

DRAMATIC

VAUDEVILLE

MINSTRELSY

CIRCUS

BILLPOSTERS

THE BILLBOARD

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Price, 10 Cents
Per Year, \$4.00.



MISS SELMA HERMAN AS CIGARETTE.

Her marriage to her leading man is soon to be an event 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 "Bible" 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. MORRISON,

Manager Hopkins' Grand Opera House, Memphis, Tenn.

Possibly the best-known manager in Hopkins' circuit of Southern houses is Mr. A. B. Morrison, of the Grand Opera House at Memphis. Mr. Morrison 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. Morrison 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 breakfast 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.

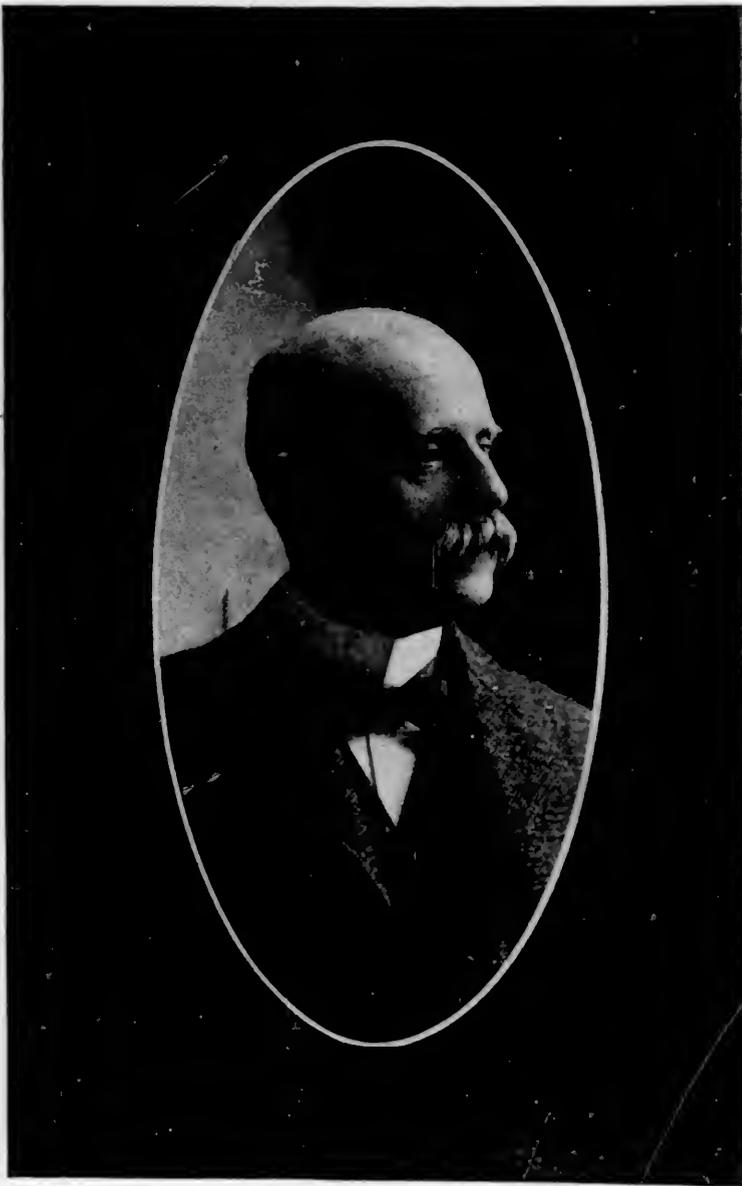
At St. Louis, Mo., recently, the four Cronthers brothers, whose home is in Freedom, Mo., made application to Major Davis, of the recruiting station, to enlist in the United States army as musicians. The brothers are Frank, aged 28; George, aged 27; Jerry, aged 23, and Charles, aged 24.

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."

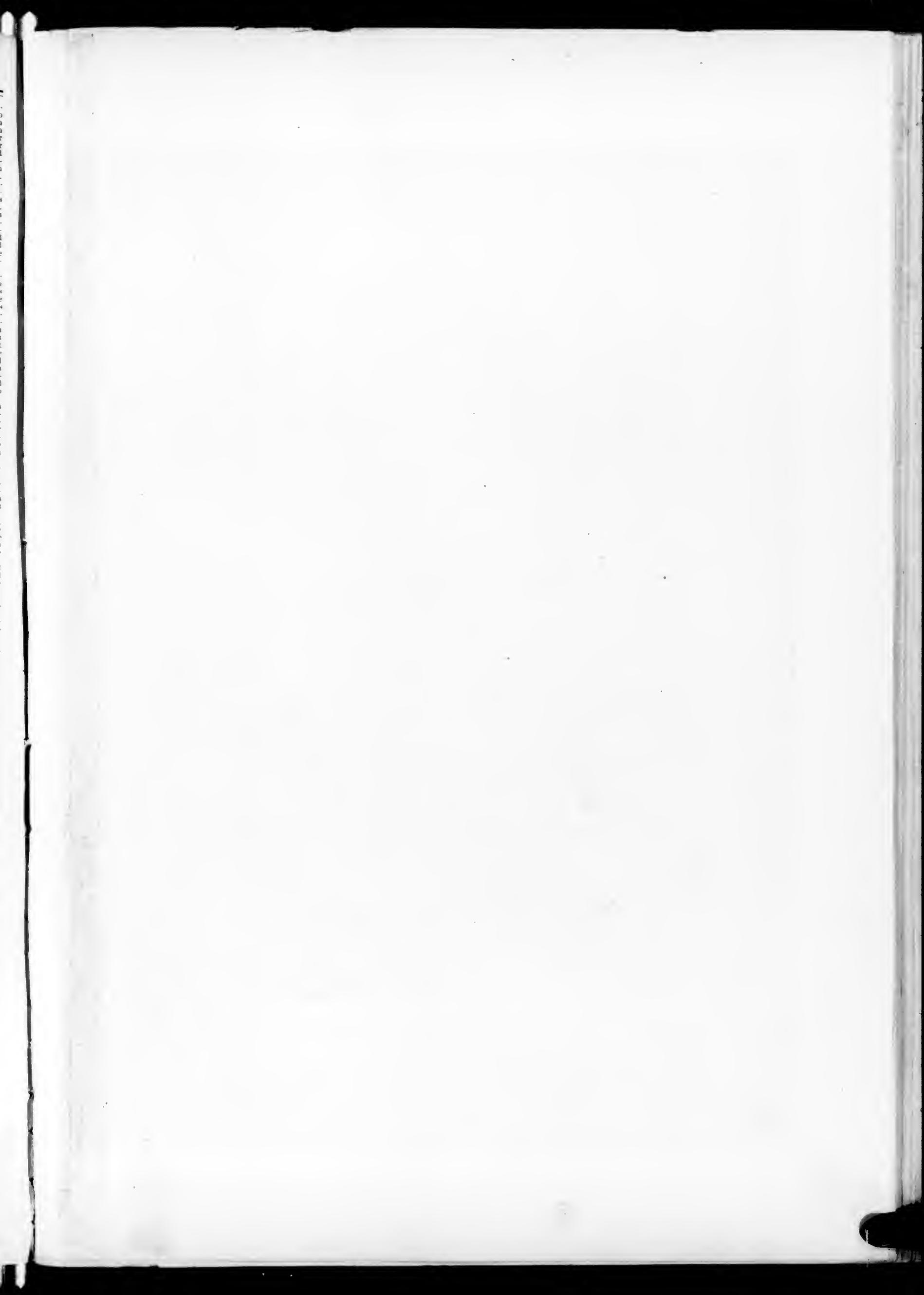


MR. PETER SELLS.

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 typifies.

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





Billboard, Christmas, 1901.



S CHRISTMAS DREAM.



FAIRS IN FRANCE.

The Fete Day and the Sports, and the Amusement It Offers to Peasants.

France, more than any other country of this globe, perhaps, are we of this country indebted for the annual celebrations we hold and call street fairs and carnivals. In France they are known as fetes. Especially is this a fact when the "carnival spirit" as we love to call it, is spoken of. I don't mean to say, however, that the "fete" had its origin or is a native product of that fair land, nor was it brought to us by her people; for 'twas the English, I believe, who first taught us its many attractive features. However, it is not my object at this time to here discuss the history of this great institution, but to tell in my own simple way how the gaily-loving people of fair La Belle France celebrate at their annual fairs (or fetes) and I hope to, and will try to, amuse you, at least, if I cannot interest you.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the street fair, or carnival, whichever it may be, so popular just at this time throughout the width and breadth of this great land, is the direct outcome of the desires of our smart Northerner to have for himself and his people, right at home, a celebration out of doors to vie in commercial importance, at least, with that of our Southern brother, in his Mardi Gras. This latter celebration, so we are told, had its origin in France, and is to-day more largely celebrated than any of the various other fete days of that country. But it is principally in the larger cities of the republic that this great celebration takes place, the people of the country flocking to the confines of the cities to witness and take part in the merry making.

Every little community in France, however, no matter how small, indulges in at least one fete a year—a festival occurring on the anniversary of its patron saint, mostly. Most of these fetes are very simple affairs. At about noon the peasants gather in front of the cafe and there greet their neighbors who drive in from the surrounding country in every description of vehicle, dressed in new crackly blue blouses and fresh white bonnets. The horses and donkeys are unhitched and put in the stables, where they munch the bale of hay that has been brought from home under the wagon seat.

Opposite the cafe a few booths have been erected where trinkets and knickknacks are sold for a few cents; where a wandering Bohemian tells fortunes; where at a shooting gallery the huntsmen who spend days in roaming the hillsides in hopes of killing a stray rabbit can display their prowess at five paces with badly sighted treasuries. The men gather in the cafe and tell stories over their pett idea; the older women gossip in the street in groups, the younger ones laugh and make eyes at the young fellows, much as the fair maids of our land do. There is a bit of a dance in the evening and a ride home in the moonlight.

In larger communities more preparation is made.

The approach of a fete day is heralded by the rehearsals of the local brass band, an awful ordeal for the stranger in town, but a distinct pleasure to the inhabitant. Under the wide-spreading chestnut trees in front of the church a long table is set up. The entrance to each street leading out of the town square is flanked with tricolor poles, flag-bedecked, having between them festoons of colored lights—red, white and blue. In the morning there is a procession. The village band, the school children in their best clothes, adorned by devoted parents, slowly march through the town. At noon a cold lunch is served under the big trees, the Mayor presiding and welcoming the neighbors who have honored this town with their presence.

Then the crowd slowly takes its way up the hill to where the blaring notes of a barrel organ proclaim the presence of a merry-go-round. The soldiers from the fort come down and join their bright uniforms with the gay dresses of the girls. The big dragons, hooded and spurred—their faces half hidden under gleaming helmets and long horselair plumes—bestride the little wooden horses, their immense sabers clank along the ground as they merrily whirl around. Others amuse themselves by throwing balls at funny little wooden dolls or shooting at clay pipes and eggshells bobbing up and down on a jet of water. Others, again, buy trinkets and favors for their sweethearts—cakes and candies of most poisonous colors, chenille monkeys and gaudy looking glasses and pin-cushions—not so very different from the way we celebrate at our country fairs.

Then the games for the children begin. Among races of all descriptions, there is one curious obstacle race, whose final is thus arranged: Two bottomless barrels dangle horizontally in nodular on the end of long ropes, thus forming a deep swing long hoop. The racers run but two at a time, and at the end of the run must go through the barrel. Of course, as soon as they jump into it the barrel sways violently backward and forward, and the imprisoned runner must wait for a favorable opportunity to be spilled out, landing all in a heap, only to pick himself up again and gain the goal as speedily as possible.

Down along the coast the boys delight in aquatic sports. Here is one, for instance: A young suckling pig is thrown into the water, and a whole troop of youngsters dive in to catch him. Not so easy a matter as might be imagined, for the little quadruped makes tracks, and it is some time before the fortunate victor overtakes it and carries it squealing home.

Then, again, on a favorable bit of rock, where there is a good deep pool beneath, a long pole is fastened, projecting horizontal-

ly far out over the water and greased until its rounded surface is as slippery as an eel. The Mayor, in his boat, plants a flag in a socket at the far end, and the boys, one by one, try to walk the pole, their bare feet clinging desperately to the treacherous surface. One by one they fall in the attempt, until a bright urchin, through repeated efforts, finally reaches the end, bends down and wrests the flag from its socket, and then falls sprawling into the water, amid the cheers of the onlookers.

There is one game they play down on the Mediterranean coast which really takes on the dignity of a medieval tournament.

It is called "la joute"—the joust. Each town has its renowned jouteurs, usually recruited among the fishermen, men who have practised the game since they were children. The joute takes place on an open sheet of water where there is not too much current.

The spectators begin to assemble in their clumsy boats and greet each other with loud halloos. One great deep-sea fishing-boat is rigged as a grand-stand, with a huge lugger sail arranged as a shield against the sun's hot rays. On it the local dignitaries assemble, the band takes its place and whistles away the time with sprightly melodies. Soon the judges appear in their trim rig, sheltered by a striped awning. Ruddy-faced and weather-beaten and experienced tars they are—the captain of the port, a patron pecheur and one of the wholesale fish merchants.

The excitement is swelling in a long crescendo. The fresh salt breeze flaps the

ers the whole body down to the knees. Each contestant is now handed a long lance striped to match his shield.

A hush comes over the expectant crowd. The drums beat, the rowers bend low to their oars—the prows of the boats cut deep through the water, the jouteurs brace themselves and gain the necessary balance. In his left hand, extended at arm's length, each carries a tiny French flag, and these flags as the boats pass should touch each other. *Un, deux! un, deux!*—the oarsmen throw their full strength into the swinging stroke, the cowswains carefully steer their heavy craft toward each other. A moment of breathless expectancy and the two lances splinter on the wooden shields, while one champion losing his balance, falls with a mighty splash into the foam-flecked water amid the onlookers' mirth!

Once in the sea his part in the contest is finished, but his opponent faces about to meet the next foe. Three times he must down his enemy, and then he awaits his trial in the finals. The endurance and dexterity shown by some of the men are extraordinary. I saw two jouteurs, their bare toes clutching the edge of the little platform on which they stood, meet each other seven consecutive times in the terrific shock of the passing boats and neither yield his place. The finals especially are hotly contested, and at the end the victor, standing on his lofty platform, is rowed in triumph among the cheering onlookers, while the hand plays "La Marseilles." This contest, as may be conceived, is attended with more or less danger, and some joun-

agement for a whole year's service cemented by a hearty shake of the hand—no other contract. It was certainly the most primitive employment bureau I had seen.

The evening of the fete day is usually devoted to dancing. The young people gather in a flimsy, barn-like pavillon, lighted with smoky gasoline lanterns and decorated with banners, flags and strips of bunting. A violin, a flute, two horns and a drum are the usual orchestra. A sort of polka is fast crowding out the older and prettier dances, but in less progressive communities one still sees the old quadrille—the cavalier handing his lady to the center with a variety of fancy steps, then executing his pas seul, and finally kicking over his partner's head—not vulgarly, but in pure exuberance of spirits. But, as I say, the contra-dances are fast disappearing, along with the quaint coils and old-time bodices.

Far prettier is the picture when the dancing can take place in the open air, as it does when the summer climate can be relied upon. I shall never forget one dance on Triully Sunday in an old town near Abbi. This ancient city, walled and moated, is perched high upon a hill overlooking a noble sweep of valley land and plateau. Its courts, or promenade, is planted with rows of magnificent chestnut trees, whose leaves form a canopy which almost shuts out the twinkling stars. Lanterns and little oil lamps of varied colors, suspended in the branches, cast a fitful light on the tree-trunks. An impromptu cafe was erected in the city wall adjoining the stand for the musicians. At dusk the peasants began to assemble. The old people seated themselves on the deep stone benches overlooking the valley; the youths and maidens walked about, laughing and talking. Soon the musicians came out from a neighboring cafe and, as is the custom, started to make a circuit of the town to announce that the "ball" was to begin. They soon were swallowed up in one of the city gates, and I could hear the strains of their gay march dying away farther and farther in the distance.

A long pause, and then a crescendo as they came around the other side of the town, and soon they burst forth from the Porte des Houx with all the swing that muscle can impart to marching feet. First a boy or two running ahead to cry: "Here they come!" then a couple of exuberant youths, kicking their heels high in air and waving their arms like madmen; following them the musicians, blowing themselves red in the face, shadowed by the folds of a flapping French flag.

All about them and behind them tripped a gay throng of bubbling young people—skipping, jumping, slinging and laughing as they were carried along by the lively notes. On reaching the courts, the music struck up a dance, and away whirled the young couples in light and shadow under the dreamy light of the twinkling lanterns—light-heartedly dancing under the frowning walls of the Porte de la Jeanne, whose battlements had seen much grimmer sights when plucky Jeanne, according to the legend, single-handed, put to flight the besiegers of the native town by pouring boiling water on their heads!

In Brittany, on the fete of St. John, the Baptist, the peasants light fires all along the headlands—les feux St. Jean, they call them. On the lonely, rugged cliffs, these great torch-like blazes light up the black night and reveal the peasant girls in sarlots and edfs and velvet-trimmed bodices, dancing in short coats, tight little trousers and hats with rolling brims from which dangle long black ribbons.

In the larger provincial towns, the fetes take on more of the showman character. Travelling shows of all descriptions wander through France throughout the summer months, arranging their itinerary so as to arrive in the different cities at the festival period. These fetes usually last a week.

There are several merry-go-rounds whose blaring organs make night hideous; there is a menagerie of tame lions and spiritless tigers; a circus where a plectral horse lopes around the ring, while an aged equestrienne pirouettes on his ample saddle; a theater where crushed actors in tarnished and faded costumes rant their scenes of love and murder; freaks, wonders and horrors in close proximity—every conceivable kind of booth to wrest the sou from the gullible peasant. And it is marvelous how gullible the public is; one wonders to see them gaze open-mouthed at an "Algerian giant" with a black paper-mache head stuck on the end of a pole and carried by the man inside, whose little blackened hand hangs out of the white sleeve far down toward the feet of the figure.

Paris itself has many of these fetes for-aines. Each of her exterior quarters has its yearly local fete, and a regular colony of traveling Bohemians live on the festivals and cart their shows from avenue to boulevard. The merry-go-rounds, or maneges, as they now are called, have grown to the most extraordinary size. The huge circling platform, with its quadruple rows of life-size animals, is covered by an enormous roofing—frescoed, gilded, decorated with statues and bits of mirrors which flash back the sunlight. The gay throng, young and old alike, bestride pigs which bob up and down as they circle around, or hugs cows swaying backward and forward, or, pallid, are given all the doubtful joys of seasickness in ships which roll and pitch and flap their sails, while great steam sirens rend the air with their shrieks. Huge organs, decorated with automata who beam to the music, blare their catchy melodies and drown each other's notes, so contently are they crowded. Balloons, arranged like miniature Ferris wheels, float up and down in the air. Montagues ruses whirl the breathless crowds up and down their steep inclines—a favorite pastime this, since the Franco-Russian alliance, gains driven with much gesticulation and



A MERRY-GO-ROUND AT A FRENCH FAIR.

flags at the mastheads and ruffles the water into tiny white-caps. Over by the grand-stand, in view of the judges, the jouteurs are drawing their opponents by lot.

And now are seen the two opposing boats.

The tartanes de peche have been dismantled of their sails and rigging. A broad red-and-white stripe runs the length of one hull, and a broad blue-and-white stripe runs the length of the other. In the stern two heavy posts have been securely fastened, supporting a small platform raised high above the water. In the bow of each boat sits a drummer, a feather in his hat—his drumsticks ready. Each craft is manned by a coxswain and eight sturdy oarsmen—eight big fishermen—accustomed to pull a strong and steady stroke against wind and weather, blue caps upon their heads and kerchiefs knotted around their temples like buccanniers of old—their white shirt-sleeves rolled up to show their brawny arms and muscular hands. In the stern of each boat sits a little group of jouteurs.

At a signal from the judges the two boats row off in opposite directions until there is a space of perhaps two hundred yards between them.

A jouteur climbs upon the platform in the stern of each boat. Dressed in white, with a gay sash around the waist, wearing upon his head either a dark blue sailor cap or a bonnet gaudily embroidered with tinsel and trimmed with a plume, each man is protected by a long white wooden shield, crossed with chevrons of red or blue. This shield is suspended about the neck and cov-

ers the whole body down to the knees. Each contestant is now handed a long lance striped to match his shield.

A hush comes over the expectant crowd.

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agement for a whole year's service cemented by a hearty shake of the hand—no other contract. It was certainly the most primitive employment bureau I had seen.

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 uote 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 bit 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 hucket 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 comedians. Rubie 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.

Rubie 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 Rubie. 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 Rubie 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. Rubie 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 near 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. Rubie 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 Rubie wouldn't want to pull you away."

"Nonsense," said she, "Old Rubie 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 Rubie 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 Rubie, but, unlike Rubie, 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 "Rubie," 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 hoy 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 mimicry. 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 John 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, Rubie" and "The Leader of the Coon Cake Walk."

IRA'S AMBITION.

A Story of Love for the Stage Which Was Forgotten for That of a Man.

[Written for "The Billboard," by Nina Belle Gibbons.]

"There is so little to brighten my life. It is not a wonder that I look with admiration and envy on these flowers." The speaker was Iras St. Clair, a girl possessing more than ordinary intelligence, yet forced by circumstances to sustain herself. In consequence she acted as governess to a family with whom she felt but little in common.

"This is all I have in life," she continued, drawing from a book a memorandum. "I am highly talented, many concede, but of what consequence is that? I soon will have completed my third novel, but of what avail? I never expect fortune to favor me, and perhaps it is foolish to occupy my time writing. I firmly believe that had I not this one means by which to divert my mind I should go insane. Why had I not a good father to cultivate my talent, as have other girls? I can not suppress a sigh when I think of the success which would attend me were I so fortunate as to have this book published and—"

Just then a child approached her and gleaming admiration instead of the sad smile, lighted up her countenance.

"Take this rose, little one," she volunteered, observing that the child had torn his hand with thorns.

The child seemed pleased at the voice and approached Iras, who carefully pinned the flower upon the soft folds of the blue silk gown worn by the golden-haired girl of three.

"Your love for children can scarcely escape observation," remarked Mr. Vandewater, the father of the little stranger, who had approached unobserved.

"Yes?" she replied sadly, with a deep flash of embarrassment not unmingled with sorrow. Feeling the pained expression on the face of the lovely speaker deep compassion prompted the gentleman to become more solicitous as to the reason for her sad demeanor and after a few casual remarks, he, in a delicate way, carefully withdrew her attention from the child, saying:

"May I take the liberty to inquire why you look so depressed?"

She turned her head as if to avert his gaze, and tears filled the handsome brown eyes.

"Do not turn away; tell me, I beg of you," he persisted.

So seating herself upon a rude bench she confided to her employer her life story.

"My life has been a sad one," she began. "I was once as pure as that child. It is the old, old story. I loved and thought it the purest and sweetest love on earth. My idol was a young attorney. A man more grand and noble than I had dared hoped for, even in my wildest dreams. But one night I had a dual dream. I was preparing to marry my chosen one when some one whispered that he was my own half-brother. The dream impressed, yes, depressed, me and at length I related it to my father. He made no reply, but no word from him was necessary. My dreadful suspicions were confirmed, and I then knew why our love seemed so pure. It was the sins of our parents. Since then he has known no daughter, I no father."

"Do not dream of the past, poor girl. Your books shall be published. You shall also attain your desire to become an actress, and on the night of your debut you shall present your own play at one of New York's best theaters," replied her companion.

"Can I be dreaming, or is it real?" she asked herself when her friend had spoken.

"Can any one wonder at the weakness of the friendless girl. An angel from heaven must have heard my prayer," she whispered, pinning both her hands in those of the man whose gaze met her searching, inquiring expression. What man could resist one so young and fair, yet one so sorrowful? His love for his own little one made the temptation the greater, for the girl of 18 seemed a mere child to the man of 35. With a woman's intuition she saw at once that a mutual admiration existed and little by little the two hearts became fonder. It was not long till Iras found herself in luxuries with the idol of her life ever at her side, for Albert Vandewater had kept his word. In consequence the girl was regarded with disdain, and was denounced as a wicked woman, for she had innocently enough, yet surely, tempted another woman's husband.

Often harsh remarks returned to her, but to these she replied only with more devotion to her lover, to whom she would say:

"Oh, God, let me attain fame, and when I pass away, to face the judgment which awaits me, to atone for my sins and to receive reward for my virtues, one page of my book shall contain an account of the manner in which I improved the talent given me." So thus it was conceded by a few, at least, that a better heart dwelled in the mistress of Albert Vandewater than many whom the world deemed saints. Her great love for children would gain a crown, despite her sin. No unkind word ever passed between Iras and her lover, except that he would speak of his wife rudely. Iras knew he had married because of his parents' desire to associate the estates rather than congeniality, then, thinking that he was taunting her, she some times proudly resented it, and one one occasion pleaded:

"If you have a spark of compassion remaining speak one kind word to me, for it is all I live for. Do not mention the word wife. That word undoes me; arouses in me all the passionate jealousy which you know to be my worst fault, for I can not

listen to her referred to thus underly, when she is no better than I; only more fortunate." Then tears.

"Don't cry, little girl," replied Albert. "I didn't mean it. Why, don't you know, Iras, my life had been that of a prisoner, but my sentence ended when I met you. Since then I some times fear that our happiness is too great to exist always. Never in the year and a half that our lives have been one has your deep love lessened. Iras, you are the light of my life, the sunshine of my soul."

"Oh, Albert, dear one, do not speak so sadly. Why should not our joy continue? You do not love alone. We're both so happy. Am I shining so much in loving you as no other does or can?"

One day Albert came to Iras sad instead of with the usual smile, which characterized his visits to her. "I have something to relate which I fear will wound you, little girl," he said.

She sank with terror at his words, but listened.

"I have met with financial reverses," he continued, "at this time of all times, when you are to so shortly make your debut.

geon's guest at his residence, and cham at college, sought the hand of Violet St. Clair. All was in readiness for the ceremony when a stranger was announced to Miss St. Clair, with a request for an interview. At its conclusion she returned to her friends wearing a pallid expression and closely followed by the intervener, who vowed vengeance. He was a discarded lover who had, he said, intercepted a letter written by Violet to her betrayer, wherein she had convicted herself and he demanded money as the price of silence on her wedding night.

"It is false!" cried Charlotte, who, arrayed in her wedding gown, had entered the room in time to hear the villain's threat of exposure. Only a glance was necessary to tell that Charlotte Nolton and this villain knew each other, for he started at sight of her, but quickly checked his show of embarrassment.

"It was I, and not Violet, who wrote that letter, and you shall not blight this pure girl's life as you have blighted others. She is innocent, I say; do you hear me, all of you? I am the sinner, not she," and turning to the man who was so soon to be her husband, she raised her hands as if imploring for forgiveness. Dr. Glasgow, stunned

that promise you all know, but I can not accept her sacrifice even for my daughter. I shall ask Miss Nolton to say whether or not I speak the truth."

"Yes, it is true," replied Charlotte, repressing her tears and looking into the faces of her friends. "It is also true that I have lived a lie among you, for which I hope to be forgiven. I am not Charlotte Nolton, but Iras St. Clair. I have known ever since I met Violet that she was the child I loved when I was her governess. I did not wish to establish my identity for reasons which are well known to her father and my affianced husband. The villain who came here to-night to extort money from Violet was once a suitor for my hand. Subsequently he met and tried to win Violet, and it was upon my advice that she rejected his suit. He is an unprincipled villain, and sought to win her only for her money. When his plans were defeated he forged a letter which sought to compromise Violet. I guessed the object of his visit here to-night, and I determined to frustrate it, and keep my promise to her father."

Just a year later the same wedding party stood in the exact spot where a year previously the same bride had made such a willing sacrifice for the daughter of the man she loved. Dr. Glasgow had died only three months after his marriage to Iras, having contracted blood-poison while performing a delicate operation. This time Albert Vandewater stood where Dr. Glasgow had stood a year before, and the same minister who said the words that made Iras St. Clair Mrs. Dr. Glasgow, changed her name again to that of Mrs. Albert Vandewater. Violet and Vernon Carlisle, now happily married, acted respectively bridesmaid and best man, and when the words were spoken making Albert Vandewater and Iras Glasgow man and wife, Albert kissed his bride passionately, and as he did so he whispered in her ear: "You kept your promise, but I can never keep mine. I love you too much to spare you for the stage."

"You shall be my audience as well as my manager for life," she replied, "and I shall never tire of playing to you."

OTHELLO.

[By Bobby Gaylor.]

O'tello waz a sojer bond,
As black as coal be nature,
To Desdemona he waz wid—
A beautiful, young crayture,
They lived together in pace and quite—
Fer she waz no virago—
Until wan dark and stormy dark
He met a villain be the name I-a-g-o.
Said he: "Yere's wolfe's a perjured jade,
She is, the faithless lassio;
Fer she doesn't care a snap of her finger
fer me,
But would live and die for Cassio."

"Wid him she perambulates the strate,
In all her hours o' layzure;
For him she stole your handkerchief
For him to wipe his razor."
"Me handkerchief, me handkerchief,"
O'tello then did stammer,
"Oh, give me back me handkerchief;
The star, the spangle and the banner."
He swore he'd murder her at once;
And so he did that night,
When all about the premises
Was all in pace and quite,
Not with a dagger or a dirk,
But he made up his mind to kill 'er.
So first he (puff) blew the candle out,
Then smudged her wid a pillow.

THE CIRCUS GIRL.

Written for "The Billboard" by J. M. J. Kane.

I sing of the girl of the circus;
With beauty and form she is blest,
She's the essence of sweetness transcend-
ent,
And she helps out the clown's merry jest.
Her lips are a volume of poems;
Her eyes speak of nothing but love.
On horsetack she is my ideal
Of a tarry trow far up above.

She's sunshine—with her there's no shadow;
A flower she is with no thorn;
There are some fairer creatures in heaven,
But she this great earth doth adorn.

In the rings when she swings in her
spangles
The eyes of the multitude stare,
While the hearts of the chappies she
tangles,
And the poor things go mad with despair.
Sue's no time to make love in the summer,
And in winter she toils at her art;
But she's mortal, and sooner or later
One cupid will taste her dart.

Elephants in the Indian army are fed twice a day. When meal time arrives they are drawn up before piles of food. Each animal's breakfast includes ten pounds of raw rice done up in two-pound packages. The rice is wrapped in leaves and then tied with grass. At the command "Attention!" each elephant raises its trunk and a package is thrown into its capacious mouth. By this method of feeding not a single grain of rice is wasted.

The little son of Mr. George Billan, of Middletown, Ind., is nappy in the possession of what is perhaps the smartest automobile in the world. It was made by Mr. Loran, who is a jeweler, and it is only 10 inches long and 3 inches in height, weighing only two pounds and two ounces. It has rubber tires, is self-bearing and is furnished with a side steering lever which is controlled by a little figure in the seat. It runs in a circle or a straight line for over 200 feet at one winding of the spring motor and has a perfect starting and stopping lever, just like the big machines.



BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS.

The pet of the Canton Carnival Company is Little Bootsy Lind, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hurd, who are with the trained wild animal exhibition of Col. R. J. Mundy. Little Bootsy, 4 years of age, is the youngest lion queen in the world, and with her three baby lions, has been one of the biggest drawing cards at the Southern Intersate Fair that has just

closed at Atlanta, Ga. She is bright and very quick, being a child of unusual intelligence. Her father is the announcer with the exhibition, and is rated as one of the foremost men in that line in this country. He is exceedingly gentlemanly in all his dealings, and is very popular, both with the profession and with the public.

But my misfortune shall not interfere with your education."

"No, no," she protested. "I can not think of happiness while you know naught but sorrow. Oh, Albert, it is so hard to say, but we must forget our love and happiness. I shall abandon the stage. Finery haunts me now. I thought my success would be your victory, mine your vanity and suffice to make you happy, but I can not do it. I can not accept your favors now, nor shall I return to you until I can do so honorably; until you can make me your wife. No, do not argue. I am resigned. It is all over, we must part."

"I have one promise to exact from you, if it must be," he said. "At my daughter should ever be in peril or need protection—"

"Oh, let me answer," she replied. "My promise would be to protect her, and furthermore, to never take another downward step."

He kissed and bade her farewell with tears banding the lovely eyes, and as he left her burden was temporarily lightened by kind nature, which, being overdone, had rendered her mercifully unconscious.

One Christmas Eve, 15 years later, the elite of fashion assembled to witness the event of the social season—a double wedding. Dr. Glasgow, a noted Eastern surgeon, was to wed Charlotte Nolton, the fairest woman one might picture, while Vernon Carlisle, who had been the sur-

with embarrassment, shocked with humiliation at the confession of his bride-to-be, was speechless, and while Charlotte stood there with bowed head and burning cheeks, Violet's father made his way to the center of the room, where Charlotte stood, and, placing his hands affectionately on her shoulders and looking into her down-cast eyes he said:

"No, this must not be. The price is too great for you to pay. I did not expect so much, and my manhood will not allow me to see you sacrifice your all in this way. When turning to the assembled and mystified guests he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I can explain all this, and since circumstances have taken the course they have, it is my duty to assume my share of the responsibility for what has happened to-night. Whether or not my daughter wrote the letter when this villain has in his possession, I do not know, but I do know that Miss Nolton did not write it, and that in the great goodness of her heart and for her love of my daughter she has been willing to blast her own life and happiness. It now becomes my duty to tell you an what even my daughter does not know. Years ago Miss Nolton was my daughter's governess and learned to love her as her own child. When Miss Nolton went out into the world to improve her condition in life I asked her to promise to protect my daughter if ever the occasion should require. How she has tried to keep



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 \$20, 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 unwepters 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	25
Two white-faced mangabeys	24
Two capuchin monkeys	20
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 weavers	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	60
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	25
Pair American flamingoes	30
Five varietal ibis	100
Pair snake birds	25
Pair cormorants	100
Pelicans, 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 pigeon and other small birds	50
Golden eagles	25
Pair bald eagles	20
Group native hawks	50
Group native ducks (wild)	50
Pair Maudslowi ducks	15
Condor, adult male	125
Bearded vulture	100
Blue falcon	15
Eagle owls	15
Total	\$21,686



RAILROAD BUILDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

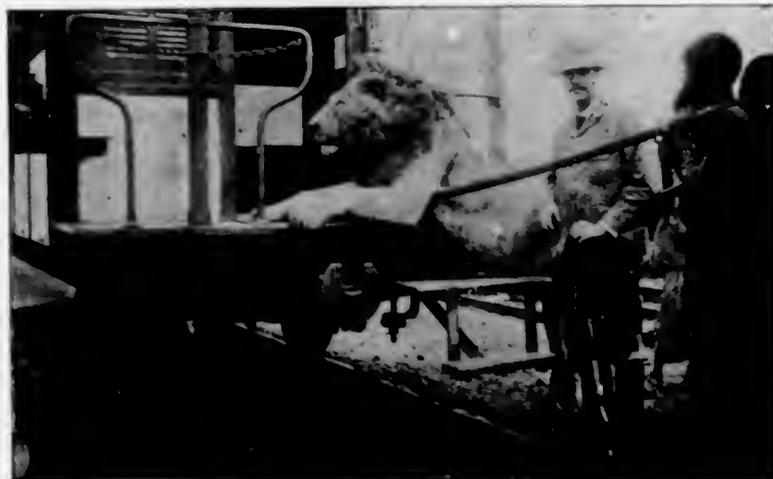
to the ground, there to be torn to pieces and eaten. One man only was able to stick it out until the lions grew tired of waiting.

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.



THIS FELLOW HAD A FONDNESS FOR SURVEYORS.

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other. As is usual with shows when they visit a town, they have their street parades, in which some of the animals are paraded through the streets. His cage happened to be one of those selected for parade duty, and he accordingly separated the young ones from the parents, in the two apartments of the cage, and when the parade started, he, himself, got into the apartment with the cubs. For some reason, in making the transfer, it was forgotten to replace the sliding board, and the jolting

THE STREET FAIR IN GERMANY.

Sights and Scenes That Excite the Peasants in the Vaterland at the Volksfest.



WURZBURG, Germany, Nov. 15.—"All out for the volksfest!" "Ill, there! No bicycles allowed on the grounds."

If this isn't all perfectly clear to you, dear friend in America, put on those magic slippers that will transport you 3,000 miles in one minute less than no time, and come over here to Nuremberg, and we will go to the volksfest together.

Yes, the cars are pretty full, but they never get any fuller than full, if you'll allow the expression. After all the seats are taken and a stated number of standing places occupied, "No Irish need apply!"

About ten minutes' ride from the city, and those big white towers, with banners flying and decorations of evergreens and electric lights, are the entrance. It doesn't cost anything to go in—only costs to get out!

Never mind if the policemen look at you as if you were a malefactor already tried and condemned. That's only just their little way. You'll soon get used to it.

It's a pretty big conglomeration of separate "attractions," like the slide shows to a circus, only everything is on a more expensive scale, of course. A little bit like a "Midway," too, and yet it isn't that, either; only just itself. It is a big piece of ground with little temporary booths and houses dotted all over it, as well as encircling it; and every one of these structures is here for two purposes—primarily, to make money for its proprietor, and, secondarily, to furnish either amusement or refreshment for the crowd. There are about 250 of them—quite a little village.

The booths are adjustable, that they may be easily moved from place to place, and behind them the proprietors live in the little red wagons, of which you see so many. They are completely fitted up with beds, stoves, everything needful for comfort, and the people live in them for months at a time, because the "fest" is perpetual, visiting all the large towns in a given radius.

The building next to it, with pale green facade ornamented with gilded—what shall we call them, statues?—is really handsome. It is the "Palace of Jewels," from the Paris Exposition. It is round, and inside is completely lined with mirrors, in which thousands of multicolored electric lights are reflected again and again, with a very pleasing effect.

The music business is rather overdone. I imagine every steam piano in Germany is right here on the grounds. If they could only have arranged to be a little farther apart, so that two or three playing different airs would not mix up, it would have been an improvement; but one must not be critical. Sousa's "Washington Post March" does not blend well with the "Miserere," on one side, and the overture to "William Tell" on the other—but never mind.

When you get hungry or thirsty, you need only to mention it. You see restaurants and little eating booths on every side. You will miss the old familiar popcorn and peanut man, but you can have every kind of "wurst" (sausage) that ever was thought of. Beer is omnipresent. To say that it flows like water would be weak, indeed. Thousands of gallons of beer will "flow" to one of water during this "fest."

It is an unwritten law of the "fest" that everybody must "go with the crowd." Finical people and faultfinders are respectfully requested to stay at home. Everyone is expected to laugh at the monkey's antics and shiver when the lions roar.

The prices place the attractions within the reach of all. A dollar judiciously invested would enable one to ride in every merry-go-round, patronize every swing and see the inside of every exhibition—ten pfennigs (two and a half cents) being about the average cost of a ticket.

I suppose you don't care to have your photograph taken here, where the "barker" so persuasively announces "American photographs?" I don't know why "American," unless because they are so bad that

the proprietor wants to shift the responsibility to some other nation.

Some men are cooking fish in very primitive fashion over a trench in the ground filled in with stones and coals.

The man who conducts a lottery, which he denounces a "charitable" lottery, has no cause to complain of his profits. A ticket costs twenty pfennigs, and if it is a winner you get one of the numerous prizes displayed. But as not many of the prizes are worth more than twenty pfennigs, and the greater part of the tickets are blanks, it doesn't require much figuring to demonstrate that he has only to sell enough tickets to become a dangerous rival to Andrew Carnegie. And he sells them.

A nicely dressed girl draws a cigarette holder, and a little boy cries because he got an inkstand.

Let's go over and see the "genuine wild negroes just from America." One of them is out in front of the booth, yelling and dancing and making unseemly faces. He's rather light-colored for a genuine African.

The proprietor is telling how savage they are and how it is necessary to keep them chained at times when particularly ferocious, and he is answered by blood-curdling snarls and yells. The blackest one looks exactly like "Long Sam" who was our gardener for a while, only Sam didn't affect earrings in his nose, and I can't help feeling that the other would be more at home in a waiter's costume than this scanty attire of squirrel tails and bracelets. Hark! They are chanting some of their wild war melodies. How do you suppose that untutored savages ever learned "Every Day'll Be Sunday By and By," and "I Don't Care of Yo Nevah Comes Back"?

Their war dance has many elements of a cakewalk in it. The performance over, they come right down in our midst to collect "trinkgeld." You are going to speak to one of them? You'd better not. He might—

"Well, Bud, what's the latest news from Missouri?"

"I doan' understand 'er, boss."

"Oh, yes you do. I enjoyed those coon songs and that cakewalk first rate. They took me right back home to the United States."

"Say, boss, is yo' f'm America? Yah, yah, doan give de snap away. I's f'm Chicago myse'f, an' I's jst dyin' to get back to ole Kold Slops (Kohlsaat's) ag'n. Won't I make de apple pie slick if I evah gits back dah once moh. Wh-s-s-s-s-h! Hoop-la!"

The curious big white building in the middle of the grounds is police headquarters. They've quite outdone themselves in a mingling of decorative trees, shaped like apple dumplings, bearing blossoms of red electric lights, a great painting of Germania, and one section in semblance of a frightful giant's head. The culprits are to be taken in the yawning mouth. A yellow cat 10,000 times life size guards another section.

This is a good place to see the people, and, after all, there's nothing else on the grounds half so interesting. They are largely middle classes and the peasants. I don't see the Kaiser anywhere, nor do I think Prince Luitpold or any of his family are present, and I haven't heard anybody say they were expected, either, but the peasants are ever so much more interesting to look at.

A FEMALE BLUEBEARD.



THE Spanish Journals relate the perhaps unparalleled matrimonial experiences of a young Spanish woman named Isabella Caporal, who in six years has lost by death six husbands, and now awaits in modest patience her wedding day with a seventh. In 1884 Senorita Isabel, then a young girl of 21, emigrated to New Orleans, and soon married a theatrical manager named Freeman, who died in a few months from yellow fever during a starring tour. In order the better to conduct the company, his widow, after a few weeks, married one of the actors, a Spaniard named Henry, who was fatally stabbed on their wedding night while trying to mediate a brawl in the boarding house. Three weeks later another actor led her blinding to the altar. He was a Mexican named Lopez, with whom the offended laws of his country had a crew to pluck. Arrested, he sought escape by leaping from a train, was killed, and for the third time in twelve months Isabel became a widow. Very soon, however, a fourth husband came along. He was an American named Knight, but the Cuban war consigned him to an untimely grave and Isabel to the arms of a fifth husband in the person of a South Carolina lumber merchant, who was killed among his own timber. About the sixth husband there are not many details, but he met his end untimely, like his predecessors—in a steamboat accident. Standing "like Niobe, all tears," Isabel is for the moment a widow for the sixth time. But she is young, possesses a small dowry, and a business man in Charleston, greatly during, has haplored her to name the seventh wedding day.

AT THE PAN-AMERICAN.

An Elephant's Joke—The Danger of Wearing Attractive Pins.

Among the Pan-American echo stories now being related is one told the writer by a friend regarding the pranks of a baby elephant.

My friend had been wondering about the Midway for quite a while, taking in the many shows, listening to the splendors, and spending time as a sightseer would on the Midway. During his perambulations he came across a large chair at the entrance of one of the animal shows, which attracted his attention. It was a heavy, square wood one, with arms and a high back. While looking at it, wondering what use was made of it, a baby elephant came out of the menagerie building, swinging along with the peculiar gait of his kind, and sat down in the seat. The spider came out too, and began to get ready to shout for a crowd.

Just then the elephant, which was flapping its ears and swinging its trunk from side to side, seemed to deride on himself getting the group standing in front of him. A woman in the crowd, who had her back to the beast, had her belt pinned down in the back with a large-headed pin that gleamed temptingly in young Mr. Elephant's eyes. She was deep in a discussion with friends and apparently did not see the pachyderm and did not know anything much was going on.

Suddenly the elephant stretched out his trunk and began fumbling with the pin. The woman felt something and put her hand around to see that her belt was in place. Before her hand got there the trunk was gone. She satisfied herself that her moorings were secure and then brought her hand back to the front again. Up went the trunk for a second attempt. The woman was so occupied in the discussion that she was probably only half conscious of being touched, for she did not turn around even then. She merely put her hand back on another reassuring expedition, which again missed the exploring trunk.

Once again the elephant found the dell clear. This time he was surer of his ground. He deftly took the head of the pin, drew it out and then swiftly jabbed it—there is no other word for it—into the woman's back. Screams of course she did. She jumped about three feet, too, and as she came down she whirled around to see what had struck her. When she saw that elephant she jumped another three feet. If somebody hadn't caught her I guess she'd be jumping yet. The elephant was a model of a joker. He never cracked a smile.

THE WHY OF IT.

How the "Cooch" Dancer Conceived the Idea of Doing Her Work.



ONE upon a time there dwelt in the deserts of the Far Orient a tribe of Bodonias who were at great pains to perfect themselves in the art of dancing with the small of the back.

Neighboring tribes, wondering, made bold to ask, "To what end?"

"Why, in order that we may appear worthily at the great exhibitions held from time to time to exhibit the industrial, commercial and intellectual progress of the United States, of course!" said the Bodonias.—Puck.

BIG BUILDINGS.

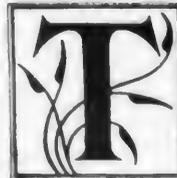
Principal Structures for St. Louis Fair Will Spread Over One Hundred and Twenty-Six Acres.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 1.—Exact figures were given out today by Isaac S. Taylor, Director of Construction and Maintenance of the World's Fair, showing area and cost of the principal exhibit buildings. The total area of twelve buildings is 126.53 acres, and the total estimated cost, \$6,750,000. The estimate cost is for the bare buildings and does not include sculptural or other decorations. There will be probably thirty other buildings, ranging from one to several acres, for special exhibits and other purposes, besides the state and foreign buildings. For example, the proposed Temple of Fraternity will cover six acres and a half, the Administration Building about the same amount and the power house probably two or three acres. The statement of Director Taylor in detail is as follows:

- Art Building, 300x900 ft., and two pavilions, each 200x250 ft., \$1,000,000.
Liberal Arts, 600x25 ft., \$375,000.
Manufactures and Liberal Arts, 525x1200 ft., \$315,000.
Electricity, 600x525 ft., \$400,000.
Miner and Metallurgy, 525x1200 ft., \$750,000.
Education, 525x750 ft., \$500,000.
Social Economy, 525x750 ft., \$450,000.
Transportation, 525x800 ft., \$350,000.
Machinery, 525x1000 ft., \$700,000.
Government Building with Fisheries Pavilion and Ordnance Pavilion, 800x250 ft., \$270,000.
Agricultural Building, 700x2000 ft., \$800,000.
Total, 126.53 acres, \$6,750,000.

MARKET FOR CATS.

Uncle Sam Finds Them a Good Thing To Have Around the Place.



THE principal gov'ernments of the world acknowledge the business ability of cats by placing under their surveillance the unaided man, snakes and grain bags belonging to the different departments.

The maintenance of an army of "cats," who catch the rats that know the sneaks that hold the material that the government prizes, is duly recorded by the United States Post Office, the Imperial printing office of France, the government office in England and the municipality of Vienna. The last named department is more mindful of a duty toward animals than the others; for, after years of active service, the cats are placed on the "retired list" with a comfortable pension.

However, when a litter of fluffy kittens duly arrives at Uncle Sam's Post Office the local postmaster informs the district superintendent of the fact and an increase is allowed in rat ratings.

In France the best staff is fed twice a day, and a man is employed to look after these business cats, so that milk and cats meat may be provided to fill any deficiency that may arrive when rats and mice fall to all the harder.

Many large establishments like the Midland Railway Company of England, dock yards, shipping and storing houses and public offices employ cats for similar service. At one time the Midland Company placed between 300,000 and 400,000 empty corn sacks under the care of eight cats during the storage season, and they did their work successfully, while an adjoining storehouse suffered the entire loss of its corn lugs through the ravages of rats.

However, it can hardly be maintained that all the business cats are Toms, nor that the present cat had originated through an angle of utility or that any of the Eastern or Western cities have incorporated cat-keepers in order to find employment for the erstwhile unemployed cat. For such is not the case, merely the fashionable world set is bent of approval upon the feline family, and now a well-conducted catery, wherein are reared little Tibbles, is a source of considerable income, with little outlay of trouble. Two rows of kennels, in a sunny rear garden, joined overhead by wire netting, and thus enclosing a runway or playground, which may be furnished with old trunks, of trunks, huddles and boxes over which the cats may climb, constitute a convenient catery. The mice cats are kept in close confinement, for the peace of the neighborhood, and are only allowed to exchange courtesies with each other through wire netting, while the mothers and kittens enjoy the runway and are only put in their kennels at night.

Their natural food is raw meat, but now and then they require a change, such as boiled asparagus stems, cabbage, lettuce or some other vegetables, either cooked or fresh. Some cats can be taught to eat almost anything, whilst others, all their lives, will refuse to eat anything but meat or milk.

Very peculiar prices were paid for ordinary cats a thousand years ago, as shown in Bedonk's "quadrupeds." The price of a kitten was one penny, until proof could be had of its having caught a mouse; then two pence; after that it was rated at four pence, which was a great sum in those days. It was likewise required to have good hearing and seeing, have whole claws, and, if a female, be a good nurse. If, after being sold, it failed in any of these qualities, the seller forfeited one-third of the price. If anyone should steal or kill a cat that guarded the King's granary at Huel, the Good King of Wales, he was either to forfeit a milch ewe, her fleece and lamb, or as much wheat as when poured on the cat suspended by its feet—its head touching the floor—would form a heap high enough to cover the tips of its feet.

A BEAVER'S BROKEN HEART.

A beaver dying of a broken heart! That sounds incredible enough, to be sure, yet one famous beaver, owned by W. J. Brodrip, the naturalist, actually pined away in homesickness for his absent keeper. Brodrip, as this tender-hearted little fellow was called, was a great pet in the household. Mr. Brodrip tells us in his "Leaves from the Notebook of a Naturalist" that he had not been long in his London home when he set about building a dam for himself in the city house as cheerfully as if he had been in his native haunts.

Plenty of dainty tidbits from the kitchen found their way to Bluney through the hands of the housekeeper, who took great interest in him, and speedily won his affection. He showed his devotion to her in many pretty and amusing ways. At last, on the removal of his master from town, he was taken to the Tower of London and put in commodious quarters, under the care of a kind attendant. Everything was done to make Bluney happy, but he lost all appetite and took no interest in his surroundings. Sweetmeats were brought, but he would not touch them, and only grew daily thinner and weaker. At last the attendant, in despair, took Bluney back to the housekeeper with whom he had lived since his earliest days of captivity. At sight of her the creature gave a cry of delight and dragged himself to her side. But it was too late to restore his former health and spirits. He died within a few days, much to the grief of all his friends.

GREAT FORTUNES

spent in Advertising Circuses, Which Even Then Fail To Make Money.



CIRCUS is always a dead sure thing. The man who made the assertion was the late John Stetson, the theatrical manager. I replied: "Perhaps you won't think so when your Boston printing establishment gets stuck for a good round printing bill."

The indomitable millionaire, who had been a champion ten-mile runner and had given pedestrian exhibitions in the circus ring, retorted: "I never knew a circus to do a bad business in Boston."

And the fact is that Boston is a most excellent tent-show stand. It is the general impression that all the entertainments—acrobatic, zoological or hippodramatic—make money, and it is the local boast even in notoriously bad towns that "the shows always do well here."

The circus, that is, the best general term for exhibitions under the white tents—starts out with a dead weight of charges against it for wintering the outfit. It is quite often the case that the impatient manager is lured by the bluebird to move out on the road too early in the spring and increase his expenses instead of lessening them. Charles H. Castle, an advance agent of large experience, used to declare: "Managers ought to chop off the season at both ends; twenty-six weeks on the road is enough for any tent trick."

Of course in this view of the circus season the veteran was not taking into consideration the invasion of Southern territory. Even when a manager goes out of winter quarters out of debt he has stacked up at the printing office, printing and advertising material for one hundred days, or perhaps for the entire season, and it is just as necessary to remit to the printer frequently as it is to meet all local bills at sight and pay salaries regularly.

Some years for almost an entire season the "run of luck" is bad and Noah's shower of forty days is outdone by nearly half a year's dread drizzle. Not to say that it rains in any one spot for half a year, but that the fatal deluge has been known to keep up with the show on tour in an endeavor to sink it out of sight in mud and bankruptcy.

When entire performances are lost or the day is receiptless the figures get over on the wrong side of the ledger very fast. Usually the tide turns and the losses are rapidly recouped; then again the ill-luck continues until the sheriff halts the outfit with his signal of distress and bankruptcy, the red flag.

Managers on occasions have exceeded the limit of sane expenditures and paid the penalty of their ill-judged enterprises. The flatboats, as emporiums managers as ever caused a wagon to be painted red, overshot the mark when they brought out the magnificent European show. It was gorgeous, but was not appreciated at its worth. Barnum, Comp, Castello, Hurd and Bunnell overreached in a run for gold. The gigantic affair was ahead of the times.

In 1825 Andrew Haight piloted a circus into Texas, and, being the first in after the civil war, he had "nothing but money." The next season the tables turned. He organized the "Haight & Chambers Palace Show and Menagerie," to travel by boat, using the steamer Coosa, and opening in New Orleans. On account of a tremendous flood stand after stand was lost, entailing a great loss. As if that was not enough, at Henderson, Ky., the engineer let the boilers burn out, rendering it necessary to employ two steamers to tow the Coosa. The show went into quarantine. Worse was to follow—a Jonah must have been on board; the Coosa was run into by a towboat and sunk at Pittsburg.

And that year it rained! After Mr. Haight had lost \$75,000 he quit. In 1829 and 1870 Haight was in the employ of Stone & Murray, at \$20 a week. In 1871 Haight found P. Towles Wooten, a nautical dealer at Atlanta, Ga., who put out a show called the "Empire City Circus," and began to get on his feet again. In 1872 to 1874 Haight was again very successful for a time, with the "Great Eastern Circus and Menagerie." The first year, as has been frequently said, Haight, Miles and De Haven cleared \$100,000.

During the entire existence of the Great Eastern they were constantly at war, being hampered all the season long by P. T. Barnum & Co. And quite ineffectually, it may be remarked. In 1875 Haight, Miles and De Haven set out to more than get even with the man from Bridgeport and his partners. They organized a most enormous affair and called it "The American Racing Association." It was a hippodrome, and presented features of the sports of Rome, Athens and Bridgeport, just like Mr. Barnum's impenetrable and unwieldy conglomeration. The former funds were revived and the rivals went at each other with heat and hate; it has ever been the opinion of the wisest of the prophets that it was the rain that beat A. Haight & Co., and not P. T. Barnum and his cohorts. The American Racing Association was organized at Cincinnati, and, as George W. De Haven put it: "We swam from the Ohio river to the St. Lawrence." He might have added that P. T. Barnum & Co. stood on the bank and stoned them all the way. But it was a case of give and take to the death. The dissolution of the American Racing Association, one of the greatest of tent shows ever put on the road, was hastened by a

murderous attack at Ogdensburg, N. Y., upon George DeHaven by an employe, who stabbed him nearly to death.

After this greatest reverse, Andrew Haight retired from management and served others at a good salary. It. E. J. Miles acquired a competency in theatrical management and George W. DeHaven never recovered purse or position.

P. A. Older made several fortunes in the circus, which he frittered away in outside speculations until he made one grand dump of \$200,000, as I will relate. W. C. Comp and he were old time friends. Older, by the way, was a partner of "Yankee" Robinson for five years, and I imagine that is how they came in contact. P. T. Barnum & Co. were loaded up with animals, and to make a dollar and help out on the waltering expenses Comp conceived the idea of giving Older the use of the Barnum name on a percentage basis and also supplying a very large menagerie.

The deal looked like a magnificent speculation both to Comp and Older, all the more so because the latter was to have use of the complete Barnum outfit of printing, Barnum had never been South, and the investors on both sides of the transaction looked for sudden and enormous wealth in bleak land.

In those days Barnum used to dip into the ink bottle largely and contribute to his reader "An Open Letter to the Public" or "A Card from P. T. Barnum." Up North that year the show had been using Barnum's personal proclamation extensively wherever they could get it in the small bills, as well as on the walls in "a paragraph," a necessity of tent-show advertising of the times. In this particular communication direct to the dear people, Mr. Barnum went on to say in his unmistakable old style that he was once advised by Horace Greeley to "put aside the cares of life and go fishing," etc.

Any one who makes the slightest pretense to a knowledge of American show matters is aware that "Old John Robinson owned the South," a legend and a reality. When the combine was arranged by Comp and Older the "old" John Robinson Show was not blind to what was going on, and was not slow in scouring the South in advance of Older and flooding the whole Southern country with cutlers and small work, verbatim reproductions of the Barnum literature with the exception that "Old" John Robinson was named instead of the man up in Connecticut. When the Older advertisers put out the Barnum distribution work the people laughed them to scorn. "That Yankee clock peddler," they said, "has copied Uncle John's bills word for word."

Barnum's write-ups were "killed dead" than a deer nail," as the Robinson party did not fail to edit Barnum's pet proclamation as to the advice of Horace Greeley.

Fortunate P. A. Older got a terrible fall, and P. T. Barnum & Co. scrubbed a toe, the latter having to send South and return his property to Bridgeport after a most disastrous closing. Older was greatly injured, but he "picked his bluff" and started from New Orleans in April with a good, big show, happy in the expectation of recovering his losses and wishing in his heart that P. T. Barnum had taken Horace Greeley's advice and gone fishing to stay, before he had ever heard of him. Alas! "worse and more of it" was in store for the unfortunate manager. In June he made Shreveport, La., and as the yellow fever was epidemic there, the show was quarantined for five months and its owner absolutely ruined.

At a later date John H. Murray sailed for the West Indies one winter and lost all his ring stock, the manager and company barely escaping with their lives. The tempest was tremendous, and the safety of ship, passengers and crew depended upon casting the horses and circus outfit into the ocean.

The late William H. Harris, owner of the Nickel Plate Shows, arranged in the winter of 1880-1, just before his death, to ship his entire outfit from his headquarters at Chicago to open in Louisiana. After the details of transportation and an early opening in the baby climate had been fixed upon, his advance manager had to call all the deals off because the smallpox was rampant in Louisiana, and to go there under the circumstances meant destruction.

P. T. Barnum had extensive experiences with the flames. Adam Forepaugh's show complete for the road was once wiped out by fire, late one winter.

Walter L. Main had a season spoiled by a terrible railroad disaster. Stowe's boat show was burned to the water's edge, with a horrible loss of life.

L. H. Kent, when his fate as a manager hung in the balance, had the glanders break out among his horses. That was the last straw.

A TRUTHFUL ADVERTISEMENT.

In a paper called the Petit Bonquinois is to be found this candid advertisement of a municipal candidate, seeking office in Hanou, the capital of French Indo-China:

"VOTERS.

"You must be disgusted with the promises made to you and which you know as well as I do are never kept by those who make them. I herewith enter into the formal engagement with you to employ all my time and all my efforts to furthering MY interests, to augment MY fortune, which at present is in anything but a satisfactory condition. "Having served myself, and my future prosperity being assured—which is only right and proper after a sojourn of seventeen years in Tonquin—I swear before God and before men to devote attention to you in my leisure moments. "Voters, vote for me!"

A NEW BUSINESS.

Models For Making Attractive Advertisements.



ONE of the latest modes of getting a lively hood is that of posing for pictures to be used in making advertisements attractive. You often see the faces on advertisements of people that you know, actresses and others, and wonder about them—whether they are real photographs, and how they were secured.

Posing for photographs, as well as for pencil and brush made portraits, is an art in which proficiency is attained by usage and study. It is well known that theatrical people take better photographs than ordinary mortals, and the chief advantage they have is in knowing the advantage of a particular pose to bring out the picture that will please the eye and at the same time be true to the original. There are a large number of photographers in Chicago who make it their business to furnish for advertising purposes pictures to suit, and these are procured at a moment's notice from the sittings of the regular models who are on the photographer's list. These regular models are as essential to the advertising picture business as the camera and the ability to use it.

There are kept in stock by the advertising photographer specimens of heads, full figure and group pictures of the models who can be relied upon for photos when needed, and these serve as the samples from which the advertisers' pictures are selected. Of ten something in stock is selected, and made to serve the purpose of the particular advertising scheme which is on hand. Oftener, however, there is a necessity for an entirely new photograph.

Most of the models have to be supplied with the costumes and accessories necessary to make the picture which is desired and the photographer looks after this.

There are a large number of advertisers who, being the employers of numbers of people, find the best models for the advertising illustrations in their own stores or offices. This is true to a great extent of dealers in wearing apparel, such as cloaks, and there is no better model for a picture showing off a cloak than the live model who is employed in the store to show the effect of these garments to shoppers.

The advertiser demands the photographic face on the figures which illustrate his wares' good points, because there is more realistic effect to be attained in this way than if the artist who prepares the picture from which the advertising cut is made put in a mere drawing of a human figure. The photograph gives the likeness of a particular face, and this adds immensely to the effect. There is in many cases an addition to the work of the camera which retains the facial likeness. This is where the milliner advertiser, for instance, has a new style of spring hat represented on the head of a picture of a real live woman, the hat with its trimmings showing the particular shape and coloring put on by another process. The same is true of presentations of other articles of clothing—one head may be made to serve the purpose of showing off several articles. In fact, the close student of the current advertisements will find old acquaintances in many different group cuts and single figure advertisement pictures.

In spite of all the outside sources from which advertising picture models come, there is a steady demand for the services of those who make of posing for them a business, or at least an adjunct to the regular business in which they are engaged.

WHAT ONE LITTLE AD DID.

French Nobleman (?) Driven Frantic By Returns From a Matrimonial Advertisement.



FRENCHMAN with more title than cash, who recently landed in New York, inserted the following advertisement in one of the local morning papers:

"French gentleman (Baron) decorated, desires marriage; will send photograph and documentary proof of nobility. B. de Tallan, 106 W. 26th st., New York."

It developed from investigation that the advertiser occupied a little furnished room in a boarding house in a French neighborhood, and that he was employed in a candy factory.

He explained that the lady of his choice need not be so very rich. All that was required was that she should be pretty and fairly well-to-do. He wants the money to start a French paper in New York, for which purpose he went to that city.

FROM AN ADVERTISING POINT OF VIEW.

This life's a merry mess; Understand? It's just a giant guess, Rather grand. Not one of us can say Just what certain ad. will pay, Or what chick is sure to lay; Understand?

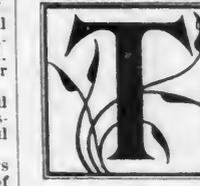
Yes, it's all a pretty mix; Understand? Simply cards and trumps and tricks— Every brand. We worry day and night For position (on the right), Then get left. It's awful trite; Understand?

Now, we're working just for fame; Understand? Just to make a household name Thro' the land. On a ten cent magazine We would like ours to be seen, Drawing in the good long green; Understand?

There's really something in it; Understand? But it can't come in a minute, Ready planned. Munsey, Curtis and the rest Gave this work a worthy test; Now they're living on the best That is cauded; Understand?

HIS WORTH

As an Advertisement, as Considered By Prince Chau, of China.



THIS incident is related of Prince Chun's departure from Bale. The prince and his suite hurried off with such precipitance that there was no time for settling bills. They amount to £1,000, and will be paid by the Chinese embassy in Berlin.

Chun is not ignorant of Western ways. As he left the hotel he gave the proprietor a gracious nod and said: "It is all very well, but you know I have been the best advertisement you ever had."

A HAPPY OLD PURITAN. Josiah Woodbury, of Beverly, Mass., issued the following declaration of independence in an advertisement published in 1771 (one hundred and thirty years ago):

"Beverly, Sept. 16, 1771. "Ran away from Josiah Woodbury, cooper, his house plague for seven long years, Misery Old Moll, alias Trial of Veengeance. He that lost will never seek her; he that shall keep her I will give two Bushel of Beans. I forewarn all persons in Town or County from trusting said Trial of Veengeance. I have love all the old shoes I can find for joy, and all my neighbors rejoice with me. A good Riddance of bad Ware. Amen!" JOSIAH WOODBURY."

JESSE JAMES' HORSE

Still Lives at Amazonia, Missouri.



R. ZIMMERMAN, of Amazonia, Mo., has a horse that belonged to Jesse James, the noted bandit, who finally met death at the hands of his treacherous confidant, Bob Ford. Jesse and Frank James had, with other members of their gang, the night before, held up and robbed the Rock Island passenger and express train at Winston, Mo. The booty had been divided, and the bandits had separated into pairs, and were making for places of safety, when Jesse and Frank came upon Zimmerman. The latter was then a youth of fourteen, and was on his way from his country home to the town of Grabau. He rode a young bay horse, which at once caught the eye of the bandits. The lad was stopped on the highway, ordered to dismount and to remove his saddle and bridle. Jesse substituted his own saddle and bridle and, mounting the fresh animal, said to young Zimmerman: "Young man, my horse, as you can see, is very tired. I am compelled to borrow your animal. You may again see it, and then you may not. But the horse I give you is a thoroughbred, and is a better one than yours. Just wait until he is rested up and see. His name is William Locker Jones." With this brief address, Jesse and Frank galloped off in the direction of Kearney, where they were in hiding with friends for a short time, and then safely departed for Texas. The Jesse James horse is now thirty-seven years old, is a sorrel, and can carry a man on a good day's journey, even at this time. He is a thoroughbred Hanabentonian, and was raised in Kentucky.

THE DIFFERENCE. In verse and prose the people slug The praises of the hen; Whereas the duck, which also lays, Gets no applause from men. The reason though is quickly found— There's only one surmise: The duck, when having laid an egg, Don't eack and advertise! —A. K. Yerkes, in Exchange.



CLARK C. DOUGHTY.

CLARK C. DOUGHTY.

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	16,182,757
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
1889—Manchester	4,765,137
1889—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 darned 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 up 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 pumderanium 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 to 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 unhearsd 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 lured 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.

Unhearsd 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.

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.

MEMORIES

Of "The Mulligans," Eddie Harrigan and His Confreeres.

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.



BOOTH 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

FEEDING WILD ANIMALS.

A Modern Science—What It Costs.



THE feeding of wild animals in captivity, so that they will thrive and grow contented in their confinement, has become a pretty accurate science in modern times, and the keepers of wild animals in zoological parks, menageries and circuses have attained such success in this direction that it is rarely an animal dies because of improper feeding.

Twenty-five years ago this was not the case. The mortality among menagerie animals was considerable, and the losses were so great that a systematic inquiry was made in regard to the feeding of wild animals in captivity. Partly as the result of that inquiry, and partly because of the accumulating experience in handling the animals, present methods of feeding have practically eliminated all danger to the animals from the food they may eat.

Yet it has been an easy question to solve. In a wild state the carnivorous animals are gluttonous when they can find the food, but their restless activity prevents any troubles from indigestion or overfeeding. Likewise, the reptiles gorge themselves with food, and then sleep off the effects for days at a time. In captivity these same tendencies are apparent, but wisdom has taught the keepers not to feed the animals until they were satiated. This in confinement is not suited to their health. Regular feeding in prescribed quantities has been found the most satisfactory, and the animals are, as a result, kept in much better condition than when roaming wild, gorging themselves with food one day and starving for a week a little later.

If all other conditions of cage life agreed with the wild animals as much as this regular, systematic feeding, the longevity of the creatures would undoubtedly be much greater than their kind allowed to live in their natural habitats, subject to all the uncertainties of food supply.

The feeding of wild animals, birds and fish in any large park or menagerie is consequently of scientific interest and value. Something less than \$300,000 worth of food is needed annually for the animals, birds and fish in the public parks, menageries and aquariums in the limits of Greater New York. A close analysis of the food purchased by this considerable sum shows that the largest amount of the money is spent for meat, fish and fowl. There are altogether some forty to fifty different kinds of food used, and all of it is as good as the market affords. The common idea that scraps and waste food can be fed to wild animals is hardly consistent with modern menagerie experience. Such food would in a short time cause sickness and disease among the animals in captivity. Hence all the food is carefully selected and is of the very best. In feeding the animals fish, the greatest danger comes from poisonous poison. Several fine otters and seals have been lost through feeding them with fish that had become tainted. The seals, sea lions, otters and pelicans are great consumers of fish, and they are fed every morning with medium-sized herring, packed fresh in ice and delivered daily at the Zoological Park. When it is impossible to secure good herring, other fish are purchased and cut up. If too large, to suit the fastidious creatures who live on a fish diet. These fish-eating animals and birds are very susceptible to poor food, and any violent change in the quantity or quality of it almost instantly causes sickness. Probably more seal lions have been lost to zoological gardens in the past through insufficient knowledge concerning their food than any other class of valuable specimens. The slightest taint of the fish produces symptoms which usually terminate in sickness and death.

The snakes are also very susceptible to the kind of food given them, and they prove extremely fastidious creatures when held in captivity. It is impossible to supply some of the reptiles with the special food they like, and substitutes are not taken kindly to at first. Thus, the big cobras in their native haunts live chiefly on other snakes—the small harmless varieties. Now, it is manifestly impossible to secure sufficient small snakes to supply these voracious eaters at all seasons of the year. Nevertheless, the keepers of the Central Park Menagerie and the Zoological Park in the Bronx make great efforts to collect small snakes for the valuable cobras. These come from different points in considerable numbers, shipments often amounting to as high as 150 at a time. Fed on these live snakes, the cobras thrive in captivity and appear satisfied with their lot; but it becomes necessary to appease their appetite with rats and mice when snakes are scarce. While new cobras will not touch these rodents when they are first placed before them, they can sometimes be enticed to swallow them when tied to the tail of a small snake or even when stuffed in the skin of a dead reptile.

The other snakes are fed mostly on toads, mice and rabbits. Even English sparrows are purchased in considerable numbers for the reptiles. The average prices paid each year for these snake foods are two cents each for sparrows, four to five cents each for toads and frogs, and two to three cents for live mice. At these quotations many boys make quite a little pocket money, and the Zoological Park managers find the supply at times greater than the demand, so eager are the youngsters to feed the snakes. In the winter season, however, it sometimes becomes a question of considerable importance how to secure fresh food for the reptiles. At one time more than a dozen rattlesnakes had to be killed because of the

keepers' inability to find plenty of live mice to keep them from starvation. The wild carnivorous animals of the jungle need a certain amount of meat each day, and if they had their tastes always gratified they would accept nothing else; but stale bread is fed to them in addition to the meat. The bears, monkeys and other beasts of the jungle learn to eat bread with evident relish, but the lions and tigers look forward eagerly to their fresh meat, and are not satisfied until it comes. About the usual feeding hour each day these creatures grow restless and pace anxiously up and down their cages. The appearance of the keeper with their dinner is a signal for whines and growls, and when the fresh meat is thrown to them they snuff and snarl until they have disposed of it. Horse flesh has been found an excellent meat for these animals, and a cheap food, at that. It probably forms the principal diet of the lions and tigers in Central Park, while the Zoological Garden bears receive a limited amount of "chuck" beef every day.

There is a great variety of food given to the other animals, and the mess department of the park is an interesting place. Here the cooks are preparing for the apes and monkeys custards and puddings made out of tapioca, oatmeal or rice; chopping meat and fish for the aquatic turtles and preparing vegetable compounds for the land tortoises. There are great quantities of cabbages, melons, squashes and lettuce piled up for daily use for a long list of creatures which never touch any flesh or insects. The birds have immense granaries where hemp, rape and other seeds are stored. Every morning a butcher delivers at the storage house a huge basket of chicken heads, which have been chopped off in the markets for use at the menagerie. These fresh heads are fed to the foxes, which eat them greedily, and to some of the small carnivora. Roots and vegetables and fruits of all kinds are collected there. These are fed to the elks, deer, buffaloes, birds, monkeys and many other creatures to keep their systems in good order. They represent a sort of medicinal food to counteract any evil effects of the heavier diet.

Hay, oats, wheat and corn naturally form a considerable part of the daily diet of the elephants, rhinoceros, hippopotami and similar herbivorous animals. Only the very best hay and grain in the market are purchased for this purpose. The annual bill for hay, straw, wheat, bran, middlings and meal for the ruminants amounts to something like \$2,600 for the New York Zoological Park; and for meat, fish and fowl heads, \$3,700. Live fowls, rabbits, sparrows, mice, rats, frogs and fish for the reptiles cost about \$2,000, and a similar amount is required for seeds, fish, meat, vegetables and grain for the birds. Over \$1,200 is spent for nuts, seeds, grain, bread and dog cakes for the rodents, and \$1,850 for bread, milk, fruit, eggs and vegetables for the apes and monkeys. The annual diet costs the Park about \$14,000, while that for the animals and birds in the Central Park menagerie costs \$12,000. The food for the Aquarium costs about \$2,100, and the few animals kept in the Brooklyn parks are maintained at an annual expense of less than a thousand dollars for the food.

NOT ALL AFRAID OF SNAKES.

Some Women Have Been Known To Get the Best of the Reptiles.

It is a common impression that all women are cowards in the presence of mice and snakes. But, however much a mouse may inspire terror in the feminine breast, all members of the sex are not dismayed in the presence of a wriggling, venomous serpent, as the following instances will testify:

As Miss Carrie Yost, of Carlton, N. Y., was driving from Utica, accompanied by Miss Mary Wood, of Canal, and Miss Ethel Walling, of Utica, they saw lying across the road a large blacksnake. Two of the girls managed to kill the snake, while the other one held the horse. They put the snake in the back of the buggy, and took it to Mr. Yost's, where it was measured and was six feet two inches in length.

Several women of Ferrisburgh Township, Pennsylvania, while out on a ridge in the Still Valley section, ran into a large black snake of the "moccasin" family, and at once tried to kill it. The snake showed fight and thereby attacked the foremost woman, striking her on the dress, and held to the garment. She was unable to shake it off, and one of her companions came to her relief and killed the snake. It was described as an unusually large one for that locality, about six feet long and nine inches around the thickest part.

Mrs. Hiram Stiles, of Westport, N. Y., had been missing her young chickens for some time. Attracted to the orchard one day by a commotion among the chickens, Mrs. Stiles saw a large blacksnake endeavoring to capture one of the fowls. Mrs. Stiles attacked the reptile with a hoe, when his sickness made his way through the grass for a tree, up which he began to crawl. Mrs. Stiles struck the snake on the back, which caused the reptile to fall to the ground, where it was soon killed. The snake was six and a half feet long.

Mrs. J. T. Semberower and Mrs. Doran, of Unbontown, Pa., who were along with a camping party recently on Cheat River, above Morgantown, showed their heroism while out driving along the Morgantown road. Just after they had crossed the bridge over the Cheat they came across a copperhead snake along the roadside. Unlike the vast majority of their sex when confronted with a serpent, they did not try to get away, but set about to kill the reptile. The task was accomplished after a severe battle, and when the ladies arrived in camp with their trophy they were cheered vociferously by the men.

NAMES OF ANIMALS.

How They Were Selected, and Languages From Which They Are Derived.



OW many of us, when we go to the Zoo or circus, ever ask ourselves why each of these creatures was given the name it bears? If, like some flowers, they had been called after their discoverers, the question would be an easy one to answer; but in the majority of instances the words have come to us through several languages. And where an animal's name has been in common use for many years, it has undergone some curious changes of spelling.

Five hundred years ago the word "tiger" was spelled "tigre," exactly like the French word, from which it was copied. But the French tiger came from an older language—Latin, and thence it can be traced back through Greek to ancient Persian. In the last language the word "tighr" signified an arrow, to which the animal was aptly compared in the swiftness of its flight, especially when leaping on its prey. There is as much reason in his title of "tiger" as in that of "Brother Stripes," by which he is popularly known in India.

Another animal which owes its name to its quick movements is the dromedary, the "fast running," as the Greek word from which it is derived means. Elephant is by some traced back to the Hebrew eleph, an ox—an ox being the largest and strongest animal known to that ancient race.

Rhinoceros is made up of two Greek words, meaning "nose-horn." Hippopotamus (also from the Greek) signifies "river horse" (just as walrus—of Scandinavian origin—stands for "whale horse"), its fondness for water being well known.

If you have seen a giraffe, you will not be surprised to learn that its name is derived from an Egyptian word for "a long neck." It is also known as a camelopard because of its resemblance to a long-legged, long-necked camel, and a spotted pard, or panther. The mention of pard calls to mind the leopard, so called because it was originally supposed to have been a mongrel among beasts, as it were—half a lion (leo) and half a pard.

Turning to "deer," it is curious to note that, by our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, the word was applied to any wild animal. Stag means literally a climber, having its origin in an old Icelandic word. Antelope signifies "the bright-eyed," and no one can say that the name of this pretty creature is undeserved. Reindeer, or "raindeer," as it is sometimes spelled, has no connection whatever with rein, but is a compound of the Icelandic "hrein" and the old English "deer." It is just possible that the name signifies "the running deer."

Mistakes in name-giving are not uncommon; there are many animals, and birds, too, which have become wrongly labeled. You may have heard of the mammoth, the ancient elephant, whose remains have been found after being buried for thousands of years in various parts of Europe. Its name was given to it by the ignorant Siberian peasants, who because they discovered its bones while digging in the ground, thought that it must have burrowed into the earth like a mole, and died there! "Mammoth" is closely allied to the Tartar word for "earth." Even more undeserved is the harmless slow-worm's name. It was not so called because of the "slowness" of its progress; "slow" in this instance is a mispronunciation of "slay." So that it was really the "slay worm," the worm, or snake, that strikes and kills. At one time everybody thought that the slow-worm was dangerous, and the same foolish belief has not altogether died out yet in country districts.

One of the funniest animals is the monkey, and whenever you look into its little wrinkled face, remember how its name arose. Monkey is due to the English way of pronouncing the old German word "Monke," which was the name of the Ape's son in a famous old tale. This "Monke" is a diminutive form of the Italian "monna," meaning an ape, and also used as a nickname for an old woman; while "monna" itself is short for "madonna," i. e., my lady. Orang-utang is a Malay expression, meaning the "wild man of the woods." Lemur is the Latin word for "ghost," and was given to the little animal so called on account of its nocturnal habits. The squirrel carries its name-history about with it, in the shape of its bushy tail, which serves to a great extent as a covering when it sits down. "Squirrel" is composed of two Greek words, meaning "shadow" and "tail." "Moose," which goes far back to the old Persian and Sanskrit languages, means the "stealing" animal just as "wolf" in its original form meant the "tearer," and the "hare" meant "jumper." The lynx was so called because of its keen, bright eyes, its Latin name being allied to the Greek word for a lamp.

That jolly little chap, the terrier, signifies by his name that he is a burrowing animal, not exactly like the great mammoth, but one that pursues foxes and rabbits to their holes in the grounds and hunts them out.

Greyhound is a curious word, each half of it meaning the same thing. "Grey" is the Icelandic word for "dog," and "hound" stands for hound, but while he will often say "grey" instead of "greyhound," we, in borrowing the name from him, have become accustomed to the longer form of the word only. Another hound

whose name has reached us by way of Scandinavia is the sleuthhound. "Sleuth" is but a different form of spelling "slot," which is the track or trail of a deer, so that the word at once tells us what this fine dog is used for.

PROF. NORRIS

Is Teaching a Monkey to Talk.

As an appropriate climax to a series of experiments in educating a three-year-old monkey, Prof. C. I. Norris, of Norris & Rowe's Shows, will endeavor to make the monkey talk. The animal is a great curiosity in the showline. The point to which his education has been carried is wonderful. He rejoices in the name of Jim Robinson, but by birth is a Boreuan of the orang-utang species.

To begin with his accomplishments, he eats at a table with complacency. In teaching Jim how to use a spoon, Prof. Norris placed the food intended for the orang in a very deep cup. Jim's natural intelligence at once showed him the use of the spoon, but he at first made the mistake of bringing his provender from the depth of the cup by means of the spoon and then laying it down on the table to be picked up with his fingers. Prof. Norris cured Jim of this habit by placing a hungry monkey at the table beside him. As soon as Jim would lay the food down the hungry one would snatch it away.

After awhile Jim saw the point and foiled the thief by carrying the food directly from the cup to his mouth by means of the spoon. The accomplishment, once acquired, there was no more trouble. Then Jim was taught the advantages of clothing by being left for a time in a cool place. Then he was taken in and warmly clothed. What caused the trainer most perplexity was how to get Jim to wear a cap, for he seemed to have a rooted antipathy to any kind of headgear. The trainer was almost on the point of giving it up when he noticed that the flies were annoying Jim very much. When they were particularly persistent about his head the monkey would pull his coat up to protect his poll. Darning a little more molasses on Jim's head, the trainer left him to be tortured by the flies for a time, and then placed a cap over his head to show him the use of the covering. Jim caught on at once, and has worn the cap without protest since.

DYING OUT.

Monster Buffalo, the Last of His Race, To Be Presented to Denver.



LD and Inlrun, among the last of his race, the big buffalo of Lost Park, Col., has gone crazy. His cunning that for years has enabled him to defy unscrupulous hunters has deserted him, now that all his companions have fallen victims to the

ulmrods' deadly aim. Time and again hardy mountaineers have set out in pursuit of him, and he led them a chase to the fastnesses, where they could not follow him. Now, in his mad folly he boldly walks along the public highways, apparently seeking death. That he has not met it long ere this speaks well for the character of the people now in the neighborhood.

That he is the very last one left free there is little doubt. Game Warden Harris of Denver says he knows where there is a large herd of bison, but they are not the real, gigantic buffalo to which race this monarch belongs. He is of monstrous size and is believed to be 25 years old. As he walks along the highway his beard drags on the ground and his hide is scarred with bullet marks from dozens of wounds received in the days when he was the leader of the last herd.

It is almost ten years that he has roamed the mountains in solitude, fighting his battles with hundreds of wolves and hiding from men who have made hundreds of dollars by illegally slaughtering the game of that region. Indians who have hunted him credit him with an instinct that is simply wonderful.

Men who went to that region twenty years ago remember hearing the savages tell about a monster buffalo, the head of a large herd, they had tried in vain to kill. Now that he is crazy in his old age and seeking death as a relief from his companionless existence, there seems to be no one who has the heart to kill him.

A letter received by Game Warden Harris urges him to take some steps to protect the foolhardy old buffalo. The names of several persons who have encountered him along the public roads are given, and they warn the game warden that he will be killed just as soon as cold weather makes his hide valuable again. Although he will not run from a man on foot and even seems inclined to make friends with his old-time enemies, he is badly scared at a man on horseback. In the letter the writer seriously asserts that the buffalo seeks death, but does not want to be captured and taken into captivity, thus explaining his fear of a man on a horse.

Game Warden Harris will make Denver a present of the old buffalo. If the man agreement will defray the expenses of carrying him and bringing him to Denver. There is no doubt about the game warden's authority to give title to the buffalo, and it is probable the offer will be accepted. He is larger than any buffalo ever seen in captivity, and if he were not so near the limit of old age he would be worth many thousands of dollars.

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, Anstrallans, 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 Bertello, Virginia Drew Prescott, Antoinette Ashton and May Ward.

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

the from the east at Columbus, O. He has been sent to New York for treatment. His breakdown is said to be due to overwork. He returns to the cast of "Francisca da Rimini" at Indianapolis.

It is given only one part—that of Marguerite—in "Faust" with Henry Irving. Miss Terry, it is said, will rest while "Faust" is being presented, but she will be back in the harness as soon as that production has finished its London engagement.

A keg of gunpowder exploded on the stage of the Pountain Theater, Springfield, O., during a performance of "The Cherry Pickers," Nov. 29, and a small panic ensued. Gus Tapley, a member of the cast, was slightly injured, but no one else was injured.

FARCE AND COMEDY.

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.

Cora Tanner has been engaged for a part in "The Climbers" when it reaches New York.

It is said that Rose Melville's percentage and salary from "Sis Hopkins" this season will reach \$50,000.

Rose Melville is to present "Sis Hopkins" to Texas and the Pacific Coast. It has never been seen there.

A. N. Johnson, of "A Poor Relation" company, is ill at Charleston, S. C. He is the son of a Cincinnati minister.

Nobody seems to know how she does it, but Rose Melville continues to get the money. Her week at Cincinnati last week was a record breaker.

Anna Held is using Franz Ebert, the ill-illustrious, as a foil in a new finale in the second act of "The Little Duchess," and it is said to be a great hit.

Manager Sterling has abandoned the idea of a new play for Rose Melville for next season, for the very good reason that "Sis Hopkins" has not yet seen its best day by a whole lot.

Nat Goodwin has cabled Klaw & Erlanger from London to book a route for him for the remainder of the season. He will open with Maxine Elliott in "When We Were Twenty-one" at Brooklyn Jan. 20.

Annie O'Neil, the widow of Henry C. Miner, has been engaged to play Joan Trevelyan in "Sweet and Twenty," at Madison Square Garden. Ellaline Terris is now playing the part in the London production.

Miss Violet Hilton, the young Boston soubrette who is now making a big success in the title role of "Peck's Bad Boy" Company, will star in a comedy show of her own next season under a well-known Boston manager.

Hickman Brothers' "Down and Up" is giving the best of satisfaction to the theatergoers of Pennsylvania. One-night stands and several return dates have been booked. The roster includes: Hickman Brothers, Harry Rose, C. Morton, Guy Hickman, Eddie Pullman, Valborg Herrman Mildred Kenfield, Franklin Sisters, Nellie Harper, Alice Hamilton and Nellie Pierce.

STOCKS AND REPERTOIRE.

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.

Harry Morosco was in Cincinnati last week, trying to induce Manager Hunt, of the Pike, to enter his stock circuit. He received but little encouragement.

Toledo (Ohio) papers speak in the highest terms of the clever work of Louis Alton. Rebecca Warren, Asa Lee Willard and Will J. Dean in the latter's production of "Lady Windemere's Fan."

At Shawnee, O. T., Nov. 25, a freight train collided with the private car of the Marie Fountain Theatrical Company and came near completely destroying it. The people of the company were at dinner, and several were painfully injured, among the number being Mrs. Burt Swar, Mrs. Van Eaton, "Granmother" Hinds, Marie Fountain, Geo. Donahue and the cook, Ellen Lindsey.

Wm. B. Sherman, of Sherman's Theater, Hamilton, Canada, wishes, through the columns of "The Billboard," to inform the general public and profession that he has relinquished all duties at his former house and is at present managing the Castle Square Stock Company, which, until recently, has been on the road since last May, under the management of Stock and Greene, proving popular everywhere. Mr. Sherman opened his company at London, Ont., Monday, Nov. 18, to S. R. O., and has been playing to crowded houses nightly. The company comprises fifteen people, viz.: Wm. B. Sherman, manager; L. L. Greene, stage manager; Henry Burton, musical director; James A. Callahan, master of transportation; Harry Mours, electrician; W. J. Price, advance; Lou Carroll, Chas. H. Perry, Norman Grey, H. Howard Hagan, Miss Bozle Stevens Ewart, Miss Mabel McCabe, Miss Mabel Pelham, Miss Woa Pelham and Mlle. Ermalin, introducing her world-renowned dance of all nations.

MUSIC AND OPERA.

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.

Mme. Louise Horner is booked for Music Hall, Cincinnati, Dec. 19.

The advance sale of seats for the Grau company in Cincinnati has broken all records so far.

A report from Pasadena, Cal., says there is a serious question if Mme. Calve will ever sing again.

The advance sale for the coming Symphony Concert in Cincinnati was the largest ever recorded in that city.

The chorus of the Southwell Opera Company at St. Louis struck Nov. 27 because they were not paid as per agreement. The matter was adjusted.

Rose Cecelia Shay continues to prosper. In spite of the dire predictions of critics, arrangements are being made to book her at Music Hall, Cincinnati.

The funeral of Mrs. Rosa Weber, mother of John Weber, the well-known musician, occurred at Cincinnati Nov. 26. There were many beautiful floral tributes.

The McCallip Music Company, Dept. B, Columbus, O., wants agents to sell sheet music and five famous songs. The price is low and the chance is exceptionally good.

Joseph C. Fischer, a well-known musician and composer, who made his home in New York, died at Springfield, O., Nov. 24 from gangrene, the result of cutting a corn too closely.

Ferdinando Avedano, a tenor with the Southwell Opera Company, has sued the city of St. Louis and its smoke inspector to compel the abatement of smoke, which, he says, injures his throat.

"If You Only Have Wind You Can Blow," published by Wm. H. Henneman, 872 Perkiomen street, Philadelphia, has a very catchy melody and words and is making a decided hit.

Mme. Calve's illness compelled Maurice Grau to cancel his date at Phoenix, Ariz., Dallas, Tex., and a return to Los Angeles. It is understood that Calve will not be heard in Cincinnati.

Mme. Calve, who has been ill in Los Angeles, Cal., has adopted a thirteen-year-old child from that city. Her name is Edna Darch, and Calve predicts a wonderful future for her. Calve will educate the child in Paris.

It is said that Marie Wilson, who was one of the original "Florodora" Sextette, and whose operations in Wall street made her wealthy, is negotiating with Sid. Rosenthal and Ludwig Englander for an opera, which she will finance and manage. She does not intend to star herself.

The Albright Music Co., 195 Wabash ave., Chicago, have instituted an effective plan for introducing their orchestra music. For 25 cents a sample copy of any one of five beautiful ballroom numbers will be mailed to any one mentioning "The Billboard" in their order. A thematic catalogue of sample parts will be mailed upon application.

The success of Rose Cecelia Shay, considering that she is unknown, is remarkable. At Wheeling, W. Va., last week, even standing room was sold out and people paid the theater management \$5 each for the privilege of attaching telephones to the stage so they could hear her sing.

MINSTRELS.

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.

William Sheehan, who formerly was identified with Primrose & Dockstader's Minstrels, has left that organization and is now connected with "The Volunteer Organist." Mr. Sheehan, who is in Cincinnati, reports business very good all along the line.

The Fairmount (W. Va.) Lodge of Elks recently produced a minstrel first part as a prelude to an enjoyable dance. Earl H. Smith, well known to many professionals and editor of The Times, was interlocutor. Frank D. Johns, Arthur G. Martin, Rob Fisher, Coley Hopkins (a Cincinnati boy), W. J. Boydston and Joe Ridgely held down the ends. Among those contributing to the first part other than the above were: C. E. Mayers, Crowell brothers and Harry Engle. The singing turn of Arthur G. Martin was especially good.

Prof. Chas. Brown's troupe of colored cake-walkers, fifteen in number, are meeting with big success. Their season of fall fairs was great. At every street fair, park and exposition this troupe was offered return dates and proved a great drawing card at all the big fairs, etc. They are now playing the leading vaudeville theaters and will open their spring and summer season on Young's Famous Ocean Pier, Atlantic City, N. J., where they have been engaged for the next five seasons. The continued success of this attraction is due to the management of Mr. Frank B. Hulbin, who has looked after and surrounded Prof. Brown's troupe with special scenery, lithographs and special printing of all kinds. Manager Hulbin's headquarters are located at Atlantic City, N. J.

Since W. S. Cleveland has installed his minstrel company in his Chicago home of "tip-top minstrelsy and polite vaudeville," he has been besieged by managers who wish to play his company at their theaters during the season. These excellent bookings he has been compelled to refuse on account of the phenomenal success of the run at Cleveland's Theater, where they are booked for a long run. During the coming season, however, his company will resume its road tour with the same big double bill that is now being offered in Chicago and will endeavor to make amends for having deprived the people of a desired amusement during the present season. It is possible that in answer to the many demands for his attention from the West that Mr. Cleveland may cancel his proposed Eastern tour, which is to follow the close of the Chicago season, and place his big minstrel-vaudeville company in the West and Northwest for the remainder of the season.

BURLESQUE.

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.

Edna Nellie is in the olio of Harry Williams' "Imperial Burlesquers." Her former partner, Capetalia, is playing dates in and around New York.

Geo. B. (Red) Hamilton is ahead of Harry Williams' "Imperial Burlesquers," and Jimmie Weeden is in full charge of affairs back with the show.

Between the Bill Posters' Convention and Barney Meyer's "Ramblers," Col. John John Whalen, of Louisville, will have his hands full this week.

Lord and Walton, who are featured with Rice and Barton's Spectacular Extravaganza Company, will not last long in burlesque. They would strengthen the bill in any vaudeville house.

Mr. Rice, manager of Rice & Barton's Big Gaiety Extravaganza Company, assures "The Billboard" that, commencing next week, the route of every burlesque company will meet with severe changes.

The Troubadour Four, joined Sam Devere's Company at Louisville, Ky., recently, replacing the World's Comedy Four, which has been with the company, and are making a big hit. The "four" is composed of Nat Wilson, Charles A. Van, Herbert Fatou and William Fuller, late of the Empire Comedy Four.

The body of the late Jessie May was interred at La Salle, N. Y. The funeral was attended by members of the executive staff of the New York Theater, and many beautiful floral pieces were sent by the members of "The King's Carnival" Company, of which the deceased was once a member.

In their presentation of "The Hall of Fame," which is to follow "Florodora" at the New York Theater some time this winter, Sire Brothers will present a counterfeit of Niagara Falls which, it is said, will be startling in the extreme.

VAUDEVILLE.

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.

Harry Sangh has joined W. I. Swahn's "Nashville Students" as general agent.

Wood, the South American wizard, is putting the people to guessing in Central Pennsylvania and gives an interesting performance.

Hickey and Nelson are with the Empire Vaudeville Company and their "twisting" is being pronounced one of the best acts of a very strong bill.

Ellaline Terris, Seymour Hicks and Dan Leo gave a private entertainment to King Edward Nov. 26. It was the first entertainment he attended since he became king.

Miss Frankie Wallace, who claims to be a niece of Gen. Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," made her debut at Pastor's New York theater, Nov. 28, in songs and dances.

Prof. O. K. Stewart now has his triple Spanish ring act ready and opened this week in vaudeville houses. Prof. Stuart's training quarters will be in charge of Fred Whitney while he is on the road.

Clara and Erna Davis, sisters, who are well known in vaudeville, are ill at the City Hospital in Cincinnati. The former's trouble is due to a leaden ring which she wore around her waist while doing the Lunette act.

Jim Corbett and his Empire Troupe of Entertainers are booked for Cincinnati soon. The ex-champion is one of the most popular players who ever visited Cincinnati, and a hearty reception from his old friends awaits him there.

Prince Giovan, one of the Colibri mid-gets, who was at the Columbia Theater, Cincinnati, last week, was called down by a policeman in front of the theater for smoking a cigarette. The "lacing" policeman received in return made him look smaller than the prince.

Wilfred Clarke, who is on the bill at the Columbia Theater, Cincinnati, this week, is a nephew of Edwin Booth and a son of John Sleeper Clarke, whose death made Wilfred and his brother Creston sole proprietors of the Strand Theater, London, and the Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia.

Mable Pierson is the latest prima donna that has been induced to leave the ranks of opera for that of vaudeville. Miss Pierson, who was with the Bostonians during last season, alternating with Hilda Clarke in the leading roles, has signed contracts to appear under the management of W. S. Cleveland and will make her first appearance in vaudeville as the feature of the program of "polite vaudeville and tip-top minstrelsy" at Cleveland's Theater, Chicago, Dec. 2. After her Chicago engagement Mr. Cleveland will place his star in a number of the better houses in the East.

ACROSS THE WATER.

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.

"The Belle of New York" was revived in London Nov. 28. The London papers speak kindly of it, and a long and successful run is looked for.

Jane Harding has all Paris talking for having the timidity to box the ears of her leading man, M. De Max. The latter denies that he insulted her.

The Marquis of Anglesey, whose jewels were recently stolen by his valet, announced a vaudeville company and an orchestra to his castle and gave a performance, in which he took part, doing some clever dancing.

ODDS AND ENDS.

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

Mr. R. R. Garner is bill poster at New Hampton, Ia.

Jas. S. Laird does the bill posting at Greenville, Pa.

If you are in need of a good hard-working agent, address A. T. Fabel, Headville, Pa.

Theatrical shoes may be procured from Griffin, 25 Spring street, Rochester, N. Y.

It is said that Amelia Bingham wears one gown in "The Climbers" which cost \$5,000.

A. H. Hart, 160 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill., does lithographing suitable for any play.

Jack Rosenthal has been enjoined by Geo. W. Lederer from producing "The Telephone Girl."

W. D. Freeman has a distributing agency at Dayton, O., that does most satisfactory service.

Richard Mansfield declares that American audiences are indubitably superior intellectually to the English.

Miller, costumer, 211 and 223 North Eighth street, Philadelphia, does most satisfactory costume work.

For the best railroad showing of bill posters on four railroads in Hearne, Tex., Jas. H. Burney is the man.

The Griffith Advertising Service, Greensboro, N. C., owns all the billboards in the city, and is altogether a remarkably well equipped plant.

W. H. Warren, manager of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Co., may be addressed at Somerset, N. J., by any one who has a sleeper and baggage car for sale.

For Vaudeville material, magic tricks, photos, streetmen's articles, address J. G. Scheidler, Myrtle Novelty Company, 35 Laurel street, Cleveland, O.

Ben Teal, stage director for Klaw & Erlanger's productions, was stricken with appendicitis in New York Nov. 28.

There was a report current in New York last week that Maurice Barrymore was dead. It proved to be unfounded.

Chas. Seayard is one of the able and popular bill posters at Pine Bluff, Ark. He has had an experience of ten years.

C. D. Charles, playwright, 81 New street, New York, writes original sketches and monologues at very moderate prices.

Geo. Schmidt, 1307 and 1309 Sycamore street, Cincinnati, O., does first-class building and repairing in the carriage and wagon line.

Manufacturers and publishers will find it to their interest to send prices and samples of M. O. B. goods to Frize & Co., San Antonio, Texas.

Parks' Opera House, Louisiana, Mo., offers a good chance for drawing attractions. Billposting done in all branches. Address Mgr. E. A. Parks.

The body of Ida Burroughs, who committed suicide in New York by inhaling gas, was interred at Woodlawn Cemetery, Dayton, O., Nov. 24.

Hollin Cutter, of Cincinnati, has written a play entitled "Poor Oliver," founded on the life of Oliver Goldsmith, which is said to be really meritorious.

If you contemplate advertising North Carolina, write to the manager of the Griffith Adv. Service, Greensboro, N. C., for any information desired.

Kilgill Bros., proprietors of the Universal Electric Stage Lighting Company, are the people to call on for any electrical device pertaining to the stage.

Capt. John White, proprietor and manager of White's London Dime Museum, 314 and 316 State street, Chicago, Ill., wants performers and freaks at all times.

The St. Louis Button Company, of St. Louis, Mo., make buttons from your photograph so cheap that it will pay any person to give them away as an advertisement.

It is said that Millie James, who is now in the cast of W. A. Brady's No. 2 "Lover's Lane," will be starred next season by Mr. Brady in a play especially written for her.

John B. Doris, the well-known museum manager, being examined in insolvency proceedings in New York last week, testified that he had a string of debts three miles long.

Leslie Stuart, composer of "Florodora," has signed with Chas. Frohman to write a musical play in collaboration with Paul M. Potter. It is to be an American subject and acted by American performers.

Col. W. D. Westlake, the well-known showman and museum proprietor, has organized the Southern Athletic Club at Charleston, S. C., which organization will pull off some interesting boxing bouts during the exposition.

The New Theater, at South Framington, Mass. (Boston office, 180 Tremont st.), is modern in every respect and has a seating capacity of 1,000. The management is desirous of booking an attraction for the week of Dec. 23, on guarantee.

For wax figures of every description, mechanical figures, Punch and Judy figures, marionettes, shadowdrops, black art, illusions, ventriloquist figures, and all the latest novelties of the kind, address W. H. J. Shaw, 1122 South Fourth street, St. Louis, Mo.

The faculty of the New York School of Expression is a brilliant galaxy of talent. Genevieve Stebbens, the vice president and co-principal, is the acknowledged leading exponent of aesthetic physical culture, and the influence of the faculty are equally proficient in their peculiar vocations.

The finest and largest amusement park in Michigan is Ramona Park at Grand Rapids, Mich. The manager, Mr. Orin Stalf, has space for new amusement devices, shows, privileges and good attractions. Vaudeville artists will do well to write for time. Write or come and see the park for yourself.

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. 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. Sellinger, 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 vanderlille 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. Minstrelans 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.

THE BILLBOARD.

Published Weekly at
420 Elm Street, Cincinnati, O., U. S. A.
Address all communications for the editorial or
business departments to
THE BILLBOARD PUBLISHING CO.

Subscription, \$4.00 a year; 6 mos., \$2.00; 3 mos.,
\$1.00, in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Ten cents per line, agate measurement. Whole
page, \$70; half page, \$35; quarter page, \$17.50. No
premium on position.

The Billboard is for sale on all trains and news-
stands throughout the United States and Canada,
which are supplied by the American News Co. and
its branches. When not on sale please notify this
office.

The Billboard is sold in London at Low's Ex-
change, 57 Charing Cross, and at American Ad-
vertising Newspaper Agency, Trafalgar Build-
ings, Northumberland Ave., W. C. In Paris at
Brentano's, 37 Ave. de l'Opera. The trade sup-
plied by the American News Co. and its branches.
Remittance should be made by post office or ex-
press money order, or registered letter addressed
or made payable to the Billboard Pub. Co.

The editor can not undertake to return unsol-
lited manuscripts; correspondents should keep copy.
When it is necessary to wire the instructions
and copy for advertisements, great saving in the
matter of telegraph tolls may be had by recourse
to the International Cipher Code.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at Post Office
at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Saturday, December 7, 1901

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.

"The Billboard" herewith presents to its
50,000 readers, for their consideration and
criticism, its Christmas edition. In solicit-
ing prospective advertisers for this edition
the management of "The Billboard" prom-
ised them that its Christmas number should
be the handsomest piece of typographical,
printing pressmen's and lithographers' arts
ever turned from a press, and we submit to
our friends and clients whether or not we
have kept faith. With just a trace of ego-
tism (which we believe to be pardonable un-
der the circumstances) the management of
"The Billboard," in offering its Christmas
edition for the consideration of its readers,
believes that it surpasses in beauty, com-
pleteness, intrinsic value and general merit
every attempt made by any publications of
a similar character in the history of trade
journalism.

That its clients have faith in the honesty
and ability of the management of "The Bill-
board" to make good its promises is in evi-
dence from a glance at the amount of adver-
tising matter contained in this issue of the
paper, and the management can assure its
readers that there is not represented in
these columns the advertisement of a single
individual firm or corporation upon whose
title, credit or business methods rests even
the suspicion of a cloud. In accepting ad-
vertising the management of "The Bill-
board" has seen to it that no frauds, fakes
or irresponsibles have been allowed to creep
in, and this assurance to "Billboard" read-
ers may be ever depended upon. "The Bill-
board" believes that its readers are entitled
to as much protection from irresponsible
advertisers as they are from fifth and abuse
in its news columns, and the efforts of the
management shall ever be bent toward giv-
ing this protection to its clients.

While we are proud of the Christmas num-
ber of "The Billboard," it does not signify
that we have reached the limit of our pos-
sibilities. The fact is, "The Billboard" has
only reached that stage where it has aban-
doned its swaddling clothes for its first pair
of boots and trousers. In other words, we
have just begun to walk, and from now on
we shall make our presence felt in the field
in which for nine years we have sought to
do our duty. In issuing the Christmas num-
ber this year the management has sought
simply to show its friends and clients what
can be done and what will be done every
week when "The Billboard" has grown to
manhood. When that time comes "The Bill-
board" will be found in the lead of all cir-
cus and dramatic papers in the world, if

money, brains and perseverance can make it
such.

To the ever loyal friends who have stood
by "The Billboard" through its infancy the
management wishes to acknowledge its ap-
preciation and gratitude. To those who
have but recently seen and appreciated the
possibilities and uses of the paper we are
equally grateful. To those who may be-
come our friends and clients in the future
we can only assure them that they will re-
ceive the same good treatment and fair
dealing which has proved to be the founda-
tion stone upon which the success of "The
Billboard" has been built. To the profes-
sion generally, friends and enemies alike,
we say with all sincerity:

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy and Pros-
perous New Year."

"Peace on earth,
Good will to men."

City, Brooklyn, Pittsburg and Chicago.
O. J. Gude will retain his bulletin plant
in New York, and become a stockholder in
the amalgamated concern. The amalga-
mation of these interests will not in any wise
affect the plants at Jersey City, Paterson,
Newark, nor the suburban territory outside
of New York City.

VULGAR SHOWS

In the Burlesque Field to Receive a
Set-Back From New York
Managers.

New York, Dec. 2.—A determined effort
to purify the burlesque stage has been in-
augurated by Eastern managers. At a
meeting of forty-one managers and prop-
rietors of burlesque music halls in the
principal cities east of Pittsburg and south
of Rochester, held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel
last Friday afternoon, a union was or-
ganized, to be known as the Managers' As-
sociation of Burlesque Theaters of the East-
ern Circuit.

The purported object of the movement is
to "discourage vulgar, indecent and degrad-
ing entertainments and acts, and to pre-
vent further opposition in the cities in
which theaters belonging to the organiza-
tion are located." "Competition by vulgar

It is a matter of wonder to me that the
people who enjoy clean burlesque have not,
of themselves, ere this, arisen in arms and
demanded the reforms now set on foot by
this new association of managers. Once let
the devotee of burlesque become accus-
tomed to clean fun and proper exhibitions,
and the oft-repeated excuse made by man-
agers of indecent shows, "We must please the
people," will become unnecessary and cease
to be effective.

Vulgar burlesque shows must go.
WARREN W. PATRICK.

UGLY CHARGES

Made By Bandmaster Innes Regarding
His Wife's Conduct.

New York, Dec. 2. Mistical circles
throughout the country will be shocked at
the news that Frederick Nell Innes, direc-
tor of the famous band which bears his
name, has sued his wife for divorce upon
the only ground sufficient for such a peti-
tion in New York. He names as co-respon-
dents James J. Corbett, the actor pugilist;
Howard Flanagan, a Nashville editor; Wy-
bert Phillips and Edward Crowhurst, a
sporting writer of Philadelphia. All save
Corbett acted as his press agents in which
capacity Innes charges they became intima-
te with his wife.

He charges that his wife was unduly in-
timate with Corbett while both families
lived at the Navarro Hotel, New York.
Mrs. Innes has filed a red hot answer and
cross petition denying the charges and Cor-
bett has instructed his New York attorney
to sue Innes for damages.

It is significant that Mrs. Innes' first
husband secured a divorce from her, nam-
ing Innes as co-respondent.

GOOD LUCK TO THEM.

Mr. Frank Lambrau, an old and well-
known travelling road man, who for several
years has been settled in business in Cin-
cinnati, will be married in that city Dec.
4 to Miss Jeanie Kimble, who is well known
in Cincinnati medical circles as a trained
nurse. They will take a trip to Portsmouth,
O., where the parents of both reside, then
go East on a wedding trip. They will make
their home in Cincinnati.

Letter Box

Our readers and subscribers in all lines are in-
vited to avail themselves of "The Billboard's" new
mail scheme. We have an experienced clerk in
charge of this department. He keeps track of
people and forwards their mail wherever possible,
the moment it is received, thus avoiding delay.
Letters are only advertised when we do not know
the whereabouts of the persons to whom they are
addressed. Letters advertised for four weeks and
uncalled for will be returned to the post office.
Circulars, postal cards and newspapers excluded.
Letters are forwarded without expense.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Aimee Dramatic Co.	Leonard, T. A.
Ambrose, T. F.	Leory, Frank.
Ash, Joe.	Lees, The Two.
Adkins, C. D.	La Thoma, Harry.
Automobile.	Lynch, the Great.
Beckett, H. B.	Liles, Chas.
Bonsavia, Capt. Jack.	Moore, James C.
Beach & Bowers.	Major, H. E.
(Minstrels).	McNickols, John.
Burne, A. H.	Maxwell, Thos. H.
Cook, Daniel.	Marsh, A. C.
Coyle, Jenn.	Moseley, W. B.
Denning, James.	Mallory, Prof. P. W.
Denning, Bill.	Moriarty, David.
Dale, Harry P.	Murry, John J.
Deal, Neuman.	Nelson, Frank.
Douglas, Prof. John L.	Palmer, John Fay.
Elder & Olson's Cir's.	Phillips & Belmont.
Evorton, Dr. M. I.	Pearson, Frank.
Earl, Albert.	Fowley, Wm.
Eberlein, Ernest.	Proper, T. L.
Exemplar Sign Works.	Hine, M. R.
Emmerson, Harry.	Rensing, Herman
Fowler, J. D.	Reed, H. W.
Frisca, Sig.	Rourke, John.
Glasscock, Alex.	Royer, Archie.
Gentry's Dog & Pony	Ritchie, Edward.
Show No. 2, Prof.	Stickney, Robert.
Grace, E. C.	Stimmons, T. Harry.
Gossage, Geo.	Steele, White &
Griffith, John	Young.
Gillette Shows.	Strebig, I. V., Esq.
Greene, James F.	Stuart, C. R.
Gantier, the Great.	Sturgis, Jim.
Hare, Jas. E.	Sharrock, Harry.
Hess, Chas.	Taylor, Parson.
Herbst, Milton.	Trone Bros.
Harrison Bros.' Big	Thompson, Dana.
Minstrel Co.	Van Normans, The.
Hennrich, Geo.	Vanberg, G. H.
Holland, John.	Williams, E.
Handley, W. W.	Westcott, M. B.
Ideal Amusement Co.	Waller, Phil. G.
Jackson, Arthur.	Warren, F. W.
Jones, Frank F.	Watts, Geo. A.
King, C. C.	White Clouds In- dian Village.
Kramer, Sam.	Welsh, M. H.
Katool, Hobe.	Warren, Bert.
Kalil, Heroda.	Yaki, Boone.
Kennett, Fec P., Esq.	Young Bros.
Klipatrick, Chas.	Young, Harry.
Lowery Students.	
Lacy, Walter.	

LADIES' LIST.

Camp, Bith.	Travis, Mrs. Hattie
DeCoude, Pauline.	McCall.
Howard, Eva.	Terrah, Mme.
Kempton, Lucille.	Zardna, Madame.
Stanley, Mrs. Geo.	

When We Forget.

BY J. M. J. KANE.

To Him, who in the manger of long ago
Came to us in the far-famed Bethlehem;
And ever since has lightened all our woe,
As He hath tempered ill-winds for the
lamb—

We owe so much! Yet sometimes we forget
To thank Him, for the sunshine in our faith;
Remembering not that some day we'll regret
That ever we incurred His awful wrath.

Then let us not defer 'til Christmas—when
The blessed peace predominates the earth
And God's good will pervades the hearts of
men,
Made glad by reason of the Saviour's birth.

But always in the gloom and in the light
Forget not what His own begotten son
Did ask ere yet His Soul had taken flight—
Father, not mine, but Thine own will be done.

IN NEW YORK CITY

The Bill Posting Interests Are Now
Amalgamated.

New York, Nov. 30.—(Special).—Agree-
ments were signed here on the night of
Nov. 28 for the amalgamation of the two
great New York bill posting plants, one
controlled by A. Van Beuren & Co. and
the other by the New York Bill Posting Co.
The former concern is composed of A. Van
Beuren and Samuel Pratt, while the New
York Bill Posting Co. is owned by O. J.
Gude, Harry Munson, Alexander Clark and
Will J. London. It is reported, and is
undoubtedly a fact, that the near approach
of the Louisville meeting had a great deal
to do with the bringing about of this amal-
gamation at this time.

It has not been officially announced who
will be at the head of the new concern, or
what the name of the firm will be, but it
is natural to presume, on account of cer-
tain things that have transpired, that Sam-
uel Pratt will hold the helm and control
the situation.

This amalgamation will give Mr. Pratt
and Barney Link control of four of the
largest cities in the United States in the
bill posting business, to-wit: New York

shows" is given as the meaning of "oppo-
sition." In response to a general call, 90
per cent. of the managers or their repre-
sentatives were in attendance at this meet-
ing, and the following officers were elected
for one year: President, George J. Kraus,
of the Dewey Theater, this city; vice pres-
ident, John G. Germon, of the Lyceum The-
ater, Philadelphia; secretary, William H.
Burt, of the New Star Theater, Troy;
treasurer, E. D. Miner, of Miner's Eighth
Avenue Theater, New York. The associa-
tion decided to admit the Star Theater of
Toronto and the Theater Royal of Montreal,
although it did not originally intend to in-
clude houses in cities north of Rochester.
According to President Kraus, the new or-
ganization will be a benefit to players as
well as to the theaters. He declares that a
trust of any kind has been formed, and de-
clares the benefits would be mutual.

The elevating of the burlesque stage is
certainly a step in the right direction. It
but carries out the idea of evolution, that
wrong will right itself in time. The doing
away of suggestive exhibitions and the
nauseating vulgarity coincident with many
burlesque shows I wot of, will tend to elim-
inate the vitiated tastes of a certain class
of theatergoers, and at the same time sur-
round the players with a purer and more
wholesome, refined atmosphere.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTICE.—The Billboard desires a correspondent in every city and town in the United States which is not here represented.

ALL THEATERS BOOMING.

Chicago is Having a Good Theatrical Season.

Chicago, Dec. 2.—We are now in the month that concludes the first half of the regular theatrical season, and if the latter half is as successful as the past part, it will indeed have been a very prosperous theatrical season. Nearly everything has been a "go" at the theaters in Chicago, and while there have been one or two "frosts" ("Petticoats and Bayonets," etc.) we can offer such good reasons for it that they hardly figure. The various Chicago theaters were never in the hands of more capable managers, and a bright, clean up-to-date lot of boys are now occupying the various positions at the theaters. The advertising agents are all in harmony, and with such chaps as "Sport" Herman, James Wingard, George Taylor, Walter Kohl, McCarty, over at the Dearborn, and that quiet individual at Powers', not forgetting the boys at the popular-priced theaters, attractions always get a wonderful showing, and everything is represented on the various boards in fine style; in fact, the positions of advertising agent are held by intelligent men in Chicago, and the splendid results that emanate from their departments are not much to be wondered at. The bill poster, too, is a changed individual and in lieu of being the fellow always with a chip on his shoulder he now lights it out through a more dignified channel—the Billers and Billposters' Union. Chicago theaters have been supplied with a splendid line of superior offerings up to now, and from what I know of the future bookings we are not to be overlooked for the balance of the season.

Henry Irving, Ellen Terry and their London company are with us and are being accorded a very hearty reception. This organization is a most complete one, and the staging of their plays show the master stage direction of Sir Henry himself. By the way, it reports to be true this will be our last opportunity of seeing Miss Terry in conjunction with Mr. Irving, or other wise, for that matter, as she is to retire at the conclusion of the present tour and her successor will be "Cissy" (pardon me), I mean Cecelia Loftus, she of merriness and much facial expression—yes, Cecelia Loftus, whom we have enjoyed in vaudeville, in opera and, later, as E. H. Sothern's leading lady, will be Ellen Terry's successor. And while I have no doubt but what Miss Loftus will prove a wise selection and be a surprise in the various roles allotted her, for she is built that way, yet there is only one Ellen Terry, and she will be missed.

What do you think of Mrs. Patrick Campbell ever thinking of such a thing as "throwing us down"? Mrs. "Pat" was to, or, rather, does come to the Grand Opera House the latter part of this month, and her coming has been well heralded; but in the midst of it came a cablegram from London with the information that she had changed her mind and would not open the season of her American tour in Chicago. Then, on top of this, that Mrs. Paddy had been persuaded to open here after her managers, Liebter and Company, had worked the cable overtime. And this enterprising firm now claims to have it fixed O. K. for her appearance. The lady understood, so it seems, that we were such a beastly lot and that the theater she was to play in was an immense barn, or something of the sort, and so large that one could not be heard over the footlights, don't you know. What rot! Mrs. Campbell knows better. Kylie Bellow, an English actor, recently played a most satisfactory engagement at the Grand, which, by the way, is one of the best-appointed theaters in the country and was recently modernized in detail. And as for Chicago, ask Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, who are here now and have played to big business here for some years past and could not afford to omit it from their American tour. Henry Irving is well acquainted, and it was he who named the Columbia Theater (which burned a few years ago). Any one who could find any fault with the Grand Opera House (it's not in the syndicate, however) has never been in this theater, or Chicago, either, and has never met any one that has. Only two things go: Some one (or ones) was trying to sidetrack Mrs. "Pat" at New York, or, perhaps, it was a happy thought in the way of press work, which? In any event Mrs. Campbell could get plenty of information relative to this burg from her brother and sister professionals who hail from the other side and have made many, many hard American dollars right in Chicago and are at it now. Maybe those real managers in New York are a bit jealous of Chicago's progress as a theatrical producing city and the business that is being done here and remarkable failures. "Every knock is a howl," they say; so what's the odds. If it was a case of "press agent" then I take my hat off to him, for plenty of space was given the little tale, and already there is a heavy correspondence, asking for seats, and the theater will not hold 'em. However, if Mrs. Patrick Campbell's reasons for not opening in Chicago "were on the level," she will be most agreeably disappointed when she faces the audience at the Grand Opera House on her opening night.

I was in the office of a manager the other day who has been busy engaging people

for a play he is about to exploit. As I entered, the atmosphere was between a Prussian-blue and an Emerald-green (Mr. Manager having just finished reeling off a lot of choice language.) He explained his wrath by handing me a letter he had just received from an actor who had been engaged for one of the parts. To be brief, the letter contained a "touch" for a week's salary for himself and wife in advance. Rehearsals had not been called as yet, and it was not dead certain that Mr. Actor and his wife would fill the bill. Can you beat it? Is there any business on earth, except in the theatrical, where one can draw a week's salary or a fraction of it in advance? Yet the actor can and frequently does, in many instances, draw a great deal more than a week's salary. They don't take any chances, still the manager is called a "skin," and other pretty names are applied to him by the "touching" thespian, who belongs to a profession that furnishes him with funds ere he goes to work and earns some.

Besides the Irving and Terry Company, Amelia Bingham has blossomed forth in "The Climbers," the "Price of Peace" is well worth the price, the Coban Family are presenting their new skit and are seen for the first time in this city outside of vaudeville. They have discarded (at least for the time being) the laborious "two a day." Happy Frank Daniels and Little Miss Simplicity will depart at the conclusion of this week, and so will that fine and dandy chorus. Burton Holmes and his lectures increase in interest and attendance. The minstrel boys at Cleveland's furnish their share of "burnt cork" amusement. May Hosmer and her players have a family patronage all to themselves over the West side. The three burlesque theaters—Jack's, Orpheon and Trocadero—have this sort of fun keyed up to the top notch, and the Kohl and Castle trio of vaudeville houses have very attractive bills. The London and the Clark Street Museum have their several halls well filled with a variety of curious things.

"The Gambler's Daughter" and "The White Slave" were found "The Night Before Christmas" to be "The Two Sisters," long sought by "The Ragged Millionaire," who possessed "A Homespun Heart." All were finally happily united through the "Power of the Press." And these the plays at the Criterion, Academy, Bijou, Hopkins, American, Alhambra and Columbus theaters.

FINAL WEEK OF DANIELS AND SIMPLICITY.

Grand, (Harry L. Hamlin, Manager)—Frank Daniels and his more than jolly company will withdraw from the stage of the Grand Opera House at the conclusion of this week, and I want to tip it off wherever he is booked that it's the best ever. "Old Sport" Daniels never was so funny, and that female chorus—Oh! fellows, the unit—and others of the cast of "Miss Simplicity," immense; the production and music, great; and that "pointe" song that goes something like the following I will never get through whistling:

To a paper, where he thought they'd be considered quite the thing, A poet took some verses once, called "Gentle Spring." He said they were the best that anybody ever wrote; The editor perused them, then fed them to the goat, And said unto the poet: "Poet, do not stand aloof. Oh, come with me! I'll blow you off." He blew him off so politely, politely, politely.

The lyrics of "Miss Simplicity" are all cleverly bent. Three weeks was entirely too short a run for this delightful piece, Frank Daniels and his splendid organization. On Dec. 3 Nixon and Zimmerman's musical comedy opens at the Grand Opera House in Willard Spencer's "Miss Bob White," which was presented 100 nights in Philadelphia (pretty good for the Quaker City). In the cast will be Alice Campbell, Mathilde Preville, Ethel Jackson, Frank Dehon and Dick Carroll.

AMELIA BINGHAM HERE.

Powers', (Harry J. Powers, Manager)—Amelia Bingham, the only actress-manager I know of in this country, had a brilliant opening at Powers' Theater. Miss Bingham and her company were seen for the first time in this city in Clyde Fitch's play of social life, "The Climbers." Miss Bingham's organization contains a number of names that guarantee performances of exceptional excellence. The scenery and sartorial accessories which were much admired during this play's run of 200 nights at the Bijou Theater, New York, have been brought here in their entirety. The role portrayed by Amelia Bingham is that of a wife who strives to lead a noble life in spite of an unfortunate marriage. The character of the husband, played by Frank Worthington, is set forth in his remark: "I was a member after wealth and everything it brings." "And I after happiness and all it brings," replies the wife. This is a sample of the clever terse dialogue which Clyde Fitch employs to outline the attributes of the personages in "The Climbers." This play treats of contemporaneous life in New York, but its themes and situations are applicable to any city in the country. A coterie of members of a certain fashionable set in New York society are made to furnish much comedy that is both diverting and original. Amelia Bingham and her play were received with favor, and her engagement promises to be a successful one.

"PRICE OF PEACE" GOES ON.

McVickers', (Jacob Litt, Manager; Sol. Litt, Business Manager)—There is only one real melo-drama in this country, and it is

enjoying a deservedly well patronized run at McVickers' and is called "The Price of Peace." Litt has quite outdone himself with this production, and that is saying much, as he has given us numerous melodramatic plays. I think "In Old Kentucky," which has been a nestegg for Mr. Litt for some years past, is his mascot; either that or "A. W. (Andy) Dingwall" maybe both. "The Price of Peace" will run until January, and possibly longer.

THE COHANS HAVE COME.

Great Northern, (Edward Smith, Manager)—"The Governor's Son" is the title of the new funny piece which is serving nicely to introduce that happy family known as The Four Cohans, who have for a number of seasons past been among the top liners in vaudeville. George Cohan is a bright chap and has supplied numerous vaudevillians with skits—some good, others not so good, but generally entertaining and consequently they filled the bill. "The Governor's Son," of course, gives this popular quartette plenty of opportunity to shine forth as they never shined heretofore in the continuous bills. "The Governor's Son" was written to entertain, and it entertains; so what's the use of going into detail. Father, mother, son and daughter (The Four Cohans) have caught on nicely in their new piece, and their receipts at the popular Great Northern at the finish of their current engagement should show a comfortable sum on the right side of the ledger.

BURTON HOLMES ENTERTAINING.

Studebaker, (Louis Francis Brown, Manager)—Burton Holmes' series of illustrated lectures are meeting with well-merited attention at The Studebaker, and the finished manner in which Mr. Holmes tells of his various troubles in climes foreign to us is refreshing, to say the least. I think I would be safe in predicting that Burton Holmes' engagement, which terminates latter part of this month, will have been the most profitable he has ever enjoyed in this his native city.

HENRY IRVING AND ELLEN TERRY.

Illinois, (Will J. Davis, Manager)—The three weeks' stay of Sir Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry and the London Lyceum Company has commenced and "The Merchant of Venice" was selected as the opening play, and though we have seen Mr. Irving's Shylock and Miss Terry's Portia previously, yet the performance was none the less attractive and this talented English actor and actress should feel pretty well satisfied that they are well liked by Chicagoans, who never fail to accord them a hearty reception, as has been the case on their previous visits as well. There is only one Irving and one Terry, and that the latter is making her final tour is a source of general regret. Besides "Merchant of Venice," "Nance Oldfield," "The Bells," "Madame Sans Gene" and "Louis XI" are in this week's repertoire. A big business during this engagement is assured. The Illinois Theater is getting its share of choice attractions, and no mistake.

DEARBORN STOCK COMPANY.

Dearborn, (W. W. Tillotson, Mgr.)—"Miss Hobbs." The Dearborn Stock Company are putting on this play, based on a peculiar incident, a wager that Miss Hobbs can be kissed, is delightfully done by this splendid home company. Carrigan, Reals and their associates again demonstrated that they can get up in a new piece in remarkably short time, and give a smooth performance from the start. Extensive preparations are in progress at the Dearborn for Opie Read's new play, "The Starbuck's," which will occur Dec. 15. As Mr. Read is a resident of Chicago, it makes it very convenient for all concerned in getting the new play ready and putting on the finishing touches.

MINSTRELSY AND MABEL PIERSON.

Cleveland's, (W. S. Cleveland, Mgr.)—The conventional minstrel first part is kept on at Cleveland's little theater, and Raymond Teal and the other black-face jesters keep up their part of the program quite satisfactorily. Mabel Pierson is the star of the "polite" vaudeville part of the bill, and associated with her are several other entertainers.

A HOMESPUN HEART.

Alhambra, (R. P. Janette, Mgr.)—Another one of those Hal Read plays is holding the boards of the Alhambra this week, "A Homespun Heart." It is not necessary to dwell at great length upon this play, as it has been seen heretofore, and belongs to the popular class of plays that seemingly always succeed. "The New Albany lad," Walter Floyd, who has exploited this play for the past two seasons, or rather, the past season and the present one up to now, deserves the success he has enjoyed with this piece. Manager Janette's business at the Alhambra seems to be increasing, if anything, and nothing seems to worry him except the length of the notices run in the daily papers, who do not object to the length of the "ad" copy furnished the business office. But, gee whizz! they do things to that other copy that goes upstairs. What's the use of a scrap-book.

WHITE SLAVE REVIVED.

Academy, (E. P. Simpson, Mgr.; Wm. Roach, Business Mgr.)—Bartley Campbell's good old play, "The White Slave," is again on the road, and in Chicago this week at the Academy of Music. They want it, will patronize it, so give it to 'em. Old! Why, "The White Slave" will never grow old, and if I was fortunate enough to own a troupe, and had my choice, give me "Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake"—"The White Slave." It has "Little Minister," "For Love's Sake," etc., beat a mile, when you are doing the popular price circuits. There isn't anything to say about this season's production, except that it is doing the business, and what more could be desired?

NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

Bijou, (Thos. F. Hanks, Mgr.)—Nicola and Burt's play, "The Night Before Christmas," has reached the Bijou, and is among the best things the Bijou has offered its patrons this season, as well as one of Hal Reid's most brilliant dramatic stories, and it is in for a big week at this sure-money theater.

GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER.

Criterion, (Lincoln J. Carter, Propr.; John Hogan, Gen'l Mgr.)—Over on the North Side there is a family theater that is worthy the name. Everything runs like clock-work, from the time George Irish hands you a pasteboard and you deliver it to Ben Giroux at the door, and you are politely ushered to your chair by a uniformed lad, one kind of wonders where the noise is that goes with it. But you don't find it at the Criterion. A system has been perfected, and Lincoln J. Carter has clearly demonstrated that he knows how to run a family theater. Both Mr. Carter and his general manager, John Hogan, have the situation well in hand, and the mild-mannered attaches carry out their ideas nicely. Owen Davis' play, called "The Gambler's Daughter," is being presented this week, and there are several things about the play that are rather attractive. It's a winner on the road, I am told, and it must be all right.

POWER OF THE PRESS.

Columbus, (Chas. P. Elliott, Mgr.)—After a very good week with "The Cherry Pickers," and a good vaudeville bill as well, the new Columbus Theater is fairly launched, and the battle is on to win patronage. Charles Elliott can be depended upon to furnish a suitable performance, for he is well up in the stock company field, as well as the vaudeville. The new Columbus is decidedly desirable as an amusement resort, and should win out. The stock company are now working in better union, and proper rehearsals will prevent any more accidents happening similar to the one that Carl Smith was a victim of, and in future things should run smoothly. "Power of the Press" and a well selected vaudeville furnishes the entertainment this the second week of the new Columbus Theater's season.

THE TWO SISTERS.

Hopkins, (Samuel Gumpertz, Mgr.)—It is some time since the play called "The Two Sisters" has been presented here, and the Hopkins Stock Company are doing full justice to the script. The play is also mounted in a thoroughly pleasing manner, and Maude Odell, Mary Nannery and Robert Wayne are cast advantageously.

RAGGED MILLIONAIRE.

American, (John Conners, Mgr.)—The Travers-Vale Stock Company have "The Ragged Millionaire" on, and while it is hardly as good a piece as "Olga," yet the American's patrons seemed to take to it. Manager Conners tells me things are looking up a bit, and he anticipates establishing his theater as a stock horse without a great deal of difficulty.

BIG SENSATION COMPANY.

Sam T. Jack's, (Sidney J. Euson, Mgr.)—"The Big Sensation" Company, revived and up-to-date in a burlesque way, is the card at Jack's popular house. There are girls and there are girls, and quite an ensemble of them who cut all sorts of burlesque capers, costumed in the most approved burlesque costumes. Zittella is as full of life as of yore, and is the chief burlesquer. Collins and Collins, Conroy and Keeler, Batchelor Sisters, the Seyons, Farnum and Nelson, Newell Sisters, Josie Le Coy and the Grundy Trio all have a hand in the vaudeville end of it. The shows are always attractive at Jack's; Manager Euson figures it that way. He has always kept faith with his patrons, and in consequence Sam T. Jack's Theater is on easy street.

SAM DEVERE'S COMPANY.

Trocadero, (Robert Fulton, Mgr.; George Loos, Jr., Asst. Mgr.)—Sam Devere's own company is the Trocadero's attraction, and an excellent one it is. The specialty end of the company is much above the average presented with the usual run of burlesque shows. Mildred Howard De Gray, the pretty barefooted dancer, offers her latest idea, "Naughty Anthony"; the Phassey Tronpe are clever, Lanra Stembler and Sallie Bennett are full of ginger, or, rather their work is lively; Hodde, Hayward and Lancaster, who constitute the Imperial Trio; Gerlie LeClair, World's Comedy Four and Sam Devere all come in for their share of the honors. The illuminated first part opens the performance, and the "Cloak Models" serves finely as a closing skit.

GEEZER CONTINUES.

Orpheon, (Harry Samuel, Mgr.)—The Orpheon Stock Burlesquers continue in "The Geezer." The principal parts are done by Nat and Sol Fields, Allen Curtis, Harry Richards, Billee Taylor (why not Billy?), Allene Collin, Octavie Barbe, Fanny Trumbull, Maude Harvey and Mabel and Edna Esmeralda. The lines of "The Geezer" are unfunny, decidedly so. There is little brightness about the music, and the comedy element of the Orpheon Company merely wander through the two acts and seemed a bit lost. The costumes and scenery are pleasing to the eye, and the management of the Orpheon do their part all the time. Nat. Fields' voice ought to be manacled, and "Duke" needs a rest as well. Allen Curtis attempts to sing a parody or two in this piece, which proves that singing is out of his line. But he need not be discouraged; he is a bright young comedian that has a future, and if he looks to himself a bit, a bright future at that. I think he has the majority of comedians in his class beat a mile. Harry Richards and Billy (excuse me) "Billee" Taylor are not happily cast, though both are very bright

singers, and can twirl comedy flashes pleasantly as well. Alene Collu always has her voice with her, and knows how to use it. There is a refinement about her work that is refreshing. Fanny Trumbull, Maude Harvey and the Esmeralda girls are agreeable, and so is the chorus. Oh, I pretty near overlooked Octavia Barbe, the new member of the company, and an artist. She is both graceful and accomplished, and her little French and Coster songs were rendered beautifully. One can easily guess where she received her schooling and experience, and it's the only place in America where they turn them out finished. Miss Barbe is finished in all she does; she's handsome, and I congratulate the Big Four and their manager, Harry Samuel, on having secured her. Octavia Barbe has a license. Orpheon's business is big.

CAPTAIN WHITE'S LONDON.

London Musee, (Capt. John White, Mgr.)—The big London Musee is filled with a lot of attractive curios, and the attention which is given to the many floors of this place each week helps make it both desirable and popular. The stage shows in the theater are changed weekly, and the one which is being given this week is up to the usual standard.

CLARK STREET MUSEUM.

Clark Street Museum, (Geo. Middleton, Mgr.)—The Ormsby babies and their mother have drawn large crowds to this place for weeks past, and is one of the best things this place has presented this season. There is vaudeville in the theater and other attractions in the several other halls.

There is plenty of vaudeville at the Olympic, Chicago Opera House and Haymarket, and Kohl & Castle never fail to keep these three theaters, controlled by them, filled with excellent talent.

At the People's Theater May Hosmer and her company are making considerable headway with the West Siders.

Vaudeville and Burlesque reign supreme at both the Blatz and Metropolitan theaters.

The big benefit for the Actors' Fund House will occur at the Auditorium, Thursday afternoon, Dec. 12. This performance will be under the auspices of the theatrical managers of Chicago, and will enlist the professional services of the leading stars and theatrical companies in the city during that week. Among the salient features of the program will be: Henry Irving and Ellen Terry and the London company; one act of Jacob Litt's "Pledge of Peace;" Amelia Bingham and company, in an act from "The Climbers;" "Miss Bob White" and other things will be in the bill. This monster benefit promises to be a big success, and outdo all others previously given in this city for the worthy Actors' Fund.

Fitzgerald and Company's "Land o' Cotton" left Chicago last week for an Eastern tour. W. R. Musgat, who has been with the Wallace Shows for some years past, is the manager for Fitzgerald & Co., and Joseph Oppenheimer, the treasurer, is back with the company, which includes Harry A. Williams and other players. They also carry a "Pick" band and other things to attract the festive dollar.

I paid a visit to the "White Rats" office the other day, which is located in the Grand Opera House Building. I found everything looking prosperous and healthy. There has been some "shaking up," and consequently much "knocking," but that only keeps the thing going along. From what I could see and understand, the Western office of the "White Rats" is in it, and in it right, in spite of Blatto scandal manufacturers. Bobby Gaylor and Al. Filson are the chief executives of this department, and they are both capable business men, as well as clever and prominent behind the footlights. Eddie Shayne is the hustling booking manager, and alive to the situation at all times.

HARRY EARL.

CINCINNATI, O.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 3.—The past week was above the average for good business, though business at the Walnut and Robinson's fell off. Mr. Mantell, at the former house, failed to give a performance Wednesday night, presumably on account of an attack of tonsillitis, but he occupied a box at Robinson's that night. The real reason for the darkness of the Walnut Wednesday night was a much more serious matter than an attack of tonsillitis, and it may yet result in the house being closed for the remainder of the season.

The presentation of "Lover's Lane" at Robinson's was a disappointment because of the weakness of the cast. Millie James was brought here from the No. 1 company, which was at Boston, in order to help matters, but she could not carry the entire performance.

Rose Melville broke all kinds of records at Heck's, and at every performance there were seats on the stage. The bill this week follows:

Robinson's, (Rainforth & Havlin, Mgrs.)—"The Christian," with E. J. Morgan as John Storm, opened to only fair business last night. It was his first appearance here in "The Christian," which does not seem as strong as when seen here before. Photographs of Mr. Morgan were given to the lady patrons. "The Christian" is not new in Cincinnati, and prospects for a record breaker are not good.

Heck's, (Heck, Fennessy & Stair, Mgrs.) Judging from the attendance at both Sunday performances, as well as last night's, "The Volunteer Organist" is in for a week of good business at Heck's. The piece is entirely new here and is handsomely mounted

ed and well acted. The boy soprano and St. Bernard dog were especially welcomed, and, taken altogether, the presentation is satisfactory to Heuck audiences.

The Walnut, (Anderson & Ziegler, Mgrs.)—Edmond Hayes, in "A Wise Guy," is playing to only fair business at the Walnut this week. The piece is not suited to audiences who patronize this house. The piece came here heralded as being entirely rewritten, but it is the same old hodge-podge of nothingness around a few fairly good specialties.

The Columbia, (Anderson & Ziegler, Mgrs.)—Kara, the juggler, is easily the head-liner on the bill at the Columbia this week. The Bison City Quartette, which used to hold forth "over the Rhine," was welcomed because of old times' sake, and Eugene O'Rourke, supported by Victoria Wilcox, won some applause. The other features on the bill are Raymond & Cavery, Morrissey & Rich, Wilfrid Clarke & Company, Farros Brothers and Maud Meredith.

People's, (Heuck, Fennessy & Stair, Mgrs.)—Harry Williams' Imperial Burlesquers played to two big houses Sunday. The first part, entitled, "Our Lady, or the Proxy Widow," proved a laugh producer, as did the afterpiece, "Off to the Front." Both are beautifully mounted and well staged. The olio includes Blanche Newcomb, Williams & Ateue, Cain & Tebbrooke, Darnody & Carono, Barton & Ashley and Swor & Stone. Some clever specialties and a warrin "cooche" are introduced in the afterpiece.

The Pike, (David H. Hunt, Mgr.)—The Pike Stock Company opened to its usual crowded house Sunday in Leo Trevor's clever comedy-drama, "Brother Officers." It was its first production here, and it may be said to have scored a success. The awkward breaks that were apparent in the presentation of "The Little Minister" are absent in "Brother Officers," and the performance is smooth and satisfactory.

The Lyceum, (Heuck, Fennessy & Stair, Mgrs.)—"A Jolly American Tramp" played to two good houses Sunday afternoon and night, and seemed to give satisfaction.

BOSTON, MASS.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 2.—The Colonial opened Nov. 25 for four weeks with Julia Marlowe presenting "When Knighthood Was in Flower." The cast:

Henry VIII..... Charles Hanbury
Francis D'Angouleme..... Wilfrid North
Thomas Walsley..... C. F. Glibney
Duke of Buckingham..... Sydney Toler
Duke de Longueville..... John Lord
Charles Brandon..... Bruce McKee
Sir Edwin Caskoden..... G. S. Christie
Capt. Bradshurst..... Algernon Tassin
Servant at the Tavern..... William Charles
An Adventurer..... R. C. Beneroff
Queen Catharine of England, Anne Clarke
Mary Tudor..... Julia Marlowe
Mistress Jane Seymour..... Maud Lantry
Louise de Valois..... Gwendolyn Valentine

The house was not packed, on account of advanced prices. Miss Marlowe as Mary Tudor was very beautiful, tender and lovable. The company was not as good as would be expected in a production so important. Miss Annie Clarke received an enthusiastic welcome. The scenes were fine, costumes elegant and Miss Marlowe was repeatedly recalled. The Colonial Theater was used for the first time as a concert hall by the Nevada Company, and was a success. The acoustic properties seemed perfect. In the audience were many cranks on the science of sound, and they all pronounced the theater a most welcome addition. In the first place it is handy to everything, and in the second, it is well managed, and lastly, it is comfortable.

The Tremont Theater—This is the last week of Mr. E. S. Willard and his excellent company. This elegant actor has played to very distinguished audiences. He is a great favorite with our first-nighters, who go fire and water to do him homage. Mr. Willard is a magnificent fellow. His eyes and face reveal a soul ripe with love and good-fellowship. Dec. 2, "Arizona." At the Colonial Theater Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 28, at 3 o'clock, Mme. Emma Nevada and her company of assisting European artists gave a very delightful concert to a very select audience. Mme. Nevada is among the brilliant singers of the world; a native of California and a pupil of Marchesi, she was in magnificent voice, and held the audience spellbound by her faultless method. Her sustained flute-like tones fell upon the ears like crystals from a fountain of gems. I think the management, Messrs. Stevens and Sutherland, made a great mistake in charging \$3 for the best seats and \$1 admission.

Boston is a city filled with poor, ambitious and struggling musical students. They can not afford fancy prices, and are obliged to stay away on account of a thin purse. My advice to attractions of this class, if they wish to make money, (and that is what we are all after), is to bring a good thing, well advertised, and at an admission price not too high, and the season is won. Every State in the Union is represented at our numerous conservatories. Now, Mr. Manager, "a tip" from Boston means a long season, and your salary.

The Columbia Theater, Dec. 2, offers as an attraction, the Grand Opera Company in "Rocaccio," with Marlon Manolo as the star. This company is a very good one. A mistake they make in putting on these old operas is that they do not fill in the dull places with bright and sparkling specialties. "The Mikado" could have been fattened up by introducing (at a small expense) "a Japanese ballet." These operas, in their balmy days, with star casts, had slow and uninteresting moments. Mr. Grace has taken charge of the house up to the new year, with Harry Farren as business manager. They tell me they played to \$2,200 on last Saturday, Harvard and Yale Day. The

crowd came so heavy that they raised the prices. The house was packed to the roof, and the students acted like Indians. The curtain was run down at 9:45, and the audience dismissed on account of the bedlam.

Grand Opera House—Nov. 28, "Sign of the Cross." Cast:
Marcus Superbus..... C. A. Millward
Nero..... Geo. Riddell
Tigellinus..... Edmund Liston
Lichius..... George Flood
Servilius..... Harry Child
Strabo..... James Cooley
Viturlus..... T. Auburn
Poppaea..... Miss Julia Escott
Julia..... Miss Lillian Young
Favius..... R. George
Stephanus..... Miss Marcella Hudson
Merca..... Miss Mignon Shattlinger
"The Sign of the Cross," Wilson Barrett's drama, in four acts, was presented for the third time in Boston at the Grand Opera House by William Greet's London company, with C. A. Millward as leading man. The company is first class, and greatly pleased a large audience. Mr. Riddell and Miss Shattlinger deserve special mention. They made individual hits. Dec. 2, "The Royal Lilliputians."

The Bijou Opera House—Nov. 25, "Carmen." The cast:

Don Jose..... Mr. Wheatly
Escanillo..... Mr. Murray
H. Danuelro..... Mr. Shields
H. Remendado..... Mr. McCaffrey
Zuniga..... Mr. Read
Morales..... Mr. Ralston
Michaela..... Miss Knight
Carmen..... Miss Lane
A good-sized audience turned out to hear this favorite opera. The torador song was a great hit. Mr. Murray was obliged to sing three encores. Clara Lane, a great favorite, "Bohemian Girl" is underlined.

Castle Square Theater—Nov. 25, "What Happened to Jones." The cast:

Jones..... John Craig
Ebenezer Goodly..... J. T. Craven
Rev. Anthony Goodly..... Edward Wade
Richard Heatherly..... J. A. Keane
Clissy..... Eva Taylor
Mhuerva..... Maye Algen
Marjorie..... Marian Chapman
Alvina Starlight..... Leonora Bradley
Helma..... Mary Sanders

John Craven was a clever and very funny professor. All the women parts were well taken. Dec. 2, "Harbor Lights."

Music Hall, Nov. 25—Crowded houses testify to the confidence that the public has in this well-managed theater. The program is always first class, up to date and clean. The headliners, Harry Elkes and Tom Butler, in their great bicycle act, doing five miles instead of three, is a great big winning N.Z.N.b.h.shrldu emfwp emf winner. Others on the bill were: The Great Leon, Hacker and Lester, Mme. Emmy and her pets, Ladies' Lyric Sextette, Lillie Western, M. Torcat.

The New Palace Theater, Nov. 25, presented "Miss New York, Jr." to packed houses. Joe Oppenheimer's clever company gave a rattling show. This company always plays to big business in Boston, for the show is always a good one. It is headed by that handsome burlesquer, Ruth Beecher. The olio abounds in high-class vaudeville acts. Miss Allie Vivlan, a fascinating girl, delighted all with her songs and dances, while Phil Mills and Ruth Beecher presented a lively comedy sketch, which created plenty of laughter. The Three Connolly Sisters caught the house with their singing and dancing act. Larry Craue, the Irish magician, mystified and pleased all with his wonderful feats. The five sunbeams, a quintet of pretty girls, gave an acrobatic act which called forth round after round of applause. Dec. 2, Robie's "Kniekerboekers."

The Bowdoin Square Theater—Nov. 25, "Alone in Greater New York." This is the biggest hit of the season. The great big audience went wild. The producing company has in it all of the great favorites of the Bowdoin Square stock aggregation, among them Misses Loraine Dreux, Marguerite Haviland, Florence Hale and Virginia Thornton, and Messrs. Bert Lytel, Gilmore Hammond, E. R. Phillips, Carl Fey, E. D. Denison, Lawrence Merton, D. L. Gaylor, George Morse, James Levering, Carroll Probert, Frank Marr and Frank Anderson. Dec. 2, "The Ivy Leaf."

The management of the Lyceum made a wise selection in engaging the famous Rontz-Santley Novelty and Burlesque Company as the attraction for the week of Nov. 25. The Rontz-Santley bears the reputation and a deserved one, too, of presenting to the public the best of vaudeville and burlesque. The managers have a realizing sense of the public's requirements, and endeavor to keep in touch with the public demand, and they are constantly seeking novelty. The roster of the company for this season is the strongest in its history, numbering over thirty-five people. In the olio were: Daisy Dumont, the Leonards, James and Cadle, Charlie Robinson, Misses Willard and Willard, Gruet and Gruet, Lotie Elliott, the queen of burlesque, and Lyons, the sensational Rube juggler.

The new stock company at Morrison's Grand Theater inaugurated its season this week with an elaborate production of "The Ensign." The S.R.O. sign was early in evidence. The company proved most capable. Dec. 2, "Through the Breakers."

Austin & Stone played to the business, in fact, the theater is too small to accommodate the vast crowds which pass the door every day. The Royal Korean Theater players are the headliners. Exceedingly clever people were the 40 stars in the vaudeville shows yesterday, among them the Jolly Walleets, the Sisters Benson, the Kyoto Bros., Warren and Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, Frances Norrann, the Fillmores, Rosa Wolfe, Flo and Fred Forde, Dorothy Reeves, Charlie Chase, the Williams, Hurley Sisters, Mae Murray, Mason and Griffin, the great Ramir and the Three

Roosevelts, who presented a real military sensation.

Keith's Theater—Cinquavalli, the juggler; Pappata, Frank Lincoln, Bruet-Rivieres, May Edouin, LaVallie Trio, Four Lukens, Breeds and Ward, Ozav and Deimo, and many others.

Bostock's Great Animal Arena, which has located at the Cyclorama Building, Boston, for the winter, is managed by the following: Frank C. Bostock, director; R. J. Arlington, resident manager; D. A. McCann, secretary and treasurer; L. J. Beck, general press representatives.

At the Charleston (S. C.) Exposition—J. H. Caswell, resident manager; B. H. Patrick, treasurer; W. A. Sanges, M. C. Cox, press representatives.

Mignon Shattlinger, who is playing Merca in "The Sign of the Cross," at the Grand Opera House, is an American girl, a native of St. Louis, although most of her professional life has been spent in England. Miss Shattlinger made her first appearance with Wilson Barrett's company four years ago, and she remained with that organization until she came to this country, last season, to play Dacia with "The Sign of the Cross." It was owing to one of those sudden illnesses that do leading women no harm, and have been the means of giving aspiring young actresses the chance for which they have waited so long, that Miss Shattlinger essayed the role of Merca. Although she had but a few hours' notice, her success was so pronounced that she was immediately offered the part for this season.

Nothing in sight at the Boston Museum but "Sky Farm," which is well on its second month.

Delightful "Lovers' Lane" is in its last week at the Park. Next week "Liddle-Dee-Dee," the great New York success.

This will be the closing week of Denman Thompson at the Boston Theater in "The Old Homestead." Chauncey Olcott, in "Garret O'Magh," is to follow Dec. 2. Another week of "The Rogers Brothers in Washington" will open at the Hollis, with the customary large advance sale.

At the Museum "Sky Farm" will begin its eighth week with undimmed prosperity. The principal feature of Keith's big bill this week will be Cinquavalli, the famous juggler.

Elkes and Butler, the bikers, will exhibit on home trainers at Music Hall this week, doing five miles instead of three.

The Cracker Jack Burlesque Company, which includes Brown, Harrison and Brown, Belle Hathaway's trained monkeys, Fredo and Forrest, Morrissey and Cameron, the Mayo Sisters, Lillian Held and some 20 lovely girls, furnish the travesty section of the Howard's show this week. The big features of the variety bill are "Shorty" and Lillian DeWitt, Lyons and Crowley and Smith and Chisholm.

Emma Groves, the bearded fat lady, is creating something of a sensation at the Nickelodeon.

In the Royal Lilliputians, at the Grand Opera House, are Horace Johnson, 8 feet 3 inches, who comes from far away New Zealand; John Chureh, 7 feet 4 inches, hails from California; C. O. Mack, 7 feet 1 inch, claims Missouri as his birthplace; Major James D. Boyle, 40 inches, is a son of the Emerald Isle, carrying with him all the wit and satire of "the old sod;" Helen Lindner, the smallest of the outfit, 28 inches, is a native of Germany.

There is a new "Simplicity Johnson" at the Park, but as the programs were not changed Monday night, few knew that Millie James was not in the play, so well did Jessie Hill take the part. She is the sister of Blanche Hill, who plays Miss Larkin, and resembles Miss James in many respects.

Frank C. Bostock, the "animal king," opened the Animal Arena, at the Cyclorama Building, 511 Tremont street, on Monday for the winter. Over 1,000 beasts, birds and reptiles are shown, and some of the trained animal acts are wonderful. Band concerts, a big zoo and performances in the arena. The entertainment begins at 10 o'clock in the morning and continues until 10 o'clock at night.

Mr. John T. Wogan, the man who gets the big contracts for John Donnelly & Sons, bill posters, tells me that he has just read a signed contract from B. F. Keith, which will make a big sensation among "the knights of the brush." When Keith begins to put out stands and 3 sheets the procession will be a long one.

FRANK H. ROBBIE.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 2.—Fashionable vaudeville week of Nov. 25. The Orpheum Show at this house presented one of the evenest and most meritorious vaudeville shows of the season. There was not a weak act on the programme. One of the best acts was that of W. C. Fields, an eccentric juggler of much ability. He is remarkably deft and clever, and he sets off his act of more serious work with bright and novel comedy. McIntyre and Heath do a queer act called the "Man from Montana," which was very tiresome. They spoiled it by running the act to long. The rest of the programme is made of Elizabeth Murry, who is a bright singer ofcoon songs. Another act on the bill was that of the surrenders, four girls in Spanish costumes, who sing and play and win much applause. The show closes with a novel act done by the Gatling Guards, a company of young men who saw service in the Philippines, and who are postmasters at Gatling gun drill. Their act was very novel and realistic. Week of Dec. 2 The Empire Vaudeville Show, headed by James J. Corbett. This is one of the strongest vaudeville shows on the road.

Park Theater, Nov. 25 to 27.—Murry & Mack in "Shooting the Chutes." They were welcomed here to a filled house. They are both Indiana men, and long ago made their mark in farce comedy. Their new

piece, "Shooting the Chats" is well staged and has quite a number of pretty women, whose singing was good. The company is made up of Gus Miley, Jimmy Fauson, Ed. Powers and others. The company, as a whole, was good. Nov. 28 to 30.—Fisher and Carroll opened to big Thanksgiving matinee and night performance in "Put Me on at Buffalo." Every act is well stocked with specialties. Fisher and Carroll are very funny in their act "Turkey and the Turk." They are followed by Retta Curtis in a violin solo and trick playing, which was good; the Meyers Sisters in buck and wing dancing; the four McNulty Sisters, in a German song and dance. They close their act in an electric clog dance. This is the best act seen here this season. There is not much plot to the show. It is mostly made up of specialties. Dec. 2 to 4, "Man's Enemy." Dec. 5 to 7, "Flaming Arrow."

Empire Theater, week of Nov. 25.—Big Sensation Company opened this house to S. R. O. The show is composed of some of the best specialty acts ever seen in this house. The show opens and closes with two strong burlesques, of which there is slinging and dancing by capable chorus. Two of the best acts on the programme are the specialty number of the Batchelder Sisters and Farnum and Nelson. The Batchelder sisters render a number of songs in a pleasing manner, playing their own accompaniments on the violin. Farnum and Nelson do a very clever act. There are other good features in the performance. One of them is a half hour comedy, participated in by six colored persons, who do a very clever act in their line. Week of Dec. 2, Dainty Duchess Company. Week of Dec. 9 to 11, Sam Boyer's Own Company. Week of Dec. 12 to 14, Rlee and Barton's Big Gaiety Company.

English's Opera House, Nov. 25 to 27, Par. Nov. 28 to 30, Otis Skinner opened to big business. Dec. 3 to 4, Wm. H. Crane, in "David Harum."

NOTES.

Jack Young and John Veader, of the Ringling Show, were in Indianapolis, ahead of the "Flaming Arrow" company. The Kendall Adv. Company are distributing some very fine albums for the Florida East Coast R. R. Company.

PHILIP KENDALL.

DETROIT, MICH.

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 30.—The following attractions were at Detroit during week of Nov. 21 to 30:

Avenue Theater, (Harry Lamkin, Manager)—Vaudeville; Mile Eloise, in mystic novelties; Margaret Ashton, in character changes; Williams and Adams, eccentric comedians; the Five Noses, in a picturesque musical act; John Le Clair, a very clever juggler; Phoebe, in an illuminated niche; Walter Leroy and Miss Florence Clayton, in Irish comedy, "Hogan of the Hanson"; Edna Aug. in "The Scrubwoman's Dream"; the Three Deltorellis, in their latest novelty and musical sketch, entitled "Big and Little Casino and Queen of Hearts." The show, as usual, at the Avenue Theater this week, is an exceptionally good one, and as usual played to packed houses at every performance.

Next week, Gertrude Haynes and her choir celestial head the list of good things. The Smedley Sketeb Club, Iteol and Berol, and Seymour and Dupree are also on the list.

Detroit Opera House—Nov. 25 to 30, The Bostonians, in "Maid Marlow," played to packed houses at every performance. Dec. 2 to 7, Mary Mannering, in "Janice Meredith."

Lycium Theater—Nov. 25 to 30, Mr. Harry Glazier, presenting Otis Skinner's adroit play, "Prince Otto," met with a hearty reception, and played to packed houses. Dec. 1, Mr. David Higgins and Georgia Waldron in their new play, "Up York State."

Empire Theater, (Dr. Campbell, Mgr.)—Nov. 24 to 30, "The Utopian Burlesquers" played to good houses. Dec. 1, "Thoroughbreds."

The Whitney Opera House has been closed on account of fire, and we are unable to state when they will open. If possible, they opened Thanksgiving Day with "A Convict's Daughter" as the attraction.

GEO. W. RENCHARD.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 2.—The last week was a record-breaker at all of the local playhouses. Every one had either the regular or an extra matinee on Thanksgiving Day. At both performances on this day the S. R. O. sign was put out upon the opening of the houses in the morning.

Miss Clara Morris delivered her lecture Nov. 29 at the Auditorium, under the auspices of the Abnunc Club. It was the society event of the week, and the house was filled to hear her.

Macaulay's Theater had a very prosperous week. "The Gentleman from France" had four good houses in the earlier part of the week, and "Florodora" filled it for five performances during the balance of the week.

Croston Clarke is billed for the first half of this week, when he will present "Richardson," "David Garrick," "Hamlet" and "Don Cesar de Buzan."

The Auditorium will present Miss Hengletta Crossman in "Mistress Nell" on Dec. 2 and 3. The advance sales indicate very good houses for the presentation.

The Avenue presented the old favorite "On the Suwanee River," last week, to very good business. They offer "Lost in the Desert" for the present week.

The Temple Theater stock company presented "The Crust of Society" to crowded houses during the entire week. For the present week they will offer Charlie Dickson's comedy drama, "Three Incogs." The vaudeville will be furnished by Kitty Mitchell, known as "the lady graceful," and the Budd Brothers, clown acrobats.

The Buckingham Theater had the "Dainty

Duchess" company during the past week, and have no reason to complain of the business done. For this week they offer "The Tamblers."

NOTES.

Col. John H. Whitten, of the Buckingham Theater, has returned from the meeting of the Empire Circuit, of which he is treasurer. He was very much gratified at the good showing made, and is high in his praises for the many courtesies extended to him by the other managers.

Mr. Chas. Hertzman succeeds Horace McCrocklin as treasurer of the Buckingham Theater. Mr. Hertzman has been connected with the theater for about seven years as assistant treasurer, and therefore is thoroughly experienced in the duties of the position. The change will hardly be noticeable.

Mr. James B. Camp, regarding whose elevation to a city office a notice was printed last week, was quite unfortunate in assuming his new duties. When he demanded a settlement with the former official, the latter delayed on so many pretexts that suspicion was aroused. A quiet investigation showed the official to be short in his accounts. When a formal demand was again made and rumors began to be circulated about the shortage, the old treasurer committed suicide.

The building committee for the new Masonic Temple has not yet awarded the contract for the new building, although the bids were opened a week ago.

The local Elks will give a monster entertainment with local talent, for the benefit of the Newsboys' Home.

Subscriptions to the guarantee fund for the May Music Festival are coming in as well as could be expected. It is proposed to raise \$30,000 for the purpose.

S. W. BRIGMAN.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 30.—The attractions at all theaters during Thanksgiving week were well patronized and deserved the large amount of enthusiasm shown them.

At the popular Auditorium, on Thanksgiving afternoon and night, where Benj. M. Steinbach reigns as the familiar pilot, Geo. L. Palmer's splendid scenic production of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" served as an excellent amusement to the numerous frequenters of this well-known resort. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29 and 30, W. O. Edmond's melodrama, "Midnight in Chinatown," merited the large business they received. The Memphis Lyceum Course opened their season at this house on Nov. 27 with the favorite humorist A. W. Hawks on the subject of "Sunshine and Shadow." He amused a large gathering. The coming attractions at this house will be the best popular-priced amusements procurable.

Manager Morrison, of Hopkins' Grand Opera House, showed much consideration in having the Hopkins Stock Company present Sol Smith Russell's big success, "The Peaceful Valley," during the past week. The house was crowded at every performance, and all the characters were much applauded. The vaudeville bill was exceptionally good, with The Four Bonvards in gymnastics; Lew Hawkins, the well-known minstrel; Floyd Kent, the popular boy singer, and the new views in the biograph. Week of Dec. 9, "Brother John," and the vaudeville will consist of Dixon, Bowers and Hixon, the biograph, and other specialties.

EDGAR A. P. CLARKE.

TORONTO, CAN.

Toronto, Can., Nov. 30.—Princess Theater, (O. B. Sheppard, Mgr.)—The tuneful opera, "The Princess Chie," with handsome and clever Marguerite Sylva in the title role, drew large and fashionable audiences Nov. 25 to 30. The supporting company is a splendid one, and the opera is beautifully staged. Dorothy Hunting (Mrs. Olive Tillman, of Hamilton), created a most favorable impression as Lorraine the Page. Kyrle Bellew, in "A Gentleman of France," Dec. 2 to 7.

Grand Theater, (Small & Stine, Mgrs.)—Hall Caline's "The Penitent," which was the attraction week of Nov. 25, proved to be a rather weak melodrama, and business was light. "Prince Otto" Dec. 2 to 7.

Toronto Theater, (Small & Stair, Mgrs.)—"When London Sleeps," with its many graphic scenes of a great city, pleased good-sized audiences Nov. 25 to 30. "The Fatal Wedding" Dec. 2 to 7.

Shea's, (J. Shea, Mgr.)—The Hawaiian Glee Club was the topline week of Nov. 25. Others were the Eight English Roses, Jess Dandy, Louise Dresser, Silveru and Emerle, Williams and Tucker, Sam Kipple and Clara Morton and John Kernell. Fair business.

Mossey Music Hall, (S. Houshon, Mgr.)—The Rogers-Griffey Combination were the Hartman Course's attraction Nov. 27. Large audience.

Star Theater, (F. W. Stair, Mgr.)—The French Maid's Company were hardly up to the standard of the excellent shows seen at this popular resort this season. Business was fair Nov. 25 to 30. Miner and Van's Bohemian Burlesquers Dec. 2 to 7. Mr. James Leach, well and favorably known in local theatrical circles, is the popular urbane assistant treasurer of the Princess.

J. A. GIMSON

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington, D. Nov. 30.—Bijou Theater, (M. S. Schlesinger, Mgr.)—Week of Nov. 25. The Bijou Stock Company presented a musical comedy, entitled "A Summer Night on the Roof," and amused the audience to some extent. Songs by Miss Grace Spencer, the Misses Clara Higgins and Hattie Hilton, Miss Nellie V. Nichols, Miss Susie Hicamore, Bat Kennedy and John P. Rodgers made good. The olio comprised Mile Hilda, assisted by Zavo; illustrated songs, by Al Cameron, Miss Susie Fisher and John Rodgers, Mabel Sissou and May Stewart,

the Robyns, three brothers, Rossi, Callahan and Mack, in their original idyllic creation, "The Old Neighborhood," were recipients of a curtain call, which they well deserved. Next week Maud Nugent, Matthews and Harris, Frank O'Brien, Raymond Musical Trio, The Seekers, The Lavelles and The Bijou Burlesque Company.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 30.—Theatricals in this city since the closing of the Pan American Exposition are on the top wave in the way of business, and all the theaters are having good attendance, and the patrons are well fixed in the way of cash. Louis Mann and Clara Lipman appeared in "The Red Kloof," giving good satisfaction, Nov. 25 to 30, at one of the uptown theaters. The Castle Square Opera Company are giving two operas each week at the old Music Hall Building. The company is quite popular. Joseph Murphy called out good patronage in his old-time plays, "Sham Ithue" and "Kerry Gow," at one of the East Side theaters.

Lafayette Theater, (Charles Baggs, Mgr.)—Harry Bryant's Australians came Nov. 25 to 30, and played to excellent business, and the house is taking its place to the fore as to popularity. Being on the Empire Circuit, the best of bookings are obtainable. The Perry & Burus trio, with Lillian Perry, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Chick, Two Judges, Bryant and Saville, Lew Palmer, Cohen and Raymond were among the pleasing features. Dinklin's "Innocent Maids" booked Dec. 2 to 7.

Court Street Theater, (A. J. Meyer, Mgr.)—The Thanksgiving week attraction was Howard and Emerson Own Company, which filled the house. It is a head-line show and one of the best of the season. Manager Meyer is setting the pace, and the house is giving strong and up-to-date attractions. Howard and Emerson, the Musical Johnsons, Lanra Comstock, Young American Quintette and the Barnards were on the bill. Booked Troadera Burlesquers Dec. 2 to 7.

Shea's Garden Theater, (M. Shea, Mgr.)—Shea had a good bill Nov. 25 to 30, with business all that could be desired. Eugene Cowles pleased with his singing; Grapevine and Chance made good; Hal Stephens is a fine protean artist; the three Poles in an acrobatic act took well; Smith and Campbell chatted as of yore; three Westons in a musical act, and Stella Lee proved a good dancer. Katharine Bloodgood underlined Dec. 2 to 7.

Academy Theater, (John R. Sterling, Mgr.)—Dickson and Mustauf's "Humpty Dumpty" proved a good attraction Nov. 25 to 30. It made one think of his boyhood days to see the old-timer, but it called out the business, and the specialties introduced were all of the best. The scenic effects and a capable company, afforded pleasure to all. "Brown's in Town" comes Dec. 2 to 7.

Notes—"Mrs. Dane's Defence," "The Bonnie Briar Bush," "When London Sleeps" and the Castle Square Opera Company, in "Bohemian Girl" and "Lucla," are booked in town for Dec. 2 week. Fenton's Theater is putting out a good vaudeville bill these days. Langdon McCormick spent a few days last week making some changes in "The Toll Gate Inn," Frank Daniels, the Four Cohens, "The Climbers" and "Are You a Mason" have dates in the city in the next few weeks. Schmidt's Tivoli Theater is doing well with polite vaudeville, and Shea's old resort is taking on new life. C. D. Sym is the manager. Dr. Peter C. Cornell, business manager of the Academy, will join "A Trip to Buffalo" at St. Louis. The piece is doing a good business, and the Western critics commend the trip.

JOHN S. RICHARDSON.

LANCASTER, PA.

Lancaster, Pa., Nov. 30.—Fulton Opera House, (Yecker & Gleim, Mgrs.)—Callahan's "Faust," Nov. 18, poor house; company poor. "The Ittemster," Nov. 19, poor house, company fair. "Lovers' Lane" (W. A. Brady), Nov. 20, large house, company excellent. "The Village Postmaster," Nov. 21, fair house, company good. May Irwin, Nov. 22, delighted large audience; company very good. Williams and Walker, Nov. 23, pleased large audiences; supporting company good. The Bennett-Moulton Co. week of Nov. 25 to 30, attracted large audiences; company good, specialties fine.

In the suit brought by Arthur Seymour, a negro of Lancaster, against Capt. John B. Peoples, manager of the Woolworth Roof Garden, during the past season, the jury rendered a verdict of acquittal, ordering Seymour to pay the costs. This was the case in which Seymour claimed he had been refused refreshments at the roof garden in July last, and brought suit against the management for discriminating against the colored race. The management's defense was that Seymour's order was refused by one of the waitresses without the sanction of the management. Judge Livingston directed the jury to render a verdict of acquittal.

Yacklay and Bunnell, musical comedians, closed with the "Home, Sweet Home" Co. Nov. 9, and have joined "The Ragtime Reception Company." They have added several new features to their act, and are warmly received at every performance.

SHREINER.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Jacksonville, Fla., Nov. 30.—Burbridge's New Theater, (James D. Burbridge, Mgr.)—Punch Robertson's Stock Co. Nov. 18, 19 and 20; fair show to good business. Hoyt's "A Day and a Night," Nov. 21, fair performance to a packed house. Mark Lane, in "Marble Heart," was the "whole cheese." Walter L. Main's Circus, Nov. 20, gave two performances to good receipts. This being State Fair week here all shows did a more

than bowling business. Thanksgiving night, at Burbridge's New Theater, a meteoric display of athletic gyration was given by various "knights of the muscle," with an afterpiece of a 20-round exhibition of the "manly art," by Isador Strauss, of Brooklyn, and Jack Cleary, of Philadelphia, with Owen H. Zeligler, of Savannah, Ga., as referee, all bright stars in the pugilistic firmament. Ed. E. Foster, of Cincinnati, a clever and expert "on the door" man, is assistant to Manager Burbridge in the front of the house. Harry Hartley, one of the "small, but large boys," "prestidigitates" the shekels and tickets in and out of the treasurer's office in a manner that would make Barnum's prize ticket-seller green with envy. Everybody is waiting for "That Christmas Billboard," and that it will be a hummer is an assured fact, so let it come. Owing to a misunderstanding between the stars of the Punch Robertson Co., the troupe disbanded here and the majority of the bunch went to New York by way of the Clyde Steamship Line. During a performance given here this week by Mundy's Animal Show, a terrific fight occurred between a lion and a polar bear, and it was only after hard work on the part of the employees that the bear was released from the mouth of the lion, being badly battered up.

Manager Burbridge, of this city, spent a couple of days this week in Savannah visiting genial Charley Bernard, of Bernard's Advertising Service.

FRANK DUGGAN.

JANESVILLE, WIS.

Janesville, Wis., Nov. 30.—Myers' Grand, (P. L. Myers, Mgr.)—The Kludrome Picture Company made a splendid hit here Nov. 14 to 16.

"For Love's Sake," Nov. 18, by H. Gratton Donnelly, with the Strickland Sisters in the title roles, was enjoyed by a small audience.

Nov. 21—"Puddin'head Wilson" was presented here to a fair-size audience. The play was well staged and was presented by a well-balanced company. William S. Gill as Puddin'head Wilson is first class, as was Miss L. Kipley as Ropy, the Negress, and Miss D. Delas as Patsy—Wilson's sister.

Nov. 23.—West's Minstrels also showed to fair-sized audiences. Gave good satisfaction. The best that has showed here of its kind for years.

Janesville has for its opera house manager, Mr. P. L. Myers, who does his very best to get the shows of high standard to appear in this city, as is proven by the appearance of such attractions as: "King Dodo," "Lovers' Lane," Otis Skinner, Stewart Robson, "Belle of New York," "Runaway Girl," "Burgomaster," and, in fact, every show this season from "Lovers' Lane" to West's Minstrels has been first class, with all kinds booked to appear here latter. The shows up to this date have not been very well patronized, but they should be, as Mr. Myers is deserving of a packed house at every attraction.

AL SMITH, JR.

NEWARK, OHIO.

Newark, O., Nov. 30.—Business in the theatrical line has been very slow for the past month, owing to the fact that the board of health, passed an ordinance enjoining the theaters, etc., from having any attractions to draw crowds, on account of the epidemic of small-pox, which lately invaded our city. "A Turkish Bath" was compelled to cancel its engagement on this account. Primrose and Dockstader's Minstrels and "A Flaming Arrow" both played to good houses before the quarantine, which, by the way, has been lifted for over week. This is a good show town for good, live shows, but has no use for the "dead ones." "Humpty Dumpty," Nov. 27, played to a packed house. They gave a good clean performance. Manager Rosebrong, of the Auditorium, deserves great credit for the number of high class performances which he has booked for Newark this season. We have as fine an opera house (the Auditorium) as there is in the state, and with its present capable manager we are sure to have the best there is going.

BERT McFARLAND.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Spartanburg, S. C., Nov. 30.—Opera House, (Max Greenwald, Manager)—"The Gay Mr. Goldstein," Nov. 20, headed by the three popular stars, Miss Mary Hampton, Messrs. Thos. J. Keough and Geo. C. Boniface, Jr., and supported by a well balanced company, delighted a large and fashionable audience. Messrs. Keough and Boniface and Miss Hampton received many curtain calls throughout the performance. The Wofford College Glee Club, of Spartanburg, S. C., gave their annual entertainment at the Opera House Nov. 26 to S. R. O. Messrs. Brown, Ardel, Du Pre, Morrison and Shockley deserve mention. The character work of Cortez Brown was especially clever.

"The Vendetta," Nov. 27; fair show, good house. "A Runaway Girl," cancelled. "The Wrong Mr. Wright," Nov. 29; fine show, fair house.

Prof. I. H. Greenwald, musical director of the Howard Theater, at Boston, Mass., is in the city among his many friends. Prof. Greenwald is a brother of Manager Greenwald, of the Opera House.

With best wishes for "The Billboard," a paper which is never "knocked," but which pleases every one.

DE WITT WEST.

CURWENSVILLE, PA.

Curwensville, Pa., Nov. 30.—"The American Girl" pleased a big house at the Academy of Music Nov. 12. George F. Hall as Boss Rotler is as amusing as ever, and

takes the usual number of encores with his specialty. Miss Mae Phelps as Twister was very pleasing, and her specialties "went" well. Miss Dorothy Lamar was disappointing in the lead, but was tastefully costumed and made a very pretty appearance. The Stevens children were as "cute" as ever. The remainder of the cast was mediocre. The company consists of eleven adults and two children, and it is one of the best small cast shows that makes the one-night stands. Fred Raymond's "Old Arkansas" comes the 30th, to-night. It was booked for DuBois, but as the new house was not ready, this city gets the date. Gorton's Minstrels are due Dec. 7. The work on the new theater at DuBois is at a standstill, owing to the council passing an ordinance requiring a license of \$5 for each performance. E. E. Meredith and H. S. Pennwell were in town Nov. 23, in advance of "Old Arkansas." A. P. WARE.

PATERSON, N. J.

Paterson, N. J., Nov. 30.—Garden Theater—A full new coterie of vaudeville stars occupy the stage this week. The Namba Japs, a Japanese couple, present a series of new and marvelous Japanese acrobatic acts. Tenley and Simonds, comedians; Seamon Brothers, vocalists and dancers; William Bristol, with educated horse and mule; Montrell, great European novelty artist; Albuna and La Brant, magic and mind readers; Charles Wayne and Anna Caldwell, in Geo. M. Colan's sketch, "To Boston on Business," closing with Palfrey and Hilton, novelty cyclists. On Thanksgiving a special holiday bill of a continuous performance from 1 to 11 p. m. was given. Grand Sacred Concert every Sunday evening. P. F. Shea & Co., Managers and Lessees, Season 1901-02, Garden Theater.

The Star Theater is now changed to a concert hall, having two prices of admission—one for the gallery and one for the pit, or ground floor. An attractive bill of merit drew smokers to what they call "smoking concerts." Among the entertainers were: Miles and Nitran, Miss Alice Lonas, Miss Lottie Monro, Miss Louise Jeffreys, Miss Milly Macklyn, Miss Belle Lone and others. E. B. Hewes, Manager and Proprietor Star Theater.

At the Bijou Theater all this week Waldron & Bryant's New Trocadero Burlesquers. They opened the evening's performance with a mirth-provoking absurdity entitled "The Ladies' Turkish Bath," followed by vaudeville acts. Special mention is made of the cornet playing by the petite Minnie Belle, closing the performance with a grand act, "One Night at the Pan's Exposition." Next week, "The Devil's Daughter." Mrs. Ben Leavitt, Sole Owner and Manager.

At the Paterson Opera House, (J. J. Goetschus, Mgr.)—Nov. 25, 26 and 27, "The Parish Priest," fair house and company; Nov. 28, 29 and 30, "In a Woman's Power," good show; fair houses. H. C. CROSBY.

LEXINGTON, KY.

Lexington, Ky., Nov. 30.—Jno. Griffith in "Faust" and "A King's Rival" was about as popular here as a fat man in a crowded street car; small houses greeted their efforts. The Keystone Dramatic Company, in original plays of its own creation, ranks fairly well with similar organizations. "Florodora," which the writer had the pleasure of seeing in New York, has retained sufficient of the original cast to make it a decided go in provinces. Owing to the machinations of one Nell St. Clair, said to be an actor, and H. L. Link, a supposed musical director, the departure of the Jno. Griffith Company was postponed and the scenery of "Faust" and "A King's Rival" put in hock to secure an attachment for some \$30 and \$35, said to be due the above as back salary. Piano Pusher Link possessed himself of music belonging to his principal near to the value of his claim, but was arrested upon the charge of grand larceny, and acquitted. Mr. Griffith secured the release of his scenery by furnishing bond to the extent of \$132, with E. L. March as surety. The trouble is said to have grown out of the discharge of St. Clair and Link from the company. J. F. ANNEAR.

FINDLAY, OHIO.

Findlay, O., Dec. 2.—Marion Opera House, (John A. Moores, Mgr.)—The Marvin Opera House, recently purchased from Wm. Marvin by John A. Moores, is a ground-floor, two-balcony theater, with all modern equipments, with a seating capacity of 1,400 reserved seats, situated on Main street, and playing only first-class attractions, and having the best of attendance. Executive staff: John A. Moores, owner and manager; C. W. Shreman, treasurer; C. Leller, props; C. Letzig, stage manager; Prof. Leon Winkler, orchestra. "On the Stroke of Twelve," Nov. 18. Good company for its kind; good business; two curtain calls. Gertrude Coghlan. Good company to a fine house, but the performances did not please. Geo. Fenberg Stock Company opened to S. R. O., Monday night, Nov. 24, in "Master and Slave." Tuesday night, B. P. O. E. night, as Manager Fenberg is a member of Local Lodge No. 75. Good business balance of week. Coming: "Convict's Daughter," Dec. 3; "For Her Sake," Dec. 4; Prof. Werman Billings' Musicale, Dec. 6; "Si Plunkard," Dec. 7. C. H. MESSINGER.

HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

Huntington, W. Va., Nov. 30.—Huntington Theater, (Jos. B. Gallick, Mgr.)—The Chicago Opera Company in "The Music Hater" came Nov. 21 to fair business; poor show. "Alvin Joslin" came Nov. 27 to good house; good show. Coming: "Hello Bill,"

Dec. 3; Creston Clarke, Dec. 7; The Bronson Company, Dec. 9, 10 and 11; "The Runaway Girl," Dec. 12; The Keystone Dramatic Company, week of Dec. 16. The work of Mr. Charles L. Crane and the singing of Miss Marcia Putnam with the "Alvin Joslin" Company, was very good. Mr. Bert Dorothy has joined the Alvin Joslin Company as musical director. Mr. Wentworth Berry, a Huntington boy, who has been laid up in a hospital at Worcester, Mass., has rejoined Vance's "Treasure Island." There is talk of building another theater here in the near future on the ground where the Adelphia Hotel once stood. The parties that bought the ground got it with the intention of erecting one of the finest theaters in the Ohio Valley. Huntington has already one of the finest theaters in the State, and it is doing a big business this season. E. G. VIA.

PARKSBURG, W. VA.

Parksburg, W. Va., Nov. 26.—Grand Opera House (L. S. Hornor, Manager)—"The Real Widow Brown" was here Nov. 22 to big business. Barlow and Wilson's Minstrels, Nov. 27, to good business, good show. "Tennessee's Pardner," Dec. 4. Mr. B. Frank Taylor, business manager for "Tennessee's Pardner," was here to-day in the interest of his show.

Mr. J. H. Irving, the manager of the Clarksburg Transfer Company, here, is certainly a hustler and a gentleman and has a wide acquaintance among show people.

Mr. Hornor will open his magnificent new theater in Fairmount Jan. 1. It is one of the finest play houses in the country. A. H. Faugh, stage manager at the Grand, here, has been with this house since it was erected, in 1895. "Red," as he is called, has a host of acquaintances in the business and is a fine fellow.

Mr. J. D. Newman, of Gentry Dog and Pony Show fame, was here Nov. 18, managing "Alvin Joslin." B. P. HOLDEN.

VALDOSTA, GA.

Valdosta, Ga., Dec. 2.—Park Opera House (Clifton Griffin, Manager)—"The Man in the Iron Mask" was booked to play this house on Nov. 21, and paper was up, but the company failed to appear. Coming: The Branning Stock Company, in repertoire, Dec. 5 to 7.

City Opera House, (J. H. Ray, Manager)—This house has been dark ever since the fair, and has nothing booked for an early date. This house has changed managers in the last week again.

NOTES.

L. C. Gillette and his corps of assistants were here Nov. 26 advertising that well-known show, John H. Spark's Old Virginia Shows, which will be here Dec. 3.

Mr. J. H. Ray, the new manager of the City Opera House, while new in the show business, is a hustler.

The Park Opera House is fitted up for a big business this season, having many of the best attractions booked.

WILL D. BURROUGHS.

CHILLICOTHE, O.

Chillicothe, O., Nov. 29.—Gertrude Coghlan, the night of Nov. 25, in her new play, "Colennette," was a disappointment to a small audience, as her support was miserable. Miss Coghlan was the only one who had made any attempt to learn her lines, and the loud prompting from the wings as the support stumbled through their parts, was tiresome in the extreme.

"The Music Hater," produced by the Chicago Opera Company on Nov. 26, was the worst that was ever allowed to show at Chillicothe. The management did surely use bad judgment in booking such a one; but as there is no better manager anywhere in the world the public should forgive him him this time, hoping he will use better judgment as he gets more experience.

A. B. ROBINSON.

WESTON, W. VA.

Weston, W. Va., Nov. 30.—The house here has been doing a good business so far this season. I have played the following attractions, and all played to packed houses. The Arnold Stock Co., "Uncle Iez," "A Woman in the Case," "Lost in Egypt," Carpenter's "Quo Vadis," "Finnegan's Ball," "The Deemster," "Josh Spruceby," "Pennsylvania," "Alvin Joslin" and Barlow & Wilson's Minstrels. Have booked for December "Tennessee's Pardner," Dec. 3; "Brown's in Town," Dec. 9; Dilger-Cornell Co., Dec. 16 to 21; "Slide Tracked," Dec. 26; Gorton's Minstrels, Dec. 28, and Conroy, Mack & Edwards, Dec. 30 to Jan. 4. You can see by the above that I have had and am still getting some good attractions, have good open time in March and April, which I expect to fill with first-class attractions.

GEO. V. FINSTER.

PADUCAH, KY.

Paducah, Ky., Nov. 30.—The Kentucky, (J. E. English, Mgr.)—Whitney & Knowles' "Quo Vadis" played to a good house here Monday night, Nov. 25. Master Clifford McCallis as Little Aulus, child of Plautus, was well fitted for the part, and did excellent work for a child so young. Creston Clarke presented "David Garrick" to a good house Wednesday matinee, and on Wednesday evening "Don Caesar de Bazan" to a poor house; show fair. Manager English is going to give us the goods this month. Coming: Dec. 2, Miss Henrietta Crossman, in "Mistress Nell"; Dec. 3, Jas. O'Neil in "Monte Cristo"; Dec. 7, Adrian Benedict's Company in "Thelma"; Dec. 9, David Belasco's great company in "Naughty Anthony." CHARLES E. CARNEY.

PITTSBURG, KAN.

Pittsburg, Kan., Nov. 30.—W. W. Bell, Manager Opera House—"Finnegan's Ball" played here Saturday night, Nov. 24, to a packed house, and the show gave good satisfaction. On Sunday afternoon two of the members of the company had wings put on them by Sundowner Acric, No. 123, F. O. E., after which the lodge went into social session and several good numbers were rendered by the company. The Chase Lister Company were here Nov. 25, playing to record-breaking business. Excellent satisfaction; company well balanced, specialties above the average. Bill for the week "A Man of Mystery," "The Senator's Daughter," "The Man from Kokomo," "A Father's Curse" and "Wicked London." Will Carroll is a local favorite and made many new friends by his clever work. ED. EMRICH.

DAYTON, OHIO.

Dayton, O., Dec. 3.—Victoria—The past week was one of great amusement and profit, all of the attractions doing a big business, and reflecting great credit on the genial manager, Mr. G. Claude Miller. The greatest house greeted the Lulu Glaser Opera Company at their performance Monday night, Nov. 25, the house being packed to its utmost. Otis Skinner will be on record as a drawing card. Indications point to the engagement of Kyrle Bellew in this same particular. This week every night and two matinees are booked. The first three days, Dec. 2 to 4, with matinee the 4th, will appear the Williams & Walker Comedy Company. Rose Shay English Grand Opera Company, Dec. 5. Billy West's Minstrels, Dec. 6; and Mary Mannering on the 7th, with a Saturday matinee.

Park—This house pulled another of its record breakers, doing a land office business. This week the first three days appears "Dangers of Paris." The last three days, "Bine Bloods Burlesque Company." W. D. FREEMAN.

DAVIS, I. T.

Davis, I. T., Nov. 30.—Stanford Opera House, (D. E. Burrell, Mgr.)—Price-Arlington Company, Wm. N. Smith, manager, came Nov. 13 to 13. They showed to a fair business. Vincent Stock Company, Bert Rodeny, manager, due Nov. 14 to 16, failed to put in an appearance. Nothing can be learned as to the cause. Coming: California Theater Company, Don C. Hall, manager, Dec. 9 to 14. Local talent played here Nov. 22 to packed house and S. R. O. Manager Smith, of the Price-Arlington Company, has a nice, clean little company, and is deserving of good patronage. The company includes: Manager Wm. N. Smith, Bonair Price, Harry and Stella Holtman, Mr. and Mrs. E. Connors and Mr. Ellis, comedian; Prof. Schmidt, piano player. D. E. BURRELL.

MONROE, LA.

Monroe, La., Nov. 29.—The Gentry's Dog and Pony Show No. 1 will give two performances here Nov. 30. It will also be a record-breaker in the amusement line here. There will be an afternoon and night performance of Gentry's Show; the Spooner Dramatic Company will give a matinee and night performance at the City Auditorium and Hoyt's "A Day and Night" Co. will be on the boards at Sugar Theater that night. The city is well billed, I am busy with my thirty-day work. We had some rain here the past few days, and it damaged the boards some. The winter rains are hard on the bill poster. It makes them get out and work. At Sugar Theater, Nov. 22, "Slide Tracked"; good show; attendance fair; weather bad. Hoyt's "A Day and Night" company Nov. 30. The house will be dark until Dec. 14. J. H. MILLS.

WACO, TEXAS.

Waco, Tex., Nov. 30.—Grand Theater, (Jake Schwarz, Mgr.)—The Knowles played the Grand week of Nov. 18. At 7:30 each evening the S. R. O. was displayed, and four nights out of six the sale of standing room was stopped. To cap the climax ninety-three tickets was sold for standing room on the stage, ladies and gentlemen using the stage entrance to get there, as the front of the house was closed by the police, who refused admittance on account of the packed house. Manager Schwarz has made a popular price house of the Grand, and for the past five weeks has been playing to the capacity, with different repertoire companies. Some choice open time for good repertoire shows yet to be had. JAKE SCHWARZ.

GRIFFIN, GA.

Griffin, Ga., Nov. 30.—Olympic Theater—Nov. 11, "Wanted, a Family," with H. Guy Woodward as star; good performance and fair house. Arnold Stock Company at the Olympic Nov. 18 to 23 at popular prices; good plays, good actors and, best of all, good houses. Griffin had a street fair, from Nov. 19 to 23, for the benefit of Griffin Rifles, under management of Cincinnati Carnival Company, which was a decided success. On Nov. 26 Mr. Hennessy Leroye presented "Other People's Money," which made quite a hit and was played with excellent care. We shall be glad at all times to welcome Mr. Leroye. W. F. MALAIS.

WELLINGTON, KAN.

Wellington, Kan., Dec. 2.—Woods Opera House, (T. C. Romp, Mgr.)—Hoyt's "A Bunch of Keys," Nov. 27. Draw large audience. From start to finish the performance was good, and everybody seemed well pleased. Coming: Mr. Andrew Robson, in "Richard Carvel," Nov. 29.

Auditorium, (Chas. J. Humphrey, Mgr.)—Byron Kling, Nov. 20. The lecture was first-class; well attended, and pleased every one. Coming: Prof. P. M. Pearson, Dec. 11. HARVEY HILL.

CANTON, O.

Canton, O., Nov. 30.—Grand Opera House, (M. C. Barber, Mgr.)—Thursday, Nov. 21—"On the Stroke of Twelve" gave a fair performance to a good crowd. Saturday, Nov. 23, "In the Rockies" pleased a fair-sized audience. Monday, Nov. 25, "A Rough Rider's Romance" gave a pleasing performance to a good house. Wednesday, Nov. 27, "High Rollers" as usual packed the house to its capacity, and "the Rollers" were highly appreciated. Due Dec. 3, "Across the Desert." Dec. 6, "Put Me Off at Buffalo." Dec. 7, "Convict's Daughter." CHAS. W. FLORY.

MUSCATINE, IOWA.

Muscatine, Ia., Nov. 30.—Grand Opera House, (C. W. Kemble, Mgr.)—"Married Men," Nov. 18, good house, good satisfaction. "King Do Do," S. R. O.; an exceedingly fine performance. "Dangers of Paris," Nov. 25, fair house, good show. Nov. 27, "Quo Vadis," fine show, fair house. Howard Gould in "Brother Officers," Nov. 29, fine show, big house.

NOTES.

At the end of the first act of "King Do Do" Mr. Hiltchcock was presented with a very fine pearl slug that was found in the Mississippi river at Muscatine, as a souvenir of the city. FRED. B. MUNROE.

STAUNTON, VA.

Staunton, Va., Dec. 2.—Opera House, (Barkman & Shultz, Mgrs.)—Mabel Paige Company the week of Nov. 18 to good business. Miss Paige is as attractive and pleasing as ever. Irvin B. Walton, of this company, deserves especial mention. "A Romance of Coon Hollow," Nov. 26, to a fair audience; show was very poor; audience much disgusted. Coming: Rose Coghlan, Dec. 2; "The Gay Mr. Goldstein," Dec. 4; "A Breezy Time," Dec. 10. W. H. BARKMAN.

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

Portsmouth, O., Nov. 30.—Grand Opera House, (Will Cutter, Mgr.)—The Murray Comedy Co. did a very nice business last week. The company was good, the specialties were fine. The Bronson's open this afternoon and stay the balance of the week. Coming: "Alvin Joslin," Dec. 2. The P. C. C. Minstrel, the swellest affair of its kind ever put on in this city, will be put on Dec. 4. "Across the Desert," Dec. 6. The Keystone Dramatic Co., Dec. 9 to 14. GEO. SCHAFFER.

MARIETTA, OHIO.

Marietta, O., Nov. 30.—Auditorium Theater, (L. M. Luchio, Mgr.)—"Alvin Joslin," to a fair house, Nov. 28; some specialties fair, but taken as a whole the show is below the standard. "A Cavalier of France" gave good satisfaction to a large house Thanksgiving night; good company, good show. The show business is improving here with the coming of the cold weather.

TROY, OHIO.

Troy, O., Nov. 27.—Troy Opera House, (Barnett Bros., Managers)—Alden Benedict's new scenic production of Marie Correll's "Thelma" Friday, Dec. 6; Bettis & Preston's Royal Players in repertoire Dec. 9 to 11; "A Rag Time Girl" Dec. 18; Hickman Bros. "Down and Up" Company Dec. 27th. BARNETT.

SOUTH McALESTER, I. T.

South McAlester, I. T., Nov. 30.—Lansdale Opera House, (L. E. Garnett, Mgr.)—Nov. 18—"A Bunch of Keys." Good house; good performance. Nov. 20—"The Denver Express." Performance ordinary; good house. Nov. 21, Frederick Warde in "The Mountebank." Superb performance, to full house. WM. NOBLE.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Oklahoma City, Okla., Dec. 2.—Opera House, (Oscar V. Nix, Manager; Ed. Overholser, Treasurer)—The engagement of Frederick Warde, Nov. 22 to 24, with Saturday matinee, was the event of the season. Crowded houses greeted the four performances. "Under Two Flags" came Sunday, Dec. 1. DOAK AYDELOTT.

BONHAM, TEXAS.

Bonham, Tex., Nov. 30.—Bonham Opera House, (A. J. Sternson, Mgr.)—"Whose Baby Are You" company played here Nov. 20 to a large house. The Bonham music lovers have organized an opera company, which will give an entertainment soon. H. WASSON.

ANDERSON, S. C.

Anderson, S. C., Nov. 30.—Anderson Opera House, (S. R. Parker, Mgr.)—The Eclipse Stock Co. in "Mabel Heath," Nov. 20, to fair house; good performance. "Other People's Money" Dec. 4, Carpenter's "Quo Vadis" Dec. 11, Herald Squire Opera Co. Dec. 12. K. P. SMITH.

CANAL DOVER, O.

Big Four Opera House, (Belter and Cox, Managers)—"Finnegan's Ball" came Nov. 23 to just fair business. Coming: Dec. 6, "Pennsylvania," Dec. 11, Heckman Bros. in "Down and Up."



IN HAVANA, CUBA.

The Bill Posting and Theatrical Business There.

Havana, Cuba, Nov. 26.—Receiving a copy of your publication from a friend in Cincinnati and thinking perhaps you might appreciate some news from Cuba, I am taking the liberty of writing you. Business on the island is flat. No one wants to spend money—affairs being so unsettled and unsatisfactory that no one can tell the outcome of the political wrangle now about to convulse the island. Bill posting is dead and has been for months. The West Indies, who virtually controlled that business here, is virtually "on the bum," and Hood, the proprietor, has left for the United States, some say, never to return, as he has been trying to sell his plant here for some months past; but it is hardly possible for him to do so, as his boards are in such a deplorable condition that any one who would investigate, with a view of investing, would hardly touch him. Furthermore, Hood has an unenviable notoriety as a "short end," that he has lost all his friends and patrons and is actually a "dead one" as far as Havana is concerned. And I surmise that his record has traveled across the waters too, as he gets very little business from the States. He has numerous bad charges hanging over him here, likewise a damage suit; and if he does return he may go "over the road." One of his employees, a Mr. Kennedy, has started the Havana Advertising Company and has secured the most of Hood's patrons. And this last week another general advertising and bill posting company was organized by name The Cuba-American Contracting Company. They have the fastest and best advertisers in Havana and do about the best work. They are all Americans and about as good as the States can produce. They hold out on 2 Tacon street.

There are several newspaper advertisers here from the States looking over the ground.

The theaters, of which we have five, are all running every night; and we have some very fine opera companies—French, Spanish and Italian—direct from Europe. American and English companies hardly draw here, as there are not enough English speaking people to support them. Though the Cuba Theater, a mixed Spanish-American play house, seems to draw, but it is a third-rate vaudeville.

Publione's Circus has reopened, and is in full blast. It runs about eleven months out of the year.

The weather is delightful, and roses are blooming in the parks. People are still wearing flannels and straw hats.

The North Atlantic Squadron comes here early in December, and winter travel has set in in earnest.

H. F. CURTIS ("Albion").

MARK TWAIN AS BILL POSTER.

Volunteers To Help the Citizens' Union.

One day while the strenuous fight between Tammany and the Citizens' Union was going on in New York City, Mark Twain walked into the Citizens' Union headquarters and said to the man at the door: "Say, I understand that you are having trouble with the police about putting up English literature on these subway fences around here. I dropped in to say that if you will give me a ball of paste, a brush and a bundle of half-sheets I'll go down the line and cover every bit of Tammany paper in sight."

"Hey, Captain Cosby, here's a volunteer bill sticker," called the man at the door. Captain Cosby came out. When he found who the volunteer was he said that he would accept him. Mr. Clemens was as good as his word. He did not try to back down when a boy went to find him an outfit, and he professed disappointment when the boy came back and said that the regular posters had taken every paste ball and brush from the premises.

"All right," said Mr. Clemens. "I'll drop in on you to-morrow. Be sure you have an outfit ready, for I'm going to work."

DAUBS.

F. H. Bancroft posts the bills at Fresno, Cal.

John Leaver is city bill poster at Waterloo, Wis.

H. J. Dougherty Sons do the bill posting at Butler, Pa.

John S. Phillips is bill poster at Annapolis, Ont., Canada.

Chas. B. Everett is bill poster and distributor at Latrobe, Pa.

J. P. Cassimere is the licensed bill poster at Calvert, Tex.

William Nell is managing the Pekin (Ill.) Bill Posting Company.

C. W. Sturman is bill poster and distributor of Fern, Ind.

John Gorin is bill poster and distributor at Bowling Green, Ky.

Walker & Co. are bill posters and distributors of Detroit, Mich.

Goldsmith & Kaufman are city bill posters at Fredericksburg, Va.

Jas. A. Orr is licensed bill poster and distributor of Algona, Ia.

H. H. Tyner & Co. are bill posters and distributors of Springfield, O.

C. W. Abbott does the bill posting and distributing at Hartford City, Ind.

Jesse L. Turner will establish a bill posting plant at Morgantown, W. Va.

J. Sherwood Upchurch paints, posts, distributes and tacks in Raleigh, N. C.

C. G. Graham does satisfactory billposting and distributing at Abilene, Kan.

The Tucson Billposting and Advertising Company do the work at Tucson, Ariz.

The Putnam (Conn.) Bill Posting Co. are agents for the Blickensderfer typewriter.

Wm. Crockett is bill poster, card tacker, distributor and sampler at Logan, Utah.

S. P. Fields, bill poster and distributor of Seaford, Del., has 4,500 feet of boards.

W. W. Carter & Son, bill posters and distributors of Seymour, Ind., guarantee their work.

J. M. Mergan & Bro. are the bill posters, sign tackers and distributors at Salisbury, N. C.

M. Kingsley, the bill poster at Rutland, Vt., owns and controls 1,200 feet of bill board room.

Herman Delisser is bill poster and distributor of Junction City, Kan., a city of 5,200 population.

For bill posting and distributing, especially of samples, address N. W. Smith, Camden, N. Y.

H. G. Richardson, bill poster and distributor, of Liberty, Ind., does all work in a first-class manner.

Carrollton, Ga., has a population of 3,600; good territory. The bill posting is carried on by Will S. Perry.

J. A. Trimble, Manager Butler Opera House, Butler, Mo., solicits correspondence relative to billposting.

Don J. Barley, who is a bill poster and distributor at St. Paris, O., is also manager of the Union Opera House.

J. E. Williams, of Oshkosh, Wis., has a thriving bill posting plant and does the business most satisfactorily.

J. J. Reese is manager and treasurer of the American Bill Posting Company, 315 Linden street, Scranton, Pa.

George Lawrence, manager of Good's Opera House, is bill poster and distributor at Morris, Minn. Population, 2,500.

In Bangor, Me., a town of 23,000 inhabitants, Thomas W. Burr owns all bill boards and distributes in several outside towns.

Thomas C. Roup, bill poster, of Wellington, Kan., having an up-to-date bill posting plant, is able to make a good showing in his line.

G. H. Otting & Son, of Newport, own and control every bill board in Newport, Bellevue, Dayton and Ft. Thomas, Ky. They also distribute.

S. T. Young, of Tamaqua, Pa., wants to hear from a distributor and general advertising agent in a thriving coal mining and railroading section.

Any one desiring to advertise Southeast Alabama would do well to communicate with Valentine Bros., city bill posters and distributors, Clayton, Ala.

Waterville, Me., is a good show town and S. H. Chase is manager of the opera house, also bill poster and distributor.

The P. B. Haber bill posting plant of Fond-du-Lac, Wis., has an excellent territory and seventy-five prominent locations. Their business is strictly up to date.

The bill poster who has right to all bill boards in city and country routes in Fountain and Warren counties is none other than Sam Martin. Address Covington, Ind.

The licensed city bill poster and distributor of Albuquerque, New Mexico, is the Hudson Bill Posting Company. Their prices are 7 cents for listed work and 5 cents for C. M. O.

Posterdom is a very valuable publication, showing the cost of bill posting, giving estimates, designs and beautiful illustrations. Address Posterdom, 127 E. Eighth street, Cincinnati, O.

Ask the St. Louis Bill Posting Company, of 516 Walnut street, St. Louis, Mo., as to how to make a poster display, as they are not only practical, but their bill boards are located where they will be seen.

Fred Corbett has been interesting the local merchants at Emporia, Kan., in bill posting and distributing methods of advertising by selling them posters and has succeeded very well in his undertaking.

Louis Voeltzel of the American Tobacco Company, was at Emporia, Kan., recently, inspecting, and complimented Fred Corbett very highly on the work he had done for them and the condition of his plant.

The Columbus Bill Posting Company, Geo. F. Chennell, manager, is an up-to-date plant, conducted on business principles. Columbus presents a fine field for bill posting this year, as business is generally good.

A. E. Temple, the bill poster and distributor at Bluffton, O., reports that he has a large amount of posting on hand for Cremo cigars and others, and has inquiries from The O. J. Gude Company for posting next month.

Mr. E. W. Chase, who closed with the No. 3 advertising car of Ringling Bros.' Show, has accepted the position of manager of Mr. Louis J. Minor's bill posting plant, at Aurora, Mo. Mr. Chase also has charge of everything back of the curtain at Minor's Opera House.

A very neat booklet is that issued by W. J. Horn, the city bill poster and distributor at Springfield, Mass. The title of the booklet is, "What You 'An-to' know," and it is replete with information of value to advertisers and others, concerning Springfield and its environments and Mr. Horn's plant.

E. O. Borrowghs, the bill poster and distributor at Winamac, Ind., writes that he has just finished posting the following paper: One hundred 2-sheets for Old Virginia Cheroots; two 24-sheets and 200 2-sheets for Lillian Russell Cigars; and distributed extensively for the Munyon H. H. Remedies.

Mr. James M. Dishon, bill poster and distributor, of 29 S. Fifth street, Terre Haute, Ind., wishes to announce to his friends, clients, advertisers and solicitors that on and after Jan. 1, 1902, the price for posting at Terre Haute, Ind., will be 4 cents per sheet per week or 9 cents per sheet for four weeks.

Carl M. Gillette, the bill poster and distributor at Lapier, Mich., writes that he has been extremely busy for the past several months, having a remarkable run of work both in posting and distributing. The past month, he writes, he covered his country route of fifteen towns twice, placing poster displays and distributing.

The Reading Billposting, Distributing and Out Door Advertising Company, of which Wm. Cook is manager and Elmer E. Rutter secretary and treasurer, are members of the Pennsylvania Bill Posters' Association, Associated Bill Posters and Distributors of the United States and Canada and of the Associated Bill Posters' Protective Company. They are surely the people.

The most comprehensive and complete thing of the kind "The Billboard" has seen in the way of a folder, is that which is being sent out to advertise the bill posting interests, of which Mr. R. C. Campbell, of Chicago, is the head. The inside of the folder shows a map of Chicago and its suburban environments, including territory in three counties in Illinois and two in Indiana. The folder is a work of art, typographically, as well as an invaluable aid to advertisers who contemplate a poster campaign in the vicinity of the Illinois metropol.



BORN DISTRIBUTOR

Is Will A. Molton, Who Is a Successful Business Man of Cleveland, Ohio.

Will A. Molton, of Cleveland, O., was born in Mansfield, O., 31 years ago. He has been a distributor of advertising matter the best part of 21 years. In speaking of himself he says:

"I must have been born a distributor, as I have repeatedly embarked in other lines of business, but always returned to distributing." His first experience in the distributing business was at the age of 8 years. A local barber employed him a few hours each Saturday to distribute circulars advertising a hair tonic. He took great pains to do the work right, and within a year the different local merchants kept him constantly employed outside of his school hours. A few years later he began distributing advertising matter, and tacking signs throughout the entire county for local merchants during the summer school vacations. He had a man who furnished the horse and wagon and did the driving, and they divided the profits. At the age of 16 he started on the road as a traveling distributor, and was employed four years by one firm. In 1890 he established his present agency at Cleveland, O., and a few years later established branches at Akron, O., and Toledo, O., Detroit, Mich., Indianapolis, Ind., and Denver, Col., all of which are doing a nice business.

He established the first reliable agency whose object it was to start a reliable local distributor in every place of importance, and put them in direct communication with advertisers who would employ them, thus dispensing with the traveling distributor. Hundreds of persons have worked up a profitable business through their connections with his agency. At present over 1,000 local distributors are connected with his agency, they covering 4,000 towns, taking in all the most desirable territory throughout the United States. He has made quite a success as a national distributor of advertising matter, having placed 18,000,000 of pieces last year, and will do even better this year. He controls the distributing of nine prominent advertisers at the present time. He edits and publishes "The Up-to-Date Distributor," which is the only journal devoted exclusively to the distribution of advertising matter.

TO THE KNOCKER.

It is unlikely that John Ruskin knew anything about the despicable methods of "knocking" distributors; those sneaking curs who try to build up their business by covert attacks, often anonymously made, on their rivals in business. If the eminent critic had been aware of every curve in the business, he could not have written more closely to his subject, nor offered sounder advice than he did in the following paragraph, viz: "You will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtues. Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults; in every person that comes near you look for what is good and strong; honor that, rejoice in it; and, as you can, try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off, like dead leaves when their time comes."

DIVERS DISTRIBUTORS' DON'TS.

- 1. Don't knock a rival. It may hurt him, but it will hurt you worse, and it hurts the business as a whole.
2. Don't join "distributing bureaus" and so-called "distributors' associations." There are only two that are of any consequence—the I. A. of D. and the I. D. A. You throw your money away on the others.
3. Don't work in rainy weather. You destroy your matter and track up porches, which does more harm than good.
4. Don't neglect to carefully close gates.
5. Don't knock or ring at front doors. If you are giving an inside service go to the back or side door.
6. Don't give samples or printed matter to children.

A PRICE SCHEDULE.

Orlando Warrick, manager of the Warrick Advertising Co., of Clarion, Pa., a concern which does advertising, circular posting, sample distributing, painting, etc., in all the towns, cities and hamlets, and on all the leading roads in Clarion, Jefferson, Forest, Elk, Warren, McKean, Cameron, Crawford, Venango, Armstrong, Indiana, Butler and Cambria counties, Pennsylvania, issues the following price schedule, viz: Cards and Tin Signs—5x14 to 4x18, 14c each, or \$6 per 500; 9x14 to 6x18, 2c each, or \$9 per 500; 6x18 to 6x24, 2 1/2c each, or \$12 per 500; 6x24 to 6x30, 3c each, or \$15 per 500; 6x30 to 12x18, 4c each, or \$22 per 500; 10x28 to 12x36, 8c each, or \$35 per 500. Cloth Signs—7x16 to 14x11, 2 1/2c each, or \$11 per 500; 6x14 to 28x28, 4c each, or \$18 per 500.

Wooden Signs—\$12 to \$40 per 1,000. Almanacs or Pamphlets—Distributed for \$4 per 1,000, \$35 per 10,000, \$300 per 100,000. Samples—Distributed for \$4 per \$1,000, \$35 per 10,000, \$300 for 100,000.

Posters or Lithographs, Pasted Up in Attractive places—1-sheet P. or L. 4c each, or \$16 per 500; 2-sheet P. or L. 7c, or \$30 per 500; 3-sheet P. or L. 10c each, or \$35 per 500; 4-sheet P. or L. 12c each, or \$55 per 500; 6-sheet P. or L. 18c each, or \$75 per 500; 8-sheet P. or L. 25c each, or \$90 per 500; caps and fans distributed at \$4 per 1,000, or \$35 per 10,000; lettering on fences, barns, etc., 2 to 15c per letter, according to size. Orlando Warrick, Manager.

In view of the fact that the country covered is mountainous and the roads very bad, we would like to hear from readers regarding the equity and fairness of the prices. Honest criticism is invited.

DISTRIBUTORS' NOTES.

Mr. I. E. Campos, 220 Whitaker street, Savannah, Ga., is the veteran distributor of the South.

Distributing and sign tacking are satisfactorily done by E. M. Bracy, 80 Ford street, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

The Bernard Advertising Service, of 11 W. York street, Savannah, Ga., make distributing their specialty.

Write the Ohio Valley Distributing and Sign Tacking Company when in need of having advertising matter distributed in either Pomeroy, Middleport and Gallipolis.

Distributing is done to entire satisfaction by the Van Syckle Co., the only distributors in Indianapolis, Muncie and Anderson, Offices, 114 South Illinois street, Indianapolis, Ind.

A. E. Temple, the distributor at Bluffton, O., reports that the distributing business in his section was extremely poor last month, only 750 pieces being placed by him.

Fred Corbett, of Emporia, Kan., reports that he has induced quite a number of local merchants to try the distributing method, and that all of them have shown their approval by giving him additional contracts.

Donat J. Lefebvre and Edw. T. Taffe, two distributors, were recently arrested at Portland, Me., and fined \$20 each for distributing bills advertising intoxicants, which, in that state, is a misdemeanor. Mr. Lefebvre writes "The Billboard" that one Frank Fields, a distributor of Portland, was the informant against them and that his motive in causing their arrest, exclusive of the fact that they were in his territory, was to collect half the fine, as provided in the state law.

"All of you who never told a lie raise your hands," asked the teacher of her small pupils.

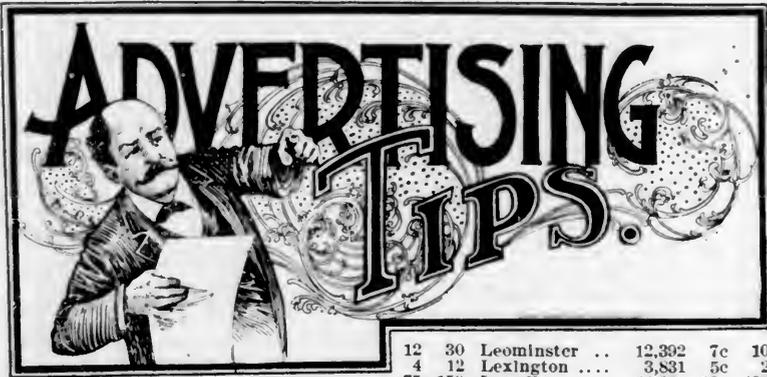
"Please, ma'am," piped little Jimmie, "is it a lie if nobody finds it out?"

Willie: "Papa, what is the rest of the quotation, 'Man proposes and—'?"

Mr. Hennypeck (sadly): "Woman seldom refuses."

Teacher: "What led Columbus to conclude that the world was round?"

Bright Boy: "Well, his experience with it proved that it was anything but square."



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 5,591,954 people and 62,305 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 Maine towns, population, and advertising costs. Includes towns like Auburn, Augusta, Bangor, Bath, Biddleford, Brewer, Calais, Caribou, Eastport, Eden, Ellsworth, Gardiner, Houlton, Kennebunk, Lisbon, Oldtown, Orono, Portland, Rumford, Saco, Sanford, Showhegan, South Berwick, South Portland, Waldoboro, Westbrook.

Table with columns for Vermont towns, population, and advertising costs. Includes towns like Bennington, Brattleboro, Burlington, Colchester, Hartford, Montpelier, Poughkeepsie, Rockingham, Rutland, St. Johnsbury, Albans, Winooski.

Table with columns for Massachusetts towns, population, and advertising costs. Includes towns like Abington, Adams, Amesbury, Amherst, Andover, Arlington, Athol, Attleboro, Barnstable, Belmont, Beverly, Blackstone, Boston, Braintree, Bridgewater, Brockton, Brookfield, Cambridge, Campello, Canton, Chelmsford, Chicopee, Chicopee Falls, Clinton, Concord, Dalton, Danvers, Dartmouth, Dedham, Dighton, Dudley, E. Bridgewater, East Hampton, Easton, E. Weymouth, Everett, Fairhaven, Fall River, Falmouth, Florence, Foxboro, Fitchburg, Framingham, Franklin, Globe Village, Gloucester, Grab Village, Greenfield, Hardwick, Harwich, Haverhill, Hingham, Holyoke, Hudson, Hyde Park, Ipswich, Lawrence, Lee, Leicester.

Table with columns for Connecticut towns, population, and advertising costs. Includes towns like Asonia, Berlin, Bridgeport, Bristol, Danbury, Derby, East Hartford, East Windsor, Enfield, Fairfield, Farmington, Groton, Hamden, Hartford, Huntington, Manchester, Meriden, Middletown, Milford, Mystic, Naugatuck, New Britain, New Hartford, New Haven, New London, New Milford, Norwalk, Norwich, Plainfield, Putnam, Rockville, Salisbury, Seymour, S. Manchester, S. Norwalk, Stafford, Stamford, Suffield, Taftville.

Table with columns for other New England states (New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont, New York) and advertising costs. Includes towns like Leominster, Lexington, Lowell, Ludlow, Lynn, Malden, Mansfield, Marblehead, Marlboro, Maynard, Medford, Melrose, Merrick, Middleboro, Milford, Millbury, Monson, Montague, Nantucket, Natick, Needham, New Bedford, Newburyport, Newton, North Adams, Northampton, North Andover, North Attleboro, Northbridge, Northfield, North Easton, Norwood, Palmer, Pittsfield, Plymouth, Peabody, Provincetown, Quincy, Randolph, Raynham, Reading, Rockland, Rockport, Salem, Saugus, Somerville, Southbridge, South Hadley, Spencer, Springfield, Stoneham, Stoughton, Sutton, Taunton, Templeton, Tewksbury, Turners Falls, Uxbridge, Wakefield, Walpole, Ware, Wareham, Warren, Watertown, Webster, Wellesley, Westboro, Westfield, Weymouth, Whitinsville, Whitman, Williamstown, Windham, Winchester, Woburn, Worcester.

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Table with columns for other New England states (New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont, New York) and advertising costs. Includes towns like Thomaston, Thompson, Thompsonville, Torrington, Wallingford, Waterbury, Watertown, W. Hartford, Westhaven, Westport, Willimantic, Windsor, Wlusted.

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 ad 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 Derivative 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.

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 Beekman, 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 Wod, 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.

Table with columns for bill poster distributors by state: ALABAMA (Troy—Josh Copeland), ARKANSAS (Conway—J. F. Clark, Box 92; Springdale—Hite Sanders Co.), GEORGIA (Cedartown—J. C. Knight).

Table with columns for bill poster distributors by state: IDAHO (Pocentello—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 Gallia, C. P. B. and Dist. Salt Lake City—Grand Bill Posting Co. WISCONSIN (Prairie-du-Chien—F. A. Campbell), 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. Hulen 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, 920 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—Rus & Bolman), NEW YORK (New York—New York B. P. Co. Ogdensburg—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. Tirrell & 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).

THE SIGN OF THE MISTLETOE.

Where is the Sign of the Mistletoe? Out in the hall, where the light burns low. There—in the shade of the Christmas tree. Here—with nobody near to see.

What is the Sign of the Mistletoe? A sprig of green and some berries? No! Two red lips and a tilted nose; Two bright eyes and two cheeks of rose.

How is the fare at the Mistletoe? The best there is in the world, I trow. And he who tastes it on Christmas Eve Would hunger ever and never leave.

What are the rates at the Mistletoe? For him who is given admittance—oh, 'Tis only a matter (they say) of trade. 'Twixt lips of a man and the lips of a maid.

Alas, at the Sign of the Mistletoe Sometimes reckonings foot not so, I stopped a moment (the crowd apart), I took a kiss, but I gave my heart.

EDWIN L. SABIN, in Life.

(See next Page.)

A THEATRICAL CHRISTMAS DINNER.

BY BOB WATTS.

(Written for "The Billboard.")

We had been struggling along with the "Elite Vaudeville and Novelty Sensation Stars" from September up to the time the events related in this narrative occurred. Our business had been bad from the day we started. It seemed as if fate was against us, for we ran into more wet nights, big fires, local parades and other events that simply paralyzed business than I had ever experienced before. No matter how bright the prospects were when we struck a town, something would turn up before nightfall that would make the box-office as devoid of coin as the pockets of an actor in the latter days of August.

We had a good agent ahead of the show, splendid paper, and everybody liked the show when they saw it, but there was a "Jonah" with the show somewhere, although we could never find out who he or she was. As for salary day, the "ghost" never walked—he didn't even limp. Our manager, Harry Roscoe, tried to be cheerful under the circumstances, but it was hard work. We knew that he had invested all his ready money in the show, and that the only reason for his not paying salaries was that he did not have the money. Nearly every night there was a succession of demands on him for money, and half the company would threaten to quit. He would give them all a big "jolly," tell them how business would surely change in a few days, and wind up by giving each about thirty cents for laundry. This amount would be pooled and after the necessary amount had been taken out for laundry, the balance would be judiciously expended for pitchers of beer. Then we would all gather in one room and tell of our past successes and all swear that we would quit the next night if we did not get the salaries that were due us. Thus, by the way, was a monumental bluff, for there was not enough money in the crowd to buy a ferry ticket, much less to buy railroad tickets to any center where there was a chance of us getting work. We were in a portion of the country that was a frightful distance from New York, a section of the country that had seldom been played by theatrical companies before and never will be again, and as there was no way of getting out of it we were compelled to stick with the show, for with it we were sure of three meals a day, a place to sleep at nights and the aforesaid pitchers of beer nightly.

I must give Harry Roscoe credit for one thing, he did keep the show moving. He often had to beg or borrow money to pay hotel bills, and we frequently made our jumps from town to town by pledging our trunks to pay the fare, but we never missed a date.

As the holiday season approached every one seemed to feel as if things were going to change for the better. Business picked up a little. In one town, we received \$2 each, and felt like millionaires. Manager Roscoe became more and more enthusiastic, and told the company how a few weeks' good business would soon put him on his feet so that he would be able to pay us all our back salaries and send us back to New York at the end of the season, with money in our pockets.

Christmas Eve we played Dorchester, and all that day Roscoe was telling us of the grand Christmas dinner that he was going to give us the next day in Bridgeville. We believed him, for there had been nothing but glowing reports from that town. Every one of the factories there was running on double time, all the people had money and there had not been a show there for a month. Our manager had it all figured out that he would be able to pay for the big Christmas spread and be able to give each one a liberal portion of their back salaries out of the Christmas receipts, and naturally we were all happy. How could we help it, when our enthusiastic manager said: "Never mind, folks, to-morrow is the day. A spread that would make Delmonico green with envy, and no common beer, but 'champy,' and all you can drink, too. And every dollar of surplus money to be paid to you on account of your salary." We all talked about what we were going to do with that salary that had been so long in coming, and smacked our lips at the thought of the banquet that awaited us on the next night.

I never saw a show go better than it did that night in Dorchester. We had a fair house, and the audience fairly screamed with mirth. All of the performers did their level best, with visions of the Christmas feast before their eyes.

After the show I was appointed a committee of one to interview the manager and secure from him sufficient money to get beer for the crowd and also to get further particulars of the feast that we expected to enjoy in Bridgeville. I hurried to the front of the house before the curtain went down on the afterpiece, but much to my surprise Roscoe was not around. I interviewed the door-tender, and he told me that the manager had left early, leaving word that he was not well, but that anyone who desired to see him would have to call at the hotel. With fast-beating heart I ran to the hotel, thinking all the way that the demon of bad luck was still pursuing us and that no doubt the illness of the manager would prevent the holding of our banquet. When I reached that place I asked the clerk if he had seen the manager, and he said that he had come in about 9 o'clock, had paid the hotel bill, left a note at the office for any member of the company that should ask for him, and then, after saying that he had important business to attend to in New York, had gone to the depot to take the 10 o'clock train. For a moment I was stumped, and did not know what to say or do, and then I was brought out of this trance by the clerk handing me an envelope. I hastily tore this open, and found inside a note and a telegram. The note was in the handwriting of our manager, and was worded as follows: "Enclosed telegram will explain all. If you will call on the agent at the railroad station he will give you tickets for the company to Bridgeville. Go there and do the best you can. This last straw is the one that breaks the camel's back, and as I have good and plenty of hard luck, I am off for New York. Sorry, but better luck next time. Yours in a hurry to catch a train, Roscoe."

My eyes blurred as I read this note, but I managed to decipher the telegram. It was addressed to the manager of our company, and was very short. It simply said: "Your company can not play my house on Christmas day. Will explain all when I see you to-morrow. Manager Bridgeville Opera House."

I stood like a statue until one of the company came in and then I told him in a few words of the news I had received only a few moments before. The rest of the company straggled in, a few moments after this, and we adjourned to one of the rooms to talk it over. Not one of them could understand it for a few moments—only this portion of it, that our manager had skipped and left us a thousand miles from nowhere without a cent in our clothes. We argued the matter over and over, but could not understand it, except that our brilliant dreams of a gorgeous Christmas dinner had vanished into thin air. The only explanation of the whole matter was that the manager had fully intended to carry out all his promises about a Christmas dinner and had relied on that day's business putting him on his feet, and that the unexpected and cruel cancellation, at the eleventh hour, had so upset him, that he had concluded to drop the whole affair and use what little money he had with him to pay his fare to New York. It was tough, but as usual there were some people with the company who looked on the bright side of things and said "we might be worse off. He might have skipped out and left our hotel bill here unpaid." One of the men telephoned to the railroad depot, and received word that the tickets to Bridgeville had been paid for and that we could get them on application. That made us feel better, and just about this time the landlord of the hotel where we were stopping sent up word that the drinks were on the house, and for us to order what we pleased. We all did order, but the drinks were imbibed in silence, for we were thinking of the morrow. Before we retired to bed to dream of a Christmas dinner that we knew we would not get, we all came to the conclusion to go to Bridgeville in the morning, and do as the manager advised, the best we could.

Bright and early the next morning we were on our way to Bridgeville, but with a far different expression on our faces than before we had heard of the indefinite postponement of our Christmas dinner. We elected one of the company manager pro tem, and gave him full authority to act for us when we reached the town, and agreed to abide by any contract or agreement that he would make. When we reached the town we saw our bills on all the boards telling how there would be a grand celebration at the opera house on Christmas Day by the annual appearance of the famous Elite Vaudeville and Novelty Sensation Stars, and we looked at each other and gave vent to deep, long-drawn-out sighs. We went to the hotel where the agent had contracted for board, and just as our new manager was about registering, the landlord said, "Say, you know you fellows can't stop here. You don't show here to-day, and I can't take you in." Here was another heart blow. We fully expected to be able to land in a hotel before the people of the town knew we were canceled, and then make the manager of the opera house pay the board bill at least, but he evidently had been ahead of us and blocked our game. We tried to argue with the landlord, but he wouldn't listen. We told him that our contract with the manager of the opera house was good, and we would be able to collect damages and thus pay him, but he refused to listen, and told us to go and see the manager, and if he gave us an order he would take us in. This was the best we could do, so after stowing the ladies of the company away in one of the parlors, three of us started to hunt up the manager of the opera house. When we arrived at that beautiful structure, on the third floor over a grocery store, we saw a painted poster on the bill board stating that the Christmas performance of the Elite Vaudeville and Novelty Sensation Stars had been postponed until further notice. That made us feel very sad, for we felt that not only the performance of that company, but

also the Christmas dinner, were both postponed forever. A young man was in the box-office studying the chart, and we got a hasty glimpse at it before he hid it under a newspaper. Much to our surprise, we saw that a number of rows had been marked off, and it looked as if the advance sale had been large. This only made us wonder the more. Our newly appointed manager immediately opened up on the young man, and wanted to know what this and that meant, and what the difficulty was. The young man only smiled, and said he did not know anything about it, but that the manager had informed him that a full explanation would be given by the manager if all the company would meet him at the stage door of the opera house at 1 o'clock that afternoon, and that he could not be seen before that time.

That was all the satisfaction we could get, so we walked back to the hotel and delivered our message. The crowd were thoroughly disgusted, but none could solve the riddle as to why we were canceled. One man said, "Well, I am going to see the manager at 1, and listen to what he has to say, and when he is through I am going to tell him that I must have a Christmas dinner or else go to jail for murder." We did not make the same threats, and I was wondering how the manager of the opera house was going to appease the wrath and hunger of that bunch of actors.

One o'clock came at last, and the whole company went along the one street of the town to the opera house. The lady that did the skirt dance even brought along her dilutive terrier, Fido, about as big as a football, saying, "If that manager don't make good, I'll 'sic' Fido on him." That created the first laugh of the day, for Fido was afraid of his own shadow, and would yelp for an hour if you raised your finger at him.

When we reached the opera house the manager was awaiting us, and after asking where Roscoe was, and being told the story, said: "Well, that's too bad, but I can not make any explanations here. Come up on the stage, and I will explain everything." We followed him up the stairs and then as we passed through the doors leading to the stage, we noticed that the house was in total darkness. The manager said: "Stand here until I turn on the electric lights," and the song and dance man said: "Now let me soak him," but I stopped him from carrying out his intention. A moment's wait, and then the stage was illuminated with a flood of light, and a slight stroke our eyes that blinded, bewildered and staggered us. On the stage were two big long tables, set with snowy linen, sparkling cut-glass dishes and tumblers and dainty china and decorated with banks of cut-flowers. At the head were two monstrous turkeys, smoking hot, garnished by tall stalks of celery, and ranged along the side of the tables were innumerable other dishes. None could say a word, but simply gaped. I forgot the lady skirt dancer, she did say "Oh!" Before we had recovered from our astonishment, a well-dressed, middle-aged man, who had been standing at the head of the table, said: "Don't ask any questions. Sit down and enjoy your Christmas dinner, and I will explain after you have satisfied the inner man." That was sufficient. We all sat down, and as waiters brought on course after course, we did ample justice to them all. Wine was brought in, and we had all we could drink. When the appetites of all had been satisfied, the gentleman who had told us to be seated, and who had been busy seeing that everyone was waited on properly, arose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, now that you have had your Christmas dinner, I want to explain matters. My name is Louis Miller, and as the manager of the opera house can tell you, I am in, wealthiest man in this town. When I was a boy I was very poor and had to work hard. I never had a holiday and I used to envy the other boys who did not have to work on Christmas. I made up my mind that if I ever gained wealth that I would search for some one every Christmas that had to work and see that they had a holiday. Upon investigation I found that the one class of people who never had the pleasure of enjoying a holiday on Christmas were the theatrical people, and it is for that reason that I arranged with the manager of the opera house to cancel your engagement to-day, so that at least a few members of the theatrical profession could say there was one Christmas that they were not compelled to work. I shall pay all the expenses of the day, this Christmas dinner is at my expense and you are my guests while you remain in Bridgeville. I arranged it with the hotel proprietor so that you could not arrange for your dinner, for I wanted you to enjoy the one I contracted for. You will not work to-day, and I shall see that you enjoy yourself." Then he sat down, and you should have heard the shout that went up. Everybody cheered, and I had the hardest work in the world to keep the lady that did the skirt dance from going up and hugging him. The dinner was finished shortly after this, and then we spent an hour in song and story. After that we were taken out driving in carriages, provided by Mr. Miller, and in the evening went to his mansion and met his family. We passed the evening delightfully, dancing to the music of the opera house orchestra, and when we were driven to the hotel after midnight we were all very happy, but very, very tired. Every one said that they had never spent such a happy Christmas before.

During the evening the man we had appointed Manager had a conversation with the Manager of the Opera House and explained how the sudden cancellation had disheartened our Manager and how he had left us in the lurch, and all the reply he got was: "I will see you and arrange everything in the morning."

The next morning the Manager of the Opera House was around bright and early and explained that he had seen Mr. Miller, and while he was very sorry that the Christmas surprise had made our Manager skip, still he would do all he could for us. He suggested that we give a performance the next night and he would guarantee a full house, and then we could divide the money among us. We found out that he was the owner of the Opera House, and that we could rely on getting all the receipts. We agreed to that, and the sale of tickets was at once started. Night came and with it a jammed house. Miller employed over 500 hands in his agricultural implement factory and everyone of them were there. When we divided up the receipts we found that each one had sufficient to pay fare to where he wanted to go, and the next day the Elite Vaudeville and Novelty Sensation Stars went out of existence forever. I have eaten many a dinner since, but none that I ever enjoyed as much as "Our Christmas Dinner."

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NURSERY RHYMES.

There was a song writer named Walter,
Lied a lovely soubrette to the Altar,
As the tles were to bind
The soubrette changed her mind
And Walt hung himself with a halter.

I once knew a variety leader,
For a single turn was a great feeder,
When you give him the cue,
He'd hit notes—that were blue,
Then you wished he was in Alameda.

Out West I once knew a Magician,
For dates he was always a-wishing.
He sprang the old gag,
Of the egg and the bag,
And they had to send for a physician.

A gymnast who's name was McFlister,
Did an act with a buck dancer's sister,
To make the act strong
She sang a coon song,
He did a round off and a twister.

A man by the name of McBoodle,
Had a trained goat, a pig and a poodle,
I asked, "How do they go?"
He said at the last show:
"Why, I knocked 'em clean off their noodle."

REN SHIELDS, in White Rats Bulletin.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All questions must be written on three sides of the paper. No money loaned on watches, jewelry, contracts, etc. No horses adopted in this column.

CONSTANT READER.

No! by all means do not comb your mustach with a fork in a dining car, or do not even comb your mustach with the fork of another.

FALL RIVER.

Dear Bulletin: Will you kindly advise me how and where I can break in a new act? Get an ax and break it in the woodshed.

BRUNETTE.

Dear Bulletin: I am a young girl, age 18, have a very good education and an excellent figure; would like to get a position as book-keeper with some dramatic company. Do you advise me to seek such a position? No; would advise you to get a position as shipping clerk with a burlesque show; the hours are shorter.

JAY SISTERS.

Yes, Broadway is very near Forty-second street.

PETE JENKINS.

Address him "Care of the Younger Bros., Carnival of Crime Co."

INQUISITIVE.

Dear Bulletin: Is William Fivpercent still looking for the Hoboken Music Hall yet? No, he is now looking for the Harrison Street Station.

SLAPSTICK.

Dear Bulletin: I have received an offer from a manager of a burlesque show to do a Jew. Do you think I am capable? Anyone that could do a Jew with a burlesque show is a marvel. I never saw one yet that could be done.

HI HENRY.

Dear Bulletin: Will you kindly tell me how I can get 10 good weeks? Hold somebody up on Broadway and you'll get a year.

A TRAINER.

Dear old Reliable Bulletin: I have a troupe of trained cows. What house would you advise me to have them first open in New York? Would advise you to have them open in the first slaughter house.

FRED LOCKE.

Dear Bulletin: I am a young man aged 21 years; would like to enter the show business. Do you think I better go on the stage? No, Locke, I think the place for you is on the door.

ADVANCE AGENT.

Dear Bulletin: Do you think the agent should be two weeks ahead of the show? Yes; it is better than having him two weeks behind.

ELLAMEALDR WILCON.

You Dear Old Bulletin: I have read so much of the stage and of the rut it has fallen into and of the elevation it needs. Do you think any of our present actors can elevate it? No; the stage of the present day can not be elevated; not while there are so many heavy men on it.

REN SHIELDS, in White Rats Bulletin.



THE CYNIC'S CAROL.

Tradition calls for snow; no snow to-day; Only the old abuses in the old, old way; Mendicants cry, Give! and debtors, Wait! and credit, Pay!

Because it's Xmas!

Some one brings tokening plush and celluloid, Of use or beauty, sentiment or soul, devoid, With foud but fatuous hope I shall be overjoyed,

Because it's Xmas!

A dame whose whin is to propitiate Sends me a china rooster filled with chocolate, Nougat, or some confection I abominate,

Because it's Xmas!

Upon her haughty lackey I bestow My benediction pins a crisp bill or so... "Noblesse oblige," though he's the richer far, I know!

Because it's Xmas!

Obstreperous offspring of my kin and kith Prate, overconfident, of a gift-bringing myth, And hang appealing rows of stockings up forthwith,

Because it's Xmas!

And trusting bird and beast must learn the fraud That tends them to betray for festal greed or greed, As if in sacrificial blood were holy laud!

Because it's Xmas!

The bells ring out their annual madd'ning chime, The same old bells, the same old out-of-tune-and-tune! And then my editor demands a maudlin rhyme,

Because it's Xmas!

-MARGUERITE MERINGTON, in Life.

MONOLOGUE.

Written especially for the Christmas "Billboard" by John Humphrey Burke.

Well, how's everybody this evening? You all look happy—and well—from this stage of view, thank you; and most of you look best—well off. Some of you look best when you get well off, away back and stand up. And I see there's "standing room" tonight; but don't let that stand in your way.

Speaking about being well off reminds me that we are now on the threshold of the season which takes us well off our balance—the balance that we bank on. We get off the balance to get on a Christmas tree. And before Christmas gets well off we get well off the Christmas tree and well on the mazuma.

Mazuma, you know, is Irish for simoleans; and simoleans means spondulix—spon, you know, means pumple, and dullix means double quick. It is a sort of a Greek compound word, with a little Hebrew in it; just a little, but it gets there just the same.

Isn't it wonderful, the way the money goes for Christmas? How happy we are in taking in the department stores—and what we can find in them—without troubling the clerks. How we do love to plan and scheme for the children, and spring the old Santa Claus gag. Say, that's getting to be a harder proposition every year. Don't you notice it? Oh, I'll tell you, the kids are getting wiser nowadays. It ain't Santa Claus any more. Oh, no; they've dropped that entirely. They call him Whiskers now, and then they wink the other one at the spanking factory. But it really is astonishing the way we spend money around Christmas time. Why, even the coal man has a load to burn; and how he jingles up when the children seal off their demands on Santa. And when everything's sealed off then there's a weight off his mind and then he's most happy. Who wouldn't be the coal man—lightweight and free?

No wonder he sings that song, "How'd You Like To Be the Coal Man?"—and he's always singing us that song around Christmas. Why don't he let us slug him a song once in a while? That's what I'd like to know.

Christmas is one of our bunch of holidays—one of the biggest in the banana-room. And what a bunch of holidays we have, when we stop to count them.

Still we get in it because we're poor; but look at the fun we get every year blowing the froth off the egg-nog and shaking the glad hand of Tom and Jerry. How rummy we feel, and how we do punch up. Oh, I tell you, there's nothing like holidays—when mother's at home baking mince pies and plum puddins. Oh, what a puddin' for us! Hey Bill?

Christmas ain't the only horn on the tree, either. There's Thanksgiving. And how we do pray for it to come around; and how we do wade into the turkey when it's time to pray.

Then there's Washington's Birthday. We're so patriotic that we lie in wait for George two months ahead of time—with a hatchet and a can of preserved cherries.

Then we come to the day we celebrate—St. Patrick's—the seventeenth of Ireland and the resurrection of the flag:

"Long may it wave O'er the bold, brave policeman, Till the Dutchman's his slave."

Oh, yes, by the way, there's the Fourth of July. I came near forgetting it; but never mind, never mind, it's not so im-

portant, anyhow. In fact, there's some talk of wipung it off the calendar altogether at the next session of Congress. A statesman named Munchy has prepared a bill abolishing all our holidays save two, on the ground of economy. We will celebrate Christmas, us usual, and he believes in mitting all the other holidays in one for a great celebration; and, he believes, the seventeenth of March would be the best day for everybody. Well it would be a bad day for anybody who's forlornist it. That's one day in the year when the yellow journals flash at their color and turn green with envy.

I could go on talking about holidays forever. It beats working, anyhow; and speaking about holidays reminds me of a holiday I had last year. I had been working hard and needed a holiday, and the boss told me to take one—a good long one—the longer the better. And he gave me 40 cents extra to buy some music to soothe away my languid hours. "What would you suggest my buying," says I. "Try that song, 'I Don't Care If You Never Come Back,'" says he. So I acted accordingly.

While I was passing out I passed a man who had a pass, but who passed me without the pass. That is, he came to a pass where he dropped the pass and passed on without the pass, while I passed back and picked up the pass. It was a transcendent pass, good for passage to the coast and back; and besides, it was fresh and it would keep. Well, thought I, this beats me, and off I hurried for my holiday trip. It didn't take long to arrange matters, and pretty soon I was on the train. After the train started, the conductor came through. He was a large man with a broad fist and particularly light fingers. I noticed he had a pretty good punch, also.

When he boistered "Tickets!" I handed him the pass, and he looked passively for a moment. Then he spied the name on my valise.

"Your valise says your name's Coming, and the pass reads Golog. How's that?" says he.

"Oh, that's all right," says I; "I was coming, but now I'm going."

Of course, you've all made the trip across the states, know all the large cities and places of interest, and so forth. Chicago's a great town, ain't it? No wonder, the way they hog everything there. And Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo. Say there's a nerry town. Everybody gets celery for salary—and this makes some people bitter.

Then you've all been to the Twin Cities, where Minneapolis gave St. Paul the Minne-ha-ha. Oh, but that was a terrible fall. I was enjoying all the sights as I passed along; but the system of changing time bothered me. You know the system—Atlantic time, central time, mountain time and Pacific time, etc. You leave New York at 6 p. m., Atlantic time, and change at St. Louis one hour for central time. Chicago runs on the same time as St. Louis; but, having thirty minutes sun start it makes it hard to catch. When you get to Denver you change again—a "piko" at your watch and a "peak" at the time.

We were constantly changing time on this trip. When we got to Joliet about a dozen changed time.

A drummer said that a great many had been regulating their time at that point for years.

At Topeka the porter hollered, "Watch out, it's Carrie's time now." Then some one said, "Damn Nation!" "Keno!" yelled the butcher. I pulled out my watch and saw it was out of joint ten minutes.

At Denver everybody lost time; in fact, the town's about forty minutes faster than Seth Thomas clock.

So we all wound up again. After leaving Salt Lake we freshened up a little more, but later on we came to a full stop.

All hands were raised in a second. "What's up?" asked a red-headed tourist. "Time," said a big duffer with a Gatling gun.

"Do we change time here?" said a young lady with a chatelaine purse and a poodle. "Everybody change," says the big duffer, pooling her watch and purse. "Ain't we on mountain time?" inquired a fat man with a diamond ring.

"No, we're on a hell of a time," says the duffer, and he squeezed the fat man till you could hear his diamond ring.

Pretty soon the conductor came running in with his lantern; but he couldn't throw any light on the subject. "Stop!" says he; "this isn't fare." "Never mind," says the duffer, "the company's always thankful for what you turn in."

Then he struck me. "Your time now, please," says he, grabbing my watch and chain. "Excuse me," says I, "there's a link in my chain!"

"Well, you keep the link, and I'll keep the chain," says the robber, making a main spring. "And hurry up," says he, "there is no time to be fooling."

"No," says I, "there's no time for me when you've got the watch."

Then I felt relieved.

The next minute we had an explosion. "Now for a hot time," said the robber. He knew his destination all right.

Everybody went up on time for a change and came down on the time table. I came

down on a freight car loaded with hogs, went through the roof and landed in the corner of the car. There was my chance in life—I had a corner on pork. Just as I was about to sell a million barrels a hog squealed on me and the brakeman knocked the bung out of my barrel, and that's where I lost Bryan. Mark you, and here I am again.

A CHRISTMAS HINT.

Of bits of ribbon, silk and gauze, Sweet Phyllis' fashioned hosen For hanging on the Christmas tree, To hold the gifts she'd chosen, And I? I helped and watched, meanwhile, The long and taper fingers— Ah, how each touch of those fair hands Within my memory lingers!

I might forever thus have sat In silent adoration; But Phyllis has a great dislike For such a situation. So, with an air most commonplace Designed to check my pleasure, She said, "There, all are done save yours; Now, pray what shall it measure?"

"How should I know?" I, wondering, asked. "Why, thus; the measure of it Should faintly hint to good Saint Nick The gift that you most covet." I looked sweet Phyllis in the eyes; I said, "If this be true, dear, Make me the stocking for my gift About as big as—you, dear."

-TRUMAN ROBERTS ANDREWS, in Life.

CRACKS AND GAGS

Calculated to Furnish Food for Thought to the Sketch Team and Sidewalk Conversationalists.

"You have been in another fight, Tommy," said the mother to her seven-year-old boy.

"No, I wuzn't," was the dogged reply. "Why, Tommy, I can tell by your appearance that you have been fighting. Your face is all scratched up. You mustn't tell a story about it."

"I ain't telling no story. I said I wuzn't in it, and I wuzn't."

Policeman: "Here, Judge, are the tools I found on the prisoner—a jimmy, a corkscrew, a dark lantern and a piece of lead pipe, wrapped in paper to look like a bundle of clothes."

Prisoner: "Your Honor, you will not let an innocent man be convicted on such flimsy evidence as that, I hope? The articles he speaks of are nothing but my bicycle lantern and repair kit."

Applicant: "How many servants do you keep?" Mistress: "Three."

Applicant: "And where do they live?" Mistress: "Oh, we don't mind moving to anywhere you may want to go."

Miss Deepthuyker: "What do you consider the most important problem of the twentieth century?" Robertson: "How to have the most fun with the least trouble."

The Irish are scarcely less noted for their gallantry than for their wit, and an example of this virtue is found in the case of an Irish judge who presided at a trial in which the plaintiff were a lady and her daughter. In summing up the case, the judge thus gallantly began:

"Gentlemen of the jury: Everything in this case seems plain—except Mrs. O'Toole and her charming daughter."

He (watching another couple): "I suppose he feels that he could not live without her."

She: "Yes, and I don't think he'll have a chance to find out that he could."

Higgins (over the phone): "Sir, I desire to ask for your daughter Clara's hand in marriage."

Her Father (with eight daughters): "I don't know which one you are; but take her, my boy, and be happy!"

Little Eben (who has an inquiring mind): "Paw, what does 'ambidextrous' mean?" Farmer Dunk: "Why, er-him! I guess it means a feller that can steal with both hands."

Dealer: "If you're a judge of Havana to beco'—"

Mr. Inland: "Well, I ought to be. I live up in Connecticut, where a lot of it comes from."

First Native: "And the white man's government has forbidden the traders to sell us any more liquor or firearms."

Second Native: "You don't say! Do they want us to relapse into barbarism?"

Mother: "What! Have you been fighting again, Johnnie? Good little boys don't fight."

Johnnie: "Yes, I know that. I thought he was a good little boy, but after I hit him once I found he wasn't."

Patience: "What in the world did you find to talk about at the bench?"

Patience: "Oh! you know there's been an awful lot of weather this summer."

"I want to get a muzzle," said the crabbed man, entering the hardware store.

"Like this one, sir?" said the clerk, exhibiting a certain pattern.

"Oh, no! That would hold the month too tightly shut."

"I just sold one of them to a woman, sir."

"Well, it would be all right for a woman, young man; but I want mine for a dog."

Haron is going so high that people will have to dip their corn bread in recollections of the past.

Backs: "I understand you met my bro her down at the shore."

Whucks: "Yes; the red-headed one."

Backs: "Oh! you're mistaken. The only brother I have is quite bald now, but—"

Whucks: "Exactly, and he's been bathing every day without any hat."

"Have you noticed the abstracted air that Brinsley wears?"

"Yes; and I'm afraid it's catching."

"Why so?"

"The last time he came to my room my umbrella was abstracted, too."

Venst: "Did your barber ever tell you any hair raising stories?"

Crimsonbeak: "Yes; he told me that Louie he sold me would make my hair grow."

"No, Gladys McGoogle," he said, in his deep and earnest voice; "life without you would be of little use to me."

"Do you mean you would take the suicide route to escape it?" the fair girl murmured.

"Yes," he answered; "you have guessed it."

"Revolver or rope?"

"Neither."

"Gas, then, or poison?"

He shook his amburru locks and smiled at her baffled air.

"What, then, would you do?"

"Gladys," he slowly answered; "if you refuse my love I will take no chances of failure. I have determined to let a malarious mosquito bite me."

That fetched her.

Patience: "They say a Chicago girl upon receiving a proposal of marriage," never says: "Oh! this is so sudden!"

Patience: "What does she say, then?"

Patience: "Oh! she says: 'Well, I think it's about time!'"

When a hungry boy sits down to the table that is what might be called a case of galloping consumption.

"Do you think the world is growing better, George?"

"Do I understand that you want me to decide whether I am a better man than my father, or not?"

"How funny!"

"Oh, I don't know. Are you a better woman than your mother?"

"Why, of course not. How absurd!"

"Then how do you expect the world to grow better when you fail to help it along?"

"George, you are very rude."

"I hope, some day, to see my daughter's name on a doctor's sign," said the match-making mother.

"Ah, indeed!" said the young physician; "is she studying medicine?"

"No; but I am anxious for her to marry a doctor."

"Why do poets wear long hair?" asked the young woman who is anxious to learn.

"My dear," answered the young woman who believes there is no such thing as modern literature; "if they didn't wear long hair how would we know they are poets?"

"I see that the late Pierre Lorillard is credited with saying that \$1,000 a day was the least sum on which a gentleman could possibly live."

"Well, say! That makes me about \$66 short of being a gentleman."

"I wonder why Noah couldn't convince his wicked neighbors of the dangers of the flood?"

"Maybe," answered the Kansas farmer, discontentedly; "it was because they had planted corn and weren't afraid of rain in any quantity."

"What's the matter with that man Gold-rox, Doctor?"

"Oh! simply a nervous trouble."

"Nervous trouble, is it?"

"Yes; he's worried about his money."

"Oh, well, it ought to be easy for you to relieve him of that."

Why should we attempt to interfere with those persons who want to go over Niagara Falls in barrels? Why not permit Nature to take its course?

It costs at least twenty-five dollars to show proper appreciation of having a baby named for you.

"Lizzie, does yo' hab dat joyful feelin' in yo' bones dat's always de forerunner of 'possum for dinner?"

"Um. I never believe we's gwine ter have 'possum till I hab dat joyful feelin' in my stomach which is de after runner of habing had him."

"I couldn't help it. Why, it was all I could do to write her out a good recommendation."

Hilkus: "The doctor says I have only a year to live. Ah! if I could only lengthen that year out into a respectable lifetime!"

Callon: "Why don't you move to Brooklyn?"

Anxious Father (from top of stairs): "Say, Mary Jane!"

Mary Jane: "Yes, papa."

"Is it eleven o'clock yet?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, give the young man my compliments, and ask him to kindly close the fire door from the outside."



GETTING READY

At the Charleston (S. C.) Exposition To Open.

Charleston, S. C., Nov. 30.—Despite the threatening weather and black clouds which hovered over the "Ivory City" hundreds of mechanics, decorators, landscape artists and common laborers are to be seen rushing the finishing touches to make ready for the grand opening of one of the most beautiful expositions ever held in the South. The Exposition Company, with no Government appropriation, and no assistance from the outside world, have accomplished wonders. Of the original sum of \$250,000 they have left \$30,000, and the outlook for a finished exposition with what money they have on hand is satisfactory. Although not finished, the exposition will throw its gates open to the public on Sunday next, with religious ceremonies in the Auditorium. On Monday the buildings and Midway will be ready for business, and, judging from the interest taken by the merchants and citizens, business should be fair. For the first time in the history of expositions the opening here will be on Sunday, and that day will be devoted to praise and prayer. Ministers of all denominations will unite in invoking the blessings of God upon this great work, and a choir of 100 trained voices will swell towards heaven and permeate the air in the majestic strains, "The Heavens Declare the Glory of God" and the following day the President will set the wheels in motion from the White House. The Hon. Chanucey M. Depew will be the orator of the day, and appropriate ceremonies will mark the formal opening of the exposition.

It is very probable that only a few of the Midway attractions will be ready for the opening, among them will be the Bostock Trained Wild Animal Arena, the Golden Charlots, the Esquimaux Village, Thompson's Aquarama and Jim Key. Among the new arrivals this week was Akoum's Beautiful Orient, Bostock's Golden Charlots and "The Girl From Up There" Company. The Midway is very much behind, as the street is in a primitive condition, and no electric lights have been erected yet the citizens are very enthusiastic over the outlook and the shows that are open first will get the benefit of the "send off."

Several store shows have opened up downtown, but they will not detract from the Midway or the exposition.

At Owen's Academy of Music the Baldwin-Melville Co. opened Monday to S. R. O. and were received with a grand ovation. This is the first time this season that standing room has been sold at this theater.

Col. Francis Ferrari arrived here Monday night and his animal show came in Tuesday morning. The animals will be quartered here for the winter.

The "Boom Train" management are meeting with encouragement and everything in the city is "booming." The leading merchants and most prominent citizens are lending their aid to make it a success.

Mr. Victor D. Leavitt was at the Charleston on Monday last, and he was given the glad hand by all.

Mr. Frank C. Huffman is register at the Charleston. He is looking over the field.

Mr. Frank Gaskill paid a flying visit to the city by the sea and "had a look" at the "Ivory City."

The Artillery band gave a concert at the Isle of Erms Sunday, and the boats and cars were crowded, as the weather was unusually fine.

Every train and every boat brings many professionals and prospective showmen and one could select almost any kind of a company from the vast army that parades the streets.

W. A. SANGES.

OPENING OF INTERSTATE WEST INDIES EXPOSITION.

Charleston, S. C., Nov. 30.—The site of the South Carolina Interstate and West Indian Exposition is a veritable beehive of industry, as an enormous amount of energy is being expended to have everything ready for the opening which will take place on the date originally set, to-morrow, Dec. 1. The grounds are beginning to assume some definite design, and when President Roosevelt touches the button to open the exposition, it is more than probable that everything will be in its proper place, with the exception of a few of the larger exhibits. The walks are rapidly being asphalted, the statuary put in place, the shrubbery and lawns are growing nicely, and there is an officer at each gate to turn away all those who are not provided with the regulation passes.

The Midway is being pushed forward rapidly, and many of the buildings have their exteriors entirely completed. Notable among these is the Bostock trained wild animal arena, which, if necessary, could open its doors to the public to-day. There are a number of the Pan-American concessionaires here, and buildings are already being erected for Bostock's, "The Girl From Up There," The Golden Charlots, Akoum's Beautiful Orient, The Indian Congress, The

Esquimaux Village, The Cyclorama, containing the Battle of Bull Run, Darkness and Dawn, The Aquarama, the Scenic Railway, and several others, while among the new ones the most prominent are The Palace of Light, Scheiger & Conway Concessionaires, and the educated horse, Jim Key. The arrivals during the week included a company of national marines, which are bivouacked back of the Cotton Palace, a number of Esquimaux, Turks, Syrians and Mohammeds for the Orient, and any number of side show men, spiliers, promoters and the like.

On next Monday an Exposition Boom Train will be run from Charleston, under the supervision of Messrs. Geo. Johnson and Fred Holmes (Happy) over the Southern Railroad, and stops will be made at every station en route, where a free performance will be given on the car and advertising matter galore will be distributed. Advance men are now out with couriers heralding the approach of the Boom Train, and everybody is very enthusiastic over it. The men in charge have had plenty of experience in this line, and should prove it to be one of the very best mediums for advertising the exposition and Charleston itself.

Advertising through other mediums has begun with a rush, and space on bill boards is already at a premium. Bostock's, as usual, getting the lion's share. The influx of strangers has caused quite a boom in the commercial business of Charleston, and the residents seem very jubilant over the outcome of the exposition, and predict the greatest kind of success.

The city of Charleston seems awake to the occasion, and there are residents that actually stay out on the streets until after 10 o'clock at night, something unprecedented in the annals of the city, judging from the reports of the more conservative element.

The opera house put on Hoyt's "A Day and A Night" last Monday, and was rewarded by a fair-sized house, composed mainly of Midway people. On Friday, "The Two Little Vagrants" will be the attraction at that house. W. A. SANGES.

INFLUENCE OF LARGE SHOWS.

It is instructive to note the progressive development of national interest in the fine arts under the influence of the successive great exhibitions. At the Centennial in Philadelphia it was in the individual arts—painting, sculpture, and the industrial applications of design. This interest was carried over to the Chicago world's fair, but the growth extended to architecture and architectural ensemble developed from their legitimate basis in landscape architecture, or the intelligent outgrowth of the individual features of a composite architectural work from the conditions imposed by character of site. At the Pan-American, though a minor event, this lesson was emphasized with certain variations suitable to the special conditions of the occasion—as in the adoption of an entirely formal scheme of gardening. At St. Louis the most important advance in the fine arts aspect promises to be the stress laid upon the civic arts feature, with the unique practical illustration of a section of an ideal small city. The proposition of the American League for Civic Improvement for such an exhibit, submitted by the Municipal Art Society of New York, has been favorably received by the management, and a lecture on the improvement of cities by Albert Kelsey, the young Philadelphia architect who originated the idea, aroused great enthusiasm when given before a fine audience in St. Louis very recently. Mr. Kelsey says the scheme can be carried out on a tract of ten acres at a cost not exceeding \$300,000. The exhibit will show concisely how the great modern developments in municipal construction and handling of utilities can be made to harmonize when scientifically treated at St. Louis. "Principles more than examples are what will be shown," said Mr. Kelsey. "We do not propose to build cities, but illustrate what can be done in that direction by scientifically handling the problems of everyday municipal construction. We will suggest that, so far as possible, departments which the fair will have in common with large cities be located in the exhibit. For instance: If an intermural railroad is built on the grounds, the road could be run through one of the streets of the 'model city' in such a way that it would be an object lesson of how rapid transit should be treated in congested sections of big cities. One or more model fire engine-houses could be built; a model street cleaning department instituted and many other departments, equally useful, located in the reservation." It is suggested that the proposed ideal city be made the main entrance of the exhibition, and that the trolley cars from St. Louis have their terminal in the central square.

FLYING MACHINE

Will Be Sold For \$2,000, If This Inventor's Plans Are Carried Out.

Bridgeport, Conn., Dec. 1.—A flying machine for a retail price of \$2,000 will be placed on the market within the next half year, if the plans of Gustav Whitehead, of this city, carry. Mr. Whitehead says that he has had his enterprise financed and he is confident of success. He now has 15 skilled machinists in a building which he has constructed for the purpose. He says that he soon will double the size of the plant and the number of his working force. Six months ago Whitehead, whose name is the Anglizel for Welskop, made his first test of the machine, the principles of which are embodied in the model of the machine which he is to sell any one who cares to buy. It was an almost complete success, and since then he has made demonstrations which have won for him the necessary financial backing. Mr. Whitehead will not reveal the name of the man who is furnishing the money, but he has been seen around the plant frequently, and is said to be a resident of New York. The machine, which will be known as the "Whitehead," is operated by steam and immense bird-like wings, and a propeller moves it through the air. It also has an automobile attachment, which is used to raise it from the ground. Whitehead says that when he first conceived the idea of a flying machine he noticed that birds run a few feet on the ground to gain headway before soaring, and he put in the automobile for that reason. He is confident that his apparatus can make 45 miles an hour; says that he has already traveled at that rate of speed in his old model.

"We can put a machine on the market in a few months, and will make a success of the business," Whitehead said. Whitehead is a native of Hungary. He came here over a year ago, and has worked as a night watchman, spending most of his days in the shop which he built. Admit

The World's Fair Commission of the Indian Territory has undertaken to raise \$100,000 by popular subscription for the Territorial Exhibit.

Honorary World's Fair Commissioners of Arkansas are favoring an appropriation of \$150,000 from the State for representation at the exposition of 1903.

The Southwest Miners' Association, of Los Angeles, Cal., has begun the preparation of an exhibit for the World's Fair, which is to contain many novelties and cabinet specimens of gold, sapphire, ruby and onyx.

The Missouri Society of New York City is to have its annual banquet December 7, and expects President Francis and Vice President Corwin H. Spencer, of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company, to respond to world's fair toasts.

The Missouri State Conference of Society of Charities and Corrections, in session at Columbia, Nov. 19, adopted a resolution approving and endorsing the establishment of a Hall of Philanthropy as the women's memorial at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in 1903.

Mrs. Richard P. Bland is announced as having been chosen by the executive committee of the World's Fair to act as hostess for the exposition at the Louisiana Purchase Building at the Charleston Exposition. Mrs. Bland is the widow of the once famous Missouri Congressman, popularly known as "Silver Dick" Bland, on account of his activity in promoting legislation relative to silver coinage. Mrs. Bland has had a valuable experience as an entertainer in Washington society. Her present home is Lebanon, Mo. She will go to Charleston with a few weeks.

Three contracts have been let for the construction of the fencing which will enclose the site of the World's Fair at St. Louis in 1903. The length is about five miles, enclosing nearly two square miles of land. One mile of the fence is to be an open barrier, with steel pickets eight feet high, separating the site from the remainder of Forest Park; three miles are to be of boards eight feet high, topped with barbed wire, and the remaining mile will be of ornamental slabs, made of cement, strengthened with woven wire. The work is to be completed within sixty days.

The power of the Texas Legislature to appropriate money for a World's Fair exhibit being in doubt, there is a movement on foot to have Gov. Sayers appoint a State Commission to perfect an organization extending into every county of the State for the purpose of raising \$200,000 by private subscription, and to use the money for a Texas exhibit at St. Louis. Former Lieutenant-Governor Gibbs, of Dallas, who is pushing this movement, has conferred with the general officers of all the railroads in the State, and says they will duplicate any amount raised by subscription, making the Texas Exposition fund \$400,000, if \$200,000 should be raised by other subscriptions.

One of the most extensively advertised and largest food fairs and merchants' carnivals for this season is to be held in Springfield, Mass., at the City Hall, Dec. 16 to 21. With an immense floor space to be devoted to exhibits and amusement features, there is no question but what Springfield will repeat its former successes in this line. Concessions of all descriptions are for sale outright or on percentage. Among the prominent diversities will be a big Midway, high-class vaudeville, daily band concerts, a one-ring circus, and, in fact, every conceivable form of entertainment. The electrical display will be in charge of Franklin De Voe, of Buffalo, N. Y., and will be one of great splendor in every detail. Plan of floor space and all particulars can be obtained by addressing R. E. Walter, secretary, Springfield Food Fair, 134 Princeton street, Springfield, Mass.

tance to the plant is denied to all but himself, the stranger who is financing him and the workmen, who are bound to secrecy. The machine, the inventor says, will carry six persons.

Street Fairs and Carnivals.

Bostock's Animal Show is now exhibiting at the Cyclorama Building in Boston.

Next season Rice and Conley will have a new illusion show and the finest glass show ever put under canvas.

H. J. & B., 106 Canal st., New York, is headquarters for all kinds of jewelry, novelties and streetmen's supplies. Write for prices.

The Melrosses, high wire bicyclists, closed a successful season of parks and fairs at Florida State Fair, Jacksonville, Fla., Nov. 10 to 22.

Singer Brothers, of 82 Bowery, New York City, carry anything in the line of novelties. Their prices are low and business methods reliable and quick.

For terms and full particulars concerning Backman's troupe of glass blowers, address John T. Backman, Eagle Glass Works, 16 South Fulton avenue, Baltimore, Md.

J. E. Hull and Frank T. Rose, of Hull and Rose's Georgia Jubilee Singers, closed their season at the Percy (la.) Street Fair on account of sickness of Mr. Rose, who is now in Hot Springs, Ark.

The Canton Carnival Company was out seven months and put in a most wonderful season, both from a financial and an artistic standpoint. The company has the indorsement of ever town, city and hamlet in which they have appeared.

N. Shine & Co., 264-266 Madison street, Chicago, are headquarters for wholesale street-men's specialties. Everything that street-men handle may be procured from this up-to-date and reliable house. Their catalogue will be ready in February, and will be very valuable to those in the business.

The Rice and Conley's "Statue Turning to Life" has been the feature show on F. W. Gaskill's Midway the past season. At Savannah, Ga., the closing date of the Midway Company, this show did a banner business—\$1,101.60 gross—not so had for the biggest "blowmer" in the history of the Georgia State Fair.

The Canton Carnival Company, Frank W. Gaskill owner and manager, practically closed their season at Savannah, Ga., Nov. 16. Five of the shows were sent to Jacksonville, Fla., where they did a land office business in the downtown district during fair week. These shows were at Baldrbridge, Ga., week of Nov. 25.

P. J. Mundy's Animal Show will play a few scattering dates, and put into winter quarters about the holidays, where the show will be enlarged and trimmed up in excellent shape for the coming season. Mr. Mundy has had a very prosperous and successful season under the careful guidance of the Canton Carnival Company organization.

Rice and Conley will stay out a few more weeks. At Jacksonville, Fla., they got the top money. Their roster is as follows: Rice and Conley, proprietors; George Dorman, manager; Wm. Hamilton, electrician; F. Montgomery, door talker; Francis Jager Thompson, Galatea; Wm. Carmon, Sol; Willard and Billy Reed, bathhouse performers; H. Bliss, ticket seller; Ed Sanborn and Jos. J. Cooley, megaphone and banner men.

Although being practically put out of the business by the death of his trained stock at rehearsals for the Forpaugh-Sells Circus at Ambrose Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., Prof. Edw. Musliner has been most successful at parks and street fairs the past season, and is now playing to big houses on the vaudeville circuit in the West. Prof. Musliner was the top liner at Covell's Vaudeville Theater, Kansas City, last week.

Practically all of the executive staff of the Canton Carnival Company has been engaged for next season. Fred P. Shields, the treasurer, retains his old position; Jos. J. Conley, W. H. Rice, John G. Hammond, Jos. J. Bloom, Walter F. Edmunds and Ike L. Monkunsky have been retained as advance representatives and promoters. H. L. Leavitt has been tendered his old position as contracting agent. There will be no Midway with the Canton Carnival Company next season.

Roving Frank's Big Gypsy Camps and Villages are now nicely stored away in Conden's winter quarters at Atlantic City, N. J., and during the winter months, Manager Frank B. Hublin, during Roving Frank's absence abroad, will superintend the remodeling and building of several new pony chariots and route and book Roving Frank's Gypsy attractions for the coming season of 1902, as next season the above attractions will go out bigger and grander than ever, and many new and interesting novelties will be introduced. The success of Roving Frank's attractions is due to the manner in which they are conducted—on strictly sound business principles and keep in advance with the times, and Manager Frank B. Hublin looks for a big season in 1902.

"The Billboard" mentioned in a recent issue, that Mr. J. S. Berger, the well-known street fair promoter, was in trouble down in the South, and mentioned an article regarding the matter published in the Vicksburg (Miss.) American. With reference to the matter, Mr. Berger writes that the article mentioned in the American is entirely libelous, and that he intends to enter suit against that paper. He encloses a telegram from the Mayor of Vicksburg, calling him to that city, and also a clipping from the American hoisting him and favoring the street fair. Mr. Berger explains that after the last mentioned article was published he requested the American people to telegraph to Salisbury, N. C., to find out

NOTES.

E. E. Beeman, Waukon, Ia., is secretary of the Allamakee County Agricultural Society. Write to him if you do business with fairs.

what kind of shows he had. By some misrepresentations he claims one "Doc" Osborne, whom he had turned down for some privilege, got hold of the telegram at Salisbury, and answered, detrimental to Mr. Berger, and offering to furnish the attractions. When this telegram was received, Mr. Berger claims the American people came to him and told him if he did not give them a house, they would give him a roast. He refused to pay the amount, and consequently got the roast. Mr. Berger encloses the telegram from the Mayor of Vicksburg, the first clipping from the American and a letter of recommendation from the Exalted Ruler of the Elks Lodge of Salisbury, N. C., to back up his statements.

BOOMING THE SHOW.

New York is generally acknowledged as being the proving ground for new plays. Occasionally new plays have dress rehearsals under the guise of initial performances in certain New England cities where "trying it on the dog" is a meaningless phrase to the general run of playgoers, but the premier performances in New York are the ones that make or break a play's reputation, and which influence the ultimate touring booking.

The writer was recently asked to contribute an article upon the various methods adopted by theatrical managers to promote and gain publicity in respect to their particular business enterprises. The field being a wide one, he, to supplement his own practical experience, at first contemplated soliciting the opinion of one or two prominent New York managers, but remembering that most of these gentlemen are actively engaged each day living up to the whimsical conceit that the whole commercial weight of New York rests entirely upon their respective shoulders, the writer discarded the idea of encroaching upon such valuable managerial time, and determined to interview one of the "men behind the guns," namely, Norman Peel, the advertising agent for Jacob Litt's productions in New York and other large cities.

Mr. Peel years ago gained his outdoor display advertising knowledge while in the employ of S. H. Robinson, of the Bill Posting Sign Company, of Philadelphia, and for some years last past has been in the personal and exclusive employ of Mr. Litt.

When touring Mr. Litt's policy apart from extensive newspaper advertising, has always been to outdo the billing of any opposition; the non-existence of opposition, however, would not check his characteristic policy of exceeding or excelling the previous billing of any similar production to that with which he proposed to tackle that particular town or city.

Litt's outdoor display advertising is generally as varied as it is strong in quantity, ranging from 28-sheet pictorials to small block-work, and embracing window lithographs and photos.

The advent or coming of a Jacob Litt drama or melodramatic production to some cities, particularly in the West, is similar to the advent of a popular circus, and the local bill poster has no doubt about what is expected from him, or that extra efforts on his part to give more than an extra good showing will be unrecognized by any agent carrying credentials from Mr. Jacob Litt.

Of course, every theatrical production is not of the melodramatic character, which readily lends itself to sensational poster advertising. With a high-class star in a high-class production, the newspapers as an advertising medium are favored in preference to the bill boards, not because there is so much more a drawing power, or real advertising value in a three-inch single column "ad." as against a well-placed and tastefully designed three-sheet poster; but because the newspaper can and is expected in addition to inserting the three-inch "ad." to also give that which the bill board can not give, namely, an editorial write-up notice.

Except for the benefit to be derived from detailed advance notices in the literary portion of a newspaper and the desire to secure favorable press criticism, theatrical advertisements in newspapers would not necessarily exceed six lines in giving names of theaters, its location, title of attraction and the name of the star and chief performers.

As a matter of fact, theater patrons only refer to the theatrical advertisements in a newspaper in much the same manner as the patrons of a quick-lunch room refer to the menu cards. What's on and of what shall I partake, covers the particular requirement.

Soliciting the patronage of playgoers is pretty similar to soliciting patronage for a soap or a whisky. You must study the special features of the commodity you have to sell and to what class of the community it is salable. Because you possess something superior in certain respects to the other fellow, the mere impression will remain an exceedingly long time unrecognized unless you "blow your own trumpet" strongly and in the proper quarters.

Take John Drew into London to make his first appearance in the premier production of "Andrew Merry," a comedy by a rising, but comparatively unknown American author. The simple and sincere stage methods of John Drew, as the star, might be even so convincing, his personality might be ever so engaging, his manner ever so attractive, his art of the greatest histrionic character, and "Andrew Merry," the strongest comedy ever written; yet the boldest and most attractive posters giving prominence to both the name of star and play might fail to arouse the interest of Londoners so far as to induce their patronizing to them an unknown quantity.

Under such conditions the newspapers would be the correct medium to work, the mere fact of placing a three-inch advertise-

ment would probably secure a 30-line preliminary puff in the editorial columns drawing the public's attention to the fact that New Yorkers idolized John Drew equally as much as Londoners idolize their own Charles Hawtrey, who works by similar means, both having the same easy grace in comedy.

This class of press work is perfectly legitimate, and in result John Drew is enabled to more quickly secure a clientele than by any other form of advertising.

Presuming John Drew makes a big hit, and "Andrew Merry" runs 12 months before London patronage weakens to the point where a change of play becomes necessary, John is now as popular in London as ever he was in New York, and many of his past audiences are only waiting to note the announcement of a new play with the popular actor again started to renew their patronage. The management determines to withdraw "Andrew Merry" and put on "Merry Andrew," another comedy, with John Drew again with the stellar part, so now gain the quickest publicity for this proposed change of program, to catch the eye or rivet the attention of the masses, as well as the classes, poster advertising would be the most important medium, backed up, of course, with a judicious amount of newspaper advertising in order to gain a few advance notices dealing with the plot or general cast of the new play.

These methods may be the best in exploring some eminent star, but what about the manager who has to exploit the less famous Ruth Ipeel and Tommy Spifkens in the light, frothy, new musical comedy entitled "The Gooseberry Girl."

This manager probably can not see his way clear to going to the expense of getting out a lot of expensive lithographic printing before ascertaining how "The Gooseberry Girl" is going to impress a general audience. New York newspapers are also expensive to work, and New York theaters are difficult to lease, a summing up of the situation naturally leads to the determination to open the game by playing a few "dog" towns with easy reach of New York, but far enough away that should any denunciatory cries arise, owing to the play falling to please, such outcry will not readily penetrate to Upper Broadway.

"Dog" towns require delicate handling, and it is here, where that resourceful personage, the advertising or press agent, puts on some of his finest work. He has to arouse the expectation of the "dog" weeks before the play is produced, and while doing so he must, above all things, conceal from the "dog" the knowledge of his being considered such.

What the "dog" should know is that a performance of the so-called drama, or "The Gooseberry Girl" musical comedy is to be given at a certain theater on a certain specified date or dates. If, in addition to this knowledge, the "dog" is fed with additional scraps of information, delineating the artistic and spectacular charms of the forthcoming play, from an outline of the plot, or a description of the scenery and costumes or the leading women's jewels, to a biographical sketch of the stars or authors, and if the "dog" actually swallows and digests this mass of extraneous matter, then Mr. Rubbitin is entitled to more credit than is usually vouchsafed that industrious theatrical ambassador, the agent in advance.

A few days before the company arrives Mr. Rubbitin doubles his advertising space in the newspapers, exploiting "The Gooseberry Girl," and for obvious reasons his incursions in the theatrical news columns also double in length.

Chears are distributed freely in the sub-editor's room, and although now-a-days it would be hard to move any editor on such played-out yarns as the loss of the prima donna's artificial teeth, to gale more than all the publicity desirable.

"The Gooseberry Girl" company generally arrives a day or two in advance of the opening date, and is distributed among the different hotels, due regard being given to the fact that if the chief performers can locate at Gild's or the Rothschilds and occasionally appear upon the sheets of "Dogtown" in swagger attire the "dog" is more or less impressed with that subsidiary form of advertising.

Mr. Rubbitin duly informs the city editor that his leading lady has apartments at The Gild's and would not object to being interviewed. She has the most expensive and exquisite gowns from Worth's, and several captivating hats from Madame N'importe which an enterprising newspaper surely ought to describe.

The thing is no sooner said than done; the society reporter grafts accordingly, and in the morning a column or so of descriptive matter more elaborate than the gowns appear in each edition to tantalize the fair sex of "Dogtown."

Deadhead tickets and the customary house paper begins to circulate with judicious laxness, but in so deft a manner that every recipient saw the newspaper man, fondly imagines that the entire audience, himself alone excepted, has paid good money for value received.

In the fact of the consummate art of the advertising agent it is surprising that "The Gooseberry Girl" should prove a huge success? The house, of course, is packed. In return for the free tickets of admission most of the male portion are in dress suits, and many of the fair sex are in evening dress. The applause is loud and frequent, and the whole show, regardless of many glaring faults, is pronounced a great success of art and stagecraft.

The morning papers glow with column accounts of "The Gooseberry Girl," the local correspondents of the New York dailies, who have been especially cultivated by Mr. Rubbitin, telegraphs a few approving words for the benefit of their metropolitan readers and Allan Dale sits back tight in

the saddle and swears to play "Sarcasm" in a major key when Miss Gooseberry comes to town.

Prior to Miss Gooseberry appearing on alterations, cuts are judiciously made here Broadway the libretto is subject to many and there, and at continued rehearsals the special "business" of the various leading members of the company is more or less improved upon, the management are sure they possess a winner; New York dates have been secured and orders have now been placed with the printers for all kinds of paper.

Mr. Rubbitin now begins to show his hand in New York, but in the metropolis he has to play a more subservient role than he is accustomed to play in "Dogtown."

In New York in respect to working the newspapers the advertising agent has either one of the softest snaps - he may be up against the toughest proposition imaginable. It does not depend so much upon how he works, but for whom he works.

Recently the advertisements of 15 theaters were withdrawn from the columns of the Commercial Advertiser, because the Theatrical Trust objected to the character of Norman Haggood's criticism. The majority of these theaters are managed or controlled by members of the Theatrical Syndicate; the others are theaters that may be said to be "under the wing" of the Trust.

The agent representing an independent manager at an independent theater who can give or withdraw one theater's advertising from a particular newspaper is not in the swim with those gentlemen who can influence the withdrawal of the advertisements of 15 theaters in one fell swoop. Almost anything from the pen of the syndicate man will pass muster in the neighborhood of Herald Square. He may not have begun to place his advertisements for "The Gooseberry Girl," but if desirous of informing the gentle readers of the New York Evening Telegram that Miss Gooseberry is really in town, and about to disport her graceful lines before a New York audience, the information is given out in a series of short stories in much the following style:

"Mr. Tommy Spifkens, who last week returned to town with other members of 'The Gooseberry Girl' Company, is an inveterate cigar smoker. It is his custom each morning on his way to rehearsal of A. Blowman's metropolitan production of 'The Gooseberry Girl,' at the Imperial Theater, to call at Ikey Ikeysteln's and there purchase a couple of cigars.

"The other morning while leaving Ikey Ikeysteln's cigar store the irresponsible Tommy was accosted by James Triplett, the theatrical newsgatherer for The Dramatic Error, and on the spur of a generous inspiration Tommy presented Triplett with a cigar, at the same time mentioning the fact that he had just bought two for a quarter.

"Triplett lighted up and very soon afterwards ventured the remark that his particular smoke went like a 5-cent onion.

"Yes," replied Tommy, "yours was a ridiculously good one at 5 cents, which, together with my 'Florodora,' at 20 cents, is sold at two for a quarter."

Such a forced anecdote may only contain the modicum of wit, but it drives home the facts that at "The Imperial Theater Mr. A. Blowman will at an early date present 'The Gooseberry Girl,' with Tommy Spifkens in the cast, &c.," and until the gentle readers of the Evening Telegram "shy" at such mongrel news as they would misreading headlines, the press agent will continue to work this publicity scheme for all it is worth.

The class of outdoor display advertising varies according to the varied temperament of the managers. One manager will favor large pictorial 28-sheet stands, delineating a particular scenic or sensational climax of his play. Another manager can only see the utility of putting out a large stand to give prominence to the name, not of the author, but of the gentleman who presents the play, the star, and, probably, the names of the gentlemen under whose direction the touring arrangements are made, all of which bureaucratic information is presumed to influence patronage.

A few stars like Mrs. Fiske or Julia Arthur, who personally have been accustomed to have some voice in deciding the subject-matter of the paper to be used for outside display advertising purposes, have repeatedly proved that the artistic element predominating in poster work is the kind that compels attention, as well as admiration. A good many of the posters printed for both these ladies are now at a valuable premium, and are much sought after by collectors.

The smaller paper, consisting of 12-sheet, 8-sheet and 3-sheet posters, as well as the single and half-sheet paper for placing in store and saloon windows, or upon ash barrels, etc., will also vary in quality and quantity as widely as the finances at the back of each show.

The distribution of the smaller paper, and particularly the salping is more or less effective, according to the class of men entrusted with this work. Bill posters connected with a theater can generally be relied upon to salp magnificently in front and adjoining the house; also en route between the residence of the manager and the theater, but the further afield he goes the less birds he is calculated to kill.

He: "Wire from Joneses, dear Can't come to-day. Children developed chicken-pox."

She: "Oh! George, for goodness sake burn the telegram at once! George might catch it!"

Mrs. Von Blunner: "That cook was the worst thing I ever had in my house!"
Von Blunner: "Yes, you acted as if you didn't like her."



NOTES.

The Memphis track is said to be only one inch over a mile.

The Trotting Breeders' Association made \$10,000 on the past season.

Several new Eastern-bred stallions will be in service in California next spring.

G. B. Morris recently sold to Casar Young, the bay filly Tower, of Candles, for \$1,200.

A \$2,500 stake for trotters and another for pacers will assure good season of racing in California next year.

The bay stallion Manchaca and bay mare Bettie Hampton, both owned by Leonidas Cartwright, died at Terrell, Tex., recently. At Oakland, Cal., recently, Matt Hogan fell, and Jockey Kausch, who was riding him, sustained a dislocation of his collarbone.

Pleasanton, Cal., will again be the horse center next spring. Quite a number of trainers have already engaged stall room there.

There is considerable talk of the Petaluma (Cal.) track being put in shape next spring and a big race meeting given there in the summer. It has been the scene of many famous races.

Ed Gaylord, of Denver, will have a strong stable on the Grand Circuit next year, in charge of John Blue. Mr. Gaylord has some extra good ones and some well-tried record horses, notably Charlie Mac, 2:14.

The New Orleans meet opened under most auspicious circumstances Thanksgiving Day, the number of horses and their class being the best in the history of the association. The fields in all events will be limited to twelve horses.

While at Memphis with Ed Gaylord's string, John Blue gave the two-year-old James Madison filly Corlenza a workout mile in 2:18, the last half in 1:06. That is a very fast clip for a two-year-old, and she should be one of the front rank trotters in the three-year-old classes next year on the Grand Circuit.

The champion stallion Directum was sold at the Fasig-Tipton sale in New York, Nov. 27, to the International Stock Farm for \$12,000. At the same sale Directum Spier, h. s., by Directum-Campan, was sold to the Elmhurst Farm, Lexington, for \$6,000, and Abdell, h. s., to J. S. Madden, of Lexington, for \$10,000.

Charles Jeffries is in California as the representative of several associations in Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana, and will endeavor to secure the promise of a number of California horsemen to race up North next year. Mr. Jeffries will manage the racing end of the big Interstate State Fair at Spokane.

The California districts will have to get a move on before next spring, or the Oregon-Washington Circuit will get a majority of the harness horses in training. The Northern circuit was very successful this year, and it is planned to increase the purses for 1902 and make a bid for the best horses on the coast.

Princess Alice, 2:16, by Dexter Prince, died at Andover, Me., recently. She took her record at Napa, Cal., October 18, 1890, when she beat the racer Gold Medal in three straight heats. She was trained and driven in the majority of her races by "Rio Vista George," who is still telling the boys about her two-minute speed whenever the subject of champion pacers is up for discussion.

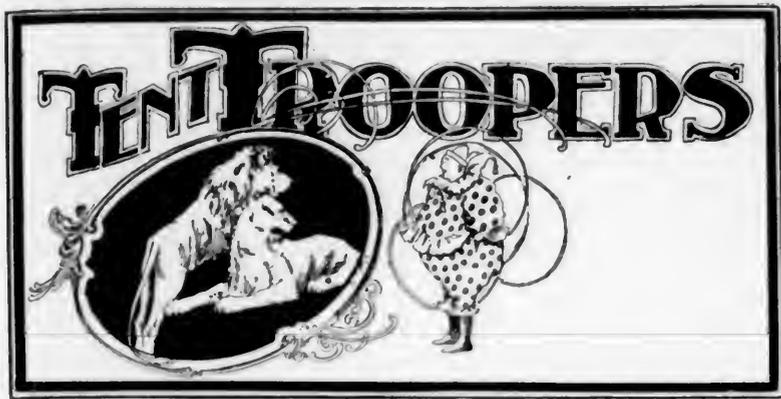
Maplewood Farm took first prize at the New Hampshire State Fair this year in the three-year-old division of standard trotters with its handsome colt Colonel Carter, by Nutwood Wilkes, that Superintendent Dan Mahoney purchased in California two years ago. The colt is out of a mare by Goodie and is one of the best lookers ever seen in the old Granite State. At the same fair Maplewood Farm took first prize with a weanling colt by Idollita.

P. W. Hodges recently purchased from the Nutwood Stock Farm a three-year-old filly by Nutwood Wilkes, dam by Direct Line, grandam by California blood, Lida W., the dam of both Nutwood Wilkes and Direct Line, is by Nutwood 600, and that famous horse sired California Nutwood. This gives Mr. Hodges' filly three crosses to Nutwood. She is not large, but has a very nice way of going, though hardly bridle wise as yet, and he thinks she will trot fast enough to race.

"What is a conjunction?" asked the teacher.

"That which joins together," was the prompt reply.

"Give an illustration," said the teacher. The up-to-date girl hesitated and blushed. "The marriage service," she said at last.



NOTES FROM CAPT. STEWART'S SHOWS.

St. Wayne, Ind., Nov. 30.—Just a few lines from Capt. Stewart's vaudeville show under the management of Chas. P. Helton. This is our fifth week out making week stands. We are in Indiana playing to crowded houses nightly, and several times the S.R.O. sign was displayed. The roster is Capt. Stewart, proprietor; Chas. P. Helton, manager; Jennie Dewese, trick violinist, banjoist, song and dance and ragtime dancer; Lanna Triltepo, motto singer, skit, serpentine and fancy dancer; Chas. Helton, Irish and black-face comedian; Warren Bush, monologist and Dutch comedian. We get our salaries in money and read "The Billboard" every week. We get it at Long's news stand and novelty house, Ft. Wayne. Mr. Long sends it to us every week, rain or shine.

CIRCUS GOSSIP.

George Kratz, Evansville, Ind., builds calliopes.
 The Barnum Show opened in Paris last Thursday (Thanksgiving day).
 Denny Lynch has resigned from the Wallace Circus for next season.
 John G. Robinson, Terrace Park, O., wants circus people in all branches.
 The permanent address of Rice's famous dogs, ponies and monkeys is New Albany, Ind.
 Gil Robinson writes "The Billboard" that James A. Bailey is expected in New York shortly.
 Chas. H. Dale and Geo. S. Cole, of John Robinson's Circus, were "Billboard" callers Nov. 23.
 The Robinson Circus closed at Decatur, Ga., Nov. 28. The train arrived in Cincinnati Nov. 28.
 Mr. Wm. Norris, of the Norris & Rowe Show, is resting at Ukiah Springs, Cal., after a busy season.
 The Strik Family of Bicyclists have been re-engaged for the season of 1902 with the Great Wallace Show.
 Mr. Peter Sells, of the Forepaugh & Sells Show, was in Cincinnati last week, making contracts, etc., for 1902.
 John Robinson's Circus had two large crowds at Decatur, Ga., Nov. 26. This was their last stand of the season.
 The T. W. Noble Co., 7-13 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich., manufacture circus canvases that please everybody.
 The Robinson Circus gave its parade and show at Edgefield, S. C., during a snow storm and did big business at that.
 Mr. Gil Robinson's trip abroad has been postponed until February. He will be in Cincinnati immediately after the holidays.
 Busby Bros. Show is at Panna, Ill., for the winter. They started on the road Nov. 30 with a "Ten Nights" show for the winter.
 Lou Krich, the famous mute high wire walker, will be at liberty after April 15, 1902. Address 126 E. Second street, Dunkirk, N. Y.
 Mr. H. P. Hoffman, press representative of the Robinson Circus, was a "Billboard" caller on Nov. 23. He will spend the winter in Cincinnati.
 Charles Murphy, the principal rider of the Great Wallace Circus, was a visitor to Prof. O. K. Stuart's winter quarters, at Indianapolis, Ind., last week.
 W. H. Gardner, room 504, 1123 Broadway, New York, wants first-class bill posters for the Forepaugh & Sells Bros. Twentieth Century Colossus, season of 1902.
 W. R. Musgat, superintendent of No. 1 advertising car of the Great Wallace Show the past season, has been engaged as manager of the "Land o' Cotton" Company.
 Berkell's Big 10c Show wants circus people of all kinds, except riders; also, a man with troupe of eight or ten ponies, and agent that understands newspaper work.
 The Norris & Rowe Show did the biggest business in the history of their show in California. "It is a shame to close," writes Mr. Rowe, "while we are doing so well."
 The Roberts troupe of acrobats is now en route with Royer Bros. "Next Door" company. Their act is receiving much favorable comment from both press and public.
 Busby Bros. are having a new 76-foot baggage car built for their show at Terre Haute and extensive repairs made to their Pullman car "Pans" also thoroughly repaired.
 C. Hagenbeck takes orders for wild animals and birds, to be shipped anywhere from his immense stock in Hamburg, Germany. Address C. L. Williams, Station B, Cincinnati, O.
 A Cincinnati wagon works is building a new hand chariot for the Forepaugh & Sells Show. The maker says they have paid the price, and the band chariot will be the best money can buy.

It is reported that Phil Ellsworth, side-show orator, and Mrs. Ryals, the fortune teller, of John Robinson's Circus, disappeared at Decatur, Ga. Whether they departed together is not known.
 W. C. St. Clair, of the Gentry Bros. Show No. 2, closed his fourth season with the show at Talladega, Ala., and is now with Charles L. Davis' "Alvin Joslin" Company as advance representative.
 Bonheur Bros., proprietors of the great shows, want a furniture car, a small merry-go-round and a few performing dogs and monkeys; also camel, elephant and tapir. Write in full to Augusta, Okla.
 The Robinson Circus was complimented with a congratulatory editorial, written by Governor West, of Georgia, in his own paper. There is no doubt as to the standing of the ten big shows in the South.
 Fred Buchanan, the recent lessee of Ingersoll Park, and who is a brother of Mr. Wm. Sells, joined the Sells-Gray Circus and will remain with the show until it closes, after which he will return to his park.
 Chas. T. Thiney closed a very successful season as principal solo cornetist with Prof. Carl E. Neel's concert band with the Sells & Gray Show in New Iberia, La., Nov. 18, and is resting at his home in Memphis, Mo.
 W. F. Melrose, equestrian, closed with the Orrin Bros. Circus in Mexico on account, as he claims, of bad treatment through the management of the company. He will sail Dec. 28 for Hamburg, Germany.
 The Robinson Circus arrived in Cincinnati in two sections Thursday, Nov. 28, over the Q. & C. road, and was immediately transferred to the Pennsylvania road and taken to Terrace Park, where it went into winter quarters.
 Calcedo, the great king of the wire, for five years a feature of the Keith circuit and the only slack wire performer who can throw twenty somersaults on the wire, may be addressed at 108 W. Seventeenth street, New York City.
 Al. Kdel, of the Buffalo Bill Show, for many years in charge of the excursion advertising car, has sailed for Paris. Mr. Kdel speaks the French language fluently. He will be a valuable man to the Barnum-Bailey Show during their tour of France.
 Joseph C. Banks, who, it will be remembered, killed Herbert Tackaberry at Syracuse, N. Y., while the Sawtelle's Show, with which he was connected, was exhibiting in that town, was acquitted of the charge of murder, the defense being self-defense.
 In giving the names of the people on car No. 3 of the Ringling Bros. Circus, which closed at Water Valley, Miss., Nov. 9, in the issue of "The Billboard" of Nov. 23, the following names were inadvertently left out: E. W. Chase, Jas. Tucker and Foster McLeod, bill posters.
 B. E. Wallace will rebuild his elephant barn, recently destroyed by fire, adding a training building. Prof. Heckenrath will introduce a troupe of elephants in 1902. Their performance will be entirely different from the old school of trained elephants.
 The route book of John Robinson's Ten Big Shows, which, with thanks, "The Billboard" acknowledges the receipt of, is handsomer this year than ever before and is replete with interesting history of the big show during its past season. It contains many handsome and interesting pictures made during the show's peregrinations.
 Mr. Fred Wagner has been re-engaged with the Wallace Show for next season. Fred has been with the show for four seasons in the capacity of 24-hour man. He is peculiarly adapted to the position and has the faculty of making himself generally useful around the show, and his firm, but polite, business methods help to make friends for the show.
 Most interesting reading is that contained in the official route book of Pawnee Bill's Wild West, one of which "The Billboard" acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of. A handsome picture of Col. H. W. Little (Pawnee Bill) adorns the front page, and many interesting pictures are distributed through the book to enhance its value as a memento of a successful season.
 One of the handsomest things "The Billboard" has seen recently is the annual route book of the Ringling Bros. Show. The book is most beautifully illustrated and contains much interesting reading regarding the show and the places it visited the past season. It is most uniquely bound, the covers being of a flexible wood fibre, and presents a handsome appearance.
 Managers of parks, summer gardens, pleasure resorts, etc., should secure Broncho John's Wild West. The attraction surpasses even itself and is sure to draw the crowds. The cabin attack at night is magnificent and realistic. The stage coach on

fire and the run for life are exciting to the last degree. Address J. H. Sullivan for terms.
 The great Forepaugh-Sells Shows are perpetually invited and will open the season of 1902 at Madison Square Garden, New York, Thursday night, April 1, for a season of three weeks, and under canvas following. First-class people in all branches of the circus business are wanted. Engagements for the garden or for the season will be made. Address Forepaugh & Sells Bros., Columbus, O.
 Mr. Robert Stickney, Sr., of the Sells-Forepaugh Show, was a "Billboard" caller Nov. 22. He came to Cincinnati accompanied by his wife, whose home is in the Queen City. Mr. Stickney was trying to find some trace of his son Bob's show, which is somewhere on the Lower Mississippi River. It was Mr. Stickney's first visit to Cincinnati in years.

ROUTES AHEAD.

The Billboard forwards mail to all professionals free of charge. Members of the professions are invited while on the road to have their mail addressed in care The Billboard and it will be promptly forwarded.

TRAGEDY AND DRAMA.

A HOMESPUN Heart, (Walter Floyd)—Larned, Kan., Dec. 3; Hutchinson, Dec. 4; Hooper, Dec. 5; Kingfisher, Okla., Dec. 6; El Reno, Dec. 7.
 A HOMESPUN Heart—Chicago, Ill., Dec. 2 to 7.
 AN ORPHAN Hellress—Manchester, N. H., Dec. 5 and 6.
 AT VALLEY Forge, (Eastern, D. E. Lester & Co., Mgrs.)—Galveston, Tex., Dec. 1; Houston, Dec. 2; Beaumont, Dec. 3; Orange, Dec. 4; Lake Charles, La., Dec. 5; New Iberia, Dec. 6; Baton Rouge, Dec. 7.
 ALLEN, Viola, (Lieber & Co., Mgrs.)—Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 2 to 7.
 AN AMERICAN Gentleman, (W. S. Butterfield)—Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 2 to 4; Syracuse, Dec. 5 to 7.
 ARIZONA, (Kirke La Shelle and Fred R. Haulin, Mgrs.)—Boston, Mass., Dec. 2 to 28.
 AT THE Old Cross Roads, (Arthur C. Aiston)—San Jose, Cal., Dec. 1 and 2; Stockton, Dec. 3; Fresno, Dec. 4; Bakersfield, Dec. 5; Santa Barbara, Dec. 6; Ventura, Dec. 7; Los Angeles, Dec. 8 to 14.
 A KING'S Rival—Circleville, O., Dec. 2; Chillicothe, Dec. 3; Springfield, Dec. 4; Urbana, Dec. 5; Bellefontaine, Dec. 6; Mariou, Dec. 7.
 ACROSS the Pacific—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 1 to 7; Baltimore, Md., Dec. 8 to 14.
 AT CRIPPLE Creek, (Whitaker & Lawrence)—Providence, R. I., Dec. 2 to 7; Hoboken, N. J., Dec. 8 to 11; Easton, Pa., Dec. 12; Moonstown, Dec. 13; Lebanon, Dec. 14.
 A HOMESPUN Heart, (Phil. Gardner)—Hutchinson, Dec. 4; Harper, Dec. 5; Kingfisher, Okla., Dec. 6; El Reno, Dec. 7; Enid, Dec. 8; Caldwell, Dec. 10; Ponca City, Dec. 11; Wichita, Kan., Dec. 13; Newton, Dec. 14; east of Mississippi River, Dec. 1 to 28.
 BLAIR, Engeline, (Henri Gresslt)—Butte, Mont., Dec. 3 to 5.
 BEN HUR, (Kinaw & Erlanger)—St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 25 to Dec. 7.
 BRUSSELS, Edmund—Lewisburg, O., Dec. 2 to 7.
 CONVICT'S Daughter, (Eastern, Geo. Samuels)—Akron, O., Dec. 4.
 CONVICT'S Daughter, (Western, Roland G. Pray)—Seattle, Wash., Dec. 1 to 7.
 COLORADO—New York City, Nov. 25, indefinitely.
 CAVALIER of France, (Shipman Bros.)—Vandergrift, Pa., Dec. 4; Kiltanning, Dec. 5; Greenville, Dec. 6; Mercer, Dec. 7.
 CLARKE, Creston—Louisville, Ky., Dec. 2 to 4.
 CROSMAN, Henrietta—Louisville, Ky., Dec. 2 and 3.
 CRANE, Mr. and Mrs. Gardner—Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 1 to 6.
 COGHLAN, Gertrude, (J. A. Reid)—Cedar Rapids, Ia., Dec. 4.
 DAUGHTERS of Paris—Dayton, O., Dec. 2 to 4.
 DOWN Mobile—Bridgeport, Conn., Dec. 2 to 4; Camden, N. J., Dec. 5 to 7; Bridgeton, Dec. 8; Chester, Pa., Dec. 10; Reading, Dec. 11; Harrisburg, Dec. 12; Lewiston, Dec. 13; Altoona, Dec. 14.
 DANGERS of Paris Co. (E. F. Brown)—Dayton, O., Dec. 2 to 4; Columbus, Dec. 5 and 6.
 EAST LYNNE, (H. C. Smart)—St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 8 to 14.
 ELEVENTH Hour, (Eastern)—Ashtabula, O., Dec. 4; Fredonia, Dec. 5; Batavia, Dec. 6; Lockport, Ind., Dec. 7; Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 9 to 11; Syracuse, Dec. 12 to 14.
 EVIL EYE, (Chas. H. Yale and Sidney K. Ellis)—Erie, Pa., Dec. 3; Meadville, Dec. 4; Warren, O., Dec. 5; Youngstown, Dec. 6; Oil City, Pa., Dec. 7.
 ELEVENTH Hour, (Western)—David City, Neb., Dec. 3; Fremont, Dec. 4; Wahoo, Dec. 5; Tecumseh, Dec. 6; Pawnee City, Dec. 7; Marysville, Dec. 9; Fairbury, Dec. 10; Belleville, Kan., Dec. 11; Clay Center, Dec. 12; Junction City, Dec. 13; Salina, Dec. 14.
 EAST LYNNE, (Lee Moses, Mgr.)—Maquoketa, Ia., Dec. 4; Oxford Junction, Dec. 5; Wyoming, Dec. 6; Manchester, Dec. 7; Galena, Ill., Dec. 9; Stockton, Dec. 10; Byron, Dec. 11; Mt. Carroll, Dec. 12.
 FOR HER Sake, (E. J. Carpenter)—Denver, Colo., Dec. 1 to 7.
 FAST Mail—Worcester, Mass., Dec. 2 to 7; Franklin, Dec. 9; River Point, R. I., Dec. 10; Bristol, Dec. 11; Fall River, Mass., Dec. 12 to 14.
 FLAMING Arrow—Anderson, Ind., Dec. 4; Indianapolis, Dec. 5 to 7; Dayton, O., Dec. 9 to 11; Columbus, O., Dec. 12 to 14.
 FOR Love's Sake—Moline, Ill., Dec. 3;

Keokuk, Ia., Dec. 4; Quincy, Ill., Dec. 5; Canton, Dec. 6.
 FROM Scotland Yard, (L. J. Rodriguez)—Montreal, Can., Dec. 2 to 7.
 FOR Health and Home—Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 1 to 7.
 FAUST, (Morrison's)—Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 2 to 7.
 FABIO Romani, Alden Benedict's, (J. Murray)—Ganarogue, Can., Dec. 3; Deseronto, Dec. 4; Belleville, Dec. 5; Coburg, Dec. 6; Port Hope, Dec. 7.
 FOR Her Sake, (Eastern, Lester, Molitor & Cramer, Mgrs.)—Sandusky, O., Dec. 3; Springfield, Dec. 6 and 7.
 GAMBLE'S Daughter, (J. M. Ward and R. L. Cressy, Mgrs.)—Chicago, Ill., Dec. 1 to 14.
 GRIFFITH, John, (Homer Drake, Bus. Mgr.)—Circleville, Ind., Dec. 3; Springfield, O., Dec. 4; Urbana, Dec. 5; Bellefontaine, Dec. 6; Mariou, Dec. 7.
 GALLAND, Bertia—Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2 to 7.
 GLAZIER, Harry, (J. S. Flaherty)—Toronto, Can., Dec. 2 to 7.
 GAME Keeper—Morristown, Pa., Dec. 2; Allentown, Dec. 3; Hazleton, Dec. 4; Scranton, Dec. 5 to 7.
 HUMAN Hearts (Western)—S. Chicago, Ill., Dec. 1 to 7.
 HARBOR Lights—Boston, Mass., Dec. 2 to 7.
 HOLLAND, Miss Mildred—Gloversville, N. Y., Dec. 4; Utica, Dec. 5; Rome, Dec. 6; Lyons, Dec. 7; Oswego, Dec. 9; Auburn, Dec. 10; Geneva, Dec. 11; Ithaca, Dec. 12; Corning, Dec. 13; Elmira, Dec. 14.
 HON. JOHN Grigsby, (Frank Keenan)—Belvidere, Ill., Dec. 4; Elgin, Dec. 5; Joliet, Dec. 6; La Porte, Ind., Dec. 7; Goshen, Dec. 9; Crawfordville, Dec. 10; Noblesville, Dec. 11; Mariou, Dec. 12; Logansport, Dec. 13; Kokomo, Dec. 14.
 HEART of Maryland—Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2 to 7; Washington, D. C., Dec. 9 to 14; Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 23 to 28.
 HEART of Chicago—Lebanon, Pa., Dec. 4; Hanover, Md., Dec. 6; Frederick, Dec. 7.
 HUMAN Hearts, (Eastern, A. Hampton, Mgr.)—Corning, N. Y., Dec. 4; Chula, Dec. 5; Oswego, Dec. 6; Binghamton, Dec. 7; Scranton, Pa., Dec. 9 and 10; Wilkesbarre, Dec. 12 to 14.
 HANFORD, Charles B. (Delcher & Brennan)—Galveston, Tex., Dec. 9; Purcell, I. T., Dec. 10; Oklahoma City, Okla., Dec. 11; Guthrie, Dec. 12; Ponca City, Dec. 13; Perry, Dec. 14; Arkansas City, Kan., Dec. 16.
 HUMAN Hearts, (Eastern, Jesse Blanchard)—Pen Yan, N. Y., Dec. 3; Corning, Dec. 4; Elmira, Dec. 5; Oswego, Dec. 6; Binghamton, Dec. 7.
 HACKETT, Jas. K.—Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 25 to Dec. 14.
 HAINED, Virginia—New York City, Dec. 2 to 7.
 HELMET of Navarre—New York City, Dec. 2 to 7.
 HEART of a Woman—Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 2 to 7.
 IRVING (Henry) and Terry (Ellen)—Chicago, Ill., Dec. 2 to 21.
 IN OLD Kentucky—Lincoln, Neb., Dec. 4; St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 6 and 7.
 IVY Leaf—Boston, Mass., Dec. 2 to 9.
 JOLLY American Tramp—Cincinnati, O., Dec. 1 to 7.
 JEFFERSON, Thos.—Wichita, Kan., Dec. 4; Winfield, Dec. 5; Parsons, Dec. 6; Pittsburg, Dec. 7.
 KIDNAPPED in New York, (Barney Gilmore)—St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 1 to 7.
 KING of the Opium Ring, (E. Greenburg)—Leadville, Col., Dec. 3; Pueblo, Dec. 4; Cripple Creek, Dec. 5; Buena Vista, Dec. 6; Salida, Dec. 7.
 KNOBS of Tennessee, (Ernest Fisher)—Moline, Ill., Dec. 7.
 KELCEY-Shannon, (H. C. Pierce)—St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 2 to 4; Minneapolis, Dec. 5 to 7; Eau Claire, Wis., Dec. 9; La Crosse, Dec. 10; Oshkosh, Dec. 11.
 LOVER'S Lane, (Wm. A. Brady, Mgr.)—Columbus, O., Dec. 2 to 6; Mariou, Ind., Dec. 9; open, Dec. 10; Chillicothe, O., Dec. 11; Springfield, Dec. 12; Dayton, Dec. 13; Middletown, Dec. 14; Richmond, Ind., Dec. 25.
 LOST in the Desert, (Gus Hill)—Louisville, Ky., Dec. 1 to 7; St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 8 to 14.
 LOST in New York, (Edwin De Conser)—Bay City, Mich., Dec. 3; Alpena, Dec. 4; E. Saginaw, Dec. 5; Cadillac, Dec. 6; Traverse City, Dec. 7.
 LE MOYNE, Mrs. (Lieber & Co.)—Victoria, B. C., Dec. 5; New Whatcom, Wash., Dec. 4; North Yakima, Dec. 5; Spokane, Dec. 6 and 7.
 LAND o' Cotton, (Geo. D. Walters)—Johnstown, Pa., Dec. 3; Lebanon, Dec. 4; Lancaster, Dec. 5.
 LANCASTER, (Barrows)—Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 25 to Dec. 7.
 MIDDLEMAN The, (L. J. Russell, Mgr.)—New Brunswick, N. J., Dec. 4; Dover, Del., Dec. 6; Elizabeth, N. J., Dec. 7.
 MINISTER'S Son—Atchison, Kan., Dec. 2; Topeka, Dec. 3.
 MANNERING, Mary, in "Janice Meredith"—Detroit, Mich., Dec. 2 to 7.
 MAN Who Dared, Howard Hall, (W. H. Winchell, Mgr.)—Cleveland, O., Dec. 2 to 7.
 MAN Who Dared—Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 1 to 7; Detroit, Mich., Dec. 8 to 14.
 MANTELL, Robert, (M. W. Handley)—Vincennes, Ind., Dec. 3; Terra Haute, Dec. 4; Decatur, Ill., Dec. 5; Springfield, Dec. 7; St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 8 to 14; rest, Dec. 15 to 21; Detroit, Mich., Dec. 22 to 28; Toronto, Can., Dec. 30 to Jan. 4.
 MARLOWE, Julia—Boston, Mass., Nov. 25 to Dec. 21.
 MAN'S Enemy, (Gus Hill's)—Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 2 to 4.
 MONTE Cristo, (Sonther's)—Aberdeen, Miss., Dec. 3; Mater, Dec. 4; Uniontown, Ala., Dec. 5; Demopolis, Dec. 6 and 7.
 MACDOWELL, Melbourne, (Tom Hart, Mgr.)—Texarkana, Tex., Dec. 3; Hot Springs, Ark., Dec. 4.

MANSFIELD, Richard, (A. M. Palmer, Mgr.)—New York, N. Y., Dec. 2 to 7.
MISSOURI Girl, (Fred. Raymond, Mgr.)—Coatesville, Pa., Dec. 3; Granton, W. Va., Dec. 5; Fairmount, Dec. 6; Onlontown, Dec. 7.
NIGHT Before Christmas, (Burt & Nicolai, Mgrs.)—Chicago, Ill., Nov. 24 to Dec. 17.
NATHAN Hale, Howard Kyle, (E. L. Sackett, Mgr.)—Mobile, Ala., Dec. 3; Meridian, Miss., Dec. 4; Vicksburg, Dec. 5; Jackson, Dec. 6; Shreveport, La., Dec. 7.
ON THE STROKE of Twelve, (Whitaker & Lawrence)—Cochitoc, O., Dec. 4; Scottsdale, Pa., Dec. 5; Butler, Dec. 6; Washington, Dec. 7; Wheeling, W. Va., Dec. 9 to 11; New Philadelphia, O., Dec. 12; Greensburg, Pa., Dec. 13; Youngstown, O., Dec. 14.
OLD Arkansas, (W. Lindsey)—Tyrona, Pa., Dec. 4; Bellefonte, Dec. 5; Lockhaven, Dec. 7; Wellsboro, Dec. 10; Williamsport, Dec. 11; Sunbury, Dec. 12; Danville, Dec. 13; Bloomsburg, Dec. 14.
ONE of the bravest—Montreal, Can., Dec. 1 to 7.
OTIS SKINNER, (J. J. Burkley, Mgr.)—Lanadale, Pa., Dec. 1 to 15.
OLY Navy—Berlin, Can., Dec. 2 to 4; Stafford, Dec. 5 to 7.
OLD New Amster, (Geo. W. Ryer, Mgr.)—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Dec. 3; Newburg, Dec. 4; Easton, Pa., Dec. 5; Trenton, N. J., Dec. 6; Atlantic City, Dec. 7.
ON the Suwanee River, (C. M. Patee, Mgr.)—Columbus, Ind., Dec. 3; Franklin, Dec. 4; Muncie, Dec. 5; Rushville, Dec. 6; PRINCE Otto, (Otis Skinner's adroit play)—Toronto, Can., Dec. 1 to 7; London, Dec. 8; Hamilton, Dec. 9; St. Catherine's, Dec. 10; Niagara Falls, Dec. 11.
PRICE of Peace—Chicago, Ill., indefinitely.
PLANTER'S Daughter—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 2 to 4.
POWER of Love—Selma, Ala., Dec. 3.
PENNSYLVANIA, (C. E. Callahan, Mgr.)—Greenville, Pa., Dec. 3; Youngstown, O., Dec. 4; Canton, Dec. 5; Canal Dover, Dec. 6; Zanesville, Dec. 7.
PRISONER of Zenda, (Munro & Sage)—Peoria, Ill., Dec. 4 and 5; Davenport, Ia., Dec. 6; Des Moines, Dec. 7; Omaha, Neb., Dec. 8 to 12; Sioux City, Ia., Dec. 13 and 14; Nov. 25 to Dec. 7.
QUO VADIS, (E. Fitzhugh, Mgr.)—Gastonia, N. C., Dec. 4; Yorkville, Dec. 5; Hendersonville, Dec. 6; Asheville, Dec. 7; Laurens, S. C., Dec. 9; Greenville, Dec. 10; Anderson, Dec. 11; Abbeville, Dec. 12; Elberton, Ga., Dec. 13; Athens, Dec. 14.
QUO VADIS, (Whitney & Knowles)—Racine, Wis., Dec. 4; Janesville, Dec. 5; Green Bay, Dec. 6; Oshkosh, Dec. 7; Lacrosse, Dec. 8; Warsaw, Dec. 9; Winona, Minn., Dec. 10; Eau Claire, Wis., Dec. 11; West Superior, Dec. 12; Duluth, Minn., Dec. 13.
QUO VADIS, (E. J. Carpenter)—Roseland, B. C., Dec. 2; Grand Fork, Dec. 3; Greenwood, Dec. 4; Wilson, Dec. 6; Northport, Wash., Dec. 7.
QUO VADIS, Aiden Benedict's, (H. J. Brown, Mgr.)—Las Vegas, N. M., Dec. 3; Baton, Dec. 4; Trinidad, Dec. 5; Rocky Ford, Dec. 6; La Junta, Dec. 7.
QUEEN of Chinatown—Ottawa, Can., Dec. 2 to 4.
QUO VADIS, Southern; E. J. Carpenter's, (E. J. Fitzhugh, Mgr.)—Charlotte, N. C., Dec. 3; Yorkville, S. C., Dec. 4; Gastonia, N. C., Dec. 5; Hendersonville, Dec. 6; Asheville, Dec. 7.
QUO VADIS, (No. 2, Whitney & Knowles; T. H. O'Neal, Mgr.)—Champaign, Ill., Dec. 3; Mt. Airy, Dec. 4; Lincoln, Dec. 5; Bloomington, Dec. 6; Ottawa, Dec. 7.
REMEMBER the Maine Co.—Waukon, Minn., Dec. 4; Caledonia, Dec. 5; Toma, Wis., Dec. 7; Mauston, Dec. 9; Black River Falls, Dec. 10; Merrill, Dec. 11; Chippewa Falls, Dec. 12; Menomonee, Dec. 13.
RIP VAN Winkle, (Thomas Jefferson)—Hanford, Cal., Dec. 4; Los Angeles, Dec. 5 to 7; San Diego, Dec. 9; Riverside, Dec. 10; San Bernardino, Dec. 11; Pasadena, Dec. 12; Bakersfield, Dec. 13; San Jose, Dec. 14.
RUPERT of Hentzau—Alton, Ill., Dec. 2; Gallsboro, Pa., Dec. 3; Peoria, Dec. 4 and 5; Davenport, Ia., Dec. 6; Des Moines, Dec. 7.
RUSSELL, Annie, (Chas. Frohman, Mgr.)—New York, N. Y., Nov. 25, indefinitely.
ROBERT, Katherine—Paterson, N. J., Dec. 9 to 14.
RICHARD Carvel, (Richard Herndon, Mgr.)—Denver, Col., Dec. 1 to 7.
ROMANCE of Coon Hollow, (Newton G. Perkins, Mgr.)—Fayetteville, N. C., Dec. 3; Wilson, Dec. 4; Goldsboro, Dec. 5; Wilmington, Dec. 6; Florence, S. C., Dec. 7.
ROMANCE of Coon Hollow, (C. S. Callahan, Mgr.)—Lewiston, Idaho, Dec. 4 and 5; Pullman, Ore., Dec. 7.
RUN On the Bank, (Geo. L. Chennell, Mgr.)—Brenham, Tex., Dec. 3; LaGrange, Dec. 4; Gonzales, Dec. 5; Victoria, Dec. 6; Houston, Dec. 7.
RAGGED Hero—Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 2 to 7.
SOTHERN, E. H., (Daniel Frohman, Mgr.)—Washington, D. C., Dec. 2 to 7.
SKY Farm—Boston, Mass., Nov. 25, indefinitely.
SHORE ACRES, (Hernie's; Wm. B. Gross, Mgr.)—Portland, Ore., Dec. 2 to 4; Tacoma, Wash., Dec. 5; Seattle, Dec. 6 and 7.
SORROWS of Satan—Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 6.
SIGN of the Cross, (Tom Pitt, Mgr.)—Providence, R. I., Dec. 2 to 7.
SHENANDOAH—Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 3; Lebanon, Dec. 4; Hanover, Dec. 6; Frederick, Md., Dec. 7.
SIDE Tracked, (L. Russell, Mgr.)—Hillsboro, Tex., Dec. 4; Cleburne, Dec. 5; Ft. Worth, Dec. 6; Dallas, Dec. 7; Dennison, Dec. 9; Sherman, Dec. 10; Gainesville, Dec. 11; Lehigh, I. T., Dec. 12; S. McAlester, Dec. 13; Shawnee, O. T., Dec. 14.
SHADOWS of Sin, (C. G. Hamilton, Mgr.)—Dehusburg, Tenn., Nov. 30; Memphis, Dec. 2 and 3.
SIDE Tracked, (L. Russell, Mgr.)—Temple, Tex., Dec. 2; Waco, Dec. 3; Hillsboro, Dec. 4; Cleburne, Dec. 5; Ft. Worth, Dec. 6; Dallas, Dec. 7; Dennison, Dec. 9; Sher-

man, Dec. 10; Gainesville, Dec. 11; Lehigh, I. T., Dec. 12; S. McAlester, Dec. 13; Shawnee, O. T., Dec. 14.
TWO Little Vagrants, (Edward C. White, Mgr.)—New Orleans, La., Dec. 1 to 7.
THELMA, (Northern; Aiden Benedict)—Paducah, Ky., Dec. 7.
TEN Nights in a Bar Room, (Palmer's; F. L. Mahara, Mgr.)—Metropolis, Ill., Dec. 3; Marion, Dec. 4; McLeansboro, Dec. 5; Olney, Dec. 6; Washington, Ind., Dec. 7; Owensboro, Ky., Dec. 9.
THE GAME keeper—Hazelton, Pa., Dec. 4; Scranton, Dec. 5 to 7.
THE Christian, (Western, Liebler & Co., Mgrs.)—Cincinnati, O., Dec. 2 to 7.
Dec. 14; Manhattan, Dec. 23.
TWO LITTLE Vagrants, (Edward C. White)—New Orleans, La., Dec. 2 to 7; Meridian, Miss., Dec. 9; Jackson, Dec. 10; Vicksburg, Dec. 11; Greenville, Dec. 12; Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 13 and 14.
THE OUTPOST, (H. J. Gates)—Detroit, Mich., Dec. 1 to 7; Toledo, O., Dec. 8 to 11; Findlay, Dec. 12; Bucyrus, Dec. 13.
THE OLD Homestead—Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 2 to 14.
THE PLANTER'S Daughter—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 2 to 14.
THE HOUSE That Jack Built—Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 1 to 7.
THE VILLAGE Parson—Washington, D. C., Dec. 2 to 7.
TIDE of Life—St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 1 to 7. Mgr.—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 2 to 14.
TIGARPEE'S Daughter, (H. T. Gilck, Mgr.)—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 2 to 4.
TWO Little Waifs—Utica, N. Y., Dec. 6 and 7; Providence, R. I., Dec. 9 to 14; Toronto, Ont., Dec. 16 to 21.
TEN Nights in a Barroom, (F. Mahara, Mgr.)—Fulton, Ky., Dec. 2; Metropolis, Ill., Dec. 3; Marion, Dec. 4; McLeansboro, Dec. 5.
THURSTON, Adelaide, (Claxton Wilstach, Mgr.)—Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 1 to 4; St. Paul, Dec. 5 to 7.
UNCLE Tom's Cabin, (Stetson's Eastern)—New Rochelle, N. Y., Dec. 4; Mt. Vernon, Dec. 5; Stamford, Conn., Dec. 6; Bridgeport, Dec. 7.
UNCLE Tom's Cabin, (Stetson's Western); Wm. Kobbie, Mgr.—York, Neb., Dec. 4; Seward, Dec. 5; Columbus, Dec. 6; Freeport, Dec. 7.
UP York State—Detroit, Mich., Dec. 1 to 7.
UNCLE Tom's Cabin, (Eastern; A. W. Martin's, C. L. Walters, Mgr.)—Bennington, Vt., Dec. 2; Pittsfield, Mass., Dec. 3; North Adams, Dec. 4; Orange, Dec. 5; Leominster, Dec. 7; Nashua, N. H., Dec. 9; Chelsea, Mass., Dec. 10; Exeter, Dec. 11; Dover, Dec. 12; Portland, Me., Dec. 13 and 14.
UNCLE Tom's Cabin, (A. W. Martin's Western; W. C. Cunningham, Mgr.)—Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 1 to 7; Lawrence, Kan., Dec. 9; Leavenworth, Dec. 10; Atchison, Dec. 11; Independence, Dec. 12; St. Joe, Dec. 13 and 14.
UNDER Two Flags, (C. A. Arthur, Mgr.)—Oklahoma City, O. T., Dec. 1; Shawnee, Dec. 2; Purcell, I. T., Dec. 3; Gainesville, Tex., Dec. 6.
UNCLE Tom's Cabin, (C. L. Walters' Eastern)—Bennington, Vt., Dec. 2; Pittsfield, Mass., Dec. 3; North Adams, Dec. 4; Orange, Dec. 5; Leominster, Dec. 7; Nashua, N. H., Dec. 9; Chelsea, Mass., Dec. 10; Exeter, Dec. 11; Dover, Dec. 12; Portland, Me., Dec. 13 and 14.
VOLUNTEER Organist, (Western; John Clark, Mgr.)—Cincinnati, O., Dec. 1 to 7.
VERMONT Girl, (Eastern; Harvey De Long, Mgr.)—Berwick, Pa., Dec. 3; Pittsboro, Dec. 4; Nicholson, Dec. 5; Olyphant, Dec. 6; Archbald, Dec. 7.
WHITE Slave—Chicago, Ill., Dec. 1 to 7; Grand Rapids, Mich., Dec. 8 to 11; Toledo, O., Dec. 12 to 14.
WHEN London Sleeps—Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 2 to 7.
WILSON, Al. H.—Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 2 to 7.
WARDE, Frederick, (David Trattel, Mgr.)—Grand Island, Neb., Dec. 3; Deadwood, S. D., Dec. 4; Sheridan, Wyo., Dec. 5; Billings, Mont., Dec. 6; Helena, Dec. 7.
WISE Woman—Portland, Ore., Dec. 1 to 7.
WHITE Slave, (Borthner & Campbell, Mgrs.)—Chicago, Ill., Dec. 1 to 8.

FARCE AND COMEDY.

A WISE Member—Newkirk, Okla., Dec. 3; Ponca City, Dec. 4; Blackwell, Dec. 5; Caldwell, Kan., Dec. 6; Anthony, Dec. 7.
AUNT Jerusha Co.—Sioux Rapids, Ia., Nov. 30; Sheldon, Dec. 2; Sibley, Dec. 3; Rock Rapids, Dec. 4; Adrian, Mich., Dec. 5; Pipestone, Dec. 6; Birklings, S. D., Dec. 7; Lake Preston, Dec. 8; Royant, Dec. 10; Madison, Dec. 11; Flarendan, Dec. 12; Dell Rapids, Dec. 13; Sioux Falls, Dec. 14; Lennox, Dec. 16; Hawarden, Ia., Dec. 17; Elk Point, S. D., Dec. 18.
A BAGGAGE Check—Helena, Ark., Dec. 3; Jackson, Miss., Dec. 4; Clarksville, Dec. 5; Bowling Green, Ky., Dec. 6; Henderson, Dec. 7.
A BARRELL of Money, (George Albert)—Independence, Mo., Dec. 3; Trenton, Dec. 4.
A MERRY Chase, (Lyman Bros. Mgrs.)—Longview, Tex., Dec. 2; Denton, Dec. 3; Henrietta, Dec. 4; Trinidad, Col. Dec. 5; La Junta, Dec. 6; Manitou, Dec. 7.
A RUN on the Bank, (Geo. L. Chennell, Mgr.)—San Antonio, Tex., Dec. 1; San Marcos, Dec. 2; Bonham, Dec. 3; La Grange, Dec. 4; Gonzales, Dec. 5; Victoria, Dec. 6; Houston, Dec. 7.
A DAY and a Night, (Broadhurst & Currie, Mgrs.)—Shreveport, La., Dec. 1; Marshall, Tex., Dec. 2; Palestine, Dec. 3; Tyler, Dec. 4; Corsicana, Dec. 5; Denton, Dec. 6; Weatherford, Dec. 7; Cleburne, Dec. 9; Hillsboro, Dec. 10; Bonham, Dec. 11; Bryan, Dec. 12; Navasoto, Dec. 13; Galveston, Dec. 14.
A STRANGER in a Strange Land, (Thal & Kennedy, Mgrs.)—San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 1 to 7.

A TEXAS Steer—Winnipeg, Man., Dec. 2; Grand Forks, Dec. 3.
A TURKISH Bath, (G. E. Mitchell, Mgr.)—Hoboken, N. J., Dec. 2 to 4; Reading, Pa., Dec. 5 to 7.
AIDE You a Buffalo? (Gus Hill, Mgr.)—Newark, N. J., Dec. 2 to 7.
A WISE Member, (Chas. B. Marvin)—Wellington, Kan., Dec. 10; Pond Creek, Okla., Dec. 11; Enid, Dec. 12; Klugfisher, Dec. 13; El Reno, Dec. 14.
A BREEZY Time, (Eastern; S. E. Lester, Mgr.)—Clinton, Pa., Dec. 3; Hamilton, Dec. 4; Oxford, Dec. 5; Cortland, Dec. 6; Susquehanna, Pa., Dec. 7; Olyphant, Dec. 9; Nickolson, Dec. 10; Avoca, Dec. 11; Bethlehem, Dec. 12; Stroudsburg, Dec. 13; Easton, Dec. 14.
A BUNCH of Keys, (Gus Bothner, Mgr.)—Chanute, Kan., Dec. 3; Iola, Dec. 4; Ottawa, Dec. 5; Lawrence, Dec. 6; Topeka, Dec. 7; Leavenworth, Dec. 8.
ARE YOU a Mason?—Newark, N. J., Dec. 2 to 7; Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 9 to 14.
ALVIN Joslin—Danleison, Conn., Dec. 2; Webster, Mass., Dec. 3; Worcester, Dec. 4; Wallingford, Conn., Dec. 6.
A BREEZY Time, (Southern; S. M. La Porte, Mgr.)—Annapolis, Md., Dec. 3; Alexandria, Va., Dec. 4; Fredericksburg, Dec. 5; Charlottesville, Dec. 6; Waynesboro, Dec. 7.
"ALVIN Joslin"—New Lexington, O., Dec. 3; Circleville, Dec. 4; Delaware, Dec. 5; Mechanicsburg, Dec. 6; St. Mary's, Dec. 7; Mt. Vernon, Dec. 8; Kenton, Dec. 10; Mariou, Dec. 11; Urchsville, Dec. 12; Ashland, Dec. 13; Renova, Dec. 14; East Liverpool, Dec. 15.
BINGHAM, Amelia, (H. R. Harris)—Chicago, Ill., Dec. 2 to 7.
BROWN'S in Town—Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 2 to 7.
ROSAR & MASON'S—Sulphur Springs, Tex., Dec. 2 to 4; Kaufman, Dec. 5 to 7; Terrell, Dec. 9 to 11; Mexia, Dec. 12 to 14.
BROTHER Officers—Cedar Rapids, Ia., Dec. 2.
BROWN'S in Town, (Frank Hennessy)—Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 2 to 7.
BURGESS, Nell, (W. A. Brown, Mgr.)—Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 2 to 7.
CRANE, Wm. H. (Chas. Frohman)—Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 2 to 4.
CAPTAIN JINKS of the Horse Marines—New York, N. Y., indefinitely.
DOWN on the Farm—Warsaw, Ind., Dec. 3; South Bend, Dec. 4; Elkhart, Dec. 5; Goshen, Dec. 6 and 7.
DOWN and Up, (John M. Miller, Mgr.)—New Kensington, Pa., Dec. 2; Butler, Dec. 3; Elwood City, Dec. 4.
DREW, John, (Chas. Frohman, Mgr.)—New York, N. Y., Nov. 25, indefinitely.
DALY, Dan—New York, N. Y., Nov. 25 to Dec. 7.
DAIRY Farm, (Eastern; Jas. H. Wallick, Mgr.)—Paterson, N. J., Dec. 2 to 7.
DAY and a Night, (Broadhurst & Currie, Mgrs.)—Palestine, Tex., Dec. 3; Tyler, Dec. 4; Corsicana, Dec. 5; Denton, Dec. 6; Weatherford, Dec. 7.
EMMETT, Katie—Zanesville, O., Dec. 4.
EREN Holden, (Chas. Frohman, Mgr.)—New York, N. Y., Nov. 25 to Dec. 14.
"FINNIGAN'S Ball," (Eastern; Ollie Mack—Ashland, Ky., Dec. 4; Gallipolis, O., Dec. 5; Pomeroy, Dec. 6; Shawnee, Dec. 7.
EIGHT Bells—Cleveland, O., Dec. 2 to 7.
FAVERSHAM, Wm. (Chas. Frohman, Mgr.)—Harford, Conn., Dec. 3; Springfield, Mass., Dec. 7.
"FOXY Grandpa," (Wm. A. Brady)—Dallas, Tex., Dec. 4 and 5; Tyler, Dec. 6; Texarkana, Ark., Dec. 7.
"FINNIGAN'S Ball," (Western; Ollie Mack)—Joplin, Mo., Dec. 3; Nevada, Dec. 4; Clinton, Dec. 5; Osceola, Dec. 6; Springfield, Dec. 7.
GOVERNOR'S Son The—Chicago, Ill., Dec. 23 to 28.
GEORGE, Grace—New York City, Nov. 25, indefinitely.
GOLDEN, Richard, ("Old Jed Prouty"; Wm. H. Rudolph)—Missoula, Okla., Dec. 3; Wallace, Dec. 4; Wardner, Dec. 5.
GAY New Yorkers—Deposit, N. Y., Dec. 3.
GIRL from Maxim's, (Julius Cahn)—San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 2 to 7.
GAY Mr. Goldstein, (Edwin F. Maxwell)—Roanoke, Va., Dec. 3; Stanton, Dec. 4; Charlottesville, Dec. 5.
GIRL in The Barracks—Terre Haute, Ind., Dec. 6.
HUNTING For Hawkins—Salt Lake City, Utah, Dec. 2 to 4; Trouvee, Dec. 5; Virginia City, Dec. 6; Canon City, Dec. 7; Reno, Dec. 9.
HOUSE That Jack Built, (Broadhurst & Currie)—Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 1 to 7.
HAPPY Hooligan, (Gus Hill)—Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2 to 7.
"HONOLULU Coon."—David City, Neb., Dec. 3; Seward, Dec. 4; Ashland, Dec. 5; Glenville, Dec. 6.
HANS Hanson, (Jos. T. McAlpin, Mgr.)—Corning, Ark., Dec. 2; Batesville, Dec. 3; Newport, Dec. 4; Forest City, Dec. 5; Clarenden, Dec. 6; Pine Bluff, Dec. 7.
HOGAN'S Alley, (Phillips & Kussell, Mgrs.)—La Junta, Dec. 2.
HELD, Anna, (F. Ziegfeld, Jr.)—New York City, Nov. 25, indefinitely.
HAWTREY, Charles—New York City, Nov. 25, indefinitely.
HUNTING For Hawkins—Salt Lake City, Utah, Dec. 2 to 4; Trouvee, Dec. 5; Virginia City, Dec. 6; Canon City, Dec. 7; Reno, Dec. 9.
IRISH Pawnbrokers, (Jos. W. Spears)—Dickson, N. D., Dec. 3; Glendale, Mont., Dec. 4; Billings, Dec. 5; Lexington, Dec. 6; Bozeman, Dec. 7.
KATZENJAMMER Kids, (Blondell & Fennessy)—New York City, Dec. 2 to 7.
MURRAY & Mack, (Shooting the Chutes)—Clinton, Ill., Dec. 1; Sterling, Dec. 2; Lincoln, Dec. 4 to 7; Springfield, Dec. 9 to 16; Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 17 to 23.
MURPHY, Joseph—London, Can., Dec. 2; Hamilton, Dec. 3; Oswego, N. Y., Dec. 4; Rochester, Dec. 5 to 7.
M'LISS, (Spencer & Aborn, Mgrs.)—Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 1 to 7.

MASON & Mason, (Broadhurst & Currie)—Leadville, Col., Dec. 3; Salida, Dec. 4; Canon City, Dec. 5; Pueblo, Dec. 6; Colorado Springs, Dec. 7.
MURPHY, Tim, (Fred. G. Berger)—Lincoln, Neb., Dec. 6.
MELVILLE, Rose, (J. R. Sterling)—Toledo, O., Dec. 1 to 7.
MALONEY'S Wedding Day Co. (H. H. Frizer, Mgr.)—Seattle, Wash., Dec. 1 to 7; Everett, Dec. 9; Mt. Vernon, Dec. 10; Sedro Wooley, Dec. 11; Whatcom, Dec. 12; Snohomish, Dec. 13; Olympia, Dec. 14.
McHENRY, Nellie—Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 1 to 7.
MACK, Andrew, (Rich & Harris)—Providence, R. I., Dec. 2 to 7.
McFADDEN'S Row of Flats—St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 1 to 7.
McCARTHY'S Mishaps—Newburyport, Mass., Dec. 3; Waltham, Dec. 5; Taunton, Dec. 6; Attleboro, Dec. 7.
MERRY Chase, (Lyman Bros., Mgrs.)—Denton, Tex., Dec. 3; Henrietta, Dec. 4; Trinidad, Col., Dec. 5; La Junta, Dec. 6; Manitou, Dec. 7.
MY Friend from Arkansas, (Robt. Sherman, Mgr.)—Neodesha, Kan., Dec. 3; Independence, Dec. 4; Cherry Vale, Dec. 5; Weir City, Dec. 6; Girard, Dec. 7.
MISS Hursey of Jersey—Cedar Rapids, Ia., Dec. 7.
NEXT Door, (J. H. Arthur, Mgr.)—Mt. Pleasant, Pa., Dec. 3; Dawson, Dec. 4; Untontown, Dec. 5; Irwin, Dec. 6; Jeanette, Dec. 7.
NEW ENGLAND Folks—New York, N. Y., Nov. 25, indefinitely.
NAUGHTY Anthony—Paducah, Ky., December 5.
OLCOTT, Chauncey—Boston, Mass., Dec. 2, indefinitely.
OLD St Stebbins, (John Malone, Mgr.)—Danville, Ill., Dec. 3; Crawfordsville, Ind., Dec. 4.
OLD Dan Tucker, (Dan Sherman; Robt. Loomis, Mgr.)—Hudson, Mich., Dec. 3; Hillsdale, Dec. 4; Coldwater, Dec. 5; Three Rivers, Dec. 6.
PUDD'NHEAD Wilson, (Shipman Bros., Mgrs.)—Streator, Ill., Dec. 3; Kankakee, Dec. 4; Kewanee, Dec. 5; Moline, Dec. 6; Dubuque, Ia., Dec. 7.
PAPA'S Baby, (Watkins, Hutchins & Edwards, Mgrs.)—South Bend, Ind., Dec. 2; Peru, Dec. 3; Huntington, Dec. 4; Anderson, Dec. 5; Wabash, Dec. 6; Marion, Dec. 7th.
PUNCH, Ren—Lentown, Md., Dec. 2 to 7; Chaptala, Dec. 8 to 14; Houghville, Dec. 15 to 21.
PUT ME Off at Buffalo, (Fisher & Carroll)—Sandusky, O., Dec. 7.
RYAN, Daniel, (W. P. Gates, Mgr.)—East Liverpool, O., Dec. 2 to 9; Wheeling, W. Va., Dec. 9 to 15; Altoona, Pa., Dec. 16.
ROSE Melville, ("Sis Hopkins")—Toledo, O., Dec. 1 to 7; Cleveland, Dec. 8 to 14.
RAYS, The, (Johnny and Emma, "Hot Old Time"; Geo. Chenet, Mgr.)—Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 2 to 7.
RYAN, Daniel, (W. S. Bates, Mgr.)—East Liverpool, O., Dec. 2 to 7.
ROGERS, Bros., (Klaw & Erlanger, Mgrs.)—Boston, Mass., Dec. 25 to Dec. 7; Providence, R. I., Dec. 9 to 14.
"SEELY, Daniels, (Willis E. Boyer, Mgr.)—Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 2 to 7.
SUPERBA, (Hanson's)—Holyoke, Mass., Dec. 4; Springfield, Dec. 5; New Bedford, Dec. 6 and 7.
STRANGER in a Strange Land, (Thal & Kennedy, Mgrs.)—San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 1 to 7.
SPORTING Life, (Walter Sanford, Mgr.)—Omaha, Neb., Dec. 2; St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 3; Topeka, Kan., Dec. 4; Wichita, Dec. 5; Arkansas City, Dec. 6; Guthrie, Okla., Dec. 7.
SIDE Tracked—Femple, Tex., Dec. 2; Waco, Dec. 3; Hillsboro, Dec. 4; Cleburne, Dec. 5; Fort Worth, Dec. 6; Dallas, Dec. 7; Dennison, Dec. 9.
THE Three Rubes—Chicago, Ill., Dec. 1 to 8.
TWO Merry Tramps, (M. E. Rice, Mgr.)—Laramie, Wyo., Nov. 26; Cheyenne, Nov. 27; Greeley, Colo., Nov. 28; Victor, Dec. 1; Cripple Creek, Dec. 2.
THE MISSOURI Girl—Roger's Ford, Dec. 2; Coatesville, Dec. 3; Granton, W. Va., Dec. 5; Fairmont, Dec. 6; Wintontown, Pa., Dec. 7; Morgantown, W. Va., Dec. 9; Athens, O., Dec. 10; Corning, Dec. 11; Logan, Dec. 12; Jackson, Dec. 13; Waverly, Dec. 14; Cincinnati, Dec. 15 to 21.
THURSTON, Adelaide, (Claxton Wilstach, Mgr.)—Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 1 to 4; St. Paul, Dec. 5 to 7.
TURKISH Bath, (G. E. Mitchell, Mgr.)—Hoboken, N. J., Dec. 2 to 4; Reading, Pa., Dec. 5 to 7; Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 9 to 14.
TWO Married Men, (Chas. E. Shilling, Mgr.)—Decatur, Ill., Dec. 3.
TEXAS Steer—Grand Forks, Man., December 3.
TELEPHONE Girl—Hamilton, Can., December 7.
TWO Jolly Companions, (Frank Hart, Mgr.)—Belvidere, N. J., Dec. 3.
UNCLE Hez, (Frank Adams, Mgr.)—Ottawa, Ill., Dec. 4; Dixon, Dec. 6; Spring Valley, Dec. 7.
UNCLE Josh Spruceby, (Eastern; Dave B. Lewis, Mgr.)—Athol, Mass., Dec. 4; Gardner, Dec. 6; Haverhill, Dec. 7.
VILLAGE Postmaster, (J. Wesley Rosenquest, Mgr.)—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 2 to 7.
VILLAGE Parson—Washington, D. C., Dec. 2 to 7.
WARD & Vokes, (E. D. Stair, Mgr.)—Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 3 and 4; Greenville, Miss., Dec. 5; Vicksburg, Dec. 6; Natchez, Dec. 7; New Orleans, La., Dec. 9 to 14.
WARFIELD, David, (David Belasco, Mgr.)—New York City, Nov. 25, indefinitely.
WAY Down East, (Eastern; W. A. Brady, Mgr.)—New York, N. Y., Nov. 25 to Dec. 28.
WISE Member, (C. B. Martin, Mgr.)—Newkirk, Okla., Dec. 3; Ponca City, Dec. 4; Blackwell, Dec. 5; Caldwell, Kan., Dec. 6; Anthony, Dec. 7.
WISE Guy, (Thal & Kennedy, Mgrs.)—Cincinnati, O., Dec. 1 to 7.

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.)—Tusculoua, 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.

THE STREET-CAR CARD.

I'm a street-car card,
And I watch all day
For any old thing that
May come my way;
And when night comes,
Do I shut up shop?
Well, I guess not much,
For I never stop.

I keep my eye
On the moving crowd,
And though I hope
I am not very proud;
I think I can say,
As all may see,
The moving crowd
Keeps its eye on me.

I never talk
In company, yet
I get there
Just the same, you bet,
As if I did;
And what I do
In my quiet way
Holds on like glue.

I'm as modest
As a maid, of course;
And do not shout
Till I am hoarse;
But I am not
Afrail to stare,
And I push my face
In everywhere.

No matter who
Is talking, I
Present myself
And tell them why
They ought to have
A stock on hand
Of anything
For which I stand.
It may be
Magazines, or it,
Perhaps, may be
A Raven Split,
Or Heinz's,
Or Sapollo,
Or Quaker Oats,
Or Smoke Cream.

It's all the same
To me; I'm there
To push the goods,
And get a share
Of business
For the money spent
For everything
I represent.

I work all week,
And Sunday, too;
I'm at it
Every season through;
In rain or shine,
In cold or hot,
You'll find me
Always on the spot.

Up town or down town,
If you ride,
You'll see me
Smiling on the side;
Look all around
And you will find
No one escapes me
But the blind.

I feel assured
There is no ear
So deaf it does not
Plainly hear
The messages
Of good I hear
Concerning every
Sort of ware.

I'm just a little
Street-car card,
Not worth, perhaps,
Your high regard;
But, say, you don't know
Anywhere
A thing that beats me
Getting there.

—William J. Lampton, in Fame.

COUNT DE LA VAULX'S BALLOON TRIP ACROSS THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Although not a success—nor yet, in many respects, a complete failure, as far as that goes—the recent attempt of Count De La Vaulx to cross the Mediterranean was a most daring feat and the account of the trip most interesting reading.

M. Harve has been working on the problem of steering balloons upon the sea for a number of years. His first experiments were made with the National, a balloon of 1,500 cubic yards, in 1886, in which he crossed the Channel from Boulogne-sur-Mer to Yarmouth, over a tract of 240 miles. In these experiments he used two flexible floats made of cordage and covered with canvas, of serpentine form, which were suspended by ropes one on each side of the car and followed the undulations of the waves. The height of the balloon was regulated by drawing them more or less out of the water, and he could thus keep the balloon at the desired distance above the sea. The steering device consisted of a kind of floating rudder attached to the balloon by a long rope, and by varying its angle the balloon could be steered to 60 degrees on each side of the wind. These experiments were quite successful, and M. Harve was able to direct his balloon toward the west and land at Yarmouth, while the wind was blowing north, and made, without accident, the long voyage of 24½ hours over the sea. This duration was only surpassed fourteen years after by M. Castillon de St. Victor and M. Mallet. In the present trip M. Harve used the old "serpents" with a third float made of wood. The serpents are each 30 feet long and 7 inches in diameter at the middle, made of cordage covered

with canvas, the whole well water-proofed; each weighs 180 pounds. The wood float made for this occasion is about 16 feet long and 12 by 18 inches' section, and weighs 1,300 pounds. It is made up of fifteen pieces jointed together so as to give a great flexibility. Like the serpents, it floats on the water and may be wholly or partially raised by a rope. In the recent trip the ropes of the two serpents were attached to the ends of a support above the car, and the large float was hung from the middle.

The steering device is essentially a kind of floating rudder whose position may be varied from the balloon. Two of these "deviators" will be used, but only one at a time, according to the conditions of the weather. The first of these is of the same type as in the Boulogne-Yarmouth experiment. It consists of a series of concave blades about 2½ feet long and 8 inches wide, held parallel to each other by iron straps. The deviator is attached to the balloon by two ropes, and remains in a nearly horizontal position. When the ropes are of the same length the blades are perpendicular to the direction of the balloon and there is no deviation, but only a resistance; but if one of the ropes is shortened the blades take an oblique position and the apparatus diverges rapidly to the right or left, drawing the balloon with it. It possesses an enormous power, owing to the large surface and the concavity of the blades. The whole is arranged so as to fold into a small space when not in use. With this form of deviator it is necessary, in order to change from one direction to the other, to pass through the perpendicular position, or point of maximum resistance. In the case of a strong wind it may not be advisable to do this, and a second form has been devised which offers less resistance and is more easily managed. It consists of a set of parallel blades joined together to form a solid box or frame, and the blades take a vertical position in the water. A strap at each end carries a rope passing to the balloon. When the ropes are of unequal length the deviator takes an oblique position and gives a steering effect; when the ropes are equal the blades become parallel to the direction of movement and there is no deviation and but little resistance. This instrument is, in fact, a multiple rudder of the simplest form. Both these deviators have been designed to keep at a certain depth below the surface of the water by giving a certain inclination to the curved blades or to the box so as to give a downward pull which compensates for the upward pull of the rope, and this is the same at all speeds, according to the well-known laws of resistance.

The balloon, called the Mediterranean, was constructed for the experiment by M. Mallet, and has a diameter of 56 feet and a capacity of 3,800 cubic yards. It was filled on the spot by a hydrogen generator. The balloon will raise about 7,500 pounds total weight. The suspension of the car has been designed so as to support the floats and steering apparatus. The ropes of the balloon are attached to a horizontal cross-bar, and from this swings the car in one plane. To the cross-bar is attached a wood framework which projects out horizontally on one side and carries a set of pulleys for the maneuverers, over which the ropes pass down into the car. The two serpents hang down from the ends of the frame and the wood float hangs from the middle. This arrangement will be seen in the figure. A novel feature is the arrangement for using water as ballast. At each side of the frame is suspended a light brass cylinder, which has a tube passing above and another which hangs down into the water. When the air is exhausted by a small pump the water rises in the cylinder. The lower tube may be drawn up by a rope and the cylinder is thus emptied at will and the height of the water is always known. The cylinders are about 4 feet long and 20 inches in diameter, and each contains 40 gallons. The car of the balloon has been designed to give great rigidity and also to accommodate all the different appliances; a set of horizontal projections pass all around the inside and afford a brace as well as a set of sheaves. The middle or "deck" of the car is thus left entirely free, as is quite necessary for these maneuverers. The car measures about 6 by 8 feet and 4 inches deep, and weighs only 450 pounds. It is entirely surrounded by a water-proof canvas which is brought up to a considerable height above it, leaving only an opening for the maneuverers. This renders it floatable, but in case of emergency a set of life-preserver bags has been placed all around the inside and it will float even without the canvas.

There were four aeronauts in all, and two were occupied with the maneuverers while the other two slept upon a circular platform of canvas which is stretched across below the balloon. It is intended to keep the balloon about 25 or 30 feet above the sea. It was kept swelled out into spherical shape by an air-bag in the interior which is filled by a horizontal air-fan worked from the car. The balloon carried a number of instruments, some of which are of a novel type, as well as a powerful projector, fed by a primary battery, to light up the apparatus in the sea, also a large signal light and the usual marine signal lamps. A novel feature is the use of acetylene buoys, conical vessels of sheet iron containing carbide of calcium, which when thrown into the sea give a brilliant light and indicate the passage of the balloon as well as afford points of alignment for the route.

The party started from Toulon at 11:30 p. m., October 12, followed by the cruiser Du Chayla, and carrier pigeons were released a few hours later stating that the balloon was driven by a north-northeastern wind and was traveling at a high speed, the weather being fine and all were well. Unfortunately the enterprise was not to be crowned with success, for on October 15 the cruiser was sighted returning with the balloon and her passengers which she picked

up ten miles east of the St. Laurent lighthouse. When Count de la Vaulx landed he stated that the weather had been very bad on the preceding day. A hard east wind drove the balloon toward the coast of Spain and a heavy rain also fell. The balloon had almost reached the Spanish frontier, the St. Laurent lighthouse being a small port in the Department of the Eastern Pyrenees. The passengers in the balloon feared that they would be blown ashore, so they decided to abandon the voyage and signaled the cruiser to take them on board. This was done with only slight damage to the balloon and with no injury to the passengers or scientific instruments. The voyage lasted forty-two hours.

A TERROR

is This Monkey—Some of His Pranks.

Among the attractions at Belle Isle Zoo, Jocko, the monkey, is easily the favorite. He roams the woods at will, plays pranks on the bears and wolves and occasionally turns a trick on mankind, the cleverness of which is calculated to add converts to the Darwinian theory. He is the especial delight of the children who visit the island, and they are never done feeding him delicacies, for which Jocko repays them by various side-splitting capers. Sometimes he carries a small, round mirror, into which he will gaze interestedly and smooth his hair with the care of a middle-aged man, who combs his thin hirsute adornment in the best possible manner to conceal approaching baldness.

Though this simian Ishmael is about as cute a monkey as ever came from the Brazilian wilds he has been several times disowned. And Jocko brought it all upon himself. He has had splendid opportunities to live an easy and luxurious life of retirement, but he spoiled everything through his extreme prankishness. For some time he was the pet of a Detroit physician's wife, having been sent to the doctor by a friend who brought him all the way from Brazil. Jocko's imitative faculties soon began to cause trouble. He used to uncork the doctor's medicine bottles and sample the prescriptions. And when the scrub woman was at work he would hunt up an old cloth and help her out.

One day while some painters who were at work at the house were at dinner, Jocko got hold of a brush and had started to paint the floor a deep vermilion when he was caught in the act. When Jocko began to cause trouble with the neighbors his owner thought it was about time to dispose of him. There was a party next door. The table had been laden with good things, but it was not time for the guests to assemble in the dining-room. When all was in readiness the hostess uttered a cry of dismay, for it was plain that an uninvited guest had been there. Milk pitchers had been emptied, fruit tampered with, dishes overturned and things left in a disgraceful condition generally. Of course it was laid to Jocko, who was banished to Belle Isle. For awhile he found a home at Insehrube, the residence of Park Commissioner Bolger, where at first he evinced an inclination to reform. But high life was too much for him. He soon returned to his old habits and was constantly in trouble. Numerous misdemeanors are charged to Jocko while he was a member of the Bolger household, the most serious of which was an assault upon a clothesline. Snowy counterpanes had been hung out to dry. Jocko first waded through a mudpuddle; then he climbed upon the line and carefully distributed the mud upon the wash and was pulling out the clothespins when chased away. Another time he jumped into a baby carriage and pilfered a bottle of paregoric, the contents of which he drank without the usual effect. In fact he seemed to be livelier than ever after that. He used to wash the windows of the Insehrube with the dirtiest rags he could find, and he at length became such a nuisance that he was turned at large. Jocko doesn't seem to mind. Apparently he is the happiest four-legged resident of the island.

PUEBLO INDIAN VILLAGES.

Washington Woman's Suggestion for an Exhibition at St. Louis Fair.

St. Louis, Sept. 30.—A valued suggestion has come from a woman to the Committee on Anthropology and Ethnology, and it will be given due consideration. It is from Mattie Coxie Stevenson, Washington, D. C., who has been associated with the leaders of this country in ethnologic research, and is familiar especially with certain Indian tribes. The lady writes, in part, as follows:

"I beg the privilege of placing before you an outline of my plan for an exhibit of the Pueblo Indians at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Though a few Pueblos appeared with some unknown showman at the World's Fair in Chicago, there has never been an exhibit of these Indians, from a scientific, or even an intelligent standpoint, and I have long desired to bring them before the world. My plan would be to secure typical families, and have the Pueblos erect their buildings, which could be made at comparatively small cost, under my supervision. I would have, in addition to the dwellings, showing the mills for grinding the corn and wheat, several kinds of fireplaces and ovens for cooking the food, a silversmith's shop, a kiwitski (a room dedicated to the anthropomorphic gods), with a fire altar, and a ceremonial chamber of the esoteric fraternalites. All this could be done without consuming any great amount of space.

"I would make a full display of their arts and crafts, including pottery making, weaving and silverwork. I would have

games, and hold exhibitions of their wonderful sacred rites, with the full regalia belonging to them, including masks, altars, artistic costumes, and other objects. My intimate connection with these people for many years has placed me in a position to understand their domestic and religious life most thoroughly, and their attachment to me would enable me to have such an exhibit as no amount of money could secure, owing to their superstitious dread of offending their gods by selling their religion.

"Biograph pictures of such ceremonies as could not be performed at the fair for want of space would be of great ethnological value and extremely interesting to the general spectator. It would be wise to secure these the coming autumn. I would have the Indians prepare their food for daily consumption, and also preserve the various foods for winter use. I will be pleased to enter into further detail concerning the plan I here present, if it should be your pleasure. I earnestly hope that your committee will decide to make an full an expedition of Pueblo life as possible, for it will be entirely original and will be one of the features of the fair."

AN EDUCATED MONKEY.

Everything But Talk, Does This One.

Esau, a chimpanzee, owned by Capt. De Lanceler, the famous African traveler and explorer, is probably the only really educated animal of the kind in captivity.

Not many months ago Mr. Esau was a wild denizen of the Congo jungles, knowing no better fun than to swing from one tree to another, and asking for no more delicate food than the milk of a ripe cocconut, and troubled with no thoughts of a higher education—no ambition, no vaulting. Now, although he has been only one year under the refining influence of civilization, and though he can count but four summers, he already displays surprising intelligence and culture.

His manner of living is exactly the same as that of a human being, and he is much better behaved than most children of four years. Life is a serious thing to Esau. His funny little wrinkled face has a most careworn expression, as though his years had been many and troubled; but despite the seriousness of his countenance, he has not lost all of his monkey mischief-loving nature, and many are the queer pranks he plays as a relief to his pent-up feelings after a day's hard study.

Esau took kindly to the social codes followed in the civilized world almost immediately, and he fairly screamed with delight the first time Captain De Lanceler set a place for him at the table, and permitted him to eat his evening meal after the manner of mankind.

The monkey sat perfectly still for a few minutes watching the movements of his master, and then quietly picked up knife and fork and "fell to." His exact imitation of his instructor's actions were laughable. He calmly handed his glass to be filled, sugared his tea, seasoned his meat, used his napkin—and in fact, seemed perfectly conversant with the most approved system of table etiquette.

When the funny little beast arrived in New York from his native home in the wilderness, all that he possessed in the way of clothing was a collar with a chain attached, but he soon made clear his desire to be attired in regulation citizen garb, and he coaxed and scolded until De Lanceler was forced to gratify him.

He is as fastidious and particular about the color and cut of his suits as any dandy. He flew into a rage the first time his master tried to induce him to don a dress suit, and could only be induced to wear the costume after De Lanceler appeared in a coat of the same cut. Now he refuses to pay an evening call or receive after 6 o'clock, unless attired in a full dress suit.

In selecting a tie or any other article of wearing apparel, he will always pick out the brightest and most conspicuous colors, refusing to take a black tie or a hat of sober color. He has, however, no objection to a suit of solid color when checks or plaids are not attainable.

Captain De Lanceler says Esau is quite an epicure, showing a decided taste for the daintiest and richest viands. He is not an absolute abstainer, and is quite a good judge of the quality of wines. Champagne is his favorite beverage, and he has to be closely watched when that drink is served, or he will imbibe more than is good for him.

There was an amusing scene in Esau's room when he was first shown a mirror. Only for an instant did he think the reflection was a friend from the jungle. Some instinct seemed to tell him that the monkey in the glass was Esau, and then all the vanity which had been stored up came forth. He pranced and grimaced, chattered and prinked, viewed himself from all possible angles, rearranged his tie, gave his trousers a hitch, and then stood in spell-bound admiration of himself.

He never thinks of dressing now without the use of the mirror, and he will stand for hours before his reflected image, prinking this way and that, like a young girl preparing for her first grand ball.

One of the most difficult things to teach Mr. Esau was the advantages of the bath. Monkeys, as a rule, have an instinctive aversion to water. As soon as Esau saw that his trainer liked his daily tub, not to be outdone even in that particular, the simian took to the cold water by sheer force of imitative will, and now he revels in it. In fact, he is so fond of the daily tub, that he is often forgetful of the time of day, and much to the confusion of the captain, leaps into the water, clothes and all.

One of the chimpanzee's accomplishments is that of playing the piano. He will sit at the instrument for hours, being extreme-

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 Lanceler, 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 Lanceler 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 Lanceler 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 Lanceler 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 landlord.

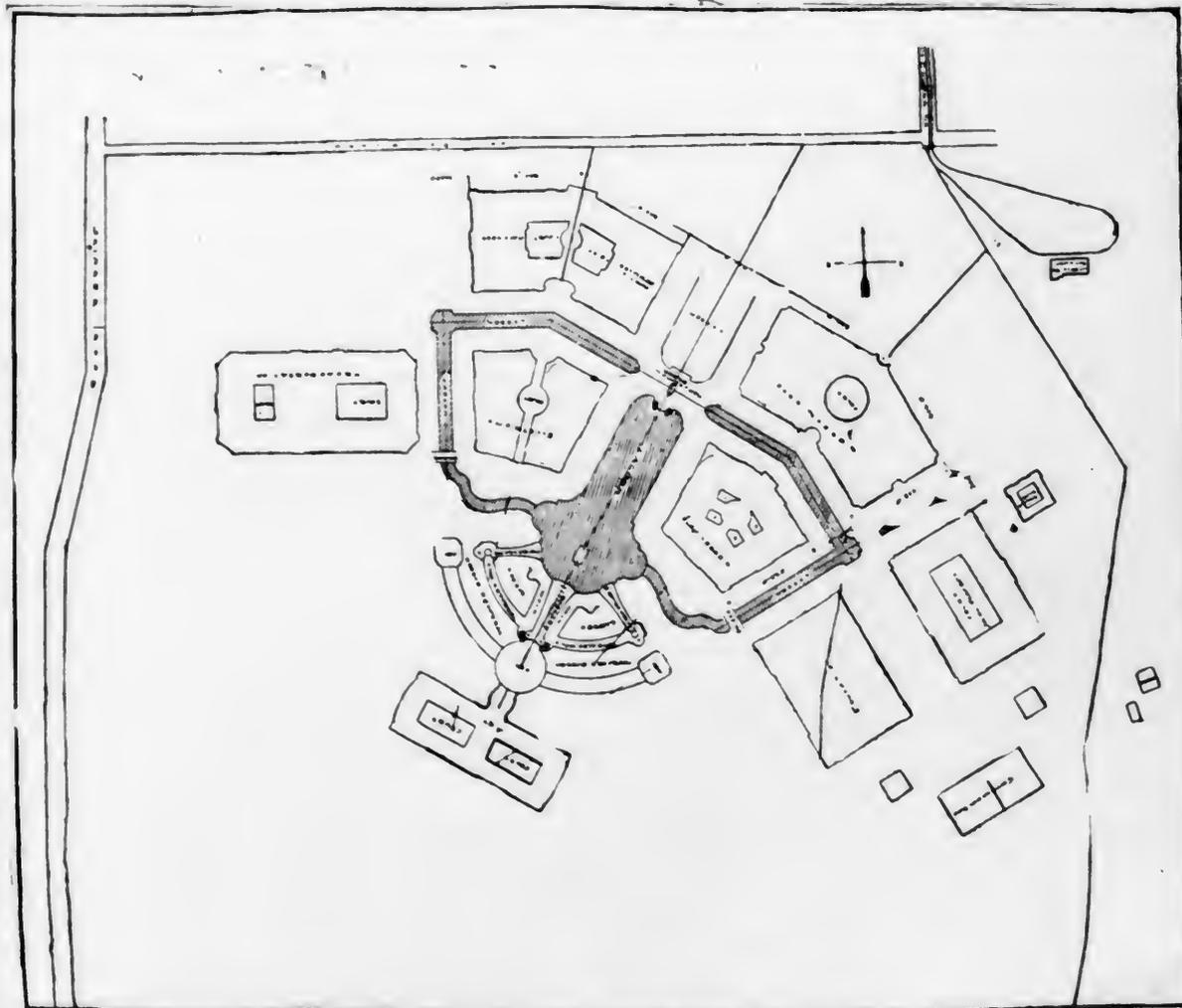
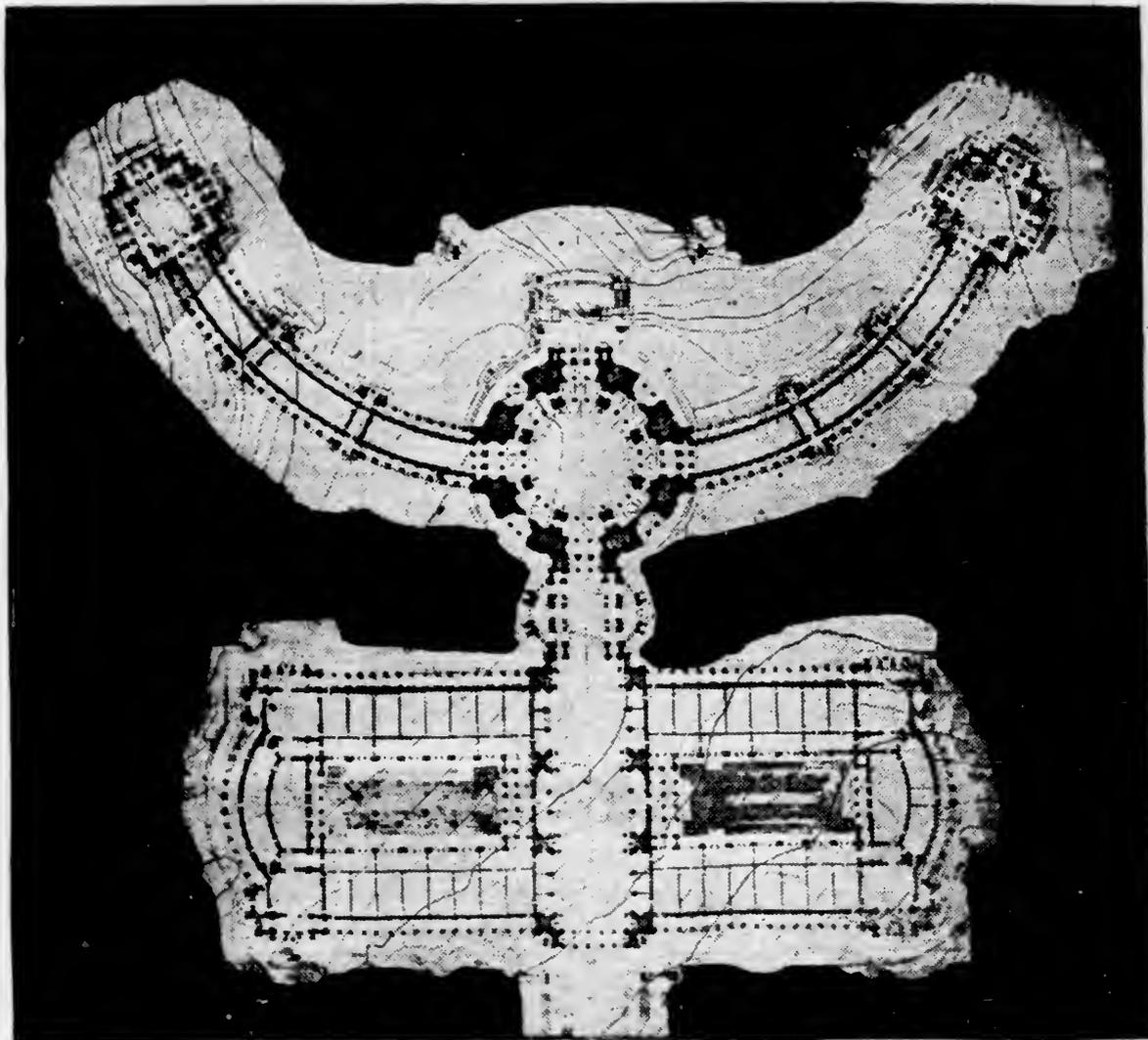
MANSFIELD, PA.

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.—No-ton-oh Carnival and Street Fair. Dec. 9 to 14, 1901. G. P. Brown, secy.
LAREDO, TEX.—Street Fair, Fleets 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. Stegler.
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.
DENVER, COL.—State Teachers' Association Convention. Jan. 1 to 3, 1902. H. A. Howe, University Park, Col.
DENVER, COL.—I. O. G. T. Interstate Grand Lodge Convention. Dec. 10, 1901. Anna E. Jachem, Arvada, Col., secy.

CONNECTICUT.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—Daughters of Herman Grand Lodge Convention. Jan. —, 1902. Mina 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. 23, 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.
FREEDPORT, 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. WILTOPEKA, KAN.—Patrons of Husbandry State Grange. Dec. 10, 1901. Geo. Black, Ham H. Barnes, State Home, secy. Olathe, Kan., 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 Clinton 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. Fritch, 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. I. 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. Y., secy.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Grammar School Principals' State Council. Dec. —, 1901. E. A. Fry, Troy, N. Y., secy.

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. Stedman, 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. Allan, 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., Wilkingsburg, Pa., secy.

SCRANTON, PA.—Associated Labor Press of America. Dec. —, 1901. John M. McDermott, 700 Flonroy 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. Girtne, 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. Vioria 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 28, 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.

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 Milug 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. E. 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. 1902.

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

CHARLESTON, S. C.—South Carolina Interstate and West Indian 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 26 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.

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. Olmstead, 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.

BEVIDERE, ILL.—Northern Illinois Poultry Association Show. Jan. 6 to 12, 1902. Chas. McClave and Geo. Holden, judges; Bent 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. Millax, 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.—Fulton 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.—Thnmb 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 29, 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. Jantzen, 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 Haslager, 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 Regentler, 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. Dosh, secy.

DAYTON, O.—Gem City Association Poultry Exhibition. Jan. 1 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.

FLINT, MICH.—Flint Poultry Fanciers' Association Show. Jan. 14 to 17, 1902. Frank Baves, secy.

FT. COLLINS, COLO.—Poudre Valley Poultry Association Show. Jan. 23 to Feb. 1, 1902. C. H. Rhodes, judge; W. H. Pring, secy.

FORT WORTH, TEX.—Fort Worth Poultry and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 3 to 7, 1901. G. W. Ratcliff, secy.

FOSTORIA, O.—Fostoria Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association Show. Dec. 9 to 12, 1901. Charles McClave, judge; Charles Mann, 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. Shellabarger, 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, to Jan. 4, 1902. F. P. 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. Gillett, 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. 26 to 28, 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. Kruckenborg, 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. Shellabarger, 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, 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. Tucker, 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. Burgett, 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. Riggs, 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. Randless, 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. Ross, 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. Burgott, 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.

WAHREN, 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. 8, 1902. E. H. Taylor, judge. A. W. McConnell, secy.

WEBSTER CITY, IA.—Webster City Poultry Association Show. Dec. 30, 1901, to Jan. 4, 1902. Mr. Riggs, 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. Sotlers, 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 Hless, secy.

YPSILANTI, MICH.—Ypsilanti Poultry Association Show. Dec. 31, 1901, to Jan. 5, 1902. Jas. A. Tucker, judge; L. M. Child, 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 billboards, because it was neither safe nor practicable to do otherwise.

Finding 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 handwork 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 lengthening of 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 boarding, 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 planned 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 lucid 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 unbelief 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 billposting 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.

WHILE 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! 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 ever 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 trifles 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 junk 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 questful 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.



JIM Casey and his friend, Pat Kline, 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 Gohen.)



I 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 "jolt" 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 bad' 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'—I 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—l 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 back' 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 'n land a good t'ing, an' if it comes off I'll have all kinds o' coin."

"You'd better stiek," I persisted.

"Don't you 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 agin 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 thought 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 signed 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 wld dis rag?"

"No, I'm thinking of going home soon."

"Where's dat?"

"Incinat'."

"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 Enquirer?"

"Oh, yes—several years. But who is your enemy in Incinatl'?"

"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 Enquirer."

"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 it did, you an' de whole Enquirer 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 delity 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 15-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 wot's 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 tipped 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. Me 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' Cal'nia."

Then it all came back to me and I knew why I had failed to recognize my grateful "booster." The "Kid" was all "toggled 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 d'eb' here, Cull?"

"I'm on my way home."

"Incinatl, eh?"

"Yep."

"W'en you goin'?"

"I can't say exactly; to night, 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 over?"

"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 to-day. 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 that 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 that 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 agin 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 brest' 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 that my relative had arrived, and that 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 that 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 that 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 snuggled 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 that 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 that 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 exacty opposite each other leading from this passageway, both into de tin shop on one side and de lower floor of de residence 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 utterly 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 that would aid de police in effecting his capture. It was, de Constitution said, de most daring burglary that had ever taken place in Atlanta, and de police were congratulating themselves that they had at

least captured one of de burglars with de booty in his possession. The newspaper article was a masterpiece of reportorial 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 that 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 that 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 that 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 them 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:

"Cull, dat dam peter was alrite 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.]

"Oh, 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 some time since we met."

"Seems like an age," interposed William, himself a bit disconcerted, feeling that he was treading on delicate ground.

"I suppose that they are talking horridly about me in dat old jail place?" said de pert miss, blinding 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; that 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 that was fairly pathetic, "there'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 that 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 germs of the awful disease. I made a game fight against it, but before I had seen "Gil" load 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 hope 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 occultist 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 "doubled" in the band, playing to my bass drum, and did a black face in the "concert," in addition to driving stakes, acting as chandler 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 begun 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 canvasesmen, rarer-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 Bara-

boos 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 't'ank so."

"What did you think of it?" I dared to inquire.

"Ay 't'ank yoe fallers bane purty soon in yall; dat's yoeat Ay 't'ank."

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 head 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 coin. 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 wind 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 mulled 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 finish 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. Sturges 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, that'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 what weuns dew tew hoss thieves 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, if 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 been identified for Henderson.

I had just said to the officer:
 "Are you kidding me?"

"There want 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.

"That's him, sure's blazes, darn 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.
 "Wall, 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 that 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 that. 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 pickling 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 successively, 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 picking, 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 fad 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,
 When home is lost to sight?

The curtain falls, the lights go out,
 The mimic reign is o'er,

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 b'lieve yew did, but weuns can't prove it on yewuns, that'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

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!"

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.



BELLEFONTAINE, O., Dec. 1.—Judge H. P. Ingalls, the oldest living showman, the boon companion of Barnum, Van Amburg, 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 Carneys' 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 oldtimers. 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 he 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 Bates 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 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 coat or vest. 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 grandiloquent 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 Dexter 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.



PROVIDENCE, 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 forgets 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 Setaune 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 in 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 Bill 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 Girard, 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 8 1/2 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-nut 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.")



ARECENT 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 no one should 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 one year, none gave such small promise of success as the others whispered as a certain little maid from Rhode Island, by name Bettina Langdon. The croakers were obliged to own she had beauty, but her voice and temperament? Horrors! No impresario could think of engaging her. And yet, Bettina was the very first of the lot to get an engagement. It came about in this wise: all in the springtime:

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. But he was a master as well in the art of making American girls who came to Italy to study believe that they were born for the stage, and if they only took lessons of him it was merely a matter of time (and money) when they should exhibit the existence of Nordic, Eusebian, Calve, or any other great star that might be glittering in the firmament. So there was seldom an hour of the day when his rather shabby little studio—two flights up on the rear court, in Via Brera—did not resound with the voices of his "pupils," as the sculptors and painters on the floor above used to sell the girls.

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. The old nobleman, who had once served Italy in a diplomatic post at Washington, was fond of the society of Americans, and was often seen at their colony's evening parties. It was his delight now and then to have San Donato bring his American girls to the palace to assist at a musicale or a conversatione.

It was on one of these evenings at the palace that Bettina met the impresario who gave her her first engagement. Among the gilded youth of Milan who made up part of the company was the duke's elder son, Prince Francesco, a wide-awake aristocrat who forgot to pose, and who had traveled everywhere. He was fond of practicing his English, and he talked to Bettina of his tour in America, and made her laugh by saying that the thing he liked best was a song he had heard in New York about one little girl who didn't want to play in another little girl's garden, as he put it. Bettina had often sung the ditty in her school-days—she thought of it sadly—and the words and tune began to run in her head. This happened while the master was showing off his pupils. One after another they had taken their places at the piano while he accompanied them in arias from the operas in which they dreamed some day of singing the leading roles; and one after another they had been rewarded with the polite applause of the company. At length it became Bettina's turn. In a low voice she spoke to the maestro while he opened a sheet of music and placed it on the ledge. "I shall not sing that," she said.

"What?" San Donato swung around on the stool and stared at her in amazement, a spot of snuff on the tip of his nose. He met the calm gaze of Bettina. "What you sing, then?" he said, somewhat necky.

"Listen, and you will hear." Then while the maestro sat open-mouthed at the silent piano, she began the simple strain of "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard." She sang in the sweet, artless manner of her early girlhood, free from the studied mouthings and breathings that often make the vocal scholar ridiculous, and in a voice as pure as nature. It was a strange piece to sing to an Italian company, but everyone listened in delight. This time the applause was not merely polite. It rang with genuine feeling and mingling cries of "Brava!" and "Alcova!" though only the duke and his son understood the word.

"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 as the sparkling red wine of Asti. "And you sang it for me," he breathed, looking into her eyes in the way that Italians like even more than colored pastry.

"It pleased me as well," she said, and he felt that her meaning was free of self-conceit. "I seemed to be home again in America, singing a little girl again in the days when mother was alive."

They met the next afternoon in the Victor Emmanuel Arcade, where he had waited two hours for her to pass. They walked to the cathedral in the plaza, and he showed her a chapel that his ancestors had given four hundred years ago. She told him of a poor little churchyard in a Rhode Island town and of a girl who came to Italy to study music that she might make her own way in the world. In a few days it had grown to be their custom to walk together from the music studio. Once they were passing the porte-cochere of his father's palace. Spring was in its full flush, and potted plants bloomed on the balconies of Via Brera, and she spoke of their beauty.

"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." Side 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 boyish mirth. "I want you for my princess," said her impresario, and Bettina's first and last engagement was sealed then and there.

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. The nickname by which she became famous was given her in her childhood. Her mother lived in two different tenements in Stockholm, No. 43 Jakobsbergsgatan and No. 32 Mastersammeln, while she was an infant, and it is not definitely known in which she was born. Both claim the honor, but the weight of evidence seems to be in favor of the former, which is on a short street in the manufacturing section of the city and mostly occupied by artisans of various sorts. The other place is on a better street near the center of the manufacturing section.

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. He has certified copies of the record of her birth and christening and the proceedings of the court, which, when she was fourteen years of age, decided that her parents were unfit persons to have charge of her, and appointed the director of the opera house as her guardian. He also has a number of autograph letters written when she was a child and afterward when she was a young woman in Paris studying with Mme. Parelli.

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. She says that she must have a new pair of shoes, for the shoemaker has refused to repair her old ones any longer, and tells her mother that she could buy a pair at Drottningholm, where she is stopping—a little village that surrounds the king's palace—a little cheaper than she could get them at Stockholm. The letters from Paris, full of ardor and enthusiasm, tell of her experience there, the compliments that have been paid her, the encouragement she has received and her confidence of success.

There are people still living in Stockholm who knew her intimately, although the greater part of her life was spent in London. Among others is Professor Gunter, a former instructor in the Royal Conservatory of Music, who retired on a pension a few years ago, to whom she was at one time engaged to be married. She fitted him to marry Otto Goldsmith, her accompanist upon her American tour under the management of P. T. Barnum. Mr. Goldsmith is still living in London. Their son is a captain in the British army, and their daughter is married to a prominent business man 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, and at the age of eighteen made her debut in the opera "Agata" in the Royal Opera House, which was torn down to make room for the new one that stands opposite the palace to-day. It is an institution of which the people of Stockholm are very proud.

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. Two of his overtures, "Othello" and "As You Like It," have been given in London, and a third, "Macbeth," was recently played under Mr. Theodore Thomas' direction in Chicago.

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. After clearing the neighborhood of his home in St. John's Wood of such visitors, a champion of the brotherhood appeared one day to have it out with the composer. He settled himself in front of the musician's window and play. Coin and arguments were useless. He had come to stay. The musician in the street was an athlete, so is the Canadian. A test of strength followed. At its conclusion the visiting musician withdrew.

Feeling that the street piano man had provoked the assault, Mr. Lucas went to a neighboring magistrate and explained what he had done. The magistrate, seizing the humor of the situation, grinned and said that he was glad when musical gentlemen helped to keep the peace.

ROYAL COMPOSER.

An Indian Prince Is To Offer His Own Composition For Presentation in London.



PRINCE Dundeep Singh, by right of succession entitled to the throne of the Maharajah Runjeet Singh, is a song composer of more than ordinary merit. He inherits the talent from his father, who left among his papers the manuscript of an opera, which Prince Dundeep Singh has declared his intention of having scored for orchestra and presented at Covent Garden, London.

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, and married, some three years ago, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Coventry.

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, when that officer was in command at Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The famous Kohlnoor diamond, now one of the English crown jewels, was the property of his grandfather, Runjeet Singh. This extraordinary personage, whose sole legacy from his father was a troop of cavalry, acquired the vast territory bounded by the Indus and the Sutlej, and became owner of Cashmere to the snowy range and beyond. His treasure in cash, jewels, horses and elephants was estimated at fifty million dollars.

Prince Dundeep Singh, frank and democratic in manner, is a musical enthusiast, and travels up to London for every concert of importance. During the past winter he has been engaged on another volume of songs, now nearly completed. There is nothing of the Oriental in his music, which savors rather of the French school.

HIS ENGAGEMENT.

What Caused the Comptroller of the Treasury to Eat a Cold Lunch and Dismiss Callers.

(Written for "The Billboard.")



AFEW weeks ago a gentleman called at the office of Mr. Charles G. Dawes, Comptroller of the Currency, at Washington, and found him eating a hurried luncheon in his office, an unusual occurrence, as it is his delight to take an afternoon stroll shortly after noon and eat his luncheon with a friend or two at a near-by cafe. The gentleman began talking business, but the Comptroller seemed preoccupied, and kept glancing at the clock and looking out of the window. Finally, turning to his messenger, he said:

"Francis, tell those people that I will be with them in a few moments."

Then Mr. Dawes said to his visitor: "I shall have to ask you either to hasten your business or to come back to-morrow, as I have a very important engagement this afternoon."

The caller's affairs were easily disposed of, and Mr. Dawes, grasping his hat, hastened out of the office, after making another apology for his abrupt departure.

Curious to see what had been drawing the Comptroller's eyes to the window, the visitor looked out, and there on the broad pavement in front of the western entrance to the Treasury building were ranged a squad of newboys, black and white, whom Francis, the messenger, was endeavoring to bring into something like an orderly line. The little fellows sent up a shrill cry of welcome as they saw Mr. Dawes coming down the Treasury steps.

"Get in line there, you fellows!" said the big Treasury official. "Hurry up, or we'll be late!"

And off they started, around the Treasury building to a street car on which was a placard announcing, "This car for the Wild West show." This was the "important engagement" pleaded by Comptroller Dawes to make happy a dozen or more little fellows who had only dreamed of seeing the wonders of the Wild West show.

A day or two before the coming of the show Mr. Dawes had instructed his messenger to tell the newboys and bootblacks about the Treasury building, with whom he had made friends since going to Washington, to be on hand at a certain hour on the day of the show and he would take them to see it. All the boys were there promptly, including "Honorable Ethan Allen White," a little low-legged mite of a negro, who fights his way every evening to be the first to offer Mr. Dawes a paper.

"What is your name?" asked the Comptroller the first time this little fellow halted him with the Washington newboy's cry.

"Hain't got no name, mistub. Ahm just nighb." "Oh, you must have a name," said the Comptroller. "Let's see; I guess we'll call you 'Honorable Ethan Allen White.' How will that do?"

"Fust 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.

"How many tickets, Mr. Dawes?" said the urbane attendant.

"Fifteen."

"All right, sir. Pass right along, Mr. Dawes. Our ushers will take good care of you and your family."

Mr. Dawes and "family" were given good seats, and the wild delight of the street walks over the performance and their enjoyment of a plentiful supply of peanuts made the Comptroller feel fully repaid.

A REAL KNOCKER.

The Georgia "Cracker" As an Axe Artist, After Being Turned Down For a Pass.

(Written for "The Billboard.")



MR. 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. According to Mr. Coburn's story, he was approached while on the door by a long, lank specimen of Southern chivalry, dressed in a well-worn and well-faded brown suit which did not meet at any point. He had no cuffs, a dirty collar and black string tie, hair growing down in his eyes, and a lovely stream of tobacco stain from mouth to chin, and continuing on from the center of his shirt front below and inside his vest. This was something like the conversation:

S. C.: "Howdy."

J. A. C.: "How do you do, sir?"

"Much of a crowd?"

"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?"

"Well, I don't know. Did you like it?"

"Yew bet. Say, is that cornet gold or jes' plated?"

"It is plated, sir."

"Huh, thought so. Told Bill 'twas. I'm something of a musician myself."

"Yes."

"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?"

"Yes, it's a good show."

"Got any women with ye?"

"No, sir."

"Ain't any chance for a 'comp.' is there? I don't care much about gold in. I was lorn and brought up in New York myself, so st I got used to it, and kind or tired of showos. Always liked a 'minstrel' show, tho'."

"Well, I am sorry I can not offer you a pass, my friend. I simply work here for the owners."

"Oh, yes; I see. Well, say, can't you make me an' my friend a sort of a cut rate?"

"What for?"

"Well, we're musicians, and I keep this epery planer tuned always."

"Can't do it."

"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 "Grl." or the suggestion of one used in the title. Within the last four seasons the stage has seen "The Belle of Bohemia," "The Belle of Bridgeport," "The Liberty Belle," "The Beaux and Belles," as well as any number of "girls," such as "The Grl from Maxim's," "The Casino Grl," "The Run away Grl," "The Circus Grl," "A Grl from Up There," "The Summer Grl," "The Grl with the Auburn Hair," and "The Belle of New York." While many of these have been successful it has remained for "The Belle of New York" to establish the enviable record of being "the greatest grl of all." Her performances have run up to the astonishing number of 2,000 times and she numbers legends of admirers in England, Australia and America.

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. No one remembers W. H. Fry's "Leonora" and "Notre Dame de Paris." L. H. Southard's "Scarlet Letter" was never sung. A Pole named Sobolevski, who was living in Milwaukee in 1859, produced "Mohoga," which he called a "grand American National Opera," but there is no record of its quality. Benjamin Carr, an Englishman, is reported to have composed the score of "The Archers or Mountaineers of Switzerland" in New York in 1798.

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, anticipating 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 innumerable technical complications of the left-hand work, as well as countless diversity of bowings, to form a perfect whole.

world. It is essentially a 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 polish wrapped in tinfoil. 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 towering 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 starring 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 humm 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 natural 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, harmonies, 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 laughing 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 joggling 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.

We're tired of the dashing maid;
We want a girl who cries;
We want a girl with curly hair,
And lovely, big blue eyes.

A little sweetheart made for love,
A man of proper size;
A novel full of sentiment —
Not his'try in disguise.

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 size,
And soon upon the golden shore
I'll count celestial ties.
Clairnath, 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. I. 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 baritone 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 a 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 feller, you can't work any such 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.'"

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 feel hard to please. 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 of 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 "Leg 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. Breathing 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?"

Candid 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 min 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 ve 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, adjoining 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 climbers 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.

The project had nearly been abandoned because of the vast amount of work and trouble entailed and the comparative unimportance of the transfer of the time ball, when one of the officials heard of Southerland and sent for him to ask his opinion as to the practicability of the move.

"Easy," he said. "Why, it's not worth while talking about. Tell me what you want me to do, and when you want me to do it."

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.

Southerland, who is built like a gladiator, laughed in a deep-chested basso and waved his hand scornfully. "Ropes—scaffolds—I don't use them. They are for amateurs. I walk up. That is where I got the name of the 'Human Fly.'"

"But, my dear man," said the chief clerk despairingly, "you might as well try to walk up the wall of this room."

"That's easy, too," said the Human Fly. 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.

When he came down and had removed his suction shoes and gloves he was asked no more questions as to how he proposed to get the slender shaft and time ball on the top of the tower.

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. As the shaft is 255 feet high, and its sides are perpendicular, Southerland was laughed at when he mentioned the matter.

He promptly resented the implied disbelief, and offered to blindfold Mr. Dawson, the Postmaster General's private secretary, equip him with the suction shoes and gloves and send him up outside of the Washington Monument for 100 feet or so.

"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. He has climbed the steeples of St. Patrick's Cathedral and Trinity Church, in New York, and St. Paul's, in London; climbed the National Liberty Pole on the Highlands of Naveshuk, N. J.; climbed the staff on the World Building, New York, the City Hall of Philadelphia, the courthouse towers of San Bernardino and Los Angeles, Cal., Slegel Cooper's poles and stacks in Chicago, and numberless other lofty spires, shafts and steeples in all parts of the country, besides having erected and climbed any number of Government towers and poles from coast to coast.

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. He says he does not expect to die a natural death, but intends to keep on climbing anything in sight until his time comes. He said to-day that he had had many falls, and that once he dropped a distance of over 200 feet.

"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 trip was a great success, after sailing around Elgin for two or three days, and we landed on a farm near Denver. So I wired Joe to come to Denver, as I had overslept myself and gone through Kansas City. When he came he said a farmer had \$85 and wanted to put out a burlesque show, band and orchestra. I told him as all the partners would have to be on an equal footing it would be necessary to go out and blow that money. So we could all begin even in the morning. If we had not met Ben Dodson it would have taken us nearly all night to spend it. The farmer had already advertised for musicians, and when they came on he had 18 base drummers and one flute player. All musicians looked alike to him. I forgot what this show was called, except by local managers. They called it everything. I know when I tried to book it at Pensacola 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. One soubrette insisted on having it done where it wouldn't show, so the doctor told her as he saw the show last night the only thing she could do would be to swallow it. The hotel at Corinth had hot and cold chambermaids on every floor and they all wanted to see the show. Business was so rotten and the theater so big that the manager had to stay up all night writing passes to fill it. At Decatur a musician wanted some money. Said he had to have it; wanted to send his wife some money and get some washing out; have his hair cut, etc. "No," said the treasurer, "you don't want your hair cut, for we are going out West." The musician cut out the hair and said he must have 50 cents. "All right," replied the treasurer, "here is 25; come around the end of the month and I will give you the balance." This show would have been a great success if the manager had only known when pay came in every town. It looked like the troupe was always two days late on calculating, and again, the opposition was always fierce. At Holly Springs we had a christening against us, and a wedding at Oxford. Our hotel car was a life-saving institution. At Aberdeen the manager sold 1,000 tickets to a butcher and took it out in liver, so the musicians were easy for two weeks. Finally, everybody got tired traveling and the car was sidetracked at Yazoo and we took in boarders and had the band play during meal hours. The Baker heater engineer forgot to salt his machine, and when it blew up it scattered the car and company all over Mississippi, thus saving the manager over a year's salaries.

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:

- Frank Adams En Route
Adell's Dog & Pony Show Ft. Recovery, O
Captain Amant's Shows Peoria, Ill
American Circus & Ex. Co. Kansas City, Mo
Tony Ashton's Show London, Ind
Balley Twin Sisters Urbana, O
Harber Bros. Portsmouth, O
Barlow's Show South Milford, Ind

- Bonhomme Family, 10 & 20c Show En Route
Barham & Bailey Paris, France
Barr Bros.' Shows Easton, Pa
Boyerle's Burk Tom Shows Lincoln, Neb
Bonheur Bros. Augusta, O. T
Frank C. Bostock's Charleston, S. C
Bostock Ferrari Kansas City, Mo
Moble Bailey & Sons Houston, Tex.
Buchanan Bros. Des Moines, Ia
Buffalo Bill's Wild West Bridgeport, Conn
Callahan (Prof.) Tom Shows Olatte, 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 Ferrari 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
Goolrich, 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 F. 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
La 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 Sienandoah, Pa
Lu Bell's Great Sensation Washington, La
Walter 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
Nal's United Shows Beloit, Kan
Norris & Rowe's San Jose, Cal
Orrin 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
Priblione's (No. 1) Havana, Cuba
Priblione'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." Some of the most successful fairs and race meets in Kentucky in the past six years were under his personal and sole management, and much credit of the great success is due to the untiring efforts and bustling qualities of the management.

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

- A. Wilson Show (burlesque tent) Norwich, Conn
Wintermute Bros. Hebron, Wis
W. E. Winston Pacific Grove, Cal
Wixom Bros. Bancroft, Mich
James Zanone Nashville, Tenn
Zelmer Show St. Louis, Mo
Gentry's Dog & Pony, No. 3. Houston, Tex
Chas. Berkell's Shows Avoca, Ia

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 freshes 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 Distributer, 295 Fifth Street, Terre Haute, Indiana.

HUDSON
Billposting Co.

Licensed City Billposters and Distributers. 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

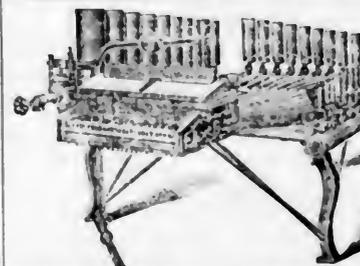
Eagle Glass Works
16 S. Fulton Ave., Baltimore, Md.

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. SAAW, 1122 South 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.

100 amusing and mysterious **MAGIC TRICKS** with catalog 10c
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.

LOU KRICH World's Unrivaled Mute High Wire Walker
Can be engaged after April 15, '92, at Parks, Fairs, Circuses, etc. Address 1011 KRICH, 126 East Second Street, Bunkirk, N. Y.

WILL J. PERRY

LICENSED BILLPOSTER AND DISTRIBUTOR

CARROLLTON, GA. Population, 3,600. Good Territory.

Any one desiring to advertise South-east 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 Distributer 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 Southeastern 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 relieved 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. We use them. 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, Puzzle 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, Revivals 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.

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, 1891. 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.

10 YEARS A BILLPOSTER, SIGNED FOR 11 MORE.

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
Panoramic 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, Indelible 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 Fairs, Spindles, etc. Write for our low prices.

M. KINGSLEY

Rutland, Vt.

Owens and controls 1,200 lineal feet of Billboard Room.

TRICKS 387 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.

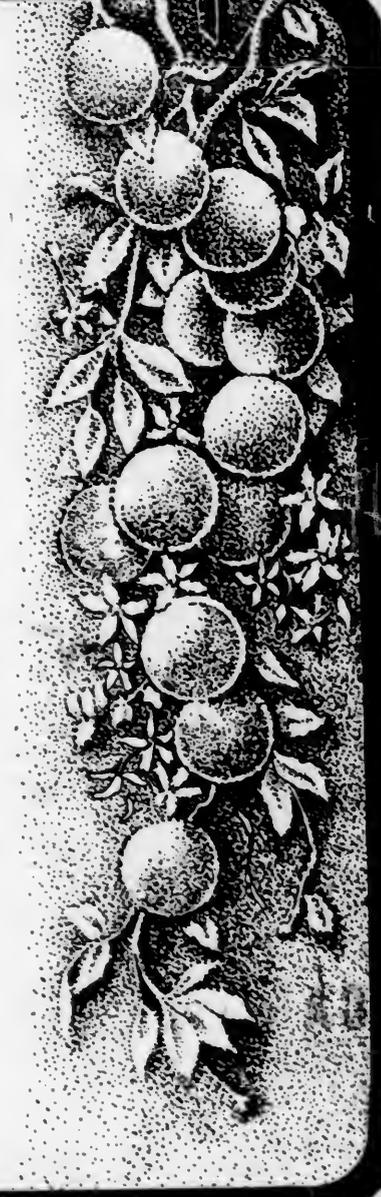
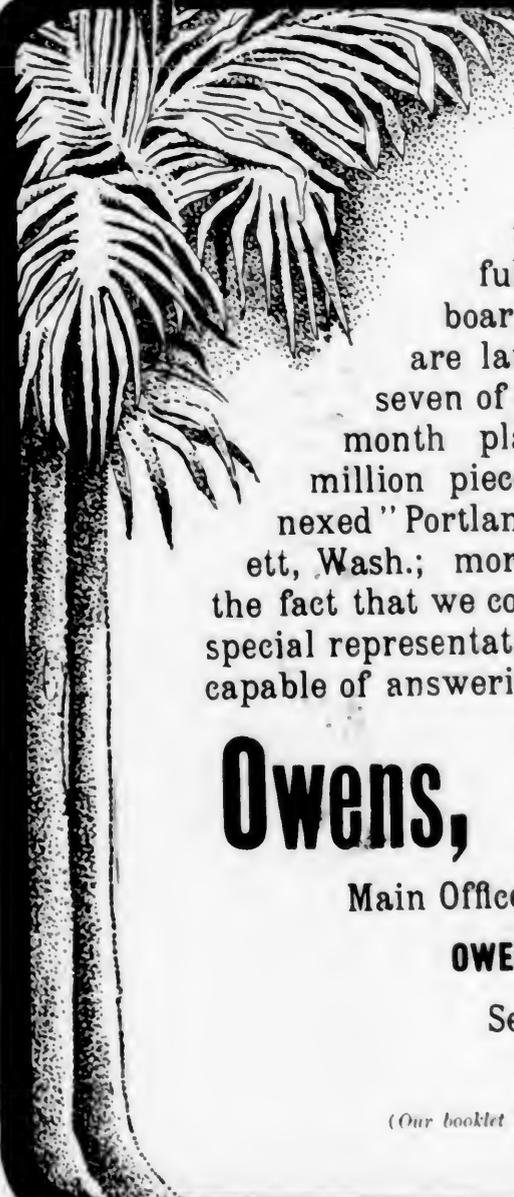
Mention "The Billboard" when answering ads.



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.

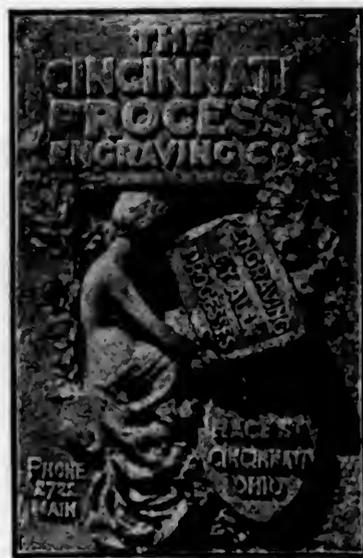
SIDE SHOW PAINTINGS

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,
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31 West Chestnut Street.
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To put up a Guarantee for Good Attractions.

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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.

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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.

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1314-16 VINE STREET.

GUS. WORM, ED. BRANNIGAN, Sole Proprietors and Managers.

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCES

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VAUDEVILLE THEATRE

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.

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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.

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BILL POSTERS, DISTRIBUTERS AND OUT DOOR ADVERTISERS. 7 000 FEET of Boards. All in prominent locations. Western agents for Hoyt's Cold Water Paste

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Posting, Sign Tacking, Sampling and House to FITZGERALD, GEORGIA House Distributing a Specialty.

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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.

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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 distributory department. Price for posting 7c. per sheet. Distributing, \$3 and up per m

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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 at all write us. THE INDIANAPOLIS PASTE CO., Indianapolis, Ind.

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BILL POSTING,

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General Office, 1728 LAWRENCE ST., DENVER, COL.

BRANCH OFFICES—Pueblo, Colorado Springs.

W. Gault Browne The Dean of Vaudeville and Dramatic Writers.

My successful plays, "The Poor Mr. Rich," "Mr. Bute from Montana," "A Tale of the Philippines," "The Wheel of Fate," "At Mambury," "The Heart of Cuba," "Gaffair Carewe," "That Cousin from Japan," my own versions of "Moths," "Under Two Flags," "Michael Strogoff," "Monte Cristo," "Foul Play," "Quo Vadis," "God and the Man," "Prince Otto," and a great many others on very low royalty. I am a 150 handling several hundred other low royalty plays. A pink stamp will bring you a catalogue.

I write to order anything known to the stage (songs and parodies excepted) at bed rock prices. No printed junk at any price. Everything up to the second. If you are in need of a stage novelty of any description, drop me a line. If you happen to be in the village, call on me. Faside the name and number in your hat for future use.

W. GAULT BROWNE, 188 and 190 North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

P. S.—My rural play, "Gilroy's Kite," will be ready for repertoire attractions Feb. 1. Look it up.

Watches, Jewelry, Razors, Etc.

We supply at lowest Wholesale and Factory Prices. Address

KING HARVARD CO., 147 5th Avenue, Chicago. Agents Dept.

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Confetti Dusters, Cans, Ribbon, Return Balls, Whips, Horns, Balloons, Toys, and all the latest novelties for Street Fairs, Carnivals and Celebrations. Write for price list.

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Look! Look!! The Magic Reveale

Examine the Hidden and Secret Wonders of Nature. Will magnify 1,000 times. Is something that every young man and woman wants. This is something entirely new, and a rare bargain to those who wish to see the beautiful in Nature revealed. Sent free by post for 6 stamps, all handsomely mounted in Ordele, and sent, secure from observation, on receipt of price; or 3 for 1 s., 6 for 1 s. 9 d., or 12 assorted for 3 s. 3 d. When not in use its object cannot be detected. Novelty list 2 stamps. Address A. REID, West Green Road, London, N., Eng.

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The most desirable & Lasting Brush made. We carry 2 brands "DONALDSON." "UNRECEIVED." This brush is manufactured especially for us, and is fully warranted. It is the cheapest GOOD brush you can find anywhere. Prices: 5 in., \$1.25 each; 7 in., \$1.50 each; 9 in., \$2.00 each; 10 in., \$2.50 each; 12 in., \$3.00 each. Send the money with the order. Write east C. O. D. The Donaldson Litho. Co., Newport, Ky

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And that large portion of it interested in advertising will find it much to their advantage to subscribe to "PUBLICITY," 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.

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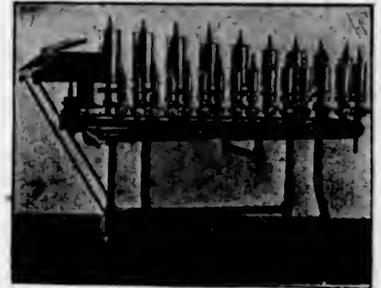
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Circuses, Shows, Excursion Steamers, Floating Theatres. Specialties of all kinds. We have sold them to advertise even Soap and Extracts.



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THOS. J. NICHOL & COMPANY,

S. E. Cor. Pearl & Ludlow Sts., Cincinnati, O.

Illinois Central Railroad

Through Service to California and Hot Springs, Ark.

Two Fast Daily Trains to Memphis and New Orleans

Pullman Sleepers. Free Reclining Chair Cars. Dining Car Service a la carte. Full information of local ticket agent or by addressing F. W. HARTLOW, Division Passenger Agent, 428 Vine Street, Cincinnati, O.

SONGS, SKETCHES

Monologues, Comedies and Dramas WRITTEN TO ORDER

High Grade Vaudeville Work a Specialty.

Comedies and Dramas Revised and Reconstructed. Every description of theatrical work furnished at lowest rates consistent with good work. Refer to any professional. I have been writing for 21 years and exclusively for professionals. Unique, strong telling press-work furnished to circus or vaudeville agents. Send stamp for estimate. Address

BOB WATT, Dramatic Author

THEATRICAL EXCHANGE

806 Walnut St., PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

GET SONG BOOKS

OF BOWEN & CO., 160 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Great sellers. \$1.00 per Hundred and Up. Let us get you up a Special Book. Send 10 cents for samples.

Agents, Fakira Quik. Pod puzzles a winner. Sample 10c; doz. 75c; gr. \$8.10. A. Kinnicut, Albany, N.Y.

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

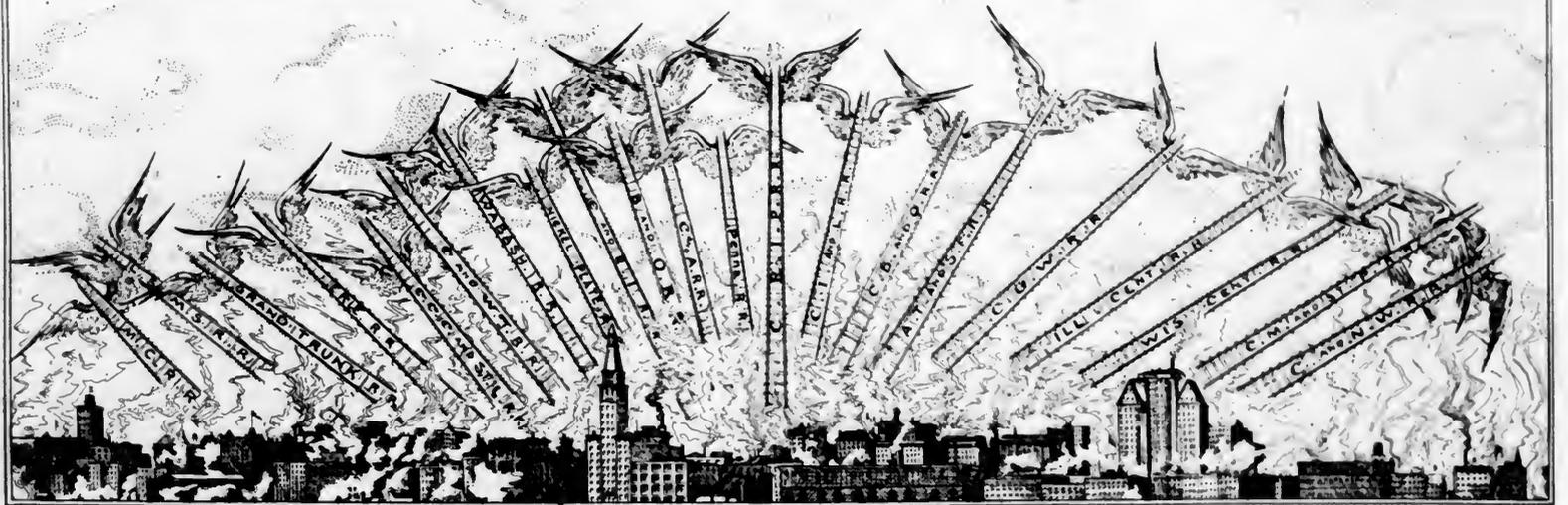
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The Expansive Force of Chicago Publicity



PROPER--POSTING--PRODUCES--PROMPT--POTENT--PUBLICITY.

Posting in Chicago not only appeals to more than two millions of prosperous buyers but echoes to every corner of the country. This is the great center from which railways diverge in every direction carrying Chicago-made impressions to every part of the Union.

MAKE YOUR CHICAGO APPROPRIATION STRONG.

It will create satisfactory results here, and reinforce your efforts everywhere else.

OUR POSTING PLANT.

Is the largest in the world—more locations, more surfaces, more business than any other.

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The best equipped, most comprehensive, thorough and reliable in existence.

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This service covers every State in the Union and offers advantages to the National Advertiser, which he can obtain from no other company or agency. Estimates promptly made for posting any City, State or Territory. Reliable advice and information furnished on applications, sizes and quantities of paper, etc., required for securing the best results in any part of the United States. Our National Posting Service is based on years of experience and our clientele numbers many of the largest and most successful advertisers in America. Our knowledge, experience and facilities are at your command—they are given freely, promptly and courteously.

THE AMERICAN SERVICE,

P. F. SCHAEFER, General Manager.

CHICAGO, ILLS.

**Levitt & Seeman,
AMUSEMENT
ENTERPRISE**

Greater, Grander, More Gorgeous Than Ever!

HAS JUST CLOSED THE MOST PROSPEROUS SEASON IN ITS HISTORY.

NOW PREPARING FOR NEXT SEASON ON A SCALE OF GRANDEUR MAGNIFICENCE AND SPLENDOR THAT WILL STARTLE THE AMUSEMENT WORLD WHEN PRESENTED. TIME NOW BOOKING FOR THE FOLLOWING ATTRACTIONS:

THE CRYSTAL MAZE!



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.

EDISON'S ANIMATED PICTURES.

Reproductions of late happenings of interest, both local and foreign, that have occurred during the natural course of events.

THE PRISMATIC PHANTASMA.

A trip around the world, in which is brought into action the most beautiful mechanical and electrical effects ever presented in this country.

THE ELECTRIC THEATER.

The embodiment of all its name implies.

ELECTRA.

Entrancing Aerial Ballet.

Address **LEVITT & SEEMAN,** Care of *The Billboard*, Associated with **MESSRS. BOSTOCK & FERARI.**



Chesnut Hill, Pa.
Write for Catalogue on Hardware.

**FOR...
YOUR
Holiday Trip**
Use the
**..BIG..
4**

\$ Lest You Forget
Newburgh, N. Y.
Newburgh Bill Posting Co.
Distributing
"On the Square"
H. R. LYDECKER, Prop.

\$ **Lantern Slides**

For Illustrated Songs, Serpentine Dance and Cloak 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
4047 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FOR RENT A FRAME BUILDING
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.

Faithful and prompt **DISTRIBUTER** of advertising material; also sign tackling. H. H. Skinner, 624 W. Gray St., Elmira, N.Y.

Brown & Wiant, St. Paris Ohio,
SNOW PRINTING. Small stuff our specialty. Write for prices.

For Sale Foot Juggling Barrel and Pedestal.
Pedestal upholstered with plush spangled canopy. For full particulars address Will H. Jackson, Grantburg, Illinois.



A Sample Button Free

MADE FROM YOUR PHOTOGRAPH

This offer to professionals only. We make buttons so cheap you can afford to give them away as an advertisement, and so beautiful that people will buy. No firm in the country can beat us on price or quality. Let us make you a sample button and quote prices.

ST. LOUIS BUTTON CO.,

620 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

C. HAGENBECK

Largest Dealer and Shipper of

...Wild Animals...

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

C. L. WILLIAMS, American Representative STATION E Cincinnati, O.

The Southern Advertising Company

Owens Exclusive Privileges for Billposting

in the following cities: Columbia, S. C., population 30,000; Spartansburg, S. C., population 16,000; Greenville, S. C., population 16,000; Asheville, N. C., population 20,000. Address all communications to

JOHN R. BAIN, & BILL POSTER, & SPARTANBURG, S. C.

W. A. SHEETZ
BILL
POSTING CO.

GOOD

**BOARDS
LOCATIONS
SERVICE**

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Famous Crooked Paste Brush Handle

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.

EMPIRE BILL POSTING COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

WANTED FOR SAUTELLES
New Big Railroad Shows

People in every branch of the circus business—Riders, Gymnasts, Acrobats, Wire Walkers, Rope Dancers, Ariel Artists, Cow Boys, Rough Riders, Mexicans, Indians, Arabs, Japanese, Race Riders, Chariot Drivers, Ballet Girls, Ladies for Illusions, Concert People, Curiosities and Performers for Side Show, Contracting Agent, Superintendents for Advertising Cars, Heads of Departments, etc. No salary too high if you have the goods. Consider two weeks' silence a polite negative. A complete No. 1 Wagon Show for sale together or separately, all ready to set up, in first-class condition.

Address **SIG. SAUTELLE, Homer, New York.**

Wigs, Make Up, Smokeless Fire, Masks **COSTUMES** For Circus, Fairs, Parades, Professionals and Amateurs Fitted Out. . .

THE LARGEST COSTUME HOUSE IN THE SOUTH.

Send for Catalogue. Stage money given away. Velvet Grease Powder—20 shades. Free sample.
C. E. GUNDLACH, the Costumer, 927 E Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Elks, Board of Trades, Chambers of Commerce and Other Organizations who contemplate holding fairs of any kind take notice the coming season

A RECORD WITHOUT A PARALLEL

W. H. RICE, Promoter of Successful STREET FAIRS

Season 1901 At Owensboro, Ky., Bloomington, Ill., Champagne, Ill., Mishawaka, Ind., Danville, Ill. Season 1901

These five fairs had 14 parades that were parades; \$35,842.10 gross business for Midway Shows; \$5,721 for Privileges (no graft); 278 exhibitors' booths on streets; decorations everywhere; 1/2 fare and less on all R. R.s; 5 Boom Trains that cleared \$42,500; plenty of rain and rice. Not one bloomer in the lot. Special work for fairs at Henderson, Ky., New Albany, Ind., Huntsville, Ala., Atlanta, Ga., Anniston, Ala., and Savannah, Ga. At references from Sec'ys, Executive Coms. and Newspapers of all the above cities or any showman who made these fairs. W. H. RICE, Permanent Address, SAGINAW, MICH.

FOR SALE Pair fine hand card Ventriloquial Figures, Natural Eyes, Head and Mouth Movement, Natural Hair, Velvet Costumes, \$10.00 cash. Herman Flower Trick, complete with flowers, \$2.50.
HARRY VANE, General Delivery, Norfolk, Nebraska.

For Careful and Prompt Attention POSTING AND DISTRIBUTING
Send Your
to **B. HAHN, Proprietor and Manager the Opera House, Sturgeon Bay, Wis.**
Posting since 1885.

The Utah Bill Posting Co. P. O. Box 146
OGDEN, UTAH.

CONFETTI AND A FEW SPECIAL NOVELTIES FOR STREETMEN
—WRITE FOR SAMPLES AND PRICES.—
ST. LOUIS CONFETTI CO., St. Louis, Mo.

FOR SALE

A Fine 60 Foot Pullman Combination Dining and Sleeping Car in Al Condition.

Also have Edison Moving Picture Machine, 4,000 feet films, Two Stereopticons; Lot of fine Slides, Illustrated Song Slides; Serpentine Dance Outfit; Calcium and Electric Outfits; 12 fine band suits; Duplex Snare Drum; Pair Cymbals. The above cheap for cash or exchange for diamonds.

Call or address Private Car

10th and Main, Terre Haute, Indiana
Until December 25th.

Will L. Ricks

ASSOCIATED BILL POSTER
VALDOSTA, GEORGIA.

For a Good Showing: Four 24-sheet, six 8-sheet stands, 25 2's and 100 1's.

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Billposter and Distributer

27 Cortland St., L. B. 84. **NORWICH, N. Y.**

Norwalk } So. Norwalk } CONN.

Population 25,000

Harry B. Bussing

Billposter and Distributer

I also cover New Canaan, Darien, Wilton, Westport, Cannons, Georgetown, Branchville, Xaranton. Reference: Any national advertiser who has done business with me. Contract now.

Russell Opera House,
AUGUSTA, KY.

Elsworth Yates, Mgr. I control City Bill Boards.

Wanted to Hear from Al Agent

Who is absolutely sober and reliable; efficient in newspaper work, booking, R. E. and general contracting. One night stands. Open about Feb'y 1st; middle west. Long season to right man; must furnish satisfactory references, and state full what you have done. Name salary and full particulars first letter. Send photo; will return same. An responsible and want an agent of the same caliber.

W. H. WARREN, Somerset, N. Y.

CASH for acceptable ideas. State if patented. **THE PATENT RECORD,** Baltimore, Md. Subscription price of the PATENT RECORD \$1.00 per annum. Samples free.

F. J. Russell

City Billposter and Distributer, Newberry, S. C.

Controls all boards in the city; also posts and distributes in Helena and Prosperity. Pop., 6,000.

J. F. WEST Orders Solicited

BILLPOSTING AND DISTRIBUTING

In all its Branches. **Haverhill, Mass.**

POSITION WANTED

With a Good Show as Foreman of Stables. Have had 15 years' experience with horses. Sober and can give good reference.

K. Messersmith, P.O. Box 283 Staunton, Va.

MEXICAN NOVELTIES, MEXICAN CURIOS; MEXICAN Pottery, Mexican Blankets. Send for illustrated catalogue, booklet, etc., etc. **ROSS CURIO CO., Laredo, Tex.** (On the Mexican border.)

THE MONOLOGUE

is a 32 page pocket size monthly oddity. It is mostly for men—and angels. It contains an original monologue every month by John Humphrey Burke, and other matter worth \$1.00 a year, 10c a copy. Send in your subscription now to 218 Franklin Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE MONOLOGUE



Sol Bloom says:

If you are looking for Good Band or Orchestra Music, subscribe to our Leader's Club, only \$1.00 a year. Write for Particulars. If you want good music for

your act, either instrumental or vocal, send us 25c and get a bunch of some of our Hits that you can positively use. If you need any Music Printing remember our prices are the lowest for the best work. Anything in the Music Line. Write to

SOL BLOOM, 59 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Now Open for Season, 1902.

DANA THOMPSON
WORLD'S GREATEST SOMERSAULT HIGH DIVER.

Permanent Address: Care of C. L. Gilbert, Montgomery, Alabama.

SEA SHELLS

J. F. POWELL, WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS.

AND CURIOS. Small Shells for Wire Jewelry, Panamas, Coffee Shells, Cat Eyes, Gold Wire, Wire Workers, Tools for Beginners 25 Shells by mail for 25 cents each. A different variety with engraved list. Oriental Perfumed Curios; a big seller. Sample 15c by mail. Large showy shells for Dealers.



PAUL—JULIA
The Great Brachards

Now filling an engagement with Orrin Bros.' Circus, Mexico.

Their two distinct feature acts—Contortion and Revolving Globe. Will be at Liberty April, 1902, for Parks, Summer Resorts and Street Fairs. Two great acts for outside attractions. Managers desiring two such acts address

THE BRACHARDS, Care Circo Orrin, Mexico City, Mexico.

P. S.—The apparatus used in our acts made by Edw. Van Wyck, Cin., O.



Roving Frank's Band of English Romany Gypsies
Roving Frank's Big Gypsy Attractions

Conducted on Sound Business Principles. Open for engagements at Street Fairs, Parks, Exhibitions, Etc., Etc.

Permanent Address
FRANK B. HUBIN, Mgr.
ATLANTIC CITY

All Others are Only Imitations.

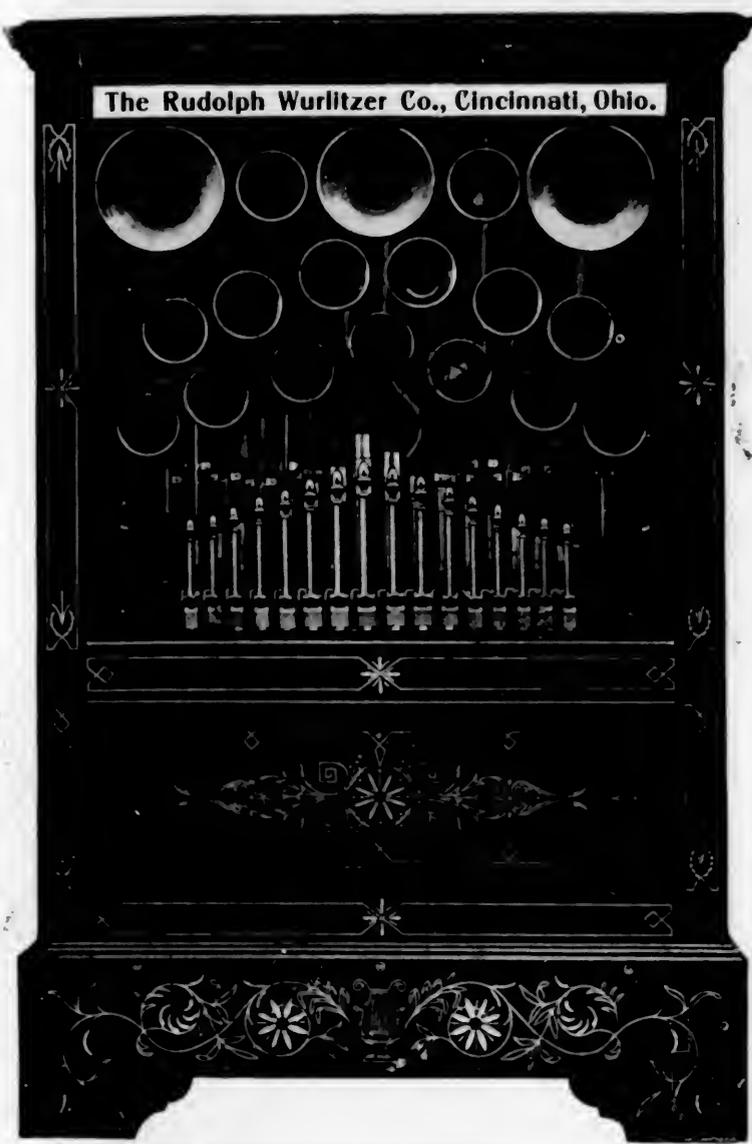
GYPSY PUZZLE.
Find Ten Gypsies



SHARING THE BLESSINGS OF A PROSPEROUS SEASON THE TWO BIG ONES.

Al W. Martin's \$30,000 Production of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN
Direct from New York City.

Route Eastern Company, C. L. Walters, Manager.—Pittsfield, N. Y. Dec. 2; North Adams, N. Y., Dec. 4; Orange, N. Y., Dec. 5; Leominster, Mass., Dec. 7; Nashua, N. H., Dec. 9. Route Western Company, W. C. Cunningham, Manager.—Kansas City, Mo. Dec. 17; Lawrence, Kas., Dec. 9.



The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A NEW PRIVILEGE!

FOR THEATERS, OPERA HOUSES, STREET FAIRS,
SIDE SHOWS, ETC.

The Wonder of the **20th Century**

MILITARY BAND ORGAN!

REPRESENTING THE FOLLOWING INSTRUMENTS:

OUTSIDE VISIBLE 3 Heavy Brass Trombones; 15 Brass Trumpets; 16 Brass Clarionetts; 16 Brass Piccolos.

INSIDE 28 Open Pipes; 21 Stopped Pipes.

BOTTOM - 28 Stopped Pipes; Three Stops—1 for Clarionetts; 1 for Trumpets; 1 for Trombones.

INCASED IN A HANDSOME ROSEWOOD CABINET WITH BEAUTIFUL GILDED SCROLL WORK OR ELEGANTLY FINISHED IMITATION WALNUT.

This is one of the greatest attractions of the day and will pay for itself in a short time.

Street Fair Promoters, Privilege Men, Side-show Managers, Opera House and Theater Lessees write for terms and further information at once.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW



The Tonophone!

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

THE MEDICINE SHOP

Third and Washington Streets.

Marion, Ind., October 23, 1901.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gentlemen: We purchased on January 1, 1901, of Butler Music Company of this city, one of your Tonophones. The instrument was placed in our store January 15th, and we are much pleased with it, also more so with the receipts from same, which up to May 1st, were as follows:

January, 15 to 31,	\$400.00	March, 1 to 31,	\$600.00
February, 1 to 28,	162.50	April, 1 to 30,	500.00

The first 30 days the instrument was in our store we took in \$208.60, and up to May 1st, \$490.95. Since that time we have kept no separate account of receipts, but it will average in daily receipts between \$2.00 and \$3.00. We send you photograph of our store showing Tonophone, and are very glad to furnish you with this letter. Yours, etc.

EVANS & CAMMACK.

DOES IT PAY? \$490.95 in three and one-half months.



WURLITZER BEATS THE WORLD! Brass Band Instruments, Drums, Etc. **REDUCED PRICES.**

Don't buy until you see our New 88-Page Catalogue B. Mailed Free.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.,

121 East Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

POSTERS BY ^{AND} EVERY KNOWN PROCESS

THE DONALDSON LITHO. CO.
NEWPORT, KY.



NOW THE LARGEST POSTER
PRINTING PLANT IN THE WORLD.

HAND BILLS IN LARGE EDITIONS