

VOLUME I

14:3

PATTER CHATTER

BY
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"TREBLIG"

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Preface

THE author in issuing this little book has but one object in view—to give his fellow magical workers a few threads along the line of comedy patter, which may be woven in a varied manner by each individual performer to suit his particular personality and the nature of the work he or she may be undertaking in the public field.

A performer with a cheerful line of talk will always appear to be the master of every situation and the audience will appreciate it. Plenty of talk along humorous lines not only is entertaining to the average audience, but it will carry you over many critical points in magic work, for its use in misdirection cannot be overestimated. Do not attempt to commit to memory the patter as set down in this book and recite it as though it were a prepared speech, but create the idea at all times that you are using impromptu patter that has come to you as you worked.

By all means use as much local matter as possible without becoming offensive.

Genteel reference to persons, places, etc. that your audience is familiar with always makes a hit.

INTRODUCTION PATER

Ladies and Gentlemen: Before beginning my part of the program this evening, I wish on behalf of myself to offer a few words in the nature of an explanation and apology in being able to present to you my original act of magic and sleight of hand. Unfortunately, at the last moment, the stage manager (or committee on entertainment), Mr. So-and-so, made me promise to cut all magical experiments from my repertoire. Their (or his) method of gagging me was as unkind as well as brutal and in justice to you and myself, I don't mind giving you all the harrowing details.

As is customary, I ran through my various experiments with the line of talk I intended to use in explaining my various effects and when to my surprise and mortification, I was told that I would under no circumstances be allowed to present an act of a magical nature to-night, I asked for an explanation and was told that a large percentage of the audience this evening would be composed of ladies and they positively would not allow any profanity during the program or entertainment. I explained that I used no profanity during my act.

The Committee admitted such to be true, but said the audience would when they saw my attempt to do magic. With your consent, I accept your apology and will endeavor to entertain you to the best of my ability in a few interesting experiments, that are along lines of a scientific nature, and will attempt to present a few effects that are almost magical. Before I go any further, let me say that I don't claim to be a magician. I never told any one I was, nor has any one accused me of being such.

CHINESE RICE BOWLS

Properties: Two soup bowls with edges ground to a round celluloid disk same diameter as bowls, bag of rice, magic tea canister, an ink lozenge, also one of yellow or orange wax. both stuck on side of empty bowl toward you with conjuring wax. File or grind a spot on bowl for this as the glaze will hold secure. If production of laundry ticket effect is desired, prepare by using a mixture of dry plate or velox developer in bowl in place of water. The paper produced from canister prepared by previously printing Chinese characters on it with Velox, Cyco, or some other developing out photo paper.

Bequest of

Harry Houdini
April 1927

for a negative make stencil from black paper, or paint out in black on a sheet of wax paper, forming the desired figures. Print very strong so when dipped in bowl of developer the so-named laundry tickets appear like a flash. Stick around bowl as you produce.

Patter: What I am about to show you is of oriental origin that I feel quite proud of. It is a series of mysterious effects, that are known to but two persons in this entire universe, myself and a heathen Chinese named Oh Gee Wash, a resident of China. China, you know, is situated on a desert named Toolong, that is, the name is too long for me to pronounce or you to remember. The reason that China's soil is of a desert-like dryness, was never made known to mankind until a few years ago while traveling in the Orient, I myself, discovered the real cause and to-night make it known publicly for the first time.

As probably, but very few of you know, rice is about 95% of the product of China and the fact that it is an amphibious article, it absorbs all the moisture from the ground and solves the mystery why the Chinese never start a laundry in their own country. Just think of it, they claim that one grain of rice consumes $9 \frac{1}{13}$ quarts of water from the time it is planted until it fully matures. No wonder they all come to this country and make us wear starched stockings and eat their infernal Slop Chewey.

But there is one exception to all this and I had the pleasure of witnessing all that I hope to show you to-night. This exception was, Oh Gee Wash, a native of Canton, Ohio—I mean China—that had solved the problem of running a successful laundry in his own country. He overcame all obstacles and with his meagre resources, became one of China's most successful laundrymen. During my short stay with this Oriental Wonder Worker, I finally persuaded him to demonstrate to me, how he had overcome such unsurmountable obstacles and was making such success in the laundry business with water so scarce and precious as to be almost a mere luxury for the rich. If you will now follow me closely, I shall duplicate, as near as I can, some of the wonderful things this mysterious Oh Gee Wash, showed me that day.

First, I show you this empty bowl, which I fill with rice from Desert of Toolong. I next cover it with bowl No. 2 and raising it on high, I pronounce that mysterious talismanic series of words, Fooey, fooley, foong, and I show you the rice has multiplied to double its quantity. Leveling it off to the

original amount, I again place bowl No. 2 on and raise the aloft where you may all see the wonderful transformation taking place. Once more those talismanic words and we have changed our rice into pure, clear, sparkling water, making it possible, you see, to do some washing right now if any one has brought their bundle with them this evening. No! Fortunately, Oh Gee Wash was better patronized than I am, he wouldn't have lasted long enough to get his hands clean and his feet wet. Some women drop in and leave their yellow Kimonos to be laundered and he gets busy, but I'm afraid he is going to realize what the real Yellow Peril is, for he has washed all the color out of them.

The Chinese race, as you know, are not noted for being overcleanly and at the end of the day, we find that the wash water has become pretty dark and dirty. This would, at one time seem unfortunate to the casual observer. Don't be deceived for such is not the case.

A great many of you have heard of rice paper, but, I do not say, none of you are familiar with the method of its manufacture. Watch me! I'll show you how simple it is. I place some rice in this tea canister, put on the cover, hold on tight and say Flooey Kow Zow and here we have rice paper. Now if there is anyone who has a package of Duke's Mixture, I'll show you something else even more interesting.

As you already have observed, this poor illiterate Chinese man has made use of every resource at his command and in this case, there is no exception, for he dips these blank pieces of rice paper in his dirty wash water and Presto! he has his laundry tickets all ready in spite of the fact that he can neither read nor write, this bringing to an end, a long day's work. I thank you.

TWENTIETH CENTURY FLAG TRICK

Properties: A double silk handkerchief (blue), a red silk handkerchief, a United States Flag (silk) tied to corner of blue handkerchief and tucked smoothly inside, a duplicate of this flag, a handkerchief pull or vanisher, and a water goblet.

Patter: This trick I am about to show you is of a patriotic nature and any one that don't applaud will automatically brand him or herself as a traitor of the dyest deep.

I take this red and blue silk, two of the principal colors of the grandest flag that ever fluttered in the ozone, and tie them together so and rolling them up in this manner I will place them in this glass where they may be plainly seen by all those present. I'll go still further and allow the handsomest lady in the audience to hold my hand, I mean the glass, I am afraid I had too many glasses before the show for I almost said something I hadn't ought to have said. Now this lady over here looks as though she might be the very one to help me with this very pretty experiment. Thank you, hold it tight and don't let the handkerchiefs get away from you.

I now take this pretty silk flag, funny how a few glasses makes you want to get gushy and say everything is pretty and handsome and dear and all that sort of thing. Anyhow, I take this lovely flag and waving it up and down in this manner—say, what's wrong? Either I am slipping or else this flag is. I believe it's getting away from me. I wish I hadn't taken those last five glasses before I came on. Gracious am I seeing things? Why the flag is gone. I certainly must sign the pledge.

Young lady, have you seen anything of a perfectly dear silk flag about so gross (hold hands apart to indicate size). You know they are wearing colors so much this season that I wouldn't be surprised a bit if you had it. Now I don't really want to embarrass you but may I ask what is that you have hidden between those silk handkerchiefs you are holding.

Now I think that was kind of mean of you to hide that flag there and not let anyone see you do it. Don't you dare to do such a thing again.

PASSE PASSE BOTTLES AND GLASSES.

Properties: Two metal covers, two metal bottles that nest and are painted glossy black, and two glasses, with stems that fit inside the bottles, and a quantity of wine or colored water in the upper part of one of the bottles.

Patter: Here is something that teaches us a lesson that we won't ever forget, for the mystery attached to this trick and the various articles used is so unfathomable that the more I try to demonstrate their weird powers, the more I am convinced that they are the product of that great departed arch demon—Ala ma-gusalum.

For instance altho this cover is smaller than the other one, yet it invisibly expands as I pass it over the other one and so

easily that it seems no effort at all, and likewise it passes over this bottle and glass, and in fact I can put this glass over the cover, and put the cover and glass inside the bottle, but I won't. Why, I refuse to tell.

This much I will say, if I did you might think some of us ought to change our habits or liquor, so I won't take a chance.

But to go on further, I take this glass and fill it full of some perfectly good wine I got at (use name of some local wine seller.) It came out of a special bottle he keeps. I think it's marked "Iceman's Special" or something like that.

Now I cover the bottle with this magic cover and the "Iceman's Delight" with the other cover and, allowing my spirit guide, the Great Guckenheimer, a brief moment to cast a spell over the two cylinders of mystery, I once more raise them and find Guck old boy has been on the job for now we have the bottle where the glass of "Iceman's Dream" was and the "Iceman's Elixir" over here.

I'll put them on once more and call on my friend Guck to throw her on high. A little more gas and here we are back home again, with the bottle over here and the "Iceman's Cold finvarnish" over here. With the permission I will now treat myself to a glass of this special brew.

You see the covers, bottles and glass are still under a magic spell for once more I slip the covers over each other, the bottle over the tray, the tray over the bottle, glass over the cover, cover over itself, etc., and if any of you don't like the trick, please give me a little kind applause and I promise not to repeat it again.

EGG BAG AND EGG TRICK

Properties: Egg bag with secret lining making a double compartment and egg, preferably a celluloid or wooden one. In absence of either, a blown one will answer.

Patter: For this experiment, I shall use this pretty red sack, this pretty punk egg and some of your patience. This is a long, sad story and if there are any ladies present that have a tendency to be hysterical, I pray thee, depart!

There was once upon a time a very fussy, absent-minded old hen that in a misguided moment imagined she was the foster parent of an egg she found one day, stamped "Cold Storage Department, X, Sept. 1870." She spent all her time fussing with this ancient egg of hers before she finally decided to put it in this nest I hold in my mit. To make sure it was a safe

place to put her precious treasure, she put her offspring under her wing and turning the nest inside out and outside in and beating it to beat the band (not the egg), she then took the egg from under her wing and laid it carefully in the nest, but she was so absent-minded, that she forgot the egg was in the nest instead of under her wing, and she started in for fair, looking for her only offspring. She turned the nest upside down, inside out, getting excited; she twisted and beat it and pandemonium reigned, for she forgot you see that she had it under her wing. Good gracious! It's gone! As a last resort, she placed her claw in the nest and a broad smile came over her face for she found her egg safe and sound.

You see the truth of the matter was, she never had it under her wing at all, for well she knew if she met her gentleman friend—the rooster—and saluted with the wrong wing, well, scrambled eggs are all right to eat, but it's awfully embarrassing to introduce them as one of the family. Where did she have it? Why, she swallowed it, of course, and it's a good thing she did, for the fowl language that old hen uses when she mislays her egg is something scandalous. Watch me and I'll show you just how she did it. (Pretend to swallow egg).

(This spoken with partly closed mouth): The crazy absent-minded loon has the egg in her mouth and has forgotten it and is raising rough house with nest again. (Turn inside out, etc.), but say, she isn't so loony after all, for sure enough, here is the egg in the nest again. That's twice she slipped it over on us. As my friend, Johnson, says: "It's no yoke this egg business." A pretty foxy hen believe me, to pull a stunt like that and fool us all. Any of you who are not next to how she did it, please remain silent and I'll tell you just how she gets away with it.

At your first opportunity, take a look at a chicken's foot and you will find a toe similar to my thumb and whenever she suspects anyone is a crook or not to be trusted, she takes her egg and holds it so as to conceal it and fools them all. She even fooled me and that's going some. It looks awkward and clumsy, but you can't help that, you know. It's part of the game to be clumsy, as you probably believe already, after watching me try to be otherwise. So whenever you see an old hen stepping along careful like, you may know she is carrying her precious egg to some safe place.

Now that you all are thoroughly familiar with the method of doing this pretty illusion, I hope you will all promise not to let anyone outside of the immediate family know the secret.

HYDROMETER TUBE AND FLYING HANDKERCHIEFS

Properties:—Tall footed glass cylinder, celluloid insert, two stemmed glasses with flaring bowls, two clips for silk, two green, two purple, two orange, silk kerchiefs, paste board or paper tube fitting loosely over glass cylinder, and large servante, or black art well for vanish of celluloid insert.

Patter: My next experiment will be of a scientific nature, in which I hope to prove to you most conclusively the general accepted theory that glass is a non-conductor of electricity, heat and cold—cocoa cola, is not entirely untrue, but very misleading. I shall likewise prove to you that contrary to all law of nature, I shall pass substances (solid material) invisibly from place to place in a fully lighted room. According to science, nothing except substances of gaseous or ethereal nature may be transported or passed from place to place invisibly. This is all rot and also very misleading, for the science of magic knows no such laws. We make our own laws to fit each specific case.

For illustration: This beautiful experiment I am about to show you, in a way, is a masterpiece of the magic art. I first show you three silk handkerchiefs, product of that wonderful bird—the cotton silk worm. First, the lavender, emblem of Goose Island, Italy. Second, the gold, emblem of Maxwell Station, China. Third, the green, emblem of our Police Force, Ireland.

Note:—In place of Goose Island, etc., use local names to suit occasion.

I also show you this round, cylindrical glass tube, that apparently is empty. And so it is, except to the bunch of crystal gazers here in the front row and myself. Being, perhaps, a couple of feet closer than they are, I probably can see just a little more than they can, if such is possible. Not to deceive those who are so unfortunate as to occupy seats in the rear of the hall, I will say for their benefit that, contrary to their belief, the tube is not empty.

In the bottom of this mysterious glass tube, I see the fluttering of a phosphorescent hue of a reddish color, that first tells me some one here tonight with sore hands is going to applaud me for being so clever. Otherwise, the tube is full of nothingness.

This paste board tube I show you is of ordinary description and free from any trickery, except that in a small measure it possesses occult powers that at times are very surprising.

For instance, I look through this end of the tube and I see a great many people I am suspicious of. On the other hand, if you make use of your peepers at that end of the tube, you will say "Even Steven." (The score is tie, etc.) I put this paste board tube over the glass cylinder and in perfectly fair manner, I put (or insert) these three silk handkerchiefs, the lavender, gold and green. I now take out the green through the top and show you both sides, proving it to be unprepared. I lay it on the table and once more show you the gold and lavender are still there, regardless of the fact that I heard a remark from a gentleman to my left, saying they were not.

(Take up green silk again with remark.) That whenever I see this color, it reminds me of the dear old Irish, and if you ever want to start something you can't finish, just take an Irishman by the head and heels and swing him around like this and immediately, you have another one (producing second silk from first) on the ground to help put you out of business. The only way I have ever found to keep two sons of the Emerald Isle from disturbing the peace, is to put them as far apart as possible, so I shall put one here—at left corner of table—and one here—at right corner.

I almost forgot to call your attention to these two empty glasses I also use during this experiment. (That is, if you use the same kind of liquor I do, they will appear empty.)

Strangely enough, a few evenings ago, a wobbly gentleman in the front row challenged my statement that such was the case. I asked him what he saw in there that caused him to believe them not empty. He said he saw a pink snake and wishing to humor him, I said, "All right, it's a pink snake, let it go at that."

I saw he was very nervous and wrought up and asked him if there was anything else wrong. "Yes," he said, "for between the efforts of that snake trying to crawl out of that glass and a lobster like you trying to put over a magic act is enough to drive strong men to drink. So, here is where I beat it to my old friends, John Barley Corn, Laugenheimer, Anheuser Slitz."

Fortunately, I found out that this party was to be one of our guests tonight. I had a short talk with him before the show and he confided in me that he had been to Dwight and taken the Gold Cure, but he doubted if it took. Explaining further, he said they gave him a ten dollar gold piece on a

spoonful of sugar and when he tried to swallow it, he choked and coughed up \$7.15.

So, as a special favor that I may in no way mar this gentleman's pleasure, I shall cover this glass for the time being with this green silk, and for fear that our guest may be seeing double, perhaps I better do the same with this also. I now with my magic wand gather the invisible atoms of silk as they arise from this tube of glass and along the line of influence I pass it into this glass. Once more, I repeat the operation and send the remaining one into this other glass receptacle. I now remove the cover and you see they have disappeared, but not far, for here we have the gold and over here the lavender and I show you the tube and glass empty, proving conclusively that glass really is a good conductor, that solid substances may pass through the air invisibly and incidentally I am a liar from the ground up. Will the usher pass all these various articles through the audience and have them thoroughly examined?

WINE AND WATER

Properties: Several glasses prepared, pitcher of water with proper chemical in it, etc.

Patter: I don't suppose the fact that the present agitation as to the country going dry bothers any of you out there one bit. You will probably still get yours delivered just as regular as usual in a laundry wagon at night, marked potatoes glass, with care, etc.

But with me it's different for I have no chance to hide myself in the cloak of darkness like you have. Right out here in the open I am compelled to let the whole universe see that I am a toper. In fact I feel that I need a drink right now so here goes. What? Water? Why that's only fit to pass under bridges. Wine, well that's more like it. But such a small one. I think I can get around two like that. What's wrong? Another glass of that beastly water again. Curse it, Jack Dalton, I'll be revenged this very night. Once more. Well that's better. Now to refresh my weary tired little brain. Oh yes, I have one.

Jiggers! I think I hear the heavy hoof prints of the sheriff, by heck. Well officer, I am a perfectly good prohibitionist and was just showing the ladies and gentlemen how to pass water into these glasses without injuring any of the microbes. Yes, that's all. Honest. Thank you, officer. Good-bye. That was a close call. Now once more for a little drink.

You know I didn't get through half as slick tonight as I usually do when I am right. Why quite frequently I get all the water out of the pitcher without waking up the frog that sleeps there. And sometimes I get as many as seven drinks of wine put away before the sheriff gets his star shined up and nibbles off a fresh chaw of tobacco.

DYEING HANDKERCHIEF THROUGH HAND

Patter: The present generation will pass down in History as having accomplished a great many wonderful things in an incredibly short time. As you know, we have to-day such marvelous achievements as Instantaneous Photography, Instantaneous Coffee, Instantaneous Marriage and Divorce, also Instantaneous Death, which is practically the same as instantaneous marriage and divorce, only more painless, as there is no prolonged suffering, as in the other case.

Anyhow, I am not here to discuss the merits or demerits of any of these various subjects. All I wish to say is I have a pretty experiment to show you that is not exactly instantaneous death, but is more on the order of instantaneous dyeing.

To illustrate this, I use this silk handkerchief and my two empty hands. I push this handkerchief down through the closed hand so and it magically is changed another color.

THE MISER'S DREAM

Properties: Coin holder with about twenty coins, also others loaded where they are easily gotten at during production, also a borrowed hat, preferably a tall silk one, but a derby will answer excellently if coins are allowed to drop correctly, so there is a decided click or ring as they are dropped on other coins in hat.

Patter: I am informed that owing to the large number of complimentaries that are present to-night in the way of friends and relatives of the family—who always have an annual pass to everything in sight—also a great many politicians and officers—who flashed their star on the doorkeeper, and last, but not least, the usual bunch of deadheads that are always on the job when there is something free in sight to see and eat (it's on this eat proposition, I am making this speechless speech), this is how matters stand:

After counting up the box receipts, the Committee find that there is not sufficient funds to defray expenses of the re-

freshments that are to be served later, a la nux vomica, and in view of this fact, I have volunteered to take the most desperate chance a person ever took in his life by coming before a bunch like this and asking each of you to dig down and donate a little money toward defraying the "superfluous" expense that on occasion of this kind naturally "cremates."

But, before I begin my pilgrimage amongst you in quest of Mazuma and Samolians, etc., I should like some one to be as kind as to loan me a chapeau of more or less rigid construction for to-night, I hope; now election is over, it won't be a case of **my hat's in the ring**, but instead **let's hear your checks make a ring in my hat** and then we'll all eat, drink and be merry at our own expense.

Before I ask any one to cough up or dig down, I shall set my usual splendid example of generosity by placing a few coins in the hat in the way of nest eggs, so to speak. I first show this gentleman's hat empty and likewise my hands. As you may observe, this hat is an ordinary one. In fact \$1.10 won't buy much else but an ordinary skimmer—I mean hat. These remarks, please remember, have nothing to do with the lid—I mean hat, for I see by the tag, it was marked down to 98c, on account of the high cost of living.

With one of these helmets—I mean hats, on your donations your friends will tell you, you are all lit up like a Polish church. Excuse me, I see money floating before me, it's a hat a dollar; I'll donate it to the Polish church (throw into hat) yes, it's real money (take out and show it and back into hat) and here's another over here.

You know I am not the originator of this way of getting easy money. The President of the Italian Private Garment Banks beat me to it and I can go even farther back than that for poor old Noah on his Ark had to take this method of keeping his head above water. Each day, History tells us he started out hat in hand (this same hat) and in his travels collected enough money and other things to run the ark on a department store basis. What he got in the way of donations was a marvel.

Luck was with him at first, for he got a five spot from a leopard, four quarters from a lamb, a greenback from a frog, a bill from a duck, a couple of bucks from a broncho, a cent from a centipede, several more cents from a skunk.

Tackling his different Aid de Camps on the Ark, the carpenter came across with two bits, the butcher donated a couple of bones, the baker passed over his roll, the banjo player let loose with a couple of plunks. He took his easily earned money and hired the leopard to work as a spotter on the Mt. Ararat Trolley Line.

He spent a good share of it for a trunk for the elephant and he blew the rest in for a seal ring for the sea lion. Then, he was broke again and started out on another trip and never got a cent, but what he got besides money was a caution:

A pole from the polar bear	Gaiters from an alligator
A rattle from the rattlesnake	Beef from the beaver
A pie from the python	Sword from the sword-fish
A boa from the boa constructor	Tar from the tarantula
A pair of pants from the dog	Rye from a rhinoceros
A purse (purrs) from the cat	Badge from a badger
Moss from a mosquito	Spare-ribs from a sparrow
Butter from a butterfly	A can from a canary
Union plaster from a blue jay	Grass from a grasshopper
Drum from a dromedary	Pick from a pickerel
Eets from a beetle	And then he got robbed by a robin.
Crock from a crocodile	

PIGEON OR DOVE PAN

Properties: Pigeon pan, cover loaded with one or more pigeons, some eggs, alcohol, matches, salt shaker, etc.

Patter: This is just a foolish little experiment, showing how homes are almost broken into smithereens sometimes by the poor little wifey trying to keep down the high cost of living to \$29.50 per week, when poor hubby is getting but \$16.35 per. I think that this being my birthday, I'll go a little out of my regular course and make myself a nice little birthday cake with red, white and blue frosting and decorate it with whipped cream candles.

Let me see how many candles do I need. I say, Stage Manager, did that rough-neck driver bring that barrel of candle tallow I ordered for this trick? No. Well, what do you think of that? A most beautiful trick spoilt because the driver was careless and sit on the barrel and melted all the tallow and it run out of the bung hole. Well, what are you standing there for? Excuse me, I am talking to myself. That's it, what will I do. Oh I know what you want me to do,

but thank heavens I am paid by the hour and I have got fifty minutes to go yet.

I am thankful that the law protects me the same as it does the common herd, for murder in a place like this would be awfully distressing, especially when the stage is so nice and clean. What makes it so clean? Why I'm a tough guy and wiped it up with a couple of scene pushers' heads for a mop. Excuse me Mr. Scene Pushers, I meant I was the mop. I thought you had gone home. My what a close call.

Now, I think I'll put one of these eggs in first. I'm going to take a desperate chance and crack the shell. Hello chick. Just you be quiet for a while and I'll put you in a paper sack and shoot you the next performance. Now for a little Swedish Salad Dressing, and a little Mexicano fire water, a dash of Scott's Emulsion of Carp, and last a touch with the magic match and we have a fine kettle of fish, so to speak.

There I think it is cooked just about enough, for my finger nails are starting to pop. Let's take off the cover and see how we are making out. Well, well, if it isn't a dove of peace, so we are all good friends after all.

MAIL SACK ESCAPE

Properties: Mail sack, rods, padlocks, keys, seals, wax, etc.

Patter: They say no one can put anything over Uncle Sam but I was born a few days before he was and am just wise enough to do that very thing that you would least expect me to do and to prove all this I brought along a souvenir that looks very much like one of Uncle Sam's mail sacks. And that's just what it is too.

How did I happen to get it? That's easy. I just watched my chance when Uncle Sam had turned his back to tell General many he would give him a severe slap on the wrist if he didn't quit submarining all our nice boats, and while the argument was the hottest I picked out a nice big fat one and beat it while the beating was good.

When you get one of these nice big fat juicy sacks the first thing to do is to open it and pick out all the nice presents you find and give them to yourself for Xmas and take what's left and donate them to the downtrodden Belgians and give your name and picture in the paper without having to take six bottles of Sarsaparilla.

Anyhow this is a perfectly good sack, and I have also a rod of steel here. Strange how a rod of steel is only about four inches and a rod of ground is about four acres, more or less.

Now I am going to allow a committee of hard-hearted men to lock me in this sack and while I have hopes of getting out, still I believe from the determined looks on their faces that I am going up against it, so all I can say is go ahead and do your worst, but remember the show is but half over and if I don't get out, all those that wish may go to the box office and get a refund of eleven cents to buy flowers for me. Well, good-bye, I'm all in.

Well here I am and everybody looks so happy I begin to feel that way myself, for to be honest with you I need the eleven cents more than I do your darn old flowers.

ENCHANTED CAGE AND CANARIES

Properties: Birds, trick cage, double paper bag, place to hang bag, pistol, etc.

Patter: I now present to you my version of that beautiful poem, "The Bird in the Gilded Cage." I use canary birds for this experiment for I am passionately fond of them. In fact I had a couple on toast this morning for breakfast.

The only thing about this trick I don't like is the bars on the cage. It brings back bygone days when I was a beautiful bird with exquisite striped plumage. Some rude persons imagine I infer that I was a kind of a jail bird. Don't get personal for I have a fiery disposition.

But that's no fault of mine. It's the stage manager's. In fact I have had them tell me so often that I was fired that I have to wear an asbestos suit for protection.

But that hasn't anything to do with what I am about to show you. What I want to impress upon your minds is the fact that I am a living and breathing example of one who was able by a clever ruse, instead of serving twelve months in jail, to get away with it and only had to serve five—years.

This little bird is the only one in existence that ever tried to duplicate my famous mail sack escape. Here we start. First, I take my little lemon colored friend from his gilded brass domicile and place him in this little paper sack and hang him up here where you all can see him. How sweet he chirps. I think he is singing that beautiful song "Bag to the Cage Again." Now for the dirty work.

Where is that 12-inch gun with a gas bomb filler. I hate to shoot this. It might wake somebody up. It always makes me think the Germans are coming. Now watch this. It's really good. I tried it on my mother-in-law and I haven't seen her since. Bang. And we find the bag empty and Mr. Canary back home again ready to get shot or half shot any old time just like myself.

WELSH RABBIT PAN

Properties: Welsh Rabbit Pan, with load of Ribbon Paper, Giant Snake, Bon Bons, and other items for production that are suitable. Also have Buzzer, Watch Winder or some other noise producing apparatus in with load so it can be used before bringing out snake. Press it against side of pan (buzzer) to intensify noise. Also as accessories have pop gun for comedy, shooting same into pan before producing snake. Also provide oil can filled with alcohol, bag of sawdust, bar of soap, large spoon, salt and pepper shaker filled with sand, three china eggs, and such other items as you may find convenient for a comedy effect.

Patter: A letter has just been handed to me and while—ordinarily, I like to receive them, I must say that at this inopportune time, it's very disturbing—to say the least—giving of letters, medals and the horse laugh to performers during their act is very bad form. I see that the writing is in a lady's hand. That makes matters different, for I do like to receive letters from the fair sex. And, oh! Joy, it's from a lady in the audience. The letter is signed Mrs. So-and-So. Well, Mrs., I thank you for being so kind and, with your permission, will read the contents aloud:
"My dear Mr. Magician:

Knowing you to be an expert in the Art of Domestic Science, I am enclosing herewith a recipe I copied from the *Ladies' Homely Journal* for Marmalade Fricassee and I trust that some time during the evening, you will try and cook some and serve to those present. The reason I ask this is because I tried it on our piano, I mean gas stove, and it seemed to me exquisite and delicious, but my husband said it was deliciously punk, so I shall leave the matter in your hands to prove that all a young wife cooks is not so terrible as her brute husband would have her believe.

P. S. I am sending all the necessary ingredients, but regret I cannot send you the gas range, as we have only paper

\$2.00 on it and the man says if we take it, he will have us pinched—whatever that means.

Anxiously yours,
Mrs."

RECIPE

1 qt. hardwood sawdust	More sawdust
Dash Dutch Cleanser	More salt and pepper
Some pepper and salt	An egg
Some oil	Another egg
Generous portion Soapade	Another egg
Fels Naphtha Soap to suit taste	More oil.
More oil	

To tell how an egg is fresh: Put it on end of fist and if it moves it's a sign there is a young chicken in it wagging its tail. If the egg is still and don't move, the egg is O. K., or else the chick is dead and lost use of his rudder.

Now, is there any gentleman present that has a last year's bird's nest in the shape of a stiff hat that he will lend me for a moment? Some one that's having trouble with his wife and doesn't care if he gets his hat back or not, preferred.

Now, I'd like to borrow a white handkerchief. Is there any gentleman here to-night that is afflicted with hay fever and has a plentiful supply, so he won't miss one if I fail in my experiment? What size hat do you wear? $3\frac{7}{8}$; my, I'm afraid that's pretty small for any use as a stove; let me see! (pan in hat.) How lucky! It just fits.

Mix up recipe now and put alcohol on handkerchief that's concealed in metal feke in hat and set fire and cook. Pan into hat and out, cover going on as pan goes in hat. Remove cover and produce paper, ribbon, snake, sausages, flags, etc., with use of buzzer and pop gun.

In production of roll of paper, remark that it isn't cooked enough, it seems to run. Gracious but he has an awful long neck. He must belong to the rubber-neck giraffe ostrich family.

In production of snake, during horse play with buzzer and gun remark that the audience is to remain as calm as possible and not to be afraid or alarmed that you are there to protect them, etc.

WELSH RABBIT PAN

(Patter for use where no ladies are present.)

I had a little argument with my wife just shortly before I came here this evening and to relieve my mind of its burden I'll tell you all about it. You won't mind listening, will you? Certainly not—I know just how you all feel. Misery always loves company. Here is the whole proposition with full details.

My wife has joined a Correspondence Cooking School at the Domestic Science Club and every week, she gets her lesson by mail at \$5.00 per lesson—my money—and then she tries them out on me and the dog. The worst has come to "worst" for the dog is dead and now I have to bear the brunt of it all so I come before you to-night on behalf of human mankind appealing for aid and sympathy. When I came home this evening, I could tell by the evil look in my wife's eye that she had received another lesson by mail and I was in for it.

In my desperation, I rushed out of the house through the kitchen, grabbing hurriedly a few of the various ingredients she had ready to mix into one of her latest infernal dyspeptic concoctions to inflict upon me and the dog (minus the dog). Fortunately, I was able to grab an old oatmeal cooker and likewise the recipe she was about to use—which I shall read and ask you who are present if I am not right in my contention that any one carrying such a small amount of insurance as to do shouldn't refuse absolutely to eat anything that has a tendency to loosen the teeth and temper. (Read the recipe.)

Now, I haven't a thing I can use in the way of a stove to cook this mess in, as my exit was so hurried and things were getting so hot, I didn't realize I'd ever need one, so I appeal to you to help me out of this predicament in which I find myself. I must beg, borrow or steal a hat from some one to help cover this conglomeration, that my wife so chooses to call *Marronade Fricassee*. (Use regular patter for borrowing hat and handling chief).

HOT COFFEE VASE.

(With flag vase effect.)

Properties:—Hot Coffee Vase, with load of silks, etc., quantity of cotton of various colors, a paste board cylinder with half of it covered vertically with green paper and some characteristic picture pasted on it such as a harp, two cl

pipes crossed, or something similar in nature, on reverse side yellow paper with a pretzel, or foaming glass of beer, etc., pasted on. This cover is turned so that where edges of paper join is showing at beginning of trick. Turn as you allude to the two nationalities. Also place some gun cotton or flash sheet in with cotton in shallow metal feke that is on part with load. This you light as patter runs along regarding bomb.

Patter: I take great pleasure in presenting to you for the first time a novelty of my own creation, that I shall choose to call a "Political Trick." You can call it anything you like, as long as you don't speak too loud. Remember, that the management allows no vulgar language, either on or off the stage, during my act.

I have here an empty urn, wherein at one time dwelled the spirit of Guchenheimer, the Goddess of magic, but she has not been on the job for so long now, that I am getting along splendid without her, thanks to her twin sister, the Goddess of Budweiser. I might add further that I didn't purchase this urn with any of my earnings as a magician.

I have here something that I treasure as I do my own life. They are locks of hair from the heads of some of the fairest ladies in the land and were given to me as a token of their undying love. Their love was undying, but I can't say the same for their hair. I should have had several times this amount, but when they found out I was saving up for a hair mattress, they quit cutting their hair and cut me instead. So you see, you have got me tonight where the hair is short, figuratively speaking, says the King. However, I will do the best I can with what I have.

I take these various locks of hair and put them in the urn, mixing the locks of the peroxide blond, the strawberry blond, red head, white head, etc., all together,—so. This lock of hair (red) always reminds me of the time this particular girl's hair turned to auburn. Wishing to be sociable and agreeable, I asked her one hot day how her father stood the heat. That's when she became a red head. You see I didn't know her father was dead. And now, to prevent their departed, turbulent spirits from coming forth and disturbing this quiet and peaceful gathering, I will place this empty cover over,—so.

A great many people ask me why I sometimes use this cover to hide what I am doing. I have several good reasons, one in particular is that I am in the same predicament that a great many of you are and have to keep a great many things

I do under cover. But, the real reason I use this cover during this trick I am now about to explain, for it's a clever idea of my own and I hope that you will appreciate it, for it's so seldom that an amateur magician gets a clever idea, that I trust you will be generous in showing your approval and appreciation.

For instance, suppose I am entertaining an audience where the predominating element is composed of Germans. I turn the cover,—so, and explain I am about to do a trick for the Germans that are present. It's a knock-out blow for them and always makes a hit. Some one waves his hands and says "Wheat Cakes," and I return the salutation, saying "Maple Syrup" and we go down to the corner and blow the foam off a couple of fresh ones (ice cream sodas) and wander back arm in arm and the show goes on and is a great success.

On the other hand, suppose I am working before a representation of the Emerald Isle. I swing on them like this. Another knock-out is scored. This time it's me. Some one waves his fist at me and salutes me with Erin Ga Braugh. I return his salute with Hair In The Broth to you and many of them and if the wire netting is strong enough to keep them back, I go on with the trick in this manner:

First.—I remove the cover of disturbance and dispense with its use altogether, for why should I use it? I haven't a single reason to offer, for we all know the great battle-cry on all sides is to put the lid on. If there is too much betting on horse races, or too much gambling, or the thieves are getting more plunder (or rake-off) than the police, the cry is, "Put the lid on."

Look! Here comes a black hand now, prowling around with a bomb in his mit. He is up to some devilry and has copper in sight. He is going to light it. Look out! Bang! And, as usual, the police arrive too late.

And what happens? Do they pinch some rough job? No, I should say not. On the contrary, they break in on an innocent party of ladies playing euchre for a 19c hand painted plate and drag them out in all their silk finery and scatter them all over the street, much to the joy of the usual bunch of rubber necks that were present then and also here this evening.

CUPS AND BALLS

Properties: Three regular metal cups such as generally used for this trick, four small cork balls, and three large articles such as onions, lemons, oranges, or large cork balls. These larger items should be of a size so they will just fit into cups without sticking. They are loaded in at the finish of trick for final production as you finish patter. Anyone having difficulty in getting them loaded in unseen will be given correct method by writing the publishers of this book.

Patter: It is said that there is nothing new under the sun, but I believe before I am through with the experiment I am about to show you, you will agree with me that such is far from being true. In presenting to you this interesting experiment, I shall use some articles that have great magical power, for instance:

These three metallic cups I show you undoubtedly appear to the most of you as some articles of common construction for such vulgar purposes as feeding the baby malted milk, or for a shaving mug, or, perhaps, a hair-receiver or cookie cutter. Shame on you for allowing yourself to be so deceived, for on the contrary, these beautiful magic Egyptian vases are composed of an amalgum of precious metals that are a mystery to even such great scientists and philosophers as Anheuser Busch or Lydia Pinkham.

Their magical properties are without number. One in particular is the fact that they are as penetrative as the atmosphere itself. I don't refer to the atmosphere in this hall, for if they were as thick as that, there would be nothing more to say but "Good Night." But, fortunately, such is not the case, therefore making it possible to show you some very interesting experiments with these cups. To bear out my statement, I pass them through each other—so.

Next, I call your attention to my magic wand, made from that rare shrub—the axle tree. I also wish to mention that the tips on this magic stick were made from Aladdin's lamp, which gives it such powers that are even more wonderful than these cups; for, with its aid, I may cause to appear or vanish any articles I so choose.

As an illustration, I wish a small ball for this experiment and behold! It appears on the tip of my wand almost before I have wished it. Isn't that marvelous? Think what it means to be able to produce anything you wish with the aid

of these cups and a magic wand! To the uninitiated, this ball may appear to be inconsequential, but such is not the case. It is a pill. I am introducing that, which has great curative properties.

For instance, you are sick and know three or four of these pale pills for pink people will save your life or put your mother-in-law in jail, and, you have but one pill. You evidently are up against it, are you not? Yes, you are not, for with the aid of your wand and these Sphinx-like cups—with their silence like unto a sepulchre, you may overcome all obstacles. I'll make it clear to you by an ocular demonstration:

There is nothing under these cups—as you can plainly see. Now then—I take this pale pill that has lost its paleness from association and contact with un-pale hands and I touch it rather rudely (zing) with my wand—and behold! I now have two pills. It's too (two) bad, pills like these are not many popular and better known. They are fully recommended by the Undertakers' Trust to be all I claim them to be and there's some.

Once more, I show you the cups empty. I take pill in my left hand and—zing! It passed into the cup, but for what reason? It's to show you that these cups are a shining example of how thin and flimsy your friendship is and your belief in me when I say I am a magic pill doctor! All right, we won't argue on that point. But, nevertheless, time is valuable and with a severe case right here now of malignant Spiritual Fermenti, we must have another pill and quickly, too. I wave my magic stick through the air—so—and—gather not a pill, but only the atoms necessary to create one. I pass it through this cup and during its journey, it molds itself magically into a spherical shape. We are getting along splendidly now. In fact, it looks as though I could start out right now as a successful M. D.—Magic Dub.

Pills made in such a mysterious manner are inclined to be of a very unrestful and roving nature and—depart and return in a most unexpected manner, which—in a measure hinders the production and introduction of these pills to the general public. For, I must confess, up to the present time, I have been unable to find anything secure enough to hold them.

I show you this cup empty and put a pill under this cup and command it to pass in a half-hearted way—for I don't want it, too—but see, here it is under this cup. Isn't that encouraging?

I'll try it another way, for before this day is over, I shall conquer the roving spirit of these pesky pills. (Routine, as per Modern Magic). I'll have to give that method up. I'll try throwing them away. Here goes the first victim. By the Eternal, here it is back under the cup again! It's like trying to shake an old maid that's in love with you—it can't be did.

Some people are so skeptical that they won't believe me or their own eyes. I just overheard a remark that I never produce more than three or four pills, not hardly enough for a dose for a healthy person. To prove to you that I am as liberal and broad-minded and sincere as you would wish me to be, I am going to make a large quantity of these pills tonight and pass them out to one and all, so you all may try some of the experiments you have seen me do for you this evening. I can't exactly say my heart is in the right place, for it's up here for fear I'll slip. I am a good Samaritan and believe in doing everybody good, therefore before I make and pass out these pills, I want to call your attention to some of the wonderful cures they will effect.

Take, for instance tonight. I see there are quite a number of ladies present, whose countenances are flushed with color on one side and very pale on the other. Either the light in this room or their room is or was uneven, and, an embarrassing situation develops. What is to be done? Just take one of these pale pills and immediately,—the flush of color is gone from the one side and the face is evenly pale all over. Marvelous!

I will now conclude this interesting experiment by magically manufacturing an endless supply of these famous pills. Here is one—I place it in my pocket, and another, etc., until I have a pocket full. I'm afraid to look, for fear there are no more. Yes there's another.

You see the supply is unlimited. You see, the more I want, the more I get, until my pockets are full and overflowing. A great many ask me if they are good for man and beast. That's a beastly question to ask. Almost any married woman will tell you most all men are beasts. But, to be serious, it is good alike for man and beast, bird and fish, not to mention lobsters.

Suppose you have a horse that's worth anywhere from 10c up to \$2.00 and want to fix him up so he will look like ready

money. Just take a handful of these pills—so—and let them filter slowly down through this cup—so. Repeat the same here, and again here, and a touch of the magic wand and you have three pills of sufficient size to end the sufferings of any old nag or nagging wife that you may have on hand.

CUPS AND BALLS.

(Patter to use where no ladies are present.)

For instance, I see quite a number of gentlemen present that—judging from the ruddy complexion of their nose, they have been sitting up too frequently with a sick friend, or perchance they have joined the great Temperance Cause and are adding their aid vigorously in putting down the Demon Rum, with the usual bad effect of acquiring an unusual amount of sunset hue on their proboscis.

But cheer up, my Brother Brass Rail Polishers and let not anything of that sort deter you from giving your parched lips and throat plenty of "Quenchness," for even though as you sit there and resemble a beautiful garden of red roses in full bloom, yet you need not despair and lose hope, for by taking one of these magic pale pills, in an instant, all that blush of color will disappear from your beak and once more, you may mingle and associate with your friends and family without fear or embarrassment.