

WHEN HE SANG AND DANCED.

COUNCILMAN ANDY FOLEY WAS ONCE A BURNT CORK ARTIST.

His Former Partner in a Song and Dance Team Visits Kansas City and Grows Reminiscent of His Early Associations With the Second Ward Member—Perils of a Trip in Brazil.

Thomas McLaughlin of Lancaster, Pa., is in the city. The fact which lends most interest to Mr. McLaughlin's visit to Kansas City is that he is a former partner of Andrew P. Foley, member of the lower house of the city council, in the theatrical business. Until yesterday Messrs. McLaughlin and Foley had not met for ten years. A little over a decade ago they were at the head of the then famous Mack & Foley minstrel and song and dance company. Thomas McLaughlin, who is now a fairly well to do man, was then "Tommy Mack."

McLaughlin's eccentric and peculiar sayings netted him great success on the stage and considerable money just as Andy Foley's did. Some of Councilman Foley's striking remarks since becoming a member of the council, his characterization of Banker Mellon of Pittsburg as a "chilly old mark" and other trite sayings have been used to some extent in the current conversation and literature of the period. Few people here know that Mr. Foley was at one time a well known song and dance man in the east. Many of the old timers in the theatrical business will remember, however, the firm of Mack and Foley.

Mr. McLaughlin became reminiscent yesterday afternoon. He had a big scrap book with him and assisted by it he was enabled to recall many interesting episodes in the adventurous careers of himself and Councilman Foley when they were very young men.

"When Dom Pedro visited the United States in 1876," said Mr. McLaughlin, "he was greatly impressed with the railroad system of transportation in this country. He became very much attached to the idea that he should have a like system in his empire. The outcome was Collins Bros.' great railroad expedition to South America. Collins Bros. were the greatest contractors of that period. The firm selected Foley and myself as two of their foremen. We marched down to the wharf one day with two gangs of men to embark on the Metropolis.

"FOLEY WAS ALWAYS LUCKY."

"The great ship was loaded down with locomotives and iron rails. Foley and I were both very young men at that time, of adventurous spirits and anxious to embark for the new country. When Foley came aboard the ship he looked about at its heavy ballast and critically looked it over from stem to stern just as if he was a connoisseur and said:

"Mack, this boat is no good and I don't want to ride on it."

"The outcome was that we and all our men waited a week for the embarkation of the City of Richmond. The Metropolis sunk in a storm off Cape Hatteras and 400 people were lost; the City of Richmond weathered the storm. Foley always was a lucky man.

"Well, the City of Richmond after the storm coaled up at St. Thomas. We went on to Rio Janeiro and went up the Amazon river 1,800 miles, as far as the falls of San Antone. There a road was to have been built as far as Bolivia."

Here "Tommy Mack" fell back into his old minstrel dialect.

LIVED ON PARROTS AND MONKEYS.

"The road was sure a frost. What? I mean a failure. It was not completed and never has been. The thickets were almost impenetrable. Men engaged on the work fell by the score with breakbone fever to die. What is breakbone fever? It is the most terrible, to my mind, known to man. The whites of the eyes turn yellow, the blood coagulates and the bones actually crumble into decay before death. Death ensues in nine cases out of ten. The enterprise became bankrupt and the men were not paid. They would have starved had they not lived on the game which abounded in those thickets and along the river. What was the game? Parrots and monkeys. Andy Foley and I lived on that kind of game for a month and it was pretty good eating, too, in the absence of anything else.

GAME IN THE TROPICS.

"Parrots were so plentiful that they could be caught like snowbirds. Andy and I were taken down with breakbone fever, but recovered in a short time. We managed to get to Rio Janeiro on a boat which had originally come up the Amazon loaded with railroad material. There we met a captain of a vessel who offered to take us back to America.

"There were strange customs at that time in old Dom Pedro's domain. Instead of milk wagons in the towns there were men who drove around a lot of cows who were milked for just whatever quantity the customer wanted."

Again Mr. "Mack" dropped in a light vein:

"You see the guy that drove his cattle around from house to house would just milk them for a pint or quart, whatever was desired. Some people have laughed at this statement. Now they would have a right to if I said the cows carried cash registers on their backs on which the amount of milk and receipts were rung up. But I always stuck to facts.

SHOOK DOM PEDRO'S "MIT."

"Andy and I have shook old Dom Pedro's mit a hundred times. He was very enthusiastic over the railroad project and was nearly like an American so far as enterprise was concerned. When we started back to the United States with the captain we met in Rio Janeiro he very calmly informed us that he would expect us to put a coat of paint on the vessel to pay for our passage. He acted very different when out of sight of land from the way he did when we were all drinking kasash together in Rio Janeiro. Kasash is a milky looking fluid with much the taste and smell of gin and it is all you could get in that section at the time. Well, we did our best trying to paint the ship. It was a case of doing something all the time. We landed at Brooklyn just under the bridge when they only had one cable strung across. Not long after our return Foley and I gave an entertainment with a company of first class people in Lancaster. For many years we were partners."

Councilman Foley stood by while Mr. McLaughlin was relating some of their experiences when scarcely more than boys. Some of them were exceedingly interesting. Regarding the month the two spent 1,800 miles from the mouth of the Amazon when without provisions Mr. Foley said: "The parrots were shot like quail and the monkeys like rabbits. We had to eat them to live." The councilman then produced an old scrap book, tattered and worn, which Mr. McLaughlin had brought with him from Lancaster. In it were lithograph cuts of "Mack and Foley" and a hundred press notices of their entertainments as black and white face comedians. One was a clipping, yellow with time, which said among other things:

"Our young townsman, Andy Foley, appeared with great credit on the stage. He sang 'My Only Daughter' and 'The Day I Played Base Ball' and was heartily cheered.