(By Elmer C. Adams, in Boston Transcript) The public compounds its opinion of circuses and circus people from two sources, one of which is wholly impertinent and the other partial. To the tired, soda-besotted crowd on the Huntington avenue viaduct, waiting since three o'clock in the morning, arrives the "flying section," first train of three about noon. Their cargoes are tents, poles and horses; and, perched on top, with less apparent design than the smallest stick of wood in the stable wagon, swarms of men, out at seat and toe, wearing khaki shirts and slouch hats, smoking, chewing and occasionally in-dulging in unministerial English: "It's a wild, bloody life," says one of them. "Yuh get no rest at all. And in them bunks, if you've got any money or vallybles, you've got to tie it around your neck or arm or leg, and then maybe it's switched before mornin'. The pay ain't nothin'. Twenty bucks a month. You get good chewings, that's the best thing about And after this the gazers go home, fixed in the belief that circus life in every department is wild and bloody, and presents no attractions but twenty bucks a month and good "chewings." Whereas, the aristocrats of the profession are yet beauty-napping in their Pullman coaches, in the town where they

stood the night before. The Personal Side of a Circus

The second opinion is unlike in import to this, but like it in falsity. It is held uniformly by the youthful, and sometimes by the elderly, who are so well cared for in reserved grandstand seats that they never join the early mob to view the show in undress. The tents are up, the electric lights flashing, the band clashing, and the "grand entrance" stamping at the door when they spread their programmes and focus their opera glasses. Hence in their recollections the circus is an aggregation of half-human, half-spider (or half angel) creatures, in tights, spangles and motley. But, in truth, the bareback riders are men, and the sons of men; who, behind the scenes, and amongst the initiate, make no bones of confessing to all the commonplaces of mor-

In fact only habits of conduct far removed from "wildness and bloodiness" on the one hand, and from spangled spirituality on the other, could pass safely under the stiff regimen of circus management. All is order in the big top, and in all the tents adjacent thereto. For at the stage entrance stands an erect soldierly man, uniformed in yellow for the afternoon performance, in white for the evening; and he carries a little whip which is never used, but an eye which never rests. No star of whatever degree is permitted in the threering tent until the instant when the red flap is raised and the signal sounds for his stunt to come on. And then, if he creeps tardily forth, in poor fettle and make-up, he is docked at the estimate of the manager. And for drunkenness or misconduct, interfering with a performance or not, your poor, sad-mouthed, goose-footed clown is liable to instant discharge, or a fine from \$5 to \$20.

How the "Artistes" Got Their Start Wherefore, from the stage entrance, order extends into the daily life of this strange stage That you find them possessing properties of their own, and assigned places in the dressing tents, is all on the ticket. But even to the imaginative it is something of a conversion to meet the stars in co their families and friends, to learn their anxiety to get on, to be heard from, to get a raise, to lay up enough money to marry on, or to break away over Sunday in order to visit one's girl in a near-by city. The indistinct personage, for example, who lays aside his own character to carry the head end of the bull in the Spanish bull fight, and who, after the fatal blow of Toreador, still walks out under the head and fore quarters with amazing equilibrium, confesses as follows: "I feel like a stick today. Didn't sleep hardly any last night or the night before, stopped off in Worcester. My girl lives there. I wish we'd stand in Boston all summer. But as it is we don't get far away and I can go back there every week for a month.'

But who is Desperado, what is he that all the boys commend him? A muscular athlete, he appears after the last standing bareback race, springs up a swinging ladder, and balances on a little platform at the topmost peak of the tent. The crowds are tumbling from their seats to surge into the menagerie, and the climber, inconspicuous after the gasping excitement of the race, is mistaken for a mere trapeze man, or perhaps a workman. But not so. This is display No. 19. "And here's the climax of the show. The culminating and amazing acme of transcendent and terrific thrilldom. The original and only Desperado." He is seen carefully setting his feet; he wriggles and gesticulates; and after due suspense he dives, headlong to the ground, alighting on his chest on an inclined platform.

A Quiet German Daredevil

Ernest Desperado, shorn of his costume and stunt, is a German, twenty-eight years old, born in Koenigsburg, Prussia, who wears a derby, speaks broken English, and imports his cigarettes. He has lived in circuses since his tenth year, as tumbler, acrobat and trapeze artist. But this is his third year in America, and with Barnum. He is married since six months to Martha Desperado of Hamburg, twenty-two years old, whom he knew as a girl. And she revolves with only slightly less jeopardy on the flying trapeze near the place

of her husband's "exclusive novelty." Desper-ado caught the suggestion for his act from the familiar loop-the-loop act. His leap in Madison square is eighty feet, and preferable at that, for in a tent the wind puts his judgment at fault, and the rain dampens his slide, multiplying the chances of injury. He is a square-headed rather pleasant looking. headed, rather pleasant-looking person, not at all bloodthirsty. Yet he takes considerable professional pride in the fact that in an attempt to crib his act before he could put it on (during six weeks of secret practice), a man was killed in Paris and one in Berlin. He believes, however, that these mishaps are to thank for his still remaining the "original and only."

The Modest Master of Elephants

In the central ring, one of the most thrilling acts is that of the elephant master, a slim figure in blue uniform and helmet; he drills his "latest and most wonderful herd of performing elephants" in "displays of scarcely believeable animal intelligence." They play upon horns, lift him in their trunks, and build a pyramid of incalculable tons' weight above his prostrate body. This is Harry J. Mooney. After the act he retires to the animal tent. In plain civilian's clothes, with a derby hung low over his eyes, he sits on the tongue of the giraffe wagon all unknown and unnoticed, while the crowds that an hour before paid equal applause to him and his pets, now wax familiar with the latter, filling-or rather, tickling—their mouths with peanuts. This man is an English subject, Australian by birth. His professional career covers only eighteen years, the first half of his life having been spent as a plasterer. He does not remember how or why he switched to the more romantic business-since his family were and always had been tradesmen and stay-at-homes

except that he discovered a knack for it, and favored the public with it. She refused a year's coveted the compensation and the fame. He is not afraid of being hurt, because his "Babe," (a "great girl," mother of the first elephant born in America) and all her partners are so mortally afraid of hurting him. If one feels its foot descending on him, it eases off the weight, and the result is less disastrous than that from a man's footfall. He treats his contact the second of the second that from a man's footfall. He treats his colossal children like human babies in a kindergarten—with the same mixture of leading kindness, suggestion and force. Mr. Mooney would not exchange his profession for any other, for although the hours are long and hard, the openness and exhilaration of the life has no counterpart outside the circus. His wife, not being a show woman and inured to the hardship of the road, lives at Bridgeport, Conn., the winter quarters.

A Tight-Rope Dancer's Lineage

Later on, this centre ring is honored by a feat of a different kind. A smallish woman, in skirts that flutter and sparkle, mounts a slack wire without pole, parasol, or other balancing aid, and swings and dances more composed than the commoner would in a lawn chair. This is La Belle Victoria Cardona, Premier Alhambristra Mexicana. She was born in Mexico eighteen years ago. She is a real circus princess, of a royal line. Her grandfather's great-grandfather owned a circus, and so have all the lineage between, even to her father. His show is now touring Mexico The man himself, however, prefers the personal pres-tige that comes of attachment to Barnum's so he "manages" his gifted daughter, and also his son, sixteen years old, who does a clever heel a d toe act on the single trapeze. La Belle Victoria reheared her aerial marvel five years under her father's eye, before she

offer in St. Petersburg and London in order to see America; which country, however, she describes rather succinctly than vividly as big " The reason of her vagueness is patent. When asked what she did for recreation she said she practised. For love affairs she had never had any time. In New York she saw the Hippodrome, the Aquarium, and the Eden Musee. La Belle Victoria is a pretty blonde, with girlish actions that validate the statement of her age. She rides the second elephant in the grand entry. Evidence points to the suspicion that she is a victim of spear-

Performers Who Own Circuses of Their Own

Mr. Shipp, the equestrian manager aforeientioned, has been in the circus work since 1880, when he came out of school in Springfield, ill. He started riding, but broke a leg, and has been managing ever since he owns a one-ring circus, with which in winter seasons he travels also with which in winter seasons he travels along the Panama Canal route. His wife, one of the bareback riders, comes of a family famous in that art for three generations. Her father was Alexander Lewande, the "Barnum of Brazil," and a personal friend of the emperor, Dom Pedro. The couple while proud of their daily exhibition are especially inclined to boast of the time when in Mexico they showed without interruption through an epidemic of smallpox, laying off one day for their own illness. They have a fourteen-yearold daughter at home in Illinois. But unless heredity proves stronger than training, she is to be schooled according to the customs, and stay out of shows.

Those Distinguished Gentlemen the Clowns Every boy knows in his heart that he is cut out and intended by nature for a clown.

SOME FAMOUS CONSERVATORIES

The name conservatory is derived from the Latin word, conservare, which means "to preserve," and was used to denote the idea of preserving music from corruption. The idea of a school of music for this purpose emanated from Italy, the four most ancient being the four Neapolitan schools, Santa Maria di Loreto, San Onofrio, De' Poveri di Gesu Cristo, and Della Pieta de' Turchini, which all sprang from the first school of music founded at Naples before 1490 by Jean Tinctor. The conservatori of Venice arose out of the school founded by another Fleming, Willaert, at the same date with that of Naples and were also four in number. Probably the first music school of all, however, was that founded by Gregory the Great in Rome, during the sixth century, in order to improve and maintain an adequate body of singers for St. Peter's.

Coming to modern times, the Paris Conservatory was founded as a free school of music by the Convention Nationale, August 3, 1705. Its first suggestion was due to a horn player named Rodolphe, and a plan which he submitted to the minister Amelot in 1775 was carried into effect in 1784. Another school was founded shortly after, and finally the two were merged into the present Conservatory, which has grown to be one of the foremost musical educational schools in the world.

The Hochschule of Berlin was established in 1875, on the reorgani zation of the Royal Academy of Arts. Like the Paris Conservatory, it was formed by the amalgamation of two distinct bodies. It consists of two entirely separate parts, one devoted to composition, and the other to instrumental study. Since 1872 the pupils of the Hochschule have given three or four public concerts every year, and since 1876 operatic productions have been added.

The Leipsic Conservatory was founded by Mendelssohn, under whose direction it was opened April 3, 1843. It has played an exceedingly important part in the musical history of the last half of the 19th century, many of the world's greatest composers having been trained there.

It is said upon one occasion while Franz Liszt was playing before the Emperor Nicholas the Russian monarch started to converse with another guest. Liszt stopped playing immediately. The emperor turned in surprise and asked why the great pianist had ceased. Liszt with his ever-ready wit replied: When his majesty speaks all must be silent."

Few musicians have not confronted the insulting nuisance of the ill-bred individual who persists in talking as soon as the first sounds of a musical composition are heard. When playing in the home of friends, the musician is placed in a very awkward position. He must either endure the affront or undergo the humiliation of stopping and being accused of boorishness. To play effectively without the attention of those to whom you are playing is impossible. No matter how beautiful the music may be, conversation always distracts. The most wonderful collection of paintings in the world would hold the attention a very short while if some one had the presumption to start a fireworks exhibit in the art gallery. Our readers should educate the public to invert the Liszt anecdote and bring them to a realization of the majesty of music. When music speaks let all be silent.

Don't breed from any hen, duck, turkey or goose which has ever been seriously sick, even ough it may seem to have recovered.

But in the proportion of several hundred to one they are whipped and taught into being mere doctors, lawyers, merchants and chiefs. Of the thirty-seven funny men in Barnum's, a goodly part were too much mothered and teachered, revolted, ran away, joined the circus at the bottom, perhaps as ticket-wagor boy, and urged their way up to the all impor-tant position of clown. Thus did Phil ("Denver") Darling, the Colorado "Kid," he of the burlesque prize fight, "En Solitaire." Asked once on a time, if he would rather be clown or president, he unhesitatingly voted for the former. So did Waldo, the hero of the joy ride. He was held in durance vile until the high school punishment had been inflicted, then made trusty in a drug store, preliminary to medical college. But he beat it to the circus and has been clowning to this day.

Not all the laugh producers, however, began their careers irregularly. Perhaps the maority of them were born on the road, and never began nor will ever cease to be comedians, because they simply grew that way. Mr. Egener, for example, who drives the only trained goose in existence and carries his own rainstorm, or "raining parasol," and clowns for the children, because "if they laugh the parents are sure to." Al Olifan, the upside down man, the big headed man and the stork with twins, asking for Mrs. John Smith, took the first steps in his career about twenty-seven years ago, when he was born in Chicago. For his father was a comedian forty-five years, originator of the Original Four Olifans. The present heir of the family glory is accompanied by his wife, a retired trapeze artist. He is a producing clown, inventing his own stunts, copyrighting them, footing the expense of apparatus and bearing the responsibility of their success or failure. Seven men assist him. He is also a writer of circus poems and stories in The Clipper. His big head of paper-mache once so terrified a drunkard in Tennessee that he fled from the grandstand shricking, "I've got 'em again;" and once in Detroit it saved the life of a man who fell out of the flies in

theatre. Harry La Pearl, who does the parody dancing act, now twenty-five years old, has amused the public over twenty years. He began as a somersault rider with his father's circus in Illinois. Later, the father went into vaudeville dramatics, and the boy followed as a singer and dancer in musical comedy. His schooling was furnished by a private teacher between acts and after parades. Mr. La Page was married last winter at Madison Square Garden, in clown costume, being banqueted by newspaper men. He is preparing a vaudeville skit to run in the vacation season next winter. It will have a setting of circus scenery, and will embody some of the details of his own romance. Meanwhile, for the remainder of this week he gyrates on Park square,, with Halley's comet, squawking, "Oh, I feel foolish," and, "I never did have any sense." But after talking with him one feels convinced there is a deal of sense implied in that very

Why They All Stay in Business This is the lure of the sawdust; 1280 peo-

e travel with Barnum's and most of them have ridden or tumbled, or clowned from the first, and will continue to till the last. One likes the freedom, one the novelty, one the excitement; one, like a true artist, likes the chance for expansion and growth which for him is realized nowhere but under the canvas. Even the ushers who are paid an infinitesimal wage, and pass the winter as they may, return in the spring, year after year, to the caravan of wonders. And James Stowe, formerly a rider of wide repute, but retired on account of age, admits, under quiz, that his "intellect is so befuddled and shrivelled by the 'lure of the sawdust' that rather than abandon it altogether he has joined the business staff as twenty-four-hour-man."

AVIATION FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO

The proposed Scottish aviation meeting will not be quite the first gathering of the kind in that country. At least one of the French favorites of James IV. the luckless hero of Flodden, summoned the Scottish court to an exhibition at Stirling, where he proposed to fly by means of a pair of mechanical wings from the wall of the castle. This was exactly 400 years ago.

The rash inventor sprang boldly forth from the wall with his two great wings upon his back. But they proved quite insufficient for the contest with the force of gravity, and the inventor was lucky to get off with no worse hurt than a broken thigh. He ascribed his failure to the unwary use of the feathers of domestic poultry in the construction of his pinions rather than the feathers of some of the nobler birds. History does not record, however, that he made any second attempt. Glasgow News.

It was at the railway station, and she was trying to buy half-tickets for her two chil-

"How old are they?" asked the ticket seller. "Only eleven." "Both of them?"

'Yes; they're twins." "Ah!" said the man. He eyed them for a moment, and then said-"Pretty children; where were they born?"

"This one in Liverpool," answered the proud mother, "and the other one in Sheffield."

PASSING COM (Richard L. P

Summer Shooting of

It has been the practice innocence to shoot the w visit our coast in the summe possible to get them. They siderable numbers in man the present time, and quite shot lately. Most men hav snot lately. Most men have impression that they do not that, as they were migrator fond of the farmers' young quite justified in shooting the shot any myself, but certain til quite recently if I had hat the last few days however. the last few days, however, men, who are readers of this my attention to the fact that that these birds do breed her fore they consider, and righ should not be shot until after ished breeding. There is a of which I have been unable to is a standing offer of a thousand for any nest of these birds (th is, I believe, their proper nam coast; so that there seems a a man who is a good hand w irons to make a little easy n no desire to condemn or to cr have shot them in the sumr past, as they seem to be birds a little is known here, and entimen, who have been in the h them, have done so without a in the firm belief that they we The two sportsmen mention both accustomed to shoot thes they, one by chance and the o ate investigation, proved to faction that they are regular country, several of the last lot by them being found on dissed eggs; since when, being the g that most of our coast gunners given up pigeon shooting unt sure that the birds have finishe are desirous of having the atte low suit. No sportsman will fe if he thinks he may have killed young ones are crying for foo therefore it is certain that, the p pigeons do breed here being p

they should be fair game for those who know their habits bet claim to do.

disputable, we shall all call piged until August at least, when I u

Cowichan Hatchery Fishermen have every reason at the establishing of the game by the Dominion Government at of Cowichan lake. Men who kn chan realize what a splendid stre what an attraction it will always from this and other lands, if its n of game fish is cherished and imp class game fishing is as great a dra good big game shooting, and eas tain. The establishing of this hate making of the fish ladders at SI two excellent steps in the direct ing the fishing in nearby waters. of the Shawnigan fish ladders has to have had good results. What is proper enforcing of the laws tection of game fish in places wh notoriously and openly set at naug good hatching fish if the "irrespo allowed to catch and kill the fish before they are of lawful size.

A Bag Limit

It has been suggested by a wellsportsman that in framing the new it would be well to impose a day! apply on all sorts of game. This h been suggested before, and the ob erally brought against it is that practically impossible to enforce s if imposed by law. In answer t gentleman very aptly points out practically impossible to enforce an entirety. There will always be la who are not detected, especially against the game law, which is very enforce properly in a country such Columbia, where there are such tracts of wild country, even within tance of the settled districts. But all a moral effect, and all laws are rethe majority of good citizens, even the might see no harm in doing what is by such laws did they not exist. If a bag limit imposed, no good sportsr exceed it, while a large proportion who would exceed it if they could, deterred from doing so by fear of dete necessarily by a game warden w bring them to justice, but by other men in whose eyes they would be sh is certainly a suggestion which show lightly set aside as impracticable, jus of the difficulty of rigidly enforcing sonally I have never in my life than ten grouse or pheasants in one or in any other country, and do not Two or three brace of these birds me to be a fair bag for anyone, but I l a man stagger on to the E. & N. tra load of grouse as heavy as a good bu many years ago, and heard him boast killed over sixty in one day's shooting is not my idea of good sportsmanship game country, and I think that it made impossible for the future, and ha

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ROMANCE IN MUSICAL HISTORY

Continued from Page Three enthusiasm, and asks me to play your pieces.

The other day he gave a large party (at which the leading poets in Vienna were present) solely to have them heat me play the 'Carnival'; and in February he wants me to play your 'Toccata' and the 'Etudes Symphoni-

For a time, indeed, Wieck was in a conciliatory mood. He was willing to let Robert marry Clara provided they promised not to make their home in Leipsic, where their hum-ble circumstances would contrast too much with the affluence of Mendelssohn and David. "One thing is certain," he wrote in his diary; "Clara must never live in poverty and seclusion, but must have an income of over 2000 thalers a year." On this point Clara agreed with her father. She had previously written her lover that while she did not desire horses and diamonds, she did wish to feel that her wants would be provided for and that she need not give up her artistic career.

She was able to support herself, but on that point Schumann had views of his own. The career of a loving wife and mother seemed to him above that of a concert giver; and as regards teaching, he once wrote to her: "That you give lessons is well, but when you come to be my own you must not do that any more; it will then be my duty."

was only \$750 a year (of which some \$75 came from the sale of his compositions). this, she wrote to him, she could add the same amount (\$750), if they lived in Vienna, by giving an annual concert, and another similar sum by giving one lesson daily.

In one respect Schumann did not share the opinions of his time regarding woman's sphere and powers. He did not discourage Clara's efforts to compose, but assisted her the result being that she wrote some of the best songs ever penned by a woman, songs which, oddly, reflect Mendelssohn's spirit rather than Schumann's. In 1839, however, she wrote modestly: "There was a time when I thought I had talent for composing, but I have changed my mind. A woman ought not to want to compose; none has ever succeeded in it—should I be destined for it? To think that would be an exhibition of conceit to which no one but my father formerly could have prompted me."

Wieck had asked for a delay of two years and his daughter had consented; so Robert fixed the marriage date for Easter, 1840; but many things happened in the meantime

The lovers found opportunity for many more or less clandestine meetings, and when they could not see each other they sought soin art. "How love does make one appreciative of all that is beautiful!" wrote Clara; "music is now to me quite a different thing from what it used to be. . . . oh, how beautiful is music, how often my consolation when I feel like weeping!"

Wieck introduced other men of distinction to Clara in the hope that she might give up Robert; but in vain. "Strange!" she wrote, but no other man pleases me, I am dead to

all; for one only do I live—for my Robert."

When Wieck found that this method led to no results, his wrath increased. Clara saw him write "never will I give my consent" and doubly underscore the words; whereupon she wrote to Robert: "What I had feared has happened; I must do it without his consent, without the parental blessing. That is painful! But what would I not do for you! Everything,

AMPLE TO A MALE

"If that is the ease," Robert answered, "if he will never consent, why wait two yearswhy not take the law in our hands and get married at once?" He had transferred his home and his weekly paper, the Neue Zeit-schrift fur Music, to Vienna, because Wieck had promised to consent to his marriage anywhere except in Leipzig; but that, he found, had been a mere ruse, to gain time. Wieck became more and more agitated. He threatened that if his daughter refused to give up Schu-mann he would disinherit her and begin a suit which would last four or five years.

For a time Clara was intimidated. She wrote Robert that the marriage would have to be postponed unless he could bring legal proof that his income approximated \$1,500 a year. He figured out what he got from several sources, and it barely exceeded \$1,000, which, however, seemed to him quite sufficient for a loving couple. A second letter from Clara on this subject displeased him so that he destroyed it. However, peace was soon restored, and Robert now proceeded to write a note to Wieck in which he once more formally demanded his daughter's hand. "We are in need of rest after these terrible struggles; you owe it to yourself, to Clara, and to me,

Wieck now gave his consent, subject to six conditions regarding residence and Clara's property and inheritance, conditions which made it impossible to regard it as a real compromise. "There is nothing left but to invoke the courts," Robert wrote to Clara. "The Yet depend on it, that friendly relations will again be established later on. He is, after all, the father of my dear, good, hearty Clara, and I promise you that when once we are united, I shall do all I can do to conciliate him."

When Clara refused to accept her father's conditions, he became more furious than ever. He wrote her a letter which, as she informed her lover, was "so extremely insulting that I asked myself in dismay If it could have been written by my own father." He also refused to hand over to her the money she had earned at recitals, on the ground that she owed it to him in payment for the thousand lessons he

His conduct for a time resembled that of a madman rather than a parent. Clara's chief rival was the popular pianist Kamilla Pleyed. To her Wieck paid great homage, accompanying her to her concerts, turning her leaves, and indulging in other acts calculated to hurt his own daughter. When the court took up the pending suit, he talked so vehemently that he had to be called to order. He accused Schumann of being a heavy drinker-a false charge which caused the lovers inexpressible agony.

The mania for persecution reached its climax in an anonymous letter Wieck wrote to Clara, containing violent denunciations of Schumann. He expected her to get this letter just before her great recital in Berlin, which he hoped it would turn into failure by bringing her to the verge of nervous prostration. For-tunately, the recital had to be postponed be-cause of a slight injury to her hand.

The court to which Wieck had applied dismissed, after a year's delay, his charges as trivial and insufficient. As he did not appeal the case, there was no further impediment to the marriage, which was quietly celebrated on September 12, 1840. What Schumann had called their "superhuman patience" was rewarded by a happy union, both conjugal and artistic. Without neglecting her domestic duties, she continued to play, making the world acquainted with her husband's masterworks, which she still inspired by her sympathy, as during their days of courtship. Wieck was conciliated and happiness hovered over the conciliated and happiness hovered over the