

TONS OF CIRCUS LITERATURE.

APPERTAINING TO THE ART OF ALLURING ALLITERATION.

Trials of the Trade in the Profession of Pleasing the Public—Producing the Paper to Paralyze the Populace—A Task That Finally Became a Burden.

BY TODD HAMILTON. Copyright, 1907, by R. F. Hamilton.

With the exception of three men all the showmen with whom I have ever come into contact were men of very little education, with some had none at all. But all were men of marked shrewdness allied with business cunning.

Many of their agents, too, were men of limited education; but they knew so much more than their employers that they passed for men of considerable erudition. I knew one agent who wrote that his show was "the elephantiasis show," and his boss said that the line was general agent of the Barnum show, and wrote a letter of invitation to clergy-men to "visit the menagerie"—a very common trick—and signed the letter "Yours in the Faith, W. C. Coup, showman."

However, most of these men, who were really too ignorant to realize their own illiteracy, possessed practical knowledge of the show business and a good supply of nerve. There are some such agents today and some such showmen, but they are happily growing more and more exceptional year by year.

Bailey's appearance in the circus world demonstrated that originality in advertising ideas after all is really second to method. His method was to bill the show with as much care and particularity as if each season were its first on the road. Not a point was left uncovered, not a sheet of paper disposed of by chance. The press agent is but a part of the grand scheme, a section of the method.

This circus method of advertising, instead of becoming modified and restricted, has grown steadily with the shows themselves, and has been seized on and improved by all other kinds of business. The feature of the press agent has been added to the billboards, the newspapers, the rocks and fences, until now almost every commercial line of importance boasts a clever man whose special business it is to get things into, or keep things out of, the newspapers. In many instances his chief duties are to keep them ignorant of his employers' interests from appearing in print, which was the real business of the original circus press agent. He is the official mouthpiece of his corporation or firm, to whom all newspaper men are referred for information.

I have been preparing show paper for the printer for more than thirty years. I began in 1875, when I first entered my career as press agent. This matter of the preparation of show paper is a very important part of the business. In the early days there were only a few recognized writers of show paper, among them being Charles H. Day, Bill Durand, Fred Lawrence, Charley Stowe and my brother, John W. Hamilton.

Before that time the so-called general agents of shows, who were usually men of very ordinary education and ability but who possessed practical knowledge of the circus business as then followed, made a more or less clumsy attempt to get up a sort of paper then thought necessary. New York was at that time the headquarters of most of the show shows. Dr. Riley had a show printing house in Spruce street where the New York Commercial is at this day, and Sam Booth had another similar establishment in Centre street.

In my early days as reporter on the daily press I often had occasion to frequent these printing houses in quest of news of the circus world. There I first saw how paper was brought out, as the circus agents could be seen at work on their paper for the coming season.

This work consisted of clipping with a pair of scissors the most attractive lines from former bills and pasting them together so as to form a new bill. The special new features which required description were written in after stupendous expenditure of thought and perspiration.

It was here I first met the late James A. Bailey, whose fate had already decreed that I should serve till his death. He was then general agent of the Cooper & Bailey show.

With the rapid growth of the circus it was natural that the proprietors should seek in some way to improve the character of their paper and extend the thoroughness of their billing. They began to pick out the best professional writers to prepare copy for their bills and advertisements.

These writers were usually drawn from the staff of journals printed where the show laid up for the winter. When the copy was written it frequently followed that to its writer would be offered a position as press agent.

Sixty years ago the active circus warfare offered ample scope to these writers in the preparation of biting, caustic bills, advertisements, etc. In winter they were employed in getting up the advertising matter for the next season on the road.

My work of this nature consisted usually of compiling an eight page newspaper or pamphlet of about thirty-two pages, a courier of sixteen pages, many varieties of three sheet bills, paragraph bills, programmes, quarter sheets of solid matter, dog-eared, excursion programmes and the listing of some one hundred different styles of lithographs—all of the great posters and pictorial work.

When this was finished I would take up the notices to be used on route in the country press. These embraced about one hundred, with an average of some eight hundred words, each covering every feature of the show. They are printed column width and bound in tablet form.

Next came the preparation of the advertisements to be used in the newspapers, about twenty different advertisements, ranging from one hundred lines to two columns. These advertisements are written to permit the use of cuts and to be adjustable to different lengths of columns. By the time all of this work is done there is about just enough time left to prepare the advertising for the metropolitan press and to write about thirty special stories for the big Sunday papers.

of huge pythons, glass snakes, rattlers and cobra serpents to the number of more than a hundred. I wrote a line: "Six miles of slimy, sinuous, sleek, slippery, sluggish snakes," which excited considerable comment at a time when this style of alliterative writing was little used.

It was once considered quite a trick in writing show paper to use some word that would be expressive and set people talking. It was imagined that such a word would result in much free advertising through the people puzzling their patens over its meaning.

When W. C. Coup organized his trained horse show in 1875 it was under the novel title of "W. C. Coup's Equestriacurriculum." Though the manufacturer word seemed to fit the show perfectly, the show itself was not a great success.

In later years when the attraction possessed far greater merit than the shows of earlier days, dependence came to be placed more upon a vigorous, incisive style, and the language used was of the plain, everyday character. But it had a certain swing or rhythm that attracted attention and rendered it effective. As a matter of internal fact, however, show paper always has been and is now written in the general style of the circus announcer, who sings out in his deep foghorn voice: "Mr. John Bachelor will now make two somersaults over the backs of five elephants! Remember, two somersaults—no more, no less!"

It is a generally recognized fact that the present style of "ad" writing is a copy of the circus literature. There is a grandly triumphant ring running through circus paper that renders it attractive to the eye and ear. In a considerable degree it has been adopted by theatrical agents and patent medicine men.

I was loitering on the piazza of a hotel in Emporia, Kan., one day, when a boy came along and deposited in my lap a pamphlet of some four or six pages of solidly printed matter about a theatrical show which was to play at one of the theatres that night in the town. What was my surprise upon reading it to find every word had been written by me two years before.

The only change made in the entire bill was the erasure of the name of our show and substitution of the title of the other; and, stranger still, the agent of the theatrical company had the effrontery to put on his "courier" "copyrighted." A few hours after this I met the agent, whom I knew very well, and I showed him the copy of his bill which I still held in my hand. He said he had no recollection of it, but I had written it word for word. Of course he acknowledged it, whereupon we both laughed over the incident.

Perhaps the most difficult bit of show writing is the house programme. I claim to have designed it in its present form, arranged the acts in numbers with qualifying headlines and the races as events, and the idea has proved to be one of the most popular ever devised. Every show in the country now uses it.

One time the guest of the proprietor of the Western show while it was exhibiting in St. Louis. When we were seated he asked me: "How do you like the programme?" I replied: "Very much, indeed, especially as I wrote it all." He looked a bit confused, but it was a fact that with but a few words substituted here and there every line had been pilfered from our house programme of the year previous.

When I was in London in 1888 it was impossible not to note the effect of our American style upon all classes of people and business. The London papers repeatedly called public attention to it. Vanity Fair devoted the better part of two columns of that staid sheet to an editorial comment and in such complimentary terms that modesty forbids me to repeat it here.

Both in England and continental Europe many of the epigrammatic and alliterative phrases became catchwords, applied to politics and other things of everyday life. It was a new and therefore attractive use of language to them.

The greatest difficulty experienced year by year in the preparation of show paper is the invention of terse and expressive terms for the fast succeeding thrillers that for the time being are to form the star attraction of the show. The thriller followed the reign of the great spectacles, and usually was a mechanical act.

It was to designate these startling acts strikingly that my ingenuity and vocabulary were most severely taxed. The first was "Loop the Loop," given at Madison Square Garden while I was abroad. Then came the "Kinetic Demon," both highly sensational. From "Looping the Loop" came a number of other similar acts—looping the gap, etc., reaching a startling climax in "Volo Voltant."

In the latter the bicyclist descended an inclined plane, attaining a sufficient momentum to mount a slight upward curve at the bottom and then descending in a circle. The act was described in archaic, "awfully archaic," landing safely some fifty feet away. That headline was considered a happy thought, being short, catchy and expressive.

Then came "The Best Yet," followed by "The Fearsome Double Paradox," "Dual Deeds of Death Defying Daring," "Fearsome Frolic and Frightful Flight With Fate," which was a concurrent double act by "Les Freres Anselotti" on bicycles. The act was more sensational in the description than in its execution.

All this looks easy, but after several years of descriptions of "Daring Deeds Defying Fate" my new and particularly devilish feature became a sore burden to the imagination; for it was of paramount importance that each successive feature should be better—that is, more dangerous—than anything ever before exhibited.

So, if you had exhausted your stock of extravagant characterization, what were you going to do next? Dig up a new stock. That's what I had to do.

The breath bating feats of the bicycle were succeeded by the still more sensational stunts of the automobile. Hitherto all mechanical thrillers had been managed by men. With the advent of the automobile in the arena came "The Young and Fearless French Lady" in "The Dip of Death," which was also "An Awful, Appalling, Appulsive Aerial Automobile Somersault Act," not to say "A Fascinating, Fearful, Fugacious Frolic With Fate for Fame and Fortune." At some time Jason Walton was looping the cap in an automobile. It had to be described in strong language, and yet without lessening the importance of the former bicycle feats. The public had been pampered with bicycle feats so long that it seemed as if nothing more could be done with that little machine that would be considered wonderful or at all sensational. The automobile saved the day, though it covered the same act in the same way.

Showmen considered "The Dip of Death" as the most extreme point of sensationalism, and the daring little Frenchwoman as having capped the climax. They were mistaken. The very next season an ingenious Frenchman conceived a still greater automobile act, that of really turning a complete aerial somersault, and coming down right side up unharmed and unhurt. This performance I characterized as:

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Meets Disappointment and Chastity. A Tumbling, Twisting, Tossing, Tossing, Tossing, Tossing, Tossing, Tossing, Tremendous, Tumbling, Tantalizing Triumph of all things.

My object was to characterize this act as the greatest sensational performance that was ever given to the public, and I exhausted alliteration in the effort. My only assistance was the dictionary. I have never used any other. The dictionary, however, only furnished the words, not the combination, nor the many nuances of the English language.

The circus business itself is an inexhaustible mine of suggestions, though it may appear more forcibly to the active brain of the bill writer. During the last twenty-seven years I have probably written something like 5,000,000 words, yet I can scarcely say that I suffer from mental exhaustion. It is easier for me to produce original copy than to write straining matter upon any other subject. A very defective memory has always served me in making each season's matter comparatively fresh.

The lettering of lithographs and poster work requires the same concise and catchy cunning demanded by the features. As poster and lithograph work must appeal to the casual passing eye rather than to the connected reasoning powers, it is necessary that every feature should stand out clearly, to be seen and comprehended at a glance.

The largest stand of bills must present the salient features of a show so plainly that they may be seen and understood from the passing street car or carriage and a certain impression be left upon the mind.

The late Mr. Bailey carefully superintended this part of circus publicity work in person. As soon as the performers were engaged and an outline of the entire exhibition decided upon, which was always early in the winter, Mr. Bailey had the reduced to paper and forwarded to the two great printing houses that do the bulk of all first class show work—in Cincinnati and Buffalo—where original sketches in water colors were soon returned.

As fast as received these were spread out on the office floor and inspected and criticized by Mr. Bailey and the entire executive staff, each one offering such suggestions as occurred to him. The drawing, the coloring, the lettering—all would come in for expert criticism—and the show writer had to stand ready to defend the faith which is within him, so far as his own work is concerned.

These sketches, having been corrected and changed where necessary, were returned to the lithographers. Sometimes, like printing office proofs, they were sent back for a revised proof; but such is the skill of these great show printing houses and the precision of those who order this character of work that it is a rare thing to demand second sketches.

The work of the poster work is in three colors and costs about four cents a sheet. There are usually for the best circuses 1,500,000 sheets of lithograph paper required for a season. Of this aggregate about 200 sheets a day are allowed for windows and 3,000 a day for the billboards for each of the three advertising cars.

As every color requires a separate lithographic stone, this means several tons of stones and, of course, besides the sketches as many separate drawings. Necessarily it costs money. Time was when the bill for circus paper was bigger than the bill for performers—when most of the show was on the dead walls.

Of circus literature tons are printed, the bills ranging from a quarter sheet to a sixty-four sheet bill, but not more than two a day of the latter can be used, owing to the difficulty of getting spaces to post them.

One artist in New York has been designing show bills for twenty-five years for one show printing house and receives \$100 for every drawing made.

CHOCOLATE AND COCOA

Gaining on Coffee and Tea in Race for National Favor. Chocolate and cocoa are not likely to oust coffee and tea in the national affections but they are pushing hard. We are spending a million dollars a month for cacao, which is the raw product from which both cocoa and chocolate are obtained.

During the last few years our importations of cacao have increased 200 per cent., while those of coffee have increased only 29 per cent. and those of tea have decreased 14 per cent. At the present time, cacao is gaining on its rivals at a more rapid rate than ever before.

Most of the cacao consumed in America comes from Brazil, the British West Indies and the West Indian islands. It is during the last three years, according to what is said, that the increase in cacao importations has been most marked. Manufacturers have been forced to make additional after addition to the capacity of their plants, to increase their working forces to enormous proportions, and still it has been almost impossible for them to fill all orders on time.

Importers of raw products from the tropics are doing the most rushing business of their lives, and importers of prepared cocoas from Europe must get busy to keep from being troubled underfoot by American enterprise in feeding the "chocolate tooth" Uncle Sam has out.

The cacao bean possesses more nitrogen than any other food, and about twenty times as much fatty matter as wheat flour. One-half of the weight of cocoa is cocoa butter and one-third starch.

The principal reason cocoa constitutes the principal ration employed by river expeditions; in South America cocoa and maize cakes, comprising a large amount of nourishment, are the staple food of the natives for travellers on long overland trips; a case is recorded of a man who attained the age of a hundred years who ate nothing but chocolate and biscuit for thirty years.

WANTED REAL MISSOURI MONEY.

Clean New Sheets of Bills Looked Too Much Like Gold Bricks.

From the Sabatia Herald. The National Bank of Sabatia gets its paper money from the Central bank sheets. After the bills are signed by the officers of the National Bank of Sabatia each bill is cut off with a pair of scissors and the paper becomes currency. At some time Jason Walton went over to Missouri to buy a farm. Desiring to have the money in convenient form, he got the bank bills in the large uncut sheets. He went to Missouri and everything went smoothly. Negotiations for the farm were cut so low in price that he was able to buy it. When the purchase was completed, and when it came time for Walton to hand over the money he pulled out a couple of sheets of bills. Getting a pair of scissors from the farmer's wife he began to cut off the bills with such low in the purchase. The farmer looked at the parchment, mouth open and eyes bulging. After Walton had cut off a few of the bills the farmer stopped him.

SUMMER FASHIONS FOR MEN

FLANNEL SUITS ARE POPULAR IN MANY COLORS.

The Cut of the New Coats—England More Extreme Than America—The Tweed Suits of the Season—Fancy Waistcoats Still Popular—The New Overcoats.

No coat is near so interesting to the average American as the flannel, for nine men out of ten wear this garment as soon as the warm weather sets in. The coat is long, as it was last year, and must fall well below the waist, as the suit in the picture shows. The back does not fit closely to the body, but shows what the tailors call a "half shape." There is a deep roll of the collar, which should fall back freely and show no signs of being pressed down. The lapels, to be in the style this season, must be at least two and a half inches broad. The hip pockets usually have flaps, although this is not done when the seams are strapped, as that gives a flannel suit a too elaborate appearance.

The smartness of the tailor can this year add to a flannel suit lies in the cut of the neck. That must be low and the rest of the coat, if it be allowed to fall from the shoulders, which should fit moderately tight, will take care of itself. Some of these coats have the collar cut so deep and the opening in front cut so high that there is room for only three buttons, and these are put close together in the small space between the end of the collar and the beginning of the front opening. Much to be desired, however, for the flannel coat is four buttons, or at least three, put far enough apart to stretch well over the front of the coat.

Another detail which suggests painting the back of the coat in the flannel suit is the turned back cuff with the buttons which some of the tailors are adding to the coats this year in the hope of making them a little different from the styles of the last few seasons. If any cuff effect is wanted in flannel it is to be had by putting on the cuff applied cuff by opening the sleeve for a distance of three inches and using the buttons there. This is regarded as the best style for a cuff for flannels. The vent in the back of the coat, if one is used—London tailors leave it out of this year's modes altogether—should be in the center of the back and not at each side. The trousers with flannels are still made long enough to turn up at the bottoms. The wise man always gets two pairs to every suit.

In spite of the threesome run that onion skin and other browns had two years ago, it has again happened that there is a great demand for flannels of that color. They are liked best in the hard finish. Grays are, of course, popular, and on the dark grounds there are checks and stripes of red, green and even purple, which has made its appearance for the first time this summer as a color for men's wear. Some of the dark flannels have, in fact, a distinct stripe of purple or mauve.

Trousers, following the tendency of all clothes to be smaller and fit closer to the figure, are not so wide as they were. The measurement at the ankle should not exceed more than 17 inches, while an inch less is the rule of many tailors. The clothes worn by Englishmen are much more marked in this change than any that our tailors have made. They used to be conspicuous for looseness, but now they fit the figure closely, although they are not shaped much at the hips, nor are they cut to outline the waist line. The best New York tailors have not yet tried to introduce this fashion here. They are cutting the coats close to the figure, but avoid the exaggerated curves that threatened to be popular several seasons ago.

The tweed suits follow the style of the flannel suit, although through being heavier and generally applied with a more pronounced roll of the collar. All of these are made with three or four buttons. In these worn or tweed suits there is usually a vent in the back of the coat, and the London tailors supply a turned back cuff which is supplied with buttons. All the waistcoats of the same material are cut higher than the coats. Some of the London tailors supply a coat a dickey or border of white linen is worn inside it. It does not often happen in this country, however, that the same sort of waistcoat is frequently high in the neck to show above the roll collar of the coat.

Fancy waistcoats have come on the market in very novel styles. Some of these are a white ground are stripes about a quarter of an inch thick that match the color of the flannel suit. Some of these are made with braid and without a collar. Five mother of pearl buttons are used on them. There has been some speculation in favor of brass buttons, but these are worn chiefly this year on white duck waistcoats and is of the same color. Biscuit colored cotton cloth in various colors are still smart, and there is canvas in various shades of mauve, bird's egg blue and even pale green. These latter shades are new and form beautiful contrast to double breasted blue serge, for instance, or the dark gray flannels, but are very expensive, as they do not wash so well and they wash readily, have been introduced by some of the tailors. They come usually in a cross hatched and are very attractive.

There are not many New Yorkers that have frock coats made in summer weight cloth, and they are certainly much fewer than in former years. If they do wear them they are made in the lightest weight, and they are made in most cases of a fine diagonal. They are, of course, braided, as in the winter, and they would have been the average purchaser does not buy a waistcoat made of the same material if he is disposed to be economical. If he does wear the same the indispensable dickey must also be there. Very dark trousers are worn now with these coats. One suit of this kind was seen in the window of a New York tailor had the trousers of black striped with a broad line of gray made of finer lines of black and white. Recently the black and white striped cassimeres have

come back into fashion for wear with the braided cutaways.

There seems to be little chance that the double breasted frock coat will come back nearly again for some time. There were nearly fifteen years of popularity to its credit when it did drop out of fashion, and it is some time before it will come back. The only suits of this kind that the tailors are making up this season are for the men who really must wear them—that is, the military. Sergeants and majors are used and the sleeves are not made with a turnover cuff but with the cuff applied and closed with three buttons.

Two overcoats for rough wear have recently come over here from London and at least one of them has been cordially received. It is made of a rough tweed or Scotch mixture, usually in checks. The coat fits rather tightly over the shoulders and then falls loosely—in fact with almost a bell shape. The lines run out directly from the shoulders. The pockets have a flap of the material is so finished on the inside that it has the effect of a cloth lining. The buttons, which are large and made of translucent bone, which makes for them a good color of the coat, come through the cloth with no fly to hide them. There are no vents and the strapped seams make vents impossible. The coat is sometimes buttoned down, but the overcoat, which is like the one described and is intended for motoring, driving or other rough work for townwear, is not buttoned down. The style has not been taken up so warmly here as men are more conservative about dress than they are anywhere else in the world. The coat is made of a material that is above the waist and suddenly flares out at that point, standing out about the legs.

INSURANCE AND HARD TIMES.

One Business That Prospers When Other Lines Are Depressed.

There is one set of business men, the officers of the life insurance companies, who are not worrying over talk of a period of depression. Bad times mean for them a boom in business. Life insurance is probably the only business of which this is true, except possibly the undertaker's.

The general impression is that men in prosperous times don't think of providing against the future by taking out a policy. This may have something to do with the fact that the leanest years in the life insurance business are those in which the general prosperity is the greatest, but according to an officer of one of the New York companies it isn't the chief reason.

"The real reason," said this man, "is that the agency force is depleted both in quantity and quality when a period of prosperity is on. Life insurance agents, when business is booming in all lines, find more profitable and agreeable employment than canvassing for policies.

"Many of the best agents start up in some sort of business for themselves. There is a general downward tendency in the agency force until hard times begin. Then many of the best men who have pulled out from the life insurance field drift back into the agency ranks and reinforced also by other men of ability who have met reverses and who see a good opportunity in the life insurance business for getting a fresh start."

Of the result is that the companies, according to this officer, begin almost immediately to write more business. One of the things testified to by any number of witnesses is that the Armstrong investigating committee was that it is the agency force that makes or unmakes an insurance company.

It was said, absolutely will not get their lives insured until there are agents to prod them along. There is one company in England which gets along without an agency force, writing up its business over its counters, but that is only one instance.

When some of the Armstrong committee investigators proposed that a course be adopted by some of the big companies in this country the officers declared that not enough business would be written to offset the maturing policies. What the Armstrong committee was to do was to line the business which any single company may write in a year to \$150,000,000. Some of the companies in years gone by have written considerably more than \$250,000,000 in a year.

But the big companies will do well this year if they come up to the limit set by the Armstrong committee. The reason for this has been attributed to the loss of confidence in the managements of the companies. According to the officer quoted above, it is not the real reason for the present slump. It is the general period of prosperity, together with the stringent laws which the Legislature passed curtailing the commissions that may be paid to agents.

The cutting down of the agents' commissions alone meant the retirement of many of the best men in the business. The companies haven't begun to notice any marked trend in the other direction yet, but when it does come it will be a pretty sure indication that the business is beginning to pick up in the general industries of the country.

Both Were Collectors.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. A local newspaper artist got a letter one day from a man over in Indiana who was making a collection of sketches. "I have been thinking of you for some time," the Indiana man wrote, "but I have never from Ohio. I have seen some of your work and I think it is good. If you will send me a little sketch for my collection I shall have it framed."

The artist noticed from the letterhead that the man was connected with a bank in one of the small towns over in the State of Indiana. That gave him a hunch, and he wrote the man a letter. "I am making a collection of ten dollar bills," he wrote, "and I have secured specimens from every State in the Union. I have secured a few of your State, and I am particularly anxious to get ten dollar bills from Indiana. Will you see that you are employed in a place where ten dollar bills are kept, and if you send me a specimen I will give you a dollar for it?"

Wolf in Italian Town. From the London Globe. It is not often that European eyes—at least in a town area—witness the spectacle of a wall trotting leisurely through the streets in broad daylight, and with little apparent concern. Such an incident happened the other day at the Italian town of Anzeano, the animal sniffing at the direction of the house of another as he went along.

Passing by the hospital, an attendant of the name of Gino was seen to be running for a gun, gave chase. Before long he got a chance for a shot, which hit the wolf badly, and he was killed. The animal was slain. Its presence in such circumstances is accounted for by the theory that the best kind of hunting ever is that of a wolf against its human, and after eating a sly and savoring through the night, was making his way back to the lair.

TRANCE OF PHIL COSTIGAN

WHILE IN IT HE WON \$10,000 AT THE TRACK.

Then He Seized Up, Swore Off for a Year and Lost His Money in Six Months—The Record for a One Afternoon Warnings of a Topsy Turvy—Back to the Type Case.

"That tipsy man who took \$5,000 from the Belmont layers the other day was a long strider, right enough, but he fell more two-thirds shy of making the record yank down for a rummy," said a detective who used to be assigned to the Western tracks.

"A compositor named Phil Costigan, who had been a horse man for years when in 1897, at the St. Louis Fair Grounds, while carrying a load that would have sagged a Chihuahua bullion packing burro, he put the skids under the chalkers for \$10,000.

"Costigan had just lost his job that day for being drunk. He had just \$14, and he owed two weeks board to his landlady and a wash bill and other things and his good suit was in hook. He thought of taking the run to Chicago.

"Somehow he wandered to the racetrack. Then he tossed in a couple more drinks at the bar and began to leer at the programme with a hand over one eye so that he wouldn't see double.

"Ferrier, at 20 to 1, in the first race, with 'long shot' Conley up, took his eye. He passed ten of his remaining eleven tools on that one, tucked the ticket beneath the sweatband of his hat and went over and buzzed one of the boys drawing 'backseeps' who were being run. When the crowd came flocking back to the ring after the numbers were out Costigan asked somebody who'd got it.

"That hot-tempered mule Ferrier, and I s'pose maybe they ain't cheatin' with that one," was the disgusted reply.

"Costigan leisurely took another drink or two and then prowled around till he found his chalk and collected. He waddled one of the two \$100 bills, hid him into something the size of a fist, and tucked it into his waist pocket. He hoped he might forget it till he needed it. Then, without so much as a peek at the prices up for the second race, he took another eye look at the programme.

"Harry Duke, the old sprinting crip, with the bughouse boy Britton up, looked right at him. He waddled over to the nearest stall and found that 8 to 1 was wrapped around Harry Duke. He bought an \$800 to \$100 ticket, and then steered back to the bar to call over.

"Duke's cakewalking" was the bawl all over the place a few minutes later, and then Costigan began that thing the dead games call 'open wine'.

"He split in a couple of pints on top of the hard stuff he'd been sopping up for four or five days, and then he was just able to high step over and have the man slip him \$900. He was a salter, all right, for he took two of the century notes from his pile and stuck them in his inside pocket, and he never looked for money until after a souce is all over and he's giving himself a thorough frisking to see if he's held out anything against himself.

"I want to go to that Siva lob in this one," advised the barkeep when Costigan lined up again after collecting.

"Siva was the 2 to 5 favorite in the third, but Costigan didn't know that, and he wouldn't have been bothered if he had. Madeleine, with the in and out boy Matthews on his back, looked like the first to him, and it wasn't his afternoon for listening to the advice of folks. Madeleine was held at 6 to 1, and Costigan had to sway along to four different stalls to get \$800 down at that figure.

"While the race was being run Costigan was seated on a high stool at the lunch bar, staking himself to a clam chowder foundation for more drink, and when the bunch scurried back with the information that Madeleine had ridden like the wind, he took the rim torn off, winning plod to the shape of a fried cake by ten daylight lengths, Costigan went right ahead and finished his clam chowder and then ordered another plate of it. He was so busy eating that he didn't get down on the fourth race at all.

"By this time the word about Costigan's name was all over the grounds, and the touts and friskers began to hem him in. They tried to herd him up into shadowy corners for the purpose of telling him things. He wouldn't listen to a word, but he bit a bit, and he shouldered the grafters out of his path and made for the open air of the lawn, where he saw by the jockey board selection of the race was to be a two horse thing, a duel between two great rivals at the Fair Grounds a decade ago, Can Gallop and May Gallop.

"Costigan was giving it to Can Gallop, because he had put it on the other one two or three times of late, but Costigan was there with a nullish hunch. There were bunches of men looking at him, and he was waiting to see how he was going to view the thing. He didn't say a word to any of them—didn't in fact know that the bunch was there. He was just waiting to be biggined into the ring, where, with the first four books he came to, he made \$500 out of a \$100 bet on the favorite in the two horse race at 1 to 4.

"Costigan stood to take down \$7,000 if the dope was wrong, and the bunch people who watched his operations took it that the dope probably was wrong or the lucky drunk wouldn't be trying to reverse it. So they swooped on May Gallop with their bunches, and the race was on. May Gallop's price down to 8 to 5, while Can Gallop's figure jumped up.

"Costigan had his elbows on the bar which was high over his head, and he was leaning the foreman who'd canned him in the morning while that two-horse thing was coming off, and so he didn't see it. I saw the crowd get broken down, and May Gallop came on and won like something tripping around in a stake walkover. As the winner came thundering down the stretch the novel wasn't 'May Gallop gets it' but 'The touse cops! Wee for the rummy dope!'

"By this time the ringsters who had fallen for the tipsy compositor's joke were the sore bunches. There was only one more race left for them to try for a rebate out of Costigan, and they sent their runners to the track to get the money. The rummy didn't even look at them as they came for a final play.

"The rummy, leaning against a stanchion, listened to the crowd as they were getting up and sleepy. He was almost asleep standing up, but the cogs in the back of his head were still working, even if they weren't thinking. He had had his eyes on the programme, and he had had his eyes on the money down on whatever the rummy played in the last race. The crowd who'd gone to the May Gallop thing on the square selection of that one hovered excitedly in the offing, waiting for the printer man to give some sign.

"The chalkers slapped up the prices on the May Gallop thing, and they had their eyes all ready to rub the price against anything that the half asleep compositor picked out for himself, for they knew that his pick would pull in a lot of money from the crowd that would break a lot of them if the thing went through, and they were