

on the floor of the big armory. They listened with half hearted attention to the early exercises. Shortly after 10 o'clock there was a great rush toward the stage. Two darkies had appeared there as if they had suddenly sprung out of the ground. The clear notes of a bugle sounded, the militia men got in line and marched through the crowd, cutting a line like a knife, and formed in a hollow square. A table was carried in and placed in the center and a snow white cake set on it. People became excited. They crowded up against the lines of soldier boys. They climbed upon booths, and on chairs and tables. The band gave some signs of life, and a moment later every instrument broke out in one of those grand bursts of noise that announces the entrance of some dignitary. It was "Doc" Brown. He had just passed through the line of soldiers at the north-east corner of the race course and was followed by four or five persons of his own race and three or four boys in burnt cork. One of these was dressed as a woman and wore crinoline. The band drifted off quickly from its bedlam of noise to the sweet strains of "The Darkey's Dream" and "Doc" Brown and his black followers walked down the line, bowing and scraping. The people broke out in one roar

lowers walked down the line, bowing and scraping. The people broke out in one roar of applause. The cake walk had begun.

"Doc" Brown didn't smile. That pliable face of his didn't show a wrinkle. He wore his walking shoes in this contest. They were once made to order—for another man. His trousers were a trifle long and feather edged. He wore a Prince Albert coat with two buttons shy. On the left lapel there was a calico

butterfly as large as a blackbird. On the other side was an artificial rose a trifle smaller than a cabbage. His necktie was a dazzling combination of colors. His collar stood up when he began to walk but gradually wilted. He carried a battle scarred silk hat and a small rattan cane with a ball on the end. He walked up and down, keeping time to the music, and when the band fooled him and dropped "The Darkey's Dream" like a hot potato and as suddenly picked up "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay,"

"Doc" shifted his feet and paced to the new music as gracefully as Lottie Collins ever did. One by one the other darkies dropped out of the race and finally "Doc" Brown was left to go under the wire alone. Alderman Fred Gunn, Colonel L. E. Irwin and others had been chosen judges and they gave the cake to Brown. The people indorsed the selection with a roar of applause and Colonel Irwin awarded the prize to the man "with gazelle like stride."

A speech was demanded. "Doc" Brown climbed up in a chair, his face covered with perspiration, and bowed like a weeping willow. He told in a few large words about his various conquests in the arena of cakes, and got down and, with his cake under his arm, disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him.