

MODERN CIRCUS RUNAWAY HAS A HARD ROW TO HOE

Times Have Changed Since Get Rich Quick Era Of Barnum And Other Magnates of the Ring Top Tent

Do boys still run away from home to join the circus? A. L. Webb claims that while the supply far exceeds the demand, the army of runaway boys is dwindling year by year. Mr. Webb is in a position to know, says George F. Worts in Every Week. He has had charge of the cook tent in many circuses, and that happens to be an excellent point of observation, where the boy is concerned.

Mr. Webb who could probably teach the commissary department of an army a few tricks about the efficient feeding of hungry men, estimates that in spite of the falling per centage, the circus with which he was connected last season was approached by no fewer than a thousand boys, all eager to carry water to the "rubber mules"—which is sawdust ring language for "elephants." Mr. Webb has "trouped" 27 consecutive seasons. In that time the number of boys ambitious to quench the elephants' thirst has steadily diminished.

Carrying water to the elephants is now a tradition of the rosy past—a good job gone, never to return; the wagons now do the work of a hundred strong boys. Unpleasant tasks have taken its place.

Unfold Chairs Now

In the springtime of our youth, you and I watered the "rubber mules" and helped to hold canvas. The new generation of runaways unfolds chairs, or in rare and privileged cases, carries water to the workmen. Unfolding chairs is an arduous task—but it is one of the most important parts of the circus routine. The boy who desires to earn his way into the afternoon performance finds, too, that conditions have changed. If he is on hand early enough in the morning, and unfolding chairs is distinctly a before-breakfast job—he is usually tired enough when show time arrives to sleep comfortably through the entire performance.

The permanent runaway can be considered unusually lucky if the circus will have him nowadays. In the past, when circus men followed the rule of Barnum, which was based on the belief that people enjoyed paying money to be fooled, the circus life used to be an adventurous game of chance. When the circus came to town, ran shell games, indulged in pocket-picking, pink lemonade and other milder means of relieving the populace of its superfluous wealth, the runaway boy was accepted with no questions asked.

No Pink Lemonade

Now that the shell game and pink lemonade are no longer sanctioned, the runaway is confronted by a list of questions, sternly administered, before which he usually weakens. No modern circus will consider his application unless it is accompanied by the permission of parent or guardian. This measure was not put into effect necessarily for moral reasons, but because the time of a circus

is too valuable to be tampered with by angry parents.

In effect, most of the boys who run away to join the circus now are orphans. That was not always the case. I remember running away one time after having indulged in a certain type of literature, to join Buffalo Bill's chosen band, because my parents did not understand me. Probably you have had the same experience at some trying period of your sheltered past.

One custom established when the circus was a very young institution, still exists—the small boy—and the large boy, for that matter—invariably applies for a job at the cook tent.

Runaway a "Plunky."

The runaway who sticks almost invariably becomes a "plunky," washing dishes between meals and at meal times obeying the royal commands of trapeze performers, bareback riders, clowns and other denizens of the sawdust ring.

With most boys the glamor of circus life is rubbed off before the end of the first week, when they reappear at home with the saddened aspect of men who have seen life at its very bitterest. As a matter of fact, the romantic appeal of the circus is felt only slightly by the modern boy. The yellow backed novels devoted to the adventures of Tony, whose brutal parents caused him to seek the solace of the circus, where he became by heroic stunts, ringmaster, are out of circulation now. The devotion to this stirring literature has been transferred by the newer generation to boy scout magazines. Youthful ideals are now shaped to a better purpose. With the inspiration of hay-loft literature gone, the old impulse to run away dies.

The 1917 model of circus runaway is no longer recruited from the ranks of the romance seeker. He is a youthful vagabond, lacking the staying power of the earlier types. Many of the prominent circus executives of to-day ran away to the circus in their youth. The runaway of to-day joins, not because of the old-time glamor, but from force of circumstances. He is hungry; he drifts where his stomach will; he properly attended to. That type of boy rarely makes a successful executive. In the circus or anywhere else.

COTTON CROP

By Courier Leased Wire
Washington, Aug. 2.—This year's cotton crop is forecasted at 11,949,000 equivalent 500 pound bales by the department of agriculture, which based its estimate on the condition of the crop on July 25, which was announced as 70.3 per cent. of a normal.

Last year the total production was 11,449,930 bales, and the condition of the crop on July 25 a year ago was 72.3.



Rippling Rhymes

I went to buy a dachshund pup down at the village store. "The war has sent the prices up," the dealer roundly swore. No matter what we buy, forsooth, the price thereof's a shame; and if the dealer speaks the truth, the war is all to blame. They've raised the price of paths and shaves, of figs and of vines, of cradles, of shampoos, shirts and shaves. They've raised the price until in vain we try to play the game, and hear the merchant prince explain that war is all to blame. So I'm heroic when I spend my coin for bread and grease,

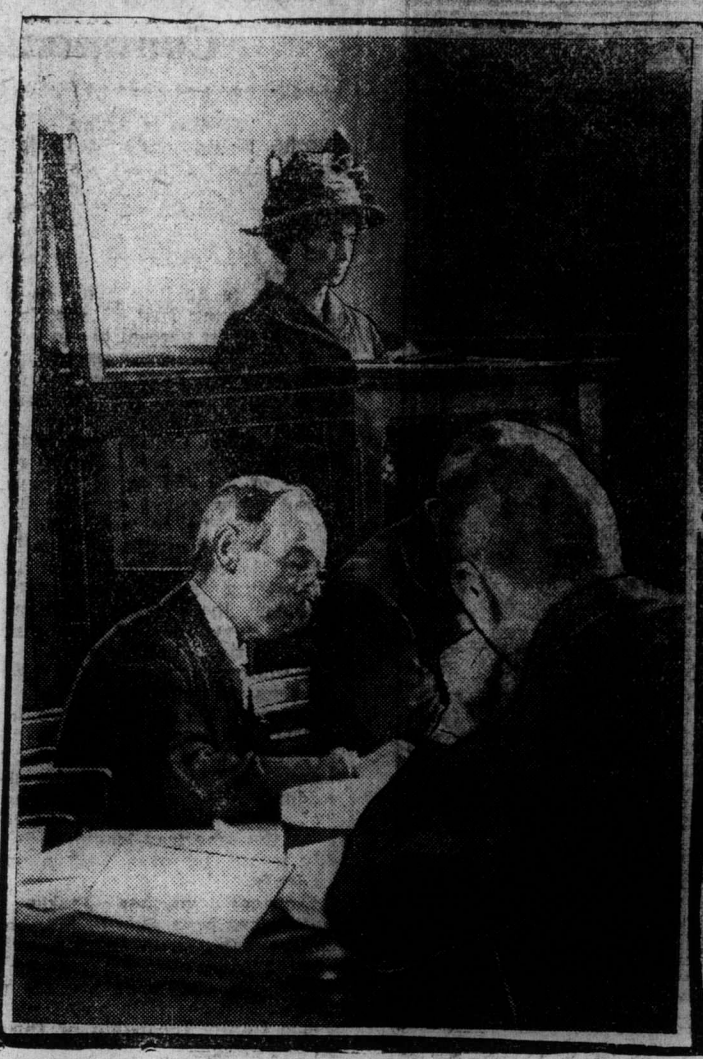
War Prices.
and say I'll do it to end, before I'll sue for peace. War's horrors cannot haunt my soul, though prices still soar high; so long as I possess a roll, I'll buy, and buy, and buy. And when the fearful strife is done, I'll weigh too much to wield a gun, by nearly half a pound. But I blew in a goodly sum and thus gave timely aid, to make the marts of commerce hum, amid the marts of trade. And all the push will hand me praise, though I am shy of scars; they'll deck my bulging bag with bay and bays, and touch me with cigars.

How Thousands of British Families Are Helping Production



Food production in England has been largely increased by the cultivation of small plots of ground. Thousands of city families especially Londoners cultivate small garden patches and many families have erected places like this, on allotments as they are called.

AIR RAID SUFFERER IN WITNESS BOX



This picture was taken at the coroner's inquest on victims of the big aeroplane raid on London. A woman who was widowed in the witness box. It is very unsatisfactory and it is not very comforting to know that the raiders got clear of the country without getting a scratch," said Coroner Westcott.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE STAGE AND SCREEN

SLAPSTICK'S SORROWS.

Being a funny man is a sad, sad job. Bobby Dunn says so, and he ought to know, for he is one of the most comical comies who draws a weekly wage at the Mack Sennett studio.

For example, in a recent picture, he is thrown into a lake, he is shot, he is slugged, in fact, there are mighty few things that don't happen to him with more or less violence during the piece.

"Of course it's all right for the public, for all they have to do is sit in easy chairs and laugh at you but I wonder how most of them would like to do those stunts themselves."

"Just remember that many a time the funny suit and make up cover a multitude of bruises." But don't imagine for a moment that Bobby Dunn is as pessimistic as this sounds. As a matter of fact, he is the little sunshine of the Sennett studios, always ready for a lark and a devotee of the great outdoors. When he isn't working, Bobby Dunn is the cutest little baseball rooster in Los Angeles and he never misses the Tuesday night boxing matches.

"You can't beat this California life," he maintains, and is even willing to argue that the very soil he lands on when he's thrown over a cliff, is softer than that boasted by any other state.

"And of course," remarked the interviewer, "you have always wanted to play Hamlet, and your life was spoiled when you were cast as a comedian."

"Nix," yelled Bobby, "don't put that in. 'But I really did want to be a jockey, though now I'm glad the hunch missed fire. Comedy making in California for mine, all the time.'"

SUFFICIENTLY SMOOTH.

Just a little bit of inside information in regards to the "Kolb and Dill production 'Beloved Rogues.' Some of the big scenes in the five-reel play are set in a hardware store. Here it is that Mike and Louie (Kolb and Dill) earn their daily bread and here it is that they set out to "do" the

Hardware Trust as they were "done" by the trust.

As you remember Dill was married a short while ago and of course being busy at the studio every day, as is his wife, they have had not time to furnish their "cottage by the sea." When Dill heard that the company had to get in a great supply of hardware for the store in the production he saw a way to save the company some little money and also save his own bankroll.

Dill went to Kolb and confided in him his great plan. He told Kolb that as long as everyone at the studio was a pretty good friend of his he thought that it might be a good idea for Kolb to ask the mail to give him and his wife a kitchen shower and the tinware could be used in the store in "Beloved Rogues."

Strange to relate, everyone fell for the bright "idea" and the next night the biggest "kitchen shower" ever held was given at the American studio.

GERMANY DENIES CAUSING THE WAR

Brands As False Reports Of Teuton Conference In July 1914

By Courier Leased Wire.
Berlin, Aug. 1.—Via Copenhagen

An official statement issued by the German Government says: "The Times of London and the other enemy agencies following it are spreading a report about a conference alleged to have been held in the presence of the Emperor at Potsdam July 5, 1914, at which the political and military personages in Germany and Austria-Hungary took part and at which a plan was prepared to let loose the war."

"The Wolff Bureau is authorized to declare the statements with all their details pure inventions. Neither on the day named nor on any other day in July did such a joint conference occur either with or without the participation of the emperor. "Moreover we again declare that the German Government abstained from any intervention in drafting the Austria ultimatum to Serbia and that the German Government was completely ignorant of the contents of the ultimatum before its despatch. "The Times supports its false allegations on statements made by Deputy Cohn in the main committee of the reichstag. The statement of the deputy was immediately refuted in committee by the government as incorrect."

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CANADA'S YOUNGEST SOLDIER LAD DEAD

Auguste Doris, French-Canadian, Enlisted at Fifteen Years

IS KILLED IN ACTION

Boy Donned Brother's Long Trousers To Pass Recruiting Officer

(Montreal Star.)

Have you heard the story of little Auguste Doris, said to be the youngest fighting soldier in the Canadian army? You would have had you been down to his parents' modest little home at 3 Dufresne street. Auguste is no more. He has paid the supreme sacrifice. His mother has received formal notification that he was presumed dead. He was last seen going 'over the top' on the Somme. He was seen to stagger. He fell. No news has ever since been heard of his whereabouts. Hence, says officialdom, he is dead.

Just Turned Fifteen.

Auguste Doris enlisted when he had just turned his fifteenth year. That was on Labor Day, 1915. He was a schoolboy when he joined the 69th. He had tried to enlist previously, but the recruiting officers smiling, shook him away.

In July, 1915, Auguste's big brother, Wilfrid was accepted for the 57th French-Canadians. That settled it, as far as Auguste was concerned.

But let his mother tell the story. "From that time on," she said to the Star, "our dear little Auguste spoke of nothing else than enlisting. We used to laugh at him, pat him on the head and tell him to go out and play and be a good boy. Yet he always persisted."

"Mother," he would say, "I want to go and fight. And when he was with his playmates he would play soldier. When Wilfrid came home Auguste would dress himself up in the soldier tunic, cap and belt, and march around the house. Wilfrid to amuse him used to drill him, 'but him thru his facings,' as you say in English. This made the lad wild with joy. And his joy was complete when Wilfrid told him he drilled very well."

The martial spirit thus engendered, it appears but impelled the youngster, the more to try to enlist. He was a big, well set up boy, for his age, clean-cut, broad shouldered, muscular. In fact, his mother says, he did not look in stature, unlike a boy of seventeen. Athletic sports had made him muscular. He was always a good hand in a tussle with his boy companions. But there was one great obstacle to his enlistment, argued the lad. Those terrible pants had foiled him before. They would fold him again. And then a bright idea struck him. He spoke of it to no one.

The Great Idea

On Labor Day, 1915, a well set up, stately, broad-shouldered, clean-cut recruit presented himself before Lieut.-Col. Danseure. The officer gave him the "once over" and found him an ideal candidate for the forces. He was eighteen years old, single; he passed all the physical tests. He was accepted. He was sworn in and became a member of the 69th.

On the night of the same day Auguste Doris danced into his home, gleefully announcing that he had enlisted with the 69th. French-Canadians, and was now one of the fighting men of Canada. The parents were against. They thought he was joking. They laughed at the idea. Then they noticed something—their grandson "short pants" boy was attired in "longs." The secret was out.

Auguste ruminating on his inability to be accepted under the old attire, and further ruminating on the fact that his brother Wilfrid had no further use for his civilian clothes, had reached a conclusion. It was the idea above referred to. So, quietly appropriating a pair of the "longs," he proceeded to the shed, donned them and sailed forth.

Of course he felt anything but at ease. Every man knows how the boy felt. All have been there. But conquering his misgivings the lad finally made his way uptown and by the time he reached recruiting headquarters felt somewhat more at ease. The long were put on and parcel of him. It was without a wince that he faced the recruiting officers. Without a ditto he told them he was eighteen. And they could not but believe him.

The "Boy" Stuck

The night the 69th left town Auguste's mother was at the train, and pleaded with Lieut.-Col. Danseure to give her son his discharge.

"Certainly, madam, right away. Take the boy with you," replied Col. Danseure.

But the "boy" would have none of it. He showed he was still a boy, for he cried, "Mother, let me go. It's no use stopping me. I want to fight. If you won't let me go with the 69th I will run away and enlist with another regiment."

The mother yielded. Now the boy is dead, and his brother lies dangerously wounded in a military hospital. "It has cost me much," said Mrs. Doris. "I have aged in those past two years. I mourn my son—my little boy. I grieve over my other boy and yet with all, I am proud of them both—proud that they give the life to those narrow-minded bigots—soudrrels, I call them—who say that French-Canadians are cowards and have not and will not do their duty to their country."

NORSE STEAMER SUNK

By Courier Leased Wire
Bergen, Norway, Aug. 1.—The Norwegian Steamship Cavis has been torpedoed at a point 20 miles to sea from Holmgroa. One passenger and one sailor were killed. The crew of the vessel has arrived here.

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RUSSIANS LAUNCH FRESH OFFENSIVE

Partial Success Is Vain Galicia, But With Heavy Losses

London, Aug. 1.—The first of a partial offensive by the Russians in Galicia, in the direction of the Carpathians, is announced today by War Office. A hostile position carried in this movement.

South-west of Kimpolung, the southern end of the fight the Russians were forced back what in the region of Negre were also compelled to retire to the east of Germent between the Dniester and the Bug.

The statement says the suffered great losses when forced to retire across the Zbruzh river.

Austro-German troops have new advances in the east theatre, according to the official report. The Russian on the Horodenska-Czernowicz way, says the army headquarters, penetrated a portion of the Casin and Putna valleys in the enemy losing, between 28, ninety-eight guns and 4,500 prisoners. The enemy sixty kilometres (36 miles) to a depth of between 12 kilometres.

The Petrograd Report says the text of the Russian statement follows: "Western front: To the south of Brody, in the Dublezharka after strong artillery preparation enemy attacked our position penetrated a portion of the Casin and Putna valleys in the enemy losing, between 28, ninety-eight guns and 4,500 prisoners. The enemy sixty kilometres (36 miles) to a depth of between 12 kilometres.

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"In Galicia, in the direction of the Zbruzh, north-east of Zborozh, our troops began offensive, attacking the enemy in the region of Grimalov and the position by assault. "Repeated attempts of the enemy to cross the River Zborozh, north-east of Zborozh were repulsed. Yesterday superior forces enemy attacked our positions in the Zborozh and the Dniester, region of Zalucy Germanovka, confluence of the Biskupie and our troops after a battle, which stubbornly contested in places tire across the Zbruzh river, suffered great losses, especially the officers.

"Between the Dniester and Pruth the enemy yesterday continued to make persistent attacks, along the southern banks of the Dniester and the road to Czernowicz. After repelling a series of attacks troops were forced to retire what to the east of Germent. "In the Carpathian region Siptul insignificant enemy were beaten off. In the region of Bratza we retired a little. "Rumanian front: South-west of Kimpolung, in the region of the enemy attacked our troops thrust them back a little to the west of Germent. "The German Official The Berlin war office reported Wednesday said: "Front of Prince Leopold army group of von Boehm-Ermolow, pushing forward to the southeast, north of the Dniester, the enemy, who had pushed himself for a battle behind the Zbruzh river, was driven back into the river bend of between the Dniester and the Bug. Our shock group broke through Russian positions on the Horodenska-Czernowicz railway line where its own wing repulsed a strong attack near Iwankoutz.

"Front of Archduke Joseph the northeastern spur and in the central portion of the wooded Carpathians German and Austro-Hungarian divisions captured in an offensive stubbornly-defended villages, approaches and several enemy attacks.

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