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"HOWDY."

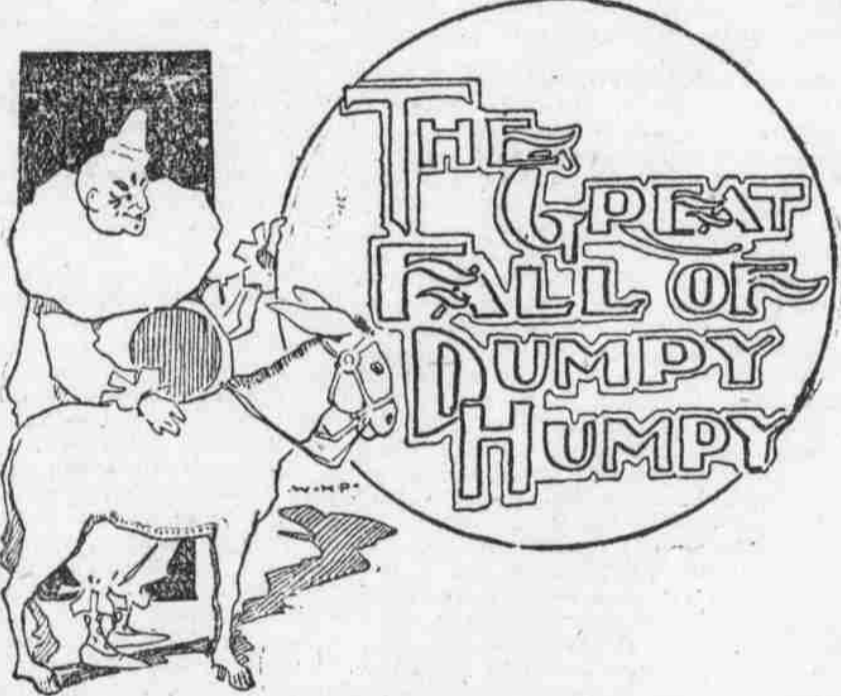
"Kind o' like to hear 'em say it!—
'Howdy, howdy!
Know who's who right there an' then,
That's the moral truth, now, men—
Put my trust right in him when
Man sez, 'Howdy!'"

"Yes, sir, sounds like o' times comin'—
'Howdy, howdy!
Hez the heft, an' makes you feel
Like yore rely in the deal,
An' yore friend kin sort o' 'spiel'—
Sayin', 'Howdy!'"

"Folks all say it in Mizsouree!—
'Wal, wal, howdy!
Hearty, honest, homely, gruff,
Gentle, kindly, yard-wide stuff—
Man that sez it's good enuff—
'Ol' boy, howdy!"

"Yes, sir, like to hear 'em say it!
'Howdy, howdy!
Hez a cheery, earnest ring,
No put-on, the A-1 thing,
Gives yore own good-will a swing,
'N you say, 'Howdy!'"

—Charles W. Stevenson, in Lippincott's Magazine.



CALEB SIMPSON is an old man now, and it is with something of self-depreciation that he sometimes spins a yarn of the old days when he was in the circus business with Simonides Patroclus Price. A hot lunch and a few friends nearly as old as himself got him started the other night, and he told one like this:

"There ain't any use going back to the particulars of how I got in the show business further than to say that I sold up old Pap Rockwell's show for a feed bill he owed me, tried the game for three performances, and made so much money that I turned the store over to my brother and set out for a professional circus man. Rockwell cut out and left as soon as he'd introduced me to his general manager—Sim Price. Besides being manager of the show, Sim was the clown, and, by the way, to this day I think he was the funniest clown that ever wore grease-paint. He was a bit sore when he found out that I had seized the show, swore that he was ready to pay up all the old bills and assume the proprietorship himself. But I'd had a taste of the game—I was young then—and Sim's talk convinced me that I had hit on a good thing, so I resolved to freeze on. Sim got real mad then and sent me his resignation. I couldn't afford to lose him for all the paper we had splashed all over with his pictures. I agreed at last to take him into partnership. We had a lot of new posters struck off reading: 'Rockwell - Simpson - Price Great Triple Mastodon Circus, Menagerie and Hippodrome,' and with that high-sounding title we left Indianapolis one Saturday night and struck into the backwoods for ten weeks of one-day stands. Those were the days when circuses traveled by wagon only, and we weren't two hours on the road before I was blessing my stars that Sim had come along.

"He knew more about the show business than I ever learned or could learn, and no dilemma was too difficult for him to wriggle out of. Then he was a



"HERE'S YOUR BUNKO MAN."

good and elevating influence with the thirty-six people we carried. I found out that he'd been educated for the ministry and had even conducted a church in some interior town of Australia. His morals were above re-

proach, and his wife—Mlle. Du Barry, the equestrienne and bareback rider—was the bright, particular star of the troupe. They were really an edifying couple, seemed to have plenty of money, traveled in a private carriage, and in every way added—if such a thing is possible—to what I might call the 'tone' of the outfit. Of course the whole business was small compared with these big modern, three-ring circuses, but it was quite a model in its way, and I was pretty well through my first season of it before I found my self-respect in any danger. But that will come later.

"As a said, besides being an excellent clown, a good manager and a regular martinet for discipline, Mr. Price—I never called him Sim in those days—was always ready with the cash to help us out of a tight place. I used to wonder at his success in holding onto his money, but as his wife made a big salary, as salaries went, and as his earnings as clown almost equaled my two-thirds of the profits, it wasn't so unaccountable that he should always have ready money. His wife was perfectly devoted to him, and no doubt they pooled their savings.

"The only serious trouble we had at first was in keeping our troupe together. Sim was everlastingly firing somebody—mostly for drunkenness, I admit, but always for something. I thought he was too exacting with the men, but in spite of all I could say he wouldn't tolerate any kind of looseness of speech, habits or manners. The preacher habit was so strong in him that he thought nothing at all of discharging a hostler for cursing one of the animals, and as for drunkenness—no man ever came back to the tent drunk more than once.

"Well, we were down in West Virginia somewhere doing a one-day stand when the town marshal dropped in on Sim and me while we were at supper after the show. He said that one of our people had film-flamed a number of the townsfolk right in the shadow of our main tent. Sim was furious, of course. I denied that any of our people could practice such a fraud, but Price solemnly declared that he'd investigate the whole troupe for himself. And sure enough that night, when the vans were all loaded he rounded up the whole company, read an awful lecture about the marshal's complaint, and said that if he ever caught any of his employees engaged in any fraudulent games, or even any games of chance he'd spend his last dollar prosecuting the culprit. We knew all of our fellows pretty well then, and I, for one, didn't believe that any of them were crooked. But Price was suspicious. He used to slink around half the time spotting the men, but try as he might he couldn't get any proof against them. He did catch Griff Whelan playing casino with a bartender one night, and though Griff was a first-rate elephant man Sim discharged him without hesitation. The worst of it was that every town we made after that developed some kind of a complaint about the 'circus crook' who had cheated somebody. Sometimes three-cards was the game; sometimes the shell game was used, and again it was the flash-roll. Price was

frantic. He used to hang around the dressing tent, peering under the canvas, and he got his wife to come earlier than ever so that she could help him catch the rascal.

"It got so that I—I was ringmaster, you know—I never could tell when to expect Sim to gallop into the ring on his trick mule. While we were all performing in the ring he'd be outside somewhere prowling after the swindler who was following us or who was one of our own people, so closely did he tag our trail. We had plenty of descriptions of him, too; a half-dozen town policemen had described him the same way—short, stout, dark hair and drooping black mustache. We had at least three men who came near that appearance, but incessant watching had failed to even hint of their guilt. Besides, they were all acrobats, trainers or riders, and the frauds were always committed about the time we were busiest in the ring.

"Well, one day Sim loitered so long that it was nearly time for the chariot race and he hadn't made his appearance. I slipped out to the dressing tent to see if he was there, and sure enough, back of the little canvas partition that he always kept for his own and his wife's privacy he was smearing his face with grease-paint in hurried preparation for his entree. I helped him onto his mule and was buttoning up the back of his baggy pantaloons when a stranger ducked under the wall of the tent and laid his hand on my arm.

"Where did that fellow go that just came in here?" he asked me excitedly. I told him that nobody had come in, but he insisted that a bunko man had skinned Dr. Schneider out of \$200 not five minutes ago, and that he had seen the confidence man duck into the dressing room within the minute.

"Well, sirs, poor Sim flew into a rage. He was for jumping off his mule



"WHEN I HEARD THE FAMILIAR YELL OF 'DUMPY HUMPHY!'"

then and there to help find the long-lost-for swindler. I persuaded him to gallop out into the ring by promising to do the searching myself, and, aided by the officer, I searched diligently. The bugler at the ring entrance had seen nobody enter from the dressing tent. We opened all the trunks and hamper, kicked over piles of rugs, straw, canvas and properties, but found nothing. Finally we decided that the crook had slipped in at one side and out at the other without being seen by Mr. Price, who was at the time alone in his little dressing cell. The officer looked nonplussed, but he left, after carefully describing the man's appearance. It tallied exactly with all the previous knowledge we had of the elusive crook, and there was then nothing more to do but renew our vigilance.

"We were doing a three-day stand at that particular town, so Sim and I sat up half the night discussing the scandalous doings of the bunko man, who had now clung to our route for two months. Sim was almost sick with anger and the sense of his disappointment. He scratched his bald, shining head till it got red; he puffed out his fat, cherubic cheeks till he looked like an apoplectic, and then he came as near swearing as I ever heard him. What made him so particularly mad was the fact that the confidence man always did his tricks right by the tent wall, so that every village paper that had made a sensation of his swindles credited them to 'an attaché of the Rockwell-Simpson-Price Circus.' That fairly ate into the sensitive soul of Sim.

"Well, sirs, just to show you the audacity of the fellow, the very next afternoon at the matinee, or rather just after it had begun, he attracted a crowd of men and boys to a clear spot near the very dressing tent which Sim

had just left to enter the ring, and shell-gamed a farmer out of \$40. When Sim heard that I thought he was going to faint. He made up his mind to refrain from his work in the ring until he had caught the rascal, and, as I was beginning to realize the odium attaching to our names, I reluctantly agreed that he should not appear that night. He stayed around the tent all afternoon looking distraught, pale and, for him, venomously disagreeable.

"I think that night was one of the best we ever had so far as the attendance was concerned. I was obliged, at Sim's solicitation, to announce that 'Dumpy Humpty' (his ring name) the famous clown would be unable to appear on account of a sudden indisposition. Sim was such a stickler for fair dealing he'd have returned every dollar taken in if the people had asked it. But it was a good-natured crowd and they stayed for the show. We never had less trouble. Every performer seemed to be on his or her mettle and even the trained animals did their tricks with extraordinary success. Mlle. Du Barry was just at the climax of her thrilling bareback act—the piece de resistance of the whole show, when I heard the familiar yell of 'Dumpy Humpty,' the clown, as he galloped furiously into the ring. In a flash I realized that one of two things had happened—either he had already caught the bunko man or he was trying to surprise me with a novelty of his own invention. For, clinging to the tail of his mule, came a stranger in street attire, tugging like a demon as if to stop the beast. Everything happened so quickly and so unexpectedly that I didn't have time to think that Sim was ruining the effect of his wife's act.

"The mule nearly collided with Mlle. Du Barry's charger just in front of the reserved seats, and the next thing I knew the stranger had dragged the clown down into the sawdust and was choking him. Mademoiselle screamed and galloped out of the ring. The spectators laughed loud at what seemed to them the clown's grotesque entree, but when I pushed into the cloud of dust and sawdust raised by the scuffler's I found the town policeman slipping a pair of handcuffs on my partner's wrists.

"Here's your bunko man," he grinned, standing up and stripping Sim of his motley. 'Here's the shells and here's three cards, and here's—' "The officer pulled out each article as he spoke. 'Here's the flash roll, and—oh, look here! Do you want any more evidence? Here's his false mustache and his wig!'"

"The audience wanted to lynch the poor clown when they began to see that he was in the hands of the law, but we slipped poor Sim out through the dressing tent and left town that night. I never saw him again, but I understand that his beautiful wife stuck to him and that they have been doing well without working ever since. Trust 'em for that."—John H. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Steel-Cutting by Electricity.

A Chicago electrician has invented a way of applying electricity to iron and steel so as to burn the material as easily as if it were the softest wood. The invention was tested a few days ago and its success acknowledged. A big boiler foundation was to be removed from the basement of a building, and the inventor was called upon to do the work, as it was impossible to get the mass of metal out as it lay, and cutting it under ordinary methods would be a long and tedious task. The carbon point used burned or cut away a wide space in the plate at the rate of about a foot every five minutes and proved its value. The apparatus is simple. A carbon is attached to a wooden handle by means of a metal clamp; to this clamp a wire is attached, the other being connected to the object to be operated upon. After the connection is made this carbon is moved along the object, cutting and burning its way through, even though it may be Bessemer or chrome steel that is attacked. The heat and light are intense, but the eyes and face of the operator are protected by having the carbon point thrust through a small steel box lined with asbestos. The apparatus can be operated with a current of fifty volts.

Better Than Love.

A sentimental editor out in Kansas asks: "Are there any sweeter words in the English language than these, 'I love you?'" Perhaps not, but the words, "Here's that dollar I borrowed," are not lacking in eloquent and delightful enunciation.—Davenport (Iowa) Republican.

THAT WHICH WAS LOST

A lover said, "I do not hate the years That touch to gray the softness of her hair, For me remembrance leaves the sunlight there."

"I love the lines that colder eyes than mine Read on the spirit fairness of her face, The soul's handwriting tells its inward grace."

"But once around her beauty, still so dear, Blew an enchanted air; a mystery That shook my heart, but kept its own from me."

"There was a secret hidden in her eyes; And in her voice one note I thrilled to hear. Have the years slain it, ere I read it clear?"

Even as he spoke, her soft eyes met his own And answered. For behind their love and truth Shone the lost magic and immortal youth. —A. L. G. H., in St. James's Gazette.



Poser—"Which nation do you think loves America the most?" Bighead—"The one that needs her the most."—Town Topics.

Mrs. Hatterson—"What! You've had fourteen cooks in three months?" Mrs. Catterson—"Yes. And I didn't please any of them."—Life.

She—"They consider themselves among 'our best people.'" He—"Of course. They don't know any better."—Town and Country.

She sat with him at midnight; She called him "Mr. Brown." Her father came from realms above, And promptly called him—down. —Philadelphia Record.

Teacher—"Tommy, if you gave your little brother nine sticks of candy and then took away seven, what would that make?" Tommy—"It would make him yell."—Tit-Bits.

"That was an ideal course the Automobile Club selected for its race." "Think so?" "Yes; there was a blacksmith shop and a pharmacy every half mile."—Chicago News.

How hard it is to classify!— All outlines blend and shirk; Some work is sport; and, then—Oh, my! Some sport is downright work! —Puck.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the boy to the river, at the height of the spring floods, "how big your mouth has grown!" "Yes," replied the river, "that's because my head's so swollen."—Philadelphia Press.

"No man with any sense at all would approve of your action," said the angry husband. "But, my dear," calmly inquired his better half, "how do you know what a man with any sense would do?"—Tit-Bits.

Mother—"There were two apples in the cupboard, Tommy, now there is only one. How's that?" Tommy (who sees no way of escape)—"Well, ma, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other."—Glasgow Times.

"He calls his poems 'the children of his brain.'" "Dear me, then I should think the horrid critics ought to be taken in hand by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

"People used to think he was a wonder," we said, referring to the village prodigy. "Yes," answered the discerning individual; "but come to find out about it, he was merely a bad guess."—Baltimore American.

Nell—"You ought to have seen the pleased expression on Tom's face when I accepted him." Bess—"Yes. It must have been so very different from the pained expression on his face when I refused him last fall."—Chicago News.

Young Minister's Unhappy Phrase.

Dr. George C. Lorimer, of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York, when visiting Philadelphia recently, told this story:

"It is queer what a liking young students have for long words and Latin quotations, and what a dread possesses them of appearing conventional. I once knew a promising candidate who was given charge of a funeral in the absence of the pastor of the church. He knew it was customary for the minister to announce after the sermon that those who wished should step up to view the remains, but he thought this was too hackneyed a phrase, and he said instead:

"The congregation will now pass around the bier."—Philadelphia Times.