

# Coney Island's Mad Fun Never Lacks for Variety

## Legitimate Actors Find Summer Jobs in Queer Places.

In the "Avalanche of Amusing and Astonishing Attractions" which Coney Island will present this summer are many winter stunts oddly transmogrified. To Strange and Curious People the scientists never dreamed of, while the "World Soothed Wonders, Diverging Devices, Elite Boule Events, Awe Arousing Rides, Funny Folk and Countless Comics," as the press agent chastely styles them, are the brain of the season. For thousands of actors, showmen and fakers, the summer is a time to change their names and play the old "act," but oftener they assume an alien nationality and don a new skin altogether.

The latter is the case, for instance, with Bamboola, the howling savage who crows in front of one of the big amusement parks facing Surf avenue. Bamboola is a pretty thing to look at, but he can collect a crowd quicker than the fire engines in Grand street. The long stick of ivory apparently stuck through, but really gummed to, his nostrils; the barbaric rings pendant from his nose and ears and the dirty looking fur rug wrapped around his loins off an escaped-from-Bedlam look and features, arms, legs and torso without a shred of covering save an ash-brown veneer of coarse paint or charcoal. Unfortunately, the savage African weathers poorly. After a thunder shower or unusual exercise of arm or limb white patches appear here and there on his anatomy till he looks like the spotted pard or "Bob" Fitzsimmons. But woe to the luckless spectator who voices incredulity!

"Hey, you, come out there!" yells the "lecturer" on the platform, in a frenzy. "Yeh say Bamboola ain't from Africa, do yeh? Got any money to prove it? Bet yeh fifty dollars—five hundred—a thousand that he is the real article! You can't bet? I thought so. See, friends," turning emphatically to the gazing crowd, "this man questions the Wild Man's identity, but he ain't got nothin' to back up his unsupported, ignorant say-so.

## "BAMBOOLA FROM THE BRONX."

Within the gates of the park the press agent is more candid than the yelling "ballyhoo." "Yeh," he explains, "Bamboola is the real goods, all wool and a yard wide. In private life he is a respectable householder in The Bronx—paid to be a wife and four children, owns a small piece of property and pays his taxes. 'Tis an old and honorable profession, my boy, that of Wild Man. Bamboola, I believe, started as a pupil of Bosco, who 'ate 'em alive' in every small town and hamlet of the United States. Bosco, you remember, was the faker who acted with an animal show till he retired on the tidy little fortune he had accumulated. I forget Bamboola's real name—it's Schmidt or Mahoney or something. Well, he's a corker, too!

"We have all sorts of nationalities in this park," continued the press agent, "Egyptians, Armenians, Egyptians, Greeks, natives, near-Greeks, real Hindus, some



TURKISH THEATRE AND HAREM DANCERS IN GREATER DREAMLAND.

crackers from Georgia, and occasionally a few Yanks, Germans and Irish. Take a peep in the Grecian Theatre, for instance. The visitor directed his steps thither and discovered the Bab-el of which the press agent spoke. An actor discoursed to the bystanders of the performance about to be given and introduced one after another the various female dancers, some of whom were daughters of Helias and others an East Indian gyrators. Then a real, turbaned, long-robed Hindu, with a tremendous flow of Babu English, arose to speak. The point of his plea was that, while the hated English had conquered his native land of Hindustan, he had never gained access to the sacred temples nor been allowed to view the esoteric mysteries there which were presently to be exhibited to the favored Americans for the small sum of "one dime, a tenth part of a dollar."

Tiring of the harangue, the reporter slipped back stage to talk with the temple girls. The "Oriental nautch girls" weren't on the job just then, but a "Greek classical dancer," whom the visitor dimly recalled as a waitress in a Park Row restaurant, told her bit of story.

"See, dis Grecian theayter is blamed here remarked this generously proportioned nymph, languidly. "Wish I was doin' the divin' Venus act next door! But I ain't strong on them dives, and when the man said he would make perfect Greek dancers of us in six weeks, with a sixteen weeks' season at Coney Island at \$16 per to follow, yeh, Belle and I, ain't so bad, only the hours are long and we don't get to the beach as often as we'd like!" Presently there came tripping past the

wings a far neater and livelier figure, a "Hindu nautch girl," carrying her burden of beads, bangles and castanets with unswerving verve and vigor. The visitor, who happened to possess a smattering of Oriental lore, asked her the time of day in Hindustan. The "nautch girl" grinned and extended a friendly hand.

"You're from the papers, eh?" she queried. "Say, Mr. Wisenheimer, do you happen to know they don't teach that kind of schmuss you're talking in Allen street? I get you all right, for those turbaned rice-eaters over there"—pointing to the stage—"have explained a few phrases, but yeh'd be a whole heap plainer in Yiddish or English."

"When did you become a nautch girl?" was asked.

"Oh, last summer," she said lightly. "I used to work for Jacob Adler. I played Cordelia in the Jewish 'King Lear'—you have seen that, yeh?—and had, oh! so many other good parts till I thought possibly the Broadway managers would notice me and put me on the English stage like Bertha Kalich and the rest. But times got bad, the actors' strike came on and as I always could dance—remember my Salome?—I decided to put in the summer as the 'Rajah's Favorite' at the Island. Next fall I'll quit being a houri and go back to work as comedy woman in a Yiddish stock company. A friend of mine is organizing a company to play the week stands; give us a write-up, will you?"

From the strange conglomeration of alleged nautch dancing and pseudo Isadora Duncan classical posings the reporter strolled over to the Egyptian Theatre, where the time honored Turks of Coney

Island were making their accustomed "ballyhoo" to get a crowd for their 10-cent session of weird "music," acrobatic gun play, Cleopatra's snake dance and the far-famed "Turko twist." Time was when few respectable persons would enter Little Egypt's shack of a beach playhouse, but the outrage Parisian dances now commonly seen in the city vaudeville theatres have found a public so complaisant that the Oriental twistings and wrigglings at the seashore no longer shock anybody. The unspeakable Turk now owns a concession in a family amusement park; the entertainment suggests only slightly the dance du ventre which made notorious the Midway Plaisance at Chicago in 1893.

"Black eyed, harelipped Irish lassies make the best 'Egyptians,'" said a hanger-on around this theatre. "You understand, of course, that Little Egypt is merely a trade name, like Brussels lace or Damascus silk. Irish or Jewish girls are most easily trained by the Oriental adepts for such parts. Often a dancing soubrette, having completed her eight months' work on a tour of the burlesque houses, comes down here and catches on for the summer as an Oriental dancer. See that one over there? She gets \$50 a week for her specialty over the 'Burlesque Wheel' in the winter, but is glad to take \$25 weekly as the queen of the harem at the beach during the summer."

Turning to "the legitimate" there's a place for the "hamfat" tragedian at Coney Island, too, as well as for the tripping soubrette and the ex-chorus girl. In the amusement park above referred to the management has rigged up a fifteen-minute melodrama in obvious imitation of "Alias

Jimmy Valentine." A particularly lean and hungry looking actor plays the part of "barker" on the platform next the box office.

"I call your attention, ladies and gentlemen," he says, "to the most extraordinary crime of the age. There is a peculiar fascination exercised by great crimes and great criminals. The newspapers teem with accounts of horrid deeds, and the police force and District Attorney of New York are at death grapples with the perpetrators.

"Now, here"—as a file of managed employees in convict garb march on the platform—"among these four men is the arch offender of them all. He eludes both bolts and bars; he opens double locks and difficult handcuffs like children's toys; rewards of \$10,000 have been vainly offered for his capture. He himself will enact the story of his greatest crime, a deed of international pillage that shook two continents, the number of delinquent in his legion. Get your tickets while you may, for the rush will soon be on. Demonstration of crime by the greatest living criminal. Come on! Come on! Step lively or you'll be disappointed."

In this case the drawing card of the show was the villain of a night-stand melodrama company, who had found a summer job just sultry him. He had taken a few dollars in look picking from a vaudeville "handcuff king," and this acquiescence, added to his old school acting and the vigorous promotion of his friend the "barker," made him an object to shudder at. The "barker," by the way, was leading man, stage manager and announcer of the same night-stand melodrama outfit, and the sum-

## Some of the Cleverest Make Good Money as "Cappers."

says positively with many a shake of the head that this is her last summer on the beach. But the beach employes have equal emphasis that it isn't, for the rackets and the fun and the out-of-door acting.

The showmen jobbing on the island, small fry managers, the stage carpenters, mechanics, ex-circus employes, would be as difficult to enumerate as the sands on its shore. Anybody with a turn of ingenuity can get up an act, rent a booth or give a ten-minute entertainment in a park concession on the evening basis. Folk who would be booked for an indoor stage in winter manage to do by, as the saying is, "clever as a monkey," "fakeries" based on mechanical trick or device rather than on any degree of histrionic ability.

## THE UNNAMED BORDER.

Even the folk without mechanical gifts or ability to sing or play have their share. There are "sailors" required to guide the roller chairs of patrons over the hazy contraction of iron plates called the "Bathing Waves," "mountainers" to save swimmers from falling headlong from the crests of the sealer-maché Alps, "aviators" to transport voyagers to Mars and the moon, attendants for the miniature railroads, nurses to attend the sick, petty girls for the rolling stock offices, camel drivers, elephant man, pig grooms, tellers of fortunes, ticket takers, porters, scrubbers, men who yell and men who make funny faces, all sorts of rackets, and, as the saying is, "clever as a monkey," the universal entertainment game, the distinguishing characteristic of which is to fool all the people all the time and to make them laugh while you are doing it.

In another fortnight will begin the exodus of city "supers" and chorus girls to the enormous out-of-door spectacles that are produced in and about the greater city. The "Battle of the Clouds" or the eruption of Jerusalem or the Eruption of Mount Etna forms the subject, or rather the plot, of departure of the show. Much playing theater is consumed, much hand playing theater in such "acting" of the long duration variety wherein broad effects are obtained by the massing and evolutions of crowds of men and women in picturesque costumes, with the usual diversissements of dancing, lively driving, rope walking or acrobatic "stunts."

In these shows the market rules for dancing derbies, Italian contortions, Roman mobs or peasant dancing girls. The average "super" gets fifty cents a performance and is in a race to make a big money. But the principals in these things are the "stars" specialists, those who perform solo dances or dangerous or other feats, are highly respected.

Several thousand winter performers in burlesque, light opera and hippodrome entertainments will be packed in the summer these big spectacles by seashore, lake or river. They will have their turn of out-of-door fun and recreation as well as work and by next fall they will be hard-muscled and well bronzed to enter upon the year's real business in the city theaters.

Subbu's—What struck you most about your visit to the city, Uncle Ben? Uncle Hil's—a remember whether the ritual roller car or one of them automobiles Philadelphia Record.

## The Maiming of Railway Employees Is a Continuous Performance

### Suggestions for Cutting Down the Annual Output of Cripples.

This is the second of a series of articles embodying in a condensed form the results of an investigation of work accidents in Allegheny County, Penn., made under the direction of the Pittsburgh Survey.

### II.—The Railroaders.

THE railroad history of Allegheny County, Penn., for a year is a record of accomplishment and efficiency thrilling in its magnitude. Each of the three rivers is lined on both sides with shining tracks. Stand on a steel rail and count the cars as they roll in and out of the Pittsburgh district. Iron ore, 11,000,000 tons a year, coming down from the Great Lakes, and countless carloads of coke and limestone to mix with it in the furnaces; trails hurrying out in every direction, nearly five thousand cars a day, loaded with Pittsburgh products—steel rails and plates and beams and bridges, Westinghouse machinery. And then 10,000,000 tons of coal, the output of Allegheny mines for a year.

To the outsider this is a marvel, this almost unbroken succession of smooth rolling trains. But the initiated know how much greater a marvel is accomplished in these yards. There are twenty-two of these great receiving, distributing, dispatching centers in the county—ten immense ones outside the city; where space is unlimited, and twelve within the city boundaries, where the intricate operations are complicated by crowding.

Add to this enormous freight traffic the hundreds of trainloads of passengers that move in and out of Pittsburgh's half dozen downtown stations in a day, carrying the East and West through passengers of one of the world's greatest trunk lines and an army of commuters, and we get some idea of what the railroad means to Allegheny County. The railroaders serve all, from the humblest to the most exalted, so constantly, so faithfully, that the power of motion is to society what the power of motion is to the individual.

### CAUSES OF FATALITIES.

Six of the brakemen included in the table were killed in "hump-shifting." One lost his balance while putting on brakes; one slipped and fell while riding his cut down; another was jolted off when the cars bumped at the bottom. One was killed trying to save the man riding a cut ahead of him. He put on brakes, a third drift ran into the cut he was riding and he met the very death from which he had saved the man in front. He was knocked off and run over. Another man's death was due to a defective coupling. The sixth was a boy of eighteen who spent his first night of railroading on the hump—and his last. The cut he was riding was bumped by a following cut, and he was thrown to his death. This was a Pennsylvania Railroad case. A yardmaster said that some road told me that a new man ought never to be put on the hump at night—the fact that the force was short (as in this case) was no excuse for it.

Five of these nine coupling accidents occurred on steel company railroads, whose traffic is largely intrastate, and whose cars are by no means all equipped with automatic couplers.

RAILROADERS KILLED IN ONE YEAR.  
Conductors ..... 5  
Engineers ..... 11  
Brakemen ..... 48  
Trackmen ..... 14  
Miscellaneous ..... 29  
Unknown ..... 2  
Total ..... 120

Frederick Hoffman, statistical expert of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, tells us that among brakemen who die because of a rise beyond which many tracks ramify from the main "lead" is an operation that involves special danger to the brakeman. A brakeman must ride each draft of cars as it is cut off on top of the rise. The cars are going fast, sometimes fifteen miles an hour. It is the brakeman's duty to slow down the cars, leaving them enough momentum to accomplish the coupling with other cars of the train of which they are to become a part. It takes experience and skill to ride cars over the "hump," and it takes nerve. The men admit that they do not like it.

Next to braking, the best known duty of the brakeman is coupling. Since the passing of the federal safety appliance act of 1893, requiring automatic couplers, the number of accidents in coupling has been much reduced. With these couplers in good order it is never necessary to go between the ends of cars. The brakeman can raise the lock pin and the knuckle, and then stand aside while the cars couple.

Why, then, were nine men killed in the act of coupling cars in one year in Allegheny County? Some, undoubtedly, because of their own haste and recklessness. If a coupler doesn't work the first time, the coupler of ten brakemen will go in between the cars and try to make it work. At least three of the brakemen killed, however, were absolutely obliged to go in between the cars—two because the automatic coupler was broken and one because he was making a chain coupling on shop cars. The law covers only cars used in interstate traffic. There is no such requirement to be found in the statutes of Pennsylvania.

### OHIO'S PROGRESSIVE STAND.

The third division of the brakemen's duties is turning switches and flagging. Seven men in this list were killed in this work. Most of the brakemen killed while switching are run down by their own engines. They often slip in trying to mount the footboard of the moving locomotive, which most of them habitually mount from the middle of the track. Some of them fall victims to the unblocked frog, a very common thing in Pennsylvania. A claim agent, referring to this fact, said to me: "I can tell you, you won't find anything like that in Ohio. Pennsylvania is nineteen years behind Ohio in the matter of safety to railroads."

Outside of the ranks of the brakemen the most common fatal accident is that in which a man is run over while walking or standing on the track. Thirty-eight were killed in this way, mostly track walkers, section men and laborers. Five of the 125 deaths were due to a blow from some object situated dangerously close to the track. Two car cleaners were killed because there was no signal system to protect them.

Among the seventeen miscellaneous cases three will illustrate what is called the "carelessness of the man hurt." A drunken brakeman slipped and fell under the wheels; a flagman ventured needlessly to run between two cars to give a signal and was crushed when they came together; a young Italian laborer, fifteen days in this country, saw a fast train approaching half a mile away and in panic jumped from a handcar and was killed.

To the employer intelligently determined to reduce the number of industrial accidents, these three totally different types of carelessness would suggest three totally different lines of attack: (1) Can discipline among employes be made more searching and effective? (2) Is there anything in yard management, any tendency to overemphasize dispatch and efficiency in the handling of cars, which tends to encourage rather than to lessen the natural recklessness in the men who do our work? (3) Have we any right to put foreign laborers directly into positions where their ignorance and inexperience will mean death to them in large numbers, even when it is to the economic advantage of both parties to use them in this way?

### FACTS CONCERNING WRECKES.

In the year there were thirteen wrecks. Twenty of the men in our list were killed in these wrecks. In four of the wrecks the evidence is inconclusive. In nine the evidence is comparatively clear.

Not one of these nine wrecks, of which we know the cause, was due to what is called in law an "act of God." All could have been humanly avoided. The telegraph operator who caused one wreck, the engineer and fireman who caused another, need not have been careless, so far as we know. The three old "weak" cars that caused three wrecks could have been removed from the service. The car with a defective brake that caused still another wreck could have been held in the shop for repairs. A careful section foreman would have mended the bad place in the track where the rails spread and an engineer was killed. Adequate road supervision could not have allowed 150 feet of single track to be obscured by steam for ten months till a fatal wreck called attention to the danger. An inspection department, more liberally staffed, would not have



ISOLATION.

Country Vicar (visiting a family where a child has scarlet fever)—I suppose you keep him well isolated?

"Oh, bless you, sir, yes. He keeps behind that clothes horse and don't come among us but for meals."

waited for the death of three men to bring to light the shallow foundations of the Deer Creek bridge pier.

Quakers believe in a sober garb, but they are by no means without that quality which would be termed vanity in "the world's people." Aunt Peace Lawton had this quality to a marked degree.

When he had permission from the photographer to speak.

## Queer Peoples Described by An Expert Who Knows Them

### Fetichism Oppresses the West African Savage in Many Ways.

CHAPTER XIV.

The word juju, which is found only in the neighborhood of what used to be called the Oil Rivers District, in Nigeria, is used indiscriminately by Europeans for all matters which may be considered to form part of the heathen's religion.

Thus, a priest is a juju man, his temple a juju house; to take an oath is to swear juju, and if the priest places a prohibition on anything it is then said to be juju.

The number of fetiches in Nigeria is legion. Each individual of any importance has a god of his own; every family has a god; so has every tribe, while there are a few fetiches which are worshipped in common by various tribes. There are numerous priests who make a livelihood by interceding between a man and his god, for the superstitious people implicitly obey the instructions given them.

Now, the fetich man, or juju man, or witch doctor—whatever you like to call him—is supposed to spend his life in combating the evil caused by malignant gods or spirits, and he gains authority in proportion to the influence he is thought to hold or the favor in which he is believed to be with various powerful spirits. It is dangerous work, for spirits are a risky lot to deal with. So the ordinary native leaves them as much alone as possible. When he feels himself unequal to coping with them he calls in the juju man as more experienced and influential. An educated African, speaking to Miss Kingsley, explained the troubles which had befallen his brother by saying, "You see, my brother has got a strong juju, but it's a—poor juju to get on with," and this well illustrates the native's attitude to his gods.

When a native wants to procure for himself a god he betakes himself, says Colonel Ellis, to a gloomy forest where one of the higher fetiches is known to reside, and whom he propitiates by pouring rum upon the ground. After this he proceeds to make himself a god either out of a bunch of twigs or feathers and such like, into which the power of the god is supposed to pass by incantation. The native does not believe that these charms are actually gods themselves, though he does believe that for this reason holds them sacred. Directly, however, the spirit of the god is believed to have departed from it, the fetich—whatever it may consist of—ceases to have any efficacy or to have any respect paid to it. It must be remembered that the charms—rope, rather, amulets—which every native wears upon his person are not supposed to contain the spirit of a god like the fetiches. I have just mentioned, but are rather dis-

tinguishing marks by which the native knows his god and extend his protection to him.

In books dealing with West Africa and its religion, published as lately, even, as 1900, reference will be found to "Long Juju." But in none of these books will you learn more than that "Long Juju" is the abode of the most powerful juju in Nigeria, but that the mention of it will and a native almost dead with terror, and that the place where this mysterious oracle gives forth its judgments is not known, though it is believed to be in the neighborhood of the town of Bende. The wildest and most terrible reports regarding it were current. It was feared by natives living as far west as Lagos and as far east as the Niger. Each individual of any importance has a god of his own; every family has a god; so has every tribe, while there are a few fetiches which are worshipped in common by various tribes. There are numerous priests who make a livelihood by interceding between a man and his god, for the superstitious people implicitly obey the instructions given them.

All that Europeans could learn about it was that it was a court of final appeal to which all cases that the local juju man could not or would not decide were referred. Popular belief was that a juju man, or losing litigant, was killed by the priests of the oracle, and hence any one returning alive from it was regarded by his friends as a spirit. Count de Cardi says that he met with several men who were known to have visited "Long Juju," and were supposed to have met their deaths there. These men never expressed any desire to return to their homes, for they said their friends would never acknowledge they were anything but spirits.

Count de Cardi, however, describes the actual homecoming of one of these men whom he picked up at Old Calabar, having known him well before he went to "Long Juju."

"I tried all I could," he says, "to get his own people to receive him back among them, but when I told them that I had him on board my ship, then lying a few miles from their town, I was soon surrounded by a mob of infuriated savages, who were only appeased by my promising to take the man away the next morning.

"On my return I found none of the natives would come on board my ship, and learned from the head juju man of the town that they considered the ship defiled by my having had the spirit of a man from 'Long Juju' on board. As this was long before the establishment of the British Protectorate, the only thing to be done was to make a present to the juju king and get him to come on board and make juju free from all the evil effects of the malignant spirit I had had on board."

So immense was the terrorism exercised on the minds of the natives of Nigeria by this "Long Juju" that the British government decided to lengthen man, by means of the power of the "Long Juju" priests destroyed. Accordingly in 1901 an expedition was sent to search for and destroy this mysterious place.

All that was known was that it was supposed to be a natural amphitheatre surrounded by hills. Some said that the oracle that when a guilty man was brought before he became transfixed around him till while water rose gradually around him till he was drowned. Another tale went that the victim was cast into a huge tank of boiling blood, round which stood the juju men, who hacked the body to pieces with two-edged swords and kept the mixture stirring.

When, however, after much difficulty and having encountered much resistance, the expedition at length discovered it, this, says Colonel Meckler-Ferrieman, was what they found there: In the midst of dense bush lay a deep hollow about two hundred feet in circumference and surrounded by precipitous cliffs some seventy feet high. The approach was by a narrow gully on one end, and just before the hollow was reached the members of the expedition found on the left a sacrificial slab made by a palm tree, to which was suspended a live goat, while on the right were a pool of skulls and jaws, and a large quantity of water (a foot or so in depth) crocodiles and catfish, a wall of skulls encircling the pool and an island in the centre.

Two altars were erected on this island, one of trade gums and stones, the other of wood, adorned with human skulls, blood and votive offerings of various kinds, and at the far end of the hollow with a stream trickling from beneath the great altar, composed of mats, matting, backed by cloths, and topped by a huge pile of human skulls. This precious paraphernalia was taken by the expedition and the human sacrifices of Arg-Chi-Ju-Ju, "Long Juju," were put a stop to forever.

Cannibalism is still prevalent among many of the tribes of the Niger Delta. It is now a religious ceremony and is performed by bound up with human sacrifice. Human flesh is not eaten as food or because it is enjoyed, but is consumed, in the case of prisoners of war, in order to pass into their own bodies, and in the case of a conquered nation, because it is not considered complete until this has been done. The practice encourages this practice because it is believed the hold they have over their followers is increased by this sacrifice. It is still common in the past in all places touched by British influence. Human sacrifice is still performed in many remote parts. Formerly, when a chief died, his wives and slaves were sacrificed in order that their spirits might accompany that of the dead man to the next world, and wait upon him there as they had done in life. The survivors were compelled to do if the spirit of a chief died in hand to another of his earthly dependents. It is still common in him he would continue to haunt his wife and annoy mankind. Now, however, the practice is not taken place on the whole. The scale of former days, and bullocks were frequently substituted for human victims.

Not only in the more serious cases of life, but at every turn and in every conceivable shape does fetichism—by which the man the popular belief in the power of spirits—oppress the West African savage. It is on this that the power of the juju man, and the power of the child, and who are in authority often turn to their own ends by placing a taboo upon such things as trees, streams, or other objects which they desire to reserve for their own peculiar use.

The juju man prepares what is known as a "medicine," which is placed in a certain position, and thereupon nobody is allowed to interfere with the article in question. In the hinterland of Sierra Leone a "medicine" often takes the form of a small and mystic writings engraved upon a piece of board. Some boards of this kind are taken by the British government, and when complaint has been made that the owners of the trees upon which they have been put are in authority upon which they have been put, the witnesses would testify that because they said it was such a good medicine. JOHN FOSTER FRANKS.

Young Man from the Country—This is the way to the cemetery in New York City. Yes, you must be careful of them for not take place on the whole. The scale of former days, and bullocks were frequently substituted for human victims.