

A Burlesque Bull-Fight.

BY ALBERT H. BROADWELL.



N ugly rumour had spread its wings over Southend in general and the Corporation in particular. In fact, some wicked fairy had spread a tale of horror; it ran to the effect that the popular seaside resort would hence-

fact remains nevertheless, that Englishmen as a body abhor a bull-fight and everything connected therewith, and though this fact may have been pointed out times without number, it is pleasing to reiterate the sentiment, inasmuch as in this particular case it is indorsed in

the most emphatic manner by Her Majesty the Queen.

As will be seen in the telegram which, by kind permission, we are allowed to reprint in full, Her Majesty takes the liveliest interest in any movement that touches upon the welfare and self-respect of her subjects.

On hearing of the proposed bull-fight at Southend, Her Majesty telegraphed through the Home Office as follows:—



DRESSING THE "BULL."

forth become the scene of bloody Southern bull-fights. Though much banter and something worse originated with that rumour, all doubts and fears were quickly quelled by the Mayor and other local authorities, who promptly put their foot down in the most determined manner, which praiseworthy action should meet with universal approval.

Though the rumour may have been treated somewhat lightly in certain quarters, the undoubted



NEARLY READY.



THE INFURIATED ANIMAL ENTERS THE ARENA.

enabled to convey to millions of readers the righteous indignation felt by the Queen at the very proposal of a bull-fight taking place on English soil.

There is something more, however, in Her Majesty's words—something sweet and womanly. Infinite care and tender-

On Her Majesty's Service.
Parliament Street,
Town Clerk,
Southend,

The Queen is inquiring about rumoured bull-fight. Please telegraph precisely what is proposed. Even if the intention is only burlesque with dogs, Queen is anxious there should be no cruelty. Town Council have taken some action, I think. Would be glad of full report following telegram. Pedder, Private Secretary to Secretary of State, Home Office.

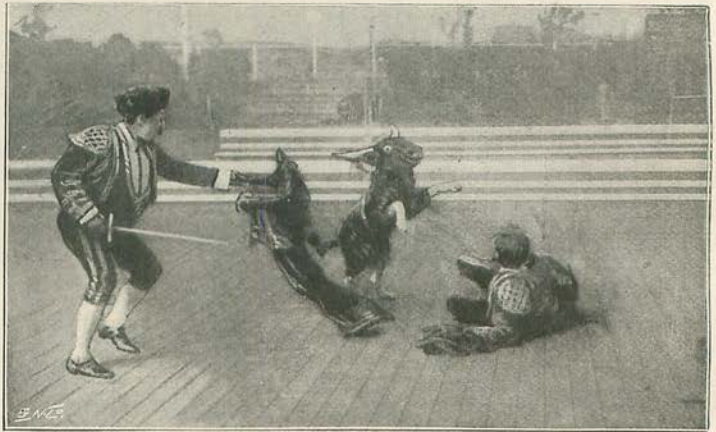
We are proud of thus being

ness for the weak and the defenceless are revealed in the few words that follow: "*Even if the intention is only burlesque with dogs, Queen is anxious there should be no cruelty.*"

Now, we have made a point of investigating this matter thoroughly. Let it be said at once that there is no cruelty whatever in this burlesque performance. As a matter of fact, the clever dog whose task it is to impersonate the bull enjoys the fun as much as the audience itself.

The Brothers Boston, well known for their clever performances the world over, are full of original ideas. One of these consists in dressing up a favourite dog of theirs as a bull, and going through a burlesque bull-fight, to the intense enjoyment of everybody.

The first two pictures which we reproduce here represent the dressing of the "bull." Though corrida bulls are usually "dressed" after the performance, our particular bull is



WITH A BOUND AND A RUSH THE BULL IS UPON HIM.



THERE IS AN UGLY GLEAM IN HIS MURDEROUS EYE.

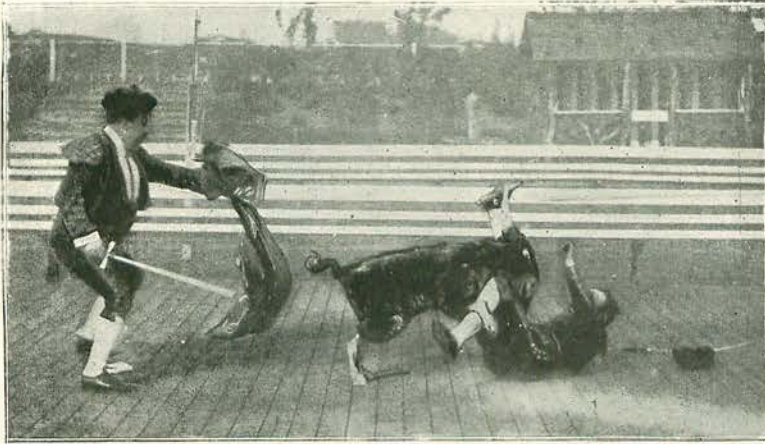
dressed before, and, let it be said, in a more pleasing manner altogether.

For expediency's sake, the usual paraphernalia of regular bull-fights is dispensed with, and defenceless horses are an unknown quantity.

Both Shutthatdor and Bangthatdor are busily engaged in slipping on the various garments which are to transform a very good and obedient dog into the fiercest of diminutive bulls.

The bull's head, which is made of the lightest material, is firmly tied on to the artificial hide, and so as to take all the weight, such as it is, entirely off the plucky dog's head. Moreover, the inside of the mask or head is carefully padded, so that no harm could possibly befall its wearer.

In the next picture the audience is spell-



HIS FRANTIC EFFORTS TO ESCAPE ARE UNAVAILING.

bound. The "bull" makes his first appearance in the ring, and very terrible does he look, too. His blood-shot eyes roll from side to side even as balls of fire; he is cautiously followed by the very man deputed to spell his doom by means of the ghastly tin sword firmly gripped in his right hand.

For a moment the bull stands terrible yet undecided. There is an ugly gleam in his murderous glass eye; there is something uglier still awaiting his bold antagonists.

Watch! What will happen now? He charges with fury indescribable; he gains in impetus as he rushes madly at one of his opponents. There is an angry roar (or bark), and Shutthatdor is felled to the ground. Will he ever rise again? Will Bangthatdor succeed in attracting the infuriated animal's attention? No; all efforts are unavailing. The doomed man has

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SHUTTHATDOR FEIGNS DEATH.



AN EXCITING BIT OF BY-PLAY.

no time to regain his feet; another blood-curdling roar (or bark), and a fresh charge is made. With a bound and a rush the bull is again upon him. The audience crowding the benches in the background grows frantic; no cigars, fair duenna's gloves, or other second-hand articles are thrown

—the tension is too great.

The second onslaught is more disastrous than the first. Shutthatdor is helpless; he struggles vainly; his frantic efforts to escape are unavailing. He is done, and like a wise man he at last resorts to a well-known dodge: he feigns death. The subterfuge succeeds amazingly well. His victorious enemy sniffs once or twice, and at-



AN ATTEMPT TO PLACE THE BANDERILLEROS.

tracted by the red rag of Bangthatdor he leaves his victim for a moment, bent upon more slaughter.

They are away and out of the picture. Shutthatdor rises quickly and flies to the rescue of his comrade in danger. He succeeds in bringing the infuriated beast once more into focus, and here we have an exciting bit of by-play.

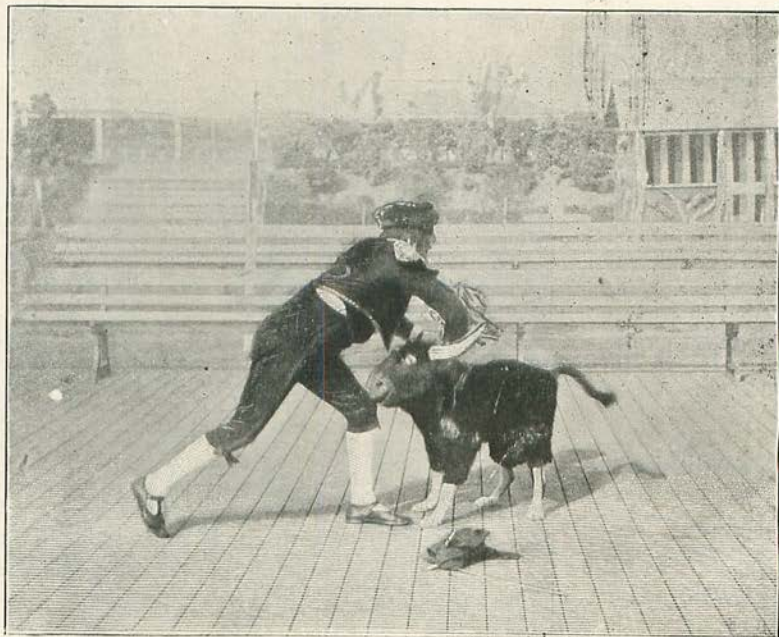
The bull is checked, but for an instant only. There is an attempt to place the banderilleros, but it fails. Once more Bangthatdor comes to the rescue and attracts the bull's attention to himself.

Shutthatdor recovers from his temporary discomfiture. He intends to place those banderilleros sooner or later, and he will. Now on two legs, now on three, and sometimes on all fours, the angry bull charges again and again. The

audience on the benches grows more frantic than ever. The very seats shake as they have never shaken before, and the applause becomes deafening.

A fresh attempt is made to stick the maddening banderilleros deep into the shoulders of the bull. The second attempt fails also. It is tried again and again. Shutthatdor's pluck is truly amazing. Now! look, he has accomplished that most mighty of

feats. No; he has not! But he has! One magnificent lunge, requiring much pluck and dexterity, and the deed is done. The bull has stayed his mad flight for an instant only—silent and irresolute he wavers in his attack—that is enough. Shutthatdor is upon him with a will, and the dreaded banderilleros sink deep—into the horse-hair cushion specially provided for the purpose.



THE BANDERILLEROS SINK DEEP.



THEY RUN FOR THEIR LIVES.

the sight is refreshing, indeed, after so much excitement. The bull is busily engaged in the rapid consumption of numerous well-earned biscuits, and we take our leave, much pleased with each other and with that clever dog in particular.

[We are indebted to Mr. George Scott, general manager of the palatial Southend Kursaal and Marine Park, and his assistant Mr. Leslie, for their kind assistance in connection with the above article and photos.]



"THE FIGHT IS ENDED FOR EVER."

This is overdoing things altogether, our plucky "bull" seeks vengeance, and his antagonists run for their lives. He is in quest of blood: he charges madly right and left. He is sightless, and it is pitiful to notice that somehow he knows that his doom is near.

Bangthatdor returns with an ugly gleam in his left eye, and awaits his opportunity. It comes at last: the fatal thrust is given, and the fight is ended for ever (that is, of course, until the next performance).

Cheers upon cheers ring loud; they shake the very foundations of the edifice as the conquered hero is dragged lifeless from the arena on a sack borrowed for the purpose.

They are all out of focus now, and



"DRAGGED LIFELESS FROM THE ARENA."