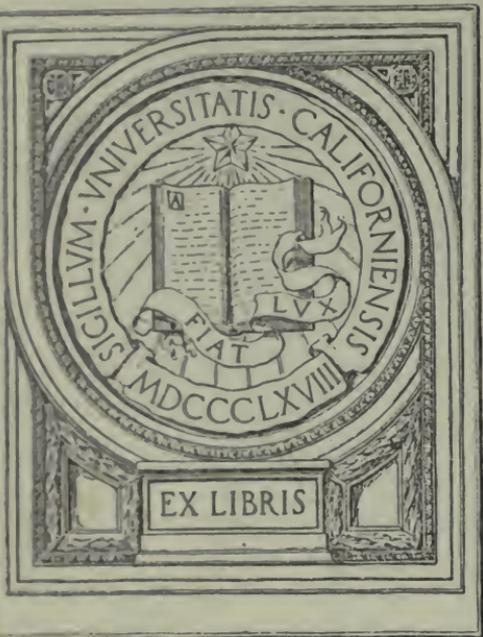


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Snap Shots
ON THE
MIDWAY
OF THE
PAN-AM-EXPO.



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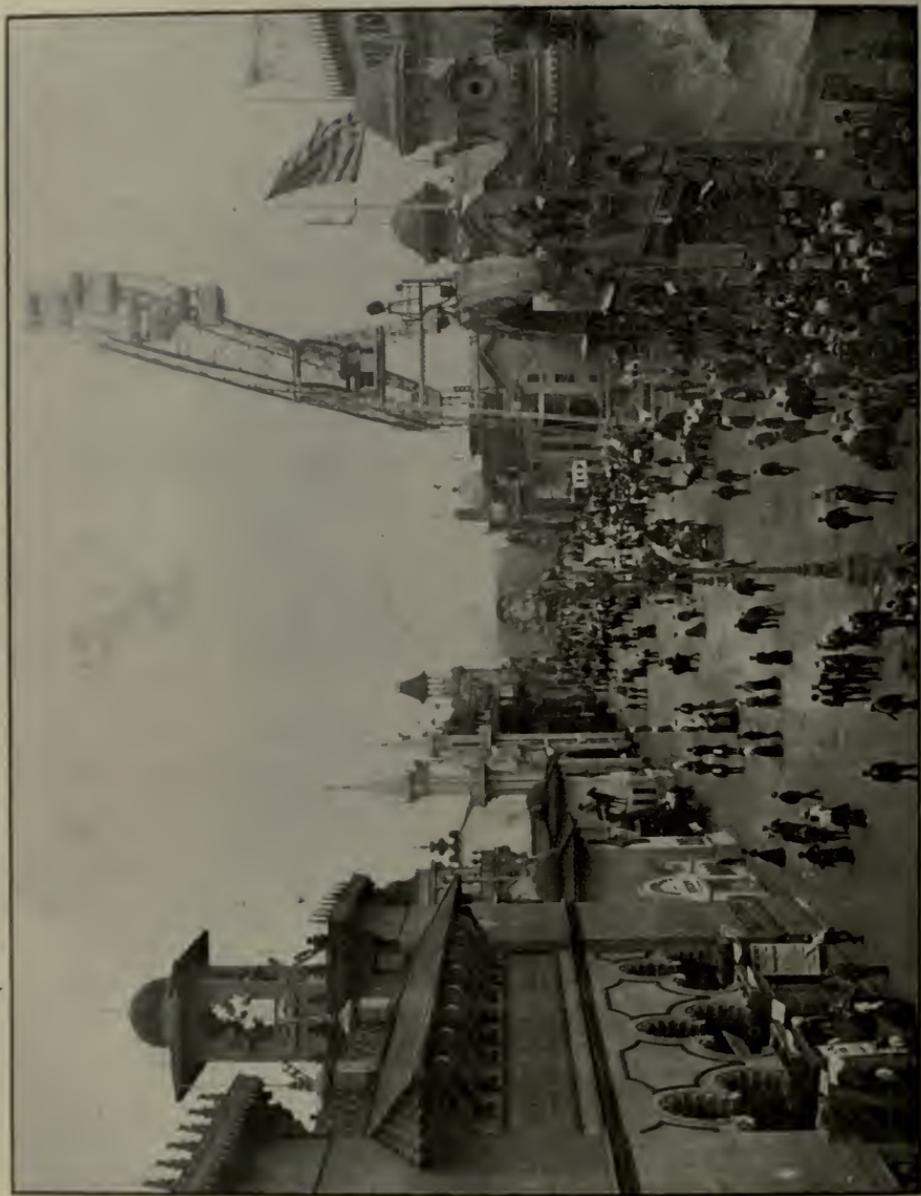


LA MORA
DANCER OF THE SEVILLIANA

June 1946

THE MIDWAY—WHERE EVERYTHING THAT IS AMUSING, GROTESQUE, HILARIOUS, FOOLISH, NOVEL AND ABSURD IS FOISTED AND INTONED, WHERE ALL THAT INGENUITY CAN DEVISE, SKILL PROJECT OR DARING ACCOMPLISH IS BROUGHT FOR THE DIVERSION OF A SUMMER'S DAY.—BARRY.

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THE MOORISH PALACE

AERIAL CYCLE

GLASS FACTORY

THE NORTH MIDWAY, FROM THE PLAZA



SNAP SHOTS

ON THE



MIDWAY

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION



MEXICAN GARDEN



THOMPSON'S SCENIC RAILWAY AND ACQUARAMA

THE SOUTH MIDWAY, FROM VENICE IN AMERICA

SNAP SHOTS
on the
MIDWAY
of the
PAN-AM EXPO

INCLUDING

CHARACTERISTIC SCENES AND PASTIMES
OF EVERY COUNTRY THERE REPRESENTED:
THE CELEBRATED ORIENTAL, AFRICAN,
HAWAIIAN, MEXICAN AND INDIAN DANCERS
AND DANCING SCENES, THE BULL FIGHT,
CAMEL AND DONKEY PROCESSIONS, INDIAN
BATTLES AND THE ODD, NOVEL AND SPICY
ATTRACTIONS OF THIS MOST ATTRACTIVE
PORTION OF THE EXPOSITION, WITH VIVID
PEN DESCRIPTIONS. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

BY RICHARD H. BARRY, ^{ay} 1881-

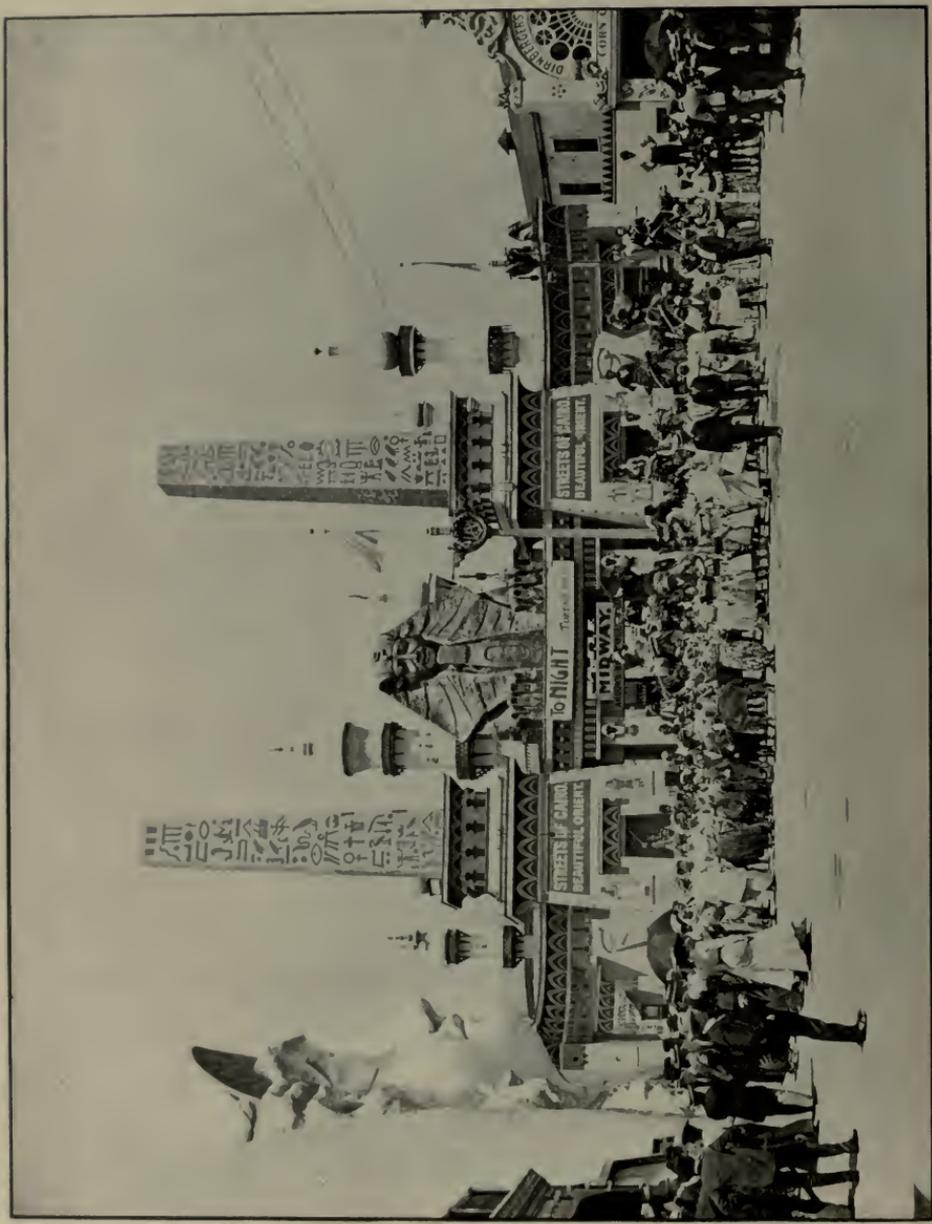
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BUFFALO, N. Y.:
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1901.

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AKOUN'S BEAUTIFUL ORIENT

ONE OF THE LARGEST AND JOLLIEST PLACES ON THE MIDWAY. MADE ATTRACTIVE BY ORIENTAL SIGHTS, WINDING STREETS AND BAZAARS FOR THE DISPLAY OF FINERY.



THE MEXICAN BAND — STREETS OF MEXICO



THE STORY is related of the great Conde that, at the opening of his last campaign, sunken in melancholy, half maddened with fatigue and the dog star heat of summer, having reached at length the cool meadows in front of the abbey of St. Antoine, he suddenly leaped from his horse, flung away his arms and his clothing, seized a monstrous drinking gourd from a nearby well and an oak stave from a pile of fagots and rolled in the green grass under a group of trees, playing boisterously with the baubles and laughing in high glee. After being thus diverted and refreshed, he arose smiling and calm amongst his astonished officers, permitted himself to be dressed and armed anew and rode to battle with all his

accustomed resolution. This longing for a whimsical return to boyishness and buncombe is one that lies deep seated in all natures. Most men have a fondness for a circus, and wherever languorous warmth is dominant in climate, carnival is king, and mirth holds high revel, so that it is appropriate and wise that beyond the Exposition's shell of outer beauty should be built this lane of laughter with its strange medley of queer sights and sounds, where the elusive strains of sweet music and the spray from laughing fountains is neither heard nor heeded, where everything that is amusing, grotesque, hilarious, foolish, novel and absurd is foisted and intoned, where all that ingenuity can devise, skill project or daring accomplish is brought for the diversion of a summer's day.

The Midway is the most gigantic, the most complex, the most costly and the most exacting plaything yet devised for modern man. Those who made it have had the world for a stalking ground and the four

THE MIDWAY

SNAP SHOTS ON THE MIDWAY

corners have contributed to its strange sights and stranger sounds. Its name has no relevance to its nature. A street which is a jumble of fantastic architecture, embracing one corner of a harmonious exposition like a gilded shoulder on the polished mahogany frame of a plate glass mirror cannot appropriately be called a Midway. What is now a name was at first but an adjective. It modified Plaisance and the two defined that broad stretch of grassy boulevard that reached from Jackson Park in Chicago far through what was then the sand wastes of the south side to another beautiful park, called Humboldt, miles to the west. Along it was built the extension of the World's Fair, and there was placed what was catalogued as Department Q of the Ethnological Division. There was some excuse for so hard and scientific and altogether uncongenial a classification, for the peculiar and unknown people of the world were gathered for display, but display soon became amusement and the amusement hilarious, the public was looking for novelty and the showmen, for the men who had made the exhibit were of that class, were anxious to cater to such a taste. Ethnology was forgotten, and reference to it relegated to the guide books and official reports. Visitors became students of the dances of all nations, and the Midway became synonymous for masked folly. At Buffalo the projectors of the Exposition agreed without hesitancy on a Midway, for such a feature in some form has been an essential part of all expositions, but considered other names: "The Whirlpool," as indicating its frothy, uncertain character and as peculiarly fit because of the nearness of Niagara, was proposed. "The Rapids" for similar reasons was considered, but "The Midway" with its suggestive associations and the prestige of its Chicago reputation was the only real applicant, and its choice has made the same sobriquet imperative for all future streets of all nations.

Whatever there is of ethnological value on the Pan-American Midway is there for other than scientific reasons. It is like the bit of Wagner music that Sousa is sometimes permitted to play at an open air concert; a part of the program that is swallowed almost unconsciously and without complaint, sort of a sugar-coated pill, for though students go to the Midway they do not go for study. The boistrous noise of brass music that makes a trip through it a constant succession of



A GROUP OF INHABITANTS IN THE STREETS OF MEXICO



SITALA

DANCING GIRL—COSINEROS COSTUME—STREETS OF MEXICO

S N A P S H O T S O N T H E M I D W A Y

discordant crashes distracts attention from many a less presuming attraction waiting behind high walls. Though less presumptuous the dances of the street are the engrossing things that are offered, and they hold the attention of most visitors.

MEXICAN DANCES

The dances of Spain are languorous, and of all the dances in the world they have the most of the rhythm and graceful ease that is so often called the poetry of motion. The dances of Mexico are those of Spain. Some of the dances that are given in old Mexico come from the natives, and with the Spanish influence that they meet they assume a tinge of spicy abandon and the free movement of unrefined surroundings. The difference between those of pure Spanish extraction and those of native character can be clearly traced through the snatches that may be seen in the Streets of Mexico. It is much the same distinction that may be drawn between the country hoe down or the side step and the refinement of European culture that is seen in the waltzes and elaborate quadrilles of this country. One is rough and elemental in its abandon, while the other is polished, artistic and smoothly pleasing, moving to a climax of expressed vitality with true dramatic intensity.

Jerabe is a Mexican dance, swift in action, cumulative in movement and hilarious in outcome, and it employs both a man and woman besides a chorus. All the Mexican dances have a chorus and all are accompanied by an orchestra. La Coca is the petite and buxom dancer of Jerabe (pronounced as though the J were an H) and she moves through its blithesome steps with a suppleness that employs all the ginger her dainty feet contain. As a conclusion she stamps around the brim of the cone-shaped straw hat of Juakin Bringas, her partner, and squats on the floor, while Juakin hurdles over as boys do playing leap frog. It is a distressing end of a pretty dance, and is a freakish evidence of its native origin. No such remission from grace is seen in La Mora's performance of Sevillana, except as it comes through the dancer's observation of the couchee girls in the Orient across the street. The Mexican music, gay with color, warm in tone and quick in time carries the castanet clattering and voluptuous swirl of Sevillana to a riotous conclusion. Bizet wrote incomparable music for it in Carmen, and its peppery measure should have the kaleidoscopic action of that tragedy for its background and the Toreador song for its conclusion. La Mora is an impetuous dancer and seldom fails to catch the sensuous swing of its high cadences. As with other dancers on the Midway she has imbibed some of the corrupted movements of the couchee dance that in its degraded appeal is indigenous to no country, and has no inception but the



CAROLINA DELGADO, "BITALA"
DANCER OF LAJOTA
STREETS OF MEXICO



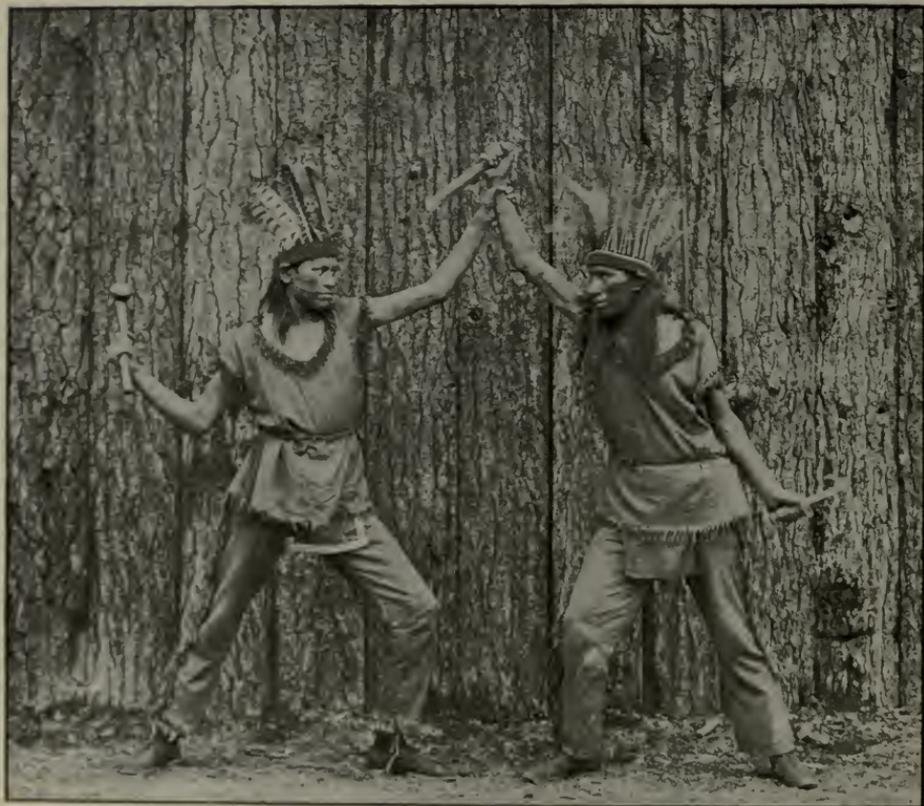
COLUMBA QUINTANO

DANCING SOUBRETTE—STREETS OF MEXICO

SNAP SHOTS ON THE MIDWAY.

prompting that comes from low music halls. With the Oriental girls the suggestiveness is less apparent, for practice has brought facility, and with that the muscular movement has become mechanical and so less harrowing. It is the difference between French and American nastiness; one is smooth and natural, the other artificial, labored and so, vulgar.

The fandango hall built for the Mexican dances in imitation of the similar halls in the south, and seen in this country now for the first time, is a pit around which, on three sides, rise tiers of seats, and it is a fit arena for the dancing of Jerabe and La Jota. Sitala is the dancer of La Jota, and she has the limpid nut brown eyes peculiar to many



DEFIANCE DANCE OF THE IROQUOIS — INDIAN CONGRESS



ISOLA HAMILTON

THE ARTIST'S MODEL, IN THE DANCING SHOW KNOWN AS "AROUND THE WORLD"

dancers and stage people of ecstatic temperament. They are the noticeable equipment of three-fourths of the dozen girls who offset the tumult of the bullfighting in the Streets of Mexico with the color of their costumes, their supple grace and languorous ease.

INDIAN DANCERS

Indians take a certain rude, ecstatic enjoyment in their ceremonial dances, and all of them are of that character; but the glide and swelling ease that comes with a waltz in a modern ball room is as unknown to them as is the luxury of tailor made clothes. They dance as all primitive peoples do; as an outlet for their emotions. Excitement, not dilettanti desire, the intensity of momentary exaltation, not the puttering of energy, induces the elate, religious dances of the red man. The prospect of battle, the flush of victory, the lament for death, the joy for prosperous harvests, the chuckling in fierce triumph over fallen foes, the welcoming and speeding of guests, the anticipatory relish for the hunt, the terrifying, nameless ghost dance, all the great epochs in a savage life are heralded in expectation and commemorated in tireless rhythm.

On the Midway it is possible to give only sketches of a few of the great tribal dances. No audience will sit for more than twenty minutes in the elm bark ceremonial house in attendance even on the traditional customs of the Sioux and the Apache. Nowhere else is the restlessness of an exposition crowd better illustrated. The continual surge and push and the ceaseless unrest of those who take the show as they do pills, so much in a dose, compel the change of the program three times every hour. That gives the Indians time enough to bob up and bob down again and time enough for the spectacular introduction of Geronimo, but with the feathers and war bonnets and the fresh bright pigment daubed in great gashes on naked flesh there is an effect of grim



MOSTLY SQUAW DANCERS, INDIAN CONGRESS



THE NORTH MIDWAY, FROM ALT NUREMBERG

reality that brings a flood of history-bred recollection to many, and snickers of foolish laughter from the nondescript.

The defiance dance of the Iroquois is usually shown by two young warriors, who enter the small roped arena, one with a tom tom and the other with a war club and hunting knife. It is the dance that the Eastern braves give before starting on a war expedition, and is designed to show the war god the nature of the men who propose to contest for victory. The Indian buys his successes from his gods and he sometimes promises wondrous things. In this case he indicates what he will do in pursuit of the foe, and concludes with a demonstration of what will happen when he catches him. In about five minutes he succeeds in working himself into a frenzy, marked by all the symptoms of real temper, and secures from the audience little "Ahs" of suppressed fright and admiration. He throws the knife into the earth, seizes his war club and gesticulates about the weapon with the menace which he means to say to the god will be duplicated if he is permitted to meet his enemy.

The brave man dance is similar to the war dance of the Cape Lopez cannibals, in its embodiment of all the characteristic movements of a war party in action. It shows the attack and the retreat, the use of the war club and tomahawk and the fierce rhythm that controls each intricate step. The Omaha dance of the home guard, who like white militia have successfully repelled invasion or attack, generally concludes the performance. In it a full party of twenty braves, half of them naked except for a brief breech clout, tap the tan bark floor in tremulous, quick time to the incessant ki yi of the tom tom holders in the rear. Through it all is filtered the rank odor of common things and back of it all is the plaintive, patient, hardy faces of the men who have bade good-bye to actuality and are showing the sacred blood of an ancient race to strangers and dawdlers for a dollar.

FILIPINO DANCES

That the Filipines are a people who have felt somewhat the influence of civilization is shown by the cut of the clothes they wear, by their methods of living, and surest of all by their dancing. It has been a beneficent civilization in their case at least, for the lurid and degenerate hue that has tinged the dances of other peoples has quite escaped them, as shown in the festive steps they display on the Midway. The asdero, or marriage dance, is as simple as a Virginia reel and as innocuous. It is so much so with its playful side step and half timid figure evolution that at first sight it appears as though improvised, as some of the other Midway dances are, for special Pan-American use. The dancers, three men and three women, accompanied by a tinkling guitar orchestra, in which further evidence of Filipino advancement is shown



DANCERS OF THE ASDERO
THE FILIPINO VIRGINIA REEL--PHILIPPINE VILLAGE

in the skillful playing of three violins, perform a delicate step which has the intricacy and reserve that all refined dancing has. Another of their quaint performances is the esmeralda or star dance, showing another figure that would do credit to the designer of a cotillion, and indeed, it is said that many of the elaborate turns that are apparently improvised for fancy balls are merely excerpts from the native dances of such people as the Filipinos, the Mexicans and the Japanese. The bolo dancer is the only one of the company who shows the indigenous stock that derives its hardihood from the Malay race. He twirls a long bolo, or thick sword of good steel, and performs a series of significant evolutions, holding in his other hand a shield of stretched raw hide and hard wood, performing with high step and elaborate finish much of the glide that gives the fandango its subtle motion, and which may be seen in modified conventionality in the ball room waltz.

There are many who come to the Midway to look for impropriety and who depart satisfied with the visit if they discover a rouged face or a bare leg. For these the Orient has its horrors, and the hula hula dancers are baneful, for they are the Midway's red lights that make the

ORIENTAL
AND
HAWAIIAN
DANCES



THE OLUPA DANCERS.
FROM THE ROYAL HULA HOUSE OF QUEEN LILUOKalani--HAWAIIAN VILLAGE.



FATIMA—THE LITTLE TEMPEST

BEWITCHING BLACK-EYED COUCHEE-COUCHEE DANCER--BEAUTIFUL ORIENT.

ONE OF THE GROUPINGS IN THE ARTISTIC SINGALESE DANCE — BEAUTIFUL ORIENT



trip down the lane of laughter really worth while for a great number, just what per cent. no census can enumerate, but larger than would be revealed by responses to a category. The two dances are similar, but not alike. Both depend for their effects on the sinuous, gyratory movements of abdominal and body muscles. The gliding of feet is only an incident in either dance; the whole body moves in undulating pantomime that is also seen in the epithalamium or marriage festival of the blacks. Savage dancing is an instinct that civilization has not improved. American influence has affected the couchee couchee, while it has not yet had time to weaken the elemental dancing of the Hawaiian girls. One is the formless, free religious dance of the buoyant, open West, and the other the effeminate expression of a degenerate East, compared to which a stifling interior, rank with dank odors, would be mild and healthy. The hula hula is the genuine expression of real feeling, accompanied by no tuneful harp or glib piano or resinous violin, but filtered through all the monotonous fall of the soft, bare feet of the brown women on pine boards is the crescendic thump of two silent male crouchers, who pound with rhythmic regularity on hollow gourds. In the background stretches a desert waste of arid land, and its dull, tense, ever-repressed vitality shows in the vacant eyes and hollow stare of the women's faces, as they intermittently cry out in ejaculatory plaintiveness. It is the outward manifestation, which for ages has given relief to pent-up feeling. It recalls the wild, old Corybantian dance with the contestants wounding each other, the torture dance of the Soudan derishes, the metrical shuffling of the feet of the Roman youth to the shrill sound of flageolets as he feverishly tossed his weapon on high.

There are many times in every life when outward expression is imperative. Sometimes it comes at night under the silent stars, sometimes at



SINGALESE DRUMMER OF STICK DANCING TROUPE — BEAUTIFUL ORIENT



FATMA--THE GREAT TEMPEST

SUPPLE TWIRLER OF THE COUCHEE-COUCHEE DANCE, "LA GRANDE ARTISTE"---BEAUTIFUL ORIENT.

broad noon in the spray of laughing water, sometimes in feast and sometimes in sorrow. It must always have relief or it burns inwardly and consumes. Some men laugh, some women cry, the ancients danced seriously and soberly, compared to which the usual modern dilettanti shuffling is play and nonsense. The most used modern substitute is to take a drink. Saul and David and wise Solomon removed the stop cock by dancing in the sight of the Lord. The others of the world's annointed have painted pictures, or written books, or sung great songs, or acted superb dramas, but legs may substitute fancy and suppleness take the place of imagination. The Old Testament does not relate whether Israel's Kings tossed their belly buttons under their legs or cut a figure eight with their collar bones or sedately twirled the minuet, but whatever their maneuvers, it was a holy sight.



THE TORTURE DANCE

SPIKE DRIVEN THREE INCHES INTO THE SKULL OF HADJI BEN SALA-- BEAUTIFUL ORIENT



THE TORTURE DANCE

THE BODY PIERCED WITH DANGLING AWLS—BEAUTIFUL ORIENT

There is nothing in the Midway's Oriental dances that recalls primitive emotion. The adepts in the art, for the couchée dance is an elaborate one, were not tutored in academic schools and the pleasing proficiency they assert is a polyglot of Eastern origin and east side corruption.

Saturday night at 12 o'clock is the time for the torture dance in the Streets of Cairo. It is usually given after an exhibition of the abdominal proficiency of Fatma and Zuliéka, and after a diffident little Turk with an insinuating smile has been around with a bunch of five cent palm leaf fans. As the couchée girls are told to cut loose for the last performance the sale of fans is usually quite brisk. When Hadji Ben Sala,

THE
TORTURE
DANCE



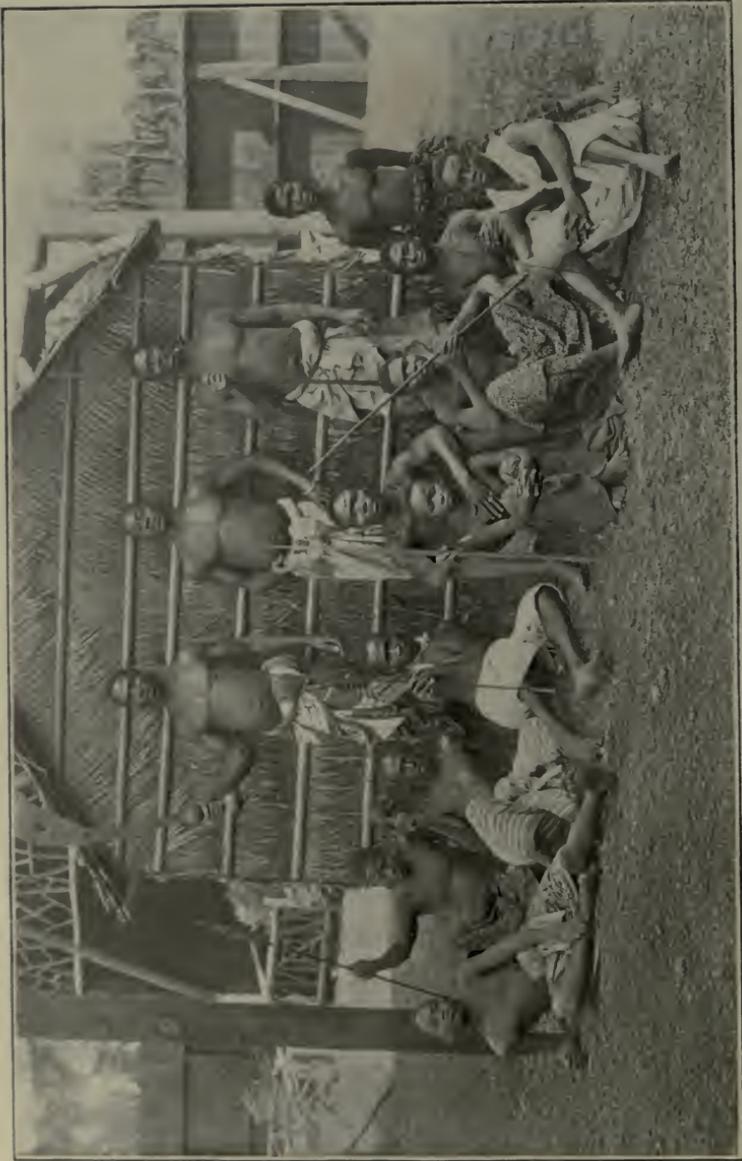
THE SINGALESE STICK DANCERS

INSPIRING EUN WORSHIPPERS, DANCERS WITH CLATTERING STICKS AND LITHE, RESPONSIVE BODIES—A NOVELTY IN AMERICA—BEAUTIFUL ORIENT.



YAMINA

THE ALGERIAN DANCER--BEAUTIFUL ORIENT.



A GROUP OF AFRICANS—DARKEST AFRICA
PARTICIPANTS IN THE NATIVE DANCES.



JOHN TWINE

WAR DANCE OF CAPE LOPEZ BLACKS—DARKEST AFRICA

THE SAVAGE AND SERIOUS RITE OF A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE

the chief dancer, begins the peeling of his outer waist, that looks like a piece of figured wall paper, the dusky depths of the room are pretty well filled with nervous spectators wrought to the screaming point by the assurances of Baccarat, the barker, that though they may see nails driven into men's heads some two or three inches, or watch burning coals glow on naked breasts, they need not fear, for it is only the way that some men, who live under the shadow of the crescent and the scimitar, have of expressing their reverence for Almighty God.

The three dancers are similar in their methods. Sala, the chief, is the most excruciating of the lot. After removing his garments, one by one, his turban first, then his sash, collar and shirt, he finally appears naked from the waist up. Throughout his undressing he jumps heavily from one foot to the other. It is like the insensible flopping of a decapitated hen, without rhythm or measure, accompanied by the incessant, alternate heavy and short thump of a pair of brand new tom toms, stretched to creaking and warmed over a brazier of burning coals. Some doctor who takes advantage of the invitation to see the dance at first hand steps onto the platform. Sala, half drunk with excitement, his eyes



SOME AFRICAN DANCERS

CHIEF OGOULA WOURY, WITH THREE OF HIS WIVES, SON, AND DIRECTOR PENA—
DARKEST AFRICA—THE WOMEN ARE FESTIVAL DANCERS



MLLE. DODO—AROUND THE WORLD

CHANTEUSE AND DANCER FROM GAYEST PARIS.

dull and dazed with leaden numbness, turns, discovers the intruder, knows instinctively that he is a Christian and springs at him with the wild abandon of an insensate fanatic. When two of the helpers seize him he lies in their arms, glaring savagely like a wild animal at bay.

The doctor removed, Sala returns to his torture. He seizes a double bladed dagger of Damascene steel. This he suddenly plunges into his stomach. It doesn't go very easily, so he calls for the assistance of two Moslems who succeed in placing about three-eighths of an inch of the steel inside his epidermis. He then runs six long needles through his cheeks, two long prongs through his tongue and a dozen through the cuticle of his forearm. Thus lacerated, with not a drop of blood showing, for these dancers have perforated the same places frequently for years until the wounds are callous, he crouches before the footlights and exhibits the wonder. On rare evenings he submits to the pounding of a ten penny nail half an inch into his head. At such times women faint and strong men rise from their seats and leave the place declaring the exhibition brutal. The dancers come out of it, though, with no apparent injury and are perfectly willing to repeat the performance once a week.

IN DARKEST
AFRICA

The war dance of the Cape Lopez blacks is a wild, unnatural orgy, scientific in detail, frenzied with passion and terrifying with its cumulative intensity. Walk in on it casually, pick up the thread of its barbaric motion with no information of its intent, be listless with sated sightseeing and enervated with the froth and fraud of the Midway, and in spite of blase indifference you will be swept along by its elemental



THE NUBIAN DANCERS—BEAUTIFUL ORIENT



TATU PECARAHE—AROUND THE WORLD

BROWN MAORI HIP WIGGLER.

grandeur. It is the savage and serious rite of a primitive people. Knowing the blood of centuries that filters its weird rhythm, the uncouth thirst and daring that pervades its almost painful realism, the carnal taste of slaughter and the fiendish glee of combat that have marked its performance for generations, and permitting the imagination to carry thought from play to actuality, the cannibalistic frenzy becomes terrifying and then unbearable. No artifice can succeed; life and feeling and experience triumph in a climax of rouse and startling enthusiasm.

The war dance is preceded by two minor dances given in the rustic theatre, with its proscenium of elm boughs. The fetish dance is the usual religious ceremonial performed on every conventional occasion. The simple gyration of its movement and the monotony of its successive repetition of the same figures place it first on the program. Then follows the black epithilium, like the wedding dances of all the Eastern countries, sensual in its coarse suggestion, but the blacks, as yet, entirely moral in their purpose, perform it as seriously as they tap an awl on a pine stick, believing that orchestration has reached its limit and that they are producing music. The war dance requires the large floor and the free incentive of outdoor air in the big hall for its proper performance, and there the audience is invited after the wives of

Augandagua have concluded their scortatory soiree. John Tivie, the only one of the blacks on the Pan-American Midway who was at Chicago, or who ever before left Africa, leads the mob of twenty warriors, who, naked from the waist up, with skirts of swishing rush and war clubs that look more like genteel walking sticks than they do like ugly instruments, go through the movements of the dance, some thirty minutes in duration.

The twenty are led down the hall slowly, stamping first with left feet, then with right, accompanied ever and continuously, without an instant's let up, by the monotonous thump of impenetrable drum heads and the harsh clang of ebony sticks on metal covers. The first procession is slow, the next increases in rate of movement. Tivie wears a horned cap to distinguish him from the rest. His physique is perfect, tapering up from the waist like a wedge, shoulders strong, but not over broad, head well poised, neck and arms sinewy, not an ounce of flesh to spare, and his chocolate skin smeared daily with palm oil, and as soft as a lady's, glistening with shiny sweat. He lunges forward with his stick. It is the plunge that the Aussa makes with his assegai, and the band does the same. Then follow all the characteristic movements of war, the skirmish, the attack, the repulse, the hand to hand fight, the short breath and the quick patter of retreating foes, the removal of the wounded, the victorious return, the celebration and the final feast.



MARIE DULMONT
--VENICE IN AMERICA



MARIE DULMONT AND LEA DELAPIERRE—VENICE IN AMERICA
NEAPOLITAN OUT-OF-DOORS ENTERTAINERS, SWEET VOICED WITH
GAY SONG AND PICTURESQUE IN BRILLIANT COSTUME

**THE
SCHUHPLATTL**

Just as types of people, races or nations may be distinguished by dress or general features or language, or even as the ethnological expert can construct the entire human figure if he be given a cranial bone, so it is possible to distinguish the mode of life, the temperament and almost exactly the geographical location of the country of dancers, by the style of the dance they exhibit. In the German village, Old Nuremburg, every day at noon and three times thereafter may be seen the schuhplattl or shoe dance of the Koenigseer peasants, with its reflex of bouyant life in rare atmosphere, clean habits, exuberent spirits and a general healthy, animal existence of frank and frequent expression. Two men and two women hop about to the hardly audible twang of a quickened waltz on a Bavarian xylophone. At infrequent intervals they meet and pick up the thread of the three step whirl, but the novelty of the dance, its real character, and nominal value lie in the half minute interspersions of an impulsive leap into air by the men and their simultaneous shrill shouts of thrilled enthusiasm, as they slap thighs and shoe bottoms smartly with their hands. It is a dance that sends little tingles of admiration and silent envy through the observer.



SOPHIE SOBIESKIE, RUSSIAN DANCER
—AROUND THE WORLD

**THE
TARENTELLA**

The trousered girls in the Streets of Venice whose comic opera attire is obtrusive, for such dressing requires calcium and perspective to be effective, are the performers of the tarentella, the national dance of Italy. It is a quick, almost a brilliant dance, suggestive in several measures of the sailor's hornpipe, and in others of the Parisian piroquette that Selica, the lion tamer at Bostock's, and Mlle. Dodo, in *Around The World*, also have.

OTHER DANCES

A young man in a red coat and an asbestos voice, that is more strident than the coat, announces that the four quarters of the globe have contributed dancers for *Around The World*. If his statement is accepted as are the other announcements on the street, as something else than gospel truth, the visitor will enjoy the presence of Sophie Sobieski, the Polish single stepper, Mlle. Dodo, the French chanteuse, Tatu Pecarahe, the brown Maori hip wriggler, and Juliette Gardner, the American who infuses what there is of grace or rhythm in the performance.



PRINCESS STELLITA
TARANTELLA DANCER—ROYAL GYPSY CAMP



EXPECTATION—POSE BY MISS HAMILTON

The most daring of all the Midway dances, and which, unlike most animal feats, retains the natural quality of spontaneity, is the familiar heel-and-toe skirt dance of the old vaudeville days that Selica performs with dextrous dignity about four lions snapping at her outstretched toes from four pedestals inside the great arena at Bostock's animal show. Selica has the hardihood of the lion tamer and the nerve of the dancer, and the two displayed together are a pleasing conjunction.

La Belle Ruby, flaxen haired and with lustrous brown eyes, is one of the five maids in the moon who, with their revels in the palace of the man in the moon, render the trip to the satellite like the living of a fairy tale in its eerie winsomeness. There are several skirt dancers in the gypsy camp.

The simplest of all the Midway dances is in the Esquimaux Village. It is the plain tapping of feet, heavily wrapped in seal skin on bare floors of tightly packed snow.

It is a ceremonial dance of very ancient origin and was probably used in former times as a means of quieting wild game. Now the Esquimaux perform it for a marriage ceremony and its step has descended to many of the tribes in lower Finland and in Kamchatka for their betrothal rites. Animal dances, such as the dance of the white bear and the dance of the old dogs, are curious evidences of a superstitious feeling.



MISS HAMILTON, ARTIST'S MODEL—AROUND THE WORLD



THE MOON CALF--AVENGING SPIRIT OF THE MOON

Midway Spectacular Attractions

Senator Depew took the trip to the moon one afternoon, and when he came out he said to the inventor, Frederic Thompson:

"I have traveled a great deal, but of all the wonderful things I have seen and of all the trips I have made that is the most extraordinary." Then he went across the street to the bullfight. There he remained half an hour. When he came back to the world of noise and brazen ballyhoos and walked up the Midway for more sights, he met, coming down, a small boy with a huge, freshly painted sign, which bore in appropriately enormous letters the bold announcement:

"Senator Chauncey Depew says of the Trip To The Moon—."

"Well," said the Senator. "That is the biggest bit of enterprise I have ever known." Frederic Thompson, who got this notice from Depew, designed the Trip to The Moon, and he has also helped in the

A TRIP
TO THE MOON



APPROACH TO THE CASTLE OF THE MAN IN THE MOON
A PLACE INHABITED BY GNOMES AND STRANGE GIANTS, GUARDIANS
OF THE CASTLE OF THE MAN IN THE MOON



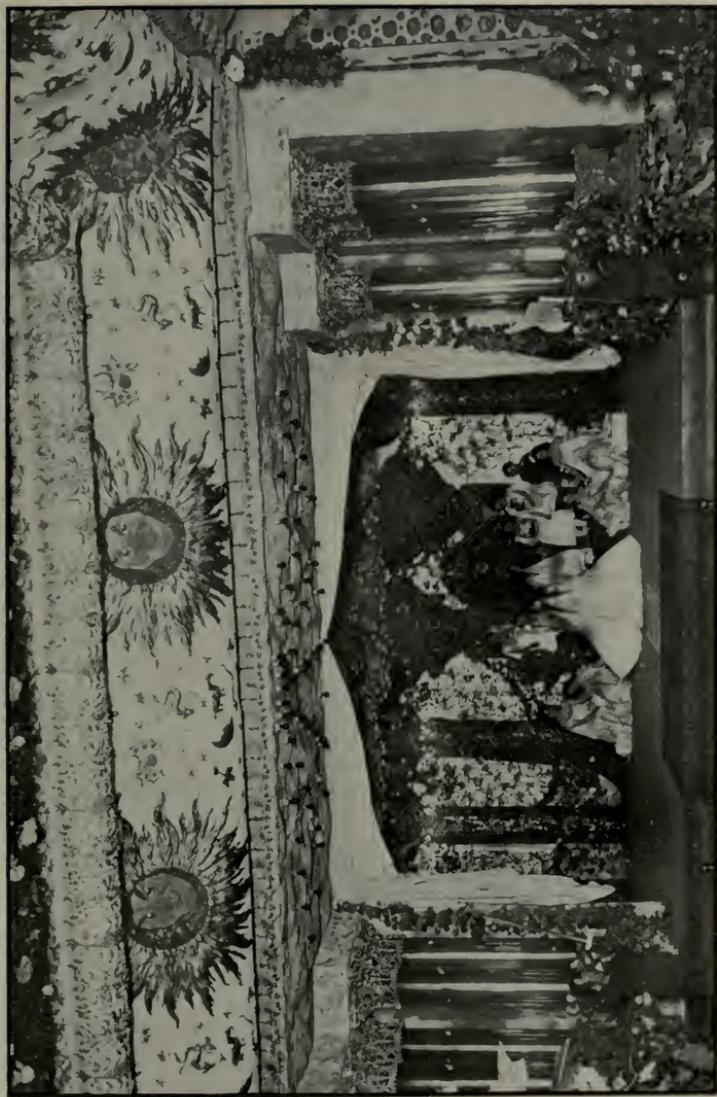
STREET OF THE CITY OF THE MOON

PEOPLED BY SELENITES—A PLACE OF CURIOUS, FANTASTIC GROWTHS, THAT MAKES THE TRIP
TO THE MOON WEIRDLY FASCINATING

construction of all the other Midway attractions except five. The moon trip is the latest and the newest. The prodigal promise which every father makes to his child that he shall have the moon for a plaything is now possible of realization. The illusion of aerial flight is so perfect that men have wagered in the Luna's cabin over the question of whether or not the boat leaves the building. The sensation of flight through the air is strong enough to bring fainting spells to some.

The trip begins with a sight of the Luna, lying quietly beside her dock in the pale moonlight. You seem to be above the world some hundreds of feet. Below lies the exposition, the tower nearby, showing its bulbs of incandescence through perforated holes of dimmed radiance. In the distance scattered spots of illuminated darkness show the location of the city. The Luna is a green and white cigar shaped thing, the size of a small lake steamer with a great cabin in the middle. Slowly she starts and gathers a long undulating motion. The exposition grounds drop. The city appears a great sprawling thing, with thousands of tiny, blinking eyes. Niagara is seen. You fancy you hear the roar of the waters. It all merges into a great globe. The globe lessens in size. It becomes a ball, then a mere speck and finally sinks from sight. There comes a storm, flashes of lightning, dusk, peals of thunder, utter darkness, grim rumblings, violent crashes, and then all clears away and the storm cloud is passed. The moon is seen to sink across the line of sight from above and a seared countenance, the face of the Man in the Moon is plainly visible. Rocks and lava pilings, stained red and yellow and green as though by fire and decomposition, are just ahead. The Luna slows up. She veers to the right and comes to a halt at her landing dock, a yawning hole in the moon's side, the crater of an extinct volcano.

The trip through the moon, its fantastic beauty, its weird marvels and its queer people is a fit complement to the wonders of the aerial passage. Fungi, volcanic growths, stalactite droppings, crystalized mineral wonders that form a frozen dream, all the deceptions and fairy-tale magnificence that paper mache and expert property men can weave under the prompting of a facile imagination are shown in exfoliate variety. The city of the moon is reached. It is the underground habitation of midgets and strange giants. On the backs of the Selenites are rows of long spikes, hedged in at angles like the stakes of an Iroquois stockade. At the entrance to a long avenue, that stretches away with illuminated foliage of fantastic trees and toadstool growths that never existed save in the lurid imagination of Schenezerade, stand two men. An ordinary mortal reaches to their waists. They are the giants of the moon, four times the size of the midgets. They stand



THRONE ROOM, PALACE OF THE MAN IN THE MOON
THE FINAL SCENE IN THE TRIP TO THE MOON

there on guard. A broad moat appears. Beyond is a frowning wall and high above a great turret. It is the Castle of the Man in the Moon.

In the throne room of the Man in the Moon are seats for the guests. Bronze griffins are ranged along the sides. The Man is in the centre on a throne of mother-of-pearl. In front is an electric, scenic theatre, flanked by glass columns. Here is the burst of splendor. It is delicate, subtle, elate, a creation, the Geisler electric fountain. All the colors of the spectrum operate through running water in radiant profusion, and at the height of the display the maids of the Man in the Moon enter in a rhythmic, graceful dance. They fade away and the curtain falls.

CYCLORAMA
OF MISSION
RIDGE

When a limping veteran, named Johnson, leads the way from the street, where a ridiculous ballyhoo is piping a tom tom and drawing contortionate faces, to a platform that commands a view of a plastic foreground of autumnal foliage, melting into a canvas portraying the bend in the road that led from Lookout Mountain to the then little town of Chatanooga, and points with a gnarled stick to the memorable scene of grim carnage, shown in a space only sixty feet in diameter, he brings back to the memory of those who stood that day behind Grant at Orchard Knob, or with Hooker above the clouds, and to the imagination of those younger, who have listened at camp fires, the reality of the hell that raged that day in Tennessee.

It is a cyclorama, a painting, built in a huge wooden cylinder and silent like a dull, black volume of history, but like that volume, that may have come from the hands of a Taylor or a Grant, its eloquence speaks with anvil distinctness, as plain as the throbbing of the six guns that gave the signal that warm November day for the launching of the most terrible, the most sublime diapason of war's grim horror that this great continent of the new world has ever known.

The scene represents the last of those three memorable days in November, 1863, which commenced with the smiting of the Confederate's crescent line of battle on Monday, November 23d; the capture from the rebel forces of Lookout Mountain Tuesday, November 24th, and the storming of Mission Ridge by the Union army under the invincible leadership of the indomitable Grant on Wednesday, November 25th.

You are standing again as did Grant with his hesitant, questioning staff that afternoon in '63 at 4 o'clock on Orchard Knob, the centre of the Union line of advance. Mission Ridge is before; Fort Wood behind; the shining elbow of the Tennessee River to the left; Lookout Mountain to the right. Never was theatre more magnificent. Never was drama more worthy of its surroundings. Imagine a chain of Federal forts, built in between, with walls of living men, the line flung northward out

of sight, and southward beyond Lookout Mountain, and this grand corydon commanded by Generals Grant, Thomas, Sheridan, Granger, Wood and Beard, with the tips of its wings led by Sherman and Hooker—and a chain of mountains crowned by batteries and manned by the Confederate forces, through a six-mile sweep, officered by Generals Bragg, Breckenridge, Hardee, Stevens, Cleburne, Bates and Walker, and you have the two fronts.

The immediate scene is the climb of the Union forces to the cloud of death, high on the summit of Mission Ridge. Stout hearted Sheridan, "Little Phil," is there, dismounted, "hustling to hell," doing homeric battle with the greater gods—he is wrestling with Mission Ridge in a torrid zone of battle—with the ridge, like a wall before him at an angle of 45 degrees, but clambering steadily on—up—upward still. Hearts loyal and brave are on the anvil all the way from base to summit of Mission Ridge; the iron sledges beat on—the dreadful hammers never intermit. Swarms of bullets sweep the hills. The rebels tumble rocks down on the rising line of victorious blue; they light the fuses and roll shells down the steep; they load their guns with handfuls of cartridges in their haste; and as if there were powder in the word they shout "Chickamauga" down at the advancing host. But it will not do, and just as the sun, weary of the scene, sinks out of sight with great bursts all along the line, the advance surges over the crest, and the battle is won.

So much is not shown. The action, the shots, the death rattle, the surge and sweep of forces are for the imagination to devise. Who that was with Hooker on that day, or who that has been with men who were with Hooker on that day, can ever forget the mighty achievements that this canvas blazons forth!

A horror is a peculiar subject to choose for depiction as an entertainment, yet "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" packed the theatres for months and the weird marvels of Edgar Allen Poe, still captivate youthful imagination as they have the critical judgment of his peers. The love for the intense, and the dominant interest in dramatic situation make the reproduction of such a catastrophe as the Johnstown Flood something

THE
JOHNSTOWN
FLOOD

JOHNNY BAKER, ONE OF THE WORLD'S HEROES,
RACED WITH THE CONEMAUGH FLOOD,
ALARMING THE INHABITANTS, WAS FINALLY
OVERTAKEN AND PERISHED IN THE
TUMULTUOUS WATERS



more than an appeal to morbid taste. The scene of the disaster is so near Buffalo that the probable attendance at the exposition of a large number from that section of Pennsylvania gave promise of financial reward to such an undertaking.

As a mechanical representation of the phenomena of everyday events, the setting and rising of the sun, the vitreous, pale blue effulgence of the full moon, the thunder and lightning of a terrifying electric storm and, finally, the stupendous burst of water that came over the town of Johnstown with the break of the dam, the show is a spectacle of impressive dignity and life-like appeal. It seems to have struck popular fancy. A scenograph, the logical evolution of the cyclorama, the diorama and the scenic theatre, accomplishes the illusion, which is set on an ordinary stage and is in reality a performance in pantomime, where all the actors are what would be called in stage parlance "properties." Instead of a bit from real life reproduced with fidelity and tinged with poetic fancy, there is shown a black chapter in a sunny history of blithesome, everyday experience, blocked in miniature and, by ingenious mechanism and a skilful use of the values of perspective, brought to startling realism. A mighty tragedy of bold, blunt execution, grand in terrific energy, involving in fatality an entire populous city, lives again in memory and imagination through the medium of a bit of stage craft.

The curtain rises on Memorial Day, 1889, more than twenty-four hours before the flood. A Grand Army procession crosses a little bridge, the business of the town is transacted before the spectator's eyes, dusk comes, the lights appear in the windows, trains move across the line of vision, the moon appears, the night wanes and the day of the disaster breaks, rosy and smiling. The hours pass until four in the afternoon, the time when the trickling of the waters from the rivulets that fed the lake of South Fork, fourteen miles away on the mountain side, undermined its half century-old wood foundation and launched that avalanche of water down the Conemaugh valley, sweeping away five thousand of the inhabitants of Johnstown and furnishing a disaster for which the history of the world has no parallel. An electric storm is made to burst in the stage picture before the arrival of the deluge, when the afternoon of May 31st, 1889, was innocent of water from the skies, but under cover of the darkness and in the fitful gleam of vivid lightning the spectacular effect is heightened and is convincing. The cry of the talker: "The dam has burst!" his relation of the wild ride of Johnny Baker, a ride between a flood and a horse, between life and death, the loss of the horse and the death of the noble boy, comes with

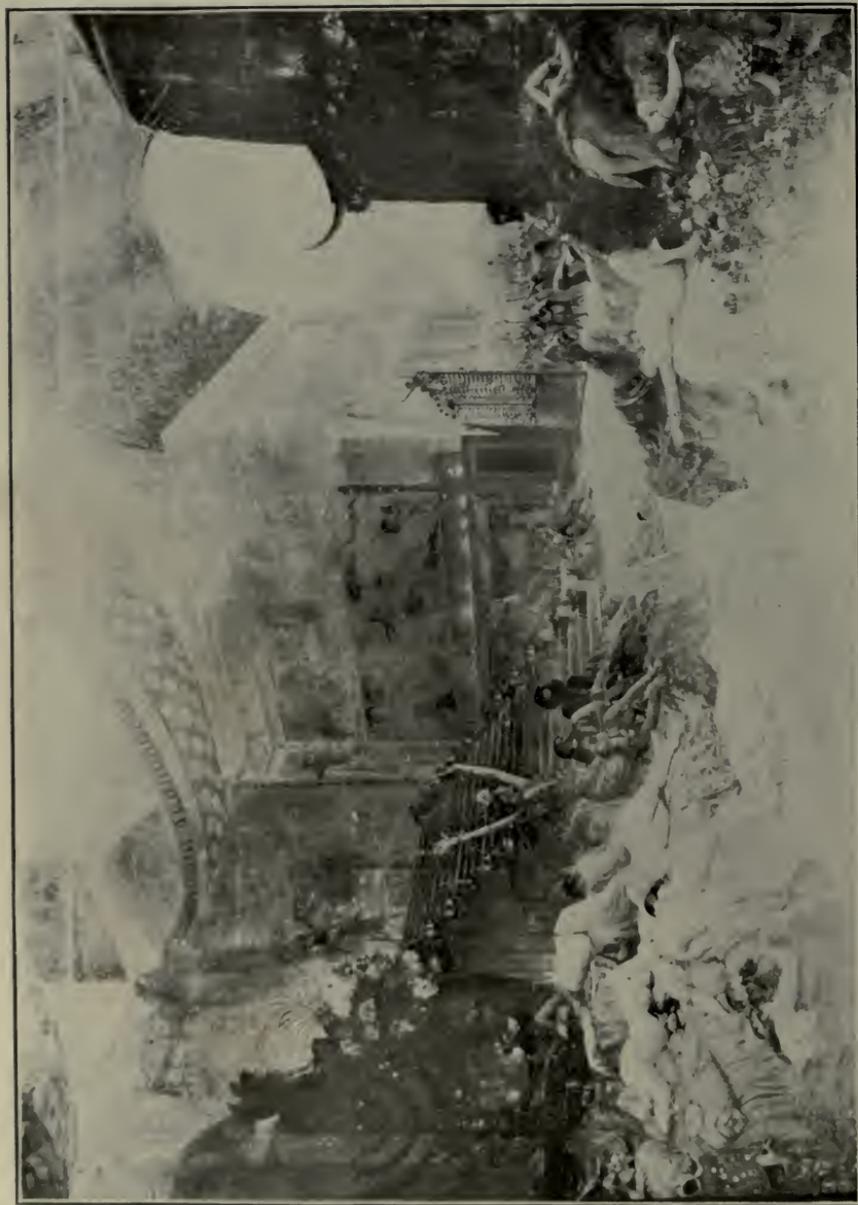


ENTRANCE TO JOHNSTOWN FLOOD

startling effect. Fire then breaks out in the debris about the stone bridge. Hundreds of dead and other hundreds of the living are imprisoned there. They are burned to a crisp. The Catholic church, the field hospital, also breaks into flames. The rescued perish there. Then the fire dies away and the scene darkens. The turn of a hand measures the time of the change coming with the light which shows Johnstown as it is to-day, rebuilt and flourishing.

The coon song is the talisman of worth on the Midway, the essential of success. With the undulating cadence of the couchee tunes it represents music, and here before one of the greatest paintings in the world it lends its ridiculous presence; a tom tom at a Wagner festival. A strong effort bars it from the imagination, which is then occupied with a

THE FALL
OF BABYLON



THE FALL OF BABYLON

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE IN A DARK GALLERY, WHERE THE IMMENSE CANVASS IS SPREAD, IT CONVEYS BUT AN INDISTINCT SUGGESTION OF THE MERITS OF THE FAMOUS PAINTING

scene of singular grandeur, a painting of truly Babylonish dimensions. "The Fall of Babylon" is a reminder of long mornings in Sunday school, of preaching from the text, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting," of the seemingly impossible, part-myth, part-historical tales of writers and old poets, of idle dreams of magnificence and luxurious debauch, of all that is artful and awful, grand and grotesque, wicked and weak, dazzling and disastrous. It typifies revenge and remorse in their vastest scope.

The scene depicted is the close of a supreme orgy, an antique banquet, compared to which ours of to-day are puny and mean. There is a taste of the appalling sumptuousness of the princes of ancient Asia. In the foreground may be seen the remains of this monstrous, frenzied feast. Roasted phinnecoctors' tongues, a dainty morsel; baskets of partly eaten artichokes, the leavings of peacock's brains, and that most exquisite of all the ancient dishes, baked eels, which had been fed on human flesh, are strewn about in inextricable confusion. Bits, only, are gone; the superbly prepared food merely tasted—a whole modern city



ENTRANCE TO DARKNESS AND DAWN



ON THE NORTH MIDWAY

AERIO CYCLE

TRIP TO THE MOON

GLASS FACTORY



A PORTHOLE INTO PURGATORY—DARKNESS AND DAWN
SPECIAL APARTMENTS FOR RECEIVING CIGARETTE FIENDS

might subsist for eight days on the leavings of such a feast as Balshazzar served that night.

The work is so perfected as to leave nothing to the imagination. The painter insists that you shall behold his fancy in all its details—the position of objects, the texture of stuffs, the interstices of stone work, the gleam of a lamp upon sharp angles of furniture, the whispering sound of trailing silk—all is visible, tangible, almost audible. There is nothing that leaves a vacancy for the eye to light upon—no hiatus for the imagination to supply. It is the perfection of the art of painting. It is not wonderful that such a man should at times sacrifice what is called “atmosphere” for graphic portrayal. This is the only adverse criticism it gets from artists. It is too minute, too elaborate, too full of detail,

they say. So is the greenery of Delaware Park on a summer's day. Naturally, a painter of this kind pays small regard to the demands of prudery. A perfect human body is to him the most beautiful of objects. He does not seek to veil its loveliness with cumbrous detail. He depicts it in all the perfectness of its divine nudity. He shows the tremulous roundness of living flesh, the diaphanous sheen of silvered drapery, and, not satisfied with this beauty of form alone, he must add to it the vital glow of delicate coloring, evidence of life and health, on white limbs and snowy bosom.

**DARKNESS
AND DAWN**

Some writer who told of the consternation of a man at finding living skeletons in the coffins provided for eating tables in the cafe of the dead said that "he arose and filed out in the middle of the performance." There are usually enough who arise in the middle of the performance in the outer darkness that precedes the dawn to form a "file" of frightened visitors, and the lone man who provided incentive for the notice is often accompanied by some woman unable to endure the hollow moans and grinning skeletons and lugubrious widows in black weeds who help to impress whoever comes, that the place is a very dismal one, indeed, and far from an entertainment in any ordinary understanding of the word.

The success of such attractions as "Darkness and Dawn," and the Midway has several of them, is proof that the only bid for those who want amusement is not to be made by pruriency or license, and that novelty or bizarre originality will tickle the fancy of such, even more quickly than enervated unwholesomeness. The Midway, after the Chicago fair, became a synonymous term for loose license, but here its influence is, in the main, salutary. A wholesome show of clean character that has the merit of some artistic worth and the value that pertains to absolute novelty has been accepted by the public as quickly as the less healthy portion has welcomed nastiness. And there are very many more of the good shows than there are of the bad. "Darkness and Dawn," one of the better class, produces a violent transition, a tremendous and startling hiatus from terror to ecstasy. It has this effect on sensitive and timorous persons, though, of course, there are many who find in it mere clever illusion and a somewhat humorous contrivance for cartooning the stale possibilities of hell.

After one of the visitors has sacrificed his life in a prepared coffin in the Cabaret de la Mort, and then been



THE DEVIL'S THRONE
--DARKNESS AND DAWN



ENTRANCE
TO THE
HAWAIIAN
VILLAGE

resuscitated for the purpose of permitting his spirit to conduct his fellows through the regions of the damned, a clanking chain slides to, permitting the opening of a creaking door and Charon appears, waiting in his boat. The pits of hell fixed for the cigarette fiend, the gossip, the borrower of unreturned umbrellas, the Tammany statesmen, and the conniver in the breaking of the Raines law, precede the entrance to the throne room of His Majesty, the Devil. When the fiendish visage of the monster, Crime, and the ghostlike appearance of brown suited young men, wearing painted skeletons have done all they could to unnerve the highstrung, the opposite doors open with an almost celestial relief, showing the way to halls of jasper and sweet fountains that come as near as paint and tinsel can come to picturing the peace and angelic harmony of heaven. There concludes

the trip to Dawn, with filmy clouds and pendant angels showing through a round proscenium.

THE VOLCANO OF KILLAUEA

The volcano of Killauea is interesting as illustrating to the people of the United States what a wonderful sheet of fire they have annexed. It is a cyclorama, drawn with fidelity from sketches made on the spot, and housed in a building some sixty feet in diameter. A plastic foreground of realistic lava pilings and tropical fungi unites with the painting in inexplorable exactness that leaves the spectator in doubt as to where one leaves off and the other commences. It is the art of all cycloramas to induce this illusion, but here it is paramount, for in the fissures of dingy rock slumber tissue paper fires of seemingly vast subterranean depth, and the interstices stretch into nothingness through the vista.

The entrance to the platform which commands a view of the volcano is through a reproduction, in small scale, of a subterranean lava hole, such a one as extends twenty-seven miles from the base of Manalaua to the sea, and through which, for three weeks, molten lava flowed, heating the water for twenty miles around. Rocks melted like wax in its path and forests crackled and blazed before its fervent heat. Imagine Niagara's stream above the Falls, with its dashing, whirling, madly raging waters, hurrying on to their plunge, instantaneously converted into fire; a gory hued river of fused minerals, the heavens lurid with flame, the atmosphere dark and oppressive, the horizon murky with vapors and gleaming with the reflected contest. Such was the scene as the fiery cataract, leaping a precipice of fifty feet, poured its flood upon the ocean.

Something of the awful menace of such a catastrophe is conveyed by the cyclorama. The livid lake of fire, immeasurable in depth and scarred throughout its rugged border by inchoate rocks, lies there in apparent nature. A storm approaches, the lava heaves, the native singers, headed by the cohuna, or head priest, appear in the crater and voice their tremulous sweet melodies, appealing to Pele, the Goddess, for divine protection. Pele answers the prayer, appears and quells the rioting hellfire as the gladsome thanks of the Hawaiians float back in a carol of joy.

DAWSON CITY UNDER THE MIDNIGHT SUN

A State of Maine longshoreman exclaimed in a Chicago theatre, where he was taken for a view of the rustic realism of "Shore Acres," that he saw nothing in the plain down-East farmers represented, that he could find cattle and guinea pigs and suppers of baked beans without traveling half across the continent to see them stuck on a stage and to hear them



DAWSON CITY--LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

say ordinary things, and he added that his idea of a theatrical performance comprised a little red fire, with some spangles, a pistol shot and a murder. But the public is pleased with the stage representation of real things in a realistic manner, because it appreciates the delicacy of the art that does it. It seems to be the anomaly of human nature that men would rather see a painting of a gorgeous sunset, which, though illumined by imagination and the spark of genius, is yet, even with Turner or Inness at their best, very much inferior to the real cloud banks that pile up on rare evenings, to a view of those actual evidences of Nature's handiwork. They are perhaps prized as proof that even Nature has her rivals, which though not peers, are yet, because of

consanguinity, successful competitors. By the same card may be explained the attractiveness of the Midway's presentment of the land of the midnight sun, and the most glorious sun phenomena that is known over the round earth, the aurora borealis. It is true that a glimpse of the aurora is not to be had from the back door yard of a Maine farm house such as is obtained of the shore acres of John Berry, and the rarity of its presence would make its stage appearance interesting, but so lurid a thing has not been captured before by the wielders of paint brush and the builders of stage scenery. These with the aid of electricity, which throughout the Exposition has demonstrated admirably its genii proclivities and responded nobly to the Aladdin caressing of its masters, have produced a marvelous bit of skillful illusion.

A trip is made to Dawson City in the Klondike, starting the morning of the first day among the snow covered mountains of Utah, embarking the next night from Seattle, weathering a storm at sea, entering the harbor of distant Skaguay and proceeding thence through the ice bound, chill grimness of the forbidden Chilcoot Pass to the metropolis of the North, Dawson City, in the heart of the Yukon gold region, there to be surprised and entranced with the last of countless sunsets, which have been forever following each other around the earth, where, by the midnight sun, the past is transformed into the present and yesterday becomes to-day.

THE SPECTATORIUM OF JERUSALEM

The hollow, musty air of these cycloramas sometimes hides remarkable surprises, for after the cobweb dimness has been taken from your eyes by a few minutes stay in the place you begin to realize the seeming immense vastness that stretches away endlessly, and to forget the comparative littleness of the space that houses it, though the cyclorama buildings are the largest on the Midway and in themselves are most conspicuous. Such a surprise is to be found in the cyclorama of Jerusalem on the day of the crucifixion. A foreground and a great painting spread on a circular runway unite in producing the effect. You see before you Jerusalem. Caravans are in the streets, the people excited over some great event. In the distance Mount Mispah lifts its shallow head. On this side the luxuriant olive trees on the undulating slopes of Mount Olivet are partly hidden by the grimy walls of the city that frown gloomily over all. The musky light glints upon the polished arcades, and colonnades of Herod's home and the sullen bastions of the fortress of Antonio menace the Temple of the Holies. Zion and Acre look ill under the forbidding greenish light of a lowering sky. From the commotion in the streets your eye turns to Calvary. There, on the cross, surrounded by executioners, unbelievers and his redoubtable

followers is Christ. The scene is that indicated in St. Luke, the twenty-third chapter:

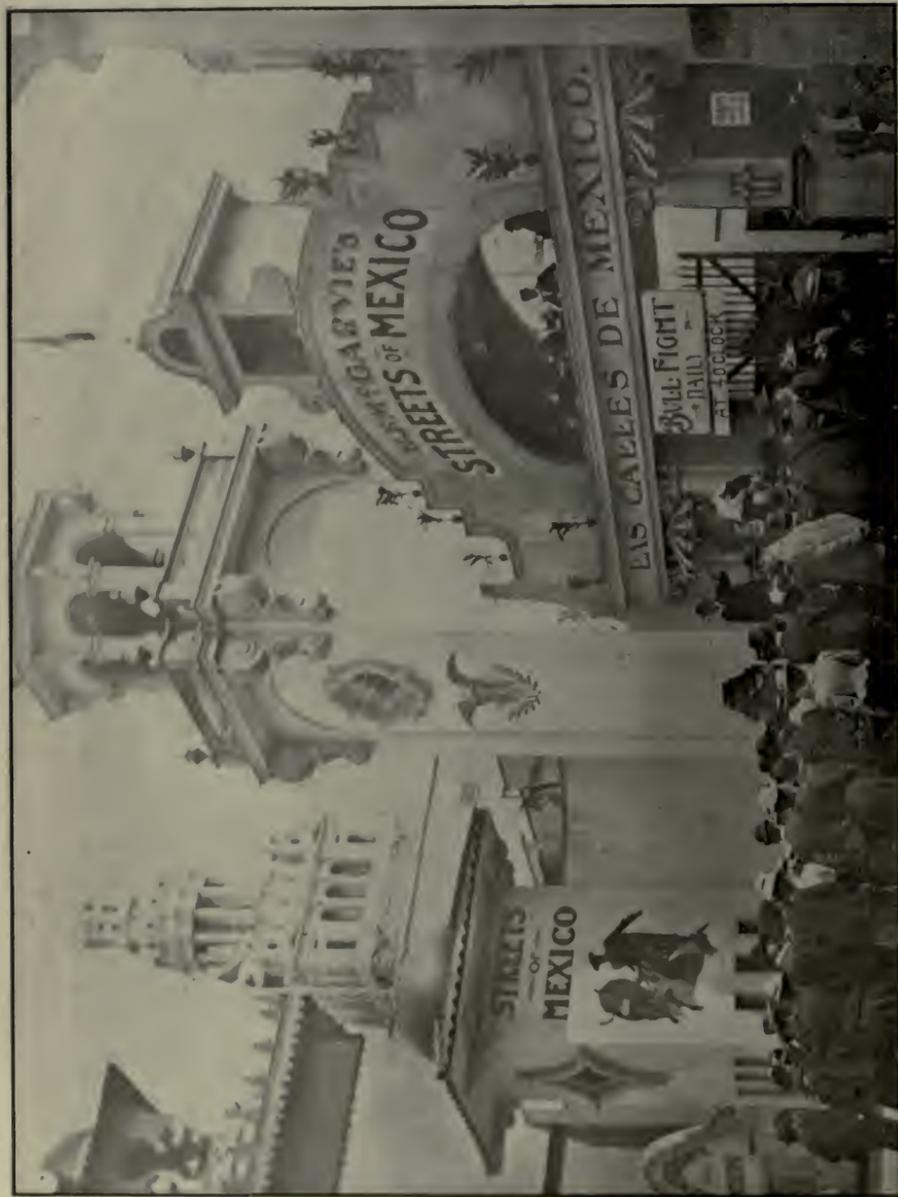
“And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, then they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right side and the other on the left. . . And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour . . . And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said: ‘Father, unto Thy hands I commend my spirit ;’ and having said this he gave up the ghost.”

The painting was made by a Viennese artist, Bruno Pighlin and an Egyptologist of Munich, Karl Frosch.



ENTRANCE TO THE SPECTATORIUM OF JERUSALEM

A PRODUCTION OF GREAT HISTORIC VALUE, BEING A CYCLORAMIC REPRESENTATION OF THE CRUCIFIXION, THE EVENTS OF THE DAY, AND OF THE SCENES AND PEOPLES WHERE THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION HAD ITS BIRTH



BALLYHOO AT THE ENTRANCE TO MCGARVIE'S STREETS OF MEXICO

INSIDE ARE TO BE FOUND THE MEXICAN DANCERS, THE BULL FIGHT, THE HIGH DIVER, LERDO WITH HIS STRINGED ORCHESTRA, AND MEXICAN BAZAARS AND BY-WAYS; SPECIMENS OF MEXICAN VEGETABLE GROWTH AND NATIVE ANIMALS

Transplanted Native Villages

One hot July night, just after sundown, while Llaverito, the matador and his cuadrilla of Mexican bull fighters were parading with lusty strides through the streets, while several hundred light-hearted pleasure seekers were in the theatre, commenting on the agility and prettiness of the dancing girls, under a protecting portal, with the stuttering arc lamps giving tell-tale light to all dark corners, a pale Mexican, his lips tight with determination and his impulsive heart almost stifled with the dread approach of a tragedy stepped behind a pillar and fired a 38 calibre bullet through his heart. When the nervous young man who bent over him as his breath died away heard the doctors pronounce him dead he quickly disclosed the romantic cause of the shooting. The dead man, an aristocrat, desperately in love with one of the dancing girls, had followed her to Buffalo, and, his suit repulsed, had in this Southern fashion closed the incident. It added a tinge of reality to the Streets of Mexico and gave this transplanted bit of Old Mexico the intense interest of fatal passion. The girls in the theatre, before an audience that brought numbers and enthusiasm, and which was being paid, as usual, in kind, knew nothing of the fatality that concerned one of them, and continued in their gay fandango with its hilarious conclusion as they do on any night. That heedlessness is also another characteristic of real Mexico and it is in the play Mexico that something of the bouyancy, the impulsive, rollicking freedom of this country's southern neighbor is to be found. The laziness of the place is pleasing, and its rosiness attractive.

But the life that is shown on a busy afternoon is one of rare gayety. Step into the village at such a time. Here come the bullfighters, wearing coats of gold and breeches of bright scarlet, clear cut lithe faces, small alert eyes, a clean stride, haughty and self confident, raiment sparkling with spangles, something pernicious and free about them, very far from a puny and pious life. The bullfighters of Mexico, it is said, are of the lowest caste, but they have developed, surely, a skillful dash and precision that plays with death quite fearlessly. The bull ring is something distinctive and admirable. It is very much a matter of play in America, but the five who make the show on the Midway are real specimens and they handle the bullfight in a realistic manner that depends for its dramatic intensity more on the bull than on any one else. He is usually endowed with about the same

STREETS
OF MEXICO

LUIS LEAL, "EL BARBE"
BANDERILLO--STREETS OF MEXICO



ELAVERTIO, THE MATADOR, AND HIS QUADRILLA OF BULL FIGHTERS—STREETS OF MEXICO



PLAZA DE TOROS—STREETS OF MEXICO

LUIS LEAL, THE BANDERILLO, TEASING THE BULL WITH HIS COAT OF BUFF AND SILVER.
THE MATADOR, LLAVERITO, STANDS AT THE RIGHT



MIGHTY MEN IN THE MIDWAY--GENTLEMEN SHOWMEN WHO AMUSE
AND INSTRUCT MULTITUDES

H. F. McGARVIE

TO WHOM OUR GRATITUDE AND DOLLARS ARE DUE FOR THE REPRESENTATION
WE HAVE OF LIFE IN OUR SOUTHERN SISTER REPUBLIC IN THE
STREETS OF MEXICO

ability to fight that his Spanish masters displayed on the morning of the first of May three years ago in the harbor of Manila, and the gore that results from the slaughter is not to be compared to that that flows in a well developed college foot ball match. The pantomime of the spectacle is there and on occasion Llaverito or Luis Leal do enough prodigious bobbing before a new bull to send shivers of startled scare down the backs of the timorous.

When H. F. McGarvie, a man with a very un-Mexican name, who is the manager, conceived the idea of a Mexican village for the Exposition, it was with the conclusion that such a sight would be indispensable to a Pan-American show. The life of Mexico is shown, the peons, the diminutive burros, the ever present bazaars, and the girls who dance with the abandon of the Midway and the languor of Old Spain.



WINONA, SIOUX INDIAN MAIDEN

CHAMPION PHENOMENAL RIFLE SHOT OF THE WORLD—INDIAN CONGRESS



TALL RED BIRD, SIOUX CHIEF—INDIAN CONGRESS



ON THE TRAIL--INDIAN CONGRESS

Enter the Indian Congress some evening. If you go at all early you will be in a hurry because of the shots that tell of coming activity within. There is sombre twilight, only. The boards of the arena are white and bare and in the dark corners are moving figures, like silent spectres in the grim dusk. A crowd slowly gathers, led by the same anised bait of exciting musketry that brought you in. The show begins in a little while, to the clear notes of the Indian band. The grand entrance comes; Indians in hundreds, the first on horseback, others follow on foot, slow-stepping feet and common features, sunken eyes, sprawling noses and ragged mouths, the fluid and friendly savage, brawny and quite harmless. Winona, the Sioux crack shot enters, her teeth the whitest on the Midway, her polished rifle barrel glinting in daredevil-coquetry in the last rays of the sinking sun. She raises her weapon and picks twenty glass balls in fifteen seconds from a moving board, the world's record. The races are announced, then the sham battle, the pitching of the wigwams, the skirmish, the retreat of the squaws, the rattle-clatter of musketry, the rosy flash amid the smoke, the shrill cries of daring and the groans of the wounded. Those

THE INDIAN CONGRESS



THE ELOQUENT ONE-LEGGED "LECTURER" AT THE BALLYHOO OF THE INDIAN CONGRESS



THE INDIAN KINDERGARTEN INDIAN CONGRESS



GROUP OF HEROES—PHOTOGRAPHED IN INDIAN CONGRESS

FIRST—CAPTAIN HOBSON, SPANISH WAR HERO AND USEFUL SUBJECT FOR NEWSPAPERDOM
IN SEASONS OF DROUTH

CENTRAL FIGURE—GERONIMO, FORMERLY WICKEDEST OF ALL RED-SKINS. HERO OF MANY
BLOODY FRAYS UPON THE PLAINS

THIRD—GENERAL DIRECTOR CUMMINS, HERO OF MANY SANGUINARY SHAM BATTLES IN
THE INDIAN CONGRESS, PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION



INTRODUCING THE RENOWNED CHIEFS TO THE PUBLIC
THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE VARIOUS TRIBES AS THEY APPEAR AT EACH PERFORMANCE



GROUP OF SIOUX CHIEFS—INDIAN CONGRESS
LONE ELK RED CLOUD, JR HARD HEART

wounded fall; the ground is strewn with dead. Savage conflict is hand to hand. Dirks glisten in the artificial light that throws over the scene a fitful pale gleam. The tumult dies away, the foes retreat, the victorious chant a diapason of joy.

Then the mimicry of it sinks home. The uncouth grandeur of the red man and his pitiful history are painful with these real specimens of a giant race so identified with painted scenery and gaudy tinsel. But behind artifice is candor, and in a circus ballyhoo are manly men, childlike in confidence and with the quick, receptive minds of children, and so tainted somewhat with the Midway's brass, but true in fibre and wise in observation. Their condition a mockery; their presence a rebuke; their exhibition a falsehood. Such is the conclusion, but listen to American Horse, the envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the Sioux nation. President Schurman of Cornell University had expressed surprise that so noted and upright a chief should consent to degrade himself enough to join a Midway show.

"American Horse would be deeply grieved at the White Chief's slur were he not an Indian and so accustomed to the ways of the white man," wrote the chief. "Such a show as the White Chief will find here is not degrading to the Indian; it is an education to him. What would you have of the Indian? Would you have him wither away and die, forgotten. The white man knows the Indian. He studies him, knows his cunning, his bravery, his truth, his uprightness and his ignorance. Because the white man is not ignorant, while the Indian is, is why the white man has conquered him, owns him, is killing him. The Indian's heart fails him when he thinks of his people, so soon to be scattered and forgotten. The avarice of the white man shall prevail. But would the White Chief have the Indian remain as he is, ignorant and unknown? Would he have the Indian stay, rotting away through sloth as a farmer? Would he have him die with a hoe in his hands and know nothing of the beauty and the wealth that the white man builds for himself? Would he have the white man remember him only through bad books and worse lies? No! Let the Indian see what there is in this civilization that has conquered him; let him crouch at the camp fires of the white man's wonderful electric lamp and learn from it something of that deep cunning, deeper than his own, that gives the plains and the world to him. There is no other way. The white man locks him up. He is stronger and he can do it, but by the grace of the white man's God this way remains. Let the Indian again bid the White Chief welcome and good bye."

There are moments, however, when regret departs and the Indian



A FACE TO INSPIRE A FENIMORE COOPER
WINONA—INDIAN CONGRESS

SNAP SHOTS ON THE MIDWAY

Congress furnishes a dashing spectacle. There is the entrance into the arena of Geronimo, mounted, lashing his horse with leather thongs, wearing the hereditary sign of Apache chieftainship, a yellow cap; straight as an arrow, 88 years old, with the face of Napoleon and the carriage of Grant, grim, preoccupied and inscrutable, the greatest war chief of his time, a figure fit for heroic commemoration. Waiting



PRINCESS ESTEEDA AND PAN ANNA

THE PAPOOSE, PAN-ANNA, WAS BORN IN THE INDIAN CONGRESS AND NAMED BY VICE-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT WHEN HE VISITED THE EXPOSITION. THE HONOR OF SO EXALTED A GODFATHER IS GREATLY ESTEEMED BY THE MOTHER PRINCESS ESTEEDA



AN INTERESTING GROUP, PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE INDIAN CONGRESS

1--CHIEF BLACKHEART, MASTER OF SEVERAL EUROPEAN LANGUAGES. 2--LONE BEAR, NOTED SIOUX CHIEF. 3--CHIEF BLUE HORSE, SIGNED ALL TREATIES WITH THE UNITED STATES FOR PAST FIFTY YEARS. 4--CHIEF LITTLE WOUND, THE ELOQUENT ORATOR OF THE SIOUX NATION, RECENTLY DECEASED. 5--WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, TWICE RECENTLY CHIEF DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT OF UNITED STATES



MIGHTY MEN OF THE MIDWAY--GENTLEMEN SHOWMEN WHO AMUSE
AND INSTRUCT MULTITUDES

FRED'K T. CUMMINS

IS OF INTEREST TO THE PUBLIC BECAUSE HE IS THE ORGANIZER AND DIRECTOR
OF WHAT THE CIRCUS BILL MIGHT CALL THE "GREATEST AGGREGATION
OF LIVING AMERICAN INDIANS EVER PRESENTED TO THE PUBLIC,"
WITH ALL THEIR NATIVE ACCESSORIES--WHERE HOURS
AND DAYS MIGHT BE PROFITABLY SPENT IN
THE STUDY OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS

without, always waiting there, are United States regulars, for Geronimo is a prisoner of war and will remain so to the end of his time, for in his more palmy days he was the most vicious chief that that wild country of the West had known.

A man with a low standing collar and a white necktie, and a facial expression that indicated he was a clergyman, came one afternoon to Xavier Pene, the French explorer who brought the blacks in Darkest Africa to America, with the complaint that the pigmies which were advertised for the show were not to be seen. Some Armenian tobacco seller had told him so. The Armenian, as it developed, had understood the clergyman to ask if he was a pigmy, and had denied the accusation. But before the explanation could occur Pene yelled in excitable half French and half negro dialect to a little man with a sheep's skin about his head, a piece of cotton cloth about his loins, and glistening black flesh visible everywhere else, to hurry quick with his evidence that there were real pigmies in the village. The little man carried this with him, for the clergyman had read in Stanley and Du Chaillu of the poisoned arrows that the pigmies use for slaughter of game and human enemies, not stopping with an attack on the most powerful of all the African tribes, the Zulus of the East. He had read that the pigmies are the real monarchs of interior Africa, that all other black men are afraid of them, and that the secret which controls the output of the poisoned arrow is the cause of it. He was anxious, of course, to disseminate this information, but Pene rather took his breath away when the pigmy who had responded to his call turned up with a full quiver of the viperish things hanging unconcernedly on his front. An examination of the arrows and the wearer convinced the man who had read his missionary reports and the travels of the explorers that the real thing was on show.

DARKEST
AFRICA



FEMALE TYPES IN DARKEST AFRICA
MARY ACCROBESSIE
MUCAV OKU



THE AFRICAN GOLDSMITH--ACROBESSIE--DARKEST AFRICA

There are also cannibals in the village and members of ten tribes of South and Central African natives, but all have little of the ferocious appearance that would be conveyed by the violent adjectives that advertise their presence. They are genuine enough and they have not the dross of professional showmen that may be found in such places. Their simple selves are the finest exhibits that can be made. Their clean, strong, firm-fibred bodies, in the best of them, are more beautiful than the most beautiful face. Their eyes are life-lit and childishly credulous. They are full of pluck, with pliant backbone and neck, good-sized arms and legs, and the flesh not flabby, nor over-sensitive. They are great bathers, these blacks; they require a hot bath every night and rub themselves daily with palm oil, as dainty as a lady.

They are simple, but they are also quick. They adopt customs rapidly, and the most rapid acquisition they have made has been the inborn

attribute of the colored gentleman of the palace car, whose remote ancestors they suggest; they can solicit a tip on the slightest provocation. Their artists, for the negroes have very good artists, are unusually receptive, too. They have never been outside of the stockade that fences them about. If they had been imprisoned in the heart of Africa since their arrival they would have seen as much of Buffalo as they have, for they never leave the bark enclosure that separates them from the outer world, except to execute a few steps on the ballyhoo. In spite of this, and with only the advantage that comes from a sight of the Midway from the lookout in the tower, the carvers in ivory have been able to reproduce Midway scenes with excellent fidelity. One shows a woman, an American, with a parasol, in a jinrickisha; another reproduces the parade of the Mexican vaqueros next door.

Besides the dances, which furnish the performance in the theatre, the village shows a glimpse of African life. The bamboo of the huts was brought from the interior through Cape Town, and, on the Midway, made into native habitations. There the tribal chiefs and the other men of the village dwell. Obendaga, the real chief of the lot, has fifty-five wives. There are only three here, but he has demanded more and believes that the rest are on the way, though they will never reach him, for he has been told they were coming to keep him contented. He says it is a good plan to marry much, that it is not a thing to be taken too seriously, that often bad wives make good widows. "Children?" he grunts in reply to the question. "They are incidents. Great men deal only with events, such as marriage."



CONSTANS DE BACCARAK
BROKEN ENGLISH SPIELER, DIRECTOR OF AMUSEMENTS
AND CREATOR OF VIM--BEAUTIFUL ORIENT



ABOUK-YOUSEF AND SON SALLIM

SWORD FIGHTERS IN THE STREETS OF CAIRO AND PICTURESQUE AIR SLASHERS IN THE
ORIENTAL PROCESSION—BEAUTIFUL ORIENT

AN - AM . EXPO . AT BUFFALO .



AN EARLY AFTERNOON HOUR--STREETS OF BEAUTIFUL ORIENT

No one misses the place that is called the Beautiful Orient. Even if you wanted to, you couldn't get away from it. A brass band has always been synonymous for noise, and this one just outside the gate has a tremendous amount of brass in it, but there is more than that to make Rome howl. A colored minstrel parade, coming up the village street on a quiet afternoon in midsummer, drawing the postmaster from his paper,

AKOUN'S
BEAUTIFUL
ORIENT



AT THE GATES OF CAIRO--BEAUTIFUL ORIENT



CARMEN

BEAUTIFUL MOORISH DANCING GIRL—BEAUTIFUL ORIENT

the school boys from their books, the schoolma'am from her discipline, the store keepers from their counters, almost drawing the window panes from their frames, is a tin pan in a barrel to the noise that a Soudan dervish and two Nubian pipers can get from a tom-tom and a windpipe. It is hideous or enchanting, just as your mood happens to be, but there is no half-way stop, no dullness that comes from indifference. The din and irresistible witchery of its monotonous chant will probably get you inside the gates.

Once within there opens up first the Streets of Cairo, that is if you go in the west entrance. If you go in the east way you'll stumble into a cross section of a blind alley that is labeled "Constantinople," and then will follow "Tunis," "Algiers," "Damascus" and "Morrocco." Moslem towers and tall, cloud-piercing minarets give a pink and blue picturesque atmosphere to the place, and you will stare in mild wonderment at the haphazard booths and be mystified at the strange polyglot of tongues.

Camels and donkeys will race past. Holy Moses and Holy Smoke, both velvety nosed carriers, furnish nine-tenths of the hilarious sport. To ride the camel is the boisterous close of many a lark. It really is a mildly exciting time. Suddenly the street is cleared and the cry is made that the marriage procession is coming. It occurs at regular half-hour intervals. It is a marriage procession without a bride or groom, for it is considered indelicate in the Orient for them to appear at so interesting a time, and they remain behind closed shutters, while the people of the village go through the procession. First are the dancing girls with bare necks and bare bosoms, perched high on lumbering camels and decked in their gayest finery, scarlet petticoats and beads of pearl. Fatma, the queen, leads the rest, alone on the greatest dromedary of the lot. Then come the



THE LADIES AND THE ELEPHANT
--BEAUTIFUL ORIENT



GROVER CLEVELAND

THE COMPLAISANT ZITHER PLAYER IN THE
ORIENTAL THEATRE, WHO HAS EM-
BALMED TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY

- BEAUTIFUL ORIENT

SNAP SHOTS ON THE MIDWAY



POLATIE

THE STRONG MAN, WITH HIS FIVE LIVE WEIGHTS--BEAUTIFUL ORIENT

broken-English barker, and go in for a rousing old time. He urges all to the theatre and explains that the place is a very good one for women and children. Then he repeats the French for "Evil to him who evil thinks"—all of the shows of shady reputation intone the same pretext—and pounding on his box with a loud stick throws open the

sword fighters, Joseph and his son, with their usual leeway of twenty yards, air-slashing with all their accustomed vigor, and behind, a motley throng of Turks and ragged Arabs with weak breeches and napkined heads.

The place is now called the Streets of Cairo, for the Orient has had to slip back to the name its Chicago notoriety made known. A Saturday night there is about the most lively outing that can be gotten on the Midway, unless it be some confetti night, when the main street is six inches deep with the multi-colored paper, and when the spirit of carnival has torn the mask from all reserve. The Saturday evening crowds contract the forced vim of Baccarat, the



JOSEPH AND HIS DONKEY

--BEAUTIFUL ORIENT

doors that reveal a stage decked in rugs and ottomans. If you go in, as you likely will, you will come out thinking evil maybe, maybe not. At any rate you will have seen the danse du ventre.



HOLY MOSES, A GREAT FAVORITE WITH THE LADY RIDERS, NOTWITHSTANDING A VARIABLE TEMPER



MIGHTY MEN OF THE MIDWAY--GENTLEMEN SHOWMEN WHO AMUSE
AND INSTRUCT MULTITUDES

GASTON AKOUN

ORGANIZER AND GENERAL DIRECTOR OF THAT COSMOPOLITAN SETTLEMENT OF
EASTERN MARTS, MERCHANTS, PLAYERS, DANCERS AND MERRY MAKERS
COMBINING THE BEAUTIFUL ORIENT AND STREETS OF CAIRO



DISMOUNTING—BEAUTIFUL ORIENT

ONE OF THE FAVORITE PASTIMES FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
VISITING THE BEAUTIFUL ORIENT IS THE CAMEL RIDING

THE
HAWAIIAN
VILLAGE

There are three exhibits in the Hawaiian village, the hula hula girls, the singers and Tobin. Tobin is in the bally-hoo, so that he is really to be enjoyed without the payment of an entrance fee, and, as Tobin will tell you, he is the whole show himself; it is hardly necessary to be entertained with the hula hula girls or the singers. Tobin is one of the best of the speilers, self styled "The King of the Midway," with all the assertive swing and ease of a real monarch. He has outgrown the necessity for loud bluster and buncombe, and has a delicious way of assuring a crowd that he is about the only man on the street who tells the truth, and he does tell the truth about everything except about himself, when he talks to the reporters. He possesses a huge scrap book filled with innumerable clippings, telling of his remarkable exploits in his travels about the world. He has associated much with royalty and cultivated persons and that may be the reason he has acquired the blandness he shows in his talks to the public, for he is a believer in the worthlessness of blatant assertion. He talks quietly and never makes an extravagant statement. He uses the inferential method of convincing, and he gets patronage enough to make the method popular.

"The rest will tell you they have the largest shows on the Midway,



HAWAIIAN TROUBADOURS--HAWAIIAN VILLAGE

that they cost the most money, that they are the only features out here," calls Tobin, "but I tell you no such thing. This is not the greatest show that ever happened. It is not the most wonderful exhibition in the world, but I'll tell you what we have got. We've got the hulu hulu dancers, not 89 as they tell you at other places, but 23. Count 'em." Should you take Tobin's advice you would find 14, but that is another story.

Tobin is not as virtuous, though, as he would have it appear. One afternoon John Philip Sousa came down the Midway and bought a ticket for the Hawaiian village. He had been inside but a few moments when the place began to fill with an unusual crowd. At the close of the



W. MAURICE TOBIN
"KING OF THE MIDWAY"

SPIELER AT THE HAWAIIAN VILLAGE. THE ONLY AMERICAN SPIELER
AT THE LATE PARIS EXPOSITION AND A MUCH
TRAVELED YOUNG AMERICAN

performance which Tobin advertises would be attractive anyway, without the services of so prolific a spieler. The dancing girls form its most seductive enticement, but the tender melodies of the male singers get more applause. Probably the admiration for the muscular proficiency of the girls is a silent one, while the wholesome songs of the men bring spontaneous recognition,

show it was packed and as he passed out he heard Tobin yelling: "Sousa is inside! Sousa! The superb Sousa, king of bandmasters! He is inside leading the Hawaiian orchestra. As he passes out he will give a souvenir to every lady. Sousa, the king, will give a souvenir to every lady. Inside! Inside!"

When Senator Depew came out from the same kind of a packed audience he discovered Tobin announcing to an eager crowd, almost fighting for a chance to get tickets: "Chauncey Depew is inside! Chauncey, the peach, is talking to them now. He is in there telling them about Hawaii as he found it. Depew will give a souvenir to every lady who attends the show. The souvenir will be a kiss. Chauncey will kiss every lady in the house. Inside!"

The per-



APEKILA

HULA HULA GIRL--HAWAIIAN VILLAGE



BRAWLEO BARBAYA

THE TAXIDERMIST AND HIS CHILDREN. A FAMILIAR CHARACTER
IN THE PHILIPPINE VILLAGE

The Filipino ballyhoo is about the oddest outdoor show ever offered American people. Of all the queer, unusual sights on the Midway it stands at the head. The blacks have perfect bodies; the Hawaiian girls, rush mats for dresses; the Esquimaux, suits of sealskin; the Orientals, swaths of limp linen; the Indians, feathers and war paint; the Mexicans, sombreros and gay dress, and they all have life and noise and grotesque nonsense, but the Filipinos have more. They have earnestness and they have modesty, and better than all else they are clean, wholesome and somewhat diffident. The ballyhoo shows all of this. In this outdoor show the bolo man is the principal figure, a grotesque combination of Oriental sword fighter, Japanese gaily-gowned priest and American circus clown. He wears the checkered clothes of the sword fighter, possesses the innate dignity of the priest and the rich broad humor of the clown. He stands there in solemn silence, a mere lay figure to

FILIPINO
VILLAGE



NATIVE CART
FILIPINO VILLAGE

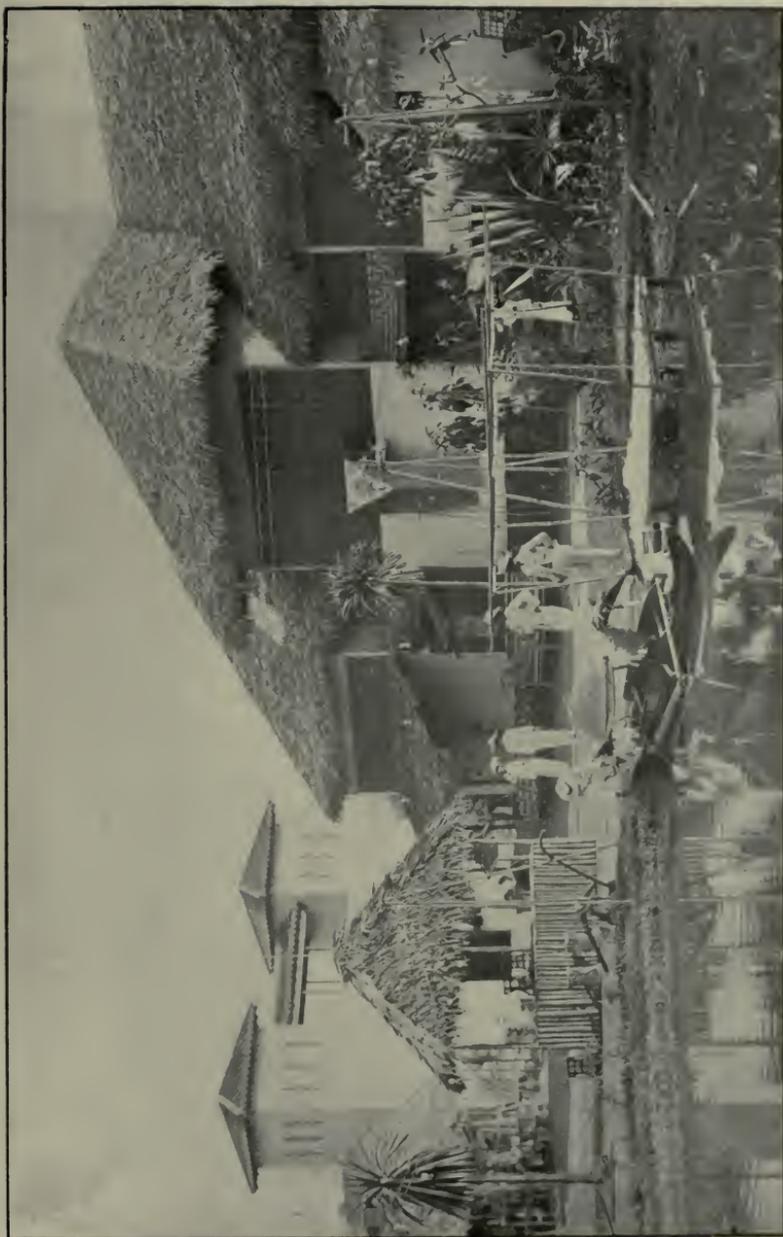


THE WATER BUFFALO—PHILIPPINE VILLAGE

attract attention, while the little brown Malays beside him furnish harmonious, sweet music on most peculiar wind instruments of wide bamboo and long reed stems.

The Filipinos and the Hawaiians have much in common, for they are both children of the Pacific seas, and the peace that Balboa thought he found in the waters of that great ocean seems to have permeated the root and fibre of the human dwellers by its shores. Most noticeable is the plaintive, sad-sweet music of the two, a rhythmic languid measure of simple melody, but musical in the highest degree. In the noise of the Midway's contemptuous bustle it is almost lost, but its persuasive inkling of an idyllic life floats intermittently through the village, and on the ballyhoo serves to make the show there genuine and pleasant.

Most of the peculiar things in the village are shown on the ballyhoo. The water buffalo, unwieldy with their great wide horned appendages, stand there in patience that is surprising after an observation of their somewhat ferocious appearance, but the water buffalo is a meek animal and a useful one. He serves as a producer of beef, for the use of tanners and shoemakers, for the dairy maid and chiefly as a beast of burden. Inside the gates he performs the service that the camels do in the Beautiful Orient; that the elephants do in Bostock's animal show, and



INTERIOR OF THE PHILIPPINE VILLAGE

that the funny little burros with weak knees and strong backs do in the Streets of Mexico. He gives visitors useless rides of no length and little excitement, and not even the danger that attends kissing the Blarney stone.

The houses of the Filipinos are shown to be not so very primitive, for they have cooking stoves and chairs and even door mats, and the people themselves, except for the two of the race of mountain wild men, are quiet and domestic and apparently industrious. The rope walk is the first one seen in America. It shows the laborious, but certain and safe way the natives have of twisting hemp fibre into serviceable lengths. There is a church in the village, a reproduction of a Catholic church in Manila, and on Sunday mornings, long before the Exposition's gates are open to the public, the Filipinos assemble there for worship.

ALT NUREMBERG One April day, before the Exposition was finished, a woman whose



age is a trifling subject, for time has touched her lightly, but whose features mirror the buoyance of youth, dressed to the tips of her ears in furs, was driven through the then partly completed Midway in an open barouche, and glanced with the tragic eyes of Phedre, lightened with concealed merriment at the brown, seemingly age-mellowed walls of the German village of Nuremburg. High over one end, in a lofty tower overlooking all the street, in a nest of pliant, dusty reeds, its legs doubled under and its head poked to the west at a half elevation, sat a stork, the indispensable adjunct of all German villages. Across the street a little red brick building bore the conspicuous announcement: "Infant Incubators." The woman in the carriage, Sarah Bernhardt of Paris, noticed the two and said in broken English to her companion: "Is not ze stork on ze wrong building?" The Frenchwoman passed on, but the stork remained, and there it has sat ever since, its legs still doubled under in

Giant Nuremberg Guard at Entrance to the Village

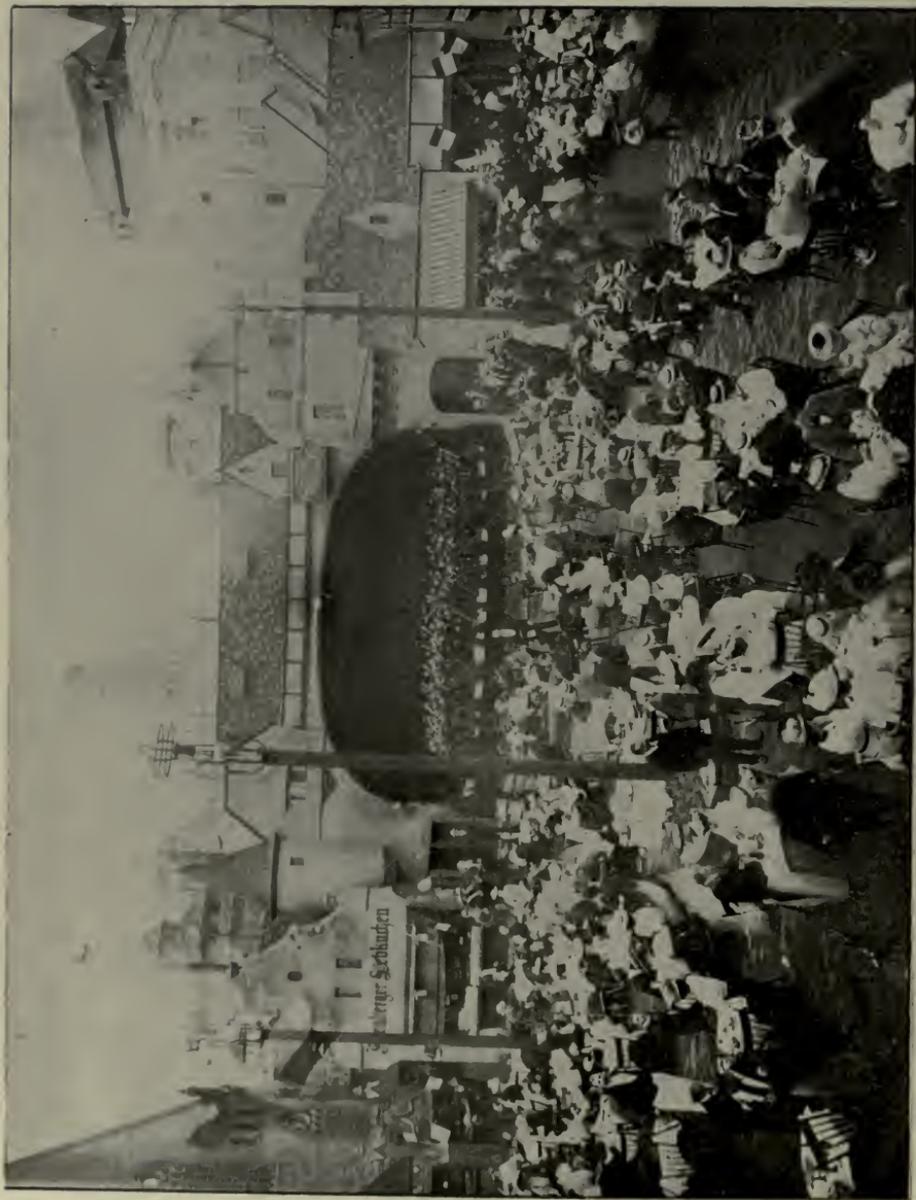
the same excruciating fashion, and its pleading beak still unsatisfied in its appeal to the west. It is a part of the realistic transferral of German customs to America.

Within the walls of "Alt Nurnberg" is to be found a complete illusion, even to the beer pavilion, all of which is heightened by the presence of the Royal Bavarian band, accoutred in military style and performing daily, with all the accustomed regimental noisy melody that is found in Germany, the selections that are favorites with Germans. It is the one band at the Exposition which has succeeded in keeping Wagner and Brahms and even Mozart on its programs. The patrons of the restaurant, a fashionable and, because of its prices, a somewhat exclusive dining place, are more pleased with such than with the tin pan rattle of American marches. The Tyrolean yodlers and the dancers of the Schuhplattl occupy a stage, and a pretty madchen passes edelweiss among those who will buy. When asked if the flowers are bogus she replies: "Nein! Not bogus, they are cloth." Elsewhere the home of Albrecht Duerer is shown in reproduction, and the corner in which he sat over his beer with Hans Sachs, the poet, is pointed out.

ESQUIMAU VILLAGE The other places on the Midway use huge signs telling what General Miles or Chauncey Depew or Wu Ting Fang or William Jennings Bryan said about their wonders. It is all put in the language of the press agent, and its monotonous laudation is the same for a dance as it is for a spectacle. Before the Esquimau village the name of Benjamin Franklin is used, and Franklin himself probably authorized it about as much as Miles or Bryan did the hyperbolic quotations they are made to say. Franklin's aphorism proclaims to the public that an investment in knowledge pays the best interest. A good investment in knowledge that is difficult to be obtained can be gotten within, for the show is one that belongs to the instructive class. A lecture begins the entertainment, a staccato talk illumined by numerous stereopticon slides, that show the perils of an arctic voyage and the features of the principal arctic explorers from Franklin to Nansen. The ignis fatuis of the North pole is a fascinating study, and its impenetrable mystery is faintly conveyed in these stray sketches of its frigid terrors and phenomenal natural beauties.



THE OLD CORNER BATTLEMENT--ALT NUREMBERG,
THE TOWER ROUND WHICH WE ALL PASS IN
GOING TO AND FRO BETWEEN
NORTH AND SOUTH MIDWAY



WITHIN ALT NURNBERG—OLD GERMAN TOWN



THE ESQUIMAU VILLAGE

A REMARKABLY FINE REPRESENTATION OF AN ARCTIC SCENE ON THE RIGHT HAND OF THE NORTH MIDWAY, WHICH GREETES VISITORS AS THEY ENTER THE "STREET"

In the village the ice stretches away in long, unbroken cliffs, greenly transparent and shimmering in the sun. It would take the capital and material of the ice trust to keep the real thing on hand, but the imitation that has been attained by the use of plaster and paint might worry the trust into thinking that ice of such material would supplant their ammonia product in the affections of the public. It is most wonderful ice, and the casual impression got from a trip to the village is that it is the real stuff. Below it are the topeks of the Esquimaux. A topek is a clean dwelling place, more so than the tepees of the Indians, at best a slovenly race. The Esquimaux are as cleanly as the Japanese, and these skin houses show it. There are also ice houses with windows of



NATIVES IN THE ESQUIMAU VILLAGE
AND ONE OF THE SEALSKIN TOPEKS USED IN SUMMER

isinglass for the sunlight to struggle through, and pots of fat to give added warmth.

The Esquimaux do not need much artificial heat these days, and even if they did there would be enough exercise in the games they practice to furnish warmth with the mercury 50 degrees below zero. The games are simple, and modified by the exigencies of the snowy country they inhabit. One of them is the seal race, men racing for a penny on their bellies, their feet held up over their backs with their hands, while they grovel along with floundering slowness like the seals they imitate. It is very seldom that they finish a heat in the prescribed fashion. It is like a trotting race in which there are no judges; half-way down the

course one breaks and the rest follow. Not the least of their skilled performances is the cracking of a cent from under two inches of earth at a distance of twenty paces with the single snap of a whip-lash.

Every curio in the village and every bit of substantial building is a direct transplantation from the North. Perhaps the most interesting is an igloo, or hut, made entirely of whalebone, a great rarity even in the North and never before seen in America. The Anthropological Society of France wants it, but it is to be presented to the Smithsonian Institute after the Exposition is over. It is one of the curious mementoes from the land of July blizzards and midnight suns.



SCENE WITHIN THE ESQUIMAU VILLAGE—THE NATIVE KAYAK



THE GEISHA GIRLS FROM THE PACIFIC SLOPE

FAIR JAPAN



CEREMONIAL TEA

The comic opera ideas of fair Japan will not prevail after a Midway trip. Even so desultory an opinion as may be thus gained will put to rest the deluding notion that a geisha girl and a figured parasol, accompanied by an agile juggler, are the sum of the attractions of the flowery kingdom. There are no discordant noises there, nor any ponderous gew gaws, nor any brazen ballyhoos, nor any flim flam flattery. The talker does not shout the amusing but irrelevant announcement that within are cooing trees and laughing pansies. There are no patent fakes, anxious for a penny and gorged with a dollar, more dreaded than the hold up man, nor any false pistol shots and frenzied scurryings to attract attention. The press agent never lost one of his girls nor hatched an assassination to get a column in

FAIR JAPAN

the morning papers, and, as a final test of true worth, the construction of the place is genuine, Japanese material, put up by Japanese workmen, fashioned in Japanese style and built as a real sketch of foreign life, a specimen of what a Midway show might be and what few are.

What Japan is not would take volumes to tell, but what the Midway's fair Japan is, in its subtle suggestion of the land of art and studied comfort and healthy life, would take a library to tell, for it is to the imagination that such a place is chiefly helpful. Its stunted mimosa trees, graceful even in their deformity and luxuriantly beautiful in a green that turns to crystallized malachite under the evening rays of a lighted arc lamp, are outposts for its beauty and gentle quiet. A day may find a satisfying close in the tea house with an orchestra of girls playing some melodious tune from "Wang" or the "Mikado." The evening sun outside, dallying in shadow, intensifies the notes of a clarified bugle ringing through the somnolent air, while beyond the outer walls, happily built of thick bamboo, the ceaseless surge of the crowd continues its racking search for allaying divertisement. This end to a period of hustle will be convincing in some degree of the worth of the



A FAIR INHABITANT OF FAIR JAPAN



ENTRANCE TO FAIR JAPAN

SOUTH MIDWAY



THE JINRIKISHA

FROM FAIR JAPAN. ONE OF THE POPULAR MODES OF CONVEYANCE
ABOUT THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS

Exposition. It takes the curse from its idle bluster and fulsome nonsense.

The repose, the responsive beauty of fair Japan is its claim to distinction, and it is a commanding claim. Most of the blithesome frolic of Venice next door is not to be found, and there are none of the rougher elements of a midway show there. Its pleasure is refined, its life smooth and flowing and all that is known of the artistic atmosphere of the imperial kingdom, not an unknown subject, may find some verification. The fluid and natural life of the Japanese is one that has had extended comment, and it is one that is favorably known. It is not extravagant talk. There is no extended display of village life and the place takes advantage of all the opportunities that are given for the sale of clothes and trinkets. The bazaars, however, are not owned by



YOUTHFUL ACROBATS—FAIR JAPAN

showmen. There is no disposition to force a sale nor to charge abominable prices for ordinary goods and, indeed, the chief claim there is to a reputation for genuineness is the sometimes diffident manner in which the sales people hold back with their wares. This is a curious trait to find in a Midway bazaar. It is frequently quite difficult to accomplish a purchase, the Japs seem to have the true love of an artist for their creations and part with them only with compunction.

Lafcadio Hearn tells of the contained dignity of Japanese women and draws a charming picture of the home life of the higher class in the islands. This exclusiveness of the women is not one of the noticeable equipments of the Midway show, but the girls there are by no means devoid of it. They are the ordinary tea house waitresses, not the geisha girls of the real fair Japan.



PRINCIPAL GONDOLA LANDING—VENICE—IN AMERICA



ENTRANCE TO VENICE IN AMERICA

SOUTH MIDWAY



SWEET-VOICED, WINSOME
LITTLE PATTI
--VENICE IN AMERICA

Venice in America is the chief landing dock of the boats that make the most delightful trip within the Exposition grounds, the canal route that circumnavigates the rainbow city by day and the city of light by night. The Venetian gondoliers chant their gay songs there, and many a carol of midnight joy rings through its rambling streets. Scoffing laughter sometimes greets the announcement that anything refined and really charming is to be found amidst the babel of yapping din that resounds through the Midway, but it is a thoughtless sneer. The ramshackle place that is called Venice in America is not a wonderfully beautiful resort, nor is it likely that its copy of the real Venice is more faithful than is demanded by the exigencies of the occasion, for if the truth is told Midway showmen court dollars more than they do artistic ensemble; nor is the collection of deal tables and modern varnished substitutes particularly hallowed with association, but the simple, subtle comfort that may be soaked in there on a summer's evening, if you're not afraid of missing the next car or a sight of some exhibit

VENICE IN AMERICA

from Rhode Island, is worth about all that a long, long trip to it would cost.

It is not so hilariously exciting, nor is it at all novel, except in the details of dress and decoration. There is little hurried movement for some feverish performance, and if you do visit the theatre that offers, the singing that is found causes little comment; it gets only murmurs of satisfaction. It is the kind of an entertainment that does not incite criticism, because it is not the effort so much of art as of nature, and natural work is always pleasing. It is when the performer challenges attention that he falls foul of the shafts of comment. The difference between a cultivated and an uncultivated voice is mostly one of manufactured standards. Madame Sembrich would say that it meant the difference between riotous growth and the precision that comes from a lifetime of precise advance, and a heritage of bountiful good fortune; but nothing, not even the clearest, softest note from the silvery throat



LEA DELAPIERRE
NEAPOLITAN SINGER
--VENICE IN AMERICA



THE STRINGED ORCHESTRA—STREETS OF VENICE

of the most celebrated contralto can equal the lustrous diapason of delicious melody that floats as free and languorous from the lips of those Venetian girls as the song of the red breasted thrush at daybreak. The lapsing strains of

“Yama Yama,
“Yama Yama yah!”

never cease their restful serenade for some vocal caper, and they die away in the night air like the memory of a dream, while in the distance, with the lamps from the neighboring bazaars shedding their soft radiance on the canal, and with boat loads of people gliding through the luminous water to tinkling guitars and clattering castanets, buxom girls in blue dance the blithesome tarentella.

There are two superb things on the Midway. The life-size and astonishingly realistic bronze group by Biondi of "The Saturnalia," and George Rochegrosse's mammoth painting "The Fall of Babylon." Both are marvelous in idea and composition. Whatever trite and academic standards may proclaim about flowing lines and atmosphere might partially condemn these masterful creations, but of all artistic endeavor they seem the nearest to the popular heart, because the easiest understood, and after all, art is not so esoteric a thing as it is made out to be; the hedge may be jumped by ordinary understandings. Even the artistic world honors the Saturnalia for it took the grand prize and a diploma of honor at the International Exposition at Paris in 1900.

The scene depicted is the close of a night of debauch; every detail in the ten representative figures of the prominent classes of later Rome is distinct and admirable. The night has been finished, and over the significant scene is probably breaking a cold dawn, the dawn of frightened remorse, remorse stung with the bitterness of sated opportunity and the dull realization of decayed strength. The great and wise Aurelius has long been tender memory in the hearts of his most devoted pagans, and now the Roman world, so long the pillar of the earth, is about to topple to its death.

The Saturnalia was a religious feast, and a feast at which drunken revelry was not the custom but the compulsory rule, and at which honor to the gods was drunk with damnation to the suspected dread rising of the intangible and unknown God, Christ. Chief in the group is a gladiator, handsome and glorified in his rude strength, leading along the Appian way his wife, she who would be known to our own times as a common law wife, her embroidered gown and clear cut profile proclaiming her proud descent from the ancient patrician families of the old republic, long before the days of Caesar and his destroying glory, and with the two is the boy, a child of free love. To the right are the pagan priests, sottish and indulged to vulgar repletion. Their portrayal is the final

**SATURNALIA
VENICE IN
AMERICA**



SWEET MEMORIES--VENICE IN AMERICA



THE ITALIAN ADONIS
NEAPOLITAN SINGER
--VENICE IN AMERICA



SATURNALIA

LIFE-SIZE BRONZE GROUP OF THE ITALIAN SCULPTOR, ERNESTO BIONDI, OF ROME

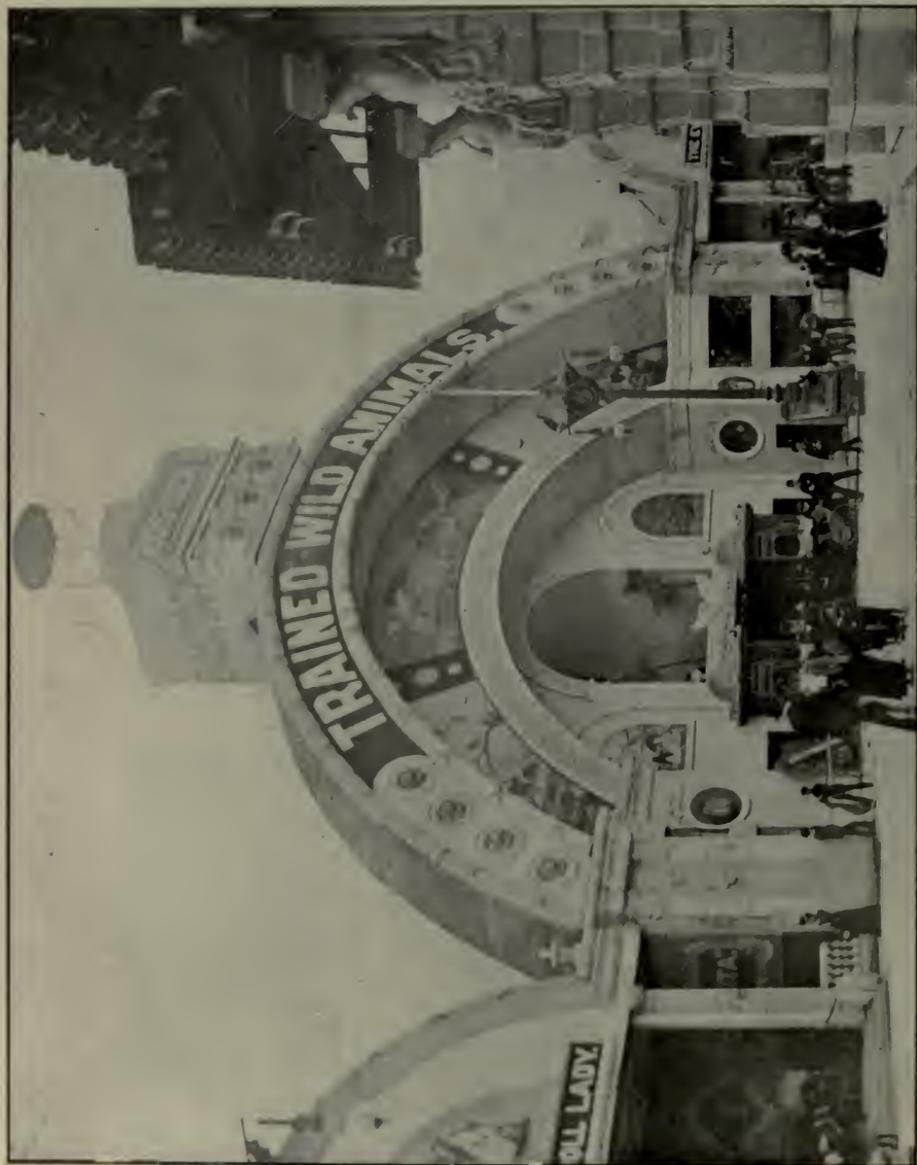
THE LAWS OF ITALY FORBID THE REMOVAL FROM THAT COUNTRY OF NOTED WORKS OF ART, BUT BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF HIS MAJESTY, KING VICTOR EMANUEL, THIS FAMOUS GROUP IS EXHIBITED AT THE EXPOSITION AS A TOKEN OF HIS ESTEEM FOR THE AMERICAN NATION

A N - A M . E X P O . A T B U F F A L O .

triumph of a genre study in art, a picture of the three degrees of intoxication, the half-sober, the satirical and the maudlin, the last numb in sense and fibre, a lifeless mass of inert clay. The patrician woman listens in patronizing, derisive condescension to the savage reproofs of the half drunken priest, the boy doubles up his fists in anger, while the father, the backbone and reliance of them all, haughtily observes and is silent, throwing a pitying, protecting arm over the poor, enervated body of low abandoned woman who leers with flaming eyes of passion, drunk with wine, from the side opposite the patrician wife. Farther to the left are: the slave with a new found freedom, the libertine soldier, the last relic of the solidarity of the legions, and the singing Tibicine, hilarious in irresponsible folly. The whole breathes the atmosphere of the antique, a sample of what the Midway has of art.



DARKNESS AND DAWN—NORTH MIDWAY



BOSTOCK'S TRAINED WILD ANIMAL ARENA—SOUTH MIDWAY

The cool of a summer's evening is about the most enjoyable time on the Midway, and then the animal show is in its finest trim. The beasts are fed at 5 o'clock and after the supper hour, with the dim radiance of the street's incandescence just showing in the string of lambent bulbs that are lighted here a full hour before the shooting of the current into the half million glow balls that furnish brilliance for the exposition proper, both animals and men, a thousand of one and fifty of the other, after laboring through the enervating heat of the day are prepared for the evening's work. For a performance, the evening is by far the best part of the day. The barker, a tall lank fellow of quick wit and little reading, who in his physical resemblance is often mistaken for DeWolf Hopper, stood in front of the show at such a time one night and called:

"Here! Here! Everybody! Here is Bostock, the king of wild animals!" Frank Bostock sat on a tiger skin in the door of his office and smiled at the Mrs. Partington thrust. A further elucidation of what was to be found within came when the barker called:

"Inside you will witness the conflicts of wild beasts in the arena that will recall to your mind the gladiatorial combats of ancient Rome, of the time when the great emperor, Nero, contested in the Olympian games." At this Bostock raised his hands to his mouth and called across the street to friends who were enjoying the harangue, the one word: "Esau."

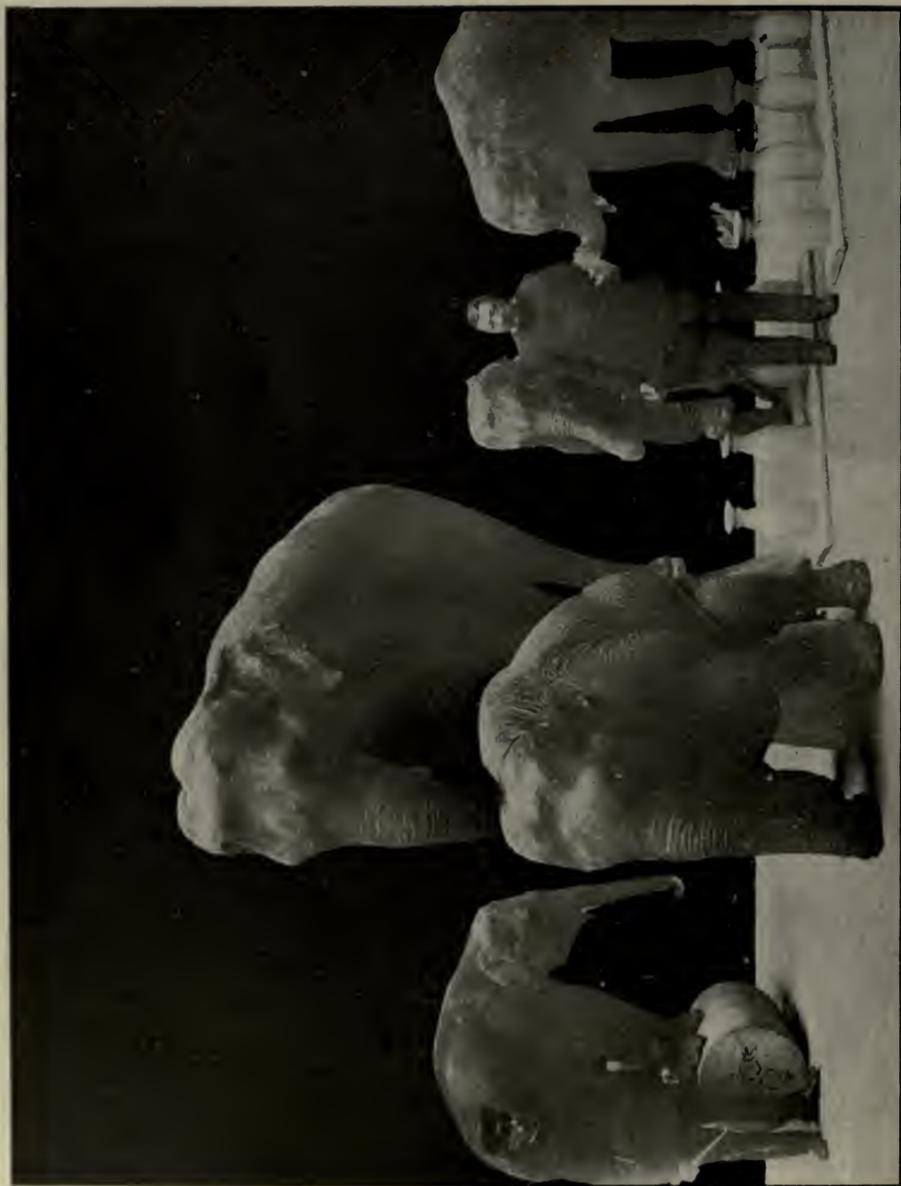
Esau is the connecting link, the remarkable chimpanzee who furnishes the tell-tale evidence in one of Bostock's shows called "The Evolution of Man." Aside from such levity those who listen to the seductions of the barker long enough to pass inside the gates find a show of real quality and of that instructive educational value which is considered the prime requisite for the children who become guests on the lane of laughter.

**BOSTOCK'S
TRAINED WILD
ANIMAL ARENA**



SELICA

FEARLESS LION TAMER. THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHO DANCES
AMIDST THE LIONS



BOSTOCK'S SCHOOL OF TRAINED WILD ANIMALS—AN ELEPHANT CLASS

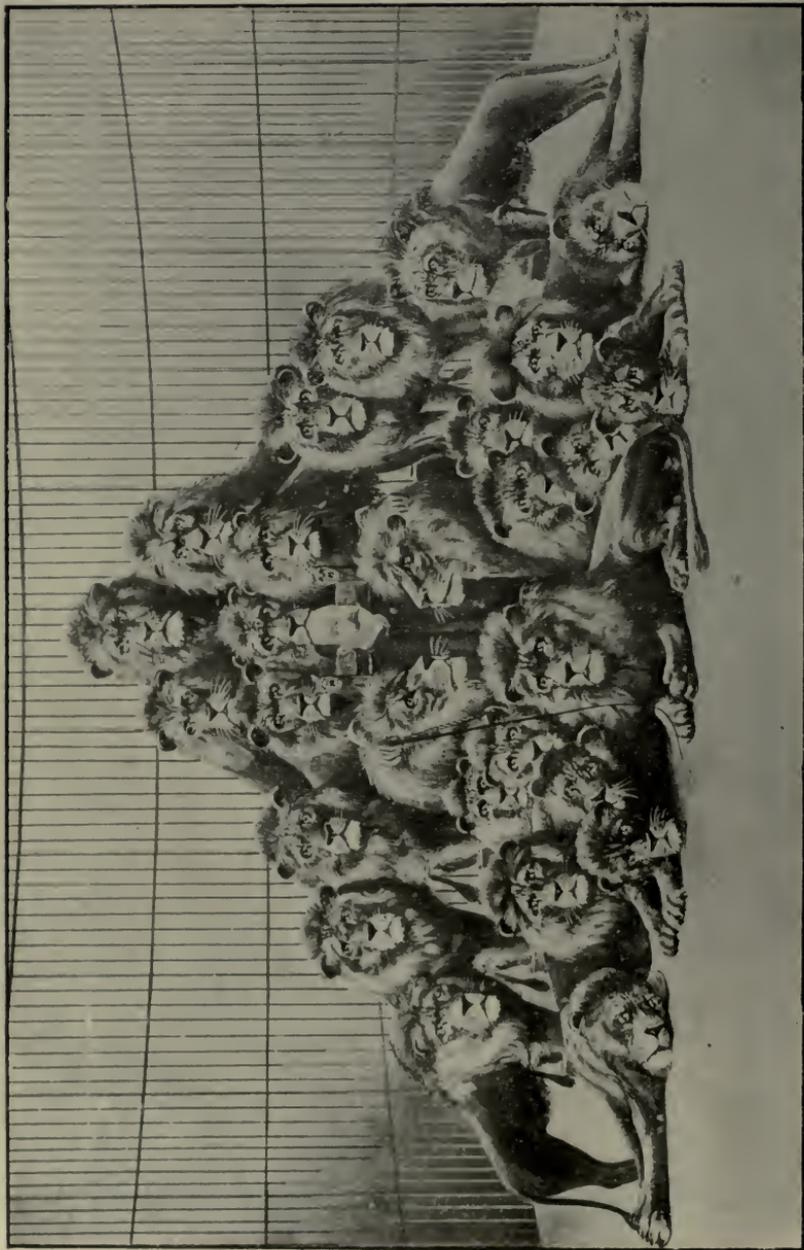


THE PRIZE-FIGHTING KANGAROO AND HIS OPPONENT—
BOSTOCK'S ARENA

AT TIMES THE KANGAROO IS NO MEAN MATCH FOR THE MAN, AS THE LATTER IS
OFTEN MADE TO KNOW WHEN HE GETS "IT" IN THE NECK

Most of the animals that are brought to a zoo are not very strange. Lions and tigers, elephants that labor about in pitiful patience, lumbering bears all dazed and numb with long captivity, gentle camels, whose velvety noses are as meek as the lion and the lamb who pose hourly in the central cage under the appealing caption, "The Millenium," snappy hyenas with snarls for fidgety people, and yelps of distress for each other, and fulsome monkeys, chattering like gossips, amusing everybody but their scared selves, are the nucleus of the zoological gardens of every large city. In addition to such, Bostock advertises trained animals, and it is the presence of Bonavita and Morelli and Selica that gives him prestige and the show distinction.

There are a number of places on the Midway where the adroit and the daring bring thrills of intense excitement to the auditor. The



JACK. BONAVIDA, THE LION TAMER, IN HIS PYRAMID OF LIONS
THIS IS BELIEVED TO BE THE MOST DARING FEAT EVER PERFORMED WITH WILD ANIMALS



ONE OF BOSTOCK'S BEAUTIES
AN AFRICAN GOLD COAST BOA.



SHEIK BERMON
THE HINDOO PIPER
--BOSTOCK'S ARENA

strong man in the Streets of Mexico who holds with his unaided arms the prancing exertions of two horses in their attempts to break loose from heavy rope tied about his biceps, and the shooting in the Indian Congress by Winona of glass balls from the hat of her husband, California Frank, who faces a 38-calibre Winchester unflinchingly, cause short breaths during the performance and sighs of relief after, but neither, for brilliant personal exploit or prolonged suspense is comparable with the daily efforts of Captain Bonavita and Madame Morelli, one the trainer of fifteen lions and the other the only living woman tamer of the most fractious and uncontrollable of wild beasts, the jaguars of South America. Bonavita's performance with his lions is marvelous in its exhibition of patience and personal mastery. Lion training is a science in which patience as infinite as the tact of a diplomat and nerve as unflinching as tempered steel are the requisites. There are no half successes. A slip of any nature means absolute defeat. A lion tamer is a personality of spectacular aplomb, and Bonavita is the best in the world.

One peculiarity which pertains to no other class of show people except the cultured stars of the stage, which is noticeable in a real animal trainer, one who loves his work and pursues it with the ardor that only an artist possesses, is the disregard for fulsome notice and entire absorption in the work to be accomplished. These qualities are perhaps the most pleasing possessed by Morelli and Selica, the chief women of the Bostock show. Morelli, "the lady of the jaguars" is quiet and modest. There is no evidence to be had from a casual glance at her that she is the bundle of concentrated fire and skillful, patient determination that she is shown to be in her appearances in the arena. She has made friends in exposition circles among the highest officials, and her work prompts a personal regard that is given over the footlights to magnetic influence. She enters with five jaguars, a slinking,



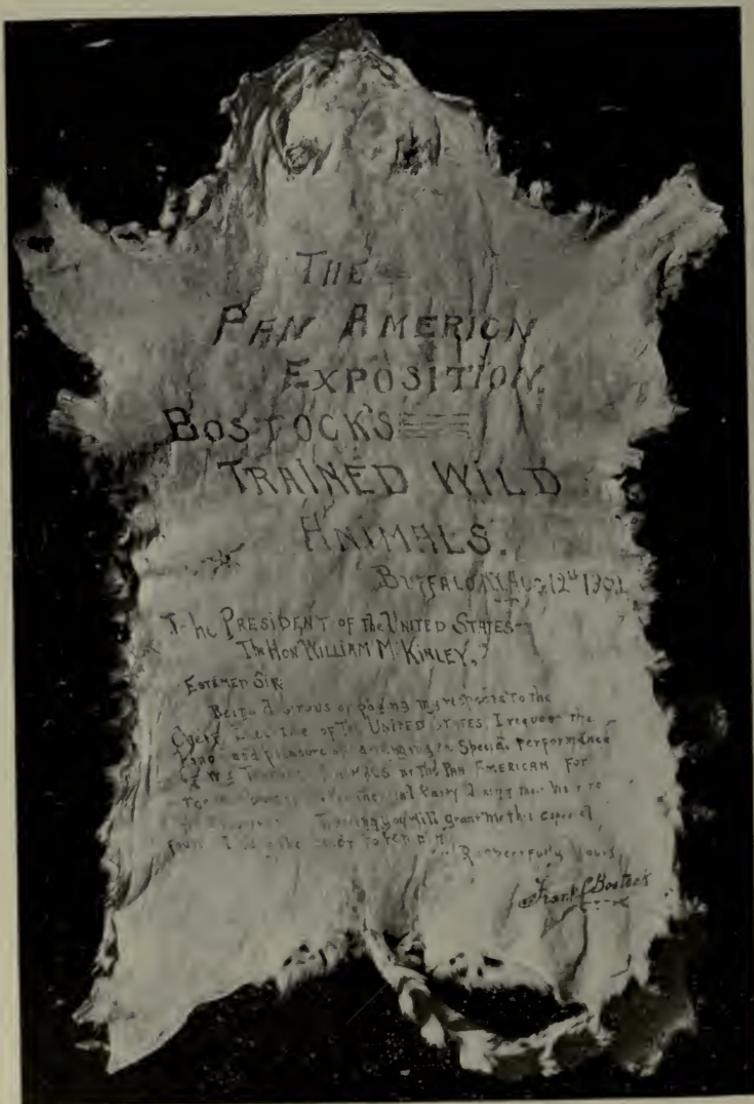
BOSTOCK'S BABY
ON HIS WHEEL



MIGHTY MEN OF THE MIDWAY—GENTLEMEN SHOWMEN WHO AMUSE
AND INSTRUCT MULTITUDES

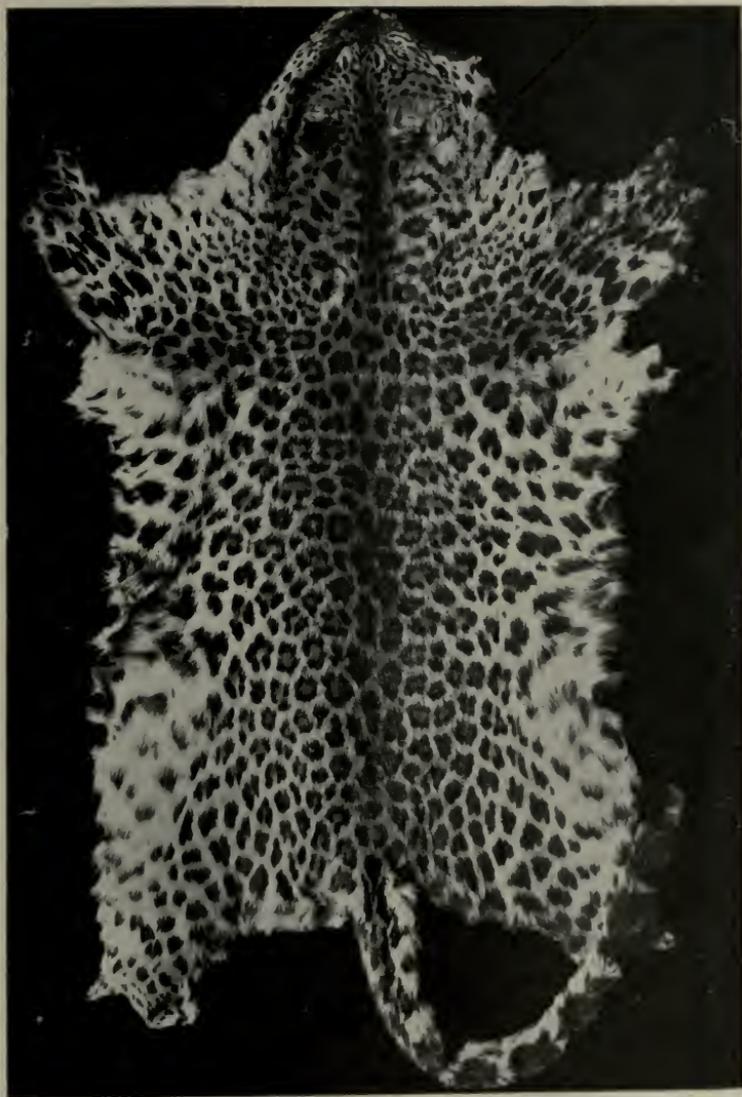
FRANK C. BOSTOCK
THE ANIMAL KING

A MAN OF UNBOUNDED COURAGE AND RESOURCE, BEFORE WHOM ANIMALS COWER, AND
A COMMANDING AND PICTURESQUE PERSONAGE ON THE MIDWAY



A NOVEL MIDWAY INVITATION TO PRESIDENT McKINLEY
(OVERSE)

BOSTOCK'S LATEST NOVELTY. AN INVITATION TO THE PRESIDENT TO VISIT
 THE WILD ANIMAL ARENA UPON THE OCCASION OF HIS TRIP
 TO THE EXPOSITION



A NOVEL MIDWAY INVITATION TO PRESIDENT MCKINLEY

(REVERSE)

THE WORDING IS DONE BY THE BURNT LEATHER PROCESS, NOW SO FASHIONABLE,
ON THE DRESSED SIDE OF A BEAUTIFUL LEOPARD SKIN

DOGS
DONKEYS
AND MONKEYS
AT BOSTOCK'S



seemingly cowardly lot, feline and noiseless in their tread, and so supple in joint and movement that they seem to be made of ligaments and flesh from which so substantial a frame work as is formed from bones has been omitted. She puts them through the paces of an involved act, charging them with a whip and compelling them frequently only with the sharp prongs of an iron fork to mount pedestals, dismount, leap on revolving balls and play teeter in sullen silence. It is nerve-wracking, usually, to both auditors and performer.

Selica's graceful dancing among four lions has the novelty that is the great factor in the success of a Midway show. It is in the details of the performance that Selica is exquisite, for her entrance, her simplest movements about the arena, her apparently careless posing in the calcium that plays about her in the evening, the subtle little taps of her pet, "Major," with the riding whip she carries, and, finally, her buoyant, facile exit put color and dexterity into it all. The clown is a part of the show, and there is a boxing kangaroo of almost human intelligence and sometimes more than human precision in the strength and certainty of the blows he deals the man who stands up with him. There are other trainers, too, and latterly the hugest elephant in captivity, Jumbo II, late of his Majesty's service in India, man eater and howdah carrier, a walking mountain that weighs nine tons.

A CHARMER
AT BOSTOCK'S





INFANT INCUBATOR BUILDING

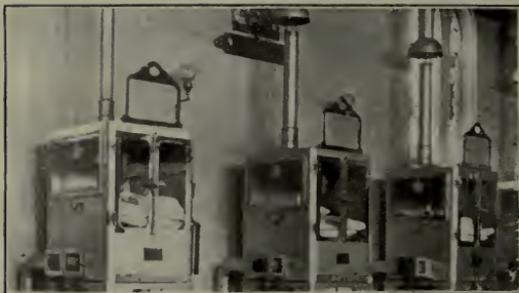
CORNER OF THE MIDWAY AND MALL. A SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION
FOR THE REARING OF PREMATURELY BORN INFANTS

Joseph Jefferson was affected almost to tears, after he had visited the incubators and seen children, still two or three months from the period that is required by nature for mature birth, cared for in warmth and cleanly nourishment; and so brought slowly to life and health. The thought that life could so become the product of science brought to him a flood of tenderness. It is a curious fact to be noted in an observation of the character of the people who are attracted to this peculiarly located show, that they are mostly women and the more thoughtful men, those who are taken chiefly with the subtle influences that are brought to bear on modern life. The morbidly curious come, too, and only the doorkeeper knows how many ignorant, poor women surrender the only quarter they spend on the Midway for a visit to the place. It is a scientific institution for the safe rearing of prematurely born infants.

“Is it worth the while?” is the mental question that invariably first occurs. If he is asked, the attendant answers that Victor Hugo and Julius Caesar were infants such as are brought here. To call the highly

**INFANT
INCUBATOR**

polished metal machines, elaborately fitted with ventilating devices, and holding beribboned infants on dainty pillows, "incubators" is a misnomer. The babies are not incubated, like the chicken from the egg in one of the kerosene lamp varieties of the poultry farm machine. They are taken at birth from mothers of low vitality, when the conditions of food and air make their survival quite impossible, placed safe behind plate glass and swathed in delicate flannels, and in that way reared into



INCUBATOR APPARATUS

normal babyhood. Yet the misnomer clings, and the excuse that is given for the placing of the name "Infant Incubators" over the door is that the entire establishment, and not the simple machines themselves, constitute the incubator. Yet nowhere does incubation occur, so that Hamlet's injunction to Ophelia about conception being a blessing is still a credit to Shakespeare's wisdom.

Caesar and Hugo were saved by ordinary means, but thousands of such children have died, whose like are now rescued. The machines need no watching; they take care of themselves, and this automatic principle



PROFESSAH ALEXANDAH DONALDSON
 DEAN OF THE SPIELERS
 "FIFTY YEARS IN THE SERVICE, SAH!"
 --INFANT INCUBATOR



INTERIOR OF THE INFANT INCUBATOR BUILDING
SHOWING EIGHT INCUBATORS, EACH CONTAINING A LIVE BABE

has added greatly to their efficiency. The former percentage of deaths after premature birth was 86, and with the use of the new machines it is 15.

Though a scientific display, the "incubator" does not dispense with Midway methods of advertising. It is the home of the renowned—that is, renowned in Exposition circles—Charles Alexander Donaldson, the dean of the outside talkers, an announcer who has served at every exposition since the London Crystal Palace in 1859. His persuasive, tender solicitation is one of the treats of the street.



BABY QBATA

SMALLEST INFANT EVER BORN WHO LIVED—WEIGHT, AT BIRTH, 2 LBS 9 OZ.
LIFE CONTINUED BY INCUBATOR



ROLTAIR'S HOUSE UPSIDE DOWN

The highest development of optical illusion is reached in the house upside down. It would furnish, if anyone cared for finding scientific information in such a place, a wonderful study in the physical phenomena pertaining to optics. The sensory effect that is to be obtained from the observance of opposite mirrors arranged at an angle of sixty degrees, and reflashing the image of yourself and of the objects that surround you, contrasted with the imaginative effect, leads to close question into the actual value of many of the marvelous mechanical devices that operate in recent stagecraft. The employment of new principles has not been done for the very simple reason that in illusions there are no new principles, but the application of the old principles has never before had so elaborate and artistic a setting. A man of middle age, Henry Roltair, formerly a student with the magician, Herman the Great, and familiar with the work of the recent successful illusionists of France, is the designer of the inverted house. He says that he believes in making the inside of a show more attractive than the outside, and that the public is becoming more exacting of amusements, so that he thinks it shrewd business to make the place that he has so exquisite.

THE HOUSE
UPSIDE
DOWN

Though the public gets its entertainment from the show and not from

the ballyhoo, the advertising freaks that are used are as striking as any to be found on the street. The barker in front has a galvanized voice and a cast iron face, and Ki Yi, a hideously painted nondescript, worthy of the title of Barnum's "What-is-it?" is freak enough to be a twin. The two are brothers, one the ballyhoo, the other the barker, and both as brazen and bold as any pair on the Midway.

After entering and ascending the stairs which seem down and down the stairs which seem up, the first exclamation is one of wonder, and then follows the invariable explanation, always amusing, for no man, especially if a woman is with him, cares to be fooled by even so palpable an illusion. It is downstairs in what Roltair calls his Palace of Illusions that bridegrooms and best fellows get stuck for an explanation. The spieler outside calls the upstairs "the labyrinthine circumvolutions of mazy wonders," and he says that downstairs "the multiflexuous anfractuositities" to be seen will simply paralyze the imagination. The illusion certainly might have that effect on anyone whose imagination required a sledge hammer blow to be affected.



ONE OF THOSE PATIENT WATER BUFFALOS—PHILIPPINE VILLAGE



CLEOPATRA'S TEMPLE

CLEOPATRA

The Midway custom of patent medicine testimonials has its most ludicrous exposition in front of Cleopatra's temple. That it is intentionally so is none the less amusing. A huge board announces "what celebrated people say about Cleopatra." Below is printed:

"I have seen a great many sights, but never anything like this."

Susan B. Anthony, sister of Mark Anthony.

"I saw Lydia E. Pinkham, but she's not in it with Cleopatra."

Dr. Mary Walker.

"I will give a month's treatment free to anyone who can produce her equal."

Dr. Munyon.

"I have met many beautiful women in my practice, but think none can compare with Cleopatra."

Dr. S. V. R. Pierce.

Either the testimonial sheet or the ten-cent admission gets a good many, and the picture is supposed to be something that, as Sam Weller would say, "is werry fillin." It has enough pink flesh to be so for those inclined that way. It was done by Astley Cooper, the painter of the half nude "Trilby."



CHIQUITA'S PALACE

WHERE SHE HOLDS COURT AND REIGNS SUPREME, DISPLAYING DIADEMS AND SPARKLING GEMS, THE GIFT OF CROWNED HEADS AND OTHER "ROYALTIES"

CHIQUITA

"Chiquita" is Spanish for "Little One," and is the name chosen for Alice Zenda, perhaps the tiniest human being ever seen on earth, certainly the most perfectly formed midget known to late generations. Dwarfs are usually foolish little men and women known to the sideshow world and the realm of the freak. Twisted backs or abnormal growths mar their appearance, and their exhibition is often a pity rather than a reward to curiosity. But Chiquita is not like that. She is a dainty doll, a living person, seemingly carved by a supreme artist and then endowed with life. She is so tiny that in traveling three times around the earth she has never paid a cent of car fare. An attendant goes with her and



CHIQUITA—THE DOLL LADY

THE TINIEST TOT OF A LADY IN THE WORLD—FULLY DEVELOPED
AND A LITTLE BEAUTY

she passes for an infant. She is the only grown person — being 31 years old — who has repeatedly passed through the Exposition gates without a ticket or a pass. She is not taller than the average child of a year and weighs but eighteen pounds, and she rides about in an automobile that is the smallest vehicle ever made, hardly large enough for a good-sized doll. She has a fortune, for she has made \$100,000 exhibiting herself; she has beauty and she is popular. What more can she want?



ESAU—THE CONNECTING LINK

A REMARKABLE CHIMPANZEE, WHOSE HABITAT IS AT PRESENT ON THE SOUTH MIDWAY



THE OLD PLANTATION AND ITS BALLYHOO

There are two complete innovations in the exhibition of foreign life on the Midway, and both are quite essential to a Pan-American Exposition, for among all the curious peoples of the Western Hemisphere, aside from the Indians of the West, which were already more or less familiar through stage exploitation and printed fancy, these are the most interesting and offer the best inducements for spectacular presentment. They are the picturesque and sunnily ecstatic people of modern Mexico, and the remnants of the jocular, careless serfs, who in the South before the war gave slavery the deceptive hue of contented and oft-times happy dependence. The Streets of Mexico and the Old Plantation are the results of a choice from among the available children of these luminously transparent localities.

The Old Plantation has that which Mexico lacks, local interest, for school histories and the novels of a generation have given the American people a taste for more intimate knowledge of these transplanted blacks, whose pitiful history is a bitter memory, but whose cheerful life is a passing

THE OLD
PLANTATION

benediction. It is easy to pick up the colored people of the North and draught them into the show business, but the darkies of the South do not take as kindly to the public rouge box. They all love the beat of a bass drum and the limber-jointed abandon of a cake-walk, but the Southern negro is a stay-at-home darkey, not so much through dislike for publicity as through the inherent laziness that will not run the risk of a nomadic life. And consequently he is a more valuable acquisition than the somewhat machine-made coon of the variety stage, has more of the real ginger of genuine enjoyment and gives more correctly a picture of real Southern life. Negroes of this kind are those that the Old Plantation has, and it has a lot of them, who go through a half-hour's desultory program of uttered melody, shakedown and variety sketch.

It is the exhibit of still life that is of more interest than the hilarious performances in the rustic theatre. The view from the entrance shows the vista of a southern cotton field, rich in white blooms and hazy with mellow air of a summer afternoon. A monstrous, unwieldy old cotton



THE LOG CABIN IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN
—OLD PLANTATION*



THREE "CULLUD GEMMEN "

LAUGHING BEN AND HIS COMPANIONS IN AGE—OLD PLANTATION

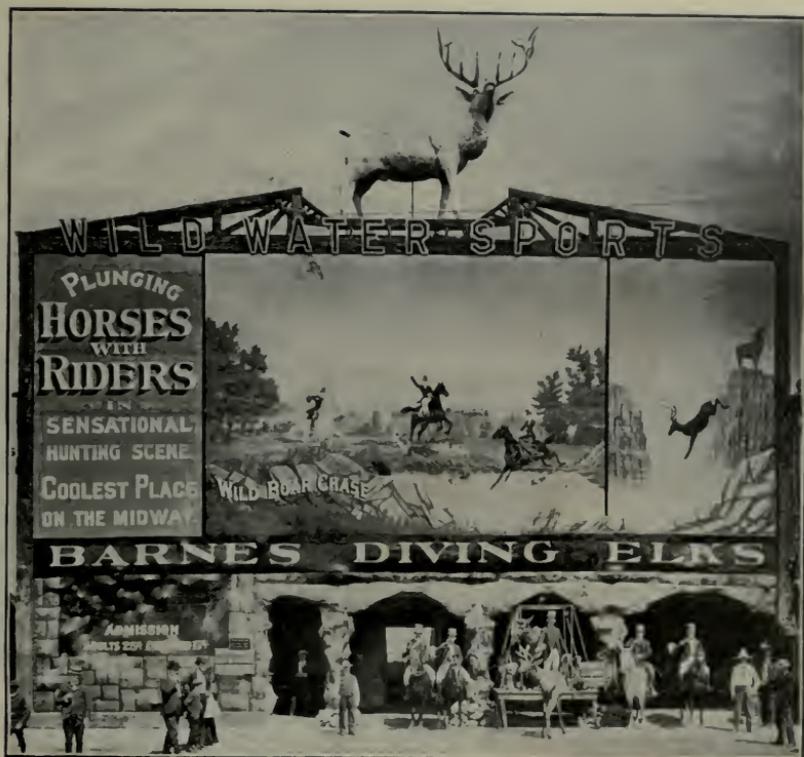
press and a half-dozen log cabins, built with real logs and real cement mortar, are but the introduction to what might be the most hallowed relic on the Exposition grounds, the log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born, weather beaten, and stanchioned in necessary places with modern stays. Its presence strongly recalls the predicament that Mark Twain found in going the rounds of the European cathedrals, each of which had a piece of the cross that held Christ through the crucifixion. He did not question the authenticity of the relics, for each plainly bore the announcement that it was a part of the real cross from Calvary, but Twain said that after a while he wondered a little how Christ was able to carry all those pieces in one cross through the streets of Jerusalem that morning. And so the Abraham Lincoln cabin cannot be questioned, for the sign plainly announces what it is; but the



TYPICAL SOUTHERN NEGRO LOG CABIN
FROM THE PLANTATION WHERE JEFFERSON DAVIS WAS BORN—OLD PLANTATION

wonder is occasioned as to how it was located, when no one is just sure yet as to exactly which county in Kentucky it was that Lincoln's father lived in. Beside it is not the cabin in which Jefferson Davis was born, but one of the cabins from the plantation on which Jefferson Davis was born, for Davis, himself, first lived in a mansion that was palatial compared to the backwoods hovel of Tom Lincoln.

Farther beyond, in a plot of red iron filings, is the home of Laughing Ben, the oddest negro ever seen. Ben is a prodigious mountain of merriment. Poke your finger at him and he laughs, smile at him and he roars, laugh with him but gently and he doubles up in promiscuous peals of leviathan amusement that threaten to rupture the swelling black veins in his healthy neck. He laughs at nothing, at everything, and at all times, and the best part of the joke is that it is an uncontrollable, infectious glee that spreads and doubles back upon itself, giving visitors and Old Ben himself the hugest time for the least cause that is offered throughout the extent of the hilarious Midway.



WILD WATER SPORTS BUILDING AND BALLYHOO

There is a pool some ten feet deep and three times as many across, and hedged in by a high-reaching canvas background of painted woods and rocky glens, that form an autumn landscape, on the North Midway, just beyond the bend in the street. It is there that the wild water sports are given with more or less excitement. The spectacle of an antlered elk, full grown and handsome in its sleek coat of brown, on a cliff, twenty feet above the pool, poised there for an instant and then plunging voluntarily into the shallow water below, is thrilling, and is followed by the wild boar chase by crimson-coated hunters, who

WILD WATER
SPORTS



THE DIVING ELK MAKING THE HIGH DIVE

--WILD WATER SPORTS

plunge into the same pond, with the resulting surprise that comes from the willing dousing.

Before the chase of the boar and the diving of the elk, one of the Midway's two intelligent horses, Trix, the other being Bonner, the black, gives an exhibition of her smartness. Trix is a mottled gray in color, and in physique is as well rounded as a petted and perfectly formed animal can be kept. She chooses colored handkerchiefs from the hand of her trainer, mounts an eighteen-inch pedestal, and concludes by counting the people on the first row of seats and announcing their number by the seizure of a lettered stick. The trick that is in it, one of a skilful use of the known proclivity of every animal to obey the prompting of habit, is not apparent, and the performance seems very marvelous.



THE WONDERFULLY EDUCATED HORSE "TRIXY"

--WILD WATER SPORTS



AROUND THE WORLD--NORTH MIDWAY

MIDWAY MOLASSES

Molasses, say the flies, is a very deceptive substance. It is attractive to the sight and to the taste, and the enjoyment of it is lasting until the time for stopping comes and then the tanglefoot detains. It is an embarrassing and usually a fatal situation to be placed in, but the fact that molasses is of that treacherous character does not prevent further investigation by more flies, and it is a fact which seems anomalous that the reputation of molasses in fly-world continues to be good and not shady.

On the Midway all that is sweet is not molasses, but a good share of it is, and the flies that are stuck seem to mind its application quite as little as do their prototypes among the insects, for they have two peculiarities in common; they continually return for a taste of the

confection and there are no exceptions to the molasses proclivity in all the species.

The shows that smell of the sugar-cane also have some of the smut that destroys the usefulness of the molasses product. They are risque without being clever, and sometimes vulgar without indecency, and all of them are as patent in their intentions as the page testimonial "ads" in a daily newspaper, and most peculiar of all they are the most popular shows on the streets, handle larger crowds, take in more money and conclude the season by declaring dividends among shrewd investors that far outshine the financial results of the placing of works of art on the Midway. Such famous and valuable works as "The Fall of Babylon" or "The Saturnalia" gains one admission where "Around the World" gets a hundred or even a thousand.

A buxom girl in an abbreviated gown in the ballyhoo, a bit of gingerbread decoration in the main hall, a lithograph of rouged and voluptuous beauties and a brazen barker constitute the stock in trade of the molasses attractions.

The countrymen that may be egged in through curiosity, and the others who go because it is cheap, give the Midway much of its atmosphere of fake. It certainly improves the interest of the street, for the Midway would not be what it is without its double nature, like that of the chameleon, both transparent and deceptive.

The ballyhoo beauties that proclaim the presence of dancing girls, in "Around the



JULIETTE GARDINER
THE AMERICAN DANCER--AROUND THE WORLD



LOLA COTTON
THE CHILD MIND READER AND MATHEMATICIAN
--GYPSY CAMP

S N A P S H O T S O N T H E M I D W A Y .

World" serve their time on the little platform in front of the show, while inside another four go through some improvised steps. The chief enticement is the artist's model, Isola Hamilton, "Beautiful in form and feature" says the announcer, as he dwells on the romantic history of the girl, who is allied to the British aristocracy. Her posing has the rudiment of artistic perception, though it frequently loses the right touch because of no practiced prompter.

"The Girl From Up There" is so brief in her performance that it was thought necessary to precede her exhibition with several music hall bits. The girl herself becomes the background with a broad cloak she wears for the flashing of some very fine stereopticon views from richly painted plates.

The Streets of Nations is a pocket edition of the Streets of Cairo, whose few dancing girls exhibit the couchee movement for less than is paid for the long performance in the Oriental Theatre. The latest molasses show is "She" quite a ludicrous innovation, the simplicity of whose fake is too good to be given away.



THE BALLYHOO AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE GYPSY CAMP



ENTRANCE TO THE IDEAL PALACE

THE
IDEAL PALACE

In front of a place that is not strikingly palatial, with a very real and tawdry atmosphere surrounding it, on which is stencilled the words "Parisian Art Studio," a spieler, whose bland manners are as smooth as the silk hat he wears, reels off every half-hour a talk that is known on the Midway as "bull con." The Exposition closed the place early in the season, not because it was indecent, but because it was not up to grade in quality, and the publicity obtained from the incident has been worth many thousands of dollars to these men who understand the value of pandering to salacious taste. The spieler calls it a "Parisian Art Studio," and evidently thinks that anything will do that sounds like Paris, and probably he is right, for the attendance he draws does not come from those who know the ateliers, or from those who have heard of them. He explains that it is not considered immodest in artistic circles for

STEOŖA
THE FLYING STAR
—DREAMLAND



women to pose in the altogether, and adds as his most clinching argument that "the most beautiful woman in America, Maxine Elliott, posed for the heroic Goddess of Light on the Electric Tower." He continues by saying that the young women inside were not troubled by the customs officials on their arrival in this country from France, that they did not bring extensive wardrobes packed in dress suit cases, that all they had could have been contained in an envelope, and a dainty envelope at that. He then says that it is not an entertainment for theological students or superintendents of Sunday schools, but that all intelligent people will welcome the opportunity to see real life. Those who are thus appealed to go in to find a cheap show of ordinary coarse display that hasn't even the virtue of being skilfully vulgar.

DREAMLAND One of the most peculiar photographs ever taken was snapped in Dreamland. It mirrors one man from thirty two angles, taken at the same time, on one plate and by a snap shot. He faces himself in five of the figures and the whole looks like a squad of soldiers on parade. It was taken in the maze, the introduction to the illusionary show that is given later. The suspension of a girl in mid air, by means of an invisible teeter, is the chief feature.



CORA BECKWITH
CHAMPION WOMAN SWIMMER OF THE WORLD

ENTRANCE TO
CORA BECKWITH'S
NATATORIUM



CORA BECKWITH A woman with sleek hair as black as jet, with flesh as soft and pliable as that of a baby, whose form has been but the more delicately molded by its long caress with the water, and which, though a trifle stout, is yet in its full strength of a superb womanhood, her hands and feet prettily turned, and her shoulder and torso muscles as finely developed and as brawny as those of the most expert boxer, and whose eyes proclaim the delight she takes in physical exercise, spends nine hours daily in a shallow tank filled with four feet of water, and floats there as serenely as a lily on a pond. It is difficult to appreciate the marvels that Cora Beckwith exhibits. How anyone can spend one-third of the time in tepid water and stay for two and three minutes beneath it, and with it all be as healthy as an athlete, is not comprehended as quickly as are the Hindoo tricks of some fakir. She has lived in water for forty days, twelve hours out of each twenty-four, and though she does not do as much on the Midway, the results she accomplishes make the recital of that history believable.



THE CHINESE DWARF IN THE BALLYHOO AT THE CARDIFF GIANT ENTRANCE

When David Hannum, the farmer of Western New York who, in common with all great men, little suspected the fame that was coming to him, or that his fictional biography would reach the half-million mark in sales when done into the form of a novel called "David Harum," listened to a proposal to bury the Cardiff giant on his farm and later dig it up for a real find, his shrewd calculation saw the money in it and he consented to put the great lump of Iowa gypsum, corroded with Chicago acid, under earth for a few years. When it was dug up it created as much of a sensation as did the Siamese twins or Barnum's "What Is It?". It had its day with the public, and it grew so popular that almost every county fair had its own Cardiff giant. Meanwhile the real original fake was laid away in a barn in Connecticut, and there it stayed until this year, when it was resuscitated and brought to Buffalo. Here it is as proof that what the great American showman said about the humbug-loving people still has its big grain of truth.

**THE CARDIFF
GIANT**

"A sight of everything" is what the Panopticon promises. It tries to do this by picking out Shakespeare and Uncle Tom, Mozart and Dickens, General Lawton and a group of drinking Spaniards, Leo XIII and a ridiculous old maid, reproducing their supposed appearance in dummy

**MOORISH
PALACE AND
PANOPTICON**

SNAP SHOTS ON THE MIDWAY.

wax and dressing them in appropriate garments, while a placard helps you to make no mistake in choosing Lawton for Dickens or Mozart for the old maid. The value of the place is in the correct idea that may be gained of the costuming of former periods, and in a very incomplete way of the physical appearance of great men. There is an elaborate attempt to picture the leading scenes in the life of Christ by means of plastic figures and paper mache scenery.



THE EDUCATED HORSE, BONNER

BONNER A horse worthy of the name of Bonner walks daily without guidance through a great red horseshoe and becomes his own ballyhoo. He is a beautiful creature, plain black with a wide band of white fastened around his middle, and he carries his head as proudly as a West Point cadet. No rein or whip or harness, other than the tugs that are necessary to draw the small cart he sometimes pulls about, ever hamper him, and he proves worthy of the trust that is shown, for he appears as intelligent as any ordinary driver that could be found. Bonner's arithmetical calculations are the best ever accomplished by an animal. He can add a column of eight figures with three numbers in each row, and the result he gives is never askew unless the trainer on the stage happens to make a mistake. In that case he tries again. The training of an animal is a laborious and an infinitely patient operation, one that deserves the admiration that this performance gets.



SOME OF THE "BIRDS"—OSTRICH FARM

The Ostrich Farm may be set down as one of the instructive shows, for it makes no effort to be amusing; yet, in spite of its good intentions, the sight of the ungainly birds, all legs and neck, their hams bare and their huge wings flapping in the wind, is ludicrous. Their meaningless method of running about the inclosure built for them in response to the coaxing of a brindled horse and his boy rider partially explains why the ostrich covers his head in the sand of the desert to hide from his enemies. There are two dozen fully grown ostriches in the quarter-acre farm, and outside the public gets a free view of two youngsters, twice the size of a full-grown hen.

THE
OSTRICH
FARM

It might be a greater sensation to drop from the top of the electric tower than it is to shoot down the inclined spill of the scenic railway, but it would not be as safe and it would be far from as pleasurable. That drop, the safe one, down to earth from a height near the skies is very much like a countryman's first trip on a swift elevator. Its a very personal feeling. Your heart drops to your boots, your boots rise to the pit of your stomach, your breath and your hat fly off together, and you grab the first object that is presented; it may be a girl or it may be a stanchion, and when you reach the bottom you're laughing hysterically and shouting in uncontrollable glee.

THE
SCENIC
RAILWAY

The quality of the sensation depends very much on the girl who is

with you. There are several dark tunnels, where the unrivaled splendor of the electric display outside might just as well be in Hindostan, for it has no effect on a wall of pine boards and three thicknesses of tarred paper. There is but one objection. Unless you've made the trip often and are familiar with it, light will flash from a little oblong hole in the side of the dark caverns, showing some scene from Siberia or New Jersey that is wholly uninteresting and quite impertinent to the affairs in hand.

THE AERIOCYCLE

A gigantic teeter, the Aeriocycle, takes you an elevation of two hundred and thirty-five feet and there suspends you in mid-air for ten minutes, where, if you are not nervous, you will get by a night ascent the most comprehensive view obtainable of the illumination of the Exposition and of the city. Next door, in the moon, there is a search light, the smaller brother of the great light in the Electric Tower. It is a monstrous, unweildy shell of steel, a gnomish thing with a Cyclopean eye; a concave mirror its retina, a blinding, burning steady gleam of carbon its optic nerve and slashed bars of glass its iris. Under its light the crowd stands out like big splashes of ink on white paper. Around the ballyhoos it clusters in massive, gobby splotches, like huge, irregular bunches of malaga grapes, and occasionally it reaches past the Midway's entrance to the plaza, where the antiques are almost as thick as the people, and hovers about one, a Venus or a Hercules, bathing it in a frozen halo that sets it out in opulent, low relief, paler than ivory. Then it dashes its erratic fire up and down the Midway in a seeming glee that is impish and gigantic.

The illuminated Exposition below is as though the buildings had been poured in some vast alembic and had come out in a setting of fluid fire. The city beyond is like a mighty scarabæus, its hundred legs dipped in phosphorous, sprawling there in the pale, misty moonlight, a palpitant glowing thing, half apologetic in its scrimpy niggardliness, mean and poor with that transcendent burst of brilliance on its outskirts. Away off down town there is a spiral of light, flashing intermittent signals, a single gleam of intelligence in all that vast expanse of dense, black ignorance.

Then from directly below floats some careless laughter, and you realize that the panorama is fading away, that your bird's eye has lost its cunning, for the great wheel is descending and the voice of the spieler is again in the land.



A MEMBER FROM THE OSTRICH FARM



THE ZANCIGS

WONDERFUL MIND READERS

A young man with a huge pair of lungs and a monstrous piece of glass on the end of a blowpipe is the ballyhoo for the Glass Factory. The display of the manufacture of glass is made by the National Glass Company, the trust that controls the output of the commodity, and it is complete. The furnaces and blowers are shown at work, and there are three foreign glass workers who design elaborate patterns. The delicate uses of glass which accomplish the making of dresses and of neckties for country visitors open the door to a study of a fascinating industry.

The thought transference of the Zanzigs is remarkable mental telepathy. The booth is on the South Midway. To the north is the Gypsy Camp with another set of fortune tellers, and with the added attraction of a tarentella dancer. Lolla Cotton, the Infant Mind Reader, is also there. The Golden Chariots are an elaborate extension of the merry-go-round of the county fair, and Lubin's Cineometograph is a continuous performance of moving pictures.

THE GLASS
FACTORY AND
OTHER SHOWS

THE
CONCESSIONER

Men follow expositions as a business. The running of these mammoth shows has almost become one of the professions. In the principal departments the line of advance is as surely marked, and the progress of an able man as certain, as it is in any of the experienced walks of life. Expositions now come so often that a man may find almost continuous employment with them, and there is about the same fascination about it that there is about theatrical enterprises. The publicity attained has a glamour in it, and spectacular success finds sure reward in some more substantial employment. And there is also the lottery of it. No one can tell just what an exposition will do; no one knows how far a man may reach if he has the cunning or the luck to strike the right gait.

The business men of the Midway are frequently of consequential origin, and are regarded as quite an estimable factor in the affairs of the exposition proper. During the opening months of the Pan-American it was a case of the tail wagging the dog, for the Midway jumped to the fore in the matter of prominence in the minds of the public. This resulted mostly from shrewd advertising, but was not entirely without its merit, for the street possesses the most varied and extensive list of amusement devices ever offered at one time to any public. It is as a show that an exposition chiefly appeals to the masses, and as the Midway is its show end it is not to be wondered at that it should strike the popular fancy. The Midway Day, managed by the Midway men and filled with their specialties, and, more than all else, advertised by their methods, brought the largest attendance that the Exposition had throughout its first half.

The Midway concessioner is an ingenious and a shrewd man, and in several cases he is extraordinarily resourceful. Like all showmen he is fond of big type and superlative adjectives, and loves the roll of the "aire" with which he usually announces his interest in a concession. He is a "concessionaire," a sonorous something that is very much more important than a plain showman.

Among the concessioners there are several men who have distinct claims to other consideration. There is the professional designer of Midway attractions, such as Frederic Thompson or Edward J. Austen. There is the illusionist, such as Henry Roltair, and there is the man who has made his reputation along other lines and who brings to the Midway a wealth of experience and a valuable personality. Such a man is Frank Bostock, the owner of the animal show. The director of amusements, such as Frederic Cummins of the Indian Congress, is a necessary part of the layout, and the capitalist certainly is. Most of the Midway's capital, which amounts to more than a million dollars, is subscribed by Buffalo business men, but some comes from the concessioners themselves. The most monied man on the Midway is Skip Dundy, who started at



MIGHTY MEN OF THE MIDWAY--GENTLEMEN SHOWMEN WHO AMUSE
AND INSTRUCT MULTIITUDES

FREDERICK THOMPSON

INVENTOR OF THE AERIOCYCLE, INVENTOR AND MANAGER OF THE SHIP LUNA
AND THE TRIP TO THE MOON. ARCHITECT OF THE FOLLOWING MIDWAY
BUILDINGS: DARKNESS AND DAWN, MOORISH PALACE, GLASS WORKS,
STREETS OF MEXICO, OLD PLANTATION, AROUND THE WORLD, WAR
CYCLORAMA, CLEOPATRA, BEAUTIFUL ORIENT, HAWAIIAN THEATRE
AND VOLCANO, HOUSE UPSIDE DOWN, DREAMLAND, GYPSY
CAMP, PHILIPPINE VILLAGE, JOHNSTOWN FLOOD, BABY
INCUBATORS, WILD ANIMAL ARENA, VENICE IN AMERICA,
CHIQUITA, ESAU, JERUSALEM--THE CRUCIFIXION,
WITH PABST'S AND LOWNEY'S THROWN IN

S N A P S H O T S O N T H E M I D W A Y .

Nashville, cleared a good deal at Omaha, and came to Buffalo with enough to equip a half dozen shows. It is his money, mostly, that built A Trip to the Moon and Darkness and Dawn, and he entirely owns The Old Plantation, the Ariocycle, the horse Bonner and The Fall of Babylon, besides additional interests in several other places. E. W. McConnell is the general manager of eight of the largest and most expensive attractions, known as the Red Star Route. The history of H. F. McGarvie is an unusual one. He was the director general of a San Francisco exposition held seven years ago, and at Omaha was the director of publicity through the concluding months of the fair. He came to Buffalo to take charge of the Bureau of Publicity, but fell out with the management, and in a moment of inspiration conceived the scheme of The Streets of Mexico.

Most of these men began small at other expositions and have now become influential. Frederic Thompson was an employee at the World's Fair in Chicago; in Buffalo he has designed all but five of the Midway shows and is one of the chief men. There is the concessioner of small bits, who waits until the last half of the show, when he knows the crowd is coming, and who then rents some jagged piece from a big concession, costing perhaps thousands of dollars, puts on a show costing a few hundred, and takes out more money at the end of the season than is earned by his neighbor. Such a case is that of Rhodes and Milligan, spielers for the Indian Congress, who rented a small space in front of the Spectorium of Jerusalem, spent \$300 on scantling and bunting for the decoration of a booth for the exhibit of "She," charged ten cents for a sight of her, and took in more money than did the Spectorium, whose cost was \$30,000, and whose front is twenty times that of "She." These are the little men of the Midway. In time they may be as mighty as the big ones.

HAWAIIAN
BEAUTY



HAWAIIAN
VILLAGE



MIGHTY MEN OF THE MIDWAY--GENTLEMEN SHOWMEN WHO AMUSE
AND INSTRUCT MULTITUDES

E. S. DUNDY

"THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE"
PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER OF THE OLD PLANTATION AND "TREASURER" OF
MANY MIDWAY SHOWS



DOC WADDELL

THE PRE-EMINENT PRESS AGENT OF THE MIDWAY,
OF WIDE EXPERIENCE AND FERTILE RESOURCE
--INDIAN CONGRESS

THE
PRESS AGENT

The Midway would be no Midway without the press agent. He is peculiar to the show business, and the very best that that most ardent foster parent of genius has produced are drafted by the Midway places. A press agent must have, first of all, personal qualities, for he meets and entertains all the newspaper men that come. Newspapers are the life of the Midway. Without them the street would be barren indeed, and the men who write for them are the most difficult of all men to please. They are the press agent's prey, and he knows more than to stalk them with a blunderbuss. His tact and resource must be infinite. He must have affability and patience. More than all else, he must have imagination, for something sensational must be forthcoming every day, whether that something really happens or not. And he must have discretion, for newspaper men, though gullible on occasion, do not accept everything for its pretension. They usually know a hawk from a handsaw. If he has a little literary ability so much the better, for he then can make readable matter for outside papers; but that really is not of great importance, for it is more difficult to get space in a news-



LINED UP FOR THE FREAK RACE—MIDWAY DAY

THE CONTESTANTS: A CAMEL, ELEPHANT, OSTRICH, AUTOMOBILE, WATER ELKS, ZEBRA, COWBOY AND MEXICAN RANCHERO
THE CAMEL WON THE RACE

S N A P S H O T S O N T H E M I D W A Y .

paper than it is to find something with which to fill it. Two qualities put Doc Waddell among the first of the Midway press agents. He is personally agreeable and he has imagination. His is not the mechanical politeness that may be found in most of the pleaders for favor, but is of a very personal kind, one that makes a friend of a man for keeps. He has a fertile imagination. An idea is an extraordinarily valuable thing in newspaperdom, and Doc Waddell is never at a loss for one. The only first name he has is "Doc." He came by it when traveling with a one-ring circus in Indiana, when he mixed a salve that would cure snake bites.

A BOISTROUS NIGHT ON THE MIDWAY

A confetti night finds the Midway in its most boistrous disposition. Such a night comes rarely, only when the crowd is large and warmed into a gala spirit by the festival happenings of the day. Then the barriers of reserve are down and a common cause of rollicking mischief prompts promiscuous fun. American confetti is not like the Italian kind. It is made of paper, multicolored and chopped into fine, square bits, while the other is of flour and powdered sugar. Staid Americans, having little of the abandon of the South where the Mardi Gras holds high revel, nor with the ecstatic effervescence of the mirth makers on Neapolitan carnival nights, find paper plenty dangerous enough for play, and are not willing to sacrifice clothes and comfort for the more hilarious throwing of sticky confections. The paper breeds mischief enough though, for some are unable to enter into the license that the larger part enjoy, and the temper that they show does not spoil the fun, but merely increases it.

The romping begins early, shortly after the unrivaled splendor of the Exposition beyond has broken into the night to keep company with the already illumined Midway, and while the shadows of some glorious sunset are being obscured by myriad incandescents. You can stand half way down the north Midway and get the full brunt of the flowing tide of light-hearted gaiety. It sweeps past in a resistless, onward flood of blithesome frolic, careless of manners and observant of few decorous laws. Some girl, perfumed and daintily dressed, is peppered from two sides with handfuls of the billowy stuff, and the folds of her dress are filled with little hillocks of downy paper. She coughs and gets some in her mouth, flushes, grows angry a bit, then finds her escort smiling and twenty others loudly laughing, finally concludes to enjoy the joke, too, puts a quarter into the hands of the nearest Dago for a supply of the hilarity, and goes off down the street doing to others as she was done by. Thousands break their compunction in the same way, and by the time the lights of the Exposition are out there is the buoyancy of irresistible laughter throughout the street, sweeping into the lobbies of the spectacular shows and entering the dance halls, where its accelerated mirth

P A N - A M . E X P O . A T B U F F A L O .

finds wildest expression in uncontrollable shuttlecock and battledore. Grown men forget their dignity, and portly ladies lose their air of aplomb. Boys pelt everybody with the sifty confetti and carry the sport so far that the steam engendered cannot find a let until long after the time when the police are anxious for the din to cease, and when even the restaurants are waiting for a chance to close.

After midnight, when the crowd thins out, the shouts of laughter are isolated but more pronounced. They burst out in loud peals of tipsy merriment, and the occasional rush of some closely clinging petticoat toward the western gate tells of memories suddenly awakened to find that the new day is Sunday. You brush the confetti from the available portions of your clothes, though the last of it will be emptied from your pockets weeks afterward, and straighten up to find that merely the scattered arc lights are there to pilot you out. From behind the impassive sphinx of the Orient come the rising strains of the Marseillaise, rolling from the loosened throats of some Algerian French, and beyond, the night sounds of the crickets give a setting of disturbing comment to the last remnant of the great day. The Electric Tower, lit for the street sweepers long after midnight—a prodigal waste of brilliance, like the low tavern revels of Edmund Kean and Brutus Booth, when genius was squandered as desert air—stands there rebukingly strong and majestic in the moist moonlight, rising in proud dominance over the nearly expired Midway below, an etching of fire on a background of stars and black night. In passing it you leave the Midway with its fulsome noise and its babel of tongues, with its folly and its splendor, its riot and its extravagance, and creep silently home to bed.





LA BELLE ROSA

THE LATEST ARRIVAL AND GREATEST DANCER UPON THE MIDWAY, SAID TO BE THE HIGHEST PRICED ARTIST UPON THE "STREET," AND BEAUTIFUL ORIENT'S MOST DRAWING CARD

Midway Terms.

BALLYHOO.—The outside performance used on the street to attract attention to the show; supposed to be a sketch of what is given inside, but frequently it has no relevancy to anything but promiscuous and conscienceless advertising.

BARKER.—A street shouter whose verbal din calls attention to the show. He is not to be confounded with the spieler.

SPIELER.—The man in front who secures the attention of the paasers-by to what there is inside. He uses the ballyhoo as an object lesson. He is discerning, observant, witty, quick, a fluent talker, leathern-lunged and high-salaried.

MIDWAY SOBRIQUETS.—Lane of Laughter, Rue de Folie, Street of Song, Mile of Mirth, the Whirlpool.

FLYING THE GOOSE.—A newspaper term for seeing the Midway—all or nearly all of the shows; also called "Doing the street" and "Shooting the Rapids."

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--OLD PLANTATION

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SNAP SHOTS ON THE MIDWAY.

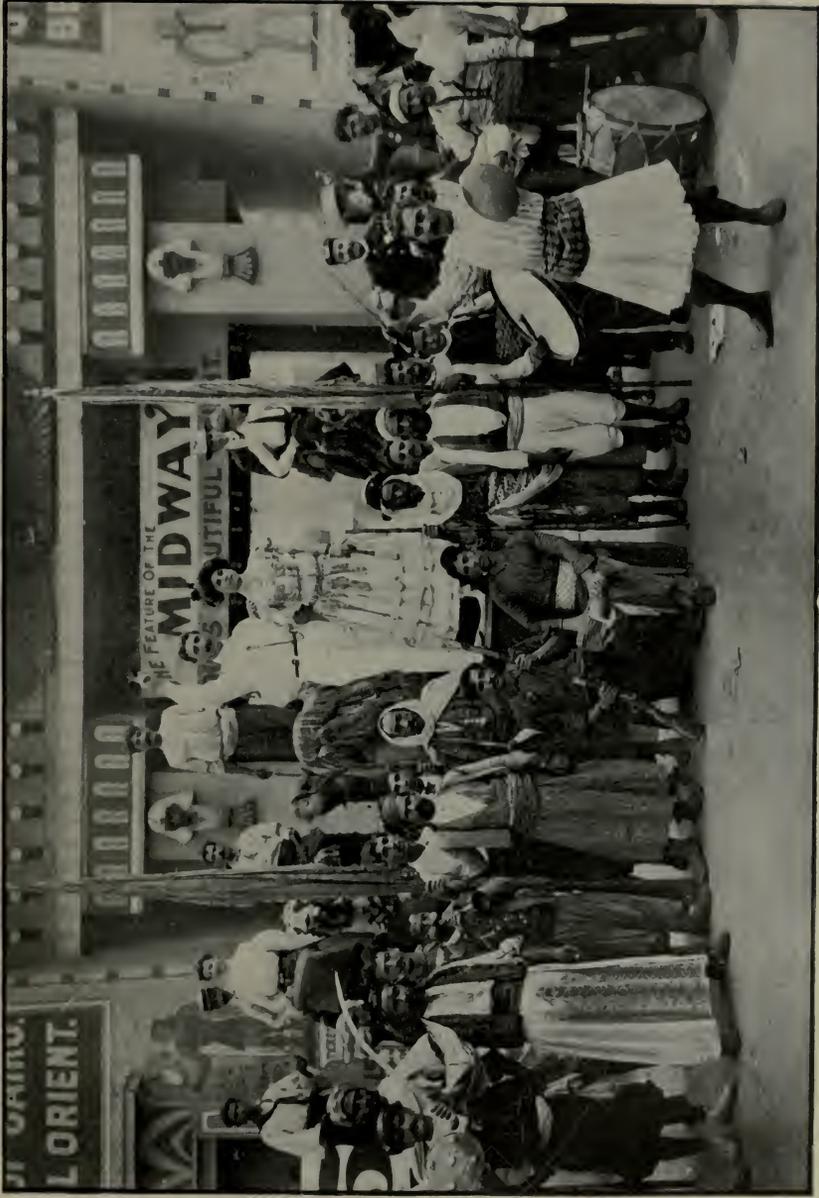
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--HAWAIIAN VILLAGE



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