

and who lost his life a few weeks ago in the sinking of a tugboat in the Gulf of Mexico. Clawson did not tell the Trouble Club his woes that day, but here are some tales of his experiences in South America which he spun for The Tribune later.

"What would the average American actress think of making a trip of one thousand miles on mule-back as part of her tour away from Broadway?" he asked, by way of beginning. "We did such a stunt a couple of years ago in South America, and considered it all in the month's work."

"We had come into Bolivia from Peru and found ourselves at La Paz. We wanted to get into Argentina, but did not relish a voyage around the end of the continent and through the Strait of Magellan.

would begin to whine. There was nothing for it but to stop the caravan and get out the dog.

"When you've put a pack on a mule with the diamond hitch you can't get out as much as a halpin without undoing the hitch and unpacking the mule. Petit would be satisfied to ride for a mile or two in the arms of the leading lady, then he would whine for his basket. That meant more unpacking, until he could be injected into the basket. I'll wager that dog cost us two days in time wasted doing and undoing diamond hitches.

"We advertised the show as 'The Real Devil' and had a red Satan on our handbills. There was no theatre in Tupiza, the last Bolivian town we struck. The priest was going to let us have his church until he heard what the show was. Then he said he was sorry, but we'd have to take the real devil some place else. We finally showed in a school with an earth floor. The only musical instrument in the town was a piano which had only a dozen strings left. The natives did not seem to mind the discord, but it was hard on the performers. It was nearly as bad as an Indian orchestra that we hired in another place.

"As if I did not have troubles enough, the head magician was a camera fiend. He took pictures all day and sat up half the night developing his plates to make sure that he was getting everything.

"One morning we were all ready to start, when I discovered that the professor was missing. Finally I found a note from him. Some pictures he had taken the day before refused to develop. He had taken the back trail to rephotograph the scene. The entire company was held up for twenty-four hours.

"The delay caused more trouble. The streams in this region run over beds of saltpetre, and the

"I gave him a second dipper, and when that had taken effect I got a permit. A rival show was refused because it was a block too far away from the police station.

"We waited patiently for that revolution. Finally word came that the revolutionists were advancing on the town by train. We took refuge on the roof of the American Consulate. The streets were full of soldiers, and they were banked around the station. The train pulled in and the revolutionists got off. They shook hands with the soldiers, and all adjourned to the neighboring cafes.

"In every South American town a show must have a license. It can be had for nothing if it is worked right. Agent Terrible was of no use when it came to getting licenses. He thought it cheapened the show not to pay for them. I generally paid in passes. In one town I failed. As usual, I sent passes to the Mayor. Then I went around for a free license. The Mayor held out for the full amount.

"'All right,' I said, 'here is your money, but you give me back those passes.'

"'Not while the world moves,' returned the Mayor.

"'There is nothing in the law that says you shall have passes,' I protested.

"'It is a law of my own,' smiled the Mayor, and he kept them.

"If I had turned them down at the door he'd have closed the show.

"Over in Lima, Peru, we encountered graft of another sort. The chief detective owns the billboards. He wanted \$75 a day for their use. I refused to pay. That night I rounded up twenty small boys and provided them with paste pots and bills lithographed in red with white letters.

"'Go out and paste,' I ordered.

DEATH OF LINCOLN.

Continued from second page.

afterward President Johnson accused General Joseph Holt, judge advocate to the commission, of withholding from him a recommendation for mercy for Mrs. Surratt signed by five members, a majority, of the commission.

The four prisoners were hanged at the appointed time amid a display of military force. Then a revulsion of feeling set in, especially with regard to the case of Mrs. Surratt. Lawyers



MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

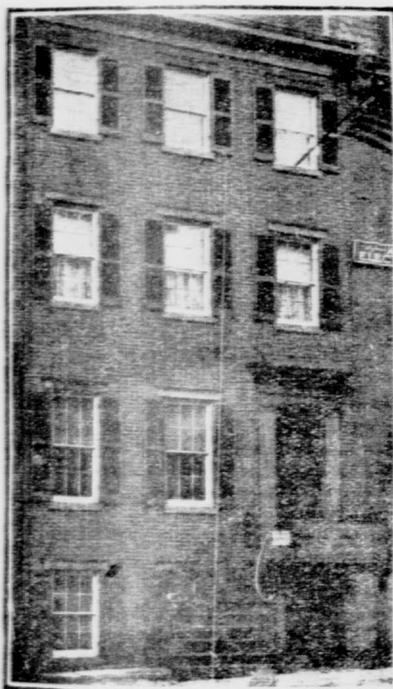
There was a quarantine on the coast against the bubonic plague, and we were afraid of being tied up for weeks at some suspect station.

"There was one way out—a trip across country on muleback. The way led to Potosi, the old Spanish capital of Bolivia, and then across the plains to the Argentine frontier. There were few possible show points along the line, but we were far ahead of the game and decided to make the trip.

"Potosi was our last big town in Bolivia, and there were experiences there that will bear telling. The theatre, for instance, was an old church which had been abandoned for a new one. It was lighted with five hundred candles. When we wanted a dark theatre for one of the magic scenes the ushers went around and blew out candles. When a light house was required they simply relighted the candles. The audience waited patiently during this candle lighting operation, which took some time.

"You have to carry your own billboards in South America, as there are none of a size large enough to hold American 'paper.' Lumber is exceedingly expensive, and while we were gathering mules and outfitting for our long jaunt across the plains I secured permission from the Mayor to store our precious billboards in the theatre.

"When it came time to depart I went for the boards, but they were nowhere to be found. I complained to the Mayor.



HOUSE WHERE LINCOLN DIED.

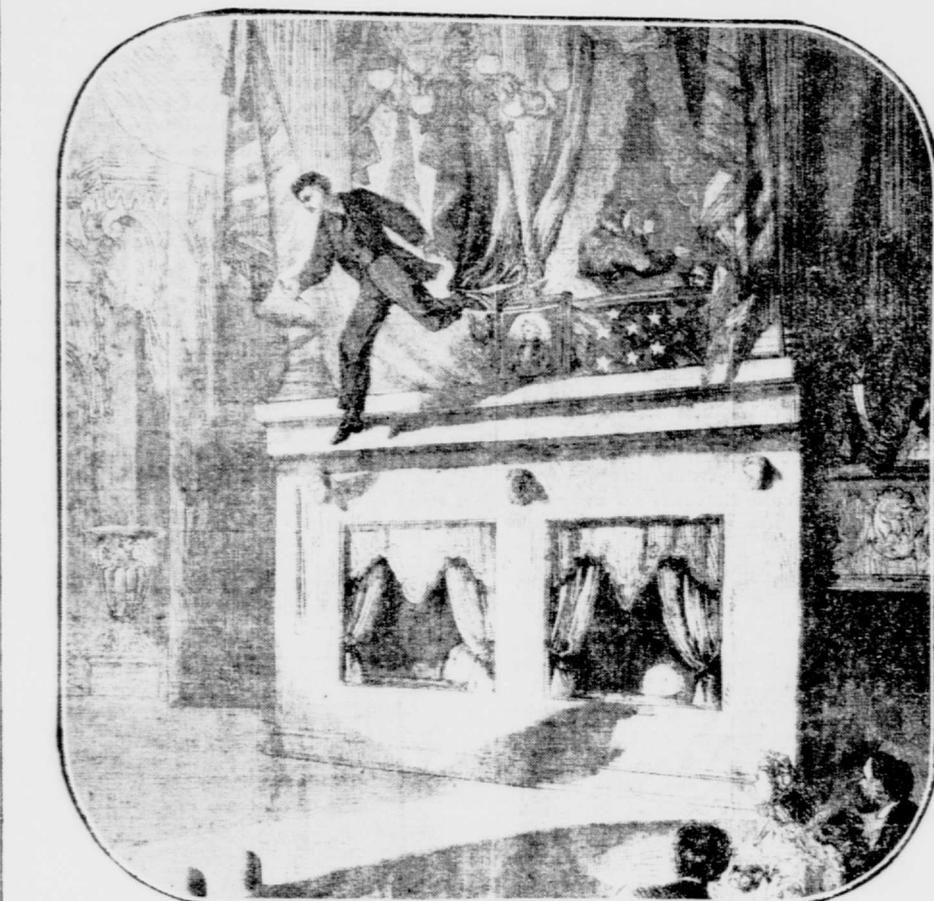
"Go back and look again," he said. "They must be there."

"A second search uncovered no billboards, and again I went to the Mayor.

"You really looked again," said the Mayor, in Spanish. "I'll have to tell you the truth, you poor Americans. I've got those boards up at my house and I'm making window shades out of them. What are you going to do about it?"

"We set out from Potosi finally with forty-five mules, thirty-five of which were loaded with baggage. There was little or no accommodation along the trail, so we had to carry provisions, bedding and a couple of large tents. It made quite a respectable caravan, and I felt like an explorer as I set off at the head of the train.

"You may not believe it, but one small dog caused us more trouble than anything else on the trip. It was just a puppy, but the leading lady loved it and would not leave it behind. The dog was supposed to travel in a basket, strapped on a mule with some hand baggage. We would proceed a mile or two, when Petit—for that was the brute's name—



BOOTH LEAPING FROM THE BOX. After he shot Lincoln he leaped to the stage. (From an old drawing.)

water is not fit to drink. We had been subsisting on 'chichi,' which we purchased from Indian vendors along the trail. The stuff is sour but not unpalatable. It is a mild intoxicant, but none of us held that against it. While waiting for the professor we went out to an Indian camp to see them make 'chichi.' We found half a dozen old bucks chewing up corn and spitting it into a pan. The chewed corn was the basis of our drink. After that we simply had to carry water.

"Of the many strange scenes along the trail an Indian wake was perhaps the most interesting. They are glad when you die down there. It means a big celebration. This wake was being held on a mesa near the trail. It had reached an advanced stage, and a dozen drunken bucks sat about the corpse putting down sour wine which their squaws brought them.

"At last we crossed into Argentina and met the advance man whom I had engaged for the Argentine tour. I had never seen his name written out, and its appropriateness for our particular show did not strike me until he presented one of his new cards. It read:

CARLOS A. TERRIBLE,  
Advance Agent  
of The REAL DEVIL.

"At Bahia Blaca, the first Argentine town which we played, we got mixed up with one of their fly-by-night revolutions. They put the town under martial law the night we arrived, and I had to refund the proceeds of a \$500 advance sale. After waiting for two days nothing happened, and I went to see the colonel about getting permission to show.

"He said it was impossible, and I asked him to come and have a drink.

"'You have insulted me!' he exclaimed indignantly.

"'No American general would refuse to drink with me,' I offered by way of mitigation. 'Come along and have a little of the real American red water that I've found at the cafe. It will give you an appetite like a horse.'

"He came, and on the way I found that he had never tasted eye. I poured out a generous dose for him.

"'Tastes like a cordial, doesn't it?' said the colonel, smacking his lips.

"Suppose the police stop us," said one of the boys.

"Ask the policeman if he thinks it likely that you'd be pasting up bills without the permission of the municipality," I suggested.

"Next morning that town was a sight. The little devils had pasted regardless. All along the main street you could see the people out with wet cloths soaking off our bills. Hundreds of the posters were not touched, and we were the best advertised show in Peru.

"I ran across the chief detective about noon. He had been hunting for me all morning.

"'You're arrested,' said he. 'Come before the judge.'

"The judge was exceedingly severe in his talk. He became ultra patriotic, and you'd have thought I was some arch traitor.

"You have trampled the Peruvian flag in the dust. You have ground our sacred emblem under your feet. You have bespattered our beautiful city. No punishment could be too severe for you, I sentence you—

"I really expected he would say boiled in oil or some such delightful punishment, and perhaps I trembled while he paused for breath.

"'I sentence you,' he went on impressively, 'to pay a fine of \$20.'

"'I told you I'd get you,' growled the chief detective as I was departing after paying my fine.

"But, you see, it is cheaper to get arrested than to pay for advertising in South America. For small towns we carried an outfit of flags and bunting with which to decorate the inevitable plaza. We would do the decorating after midnight, depending on getting official permission the next day. The people would wake up to find the centre of the town decorated, and would think that some new festa had fallen upon them. Generally decorating without permission could be settled with a drink.

"It took more diplomacy to advertise 'The Real Devil' in a city like Montevideo. There we used an automobile, fastening billboards on either side. At the junction of two of the busiest streets I said to the chauffeur, 'Here's where you break down.'

"He threw the machine out of commission, and, taking a monkey wrench crawled underneath. He lay there for a couple of hours, while the show got the best possible advertising. We did the same

Continued on fourth page.



BOSTON CORBETT. Who shot Booth.

accentuated the illegal aspects of the trial, and the United States Supreme Court made a ruling in this direction. A witness, Conover, who was a newspaper writer and a Union spy, was convicted of perjury. Father Walter, spiritual confessor to the executed woman, maintained that he had knowledge of her innocence. Her son, John H. Surratt, who escaped to Europe, was identified as a member of the Papal Zouaves in Italy, fled to Egypt, was brought back to this country on a warship and was put on trial in the Criminal Court at Washington on June 10, 1867. The jury disagreed, and he was eventually released.

After serving less than four years of their life sentences in the prison at the Dry Tortugas, Florida, the other alleged conspirators were pardoned by President Johnson on March 1, 1869.

A SPECIOUS EXCUSE.

Bishop Paddock, of Eastern Oregon, declared recently that wealth was Godgiven, that some men were "called" to make money.

"Bishop Paddock," said a New York clergyman the other day, "is always saying wise, true, memorable things. I remember one of his attacks on a wrong that had been speciously defended. He said no amount of talking could



FLAG THAT TRIPPED BOOTH. It hung in front of the President's box. Booth's spur caught in it as he leaped from the box. This caused him to break his leg.

make a wrong a right, and he compared the culprits to a boy he knew.

"He said the boy's mother found him playing one Sunday morning in the nursery.

"'Oh, Johnny,' she said, 'I told you not to play with your tin soldiers on Sunday.'

"The boy looked up, surprised and aggrieved.

"'But on Sunday,' he said, 'I call 'em the Salvation Army.'

THE WORRY METHOD.

After taking an anti-fat treatment for a week, an obese person received a bill.

"But, doctor," he protested, "I haven't lost an ounce. The bill is too big."

"The bill," the doctor informed him curtly, "is part of the treatment."—London Opinion.

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