHERS ARE WANTED. Address WM. H. GARDNER, Room 506 Townsend Building, 1123 Broadway, New York.

All performers are requested to send their photographs in costume for billing purposes.

Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads.

**WALKER...**

...AND...

**COMPANY**

Billposting  
Bulletins  
Distributing

**DETROIT, MICH.**

**CHANGE IN PRICES**

I wish to announce to my friends and clients as well as advertisers and solicitors generally that on and after January first, 1902, the

Price for Posting at Terre Haute, Ind., will be 4c per sheet

per week, or 9c per sheet for four weeks. **JAMES M. DIXON, Billposter and Distributor, 295 Fifth Street, Terre Haute, Indiana.**

**HUDSON**  
**Billposting Co.**

Licensed City Billposters and Distributors. Prices are 7c for listed work and 5c for C. M. O. Distributing \$2.50 per 1,000. Population, 10,000; suburban, 3,000. \* \* \* \* \*

**ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO**

**HERMAN DELKER**

Billposter and Distributer

Out-door Advertising, Sign Tackling, Etc. Population, 5,200. \* \* \* \* \*

**JUNCTION CITY, KAS.**

**Sam Martin**  
CITY BILL POSTER

Exclusive right to all bill boards in city. Country routes in Fountain and Warren counties. Address COVINGTON, IND.

**JAMES A. ORR**

ALGONA, IOWA, LICENSED BILLPOSTER AND DISTRIBUTER

Services of the best. Write for terms.

**DISTRIBUTER AND GENERAL**  
**ADVERTISING AGENT**

In a thriving coal mining and railroading section. Address **S. L. YOUNG,** Lock Box 411, Tamaqua, Pa.

**FOR DISTRIBUTING**  
**IN POMEROY, MIDDLEPORT AND**  
**GALLIPOLIS WRITE**  
**Ohio Valley Distributing & Sign Tackling Co.**  
**GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.**

Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads.



# FOND DU LAC The Livest Town in Wisconsin

The Post Office Official Report says: "During 1901 there have been 535 new residences built in addition to many stores and business blocks. The Wisconsin Central R. R. Co. have expended \$800,000.00, and the Chicago & Northwestern R. R. Co \$600,000.00 in establishing their Division Headquarters, Terminal Yards, and Shops at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin."

## The P. B. Haber Bill Posting Plant IS STRICTLY UP-TO-DATE

Has 75 Prominent Locations, ranging from 4x5 to 4x50, in addition to an abundance of 12-sh., 8-sh., and 3-sh. boards. FOND DU LAC IS ALL RIGHT. BILL IT STRONG.

If Our Work Pleases You Tell Others. If It Doesn't Tell Us.

## The Columbus Bill Posting Company, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

GEO. L. CHENNEL, Manager

**BILLPOSTERS. DISTRIBUTERS. DISPLAY ADVERTISERS**  
An up-to-date plant conducted on business principles. Columbus is great this year. Every one is working; every one has money to spend. No strikes; no labor trouble; Legislature in session next spring. Other advertisers are getting this good money. Why not you? Write us and we will tell you how.

References—Banks of Raleigh.

Member S. E. S. B. P. Association

## J. SHERWOOD UPCHURCH, OUTDOOR ADVERTISING

Raleigh, North Carolina.

Painting, Posting, Distributing, Tacking. Population, 24,000. Three thousand lineal feet of tongue and grooved boards.

## SEE REESE ABOUT IT

Billposting, Distributing  
Sign Painting

The BEST Boards in the BEST Locations

## The American Co., 315 LINDEN STREET Scranton, Pa. J. G. REESE, Manager and Treasurer.

H. H. TYNER, President

Established 1872

WM. H. TYNER, Manager

## H. H. TYNER & CO. Billposters and Distributers

Address Main Office: SPRINGFIELD, O.

Springfield, O., South Charleston, O., Yellow Springs, O., Lagonia, O. Members of Associated Billposters and Distributers of the United States and Canada. The Ohio Billposters' Association.

## DRIFTERS' ATTENTION

We are the "Real Thing" for You.

We not only carry, but SELL anything and everything a drifter can make money on. We are the CHEAPEST IN PRICE, promptest in shipping, and carry the largest assortment of everything made in White Stones, Watches, Gills, Notions, Cutlery, Flat Ware, Jewelry and Novelties for Diamond Palaces, Spindle Wheel, Fish Ponds, Give-Away, etc., also latest Novelties for every exellent. Write us for prices.

### SINGER BROTHERS,

NOTE—We have no Branches.

82 BOWERY, NEW YORK CITY.

### 4500 Feet of Board

You stick to me and I'll stick for you. S. P. FIELDS, Billposter and Distributer, Seaford, Delaware. Write for prices.

H. G. RICHARDSON, LIBERTY, IND., Billposter and Distributer. All work done in a first-class manner.

Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads.

W. A. Carter & Son Billposters and Distributers. All work guaranteed. Seymour, Indiana.

MANUFACTURERS AND PUBLISHERS will find it to their interest to send us prices and samples of M. O. B. goods. FRITZE & CO., San Antonio, Texas.

Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads.

ONLY DISTRIBUTERS IN INDIANAPOLIS, MUNCIE AND ANDERSON.



Main Offices: Suites 2, 3, 9, 10, 114 S. Illinois, Indianapolis

## NEW ORCHESTRA MUSIC

"Love's Own Waltzes," "Field Bugler's Two Step,"  
"Belle of Society Waltz," "The Hamilton Two Step,"  
"Coons in the Canebrake," "High Old Time in Dixie."

To introduce our ORCHESTRA MUSIC, a sample copy of any of the above pieces will be mailed for 25 CENTS, or one each of any five of them for \$1.00. They are all fine BALL-ROOM numbers. A thematic catalogue of sample parts will be mailed on application. Mention this paper in ordering.

THE ALBRIGHT MUSIC CO., 195 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

## READING, PA., BILL POSTING, DISTRIBUTING

... AND ...

## OUT-DOOR ADVERTISING CO.

ESTABLISHED 1878

Bill Posting and Distributing done promptly, carefully, judiciously. Locations the best in the city. References: All the Reading Banks and leading business men. Member of Pennsylvania Bill Posters' Association, Associated Bill Posters' and Distributers of the United States and Canada, the Associated Bill Posters' Protective Company. READING population, 78,961 (by census). Very prosperous manufacturing city with many diversified flourishing industries. Philadelphia and Reading Railway, Pennsylvania Railroad, United States Express, Adams Express.

Printing, when prettily printed, perfectly posted and prominently placed, posters are prodigious producers. For a liberal display—75 eight sheets; 50 twenty-four sheets. Rate, 9 cents.

JOHN D. MISHLER, PROPRIETOR.

WM. COOK, MANAGER.

ELMER E. RUTTER, SEC'Y AND TREAS.

## THE NEW YORK SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION

(Chartered by the University of the State of New York.)

### TRAINING FOR VOICE, BODY AND MIND

GENEVIEVE STEBBINS, Vice-President and Co-Principal, acknowledged as the leading exponent of Aesthetic Physical Culture, dramatic pupil of Mackaye and Regnier, is principal of the departments of Physical Training and Dramatic Art.

F. TOWNSEND SOUTHWICK, President, teaches the use of the voice for both conversation and public speaking, Vocal Expression and Artistic Platform Work.

Eminent Specialists in Literature, Swedish Gymnastics, Preparatory Elocution, Fencing, etc. "Action and Utterance," a review of elocution, with recitations, lessons, etc. Send 10 cents for a specimen.

Address the Secretary, 318 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York.

GET SONG BOOKS



\$1.00 ONE DOLLAR PER HUNDRED AND UP GREAT SELLERS  
Our Special Books are Beauties—Handsome Covers. Contents superior and attractive—Let us get them up, SURE WINNERS. SEND US TEN CENTS FOR SAMPLES.

WM. CROCKETT LOGAN, UTAH.

Bill Poster, Card Tacker, Distributer & Sampler

Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads.

JOHN LEAVER, WATERLOO, WIS. CITY BILL POSTER

Service guaranteed. Your business solletted

GEO. LAWRENCE Mgr. Good's Opera House, City Billposter & Dist., Pop. 2,500, Morris, Minn.

Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads.

# IT WILL PAY YOU

To let us estimate on your costume work. Legitimate work our specialty. "Miller's costumes" look the part. Our location enables us to save you money.

Costumes and wigs rented

## MILLER, COSTUMER,

231 and 233 N. 8th St.,  
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. PHILADELPHIA.

## NOTICE!! IF THERE IS ANYBODY

who writes positively primitive Sketches, Monologues and Jokes equal to mine, HE CHARGES CONSIDERABLY MORE for them than I do for my work. \* \* \*

## C. D. CHARLES

PLAYWRIGHT  
81 NEW ST., NEW YORK  
Usually have one or two sketches on hand

If You Do Business with Fairs Write

## E. E. BEEMAN

WAUKON, IOWA.

Sec'y Allamakee Co. Agricultural Society

**GREAT!** Big bunch of Vaudeville Material, Song, Monologue, Recitations and Magic Tricks, etc. Two large books sent for 10 cts. MYSTIC NOVELTY CO., 95 Laurel St., Cleveland, O.

## WAX FIGURES

of every description. Mechanical figures a specialty. Czolgosz dressed in the electric chair, \$40.00. If you get any, get the best. Address W. H. J. SHAW, 1122 So. 4th Street, St. Louis, Mo.

## C. W. ABBOTT

Billposter and Distributer

Box 165, HARTFORD CITY, IND.



THE NAME  
**GRIFFIN**  
stands for THE BEST in  
Theatrical SHOES  
Write for Catalogue  
Prices Right  
25 SPRING STREET  
Rochester, N. Y.

To reach Southern Arizona, the most prosperous section of the United States, send your advertising matter to the

Tucson Bill Posting and Adv. Co.

Kimball & Francis, Proprietors,  
Tucson, Arizona

Prices and work satisfactory. Profitable returns assured.

## A. W. BALDWIN

City Billposter

Best Service BLANCHESTER, O.

## H. J. DOUGHTY & SONS

Butler Bill Posting Co., Butler, Pa.  
Pop., 11,000. All work guaranteed.

Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads.



CAPTAIN JOHN WHITE, Prop. and Mgr.

# THE GREAT CAICEDO

The Title King of the Wire was conferred on CAICEDO by the Prince of Wales, now Edward the VII. of England, in Vienna December 1888.

## KING OF THE WIRE

CAICEDO, THE SENSATION OF ENGLAND. CAICEDO, THE REVELATION OF FRANCE. CAICEDO, THE TALK OF RUSSIA. CAICEDO, THE MARVEL OF AUSTRALIA. CAICEDO, THE GREATEST SUCCESS IN AMERICA. \* \* \*

Sixteen weeks at the Princes Theatre Melbourn and Lyceum Theatre, Sydney, Australia. Thirty-four weeks at the Empire, London, England. Twenty-four weeks at The Grand Hippodrome, Paris, France. Twenty-four weeks at The Ronacher Theatre, Vienna, Austria. Twenty-four weeks at The Zoological Gardens, St. Petersburg, Russia. Twenty weeks at The Winter Gardens, Berlin, Germany. Twenty-eight weeks at Koster & Bial's, New York City New York. For five years a feature of the Keith Circuit, appearing at these houses three and four times every year. The greatest attraction of State and County Fairs at Toronto Ontario; Trenton, N. J.; Minnesota, Minn.; Brockton Mass.; Winnipeg, Ontario; Frederick Md.; Hagerstown, Md. The only slack wire performer in the world who can throw twenty (20) somersaults on the wire in different positions. CAICEDO can perform at any height from 12 to 40 feet from the ground. Booked to perform at the Shrewsbury Floral Fete, England, in 1902. Address Orpheum Theater, Chicago, Ill., Dec. 2-9, or

108 West 17th Street, New York City, or White Rats of America.

# A WIDE FIELD

\* Close to Cincinnati is Owned by Us \*

We control every Billboard in Newport, Bellevue, Dayton and Ft. Thomas, Ky.

WE ALSO DISTRIBUTE. ALL WORK GUARANTEED \* \*

Prices for Posting after January 1, 1902, will be eight cents per sheet for 4 weeks.

## G. H. OTTING & SON

Billposters and Distributers, NEWPORT, KY.

Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads. Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads.

## White's London Dime Musee

314-316 State Street

CHICAGO

ILL.

Performer and Freaks Wanted at all Times. Open all the Year Round from 0a.m. to 10 p.m.

# BACKMANS TROUPE OF GLASS BLOWERS



For terms and full particulars address

## JOHN T. BACKMAN

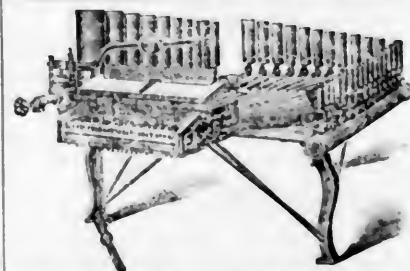
Eagle Glass Works  
16 S. Fulton Ave., Baltimore, Md.

## VENTRILOQUIST FIGURES

Punch and Judy Figures

Marionettes, Shadowgraphs, Black Art, Illusions and show Property. Enclose stamp for particulars and lists. W. H. J. SHAW, 1122 South Fourth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

MAUD'S LETTER TO HER CHUM, Rare, with Book 10c. J. G. Schettler, Cleveland, O.



## GEORGE KRATZ

Calliope Builder

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

**WHEN** you want to advertise North Carolina, write to the manager of the GRIFFITH ADV. SERVICE, Greensboro, N. C., for any information desired.



## F. H. BANCROFT

City Billposter and Distributer

Population 16,000 FRESNO, CAL.

Wanted Good First-Class Attractions for the

## McGregor Opera House

Junction town, 2,500 inhabitants, 25 miles west of Waco. Good open dates in Jan. and Feb. J. W. CONLEY, Mgr., McGregor, Texas.

Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads.

**RUNEY'S  
POSTERDOM**

**ADVERTISERS**

contemplating a more or less extensive billposting campaign should send 25 cents for POSTERDOM, showing the cost of billposting, giving estimates, designs and beautiful illustrations. This publication is very valuable and strictly up-to-date in every particular. Address

**POSTERDOM**

127 E. 8th Street, Cincinnati, O.

**Theo, the Flying Lady**

The best and finest illusion of its kind. I make any illusion. Send \$1 for "Magic Up-to-Date." This book explains many illusions. W. H. J. S.A.A.W. 1122 South 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.

100 amusing and mysterious MAGIC TRICKS with Mystic Novelty Co., 95 Laurel Street, Cleveland, O.

**THOMAS W. BURR**  
Bangor, Maine.

Population, 23,000.  
Own all Billboards.

Distribute in following outside towns: Brewer, Oldtown, Orono, Venzie and Hampden. \$2 a 1000; samples \$3 to \$4.

**A. L. Fabel, Agent, at Liberty**

Thoroughly experienced, a hard worker and will make good. Make offer. Address Meadville, Pa.

**Charles B. Everett**

Billposter and distributor, No. 408 St. Clair Street, Latrobe, Pa. Population, 8,000.

**E. M. BRACY, Distributor, 80 Ford St. Ogdensburg, N. Y.** Sign Tacking. Work guaranteed. Member I. A. D. & Feister's List.

**WILL J. PERRY**

LICENSED BILLPOSTER AND DISTRIBUTOR

CARROLLTON, GA. Population, 3,600. Good Territory.

Any one desiring to advertise Southeast Alabama, please write to

**VALENTINE BROS.**  
City Billposters and Distributors  
CLAYTON, ALABAMA.

ALL WORK IS GUARANTEED.

**Captain Stewart**

Wants male and female performers for Medicine Show. Prefer those that fake organ. Week stands. Address 14 Porman St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

**Parsons & Pools Uncle Tom's Cabin Co.** will go out next season under the management of J. H. Miller & Co. Wanted all kinds of Tom people, Musicians, Colored Quartette. This company will eat and sleep in hotels. Address J. H. MILLER, Newark, Ohio.

**I. E. CAMPOS,**  
The Veteran Distributor of the South

OFFICE 220 WHITAKER ST. SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

**Camden, N. Y., N. W. SMITH, Billposter & Distributor** Samples a specialty. Address N. W. SMITH.

Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads.



**J. M. Morgan & Bro.**

Advertising Service

Bill Posting Sign Tacking Distributing SALISBURY, N. C.

Population 10,000. Members of Southern States Bill Posters' Association; International Association of Distributors.



**BROADWAY THEATRE  
LINCOLN, ILLINOIS.**

Population, 12,000 Seating Capacity, 825

**MIDWAY** BETWEEN BLOOMINGTON, SPRINGFIELD, P. ORIA AND DECATUR. Also on Direct Line to CHAMPAIGN. All within 35 mile Radius. WANT FIRST-CLASS ATTRACTIONS ONLY. CHRISTMAS WEEK OPEN. COSSITT & FOLEY, Managers.

**ASTHMA CURE FREE!**

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases. Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.

There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.



The Rev. C. F. Wells, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene derived in good condition. I can not tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle."

We want to send to every sufferer a trial treatment of Asthmalene, similar to the one that cured Mr. Wells. We'll send it by mail POSTPAID, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, to any sufferer who will write for it, even on a postal. Never mind, though you are despairing, however bad your case, Asthmalene will relieve and cure. The worse your case, the more glad we are to send it. Do not delay, write at once, addressing Dr. TAFT BROS., MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City. Sold by all druggists.

**Walking Canes**  
Tri-Color Ribbon for Canes.

**PAPER HATS, CONFETTI and MOSS PAPER FESTOONING**

Write Us for Samples and Prices.

**THE NATIONAL FLAG CO.,** MANUFACTURERS, 1012 Flint St., Cincinnati, O.

**GENERAL INFORMATION**  
307 Main Street,  
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Tells regular subscribers by return mail where to buy any article or class of goods from the manufacturer, importer or publisher, per conditions on page one, each issue. On trial 6 months for 10 cents. If you wish to keep the dime, save your postage.

**The Carpenter Company**

Presenting only high-class productions. Original ideas in advertising bring money to the box office. Attractions: "Quo Vadis," Eastern; "Quo Vadis," Western; the great Russian melodrama, "For Her Sake"; and "In the King's Name"; in preparation and booking for 1902-1903, a new sensational scenic melodrama, by Hal Reid, entitled "A Little Outcast"; a splendid scenic production of "In a Woman's Power"; a real farce, "Mr. Plaster of Paris." Address all communications to E. J. CARPENTER, General Manager, Western Office 346 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. Eastern Office Room 3, 1358 Broadway, New York.

I am the man who originated the **DEWEY RING** and have supplied nearly every wire ring sold in Atlantic City for the last 6 years. I manufacture Bracelets, Stone, Snake, Bangles, Fuzzie and Knot Rings. Wire Jewelry of every description. Jobbers and wire artists write me. A. F. BENNETT, 1317 Poplar St., Phila., Pa.

**MAGNETIC TACK HAMMERS!** Just the thing for tacking tin and card board signs. Every distributor should have one. Prices, with double extension handle, 32 inches long, each, \$2.00; triple extension handles, 42 inches long, each, \$2.35. Send the money with the order. None sent C.O.D. The Donaldson Litho. Co., Newport, Ky.

**WANTED** To give free attractions at Street Fairs, Bazaars or other fairs. Four aerial acts and three platform acts. Will be at liberty after May 1, 1902. Prefer fairs in Kan., Neb., Mo. or Iowa. Address WATSON BROS., Clinton, Mo.

Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads.

**To Agents and Mail Order Men.**

We have the best selling mail order goods on the market to-day. Rapid and sure to catch. Full particulars, with sample by mail, 10 cents. Don't miss this chance. J. G. DALY & CO., P. O. Box 418, Providence, R. I.

**PHOTOS** 9 of Beauties, Cabinet Size, and Large Book, 15c. J. G. Scheidler, Cleveland, O.

**NOVELTIES**

Toys, Canes, Dusters, Confetti, Return Balls, Whips, Horns, Balloons, and all the Latest Novelties for Street Fair and Carnival Men, also Holiday Goods.

**LEVIN BROS.**  
30 and 32 N. 6th Street, Terre Haute, Ind.

Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads.



**MEN**

Cured While You Sleep In Fifteen Days

Any sufferer from STRICTURE and its offspring VARICOCELE, Prostatitis and Seminal Weakness, is invited to cut out the coupon below, write his name

**Free Treatise Coupon.**  
St. James Medical Association,  
179 Miami Building, Cincinnati, O.  
N. W. Cor. 5th and Elm.  
Please send me a copy of your Illustrated Work upon the Male Sexual System, securely sealed. PREPAID FREE of all CHARGES.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

and address plainly, mail it to St. James Medical Assn., 179 Miami Bldg., N. W. Cor. 5th and Elm, Cincinnati, O., and they will send the Illustrated Treatise, showing the parts of the male system involved in urethral ailments, prepaid. FREE ST. JAMES MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 179 Miami Bldg., N. W. Cor 5th & Elm, Cincinnati, O.

**What Good Men Say**



Oshkosh, Wis., July 8, 1901. Among the first-class bill posting plants of America, there are none better than that of J. E. Williams, of Oshkosh, Wis. Among the first class bill posters, who take pride in giving the advertiser the very best service, there are none more earnest and conscientious than J. E. Williams, of Oshkosh, Wis. It is always a pleasure to do business with the genial, honest John E. Williams, of Oshkosh, Wis. A. B. RINGLING, Ringling Bros. World's Greatest Shows.

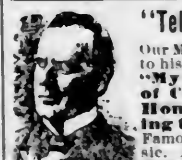
After five years of business and social acquaintance with J. E. Williams, Billposter of Oshkosh, I wish to endorse him as a gentleman in the fullest and best sense of that term. His word is as good as an affidavit and his verbal promise as good as a note. His methods are worthy of emulation, as such men make business pleasant and profitable. R. M. HARVEY, Agent Great Wallace Shows.  
Copy of letter to Mr. Dale, No. 1 Car.

Oshkosh, Wis., May 28, 1899. MR. DALE: You will find Mr. J. E. Williams, city billposter of Oshkosh, one of the finest men you ever met. Any business you have with him will be a pleasure. I will always be pleased to do business with him, and return to Oshkosh, as he is a white boy to do business with. J. HENRY RICE, Agent Walter L. Mains' Shows.

**JOHN E. WILLIAMS**  
BILLPOSTER  
Pop., 32,836. Oshkosh, Wis.

**Magicians, Fakirs, Streetmen**—samples of five new, quick selling articles, 10c. None free. Magic Trick Books, \$2.50 per 1000. Address Mystic Novelty Co., 95 Laurel St., Cleveland, O.

**Picture Machines WANTED and FOR SALE**  
Pinnacle Optographs  
SPECIALTY  
MOVING FILMS  
all SLIDES.  
DO YOU WISH to sell, or WANT a BARCAIN? MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED and FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE. HARBACH & CO. 809 Filbert St. Phila. Pa.



**"Tell Mother I'll be There"**

Our Martyred President's Message to his Mother fulfilled in Heaven. "My Buckeye Home," "Flag of Columbia," "I'm Going Home to Mother," "Looking for the Matman." Five Famous Songs. Finest Sheet Music. All for 50c. Agents wanted. Dept. B. McCALLIP MUSIC CO., Columbus, Ohio.

**H. G. & B.,**  
106 Canal St., NEW YORK  
Headquarters for Streetmen and Auctioneers' Supplies. Shear lots, Razor lots, Comb lots, Flat Ware, Indellible Pencils and Fillers, Pen Holders, and Pens, Collar Button sets, Optical Goods, Cutlery, Jewelry and NOVELTIES. Our goods specially adapted for Gift Shows, Picnics, Fish Ponds, Spindles, etc. Write for our low prices.

**M. KINGSLEY**  
Rutland, Vt.

Owens and controls 1,200 lineal feet of Billboard Room.

**TRICKS** 357 Tricks by Mail, 10c. With particulars how to start in the show business. JOHN G. SCHEIDLER, Cleveland, O.

Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads.

"Eighteen Years in Posterdom."

# CLARENCE E. RUNEY

Official Representative of the  
**Associated Bill Posters and Distributers of United States and Canada**

Member Associated Bill Posters and Distributers of United States and Canada.  
 Illinois State Bill Posters' Association. Secretary International Distributers' Association of United States and Canada.

## EIGHTEEN YEARS IN POSTERDOM

Fifteen of which were spent on the road advertising, in the United States and Canada, thus giving me a knowledge of nearly every billposting plant, as well as a personal acquaintance with 90 per cent of the billposters. I know the capacity and advertising value of every town, the amount of paper each town should have for a thorough showing, the kind of service each man renders. All this was acquired at a cost of

**\$25,000.00**

in expense money alone, and is simply invaluable to my clients in placing their paper. Sixty-six different national advertisers were secured or placed on the billboards through my personal management, at an expenditure of a quarter of a million annually.

To those who contemplate a more or less extensive advertising campaign, but are not fully decided, I offer my services.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.  
 IDEAS ADVANCED  
 ESTIMATES RENDERED.  
 SKETCHES FURNISHED.  
 CAMPAIGNS PLANNED.

**CLARENCE E. RUNEY,**

Long Distance 'Phone Main 1317,

127 E. 8th St., CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.



**C. W. STUTESMAN**  
 CITY AND COUNTY  
**Bill Poster**  
 AND  
**Distributor**  
 PERU, INDIANA.

ADDRESS  
 BERNARD ADVERTISING SERVICE

Savannah, Ga., Augusta, Ga.,  
 Columbus, Ga., Charleston, S. C.,  
 and Orangeburg, S. C.

Association Member and the only exclusively Commercial Bill Posting Plant in above cities.

**Calvert, Texas**  
 Population, 4000.

I am a licensed Billposter. Own all the boards, and am a member of the International Association of Distributers. Work guaranteed.  
 J. P. CASSIMER, BILL POSTER.

**ARMY AND NAVY CLOTHING**

Guns, Swords and Equipments of every description from Government Auction. Officers complete outfits. Band uniforms a specialty. Send for price list.  
 B. B. ABRAHAMS, 222 SOUTH ST., PHILA. PA.

**D. H. Calvert**  
 City Billposter, Pontiac, Mich.

Population, 9,500. For a fair showing 5 24 sheets and 10 eight sheets. Race, 6c 4 weeks; C. M. O. 4c.

**John S. Phillips, BILL POSTER**  
 Arnprior, Ont., Can.

Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads.

## UNIVERSAL ELECTRIC Stage Lighting Company

Every Electrical Device Pertaining to the Theatre.

**KLIEGL BROS., Props.**

1393-1395 BROADWAY AND 129 W. 38th STREET, NEW YORK.

NOW BOOKING SEASON 1902-1903

....PETE BAKER....

In a New Revised Edition of  
**CHRIS AND LENA**

For Time and Terms Address  
**GEO. MANDERBACK, 160 S. Clark Street, Chicago.**



Book the New Theatre  
**THE GORMAN**  
 SO. FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

Modern in Every Respect; Seats 1,000.  
 BOSTON OFFICE  
 180 TREMONT STREET.

**WANTED—An Attraction Week of Dec. 23 on Guarantee**

Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads.

**JOHN GORIN**

City Billposter, Distributer and Card Tacker.

Owens and controls 1,200 square feet of boards. Population 1000. Member of Associated B. P. of United States and Canada. Address

330 Main Street, Bowling Green, Ky.

**PARKS' OPERA HOUSE**

Good business for good attractions. Ample stage and seating capacity. Good Orchestra. Billposting Co. All branches. Large commercial capacity. Address  
 E. A. PARKS, Owner and Mgr.,  
 Louisiana, Missouri.

**C. G. GRAHAM**

Billposter and Distributer

Work Promptly Done. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Orders from a Distance Conscientiously Carried Out.

ABILENE, KANSAS.

**RICE'S FAMOUS Dogs, Ponies and Monkeys**

PERMANENT ADDRESS  
 NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.

Goldsmith & Kaufman  
 CITY BILL POSTERS AND DISTRIBUTERS  
 FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

**DON J. BARLEY**

Billposter, Distributer, also Manager Union Opera House, St. Paris, Ohio.

**THOMAS C. ROUP**  
 City Bill Posting Plant. An up-to-date plant and the only one in the city. Good showing on principal streets. Also manager Woods Theater, WELINGTON, KAN.

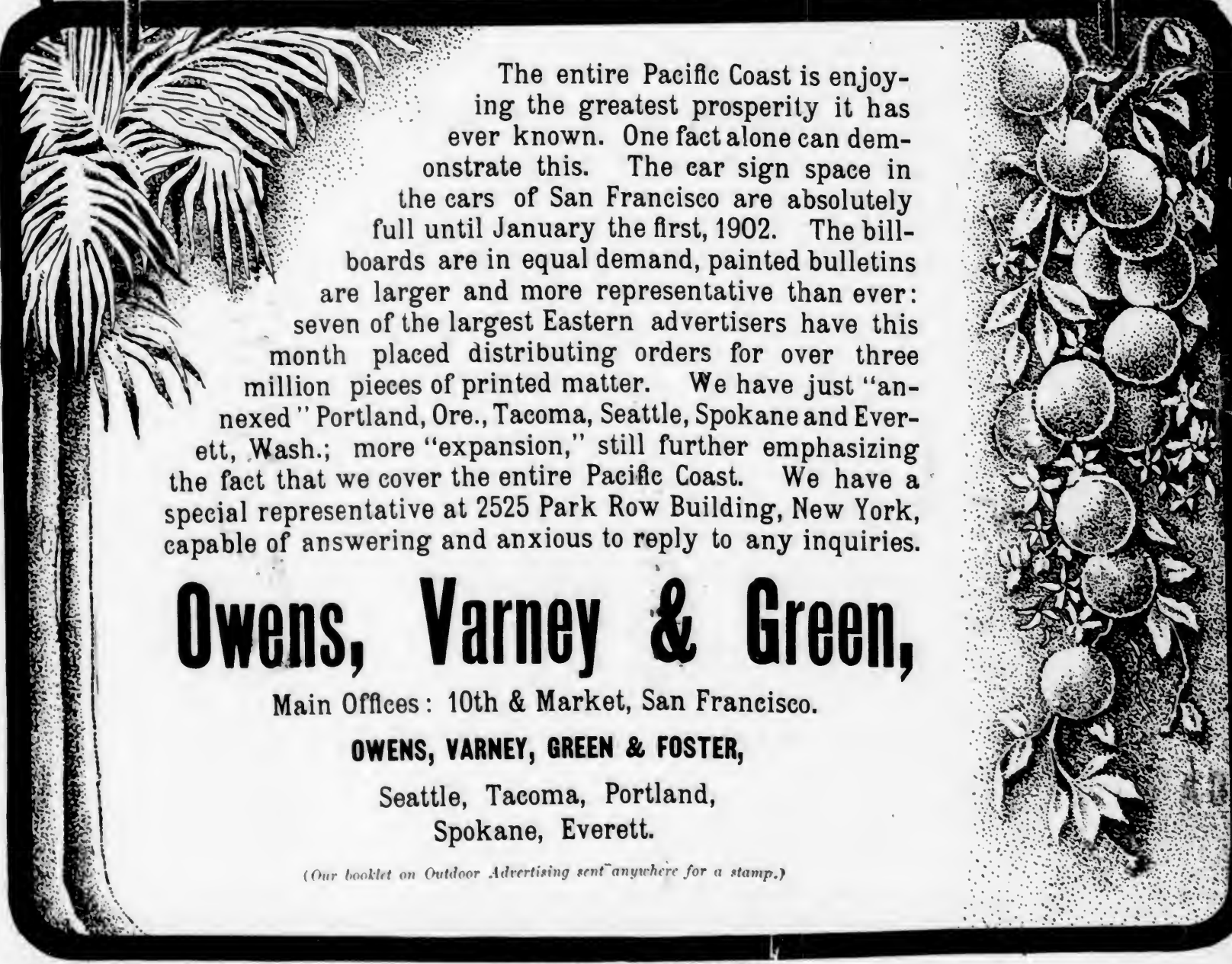
Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads.



# California

where outdoor advertising is  
good all the year round, for

there is  
no winter  
there!



The entire Pacific Coast is enjoying the greatest prosperity it has ever known. One fact alone can demonstrate this. The car sign space in the cars of San Francisco are absolutely full until January the first, 1902. The billboards are in equal demand, painted bulletins are larger and more representative than ever: seven of the largest Eastern advertisers have this month placed distributing orders for over three million pieces of printed matter. We have just "annexed" Portland, Ore., Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane and Everett, Wash.; more "expansion," still further emphasizing the fact that we cover the entire Pacific Coast. We have a special representative at 2525 Park Row Building, New York, capable of answering and anxious to reply to any inquiries.

## Owens, Varney & Green,

Main Offices: 10th & Market, San Francisco.

**OWENS, VARNEY, GREEN & FOSTER,**

Seattle, Tacoma, Portland,  
Spokane, Everett.

*(Our booklet on Outdoor Advertising sent anywhere for a stamp.)*

The Prettiest Book of the Year

## "John Robinson's Route"

Written and illustrated by the well-known press agent, Mr. HUGH F. HOFFMAN, containing many artistic and interesting half-tone reproductions of people, places and things pertaining to the season's tour, together with breezy little stories, witticisms and drawings from the pen of its author. Cloth cover, in Elk's colors, purple and white, beautifully bound making it easily, The Most Original, handsome and satisfactory Route-Book of the Season. One hundred and fifty pages, 6 1/2 x 9 1/2 in. Price, \$2.00. Address all communications to

H. F. HOFFMAN,

Care Billboard, Cincinnati, O.  
See criticism in this week's Billboard.

**ONLY A BOY** Fascinating Book for Sports Sent securely sealed with 2 beautiful, cabinets (no tights) 25c. D. F. STEWART CO., Box 916, Providence, R. I.

**Hart** Stands Three Shoots LITHO-GRAPHS  
160 S. Clark Street.

Special and stock. Suitable for any play. Contracts of all descriptions.

A. H. HART, 160 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

**DECATUR, ILL.** If you are looking for honest and faithful service, where integrity and intelligence will be of value to you, correspond with me for your distributing, sampling and sign tacking. S. E. MUNSON, 657 W. Eldo St.

**Southwest Texas Advertising Co.**  
J. Myers, Prop., Luling, Tex.  
Licensed City Bill Poster,  
General Representative. Prices Moderate.

**Stoops Billposting Company,**  
BILLPOSTERS, DISTRIBUTERS,  
BULLETIN PAINTERS.  
**HUNTSVILLE, ALA.**  
Population, 18,000.

OUR

## Electric Scenic Theater

Just concluded special engagement at Pittsburg Exposition where it was admired by everybody; also at Boston Pure Food Fair; now on exhibition at Food Fair in Coliseum at Chicago. The most artistic and pleasing of all entertainments of this character. We have three of them on hand, one of them available for Special Holiday Engagements. Address

SOSMAN & LANDIS,

236-238 S. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.

**THE DOUGHERTY AUDITORIUM**  
A \$10,000 Building.

**The Best One Night Stand in Rural Missouri!**  
Ground floor, new modern, up-to-date, electric light, steam heat. Size of building, 60x100 ft.; stage opening, 30x24; stage, 30x20 ft.; fly gallery, 24 ft.; rigging 10 ft. High. Capacity, 1,000. Now booking first-class attractions. Address, SAMUEL DOUGHERTY, Richmond, Mo. Also a member of Tri-State Bill Poster Association.

## CAR WANTED!

Will buy for cash, or lease, a Combination 60-foot Sleeper, with 12 or 18 feet for baggage. Must be fully equipped for fast passenger service, and pass R. R. inspection. State full particulars. Send photo; will return same. W. H. WARREN, Somerset, New York.

**JAN. R. BURNEY, Bill Poster and Distributor, Beame, Tex.** 11 Stands, 4 high. Best R. R. showing, 4 R. R.'s; 24 passenger trains daily. Rates, 3 & 4 cts., 80 days showing.

Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads.

NOTHING LIKE IT EVER ATTEMPTED.

## BERKELL'S BIG 10c SHOW

SUMMER SEASON OF 1902.

### Wanted Circus People

of all kinds except riders. A bar team that do a brother act or some other good act, must be A1. A man with a good trope of 8 or 10 ponies, dogs and monkeys. Must be a feature. Would like one that has 2 or 3 cages. A troupe of 3 Japanesses; talking and singing clowns; band and orchestra leader; also all kinds of band people; agent that understands newspaper work; boss canvas man and cook. State salary, send programmes and full particulars—how many people in troupe, whether ladies or gentlemen. Travel by rail; 3 days and week stands. Opening in Iowa, going to coast. Address

**CHAS. BERKELL,** Casey, Ia. until Dec. 7; Menlo, Ia., Dec. 9 one week; then to per. ad. 502 S. Keystone Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

### Confetti, Canes, Confetti Dusters, Serpentine, Squawkers 1902 NOVELTIES

The Bumper, The English Crop, The Tickler OR RIDING WHIP

## St. Louis Confetti Co.

MANUFACTURERS

5-7-9-11 North Ninth Street, WRITE FOR CATALOGUE ST. LOUIS, MO.

## The Griffith Advertising Service

Greensboro, North Carolina.

Own and control all Billboards and Advertising Spaces in the city, and have the largest and best equipped plant for Billposting, Distributing and Sign Tacking in the State. NOTE—Advertisers will do well to communicate with us when wishing to cover this territory.

## NOTICE SHOWMEN

We are the most extensive builders of all kinds and styles of CIRCUS WAGONS—Baggage, Freight, Tableaux, Band Wagons, Racing Chariots, Calliopes, Ticket Wagons and Dog and Pony Show Work; in full carved and gold leaf or plain with ornamental painting. Twenty years' experience. Write us your needs.

### SULLIVAN & EAGLE, PERU, IND.

CHAS. H. CONSOLO.

EDW. C. CHESHIRE.

## CONSOLVO & CHESHIRE

BILLPOSTERS

### DISTRIBUTING and SIGN TACKING

Norfolk, Portsmouth, Berkley, Newport News, Hampton, Old Point, Suffolk and Elizabeth City  
MAIN OFFICE, No. 355 MAIN STREET, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

Members Associated Bill Posters, Associated Bill Posters Protective Co., International Distributors Association, S. E. S. Bill Posters Association.

### DeKALB COUNTY

## Bill Posting and Distributing Co.

Can post 15 28's; 10 24's; 100 8 sheet stands; 200 1 and 2 sheet stands. House-to-house distribution, 4,000 pieces. Have excellent country route. Write us.

DANIEL CLIFFE, SYCAMORE, ILL.

## Forepaugh and Sells Brothers Twentieth Century Colossus

### —SEASON OF 1902— WANTED

First class Bill Posters, Lithographers and Banner Men for the Advance of the above named Shows. Highest wages will be paid to the right men. Must be sober and reliable, experienced and hard workers. Address, giving full information, references and former experience, age, weight and height. Consider three weeks' silence a respectful negative.

**W. H. GARDNER, Room 504, 1123 Broadway, New York**

**Something New and Just Out**  
The Winking Eyes, lithographed on tin. Eyeball moves, lid winks. Looks like life. A beauty. Sells fast at 10 and 15 cents. Write for terms. Circulars free. Samples, 10 cents. Special prices to jobbers.  
Paris Novelty Works, 21 Quincy Street, Chicago, Ill.

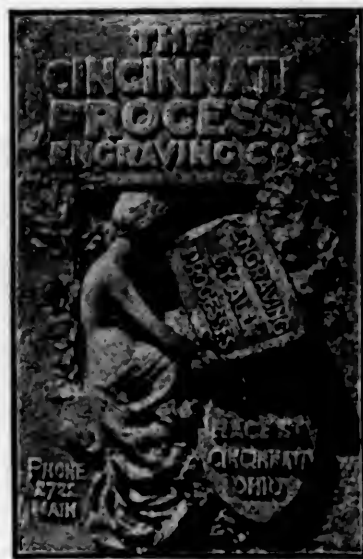
## SIDE SHOW PAINTINGS

CLARENCE FAGG, 40 Bond Street, New York City.

Painters Barnum & Bailey in Europe and to Leading Showmen in America

Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads.

Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads.



**JAS. S. LAIRD,**  
BILLPOSTER AND DISTRIBUTER,

**Greenville, Pa.**  
Population, 7,000. Best of Service.

**J. C. DERR,**  
Bill Poster and Distributor,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.

**J. H. S. ELLIS,**  
MANAGER OF  
Ellis Opera House and Ellis Advertising and Bill Posting Company,  
RENSELAER, INDIANA.

**W. A. QU'MBY, City Bill Poster,**  
Population, 3,500. **FAYETTEVILLE, TENNESSEE.**

**W. M. HARMON,**  
Missouri Valley, Iowa,  
City Bill Poster and Distributor,  
Also Manager New Theater.

**GEO. A. WEBLER,**  
Licensed City Billposter and Distributor,  
194 Washington Ave.,  
KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS.

Washington, Pa., Population, 2,200.  
**A. B. MEANS,**  
BILLPOSTER

31 West Chestnut Street.  
Member State Billposters' Association. All work promptly done.

American Advertising and Distributing Co, Terre Haute, Ind. Also in 75 surrounding towns and country houses.

**New Hampton, Ia.**  
**R. R. GARVER, Billposter and Distributor.**  
AND OUTSIDE TOWNS.  
Satisfaction Guaranteed or no Pay

## ALWAYS READY

To put up a Guarantee for Good Attractions.  
**W. C. ALSOVER, Mgr.**  
Vermontville, Michigan.

Licensed Bill Distributor of Rochester, N. Y. Henry Pasch, 241 Selco St. Estab. 1888. Population 125,000. Best reference. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**B. E. MEILL, Advertising Distributor, 87 Carter Street, Newburg, N. Y. Established 1898.**

## NEW IDEA IN TRUNKS.

The Stallman Brooser Trunk is constructed on new principles. Drawers instead of trays. A place for everything and everything in its place. The bottom as accessible as the top. Defies the baggage smasher. Costs no more than a good box trunk. Sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination. Send 5c stamp for illustrated catalogue. **F. A. STALLMAN, 2 W. Spring St., Columbus, O.**

AGENTS to sell latest song books at fairs, picnics, etc.; samples and flat free. Carter Book Co., 811 S. Broadway, St. Louis

Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads.

THE BILLBOARD

Permanent, Artistic Photos. Portrait, Landscape and Commercial Work
PROFESSIONAL TRADE A SPECIALTY

Young & Carl

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS FALL FESTIVAL, 1901
Seventh & Vine Sts. CINCINNATI, O.

ATLANTIC GARDEN,

613 Vine St. bet. 6th and 7th. CINCINNATI, OHIO. Electric Orchestration
Can Be Heard Daily From 11 a.m. to 12 p.m.

HIGH-CLASS VAUDEVILLE SHOW. Entire Change of Bill Every Week. RESTAURANT AND BILLIARD HALL IN CONNECTION. JOHN LEDERER, Prop. and Mgr. NICK De RUIZ, Amusement Mgr.

GOOD VAUDEVILLE PEOPLE WANTED AT ALL TIMES.

The Palms

1314-16 VINE STREET. GUS. WORM, ED. BRANNIGAN, Sole Proprietors and Managers. CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCES EVERY NIGHT, 8-12.

THE COMMODORE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE AND MUSIC HALL.

FIRST-CLASS ATTRACTIONS, 517-519 FOUNTAIN PLACE, Back of Columbia Theatre. Matinees Daily 2.30. Evening, 7.30. Free. Until 12 O'clock. PHIL. GROSS, Jr., Prop. and Mgr.

IN CINCINNATI

There is Just One Restaurant - and only one - that is first-class in appointment, service and cuisine, AND IS CENTRALLY LOCATED, and this one particular restaurant is

THE STAG CAFE.

CHAS. A. BAYLIS, Manager. VINE STREET, bet. 4th and 5th.

Or woned with Success Reengaged Everywhere The World's Famous 1st Regiment Band

Offices 2, 5, 6 Theobald Bldg., 111-113 W. 5th St., Cincinnati, O. Tele. 689 Main and 279 West Y.

Mention 'The Billboard' when answering ads.

Who Ever Heard of Poor Service in these Cities? CLINTON, IA., MARSHALLTOWN, IA., LYONS, IA., TAMA, IA.

BUSBY BILL POSTING CO. BUSBY BROS., Sole Owners.

BILL POSTERS, DISTRIBUTERS AND OUT DOOR ADVERTISERS. 7 000 FEET of Boards. All in prominent locations. Western agents for Hoyt's Cold Water Paste

Jones' Bill Posting and Advertising Co.

A. H. JONES, Manager. Posting, Sign Tacking, Sampling and House to FITZGERALD, GEORGIA House Distributing a Specialty. Prices furnished on application. Member of Southeastern States Bill Posters Association and I. D. A

WALLACE DISTRIBUTERS' BAGS ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Order of following agents: R. C. Campbell, Security Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Chas. Bernard, Savannah, Ga.; Curran Co., Denver, Colo.; Owens, Varney & Green, San Francisco, Cal.; or Wallace Bag Co., Oswego, N. Y. \$1.00. Every bag guaranteed. Only bag used by all association billposters, distributors and card tackers. Cash must accompany all orders \$1.00 each.

If You Only Have Wind, You Can Blow

This song has a very catchy melody and nineteen of the best verses you ever read. If you only have wind, you will blow three two-cent stamps and evidence of being in the profession for reg. copy; to non-professionals, 25 cents.

WM. H. HENNAMAN, 872 Perkiomen Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

POST PROVO, the third city in Size and first city of Importance in UTAH.

Provo City Bill Posting Company

M. H. GRAHAM, Manager.

This city with over 7,000 population is the center of a rich agricultural, mining and stock-raising country of over 45,000 population. Our board occupy the best locations in the city. Only men employed in our distributary department. Price for posting 7c. per sheet. Distributing, \$3 and up per m

PASTE

THE CURRAN COMPANY.

BILL POSTING, DISTRIBUTING, WALL and BULLETIN ADVERTISING.

General Office, 1728 LAWRENCE ST., DENVER, COL. BRANCH OFFICES—Pueblo, Colorado Springs.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

And that large portion of it interested in advertising will find it much to their advantage to subscribe to 'PUBLCITY,' the popular English monthly medium, for what is transpiring amongst all kinds of British publicity seekers. The fact that this popular journal is now subscribed for in all parts of the world is good evidence of the capital value we represent it to be.

50 cents yearly. MORRISON ADVERTISING AGENCY, HULL, ENGLAND.

Established 1870. CHARLES WOOD Bill Poster and Distributer 1000 8-sheet boards, 180 stands. Pop. Jamaica, N. Y., and suburbs, 35,000. Rates: Posting, 4 cents per sheet distributing, per 1,000, \$2.00.

Bargains in Buffalo Pins Price per Gross, \$1.00 Silver, Gold or Black Color. Philippine Babies Same Price JUERGENS BROS., Gold Wire Artists' Findings 194 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Mention 'The Billboard' when answering ads.

Progressive Billposters all Buy Our 'G' Paste made especially for their use, because far BETTER than home-made, more convenient and certainly CHEAPER. Will not sour and will keep for an indefinite length of time. On receipt of \$1.50 will ship you a sample barrel holding over 250 pounds, out of which you can make fully three barrels by reducing with cold water as needed. Many billposters act as our agents and control local paper hangers' trade as well as others and why not you? If interested in all write us. THE INDIANAPOLIS PASTE CO., Indianapolis, Ind.

W. Gault Browne The Dean of Vaudeville and Dramatic Writers.

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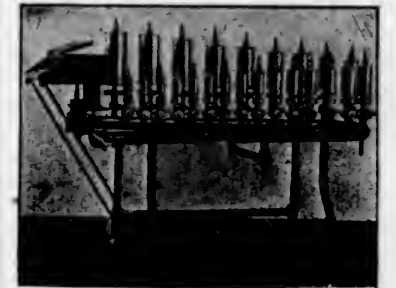
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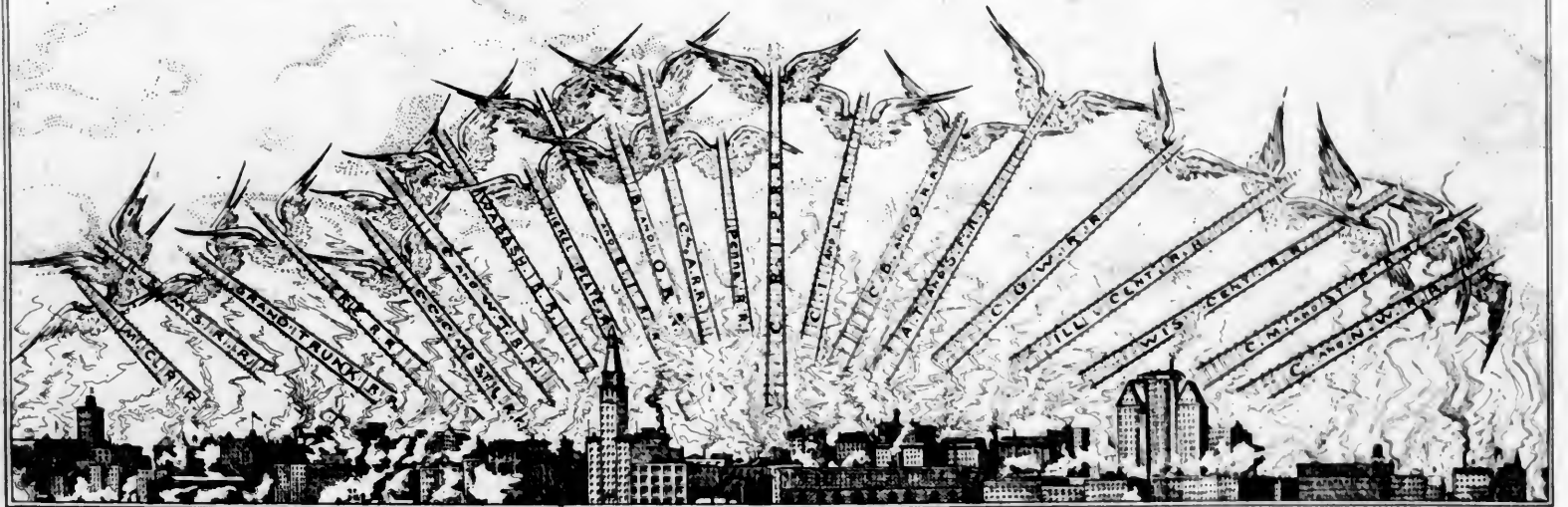
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HAS JUST CLOSED THE MOST PROSPEROUS SEASON IN ITS HISTORY.

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This PALACE OF GLASS—One of Europe's Latest and Greatest Novelties. An exhibition which mystifies, interests and pleases the masses; is constructed of Hundreds of Moorish Arches, Pillars, Floor Pieces, 60 French Plate Mirrors. It is the only Portable Crystal Maze in the world, having its own Special Wagons and Railroad Cars for transportation. Representing an investment of \$20,000, this attraction, with its Gorgeous, Gold Embellished, Superbly Carved Front, its Magnificent Oil Paintings and Masses of Mirrors, is, without question, the Crowning Feature of all Midway Exhibitions.



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The embodiment of all its name implies.

**ELECTRA.**

Entrancing Aerial Ballet.

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Use the  
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For Illustrated Songs, Serpentine Dance and Clock Effects; Lecture Sets, etc.; 100 Slides Assassination, Life, etc., of President McKinley, Views of the Pan-American, etc. Plain, 20c; finely colored, 30c. We are the largest manufacturers of Slides for Illustrated Songs in America. For list address the

Quaker City Lantern Slide Company  
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15 feet front, 17 feet deep, to a space 33 feet by 39 feet; ground floor; owner at liberty; experienced showman, horseman, broom manufacturing, broom corn, on commission. For particulars, call or address GEORGE L. KEPLER, 114 1/2 Liberty St., Harrisburg, Pa.

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IN THE WORLD.

Orders for Animals and Birds for ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, CIRCUSES, PRIVATE AND PUBLIC PARKS, STREET FAIRS taken and shipped at once direct from our immense stock in Hamburg, Germany. Address all communications to

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Made from the best of timber. It is crooked in such a manner as to do entirely away with notchings—a great advantage over the old style handle. Prices: One, 50c; two, 75c; three, \$1.00; six, \$2.00; per dozen, \$3.50. Every handle guaranteed.

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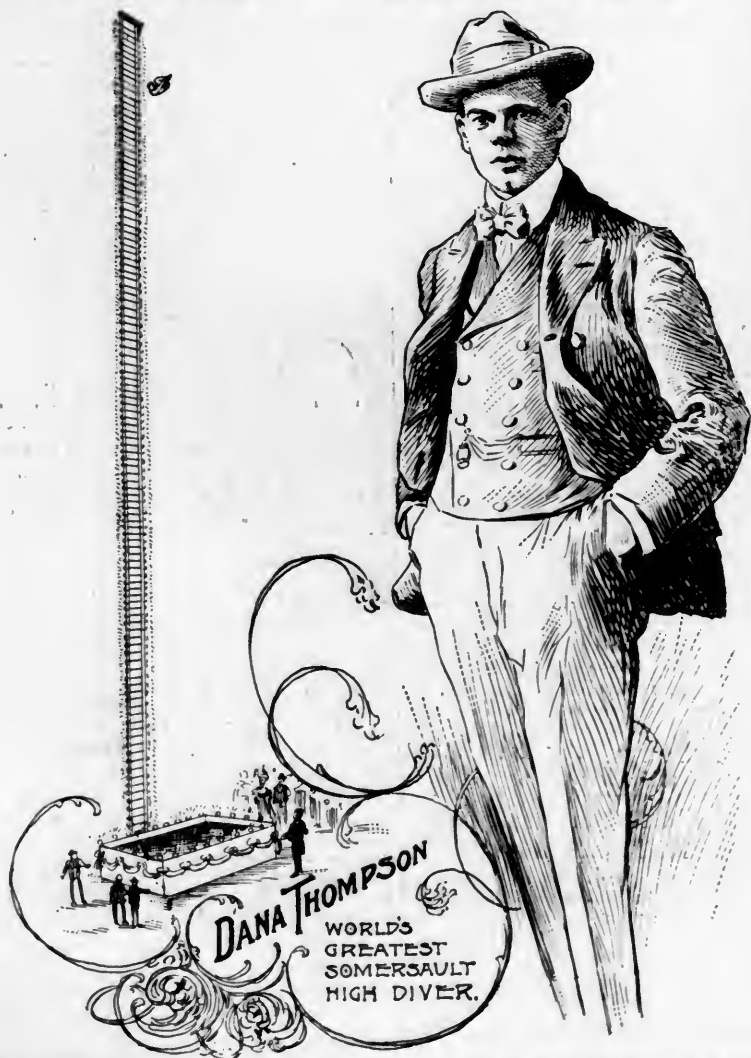
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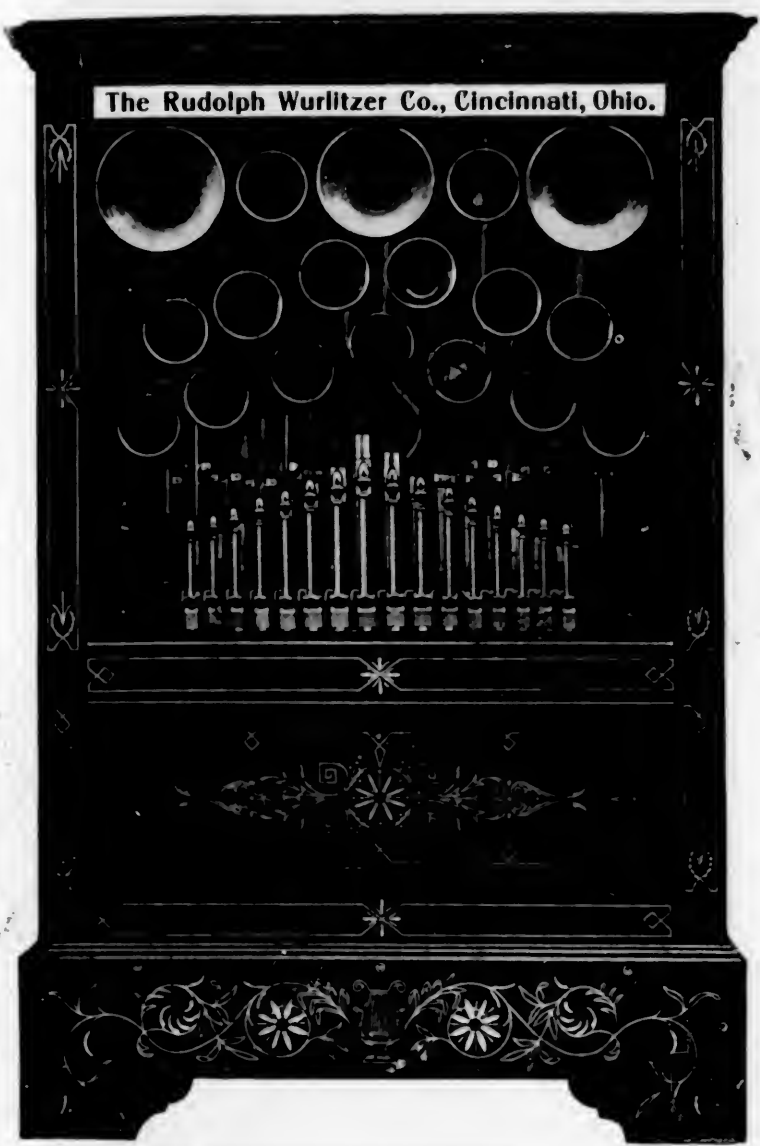
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The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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