Side Show Sidelights

Diverting Chronicles of Circus Life

By FRANCIS METCALFE

THE TRAGEDY OF THE TIGERS AND THE POWER OF HYPNOTISM.

Chauncey Depew was at the bottom of all the trouble; not the once favorite son of New York, but his namesake, one of the handsomest double-striped royal Bengal tigers ever captured. Depew was the central figure in the group which Miller, the trainer of tigers, had worked so hard to educate, and it was his rebellion which made the teacher's labors of years come to naught. Late in the season, after months spent in giving the finishing touches to their education while they were with a small part of the show which was exhibited near Cleveland, the tigers were brought to Coney Island; a group of eight magnificent beasts, all jungle bred and each worthy of a place in any menagerie. Perhaps it was the discomfort of the journey in the small traveling cages, possibly the change in the surroundings and the nearness of the other animals excited them; but whatever the cause, there was trouble in the narrow runway at the back of the dens when they entered it to go to the exhibition cage for their first Coney Island appearance.

The sound of their snarling and growling, the reports of pistol shots and the cracking of training whips caused a sensation of uneasiness in the audience until the first tiger bounded through the door at the back of the cage, closely followed by a half-dozen others. Dangerous beasts they looked as they threw themselves against the stout bars, which rattled from the impact of their great bodies, and the front seats of the auditorium were quickly vacated by the audience. The noise in the runway continued, but the deep throaty growls which came from behind the dens were of a different quality from the snarling and yapping of the seven beasts in the exhibition cage, and when the last of the tigers appeared in the doorway the first arrivals made renewed efforts to escape through the bars.

It was Depew; not the good-natured-looking great cat whose "I-have-eaten-the-canary" expression and smug whiskers had suggested his name, but a jungle tiger who had "gone bad," as the animal trainers call it, and who

"Depew, Coughing and Choking, Drew Back."

stood for a moment in the doorway, wrathfully surveying his frantic companions and selecting a victim. Froth was dripping from his snarling lips, his small eyes were blazing like two points of flame, the hair on his neck and back stood up like bristles, and his great tail struck the door-casing resounding whacks, as he lashed it from side to side. Only a moment he stood there, and then the great striped body hurtled through the air as if shot from a catapult, and covering a good 20 feet in the spring it landed fair on Bombay, one of the largest tigers in the group. The aim was a true one and the sound of breaking bone mingled with a scream of pain from his victim, as Bombay sank under the weight of the blow, his cervical vertebrae crushed between Depew's powerful jaws.

It was evident that all training had been forgotten, that fear of anything so puny as man had departed from the minds of the tigers, and a groan went up from the audience when the door was opened and quickly closed behind Miller, the trainer, who stood, whip and training rod in hand, in the cage with the maddened animals.

Depew was still crouched on the body of his victim, biting at the neck and growling ferociously, his tail lashing from side to side. Miller never took his eyes from him and kept between him and the door as he called the others by name and tried to regain control of them. One tiger after another was released, glad of the opportunity to escape, as the door to the runway was opened at Miller's signal, until only Depew, the body of Bombay and the trainer occupied the cage.

The other tigers had entered into a general free fight in the runway, but the noise of their bickering was unheeded in the excitement of the contest in the exhibition cage. Depew rose as Miller cracked his whip and approached him, and made a rush which the trainer met with his pronged training rod, driving it hard between the widely opened jaws while his whip rained blows upon the tiger's face. But he was only checked for a moment, and under his fiercer attack the trainer was forced to give ground. They were so close that the tiger could not spring, but he struck savagely with his great forepaws and tried again and again to pass the guard which Miller maintained with the training rod, using it as a fencer uses a foil. It was an unequal contest and the trainer realized that he was beaten; Depew would not be driven from the cage. The useless training whip was discarded and a savage rush from the tiger was met by a pistol shot in the face, blank cartridge, of course, but effective for a moment. Five more shots followed in quick succession and the trainer backed quickly toward the door, when his foot slipped, he was on his back, and Depew, quick to seize the advantage, stood over him.

Every keeper connected with the show stood about the cage with the Roman candles, fire extinguishers, pistols and irons which are always kept in readiness, and any or all of them would have willingly entered to rescue the man, but experience has taught them that two cannot work together in a cage with animals. They were quick to act and a stream of water under heavy pressure from the fire hose struck the tiger in the side, exploding fireworks scorched his skin, the din of revolver shots was in his ears, while the wads from the cartridges stung him, but he seemed conscious only of the prostrate form beneath him.

Animal trainers need to think quickly and to seize the slightest moment of hesitation or indecision on the part of their pupils if they wish to be long-lived, and Miller, as he fell, had thrown his useless pistol out of the cage and uttered the one word "Load!" There was no time for that, but Tudor, seeing that the trainer had one arm free, threw his own pistol through the bars and it slid across the floor of the cage straight as a die to the outstretched hand. It was a time when fractions of a second count and Depew's hesitation robbed him of his revenge. The opened jaws were within a foot of the trainer's throat when the muzzle of the pistol went between them, and Depew, coughing and choking, drew back, his throat scorched by the burning powder, his eyes momentarily blinded by the stream from a fire extinguisher, while Miller struggled to his feet.

"People who see the crowds at my show think that I must coin money," said the proprietor as he joined the press agent and the stranger after the performance. "But that accident in the arena tonight means a loss of $50,000 to me."

"Isn't that a high figure, even if they all die?" asked the stranger, who had been doing a little mental arithmetic.

"For those eight, yes, although a trained tiger is worth all sorts of money, but I have purchased 28 in all for that group, and the others have been killed one by one, fighting among themselves. They average over a thousand apiece, for I bought only the best, and figure up the cost of their keep, transportation and trainer's salaries for three years and you will find that I am not far out. That is the difficulty of the show business in America, the public demands so much. A sensation—the realization that every animal in the cage is a wild animal and that he is liable to remember it at any minute—is what holds attention. That is why I always use jungle animals when I can get them, for, although they can be as well trained, they always perform under protest and it makes it exciting. But the losses from fighting among themselves make it mighty expensive to keep up the big groups which the American public demands."

"That's one of the things which drove me out of the show business," said the press agent as he set his empty glass on the table and signaled to the waiter. "A guy named Merritt and myself had a snake show in New York a few years ago which presented the most complete collection of reptiles ever gotten together, for it contained specimens of every species of wriggler known to herpetology and a good many that were not described in the books. That man Merritt was an inventive genius and had the California sharp, Burbank, beaten a mile when it came to inventing new species. When business was dull he'd take a lot of common, ordinary snakes into the back room and with a bottle of peroxide of hydrogen and an assortment of aniline dyes he would bring out albinos and spotted and striped snakes which made the scientists open their eyes and kept 'em busy inventing new Latin names.

"His biggest success was 'The Great Two-horned Rhinoceros Serpent,' which made 'em all sit up for a month, and if I hadn't seen Merritt working over a common boa-constrictor with a pair of shark's teeth and a dish of bird lime it would have fooled me. That snake was proud of the horns which Merritt glued on his head, too, and he used to chase the other snakes around the cage and butt 'em like a giddy billy-goat. But in spite of all his ingenuity in orignating new varieties, business was dropping off, for the public demanded quantity as well as quality and we had skinned the local snake market clean. We were sitting in the office one day, figuring on where we could get additions to our collection, when a stout, red-faced little man who had 'sea captain' written all over him came in and asked if we wanted any more snakes. Merritt allowed that we did if he had the snakes and asked where we could inspect them.

"'Well, I've got one that I brought from Borneo and he's on a ship down in the harbor,' says the captain. 'We won't argue none about the price, for if you'll come down and take him away you can have him for nothing.' That made Merritt a little suspicious and he asked the captain if it were his ship.

"'I reckoned it was until two days ago, when that blame snake broke loose,' he answered irritably. 'Since then he seems to own it and not a man jack of the crew will go below. I've tried to shoot him, but the beggar's too quick, and I want to discharge my cargo, so if you ain't afraid to tackle him, come on.'

"'Me afraid! Me?' says Merritt throwing out a chest. 'Why, man alive, I'm the only living snake charmer who ever dared handle the dangerous Two-horned Rhinoceros Serpent, and do you think I'd weaken before a common Borneo python?'

"'I dunno whether you will or not until I see you try,' says the captain.

"'Just watch me. Watch me!' says Merritt. 'I'll use my wonderful hypnotic power and you'll see the serpent crawl into the bag at my command, to be easily transported to this moral and elevating show for exhibition as an example of the power of mind over matter.'

"'All right, professor,' says the captain. 'But if you'll take my advice you'll stow those shore-going togs and get into working rig before you tackle him.'

"Merritt snorted contemptuosly at the suggestion and we started for the ship. When we got on board he made a little speech before he went into the hold, telling the sailors about his wonderful hypnotic power and how he would exercise it to charm the serpent which was preventing their worthy captain from reaping the rewards of his arduous toil and his hardihood in having braved the perils of the vasty deep.

"I knew what he would try to do, for I had seen him work it before. The way to get one of those big snakes is to cover his head with a bag, and then he'll crawl in himself to get into the dark, which is a serpent's idea of safety. The more you prod 'em the faster they'll crawl, and that was the time when Merritt always made passes with his hands and muttered gibberish to impress the spectators. He started in according to program as soon as he located the snake, which was half hidden among a lot of casks. The snake carried out his part and struck at the opened bag which Merritt held out to him, but instead of sticking his head in he grabbed it with his teeth, and as Merritt held on he drew him back among the barrels and there was a pretty fight. Merritt was quick enough to get a strangle hold around the snake's neck and then it kept him busy keeping out of his coils. The captain hadn't lied much about the size of the python—it was about 30 feet long—and Merritt didn't have time to use any incantation, although considerable forcible language floated up through the hatchway. They wiped the deck with each other for about 20 minutes, and Merritt had been bumped against pretty nearly every cask in the hold before he finally succeeded in drawing the sack over the snake's head. Then it was easy, and in spite of his lack of breath the showman in Merritt asserted itself. He put the sack on the floor, and with one foot on the neck of it he prodded the snake's body with the other while he made mysterious passes with his hands until the tip of the tail disappeared. When the sack was securely tied up the python was hoisted on deck, and Merritt, his clothing torn and soiled with pitch and the miscellaneous oily and sticky things which made up the ship's cargo, climbed up after it.

"'Did you see me?' he asked proudly, throwing out his chest. 'Did you observe the wonderful hypnotic power which overcame the prowess of the serpent?'

About the Tango.

The tango mystery grows all the time. It is asserted upon every hand that nobody dances it. Still, the furor continues. Ask a dancing master if he teaches the tango and he will tell you no. He knows what it is—he has seen it done by experts—but he doesn't teach it. It is not a popular dance. There seems to be two tangoes. One is the tango which comes to us from the Argentine Republic—a dance for experts—a slow, difficult thing that is not worth doing at all unless one can do it very well, indeed. The other tango is any new dance—the Castle walk, the hesitation waltz, or anything our fathers did not dance. This latter is the popular tango danced all over the country. It is the one at which the people who do not care about dancing continually thunder. It is not the tango at all. The tango is a myth, and they are knocking the daylights out of it every day.

Justice for Little Men.

"These people say they were not a trust," said George K. Service, the noted Denver lawyer, apropos of a convited corporation. "Well, trust or no, the outside dealer got about as much justice at their hands as the little man got in the theater.

"A big, fat man at the theater sat on his overcoat. Thus the little man behind him could not see at all.

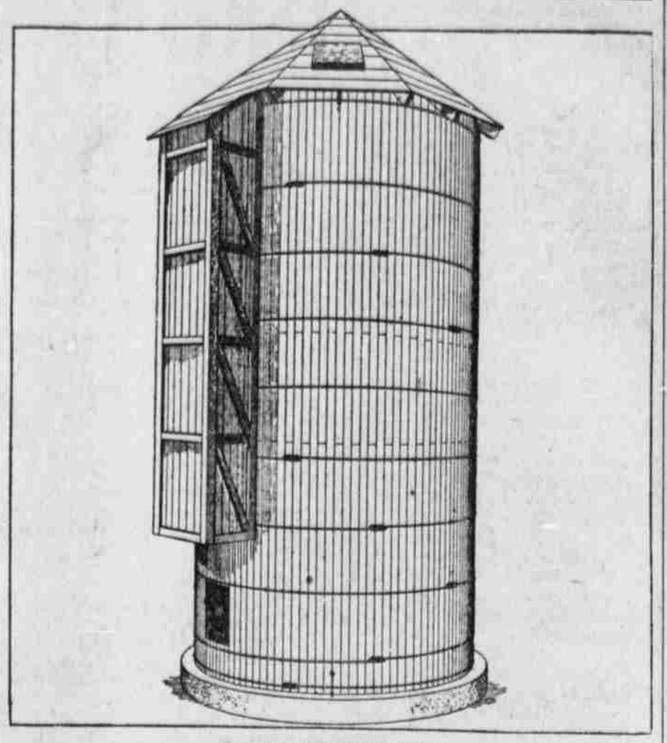
"'I can't see anything, mister,' said the little man plaintively, touching the big man on the shoulder.

"'Can't see anything, hey?'

"'No, sir; I can't see a thing.'

"'Well, then, I'll fix you up. Just keep your eye on me and laugh when I do.'"

PLAN FOR CONSTRUCTING A STAVE SILO



Complete Silo With Chute.

In determining the size of a silo the first thing to be considered is the diameter, and this depends on the number of cattle to be fed. When the diameter of a silo is too great the silage is not fed off rapidly enough to keep it from spoiling. This is particularly true when silage is fed in summer. Care should therefore be taken that the diameter of the silo be not too great for the number of cows to be fed from it, says the department of agriculture.

From thirty to forty pounds of silage per cow per day should be provided for average dairy cows during the time when no other green food is available. The amount varies according to the quantity and quality of dry forage used. After the diameter of the silo has been decided upon the next consideration is the number of tons of silage that will be needed, and this depends on the length of the silage-feeding season. A convenient height for a silo above the foundation is twice its diameter; but sometimes it is necessary for a silo of small diameter to be higher than this. In such a case it should be well braced. The silo should, if possible, be located so as to open into the feed room. If such an arrangement is impracticable, it should be located near the barn at some other point and connected with the barn or with the feed room by a covered passageway.

The Foundation.

To lay out the foundation, drive a stake in the ground at the center of the proposed silo. Saw off this stake at the height desired for the foundation wall, which should be at least one foot above the ground on the high side, if the ground is sloping.

The thickness of the wall should vary from ten to eighteen inches, depending upon the size of the silo, the material of the foundation, and the ground on which it is located. The inside of the foundation wall should be at least six inches nearer to the center of the silo than the inside of the staves.

Materials and Construction.

The material of the foundation may be of stone, brick or concrete. Concrete is preferable under most conditions. Where stone or brick is to be used the earth in the bottom of the silo, except where the center stake stands, may be dug out before the wall is built, thus giving additional silage space and allowing greater convenience in building the wall. The earth should not be dug out deeper than four inches above the bottom of the wall. With a concrete foundation this excavation must not be made until the wall is finished and the position of the staves marked on the top of the wall.

Stone.

Stone may be conveniently used when the foundation will not extend more than one or two feet above the surface of the ground. It should be laid in cement mortar in such a manner that the inner surface will be smooth and the top level.

Brick.

Where hard-burned brick can be secured cheaply, as is often the case near brickyards, they can frequently be used to advantage for a foundation. They should be laid in cement mortar, with the inner surface of the wall smooth and the top level. If the wall extends more than one foot above the surface, it should be reinforced by laying a No. 9 wire, or its equivalent, on every second course of brick above the surface of the ground.

Concrete.

For a concrete foundation, a ditch must be dug before any of the earth in the center is removed. The earth between the two lines that mark the inside and outside of the foundation should be taken out until firm ground below frost line is reached, care being taken to cut the sides of the ditch down straight and to leave the bottom level.

Preparing the Concrete.

For mixing the concrete, a box about four feet wide, eight feet long and one foot deep may be used, or a simple floor or platform six by ten feet will suffice. To measure the materials, an empty barrel (preferably a cement barrel) with both ends knocked out will be most convenient. First measure up sand enough for a batch of convenient size, and spread it on the floor or platform. Measure up the cement, spread it over the sand and, with a hoe or shovel, mix them until no streaks appear. This mixture is then built up into a low circular pile with a crater-like basin in the center. Into this "crater" pour water and, by drawing in the dry mixture from all sides with a hoe, mix thoroughly, adding more water if necessary, until the hoe will leave the mortar without the mortar clinging to it, after which the mortar is spread out on one end of the platform. Now measure up the broken stone or coarse gravel, drench it with water to wash off all particles of dust and dump it on the wet mixture of sand and cement. The final mixing is usually done by shoveling the material back and forth until it is thoroughly mixed.

Filling the Ditch With Concrete.

Put in the first layer about six inches deep, and thoroughly ram the concrete until water appears on the surface. A good rammer may be made of a piece of four by six lumber, two feet long, with a hole bored in the center of one end to receive a four-foot round handle. When the second layer is put on, the surface of the first layer should be perfectly clean and rough, and if dry it should be sprinkled with water.

Building Forms.

After the ditch is filled to the surface of the ground, drive two by four stakes half an inch from the foundation on the inside and two feet apart all the way around. With a straight edge placed level—one end on top of the center stake and the other against the side of the form stake—mark on the form stake the height that the wall should be, as previously determined. Mark thus on every second stake.

After the space from the top board to the ground has been boarded in, drive stakes in a similar manner for the outside form half an inch from the concrete. Drive these stakes so that the scantling, resting on the center stake and the inside form, will just clear the tops. Board up these stakes on the inside, making the top of the outer form level with that of the inner.

Filling the Form.

Four or five eyebolts half an inch in diameter and from 20 to 24 inches long, with a hook or elbow on the lower end, should be placed 9 inches from the inside of the foundation and held in a vertical position by boards fastened across the top the form. These bolts should extend 8 or 10 inches above the top of the wall. The concrete will be filled in around them. After the silo is completed the staves adjoining the eyebolts will be securely fastened to them.

Concrete Floor.

If the earth in the bottom of the silo is firm and comparatively dry, no provision need be made for drainage, and a concrete floor is unnecessary. Still such a floor makes the silo easier to clean and make it impossible for rats to burrow underneath the foundation wall and gain access to the silage. If, however, the earth in the bottom of the silo is inclined to be seepy, a tile drain should be laid in it and a concrete floor should be laid above the tile.

Roup Remedies.

Roup is a most contagious disease and any treatment should be given at the earliest appearance of the disease. It does not pay to treat fowls seriously sick. Kill them and burn the carcasses. In the first stages of the disease, any of the following treatments are recommended: Inject the solution into the nostrils and on the roof of the mouth:

1. Two per cent solution of creolin.
2. Two per cent solution of carbolic acid.
3. Peroxide of hydrogen and water, equal parts.
4. One grain permanganate of potash to an ounce of water.
5. Kerosene, one drop in each nostril of an infected fowl.

Renovated Orchard.

Professor Hedrich of the New York station at Geneva, says he knows of an apple orchard which had been in sod for 24 years and was so badly run down that it was sold as common farm land. After several years of tillage it is now paying the owner ten per cent net on the valuation of $1,000 per acre.

Corn for Feeding.

It is believed by many that corn which will mature a good crop of ears is better from a feeding standpoint than varieties which produce large amounts of forage and few ears.

Making Butter.

Much farm butter sells at a low price, not because it is in itself bad, but because it is made to suit the maker and not the buyer.

Mrs. McAdoo in Bridal Gown, and Mr. McAdoo.

ELEANOR WILSON NOW MRS. M'ADOO

President's Youngest Daughter Married in White House.

CEREMONY IN BLUE ROOM

Wedding Gifts Are Many and Handsome—Description of the Bridal Gown, Going-Away Dress, and Other Costumes.

Washington, D. C., May 8.—The wedding of Miss Eleanor Randolph Wilson, youngest daughter of President Wilson, and William Gibbs McAdoo, secretary of the treasury, took place Thursday at six o'clock p. m., in the blue room of the White House.

The wedding procession proceeded from the main stairway into the corridor, through the north door of the blue room, to the platform erected in the south bay window of the room.

Miss Sallie McAdoo led the procession, followed by Mrs. Sayre and Miss Margaret Wilson. Miss Nancy Lane directly preceded the bride, who was escorted by the president. The groom, with Dr. Cary Travers Grayson, met the wedding party at the altar. Mr. McAdoo wore evening clothes and Dr. Grayson wore his uniform. Rev. Sylvester W. Beach performed the ceremony.

After the ceremony the wedding party proceeded to the red room, where they received congratulations and good wishes of the company. The Marine band furnished the music. Supper was served at small tables in the state dining room. The decorations of the blue room were lilies and ferns, and the decorations in the dining-room were pink and white roses.

Handsome Wedding Presents.

In spite of the small list of invited guests the wedding presents were numerous. Prominent among them were the beautiful silver tea service, given by the members of the house of representatives, a piece of jewelry from members of the senate, twelve silver plates and a platter from the cabinet members and their wives, and a handsome gift from the justices of the Supreme court. From the diplomatic corps, no member of which was invited, came flowers and good wishes.

The bride's bouquet was of orange blossoms, white orchids and lilies of the valley. The flower girls carried white chip hats, hung by ribbons, filled with flowers.

Miss Margaret Wilson's gown was of soft blue crape with panniers and waist of blue tulle. The neck was finished with a cream lace ruff and a flowered sash completed the costume. With this costume was worn a blue lace hat, trimmed with pink roses and touches of black. Mrs. Sayre's costume was exactly like Miss Wilson's except that the color was pink. The gowns of the little flower girls were white, with blue and pink ribbons.

Beautiful Wedding Gown.

The wedding gown worn by Miss Wilson is made of ivory-white satin and trimmed with real old point lace. The bodice is softly draped with satin, which crosses in front and is brought to a point below the shoulders, front and back. The V-shaped neck is finished with folds of soft tulle. The long mousquetaire sleeves are made of tulle. The real old point lace is gracefully draped over the right shoulder to the left side of the waist and is fastened with a spray of orange blossoms; the lace then continues as a border to the long transparent tunic of tulle, which graduates to the side of the skirt at the train. The sweeping train is three and a half yards in length.

A cap effect bridal wreath, with orange blossoms and long draped veil was very effective.

The old point lace used on the gown is a masterpiece and a work of art in lace making. It is a part of a world-famous collection.

Her Going-Away Dress.

The bride's going-away dress is a three-piece dress made of corbeau-blue gabardine. The coat is made of corbeau-blue charmeuse and gabardine. The front and upper part of back of coat is made of charmeuse. The back is gathered at collar. The three-quarter sleeve of gabardine is topped with the blue charmeuse, the edge of the sleeve being bound with a flat black silk braid. The soft girdle of gabardine ends in front with an oval charmeuse buckle. The bodice is dark blue chiffon over white. It has braided straps of gabardine over the shoulders, with 12 rows of braid over belt of blue gabardine. A white organdie vestee and collar are edged with a rose and green flowered narrow ribbon, fastened in front by three ribbon buttons. Long blue sleeves over white chiffon end in wide cuffs of 16 rows of narrow black braid.

The short skirt is of gabardine, with three circular flounces starting at sides of skirt. These are fastened at back with a strap of gabardine attached to which are four small black silk tassels. Between the flounces, corbeau charmeuse, to which they are attached, showing about one inch of charmeuse between each flounce. Flounces and bottom of skirt are edged with black silk braid.

Sketch of Mrs. McAdoo.

Mrs. McAdoo is the only one of the three daughters of the president who has evinced no inclination to pursue an accomplishment or perfect herself in any branch of study. Like her mother, she has talent as an artist in oils and has spent two seasons at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. She has a keen sense of humor, and is much of a diplomat. She is the only member of the White House family who has a nickname. She is called "Nell."

In appearance, Mrs. McAdoo is tall, slender, with a girlish figure, and a light, swinging gait. She has a pleasant smile, fine teeth, a rather large mouth, blue eyes topped with dark brows and fringed with dark lashes, a fine clear white skin and quantities of soft, straight, dark hair. She rides, dances, swims and rows well and is quite a linguist. Her place in society as the wife of the secretary of the treasury will now be next to that of Mrs. Bryan.

Career of the Groom.

Mr. McAdoo was born in Georgia in 1863, of a family which had been wealthy, but had lost their all in the Civil war. At twenty-one young McAdoo was admitted to the bar and five years later he came to New York. There he formed a partnership with William McAdoo, who was no known relation.

In 1885 Mr. McAdoo married Miss Sarah Fleming of Chattanooga, Tenn., who died four years ago. There are six children. Mr. McAdoo's principal residence is at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, not far from New York.

All for 15 Guineas.

From the Lady's Magazine of 1789: "Wanted, for a sober family, a man of light weight who fears the Lord and can drive a pair of horses. He must occasionally wait at table, join in household prayer, look after the horses and read a chapter in the Bible. He must, God willing, rise at seven in the morning, obey his master and mistress in all lawful commands; if he can dress hair, sing psalms and play at cribbage, the more agreeable. Wages, 15 guineas a year."

Good In Use of Asbestos.

Iron is a fine conductor of heat. Therefore, when an oven warms up the hot iron conducts a great deal of the heat to other parts of the stove and radiates it into space. As asbestos is a poor conductor of heat, a lining of that material will save an immense amount of heat. It will actually keep the hidden iron part of the oven from becoming hot. As less heat is lost, an oven so lined becomes hot more quickly or else on a less amount of gas.