

## Side-Shows.

### I.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.

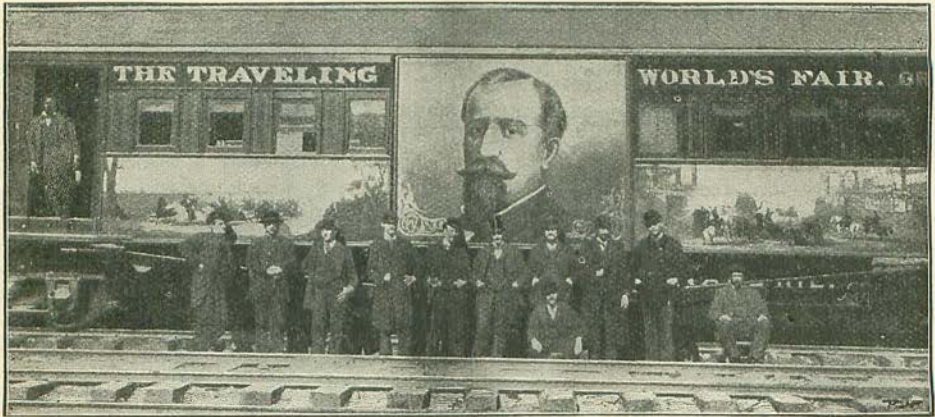


HEY are of very ancient date. It has been stated that the various colossal skeletons that come to light from time to time are merely the remains of prehistoric side-shows—giants, in fact, that were in former times exhibited at one stone axe per “time.” However this may be, side-shows have long flourished, and, doubtless, will continue to flourish so long as inquisitiveness remains a part of our nature.

Shows of all sorts thrive exceedingly on

show, by the way. Advertisement being the very breath of the showman’s nostrils, you will also notice lurid lithographs on the side of the car, so that the whole makes a stirring *ensemble* as the train enters a great terminus, with perhaps the bearded lady as engine-driver, and the pig-faced gentleman astride one of the buffers.

The born showman is so earnest in manner and gesticulation, so leathern of lung, and so profuse—not to say incoherent—in opulent adjectives before potential patrons, that he at length believes implicitly



From a Photo by]

SPECIAL TRAIN BELONGING TO COUPE'S TRAVELLING SHOW.

[M. G. Greene, Atlanta, Ga. •

American soil—and coin. Barnum was a millionaire several times over during his wonderful career; and Adam Forepaugh had more money than he knew what to do with. Travelling shows in the United States are conducted on a tremendous scale. The staff may number hundreds, and then there are the human freaks (ever jealously guarded from the non-paying eye), the huge menagerie, and hundreds of horses of all kinds, from the *haute-école* Arab right down to bony “Jimmy,” who drags a van.

No wonder they require special trains! The photo. reproduced above shows the passenger part of one of these. The centre panel of the great Pullman car is adorned with a modest portrait of the proprietor of the show—or “director-general,” as he loves to be styled. He probably owns the whole train, as well as the

in every statement he himself makes. Such a one was Coxswain Terry, shrewdest of sailors, who owns the show next depicted. It was announced as “a ‘air-raisin’ piffformance”; and certainly it was a little uncanny, though not exactly up to the standard of the pictures hung outside. These depicted a gigantic individual, apparently in the last throes of death beneath a tropical sea, and surrounded by every conceivable (and inconceivable) denizen of the deep. Sword-fish and shark, whale and octopus—all were attacking him with staggering unanimity.

Visitors to this side-show see a tank containing 500 gallons of water—positively guaranteed not to burst and nearly drown the spectators, as similar tanks have often done. The water is heated by gas overnight to a temperature of about 90 degrees, and into it are thrown six or seven good-sized pythons

or rock-snakes (some over 12ft. long), who protest fiercely against the whole thing. They would leave the water forthwith, were it not for the strong wire-netting on top of the tank.

Presently a man, young and scantily clad, appears at the back. He removes half the wire-netting and drops into the water among the snakes. They instantly twine themselves about his legs, his waist, his arms, and his neck; but some, more knowing than the rest, neglect him altogether, and endeavour to hurry out of the hated element.

a fortnight, each snake takes a rest and a meal, the latter consisting of live rabbits, birds, and rats.

The baby, Thomas Sabin, whose portrait next appears, was a great blessing to his parents, who were people of no great weight, either in the literal or social acceptance of the term. For years he brought them ten pounds a week, his weight increasing, but his age almost standing still. He has a nice face, but few would care to dandle him on their knee. As we see him in the photo., this phenomenal baby is just turned two



UNDER WATER AMONG THE SNAKES.

A confederate mingles with the crowd in order to warn the submerged performer when one of the reptiles is half-way out; to help him when he is severely bitten (as he frequently is); and to render assistance when he is in danger of being strangled by a python about his throat.

The performance is one wild, whirling struggle with the writhing reptiles—sinking to the bottom from time to time with an armful of them, merely to drag them hither and thither to keep up the excitement and give patrons value for money. About once

years of age, and weighs nearly *eight stone*. The child was born in Banbury, and was in no way remarkable for some considerable time. At length, however, little Tommy began to put on flesh so rapidly, that his parents, alarmed, sent for the local doctor, who in turn summoned a specialist from London. All this, of course, created some sensation, and in due time the inevitable showman came along with tempting offers.

It is more or less well known that vigilant agents are for ever scouring the universe, from Whitechapel to Central Africa, for



THE BIGGEST BABY IN THE WORLD.  
From a Photo. by Hodge, Plymouth.

freaks of Nature—"refined freaks," as one showman remarked, whatever he meant by that. The famous "dime museum" is the habitat of human freaks; and America is the home of the dime museum. You will find one or more of these interesting institutions in every considerable town from Maine to California. The proprietor takes an empty shop or store in the principal street, rigs up a circular platform, and seats the freaks thereupon. Some waxworks or a cage of monkeys or lions are provided by way of adventitious free attractions; and perhaps there will be a "bijou theatre" at one side, in which fifteen minutes' performance is given at intervals; this latter, however, is an extra. But the freaks are the mainstay of the show. There they sit all day, beaming sympathetically on the inquisitive crowds who surge around them. There are fat ladies, Siamese twins, and skeleton men, bearded ladies and elastic-skinned people; giants and dwarfs; armless artists, and cave-dwelling pigmies; girls with hair

of phenomenal length; people half black and half white; and countless other monstrosities whom to see is a nightmare.

Every half-hour the official lecturer clears his raucous throat and proceeds to deliver the history of each freak, with many an impressive flourish, whilst the freak himself (or herself) glares down with conscious pride on his throng of admirers. Such is the typical dime museum.

The skeleton man, next seen, has been the round of innumerable shows in the Old and New Worlds. His wife and son are photographed with him, and are in no wise abnormal. On the other hand, freaks—particularly midgets—often marry among themselves, mainly for business reasons.

The etiquette of the side-show holds a superabundance of clothing highly improper. Freaks *must* exhibit a good deal of their person *in puris naturalibus*, so as to do away with any suspicion of humbug. For the side-show cannot exist in an atmosphere of scorn and doubt; enthusiasm, energy, earnestness—these are the notes that herald success and fortune.

By no means the least curious of the American side-shows is the kiosk of the professional paper-tearer, which is seen in the next illustration. The entire façade of this elaborate little structure is made wholly



THE SKELETON MAN WITH HIS WIFE AND SON.  
From a Photo. by Chas. Eisenmann, New York.



KIOSK OF THE PROFESSIONAL PAPER-TEARER.  
From a Photo. by Robinson & Roe, Chicago.

of paper torn into shape by the Professor himself, who boasts of using no other implements whatever than his own ten fingers. This is certainly very wonderful when one looks closely into the photograph and studies the delicate lace-work; the arch and columns and ornaments, and the flower-pots and birds within—all made of paper torn with the fingers.

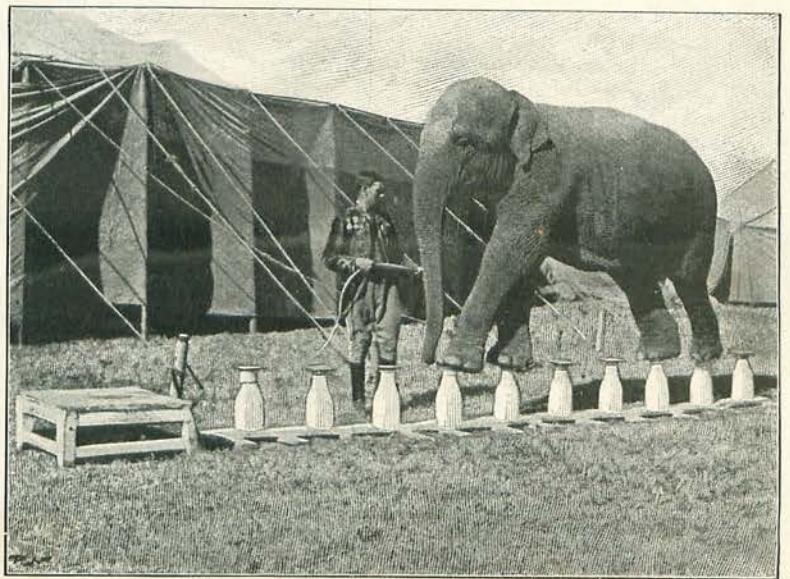
But this unique artist had a somewhat ignoble end in view; as a fact, he sold a patent blacking, using his stall and his handiwork as a lure for the unwary, who were ultimately almost forced to buy.

“Miraklus Con-  
t’mental Sensation.  
The Mawvel o’ the  
Age. A wild, fiery  
Hafrican Elephant  
walkin’ on the

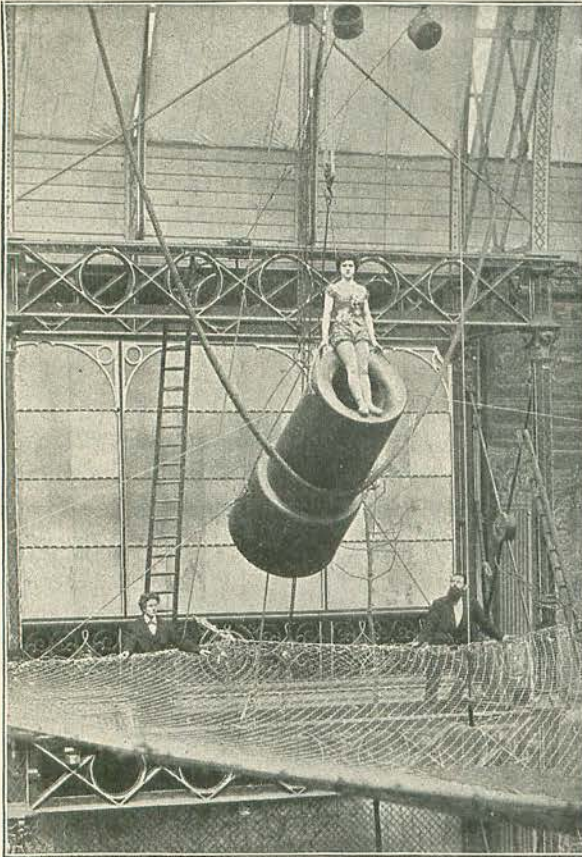
tight-rope, an’ a dawncin’ on a row o’ bottles.” Thus overwhelmingly was our next side-show announced to the expectant crowd. What the wild, fiery one did do is seen in the photograph; and it certainly is an interesting spectacle to see the enormous brute picking its way with patient care along the “bottles,” which, as one may judge, are massive blocks of wood mounted on substantial planks. There is a platform at either end, and on to this the elephant steps with an unmistakable air of relief, after having accomplished the perilous passage.

There is still a mint of money in the side-show business. Tom Thumb received £150 a week, yet his presence (scarcely “services,” since he did nothing but strut about the platform) was worth double that sum to his proprietor.

It was the famous freak-hunter, Farini, who introduced to the London public Zazel — “a beautiful lady shot from a monstrous cannon.” Zazel was paid £100 a week at the Royal Aquarium. The cannon itself, I gather, was a French patent concern; it was made of wood, painted to resemble steel. Inside there was an ingenious arrangement of powerful india-rubber springs, which acted upon the plate on which Zazel herself stood. The lady got right into the cannon and lay upon her back, her feet resting upon the plate that was to propel



AN ELEPHANT WALKING ON BOTTLES.



"A BEAUTIFUL LADY SHOT FROM A MONSTROUS CANNON."

From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co

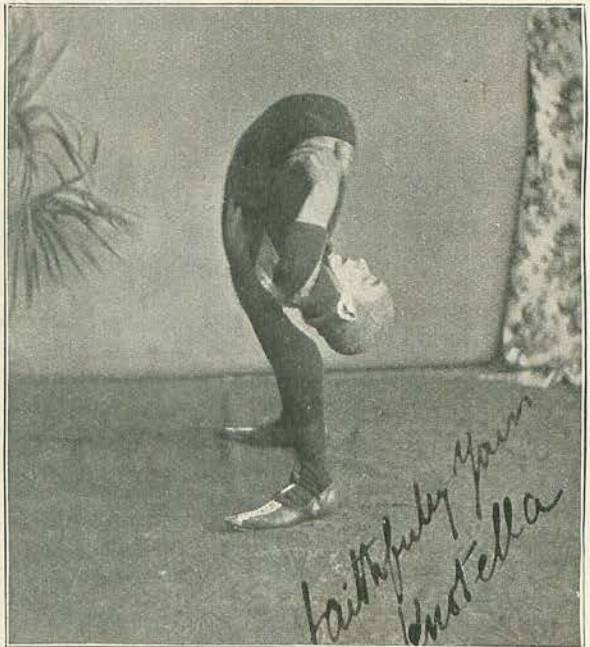
her. The whole thing was made wonderfully impressive. The showman called for perfect silence at so serious a moment, and the band stopped playing. A flaming torch was applied to a fuse and there was a terrific explosion—*outside the cannon*. Simultaneously "the beautiful woman" flew out from the muzzle some thirty-five feet, and ultimately dropped into the net below.

There is one peculiarity common to all freaks and human curiosities. Directly they enter the show business, they assume another name—a name more or less appropriate or descriptive. Thus, midgets will be "billed" as Princess Topaz, or Little Dot, or Captain Tiny; and fat ladies as Madame Tunwate, or some such inelegant but suggestive cognomen.

"Knotella," the contortionist, is

a case in point. His real name—like the birth of Jeames—is "wropt up in a mistry." However, this photograph proves that the man can throw himself into most amazingly bizarre postures. It is an interesting fact, by the way, that photography plays a very important part in the lives of professionals of this sort. Suppose they live in Vienna, and want an engagement in London. They give their best possible show in a photographer's studio, and then send a complete set of photos. to the London agents, supplementing this photographic record of their entertainment with a full written description. The agents, in turn, place the photos. before the managers of the variety theatres; and thus an engagement may be definitely fixed without the performer leaving his home in a distant part of Europe.

It is difficult to say whether male or female contortionists ("benders," as they call themselves) are the more successful in assuming strange and fearful attitudes; certain it is that Knotella is run pretty close by a charming young lady whose professional name is Leonora. Clad in



"KNOTELLA" DOING HIS WONDERFUL BACKWARD BEND.

From a Photo. by Wilkinson & Moor, Manchester.



From a Photo. by]

LEONORA AS "CONTEMPLATION."

[Meacham &amp; Sabine, Youngstown.

snaky, scaly tights, Leonora throws herself into postures that simply baffle description.

In the first photo. the lady is seen in an extraordinary attitude of quiet contemplation, her body hidden altogether. In the next



LEONORA POSING AS A "HUMAN BOAT."

From a Photo. by Meacham &amp; Sabine, Youngstown.

she has formed herself into a kind of ship, with a decidedly prepossessing figure-head. This contortionist tells me she practises incessantly, and is for ever trying to devise some new and startling posture which, without being in any way repulsive to an audience, will yet demonstrate the marvellous pliability of the human frame.

The pony, lamb, and dog seen in the accompanying photograph are a diminutive trio, and they go through their performance without extraneous assistance of any sort. A highly ornamental kind of stall is provided for the pony, and, standing in this, he faces the audience. On a plush-covered canopy over his back stands the lamb, whilst the dog sits on a sort of third story above. Presently, out trots the pony for a gallop round, and as he passes the tier of canopies for the third time, the lamb skillfully leaps down on to his

broad back. Then comes another round or two of this jockeying, and when the little dog thinks the public are in need of a new sensation, down *he* jumps on to the lamb's back, and round they all go, looking as if they really enjoyed it. In turn the riders watch their opportunity and regain their platforms, and at length the pony backs into the lower stall, to receive his share of well-merited applause.

Mr. John Chambers, the "Armless Wonder," when not side-showing, keeps a comfortable little shop at 697A, Old Kent Road. The famous Indian Armless Boy, who created such a sensation in America, didn't have to shave, or travel on the railway by himself, or use a latch-key, or put on boots, or read the daily papers, or write letters, or make himself useful in the house as becomes the father of grown-up girls. Mr. Chambers does all these things, and more. Never shall I forget his performance before



THREE PERFORMERS WHO GIVE A SHOW ON THEIR OWN ACCOUNT.

From a Photo. by G. Wacker &amp; C. Knott, Hamburg.



MR. CHAMBERS, THE ARMLESS WONDER, SHAVING HIMSELF WITH HIS FOOT.

which ordinary men do with their hands that Mr. Chambers cannot do with his feet. He owes the inception of his invaluable training to his mother, who, as she saw her baby kicking on the hearth-rug—as babies will—conceived the idea of teaching him to use his feet as other children do their hands.

The result of life-long practice in this direction is perfectly astounding. Look at Mr. Chambers shaving himself, in the first photograph. The plentiful lathering, the sure touch and sweep of the keen razor over throat and face—these must be seen to be realized. I have hinted that Mr. Chambers is useful in the house. He uses with his feet mallet and chisel, saw and hammer, as well as any expert carpenter; and he points with justifiable pride to floor-cloths laid, and meat-safes, writing-desks, and other domestic articles manufactured entirely by himself.

Chambers is one of a family of six boys, and all his brothers are perfectly formed. The second photograph shows this wonderful armless man having a little musical evening at home. He is playing the cornet, whilst his eldest daughter presides at the piano. I repeat, there is virtually nothing that Mr. Chambers cannot

a railway booking-office. He asked for the ticket, and while the clerk was getting it, the right laceless shoe was off, followed by the stocking, revealing a wondrously white, sensitive foot, with a wedding-ring on the second toe. Like lightning this foot was lifted and dipped into the low inside pocket of an Inverness cape, and next moment, simultaneously with the production of the ticket, the exact fare was "planked" smartly down on the ledge.

There is hardly a single thing



A QUIET MUSICAL EVENING.

do with his feet. Mr. Chambers also conducts his own correspondence, business and private. That he writes a very creditable "hand" will be evident from the following specimen, which he was good enough to write specially for this article.

Kert Louw, the Bushman Chief, is the next side-show to figure in our gallery. Here is his story in brief. A great showman, who must be nameless, chanced to be exhibiting a Zulu troupe in London, when he was approached by a certain South African millionaire, financially interested in side-shows. "Why don't you bring over some pigmy earthmen?" suggested the millionaire; and the suggestion found favour in the sight of the showman. He accordingly dispatched an expedition, whose leader was instructed to proceed to Cape Town, and work northwards from there in search of the pigmy races. The expedition was assisted by the Cape Government officials. Said one of these latter: "Apply to Kert Louw, the Bushman Chief of the Kalahari Desert; he will get a whole tribe for you, if you like." But Kert Louw was not in favour at the time, and so was not easy to find. As a fact, a price of £100 was put on his head by the Cape Government, to whom he was something of a scourge by reason of mail robberies and murders on a huge scale.

But promises and guarantees at length brought the chief from his hiding-place, and he agreed to produce so many "earthmen" in return for a stated number of sheep and goats, and a quantity of tobacco, powder, and Cape "smoke," or vile brandy.

Thus the expedition was successful. In fact, it not

*Written with the foot.*  
*for the*  
*Strand Magazine*  
*by John Chambers*  
*12<sup>th</sup> Jan 1897.*

SPECIMEN OF MR. CHAMBERS'S WRITING WITH HIS FOOT.

only carried off the so-called earthmen, but it also managed to smuggle out of the country Kert Louw himself; and the Bushman Chief's photo. is here reproduced. Clad in unaccustomed garb, he became part of the show; and he only secured his release and return to his native wilds by a ruse quite in keeping with the cunning indicated in his villainous countenance. Having noticed that the showman-in-chief was passionately fond of diamonds, Kert Louw took him aside one day and assured him by all his gods that he knew of a diamond mine that would utterly efface the fame of Kimberley.

The showman subsequently announced to his subordinates that he was about to re-visit Africa, accompanied by the Bushman, on another freak hunt. So Kert Louw was taken out to the Cape in the gorgeous state-room of a Union liner, and conveyed up country in grand style—only to disappear from the showman's side and be lost in the wilderness. It was not a freak hunt, nor even a mine hunt—merely a wild-goose chase.

The three photographs next reproduced of Sadi Alfarabi, and his striking "business," give an excellent notion of what the great pro-



KERT LOUW—THE BUSHMAN CHIEF.



fessional equilibrists of the world can accomplish. Sadi is a Russian by birth, and every single member of his family was an acrobat, each vying with the other in devising startling feats wherewith to take Europe by storm.

In the first photo. we see Sadi standing on his hands on the summit of a miniature Eiffel Tower 30ft. high. A shaded oil-lamp is balanced on the back of his head; and as the point that supports



SADI ALFARABI  
ON THE TOWER.

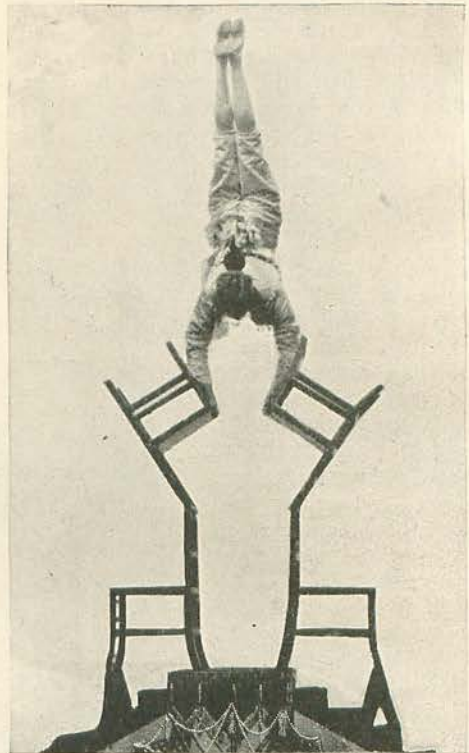
him is movable, he revolves slowly on his perilous eminence.

The second photo. shows the equilibrist performing a peculiarly difficult feat—walking on his hands on four billiard cues, his legs perfectly perpendicular in the air. He tells me that this hurts his hands exceedingly, and is likewise a severe strain on the muscles of the back. The third feat of the Russian performer shown here is considered the most



WALKING ON BILLIARD CUES.

difficult ever attempted by an equilibrist. It is really a very miracle of balancing. The chairs are in no sense trick chairs; they are not particularly light or frail, but solidity and weight are absolutely necessary to the accomplishment of such a feat. This photograph, as well as others, gives one an idea of the trouble which foreign speciality artistes take to insure that their photographs shall do them justice. There is the labour of dressing; the conveyance to the studio of all necessary "properties"; and last, but by no means least, the actual successful accomplishment of the feat, which must be sustained until after the crucial moment of uncovering the lens. And after all this the photos. may be utter failures! While I am on this subject, I may mention that on one occasion, in Buda Pesth, Sadi Alfarabi, whilst posing for the chair feat, incontinently collapsed in the photographer's studio. A fresh camera was afterwards necessary, likewise a fresh photographer.



A MARVELLOUS BALANCING ACT.  
From Photos. by Lawson & Powers, California.

(To be continued.)

[I have quite a budget of grateful acknowledgments to make to the following well-known impresarios and entertainment caterers, for the loan of their interesting photos, reproduced in this article: Messrs. Warner and Co., of Wellington Street; Nathan and Summers, 10, Henrietta Street; W. B. Healey and Son, 17, Great Marlborough Street; J. Woolf, of "Wonderland," Whitechapel; and Read and Bailey, of the Agricultural Hall.]

## Side-Shows.

### II.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.



HE next "artiste" on my list had a line peculiarly his own. He was a fine, jovial nigger from one of the Southern States, and, chancing to notice at an early

age that his mouth was of unusual capacity, even among his kind, he came to see a fortune in it. He began to practise, and was always more or less in form. He supplemented his more natural endeavours by a gutta-percha ball, which was made to expand by a screw arrangement. The result is, I submit, perfectly apparent from the photographs reproduced on this page. First the merry fellow is seen displaying his extraordinary ability in what I might term an "assisted yawn."

In the next illustration he has inserted a hand, comparable only to a small leg of mutton; and in the third he has

gravely placed *in situ* a good-sized plate. He would remain like this for hours if necessary. Observe his aspect of strenuous eagerness in the first two portraits, and contrast this with the expression of mild

complacency — even benignity and broad philanthropy — in the third. He is a thorough good fellow, is this nigger — good-natured, good-tempered, hilarious, making heaps of money, and spending it recklessly. What a unique advertisement he would be for Somebody's tooth-powder, with his expansive smile and superb set of "ivories"! These photos. were forwarded to the well-known showman, Mr. E. H. Bostock, of Elgin House, Norwich, by his brother, Mr. F. C. Bostock, of Boston,

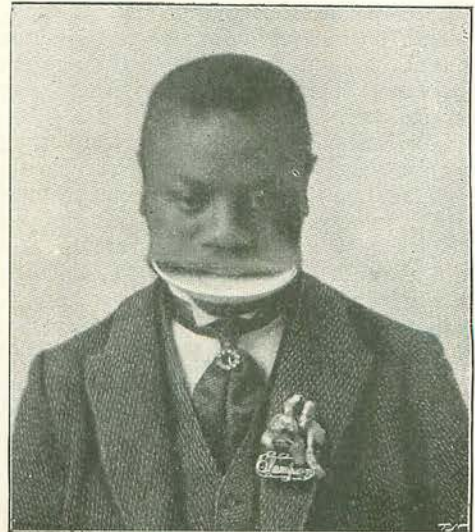
U.S.A., with a suggestion that possibly the "Man with the Largest Mouth in America" might prove a big draw in Great Britain.



"THE LARGEST MOUTH IN AMERICA."  
From a Photo. by Wendt, New York City.



SWALLOWING HIS FIST.  
From a Photo. by Wendt, New York City.



SWALLOWING A PLATE.  
From a Photo. by Wendt, New York City.



LIVING BRONZE STATUES.

From a Photo. by Knovellon, New York City.

A decidedly novel show is that provided by the Nahl and Bradley Troupe of Living Bronze Statues. As may be judged from the heroic group here reproduced, these entertainers are men of splendid physique; indeed, they have in former, and less successful, days sat as models to painters and sculptors. The show is at once simple, yet striking and unique. Messrs. Nahl and Bradley wear bronze tights, stand upon circular slabs (such as one may see in the British Museum), and then assume attitudes similar to those of the antique sculptures. Their hands and faces, even, are bronzed with a special powder. So closely do these artistes imitate their famous inanimate models, that in photographs, at any rate, it is almost impossible to distinguish between the living and the real subjects. The set of a single muscle is studied with scrupulous care; and drawings and photographs of statues to be copied are made for the guidance of these professional *poseurs*.

The photo. reproduced here is a gladiatorial subject; and I am told that the work of posing in this way is surprisingly tiring. I can well believe it; and this probably

accounts for the curious phenomenon I witnessed at the refreshment-bar of a certain variety theatre, where Achilles and a brother hero were imbibing Scotch whisky, in a distinctly unclassical manner.

The cycling feat of Messrs. Hacker and Lester, which is seen in the next illustration, is considered by competent critics to be the most difficult of its kind ever attempted; yet, the very fact of its being photographed proves that it is accomplished with comparative ease. These well-known cyclist-acrobats go through a performance which would be thought sufficiently amazing were it conducted on *terra-firma* instead of on a bicycle. And observe, neither acrobat wears upon his head any sort of protection.

A whole library of entertaining facts might be written about the romance of freak-hunting and curiosity-finding for the side-shows of the world. Miss Virginie Brisou, who, in place of hands and feet, had powerful lobster's claws roin. long, was actually kidnapped by an eminent French anatomist, who only yielded up his unique "case" when the law was set in force against him. The story of



From a

A WONDERFUL BALANCING FEAT.

[Photo.

Farini's costly expedition to Northern Siam in search of "Krao, the Missing Link," reads like one of Jules Verne's wildest flights; and the "Esau Girl," of Virginia, was stolen, as a valuable piece of property, by a travelling phrenologist, who made a small fortune out of the girl before falling into an ambush prepared by her relatives.

There was once shown in New York a stalwart individual garbed as a sailor, who was billed as having "crossed the Atlantic in an open boat." He had never gone beyond the Bowery, but what matter? What distinctive mark could there possibly be about the real article? On the other hand, I have known cases in which "heroes" of this sort—genuine heroes, who may have walked across America on all fours—have been really on show one night, and have *left a deputy* the next. This deputy takes all the vicarious glory with surprising gravity, and narrates his supposed adventures with a great show of feeling. Remember, I am speaking of America—the land of real humour, of ingenuity, of resource. When some important political or other event agitates that great country, topical side-shows spring up with amazing promptness. They may be genuine side-shows, or they may not.

Certainly it is far easier and cheaper to engage and "fit up" as the "Cuban Wonder" an astute individual from the New York slums, than to send costly missions to the Pearl of the Antilles in search of human curiosities.

The funniest bogus side-show that ever came under my notice was the "Iron-skulled Prince," who was on view at a small museum in St. Louis. He was just an ordinary nigger, with a preternaturally serious face. Of course,

he was rigged up with feathers and blankets and things, and by his side lay a seven-pound hammer. This hammer would be taken outside at intervals by the showman and handed round for inspection among the crowd. By the way, the posters showed this "novelty" putting his head under Nasmyth hammers and hydraulic presses. "A seven-pound 'ammer," cried the showman, shrilly (he was a Cockney). "'E 'as bin known to 'it 'imself on the 'ead with it. Come an' see the iron-skulled man pufferm 'is wunnerful feats." People came in and talked to the bogus wonder, who told a wonderful tale

of imaginary adventures in Hawaii, then the topic of the day. When any of those nasty, truculent people came in who want value for their money, they generally took the "seven-pound 'ammer" in hand with a business-like air, whereupon the showman anxiously confronted them with this placard: "*All experiments and demonstrations must be conducted at patrons' own risk. The management takes no responsibility for what may happen.*" Could anything be funnier?

A vastly different show is that given by Miss Jeannette Desborough, who, in the photograph, is seen floating angel-fashion apparently over a distant city. This lady



"AN ANGEL O'ER THE DISTANT CITY."  
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

gives a beautiful, graceful, and refined entertainment in mid-air, swinging on invisible piano-wires. Sometimes she poses as the Angel of Death, chanting the dirge of a doomed city as she sweeps downwards, the rustle of her wings sounding above the sweet note of her lyre. The general effect is altogether extraordinary.

The next side-show is the tiny Strong Lady, or, to give her her proper title, "The most diminutive Lady Sanson in the



From a] THE TINY STRONG LADY. [Photo.

world." This is Madame Rice, a lady from Birmingham, who, aspiring to rise from the ruck of midgets, went into the "strong" business with such success, that we see her in the photograph lifting a 56lb. bar-bell at arm's-length above her head with one hand. Her husband, the Major, is  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. less in height than Tom Thumb; and this tiny pair ride about in a miniature brougham drawn by a pair of Shetland ponies. Madame Rice, I should add, was discovered and trained by the well-known showman, Mr. J. Ball.

Many of the freaks, especially in England, have a wretched time of it, receiving probably just as many shillings a week as they are "billed" (and earn for their proprietor) in pounds. They live in a deplorable manner, and are regarded precisely as valuable cattle would be by a speculative farmer. Their proprietor is occasionally a "melancholy humbug," mostly to be seen in drink, and an imitation fur coat.

Among the most extraordinary side-shows imaginable are the performances of armless men. The Indian boy, Warrimeh Boseth, whose portrait is here shown, was discovered in Vancouver by the ubiquitous freak-finder.

Possibly Warrimeh might not shine at a Bisley meeting, but it is no exaggeration to say that he was a wonderful shot with the bow and arrow. He used to lie on his back in the forest, and send pioneer shafts here and there into spots where he knew game lurked; and as the bird or animal tried to escape from that dangerous vicinity, a second unerring arrow from the "hand-footed hunter" would bring it to the ground. Of these feats the boy thought nothing. Though unprovided by Nature with even the slightest suggestion of hand or arm, hunting came as natural to him as breathing. But one day the showman appeared on the scene. The showman saw, and conquered (or, rather, his presents to the aged chief did); and the Indian boy left the solitudes and came into great cities.

I saw Warrimeh in a New Orleans "museum" during the Mardi-Gras Carnival. He half sat, half reclined on a couch, and fixed his fine eyes on a pigeon-trap, such as they use at the Monte Carlo shooting matches. No sooner had the bird risen 10ft. than Warrimeh fell back; his supple toes twanged the bow-string, and the pigeon fell heavily on to the platform amidst thunders of applause.

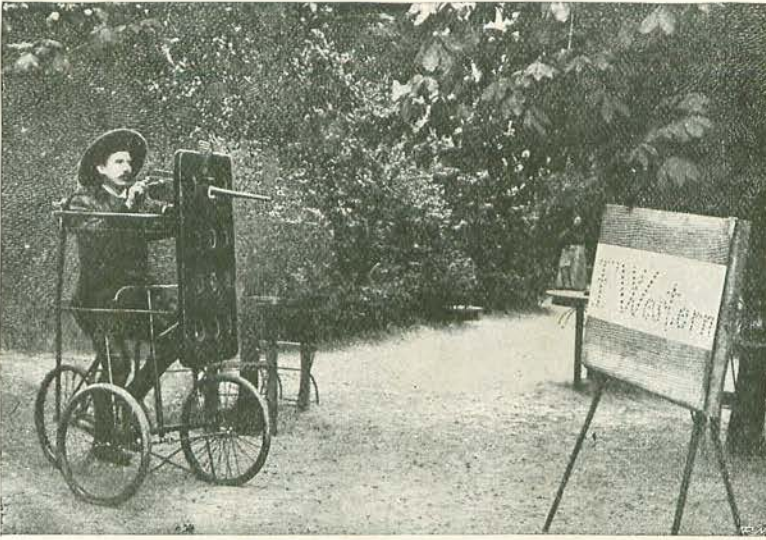
Frank Western, the well-known shot, is next depicted in one of his fascinating exhibitions with the repeating rifle. You will observe that Mr. Western is literally writing his name with his gun, the letters being first traced, either in tiny lighted tapers, or else in clay pipes. The expert is seated on an armoured tricycle, and it is a very pretty sight to watch him glide rapidly here and there, firing incessantly and with perfectly marvellous aim, until the last pipe-bowl, or



From a]

THE "HAND-FOOTED HUNTER."

[Photo.



From a)

MR. WESTERN WRITING HIS NAME IN SHOTS.

[Photo.]

light in the "n," is demolished or extinguished. I remember seeing Mr. Western go up into the gallery of a large London theatre, and actually shoot a clay pipe from the head of his assistant on the stage. I believe a Lee-Metford rifle and cordite ammunition were used; but so risky was this "William Tell" feat considered that before long the management vetoed it, in spite of the famous crack shot's earnest protests.

"Unzie, the Hirsute Wonder"—"Unzie, the Aboriginal Beauty from Australia," next makes his bow. He is something of a *littérateur* and minor poet. He wrote his own biography. Now, I should mention that in pretty well every side-show and dime museum there are printed biographies of the freaks to be had. These fetch from 1d. to 6d. each, and such "takings" form one of the freak's own perquisites (presents from the public are another), in addition to the standing salary. And many of these "Lives" are monumental efforts of unconscious humour.

Unzie commences his autobiography with these lofty lines, which are meant to convey a sense of profound mysticism:—

How Nature's fields of knowledge doth expand,  
Yea! far beyond her continents of land (*sic!*)  
Beyond the mighty ocean and the sea,  
Beyond Man's comprehensibility.—UNZIE.

Yea, we say, Yea. It is to be feared that Unzie knows no more about metre than a gas inspector; but, after all, the sentiment's the thing. Notice the poet's name at the foot of the verse—as it might be "Milton" or "Tennyson." Unzie was born in 1869, at Tarrabandra, New South Wales. His

parents were swarthy Australian aborigines, yet the prodigy himself, at birth, had snow-white hair, skin like alabaster, and a few front teeth. There was consternation among the Minjery people, among whom Unzie's father, Boco (!), was a powerful chief. The natives regarded the little snow-white stranger as a harbinger of evil; but local popular opinion presently veered round, and the

child became an object of worship. Years passed away, and one day the phenomenon was kidnapped by an adventurous showman and taken to Melbourne, where he commenced his public career. The great mass of snow-white hair that stands out all round the Albino's head like an open umbrella measures 6ft. in circumference. It is so fine



"UNZIE, THE HIRSUTE WONDER."  
From a Photo. by Wendt, New York City.



AN ACROBATIC SKATING FEAT.  
From a Photo. by Feinberg, New York City.

in texture that when Unzie walks abroad he can tuck the whole "bush" into an ordinary silk hat. It is, however, impossible to run a comb through the hair, so brushes are used instead. It is trimmed every six weeks. Unzie's eyes are likewise wonderful—bluish-grey in a subdued light and purple after sunset. He can see well in the dark, and enjoys perfect health.

A novel acrobatic entertainment is the next to be dealt with. Acrobats and gymnasts know full well that unless they can devise something startling or strikingly original, they will draw more yawns than

applause from their audience. A trapeze or parallel-bar act has to be supremely excellent to pass muster in these critical days. The performers seen in the photograph, however, are both clever acrobats and expert skaters. The photo. shows one of the men carrying his colleague on his back. The two will be skating furiously to and fro, in and out, on the stage, when suddenly one picks up the other in this way and skates swiftly along with him. The thing is done so quickly that, for some moments, the skate-wheels in the air by reason of the impetus they received but a second before.

Among the skilled craftsmen who are also side-shows, Mr. E. F. Harris, the "American Wire King," must take a high place. The first photo. shows Mr. Harris's stall. All over his person and that of his wife are fastened specimens of his work—name-brooches and bangles chiefly. Two coils of the gold wire and a tray of rings are seen in the centre. You walk up to the stall, write the name of your wife or sweetheart on a scrap of paper, and hand this to Mr. Harris with a request for a brooch of that particular name. The "Wire King" takes a pair of pliers and a length of wire, and in a few minutes he hands you an elegant name-brooch, pin and all, complete for a shilling or two.

It is not too much to say that Mr. Harris can do in wire what others do in ink or pencil. Look at the two portraits on the next page—one of Her Majesty the Queen



From a [Photograph] MR. E. F. HARRIS, THE "AMERICAN WIRE KING," AND HIS WIFE. [Photograph]



PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN, WITH INSCRIPTION, IN GOLD WIRE.



PORTRAIT OF MR. GLADSTONE, WITH INSCRIPTION, IN GOLD WIRE.

and the other of Mr. Gladstone. These the wire-worker was good enough to prepare specially for this article. The inscription is, of course, also in gold wire, and gives an idea of what the name-brooches look like. In 1887, Mr. Harris was apprenticed to a jeweller in Providence, Rhode Island, and his particular work was the making of circular earrings of gold wire. In his spare time he took to twisting the wire into various shapes; and one day he got the idea of making a brooch in his mother's name. Friends saw this and wanted similar brooches. The young man soon threw up his situation and became what I might call a "working side-show," at the Mechanics' Fair in Boston. At this time, Mr. Harris completed (it took him three months) a beautiful model of the Brooklyn Bridge, all in gold wire; it was 4ft. long, and designed for an advertisement. Great is the ingenuity of the American people. The "Wire King" next "wrote" a letter

of congratulation to Mrs. Cleveland on the election of her husband as President. This beautiful and unique epistle was, of course, wrought in gold wire, and mounted on a blue velvet cushion. It brought a graceful reply from the White House. Another of the wire-working ingenious advertisements was a model of the terrestrial globe, with several strands of the wire twisted round it. This

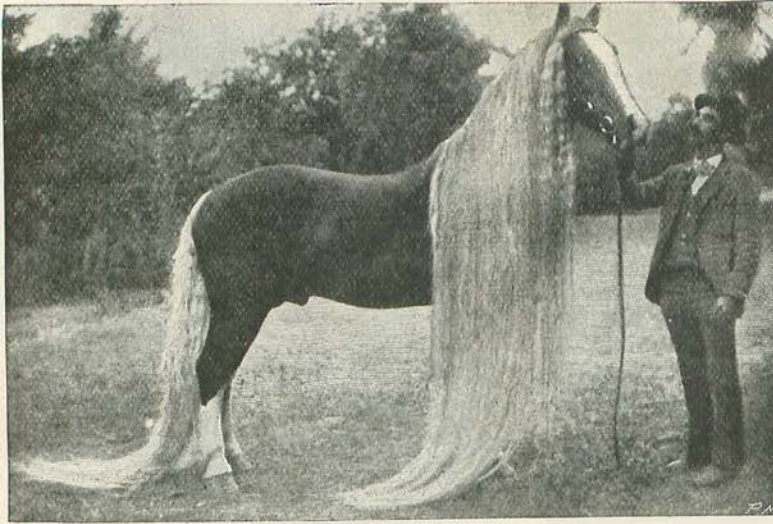
was to show at a glance how many thousands of miles of wire Mr. Harris had worked up with his busy pliers into brooches, rings, and bangles.

Very funny it is to see the "Great Human Ostrich," billed under the name of *Monsieur Antoine Menier*—which, however, is his real name. When I saw him he was without the war-paint—a modest Frenchman; but doubtless his business manager thought that no one with Antoine's fearsome ability should pose before the public as a civilized white man; hence the spots, the quills, and the



MENIER, THE "HUMAN OSTRICH."  
From a Photo. by G. Sheils, Dublin.





A CHAMPION MANE AND TAIL.  
From a Photo. by Eisenmann, New York.

and tail, 12ft. 8in. It was bred at Marion, Oregon, and was owned by Messrs. C. H. and H. W. Eaton. This horse recalls Farmer Broadhurst, who was born at Congleton, near Macclesfield, and had a beard 7ft. long. When the worthy farmer took his walks abroad, the beard was packed away beneath his waist-coat.

nose-ring. But why not give the poor young man another name? Let me suggest "The Coke-Eating Yahoo."

But there can be no doubt as to Menier's right to the designation of "human ostrich." At Fell's Waxworks in Glasgow he drew crowded houses ten times a day for six weeks. Without going exhaustively into this wonderful man's history, I may mention that his daily "food" in public—the menu is usually hung outside—consists of coal—"common house coal"—candles, soot, broken glass, brass, dust saturated with paraffin, needles, wood, paper, and bricks; a choice assortment of these appalling comestibles being washed down with a measure of train-oil, ink, and methylated spirit. Periodically the unfortunate "ostrich" has to retire from business for weeks, presumably to give his poor outraged stomach a rest. Lest anyone should doubt the genuineness of the performance, atrocious though it be, I hasten to say that I witnessed it myself several times, and assisted in the weighing out of the coke and other dainties.

There are an extraordinary number of animal monstrosities scattered among the side-shows of the world—the double-mouthed calf, the elephant-skinned horse, the three-legged cow, and such like. There is, however, something more or less repellent about these, and so they have not found a place in these articles. But the long-maned and tailed horse, whose photo. is here reproduced, is in no way disagreeable. The animal was shown at Fell's Waxworks, Trongate, Glasgow. The length of the mane is 9ft. 9in.; foretop, 8ft. 9in.,

—on his legs. Another suddenly conceives the idea of making a pair of boots for his hands and dancing on *them*. The accompanying photograph shows Cinatus, the upside-down dancer, whose performance is



AN UPSIDE-DOWN DANCE.  
From a Photo. by McBride & Co., Belfast.

the queerest imaginable. The power of his arms must be great, for his upside-down "step" is astonishingly light and nimble. There is nothing like a jig by Cinatus to "bring down the house," in managerial phrase. The applause, as the dancer bangs his booted hand on the boards for the last triumphant "step," is both spontaneous, vigorous, and sustained.

The next photograph was kindly sent to me from Hamburg by Carl Hagenbeck, the renowned wild-beast importer, whose stock is somewhat bigger than our own Zoo. It will be noticed, by the way, that the whole world has been searched for photographs for these articles.

The snake-charmer depicted is an Indian girl—Saidor A. Isoha; curious that nine snake-charmers out of ten should be women. At one time, Saidor used to have a lot of cobras, but she gave up this species on seeing a man die a horrible death after a cobra-bite. She used to catch her own cobras, teasing



From a] SAIDOR, THE INDIAN SNAKE-CHARMER. [Photo.

boa-constrictors, and three African pythons, all between 8ft. and 12ft. long. She has a real affection for her snakes, and they for her. One huge python will form himself into a living turban about her head.

The entertainer that figures in the next illustration is one of the Phoite Pinaud



A TENDER AIR ON THE BIG BASSOON.  
From a Photo. by Chas. Beal, Los Angeles, Cal.

Troupe of eccentric performers. This kind of show is mostly given by Continental artistes, who rely mainly on the outlandishness of their attire and "properties." The entertainment usually consists of music, singing, and perhaps dancing, all of which must be wildly fantastic. Notice the colossal instrument of the player, in the photo. It probably has the strident note of a penny tin-whistle, alterable at will to that of a funereal bassoon.

The accompanying reproduction shows M. Nobel, the ventriloquist, in his highly diverting and original performance. M. Nobel has so ingeniously arranged the dummy figures that the old woman appears to be supporting him, as well as a comic Frenchman of the criminal-beggar type. The illusion is marvellously complete. The old

them with a bit of cloth until they bit savagely at it, and then snatching it away, breaking the reptiles' teeth. The lady did big business by organizing public battles between a cobra and a mongoose. This was a little costly, however, for the cobra was always killed.

Saidor now has six Indian pythons, three



NOBEL, THE VENTRILOQUIST, AND HIS LAY FIGURES.  
From a Photo.

woman hobbles laboriously about the stage, beneath her heavy burden, singing a plaintive song in a harsh, cracked, and quavering voice. Next, M. Nobel himself sings in his natural voice, whilst the Frenchman on his back leers and nods approvingly.

To all intents and purposes there are three distinct persons present, and their voices, motions, and gestures are wholly dissimilar. M. Nobel tells me that he was formerly a telegraph clerk in the employ of the Danish Government, at Copenhagen. He is very proud of having invented the whole of his performance, and made the figures and their mechanism.

(To be continued.)

[My grateful acknowledgments are due to the following well-known entertainment caterers, who have kindly lent photographs and other material: Messrs. E. H. and F. Bostock; Mr. Chas. Reynolds, of Liverpool; Mr. C. C. Fell, of Trongate, Glasgow; Mr. H. Crouch, of Argyle Street, Glasgow; and Mr. J. Ball, of the Agricultural Hall.]

Now and again one comes across a freak in a side-show who aspires to rise above the ruck of his or her fellows and strike out a new line. Such a one is the astute fat lady seen in the next photo. She plays in a little piece of her own composition called "The Old Maid and the Baby," and the accompanying photograph is designed to recall the title of that little farce. Certainly the idea is vastly funny. The little old maid is primly got up in poke bonnet and shawl, disdainful of mien and sour in expression; whilst the ponderous "baby" (weight  $37\frac{1}{2}$ st.) cleverly assumes a certain infantile *insouciance* and a ridiculous toy-horse. The dialogue may not scintillate with epigram and wit, but no one can deny the humour of the "situations."



"THE OLD MAID AND THE BABY."  
From a Photo. by Barrett, Manchester.

## Side-Shows.

### III.

By WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.



**M**R. CHAUNCEY MORLAN and Miss Annie Bell were married at Huber's Museum, New York City, on the 30th of November, 1892. The event was a masterpiece of showmanship. The museum was crowded to its doors, and hundreds were unable to procure admission. The wedding was one of the events of the season. The colossal couple held daily receptions for six weeks at Huber's Museum, which was packed day and night. Costly and handsome presents poured in from admirers in the audience and elsewhere. Don't misunderstand me when I say that the pair were engaged in every city in the States. Unlike most newly-married people, their honeymoon trip brought them a large fortune. You see, Mr. and Mrs. Morlan are the heaviest couple alive, their combined weight being eighty-two stone. After a prolonged tour, it was the intention of the bridegroom to retire to his fine estate in Indiana. That,

by the way, is what most freaks do, when they have amassed a fortune. Millie Christine, the Two-headed Nightingale, after a lengthy public career at 500 dollars a week, retired to her (or should it be their?) big plantation in North Carolina. Few freaks really like

the business, and take the very first opportunity of dropping back into private life. The supply must be kept up, however, and there are men travelling in outlandish parts who yearn after inconceivable monstrosities, human and animal, as if their lives depended on the finding of them.

Chauncey Morlan was born at Indianapolis in 1872; he weighed 10lb. at birth, and was a sickly, ordinary child until he was three years old. Then he began to "put on flesh," as the saying goes; and that at such a rate that at the age of seven he weighed over 140lb. Three years later the child's life became a burden to him in the literal as well as metaphorical sense; he then weighed 20st. 10lb. His present height is 5ft. 10in. It was whilst travelling with Adam Forepaugh's circus that Mr. Morlan met the lady who is now his wife. She was then known as Miss Annie Bell, the Ohio giantess, having been born at Columbus in 1873. She stands 6ft. 2in. in height, and weighs exactly 40st. In 1886, I gather,

the Fat Women's Convention (an interesting body corporate) was simultaneously held in Chicago, Milwaukee, Memphis, and New Orleans; and at each place Miss Bell carried off the first prize—an elegant gold medal.



MR. CHAUNCEY MORLAN AND HIS BRIDE—COMBINED WEIGHT 1,148LB.  
From a Photo. by Weullt, New York City.



From a

M. CHARLES JIGG AND HIS PERFORMING GESE.

[Photograph.]

M. Charles Jigg and his performing geese are next seen, photographed on the stage of the Empire Theatre. M. Jigg—whose patronymic plainly predestined him to a career of public entertainment—hails from the goose-farming districts of Hungary. Here, he tells me, one may see flocks of 15,000 geese in a single field, and all controlled by one little lad.

Young Jigg ran away from home and became a variety artist in Vienna. Returning years afterwards, with the showman's instinct developed within him, he realized in a moment the vast potentialities of the goose as a stage performer. He thereupon resolved to put four of the proverbially stupid birds through the drill of a German recruit. It was a stupendous, heart-breaking labour, but M. Jigg accomplished it in nineteen months. On the very first night of a public performance, however, one of the birds refused to move, and at length deposited an egg on the stage. The Viennese were frantic with delight, thinking it part of the show.

The bird on the left is the corporal, August Müller, and this officer has charge of three recruits—Maier, Kohn, and Lehmann. The birds march, jump, and go through certain other evolutions with a precision which, though not perhaps quite up to the Hohenzollern standard, is yet very creditable—for geese. August Müller is comically dignified and does everything differently from his subordinates. For instance, instead of jumping *over* the little gate, the worthy corporal waddles *under* it with such fuss

as befits his rank. The entire regiment is finally "ordered abroad," and all ranks leave the stage in a miniature coach drawn by a goat and driven by a monkey.

The next photo. was taken at the famous establishment of Mr. Cross, the great wild beast importer of Liverpool, who has already landed in this country some 400 elephants. Two of Mr.

Cross's men are seen training some rock-pythons for a snake-charmer. For the amusement of visitors to Mr. Cross's wonderful place, thirty or forty snakes are sometimes heaped on to the person of one man. These rock-pythons range in length from 7ft. or 8ft. up to 15ft., and in price from £2 to £20 each.

Snake-charmers can't keep their snakes



TRAINING PYTHONS FOR A SNAKE-CHARMER.

From a Photo. by Richard Brown, Liverpool.



DORA—THE MIDGET.  
From a Photo. by W. Hudson, Bordesley.

long in this country, owing to the climate. It is a mistake to suppose that the reptiles are not dangerous. They bite often and seriously, though not venomously. At the same time it sometimes happens that, through want of water, the snake's mouth becomes dry and a canker forms therein. A bite given under such conditions is almost sure to result in blood-poisoning. Mr. Cross himself was once bitten severely in the hand by one of these rock-pythons. He shook off the reptile so violently that all its teeth were left in his hand, where some of them remained for six months.

The lady seen in the next photograph is the quaintest, comicallest little person in the world. With that unerring judgment and sense of fitness which women ever display, this midget (she is not more than 23in. high) elected to be known to the admiring multitude by the sweet, pretty name of "Dora." As mere matters of hard, rude fact, "Dora" was really "Bridget"—and middle-aged and Irish at that; but these things detracted not from her admirable rendering of all that was appealing in diminutive womanhood. As is usually the case, Dora was shown side by side with a giant, a Captain Hugh Murphy (obviously a compatriot), who was

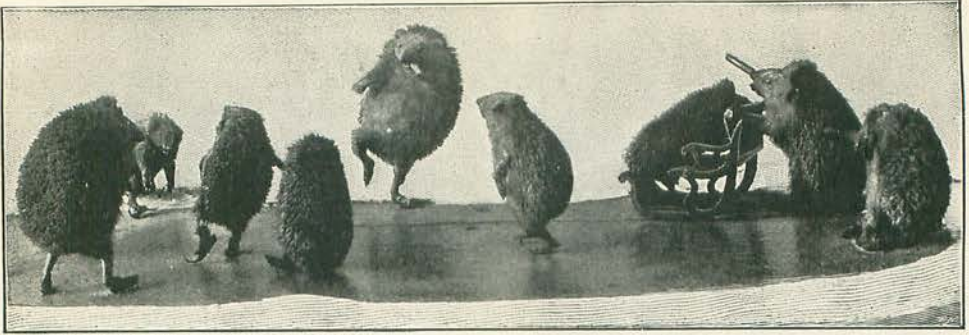
nearly 8ft. in height, and had travelled for years with Barnum's Circus.

The little lady is, however, here placed contiguous to Frances Sinclair, the Yorkshire Giantess. This lady measures over 6ft. round the shoulders, 30in. round the arm, 5ft. round the waist, and she weighs  $39\frac{3}{4}$  stone. "See her," says the hand-bill, rapturously, "seated in the GREATEST CHAIR EVER MADE, which was presented to her by the Mayor of High Wycombe." When a baby twelve months old, Miss Sinclair's clothes would have fitted any ordinary child of four or five; therefore they had to be made to measure. At two years she weighed 4st. 11lb. The lady is now thirty-three years of age, and speaks in the Yorkshire dialect. "Her character," says the biography before me, with painful superfluosness, "will bear the strictest investigation. Her whole appearance" (it concludes, magnanimously) "is of the most agreeable description; and she is deserving of a large measure of public support." The italics are mine.

It is not often that one comes across a scientist who is also what one might term a practical humorist. Yet such a man was Hermann Ploucquet, preserver of Natural History objects at the Royal Museum of



FRANCES SINCLAIR—THE YORKSHIRE GIANTESS.  
From a Photo. by W. Stringer, Liverpool.



COMIC STUFFED ANIMALS—HEDGEHOGS SKATING.  
From a Photograph.

Stuttgart, Wurtemberg. Herr Plouquet conceived the highly original idea of setting up a large number of small animals — such as foxes, weasels, martens, hares, kittens, etc. — so as to resemble comic pictures. Some of the groups, indeed, were concrete copies of Kaulbach's illustrations for Goethe's poem of "Reynard the Fox."

The grouping, dressing, and expression of the various animals are beyond all praise. The entire collection was packed and forwarded to this country under the professor's own personal superintendence, and will probably be on show at the Crystal Palace at the forthcoming Victorian Era Exhibition.

The first photo. shows several joyous hedgehogs skating on a minia-



KITTENS SERENADING A PIG.  
From a Photograph.

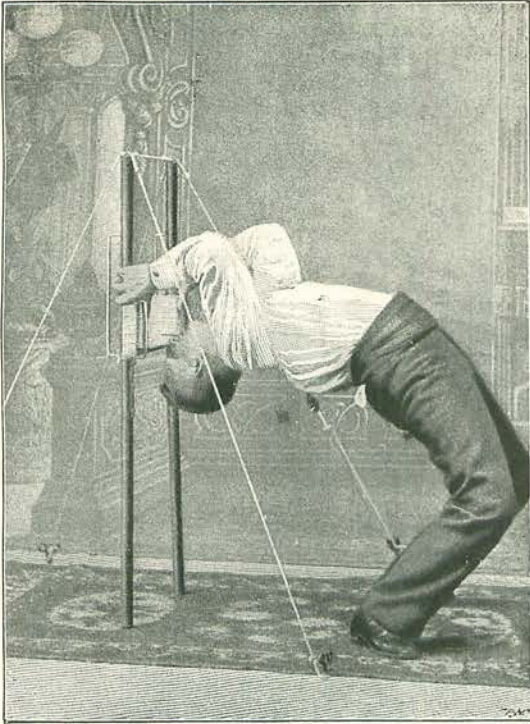


From a

"THE VILLAGE DENTIST."

[Photograph.

ture lake; notice the light fantastic step of the little animal in the middle. Tiny skates are fitted to many rigid little feet. In the second photo. a group of very young and irresponsible kittens are serenading an angry porker; and the third illustration figures in the catalogue as "The Village Dentist." The operator, a pine marten, wears an ex-



THE "HUMAN CLAW-HAMMER"—EXTRACTING A SCREW WITH HIS TEETH.

From a Photo. by Howie, Detroit, Mich.

thousands of physicians. This man is able to push a nail, which he holds between his teeth, through a board  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick. He also extracts with his teeth large spikes driven through a 2 in. plank. Le Roy can even nail together, with his teeth, two boards, each  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. thick. He performs all these feats in various positions, and he closes his remarkable exhibition by screwing a 2 in. wooden screw into a hardwood plank, and then extracting it with his enormously strong teeth. To perform this crowning feat, the "Human Claw-Hammer" bends his body backwards, as seen in the photo. In order to prove that there is no humbug in the performance, and that extraordinary strength is required, not only in the jaws and teeth, but also in the neck—Mr. Le Roy replaces the screw in the hardwood plank, holds up a pair of large pincers, and offers any man in the audience 100 dollars (£20) who is able to pull the screw out of the plank with the pincers.

This photo. shows Fred Howe, the fat man, and George Moore, the living

pression of fiendish glee, which is quite marvellous when we consider that this is merely a stuffed animal.

"These groups of animals," says Herr Ploucquet himself, "are chiefly imitations of the attitudes, habits, and occupations of rational creatures." Among these truly comic groups are: three statesmen (foxes, appropriately enough, and of preternaturally serious aspect); a frog ball; a snail post (carried by a dormouse); a prisoner before the magistrate (a hare and a hog); an Irish wake (six cats and a polecat—the latter as the deceased); a club raid in Soho (six hares and a fox); and a lady out walking with her husband and her servant (a cat, a red howling monkey, and a baboon.)

*Ex America semper aliquod novi!*  
William Le Roy, "The Nail King" and "Human Claw-Hammer," was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A., on October 3rd, 1873. He is a powerful man, about 5ft. 10in. in height. For many years he has been known to the theatrical and circus world in the United States as the "Nail King"; and the enormous strength of his jaws and teeth has puzzled



MOORE AND HOWE—THE COMICAL BOXERS.

From a Photo. by Howie, Detroit, Mich.



skeleton; they are the most comical boxers in the world. Fred Howe's father was a carpenter at Alleghany City, Penn., and Fred started to learn the same trade, but soon became too fat. At the age of eighteen he joined the Forepaugh Circus as a "fat boy," and there met his present sparring partner.

George Moore was born in Helena, Montana, where his father had a little dry goods shop. Until he was twenty-one years of age George worked in his father's shop. But his greatest desire was to see the world.

When the first big circus came to Helena, the manager offered him an engagement to exhibit himself as the "living skeleton," and he closed with the offer at once. When he met Fred Howe, they soon became great friends. The doctors advised both to take as much exercise as possible—the one to gain flesh, and the other to get rid of it. These smart Yankee lads then resolved to combine duty with pleasure, so they went in for boxing. For a long time they practised privately. One day, however, the manager was told of the fun by some of his "freaks," who had been allowed to see a "set-to" between the two gladiators. The manager then arranged a round or two, and the moment he saw Howe and Moore face each other, he offered them a long engagement at an increased salary, if only they would do their boxing before the public. To-day these funny fellows are not only expert boxers, but also perfect comedians in their "art." Their boxing is uproariously funny.

Moore is 6ft. 3in. in height, and weighs but 97lb., whilst Howe is only 4ft. 2in. high, and weighs exactly 422lb.

The heaviest man alive is here shown; he weighs 53st. 6lb., and stands 6ft. 4in. in

height. His real name is not known, but he is called "Gay Jewel" on account of his perennial hilarity. "Gay Jewel," better known to the museum and side-show people of America as "Jumbo" (the name given him at the convention of fat people in New York City, February, 1889, for being the heaviest person on record), was born in Mason City, Iowa, on the 8th of June, 1863. His parents have a large farm in Iowa, and keep the county post-office. His father and mother are both people of ordinary size, and

until he was eighteen years old, the "Jewel" himself was no larger or heavier than any lad of that age. From that time onwards, however, he gained flesh very rapidly. He married when about twenty-four years of age. His wife—a lovely brunette—is the daughter of a wealthy farmer in Iowa, and she weighs but 96lb. "Jumbo" is not only known as the heaviest, but also as the jolliest man on earth. His greatest pleasure is to play his violin, and to sing comic songs, of which he knows a great number. When a really good joke is cracked, this great man laughs until the tears run down his cheeks



"GAY JEWEL"—THE HEAVIEST MAN ALIVE.  
From a Photo. by Eisenmann, New York City.

and the earth shakes. I may mention that it takes 38yds. of cloth to make "Gay Jewel" a suit of clothes; and 1¾lb. of yarn go to make him a pair of socks.

The comical photograph next reproduced shows Jo-Jo, the "Dog-Faced Gentleman," looking over the top of a blanket. Jo-Jo is 5ft. in height, and his face and body are completely covered with silky canine hair of light-brown hue, from 3in. to 8in. long. His head, viewed in this way, is exactly like that of a hairy spaniel.

This extraordinary individual is now twenty-six years of age. When quite a child



JO-JO—THE DOG-FACED MAN—STANDING BEHIND A BLANKET.  
From a Photo. by Swoertz Bros., York, Pa.

he was discovered, with his father—who is likewise covered with hair—in the forest of Kostroma, Central Russia. Jo-Jo was brought to England in 1884, by Mr. Chas. Reynolds, the well-known entertainment provider, of Liverpool. The same gentleman introduced into this country the Sacred Mascottes of Burmah—mother and son—who for many years resided at King Theebaw's Court at Mandalay. These Mascottes were hairy people, very like Jo-Jo in appearance.

“Before the overthrow of the King,” writes Mr. Reynolds, “Barnum actually offered 3½ lakhs of rupees for possession of these two hairy beings—who, by the way, were shipped as luck-bringers. Theebaw, being superstitious, refused the offer, declaring that if he parted with them, the downfall of his throne would soon follow. What Barnum was unable to accomplish, however, was eventually brought about by the British troops.”

Next is seen a Polar bear being

trained for the side-show business by one of Carl Hagenbeck's men in Hamburg. “Polar bears,” writes Herr Hagenbeck, “are imported in the late autumn, when they are six or seven months old. On arrival they are very wild, but grow quieter after a few days in our big cage. In three or four days, the keeper, wearing a skin suit for protection, enters the cage with no more formidable weapon than a good cane. The man is instantly attacked, but the bears retreat at the first stroke from the cane, and then a piece of meat, sugar, or carrot is thrown to them. New-comers always fight with the half-trained animals, particularly at feeding-time.” In about four weeks, these Polar bears become sufficiently trained to walk on their hind legs at the word of command, and take a piece of sugar from their trainer's hand. Herr Hagenbeck tells me he now possesses a group of eight enormous Polar bears, which he has had since the autumn of 1895. These are as tame as a flock of sheep, the keeper and his wife doing almost anything with them. Young Polar bears in an untamed state only fetch £30 or £35, but a trained animal two or three years old and in fine condition will readily sell for £100.



From a)

TRAINING A POLAR BEAR AT HAGENBECK'S.

(Photograph.

Charles Baldwin, the "Weeping Wonder," next appears. This "artiste" is a character-comedian of really great ability. In the photo. he is seen in the rôle of a seaside landlady whose rascally boarder has gone off without paying her. Notice the dowdy bonnet, the alternate teeth blackened out, the thin hair, the ancient knitted shawl, and, above all, the expression and the tear! To see and hear the "Weeping Wonder" give vent to his "emotions" is a most screamingly funny experience. And when his audience roar with merriment, his plaint grows louder and more hysterically extravagant, culminating in a far-reaching screech of impotent wrath. This same Baldwin is a man of wonderfully varied ability. Everybody will remember him as a daring parachutist; and he has also been a stage-manager, caricaturist, actor, dancer, and vocalist.

Lastly, we have a photo. of Tony, the "Silver Dollar Dog," considered the most wonderful animal in the world. He is not a trained dog, but one born with a peculiar gift which would be useful to a bank cashier. His original owner was a jeweller of Cheyenne, Wyoming, who kept him as a watch-dog. Various silver articles began to disappear, however, and the jeweller discharged several assistants. Still silver things continued to vanish; never gold ornaments or precious stones, only silver.



BALDWIN—THE "WEEPING WONDER."  
From a Photo. by F. Pannell, Fareham.

One day the puzzled jeweller was alone in his shop. He felt tired, and lay down to rest with a newspaper partly over his head. He heard a noise and saw Tony entering the shop from the back. The dog leaped upon a show-case, smelt several articles, and finally ran off with a solid silver napkin-ring. Tony was followed, and in a corner of the stable his amazed owner found a pretty extensive hoard of stolen silver. Thereafter the dog was tested in various ways, and one day, to everybody's surprise, he refused to pick up a dollar that had been thrown across the yard.

*It was counterfeit!*

It is a fact that this wonderful dog will not touch any but genuine silver articles; and he has actually detected spurious silver coins that were passed as genuine by bank cashiers.

When Tony took to public exhibition, his owner offered 5,000 dollars to anyone who could deceive the dog with money or articles not of genuine silver. Test objects were allowed to be wrapped in paper or cloth, or even mixed together, real and counterfeit. Tony would not even take the trouble to unwrap the bogus stuff; and anyone doubting the genuineness of the performance was allowed freely to test the dog for himself. Tony has made a fortune for his owner, who is now living in retirement in Denver, Colorado.



TONY—THE "SILVER DOLLAR DOG."  
From a Photograph.

## Side-Shows.

### IV.



ANY of the funniest and most successful side-shows are the result of more or less rapid evolution. You must know that the born entertainer is constantly on the look-out for new ideas. Let us take the case of Professor Thompson, whose portrait appears on this page. From very small beginnings he at length rose very high in his profession; this is perfectly obvious, even in the photo. The "Professor" really professes nothing more than an ability to make his audience laugh.

The manner of his evolution was as follows: He had been a humble singer at a humble hall in New York. Then he fell ill and out of an engagement. Something had to be done. The poor fellow thought of walking across the States on all-fours for a wager mainly laid with himself; only he had no one to organize a journalistic "send-off" or boom — that absolute *sine qua non* of the notoriety hunter. Thompson's *deus ex machina*, however, turned out to be a boy — a small, ordinary boy on small, ordinary stilts. Now, he (Thompson, that is) went home and slept on those stilts — metaphorically, of course. Presently he got stilts on the brain. He would walk a thousand miles on stilts, he said to himself, magnificently; and forthwith he began to practise on stilts of varying lengths. Literally he had to stand before he could walk, and walk before he could run. And as the stilts

lengthened so did the Professor's prospective journey. "I'll walk round the world," he said, and the notion found favour in his sight.

But the proprietor of a dime museum at Little Rock, Ark., whom Thompson consulted, thought otherwise. "Why not learn to dance upon the stilts?" he suggested. And Thompson did learn. True, his *pas de seul* was not particularly agile, but it was funny. Then came the question of costume, and over this the two laid their ingenious, notion-crammed heads together. "America

towers over all nations," said the dime museum gentleman. The seed fell upon good ground. "Because," added Thompson, "we have progressed in giant strides"; and the dime museum gentleman realized in a moment that his pupil had thrown off the shackles of tutelage.

Evolution had done its work. The very first night that Professor Thompson burst upon a delighted audience he knew that success was his. "Uncle Sam" was his rôle, and he played it for all it was worth; which was a hundred dollars a week. The flag of the Union was about his venerable hat, and the sacred stripes ran down his phenomenal legs like the rails of a permanent way on a stretch of "straight." The Professor's "business," unlike his exaggerated stature, was not over the heads of his audience. His songs were unadulterated jingo; his dance was extensive — or rather expansive — and peculiar. In himself, he was the very personification of



THE STILT-WALKER.

From a Photo. by J. B. Wilson, Chic. 190.

"Uncle Sam," because, not merely did he require the whole stage for his brilliant gyrations, but he finally dominated the entire American Continent — acclaimed unique, fearing no rival.

The second photo. reproduced in this article serves *inter alia* to point my remarks as to the trouble artistes take in the matter of their photographs. What a business this "sitting" must have been, to be sure ! There was the apparatus to be fixed up, M. Arhno himself to be dressed in his tights, and lastly this amazing pose to be taken up and maintained. And, of course, this most wonderful of hand-balancers and gymnasts had to remain perfectly still for many seconds—perhaps a full minute—to insure the success of the photo.

M. Arhno is one of those Continental specialty artists whose performances are remarkable, firstly for the quantity of gorgeous and costly apparatus requisite, and secondly for the extraordinary finish and perfection of the feats accomplished. Necessarily the strength of such men's arms must be prodigious ; and here I am reminded of another instance of the resource and inventiveness of the born entertainer.

A certain artiste of M. Arhno's class was suddenly stricken down with rheumatism and paralysis in both legs. He never recovered the use of his lower limbs, and yet, strange as it may seem, he not only continued his public career, but actually made a greater reputation than ever. Aware of the enormous muscular development of his arms, he conceived the idea of posing as an "upside-

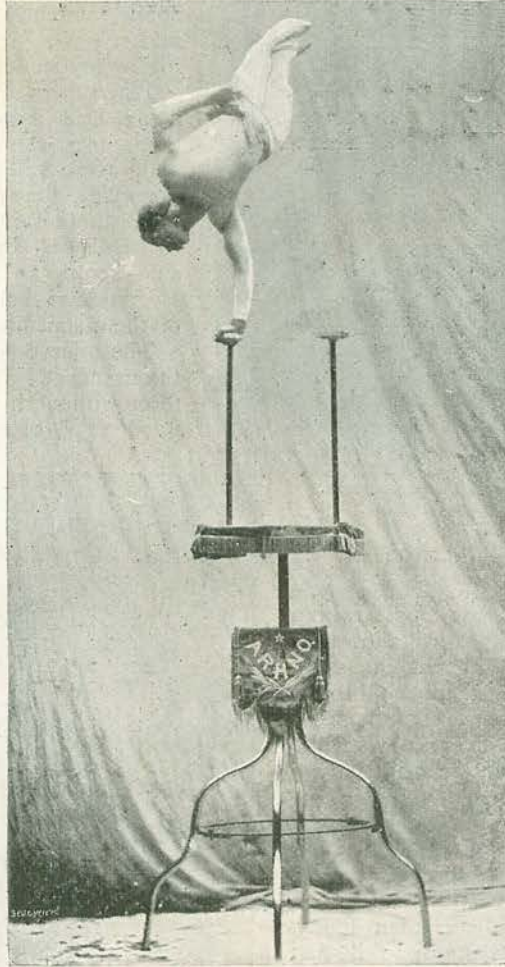
down man," performing a number of feats entirely on his hands. He ascended and descended ladders, walked, ran, and even danced on his hands, his legs swaying idly and helplessly over his head the while. Of course, his repertoire was limited, and this was a serious drawback, for a first-class entertainer, in any line whatsoever, must never allow his public to be familiar to boredom with his feats, but must constantly be devising new effects.

The evolution of the public performer is always more or less interesting. A hobby taken up in spare time, the discovery of some peculiar trait or gift — these, in many cases, lead to the stage. True, it may only be the stage of a humble dime museum, but it may ultimately lead to that of the magnificent premier variety theatre of a great European capital, with princely salary, and never an idle week.

Many men find that they possess great bodily strength, so that the acquisition of a few tricky "knacks" is all that is necessary to equip such as "strong men"—more or less. Others, again, discover in themselves great strength of jaw ; this is not uncommon. The side-show per-

former seen in the next photo. possessed abnormal strength in his teeth, jaws, and neck. He is seen lifting by his teeth a large cask filled with water. There is really no humbug about it. Anyone may go upon the stage either before or after the accomplishment of the feat and try the thing for himself.

There is an interesting incident to relate about this particular feat. At one time the



ARHNO, CHAMPION HAND-BALANCER.  
From a Photo. by J. B. Wilson, Chicago.



LIFTING A BARREL OF WATER BY THE TEETH.  
From a Photo. by J. B. Wilson, Chicago.

performer, after lifting the cask a foot or 18 in. from the stage, used to let the whole concern fall back upon the boards with a respect-compelling thud. I will not bore you with details of the disaster. One night the cask burst. And it happened to be full of beer—a great barrel of porter, in fact, kindly lent by a licensed victualler over the way, in return for an artful advertisement in the strong man's "gag."

Really funny performing animals are a gold mine. Only too often it happens that the efforts of performing animals, from elephants to fleas (is the flea an animal?), are more pathetic than funny. But an animal that *looks* funny in the first place, and can also go through an ingeniously arranged show *tout seul*—such a one is to be treated as the apple of the lucky proprietor's omniscient eye.

I must here introduce Daisy, perhaps the cleverest trick monkey that ever delighted an audience (American or European). She was photographed specially, in Mr. J. B. Wilson's luxurious studio, at 389, State Street, Chicago. Daisy is no mere, vulgar, tumbling monkey, at the beck and call of an alien organ-man. She is a

finished artiste. More than once, unfortunately, she has very nearly been finished altogether, owing to a momentary loss of footing. After each of these deplorable mishaps, no power on earth could induce Daisy to venture upon the treacherous pole until a respectable period had elapsed, and the proprietor himself had demonstrated the safety of the thing. This last was really a comic, unrehearsed effect, for Daisy's master was a plethoric German, weighing twenty stone.

Like others of her sex in the human genre, Daisy is wayward and capricious. Sometimes she bungles her business, and, worse still, there have even been horrifying times when she refused to perform at all. These distressing peculiarities make Daisy's contract with the side-shows an interesting document. Everything is subordinated to the state of the quaint little thing's temper.

The briar pipe is not a mere adventitious effect. Daisy would never perform without her pipe, together with a good supply of mild Virginia, stored in



DAISY, THE TRICK MONKEY.  
From a Photo. by J. B. Wilson, Chicago.



From a Photo. by] THE DOG-CONTORTIONIST. [Owen Brooks, Leeds.

her breast-pocket. Most amusing it is to see her fill and light her pipe anew, as she sits gingerly on the seat at the end of the horizontal bar, after having made several precarious crossings. Frequently Daisy carries a gaudy Japanese parasol, which she uses coquettishly and like a practised equilibrist. The animal's phrensic feet, however, render her thoroughly independent of all such accessories.

Another remarkable animal performer—a contortionist this time—is next seen. This is an amazingly clever pug, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. B. Melville, who are well known in the entertainment world. This little dog takes the part of a "coon" baby in a picturesque little stage spectacle. Dressed in baby's costume, she walks about the stage on her hind legs, looking very quaint, as you may imagine. After this sketch she goes through a performance entirely on her own account, merely looking to Mrs. Melville for the cue. This is one of the cleverest dog contortionists in the world. In the accompanying photo. we see that the animal has thrown herself into the favourite posture of human contortionists—a kind of reversed S. Mr. Melville will tell you that this little pug has a natural aptitude for performing,

which renders a great amount of training quite superfluous.

The next photograph to be reproduced in this article shows Madame Mozart, the great hypnotiste, and Jennie Quigley, the midget. Now, here is another instance of two living side-shows meeting fortuitously and afterwards combining in a sketch or joint entertainment. Both these ladies (little Miss Quigley is about twenty-three) originally "showed" separately, but meeting at a dime museum in Denver, and chancing to get very friendly, they devised their present hypnotic performance—if I may so call it.

I don't pretend to know how it's done. The midget is thrown into a trance. She then rises slowly into the air and rests with one arm upon an upright pole. The sounding of the trumpet, and the mysterious waving of the handkerchief (as who should say "The hour has come"), are recondite and impressive details devised by



From a Photo. by] MIDGET AND HYPNOTIST. [J. B. Wilson, Chicago.

madame, who, handsome and stately, stands at the side directing the entranced midget.

One of Mr. David Devant's very clever illusions forms the last illustration. It is entitled the "Spirit Wife"; and the secret is here revealed for the first time. Modern magicians are ever chary of giving away their secrets, but the popular Egyptian Hall entertainer has so many strings to his pro-

"The principle," says Mr. Devant, "is simply reflection. The stage is entirely covered with a huge sheet of very clear plate-glass, and as the audience see everything through this, they don't suspect its presence. Miss Marion Melville, who enacts the part of the spirit, is placed on a black velvet couch beneath the stage and a little in front of it—in fact, where the orchestra



MR. DEVANT'S "SPIRIT-WIFE" ILLUSION.  
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis.

fessional bow, that he won't miss this one; possibly, indeed, the show may be the more popular hereafter. Viewed from the auditorium, the thing is very effective. Mr. Devant simulates grief, and suddenly feels the power to bring before him the spirit of his absent wife. And so the vision floats before him, graceful, transparent, mysterious. And this is how it's done:—

usually sit. The couch can be readily moved into any position by mechanical means. A powerful electric light is cast upon the reclining figure of the lady, and the lights behind the plate-glass are slightly lowered."

A ghostly reflection is at once visible, and, of course, Mr. Devant is seen through it.

(To be continued.)



## Side-Shows.

V.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.



NOTHING can be more certain than that parody and travesty will follow a big boom in the entertainment world. And provided that the parody is really funny and clever, there is money in it. When the "strong man" craze was at its height, a certain relatively humble comedian conceived a really delightful and original idea. His only child—a sweet little girl of four or five years—was one day found alone in her bedroom doubling up her chubby right arm, lifting her tattered doll high into the air with tremendous pomp and circumstance, and generally giving an irresistible "strong man" show before a full-length mirror, with preternatural, big-eyed gravity. The father thought that if his baby-girl could give a similar show in public it would prove a great attraction. It did. And yet there was, after all, absolutely nothing in the thing; the infant went through certain motions in imitation of the orthodox strong man; and the people literally howled with delight—particularly as the tiny mimic's turn followed that of the real article.

This leads up to the "strong man" parody devised by Mr. Tom Woottwell, than whom no funnier fellow exists. The show indicated in the photo. here reproduced was screamingly comic. First, as to the costume of the mock "strong man." He is dressed in dilapidated old tights, which are supposed to be strained almost to bursting point at the arms and calves, owing solely to the abnormal

muscular development of those parts. The calves are particularly funny—far less sinew than sawdust, however.

And observe the showman's leer as he strikes an attitude for the great feat of breaking a thick iron chain on the "muscles" of his arm. "Keep your eye on me, and you'll be astonished," he is saying. You would be, by the way, if you saw the next stage of the show. The man's mighty arm bends slowly but surely; his breath comes quick and short, and at the supreme moment the chain snaps asunder with an extraordinary uproar and flies right up into the wings—hailed up there, of course, by invisible wires.

The terrible strain proves too much for the great man; it "knocks the stuffin' out of him"—literally, for suddenly the "muscles" collapse and a thin stream of sawdust trickles on to the stage, leaving the audience convulsed with laughter.

The wonderful convolutions of which the human body is possible have already been dealt with in these articles. But it has been found that no matter how

astounding may be the postures assumed, the ordinary contortionist show is apt to pall upon the fickle public. Therefore, of course, there arises an artist who devises an absolutely novel show. Here he is—"Marinelli, the Man Snake," and premier contortionist of the world. The extraordinary performance of this "reptile" is a veritable nightmare—a suggestion of Mr. H. G. Wells's wildest flight of scientific extravagance. The monster rears aloft his awful head,



TOM WOOTTWELL, THE MOCK "STRONG MAN."  
From a Photograph.



MARINELLI, THE HUMAN PYTHON.  
From a Photo. by Fos. Bacherer, Munich.

emitting horrible sounds hitherto unknown among the invertebrates; he drags his slow length erratically along the stage, and then suddenly coils himself up, twisting backwards and forwards like a mad thing.

Marinelli was once responsible for a pretty bill of damages. He was rehearsing by himself at a great theatre-circus in Frankfort one day, when a troupe of performing animals — elephants and horses chiefly — unexpectedly entered the ring, also for rehearsal purposes. The moment the animals set eyes on the huge “snake,” they stampeded madly, literally bringing down the house with them. Fortunately, the only audience consisted of a few porters and trainers. Three valuable horses were so injured in the rush, however, that they had to be shot, and two elephants got out into the streets in a state of the wildest terror. And all this because the Human Python’s silken and tinselled skin looked so dreadfully natural, to say nothing about his terrifying convolutions.

Trick-cycling shows we are all familiar with. Some crack experts ride tricycles, and others bicycles. There are others, again, who, contemning a multiplicity of wheels, perform all their wonderful feats on one solitary wheel, with which they seem able to do any conceivable thing. M. Noiset, however, the trick-cyclist whom we have chosen for this article, has gone still

higher (or is it lower?) in the scale. He rides *half a wheel!* Of course, the angles are not sharp, but rounded. No one ever heard tell of round angles, perhaps, but then our cyclist’s performance is likewise unique. You will notice that the machine is provided with unusually long and powerful cranks, which (to say nothing about the back-pedalling necessary) are very requisite for the forward movement, when the half-circle has run its course, and the flat side is about to come down on to the ground. This young artiste, when touring across Europe and America in the various variety theatres, always

contrived to get up public races between himself and the local professional scorcher, invariably stipulating, however, for a nicely calculated start. They have wonderful



M. NOISET ON HIS SEMI-CYCLE.  
From a Photo. by Otta Flach, Königsberg.



MDLLE. MAZELLO ROSE AND HER PERFORMING PIGEONS.  
From a Photograph.

business instinct, these fellows! Of course, this sort of thing created no end of interest and amusement, and made everybody agog to visit the theatre-circus and see the "semi-cyclist" go through the whole of his show.

But fancy a race at Herne Hill between our interesting young friend and Mr. Shorland or Mr. Stocks!

The next interesting show to be dealt with is that given by Mdle. Mazello Rose and her marvellous performing pigeons and doves. Bird shows, as a rule, are the duller of entertainments—a vast quantity of glittering apparatus ("made in Germany") and a few mournful cockatoos going round and round under obvious protest and because they can't help it. Mdle. Rose's

show, however, is very different. Her pigeons are the quaintest little beggars imaginable, and can perform everything that dogs perform. An acrobatic pigeon sounds staggering, but these birds stand in rows and tumble at the word of command. They also have a kind of fair all to themselves, with swings, see-saws, and roundabouts, all going busily.

Finally, there is a sort of pantomime—a house on fire, lurid stage, miniature engines and escapes, and a gallant rescue by the perky bird seen on the lady's left, nearest her face. "Their intelligence is almost human," remarked the agent to me, almost tearfully, as he was describing the show; "and I believe," he added, somewhat inconsequently, sinking his voice impressively—"I believe she talks to them in pidgin-English."

The evolution of the under-water show was very gradual. Years ago, if a professional swimmer went into a glass-fronted tank of water (heated overnight) and then leered at the audience for one minute, he was hailed as a very Titan among entertainers. Then came more or less graceful passes, kiss-waftings, and gesticulations, which also impressed people mightily. Later on, some original fellow thought of tricks under water—picking up coins with the mouth, skipping, passing through a hoop, eating, and the like. The subaqueous drama depicted in our photo., however, is of quite recent date. The *dramatis personæ* are Professor Beaumont and his two daughters. This tragedy under



A TRAGEDY UNDER WATER.  
From a Photo. by Adrian Smythe, Llandudno.



ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT BALANCING FEATS  
EVER ATTEMPTED.

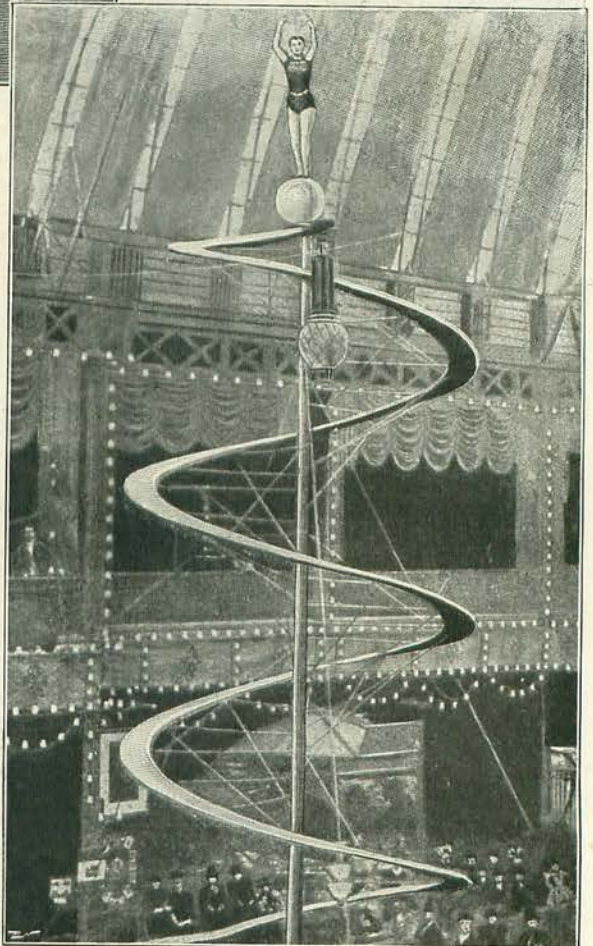
From a Photo. by G. Bellisario, Cardiff.

water, as played by the troupe of professional swimmers here shown, is a most touching business. I am assured that during the performance there is "not a dry eye in the audience." I can well believe it. The players themselves, even, are a trifle damp. You see, the idea is that the heart-broken father, mad with grief at the death of his wife, and seeing his two daughters suffering the torments of slow starvation, resolves to take the lives of the hapless girls. It is not made clear why the family should be in this state of destitution, though their wardrobe certainly, and of course, necessarily, is rather scanty. However, the whole point of the thing lies in the fact that the drama is played under water, and that within three minutes. At the end of this time a moving object-lesson in resurrection is given, and father and daughters retire in the lime-light, snorting a little after their long immersion.

One of the original Girards is next depicted, having been photographed in the very act of performing one of the most difficult balancing feats that can possibly be performed. Comment upon this feat is a little superfluous,

so well does the photograph explain it. At the same time one may demonstrate the apparent impossibility of the thing by taking two canes and two ordinary felt hats and trying the feat for oneself. This artist belongs to that class of Continental performers which makes it a practice to sandwich in between grotesque foolery many exceedingly difficult and fine feats of balancing and dexterity. These, in fact, sometimes miss fire, and go unappreciated by superficial observers, owing to the seemingly careless and airy manner in which they are executed, and the comicalities with which their accomplishment is interlarded.

The next curious show to figure in this article is the one given by Alphonsine, the "Premier Spiral Ascensionist." It is only at big places of entertainment



MADAME ALPHONSINE, THE "SPIRAL ASCENSIONIST."

From a Photograph.

—like the Royal Aquarium (where the accompanying photo. was taken) and the Crystal Palace—that this lady can give her show, for her apparatus is extensive, besides being peculiar. The manner of the ascent is sufficiently obvious. A pole, fully 100ft. high, is firmly fixed, having at its apex a small circular platform, or rest, 2ft. or 3ft. in diameter; this is the ultimate goal of the “ascensionist.” The spiral pathway is next erected about the pole, and stayed from it by means of light steel girders. This curious roadway commences at the floor end with a slight inclined plane. Here is placed the ball, a hollow wooden one, about 2ft. in diameter. When everything is ready the

lady appears; so does the lime-light—that absolute *sine qua non* of the sensational show. Madame jumps on the ball, and simply impels it up the spiral way by a series of more or less graceful prances and jerks with her slippered feet. She stops at various stages of her curious journey, ostensibly to salute her admiring audience and challenge their applause, but really to have a moment's rest, for it is terribly hard work. One grieves to hear

that Madame has had some bad accidents. Once—fortunately just when she had reached the extreme summit—the entire spiral way collapsed, leaving one to wonder, as in the case of the fly in the amber, how the lady “got there.” This accident was due to the defective fastening of one of the stay-rods. Several times the ball has left the perilous track—jumped the narrow ribbon of iron that protects the edge of the spiral pathway. On such occasions Madame has been more or less seriously hurt.

Alaska and Laure, who appear in our next production, are two grotesque French comedians; they sing, dance, knock each other

about, and generally work very hard. The funniest, as well as the most original, item in their stage “business” is the one depicted in the photograph we have reproduced. This is the “Boy with the Human Top.” The “Human Top,” if you take the trouble to turn him right side up, looks as if he thoroughly enjoyed the situation. On the stage his head usually rests in a sort of wooden cap, padded, and revolving on a well-oiled ball-and-socket arrangement. His legs are sometimes spread out, his hands always; this is in order that he may spin readily and long. The owner of the Top—the “Boy,” that is—occasionally spins his human plaything with his hands, but more

often than not he winds around the Top's body about 50ft. of clothes-line. Presently he pulls this, and the Human Top begins to gyrate, slowly at first, but later on with dizzy rapidity. It is an automatic Top—one that greatly helps its owner in the sport. As a fact, the Top can spin himself, but not for long. Besides, the presence of the Boy and the action of the clothes-line—these are essential to the success of the show.



SPINNING THE HUMAN TOP.  
From a Photo. by Frank Johnston.

The next photograph reproduced shows Moug-Toon, one of the most wonderful jugglers that the East has produced. As might be supposed from his name, Moug is a Burman; and the story of his evolution as a showman is interesting. It seems the Burmese are born jugglers; they juggle with everything, even their finances and their police. Well, Moug was as a boy very fond of juggling, and he proceeded to perfect himself in several of the ordinary native school pastimes that were the delight of young Rangoon.

One day the inevitable entertainment agent arrived among the pagodas and soon got together a body of native jugglers, mainly



MOUNG-TOON, THE MARVELLOUS BURMESE JUGGLER.  
From a Photo. by F. Cooper, Marseilles.

on behalf of one of the great London exhibitions. Now, Moung was among these, but after one season in England, he devised new feats for himself, and then severed his connection with the troupe. The result was that he made heaps of money, bought costly apparatus for himself, and aspired to a dresser of his own race. Why he should want a dresser is not obvious from the photo.; still, Moung saw it was the correct thing among "big" men, and besides, it was nice and convenient to have someone to hand up the balls and so forth.

The amazing part of Moung's show was that *he never touched with his hands the things which he juggled.* He used glass balls and balls made of strips of cane. These he would pick up from the floor with his prehensile toes and balance upon his instep. A jerk, and the ball was upon his knee; another, and it was on his shoulder. Then he would place a second ball on his other shoulder in the same way. By a quick movement of his body, the juggler would next cause the balls to rise in the air and fall behind

his back; but before they could reach the ground, he had knelt down and received them on the backs of his knees.

What is virtually the foremost animal show of the world is given by Mr. Seeth's forest-bred lions. Seeth himself, who can command the handsome salary of £150 a week, is seen in the accompanying curious photo. with a full-grown lion on his shoulders. One of the most curious items in the show is a big "merry-go-round," manned by lions, and pulled round by a pretty little pony. Each lion squats grumpily in a miniature sailing ship, and protests from time to time at the futility of the whole business. Mr. Seeth also drives his lions (which are really magnificent brutes) in a specially built chariot; and as he himself is attired as a Greek hero, the *ensemble* makes a very striking picture. Seeth is a powerful and fearless man, both of these qualities being evidenced by our photograph.

Little Zeretto, the child acrobat depicted in the accompanying illustration, is a remarkable example of the pliability of the human frame. Much nonsense has been written and spoken about the



MR. SEETH, WITH ONE OF HIS PERFORMING LIONS.  
From a Photo. by Karoly, Nottingham.



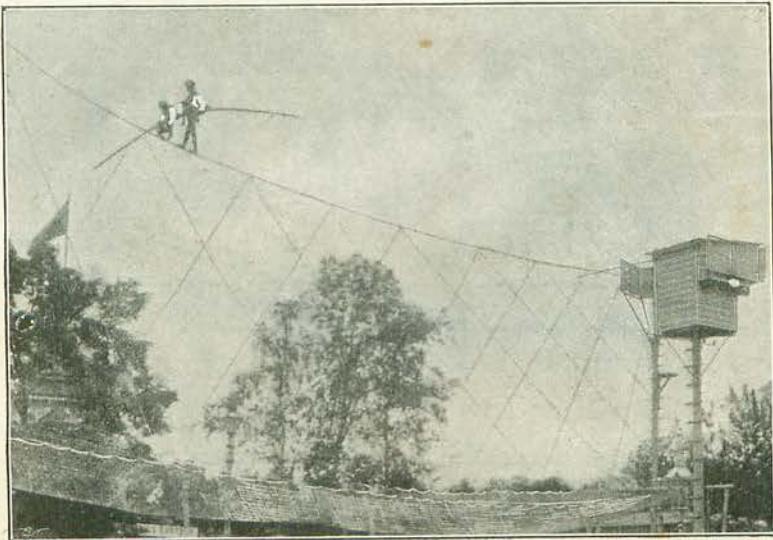
ZERETTO, THE CHAMPION CHILD HIGH KICKER.  
From a Photo. by Harry A. Webb, Philadelphia.

cruelty which enters into the training of stage children. Always providing that their trainers commence with the children at a very early age, it is not only possible gradually to make the little ones perform astounding

acrobatic and other feats, but the youngsters themselves get to love their calling and take an interest in it, and in the devising of new items of business.

† The child that figures in this photo. is positively as supple as ever it is possible to become. You will observe that the tambourine is held by the mother as high as the little girl can reach. Well, she is able to touch this with either foot—surely the uttermost limit of the high kick!

We now come to an entirely different form of entertainment, after the manner of the late Chevalier Blondin—with variations. In the accompanying photograph we see the Brothers Weichmann performing the "Human Wheelbarrow" feat on a rope 110ft. high and 200ft. long. This is, of course, an open-air show, and one requiring a net that weighs nearly a ton. The rope, it will be seen, is steadied with guy-ropes from both sides. The Brothers Weichmann have a pretty original show. Besides the Human Wheelbarrow feat seen in the photo., they go through amusing and even startling antics as man-monkeys and kangaroos, effecting a complete change of costume and character on the high rope, possibly over a wide river at some country fête or gala. For this they receive from £80 to £100 on each occasion. Everything that is requisite for the performance of the various feats is kept in the aerial box or refuge seen to the right in the photograph.



From a

"THE HUMAN WHEELBARROW" ON THE HIGH ROPE.

[Photograph.]

## Side - Shows.

### VI.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.

**T**HE magnates of the entertainment world are always on the look-out for something new in the way of dog shows. Nothing, they will tell you, pleases the public so well as a novel dog show ; and certainly nothing brings in money so fast as a troupe of dogs who perform sensational or funny feats. There are men at this moment scouring the world for likely dogs—literally seeking their fortune among the “friends of man.” I have a case in my mind.

Far away in a remote village of the Austrian Tyrol there lived a lonely old man whose sole companion was a noble collie. That dog could do almost anything you could think of. He did all the marketing necessary, knowing the value of money, and being well able to count. He could walk on any number of legs, from one to four, and he would take the few visitors who penetrated to that sweet, old-world spot on “personally conducted” tours to the caves in the vicinity. Well, as usual, the roving agent came and saw, and eventually conquered the old man’s reluctance to part with his all but human companion ; and that beautiful collie may now be seen among a well-known troupe of dogs, whose feats have delighted not merely London, but every capital in Europe.

As to the charges of cruelty that have been levelled against dog-trainers, I can say nothing. Possibly harsh treatment is resorted to in order to perfect the animals in their feats. At any rate, of this I am certain, that when once a dog *has* been trained to go through a performance, he is thereafter treated in the way a loving mother treats her child. Not, perhaps, for the dog’s own sake, but because he is a valuable possession. Mr. Egon, the owner of the dog shown on this page, has taken an almost incredible amount of pains with the training of “Boy,” the champion dog jumper of the world.

Our reproduction is from a remarkably successful photograph, showing Boy taking a flying leap over a tremendous hurdle, nearly 12ft. high. This great jump, however, can only be accomplished in the open air, where there is no lack of space, and plenty of soft turf to fall upon. Seven or eight feet is the average high jump of a first-rate performing dog upon the stage of a theatre. Showmen fortunate enough to possess dogs like the champion, Boy, can speedily amass a fortune. In addition to the enormous salaries paid by the premier variety theatres for such “turns,” there are almost unlimited private engagements for fêtes, garden-parties, and similar functions.

There are many entertainers throughout the world who depend largely for success upon the comical extravagance of their appearance. Nowadays, however, much is expected in this direction if a show is even to pass muster, much less make a hit. The Phoite Pinaud troupe of eccentric comedians comes well up to the standard of



“BOY,” THE CHAMPION DOG JUMPER OF THE WORLD.  
From a Photo. by R. T. Watson, Hull.





THE SENTIMENTAL DUDE.  
(Phoite Pinaud Troupe.)  
From a Photo. by J. U. Stead, New York.

comicality. Two of them have been specially photographed in New York, and here they are. The dude, whose appearance is decidedly impressive, sings a pathetic love-song, accompanying it with many excruciatingly funny cranings of his altitudinous neck and spasmodic jerkings of his limp arms. This great swell, one ought to mention, is partly human and partly mechanical.

The same applies to his consort, the hilarious person next depicted. The antics of the pair must be seen to be appreciated. After several songs and dances they take part in a miniature drama, the hero (save the mark!) being our friend the dude.

On witnessing the performance of various animals, from elephants down to mice, people are apt to ask, "Is there any central depôt from which these animals may be procured 'ready made,' so to speak?" There is. The depôt, however, is not in England. It is Carl Hagenbeck's wonderful

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establishment in Hamburg. Hagenbeck's catalogue, which lies before me as I write, is a very interesting document. "Group 2," I notice, consists of five lions, three tigers, one leopard, two bears, and four German boarhounds—"All properties" (*i.e.*, already trained to perform); "one central cage and two new caravans included; the lot, £2,750."

The photo. reproduced on the next page shows what curious and striking things in the way of performing animals are to be seen at Herr Hagenbeck's unique emporium. We see a particularly fine Polar bear mounted upon a specially made tricycle. The huge animal propels the machine by means of the pedal-cranks, on which his front paws rest. To avoid any hitch in the inauguration of the show, a powerful hound is always in attendance to give the necessary initial impetus to the whole concern. The lion seen on the left, behind the resolute and fearless lady-trainer, also takes his turn at cycling. He is, moreover, a far more tractable pupil than the Polar bear, whose treachery and ferocity are a continual menace to the trainer.

At all times, and from all climes, strange



THE DUDE'S CONSORT.  
(Phoite Pinaud Troupe.)  
From a Photo. by J. U. Stead, New York.



From a Photo. by]

A POLAR BEAR AS CYCLIST.

[Theod. Reimers, Hamburg.

and wonderful argosies are on their way to Herr Hagenbeck. In his last letter he writes: "Three of my people are just coming home from South Russia with a herd of twenty-six camels. . . My brother is leaving Ceylon with several elephants, buffaloes, zebras, dwarf donkeys, and over 600 reptiles. He is bringing with him six natives to help him *en route*. . . Four elephants are on their way from Burmah to Hamburg *via* London. . . I have now three collectors in Siberia and two in the Caucasus. One man has just left for California to fetch a herd of sea-lions for my Arctic Panorama which opens in Vienna; and my agents in high latitudes have orders to procure twenty young Polar bears." This gives some idea of the interesting nature of the side-show business.

Our next photo. is decidedly impressive, and was taken in Hamburg specially for this article. It depicts a massive little chariot, drawn by a pair of fine tigers and driven by

detectives in disguise, so to speak. Their duties as footmen are purely ornamental, their real *raison d'être* becoming more obvious when the lions or tigers begin to look "ugly." In other words, the hounds are mainly kept in the show for the protection of the trainer.

The performing eagles seen in our next two reproductions are the only ones in the world. They were brought to England three or four years ago by their trainer, Professor Langeneck, who received £40 a week for the show. The Professor had altogether ten



From a Photo. by]

"CÆSAR'S IMPERIAL CHARIOT."

[Theod. Reimers, Hamburg.

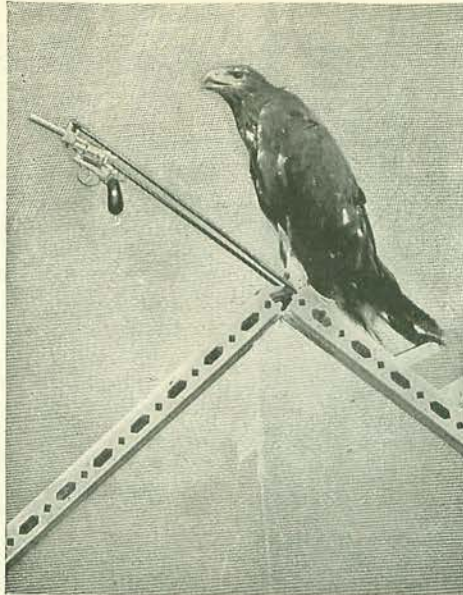
"Cæsar," a lion of unamiable appearance. It will be observed that Cæsar wears his imperial crown and mantle with a noble grace, and that the footmen in attendance upon this extraordinary equipage are a couple of splendid hounds. I may remark here that these hounds are

eagles, but two or more out of this number would always be sulky, so that rarely more than eight of the birds performed at one time. They were Russian eagles, and they gave their show in a huge cage-net, erected primarily for the protection of the audience.

The training of these birds, the Professor assures us, was a heart-breaking business. They much preferred eating meat, and when they weren't eating they were either sulking or fighting desperately among themselves. Many a scar has Professor Langeneck to show how he dashed in amidst the furious wings and murderous talons and beaks of the whirling combatants.

In the first photo. we see the eagle named "Billy" firing off a revolver. He doesn't like doing it. To do anything but eat is a bore, and then, besides, the pistol makes such a frightful row. When it comes to Billy's turn you can see he is reluctant. He was just picking a quarrel with "Jimmie," we will say, when he received his cue—a more or less gentle prod. He hops awkwardly up the steps, bends down to the weapon—probably to sight it—and the next moment a deafening report tells that Billy has done what was required of him.

The second photo. here reproduced shows two more of the performing eagles, one on the revolving globe, and the other on a sort of miniature "Big Wheel." Both of these things have to be impelled along the track by the birds' own



PERFORMING EAGLES—FIRING OFF A PISTOL.  
From a Photo. by Louis Elbelt, Eisleben.

talons. They stop now and then and look at each other, much as we see them in the picture; they might be saying, "Was there ever such a senseless business as this?" These two also ride a bicycle and gravely puts one powerful talon on the handle-bar, whilst the other alights on the wheel itself and forces it slowly round.

The cage in which these eagles perform is not a particularly safe place. When their respective duties are over, the huge birds fly hither and thither erratically, and if one of them chanced to strike you, you would remember the blow for some time. And, moreover, they have been known, gratuitously, to attack their hard-working trainer, probably because he hadn't brought some pounds of raw meat into the cage with him. Fortunately the Professor is always able to beat the eagles off before they have dragged pieces out of him.

What may be described as the most difficult balancing act ever accomplished is shown in the next illustration. The photo. was kindly lent by Mr. Hartley Milburn, of Sunderland. Mr. Milburn writes: "I should like to call attention to the photograph showing the man doing the elbow balance. This is supposed to be the most wonderful feat of equilibrium ever performed by any hand-balancer; and it has created a great sensation, not merely among the audiences who have witnessed



PERFORMING EAGLES—ON THE WHEEL AND REVOLVING GLOBE.

From a Photo. by Louis Elbelt, Eisleben.



THE MOST DIFFICULT BALANCING FEAT IN THE WORLD.  
From a Photo. by Eren Neudhaus, Copenhagen.

it, but also among the artiste's own professional colleagues. You will perfectly understand how extremely difficult it must be to retain a balance in this way, when there is nothing to support the performer but his own elbow-bone. After this feat, ordinary hand-balancing becomes commonplace, because at least the performer is allowed one hand to rest upon, so that, of course, he has the use of his fingers, and these by constant practice become enormously strong and supple." The name of this equilibrist is Mr. Albert Letta, and he has already appeared in most of the great cities of Europe. The photo. which we reproduce was taken in Copenhagen.

The limbs of these hand-balancers and jugglers become practically interchangeable, if I may use such a word in this connection. We have already seen how arms have been made to do duty for legs. There was one man who ran races on his hands and arms, with his legs dangling loosely in the air; another eccentric performer danced a jig in the same way. But in the accompanying photo. we see the double reversal of functions—a man standing upright on the stage, with the bottle of wine and

the glass at his feet. Suddenly gripping the bottle with both feet, he drops on to his hands, holding the bottle high in the air. Then he brings it down much as we see it, only not tilted at so great an angle. The glass is now on the stage, just beneath the man's face. His arms bend outwards, as he lowers himself to pick up the glass with his mouth. Then, holding it firmly between his teeth, and calculating by instinct, Salerno moves his slippered feet down the bottle, and it begins slowly to tilt over until, at length, the wine gushes forth, foaming and hissing, into the glass. Then comes a wonderful thing. The performer's body swings backward, as though on a pivot, and, of course, with this movement the bottle is righted and the full glass tilted up. The wine is drunk in this way, and then back comes the bottle with the perpendicular posture, and out comes another stream of champagne into the glass.

Yet another eccentric cycling act is next depicted. This is a youthful member of the Villions troupe of trick cyclists. The construction of the machine (which resembles a gigantic egg) is as follows: The wheel is perfectly oval in shape, and is inclosed in an egg-shaped frame of wicker-work. Cranks



A NOVEL WAY OF TAKING WINE.  
From a Photo. by Lemüller, Glasgow.



THE "BIG-EGG" CYCLE.  
From a Photo. by Brooks, Leeds.

and pedals remain outside; and the effect produced as this extraordinary unicycle rolls hither and thither is both comical and curious.

Our last photo. shows the amazing ride of Kilpatrick, the crack American trick cyclist. What makes his performances the more astonishing is that he has only one leg! Notwithstanding this, however, Kilpatrick rides down a terribly steep flight of wooden stairs, 60ft. high, and fixed at an appalling angle. It seems sheer lunacy to attempt to ride down this, but the cyclist has done it hundreds of times, with no more serious accident than a nasty shaking. As you may imagine, the speed and momentum acquired are terrific, once the machine is let go. True, there is a flat run of a few yards at the bottom and then a slight ascent, but this is not enough, and Mr. Kilpatrick has to depend for safety mainly upon the

steady pressure exercised by his powerful solitary leg upon the very long crank of the machine.

The cyclist relates one never-to-be-forgotten incident that took place in Cincinnati. It is short. He was being photographed, much as we see him in our reproduction. The photographer, of course, stood below, midway on the short stretch of flat track. Somehow, the person who was holding the machine stumbled as Mr. Kilpatrick was mounting, and the next moment cyclist and cycle were descending the stairs at frightful speed. The unfortunate photographer was busy changing his plates. The result you can imagine. Kilpatrick himself actually escaped without a scratch, but the machine was smashed into wire-work. As to the photographer—well, when he recovered after weeks in hospital, he declared that in future he'd rather put his head into the muzzle of a loaded cannon than stand, professionally, in front of a racing cyclist.



KILPATRICK'S WONDERFUL RIDE DOWN THE STAIRS.  
From a Photograph.

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