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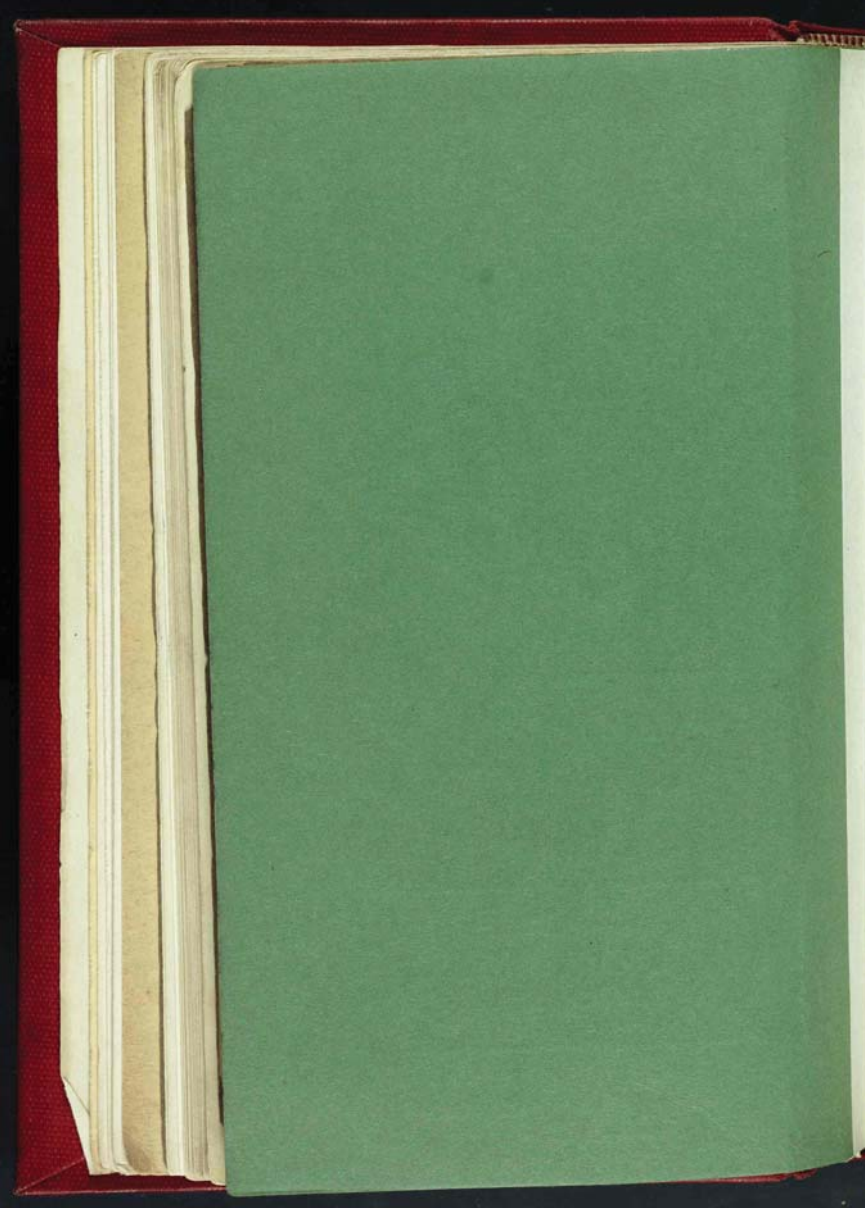
NUMBER TWO

By  
BLAIR L. GILBERT



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Yours For Merry Magic

BLAIR L. GILBERT

To my friend -  
Mr. Harry Stoudine  
with - authors  
compliments  
B. L. Gilbert  
7-1-22

## PREFACE

While conferring with a number of my magical friends some time ago I made the statement that I intended to produce this book of patter which I announced I hoped to be my best as well as final effort. They all exclaimed "Good" in unison, so I have reasons to believe this modest volume will be received with more or less welcome, partly because I have hopes of it being quite good, and on the other hand you have assurance it will be my last one.

Just a word of criticism may not be amiss and will serve the double purpose of saving critics the trouble of mentioning the many deficiencies herein contained and at the same time give me the opportunity to have a heart to heart talk with my readers.

The patter found in this book is lacking in many ways, which I trust you will overlook and bear in mind it was written at different times under various circumstances, but with the ever present thought to try and arrange some sort of groundwork that might be used while presenting the various effects and permit the performer to create a laugh and put his audience in a congenial reciprocative mood which so greatly aids to success along lines which the magician finds he must travel in his particular work of entertaining.

In my previous volume I mentioned do not try and commit patter to memory and recite it in mechanical way. This likewise holds good with the present one. Simply use the idea if you like it, elaborating or condensing as you see fit, or let it alone if not to your liking, for strange enough, a line of talk suitable for one performer, would be almost a death blow to another. In conclusion, all I ask is for you to be charitable in your deductions and conclusions, remembering the road of a patter writer is one strewn with many thorns, and but very few roses.

THE AUTHOR

Bequest of  
Harry Houdini  
April 1927



## COMEDY OPENING REMARKS

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Ladies and Gentlemen: For a brief period try and forget all your troubles and we'll get together here tonight and have a nice, quiet little time all by ourselves and I want it distinctly understood that for the time being, you must try and forget that I am much smarter than you are, because to enter into the spirit of what I have planned on, it is absolutely necessary that no one person shall have any claim of superiority over another present. With all this carefully pre-arranged and understood, I now with more or less sincerity admit that I too am a common weak worm of the dust, just the same as you are.

So far, so good. Now for the propaganda that my magnanimous brain cells have formulated and crystalized for this never to be forgotten grand occasion and event.

Surrounding me on all sides you will notice I have cleverly arranged various tables, etc., which contain in some instances what represent a life study in the art of soldering, cleaning, glueing and cussing. In other instances you may note that although a rolling hen gathers no moss it gets a good polish. That's me.

To tell you that I am an Exponent of the Magic Art is for you to laugh but don't you dare to. I therefore do not call myself an exponent or any other such names and I don't want you to either. My wife is the only living mortal that enjoys that that privilege and if my hands ever get healed up I'll put a stop to her doing it.

With this all understood, I now take some pleasure in presenting to you a series of effects of more or less startling nature, in which I ask you to watch me closely, for contrary to all traditions I prove that the hands are not quicker than the eye, but are so slow that you go to sleep and I put over that which I would not dare to attempt if you slumbered not.

## BURLESQUE MIND READING ACT

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An act for two people. One blindfolded on stage, other working in audience. No code necessary as questions asked by audience worker readily indicates the answer to be given. It is obvious that many of the questions cannot be used with all audiences, but we again call your attention to the fact that the patter for this effect, as well as others, is simply in the nature of an elaborated suggestion or rough ground work for the performer to add to, change about, or eliminate as best suits his needs for his particular style and personality, not forgetting the nature of the audience the act is being presented to.

Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to state that in presenting our part of the magnanimous program here this evening, we first wish to impress upon your minds that what we are about to undertake is experiments in mental telepathy, thought transference, and various effects that border on the supernatural. We do not claim to be the greatest exponents of mind reading on the stage today. We simply admit it is so.

This young lady, who will assist me during my part of the entertainment, will allow herself to be securely hand-cuffed and nailed inside of a barrel mind and in your pockets. No, we won't do that. I might get arrested for having a keg full of spirits and no license. Instead I will tie this handkerchief over her eyes. Really there is no sense in using this handkerchief, for in reality it is only a blind.

Here we have an empty black board. What is on it will readily convey to

you what is on my mind most of the time. I also call your attention to this piece of chalk, which is a truly wonderful invention. I use it on the board to make my figures. My lady assistant finds for her figure that sawdust is better, and her only use of chalk is to figure what figure I owe her each week for her figure.

Occasionally she uses a little to cover up a few of Father Time's figures on her map—I mean face. But enough of that. We are here, not to tell what we know about each other, but to tell you what we know about you and to convince you that your innermost heart secrets are to us like an open book.

Now don't waste your time buttoning up your coats and wraps for it is useless, for we will find out anyhow. Our thoughts penetrate everywhere and thru anything. You are in the same predicament as the colored lady who went to an X-ray demonstration. When the lecturer said that the X-ray penetrated right thru leather, metal, cloth, and in fact anything, this particular colored female person said "Good night, this is no place for a lady with a thin calico dress."

Having securely blindfolded the lady I will now pass thru the audience and have the lady tell us some of the various articles you may select for her to name without seeing them.

Note:—The patter now runs into a burlesque lot of questions, that the nature of the question is so plain to everyone that there can be no question that the assistant fully knows from what you have asked her, just what the name of article is, for instance:—

Place Hand on some good-natured fellow's head. What is this? Think HARD. Ans.—Portland. No I didn't ask you the name of a town, try again. Ans.—Portland Cement.

Lead your thoughts this way. What's this? Ans.—Lead pencil. Take your time. Tell us what is this. Ans.—A watch. Think sharp now. What's this? Ans.—A knife. Oh, say, can you see what this is? Ans.—A flag. Look clearly and tell us what this is. Ans.—A pair of glasses. COINcentrate your mind and tell us what this is. Ans.—A coin. What about the date? Ans.—I don't know the gentleman well enough to make a date.

I mean the date on the coin. Ans.—Let me think. You better think for if one ate nine of these he would be sick. Ans.—1896.

You will make a hit if you guess this. Ans.—A belt.

Hand us a name for this. Ans.—A glove.

Will you name this? Ans.—A bill. That's wonderful. What kind of a bill is it? Ans.—A one dollar bill.

That's TWO easy for you (for two dollars.) If five (if I've) one of these left next day after pay day, what have? Ans.—A fit. No, not that, what is the value of the bill I hold? Ans.—A five.

Your atTENTION now. What kind of a bill is this? Ans.—A ten. From where you are SITTING can you tell us what this is? Ans.—A seat.

Calling you by your first name, JEANETTE, tell us what this is. Ans.—A net.

To test your PROgress in GRAMmar I ask you what this is? Ans.—Program.

Remember your PAY PER dozen for correct answers determines what your salary shall be. I now ask you what the program is made of. Ans.—Paper.

Assuming this gentleman here has a sum of money in his pocket and the total amount is unknown to no one but himself, I ask you to tell us what amount would remain if I were to reach in his pocket and take from there, what will say for example, two dollars. Now kindly tell us what amount he would have after taking away the two dollars just mentioned? Ans.—Before I answer it will be necessary for me to know how much money he has got. What has that got to do with the question of how much money he has? Ans.—It has a whole lot, for while you were getting two dollars from him, he would clean you up of all you had with you.

Can you tell me what this gentleman does for a living? Ans.—He's

a carpenter. How do you know? Ans.—He has two bits with him this evening.

And what is this party? Ans.—He is an electrician. How do you know? Ans.—I can read his mind and his thoughts shock me.

Anything about this party that suggests his occupation? Ans.—Yes, he is a florist. How do you know? Ans.—He has been admiring that daisy beside him all evening. And this gentleman? Ans.—He is a fruit gardener. How do you know? Ans.—See what a peach he brought with him this evening.

Now to prove further to the most skeptical that I do not in any way by action or word convey to the lady what you wish her to name, I will make my questions so brief and concise that there can be no possibility of what is about to follow, being no other than a true demonstration of the fact that the lady is a second daughter of the seventh daughter of the first nation of the land.

(NOTE:—Here are given a few questions that the last word signifies by rhyme what the article in question is.)

What's that? A hat. What's this thing? A ring. Hurry now, tell? Coat lapel. What's this here? Ear. And that over there? A chair. This If you can? A man. And this? Make haste. A lady's waist. And this? Don't holler? Collar.

You see, it makes no difference what I say or how I say it, the lady though blindfolded in most secure manner, by the aid of her Indian Guide Tobasco is enabled to quickly anticipate and answer correctly the name of any uncommon article such as have been offered here tonight. To further test her marvelous powers along these lines, we will have her give us the hardest test that it is possible for a human being to undertake. I refer to the actual reading of the thoughts of the people that are here tonight. Already now. Tell us what this young lady is thinking of? Ans.—An ice cream soda after the show. She says you are quite correct. Now can you tell us what the young gentleman with her is thinking of? Ans.—He is thinking if she gets her wish and he has to pay for it, he will have to walk home without carfare. Why is this young lady over her smiling so happily? Ans.—She didn't have to pay for her own ticket to get into the show tonight. What does this shoe string tied around this young man's arm suggest to you? Ans.—He is mourning. His mother-in-law died. Does this young man's watch denote the correct time? Ans.—No; his uncle has so many he can't keep them all wound up. Explain why. Ans.—He is a pawnbroker and has a cut on his thumb and is afraid of brass poisoning. Why is this lady's hair of such a radiant blonde shade? Ans.—She is a baseball fan and sits in the bleachers too much.

This gentleman over here that just yawned. What does your guide tell you about him, Ans.—He has a new gold crown and is proud of it. Is this lady in silk on my left as happy as she appears to be? No. And why? Ans.—Because the dressmaker ran out of buttonholes before she got that dress finished and one of the pins the lady had to use tonight is pointing the wrong way. Yes, but tell us where this pin is located? Ans.—That is a pointed question no gentleman should ask.

Would you mind telling us this lady's age? Ans.—I could, but I won't. Why? Ans.—Because she is a friend of mine and I might want her to do me a favor some time. Tell us if this gentleman here was to church last Sunday. Ans.—No, he wasn't. How do you know? Ans.—He gave me half of the fish he caught. Can this boy here see what you are doing? Ans.—No. Why can't he? Ans.—Because that big man in front of him hasn't got a pain (pane) in his back. Can you tell us if this couple to my right are married or single? Ans.—They are married. How do you know? Ans.—Because they haven't spoken a word to each other since they came in. Is that the way you usually tell if people are married? Ans.—No. What other way have you of knowing who is married? Ans.—If it's a man I can tell by their being and acting nervous. What reason do you attribute to their being a married man because they act nervous. Ans.—They are worrying for fear they will lose the dime carfare their wife gave them that morning.

Is there any other way of determining who is married and who is not?



Ans.—If you mean a man, it is always nervousness. What else besides the carfare question should make a man show by his actions that he is married? Take for instance that gentleman to my right. Ans.—I know he is married without a doubt, simply by the worried look on his face. Using your phsyic powers and penetrating his mind and thoughts what do you see that convinces you he is a married man and nervous. Ans.—When he gets out his wife will ask him if he don't think she is more nifty looking than I am, and if he don't lie and say yes, she will get him, and if he does lie and say no, he won't go to heaven, so he is in an awful fix either way.

I believe, ladies and gentlemen, that after these various tests and demonstrations, you must agree that we are able to do almost anything in the way of thought transference and what is generally called mind reading, and while you are in that mood and believe in us and our ability we will take the opportunity of thanking you for your kind attention and cooperation in making our act so successful and interesting to you all, and we ask you to remember us to your friends and if we have the good fortune to come this way again we want you to be on hand to join us in a good old fashioned home gathering such as we have had tonight.

## BURLESQUE FORTUNE TELLING CARDS

Act for two people. One working in audience. Other on stage, blindfolded. By a simple code, the one in the audience secretly makes known to blindfolded assistant, the card selected, who in turn proceeds to tell their fortune. It makes no difference what card is selected, as will be noted from patter, simply what card it is so blindfolded one can name card aloud and pretend to get a reading from that particular card.

Ladies and gentlemen, before taking up our part of the program this evening, I wish to call your particular attention to what we consider a very unique and novel method of fortune telling with cards.

With the aid of this ingenious association of different persons with playing cards, we find it a very easy matter to delve into the past, present and future of anyone and lay bare many things of interest in their lives, especially interesting to their friends and neighbors.

Now remember, we do not claim to be infallible, but nevertheless we wish to let it be known, that in over 5000 performances given during the last few years, we have absolute proof that at least 95% of our predictions really have happened or later came true.

In order that you may fully understand what we are really about to do, I will say that in the method we use, I shall allow my assistant to pass through the audience and have cards selected by various ones present, and immediately such selection is made, I, through powers given me by my unseen guide, will tell the party selecting a card something that will from its truthfulness prove very startling.

Now with your kind permission and indulgence, my assistant will come among you and allow the selection of cards by those present, and those making a selection please bear in mind to select but one card, then note its color, suite and value very carefully, so that he or she will not forget it. After noting your selected card, please think of it very intensely, concentrating your mind upon it as much as possible, so that your thought waves will be transmitted to me, thereby enabling me to give you a more correct reading of what matters you wish to know about.

(Selection by Either Sex.) I see a card. It's dark. Yes, very dark. It's a spade. Yes, it's the... of spades. This card is a very good omen. I associate with anything dark, the mystic numbers 7 and 11. The 7th letter of the alphabet happens to be G and in affairs of fortune this immediately suggests the word Gold.

Now we find the 11th letter of the alphabet is K. Recent history proves it to be the first letter of a word every child knows the meaning. I refer to



Kamerad. Associating the two words we have Gold Kamerad, or in plain (localize town you are in) English, it means Gold Surrenders, so it is evident you are going to get a lot of money and die rich and have the gout.

(Gentleman's Selection.) Your card is a red card. Yes, it is the ..... of Diamonds. This is also a good sign. Diamonds are always associated with riches. I see you working in a bank. Piles of money are before you. It is yours for the taking. No one is even looking. Still you hesitate and do not yield to temptation.

I cannot get it. Please think hard of your card, not me. What unseen power is it that keeps you from becoming suddenly rich. Ah, the haze clears away. Now I see it all. There is a heavy wire netting that separates you from the money and you have forgotten to bring along a pair of pliers or an acetylene torch.

(Ladies Selection.) Well, this lady has also made a good selection. It's a red card. Yes, it's the ..... of hearts. For her I see many swaying forms moving around her. They are, I believe, all of the feminine gender. Yes, quite true, they are all women. How they are gesturing and waving their hands and arms. Perhaps some one is injured and they are going to aid and comfort the sufferer.

I look again. Now I see you apart from the rest of the seething mass of feminine humanity. Your arm is also in the air. Your countenance pictures defiance and victory. Is it a sword you hold in your hand? Can it be you are a 20th century Joan of Arc? No. As I look again I see more clearly. It is a 10c lace collar marked down to 9c, and you have grabbed the best and cleanest one in the whole bunch from the bargain counter. Let's hope you are as successful in picking a man and try hard and get one that's worth even 9c.

(Gentlemen's Selection.) This party selects a dark card. I believe it is a club and the ..... Also a very good card. Very indistinctly yet its shadowy outlines tell me it is you I see. You are preparing for a journey. I see many faces. All of them show plainly there is anguish in their hearts.

As I look again it seems as though this sorrow is because of your departure. Are they dear friends and relatives that will miss you as you leave them to journey forth? Now I see your hand is clasped to one beside you. This must be some near relative that cannot bear to have you go. No, no. I am wrong. I now see clearly. He has a shiny star on his breast. It all comes to me now. You are not clasping hands. You are handcuffed to him and the wagon is ready to take you away for quite a lengthy interval.

(Gentleman's Selection.) This selection is a red card. It's the ..... of diamonds. The cardinal points of the Zodiac indicate many things of an unusual nature. I see you bowed down, carrying a heavy burden. You hesitate by the roadside. Fatigue has overcome you.

Now again as I look I see your face brighten up, chasing away the heavy lines of despair. I hear a sound in the distance. Ah, so have you. You believe that aid and relief is coming. Yes, it is true. A hissing monster stops beside you. One look and your cup of joy is dashed to the ground. It is a Ford and you are afraid for your cap are covered with corns from the last ride you took.

(Ladies Selection.) This lady has selected a rare card. It is the ..... of clubs. One seldom ever chosen on account of the bad luck it usually brings. As I peer into the hazy future I see her gazing through a large plate of glass. Within are many pretty things. Yes, it is the (localize) store. It is a bitter cold day in February. The latest styles in straw hats and thin silk hose are in. But alas, you are wringing your empty hands and empty purse in despair. You haven't got the price and will have to dress warm and comfortable for at least another week. To suffer so is almost unbearable.

(Gentleman's Selection.) This party has selected the most lucky card in the whole deck, the ..... of spades. To him I see multitudes of people bowing in great reverence. He smiles in return for their devotion. Truly this is a happy moment. But suddenly the scene

changes. The multitude have ceased to bow. They are raising up. They are waving sticks, stones and bricks at you.

Now you are fleeing. So are they, but toward you. But they are a bad second in the race. You are too swift for them and vanish with their dust in a cloud of your own. You have made in your rapid retreat. A case of "die" that was not fatal. I advise you not to take any more chances and try selling oil stock or copper mine shares to your friends for at least a couple more years.

(Ladies' Selection.) This lady has selected a red card, the ..... of hearts, that makes a prediction very complicated. I will say that it really is a 50-50 proposition in matter of luck. I see her patiently waiting in a dimly lighted room. She is restless. One hand opens and closes in a nervous, restless manner as though grasping the air. The other hand is also grasping, but not the air. It is a fire shovel.

It is lodge night. The clock has just struck three bells. A man is being lifted from a taxicab in front of the house. But why say more. It will be good and bad luck if she murders him, and the same if she lowers her batting average and misses him for he is like all men—N. G. Our time is up, my good people, and allow us to thank you for your earnest manner shown in giving us aid in our endeavor to prove to you that there are many wonderful secrets hidden away in a pack of playing cards. Thank you, and good night.

## FIRE EATING ACT

Performer by using the various methods generally known in magic, causes sparks to issue from mouth, blows flames from tube held in mouth, drinks molten metal, places red hot iron one tongue, etc.

I am to blame for just one thing in life that I will always regret. A song writer saw me doing this fire eating stunt of mine one night and it had such an emotional effect upon him that he rushed right home, all of the saloons were closed you see and he had no other place to go, so he, as I said before, rushed right home and wrote "There'll Be a Hot Time In the Old Town Tonight," for which neither I nor anyone else can ever forgive him for doing.

Now to get back to earth. In presenting to you this weird hodge podge of sensational stuff, wherein I partake of a light lunch at all hours of the day and night, I want to mention that there is but one other fellow that would ever dare to attempt what I am about to do, and he is off the job for the time being, as he has a rush order for a lot of fire and brimstone to get ready in honor of a reception that is going to be pulled off soon with a bunch of departed politicians.

I might mention incidentally, if you don't want to come in contact with this distinguished fire fan yourself, you better cut out the Sunday morning and peek inside of a church once in a while, even if you don't go in. You will be surprised to see how many many of the seats are dusty and how clean the pages in the Hymn Books and Bible are.

Now there is a young couple right over to my left, better let go hands right this very minute for I am going to blow a 500 candle power flame (or 5000 sparks) from my mouth as my first experiment and I won't be responsible for the tears shed by those that see you and haven't got the same or other material at hand to do likewise. By material I mean just what you think I do, so blush if you prefer a rosy complexion instead of Calverton's.

There, didn't I tell you I was going to make some fire. And, say, maybe I didn't see some sights. And after warning you all, too. Surely this blowing up stuff is hard to shake off. Well, I have good news for you guys, and what came with you. The rest of my show will be conducted in a most total darkness, so go to it and save a little for me.

Now to prove that my show is the most expensive act on the public stage today, I am going to drink a half gallon of that almost unobtainable

able stuff, gasoline. I cannot offer to explain how I am able to afford to do such an expensive act with the cost of living so high, but will appease your curiosity this much by stating that pa is rich and ma don't give a rap what I do so long as I bring home the bacon.

In experimenting with fire I am reminded of what a little girl said to her mother one day when mother was combing her hair. As she combed the little girl's hair it flew in all directions and some sparks flew as well. Asking her mother what made it do that her mother replied that it was electricity. "My," replied the little girl, "ain't we funny people. I got electricity in my hair and grandma's got gas on her stomach."

I will now show you a number of experiments in touching my tongue to a red hot iron, placing hot coals in my mouth, blowing a shower of sparks from my nostrils, and many others, if I don't melt before I get started good, and while they will all appear impossible, nevertheless I do it all and suffer no injury except possibly a shriveled up tonsil or melting out a couple gold fillings.

You perhaps wonder how I got to doing this stuff. My first start came from eating a lot of April Fool candy filled with red pepper, and later on I finished my trade (that's what it is and a good one) but as I was about to remark, I got my post graduate course in this game at railroad lunch counters, grabbing off some of those quick lunches and eating and drinking it all while the engineer was filling his pipe.

Any person that is interested in fire, beyond what I have already shown you tonight, can have my services at any time and they will notify me, and guarantee me a fifty-fifty split on the insurance they get if I do a good job before the fire department gets there. If you will do this I can assure you that you will also become enthusiastic about fire the same as I am.

## FLOWERS FROM PAPER CONE

A sheet of paper shown both sides is rolled up in a cornucopia and from same an enormous lot of pretty flowers are poured out, producing a beautiful effect.

Now for a very rare treat that I have prepared especially for the ladies. The idea of this interesting and pretty effect was suggested to me by a beautiful young girl that nature had lavished most generously with charming face and figure, but alas, she, like all us good lookers, was lacking in that one very essential item that is the very salt of life. I refer to money if you are poor guessers.

Yes, the girl was broke, and Easter Sunday came and went, and through it all she suffered, for nary a pretty flower did she have to decorate her 98 cent hat so it might grace her pretty head and make it possible to go to church with the regular gang.

One day, in utter despair, she sallied forth with desperation stamped on every feature, but she had not gone very far until a good fairy read at a glance what was on her mind, that being easy, as she had no hat, so she stepped to the girl's side and whispered in her ear: "Be quick! Go back to your home and paste together enough 20 dollar bills to make a cone of good size and hurry back."

The girl did as the good fairy bade her and returned in a jiffy with the cone. This is the same cone, by the way. I must apologize for those that are not able to see that it is made of money.

But to get back to the fairy and the girl. Peeking through the bushes, I saw the fairy unroll and roll up this cone in the same manner as I show you milky way, a fragment of the blue sky a slice of the moon, a touch of the cone, a gentle zephyr, a dash of rain, a piece of the rainbow, a wisp of the golden sunset, (Note: As you say this, carry out same by necessary actions)

And then she reached in and stirred them all up and poured out the most beautiful bunch of female roof garden sprouts, just like this, that I ever laid my eyes on. I admit that no one has nothing on me when it comes to being a nature fakir. Pretty clever stuff. Yes? Not at all bad for a 15 cent admission fee.



## PATRIOTIC BILLIARD BALLS

Nine enameled balls, of which three are Red, three are White and three Blue are shown, also three hats or small baskets. Performer places alternately in each hat or basket, singly, a ball of each color until the audience has seen three Red ones placed in first hat, three White ones in the next, and finally three Blue ones in the last, yet strange enough when the three hats or baskets are tipped over, from each hat a Red, White and Blue Ball is produced.

History tells us truthfully or otherwise that the first inhabitants of this grand continent were composed almost entirely of that almost extinct race called Indians or Redmen. Later on we are told that a lot of white invaders while out on an exploring tour, landed here hunting for a new location to film a new five reel masterpiece. During the taking of this picture the director bawled out so loud and often to his bunch of actors and actorines "You're rotten and punk" that the Indians became disgusted and took the first train for Indianapolis.

Just about this time a lot of Blue blooded ancestors of the Great Illustrious Du Flicker appeared upon the scene and demanded an explanation as to why the wherefore of the whichness of all these strange antics. Realizing the seriousness of it all, the camaraman reversed his film and brought back the Redmen bound for Indianapolis, and after a conference it was decided that representatives of each faction would get together and hold a blarney and report back what should be done in the matter.

In order that you may follow this interesting story we will suppose that these Red balls represent the Indians or Redmen, these three White ones the Movie Bugs, and these three Blue ones the descendants of Count Du Flicker. One by one, first the Red, next the White, and then the Blue retire from sight to dope out something.

To commune alone is like making love all by yourself, it's not only impossible but foolish, so a second representative of each followed making two of each faction out of sight and together. Now number three of the three separate clicks gets suspicious, restless and lonesome and follows the crowd of his particular breed so that they can't put over anything that they won't be in on.

Just then the strains of the Star Spangled Banner are heard coming closer and closer, and with a grand hurrah we find emerging from their hiding place not a selfish bunch of each faction, but instead that glorious patriotic combination the Red, White and Blue, which as I understand was really the original Birth of the Nation and stamps David Griffiths so called big film a rank imposition and a fraud.

## SILK HANDKERCHIEF COMBINATION

This excellent effect is produced with the aid of some single colored silks, and the additional aid of a color changing silk that is exactly same in size and colors as the single one.

A little magical experiment with some colored silks that was suggested to me one time while out berrying. No, not in the cemetery. This was in my grandfather's orchard. By careful observation I noted that all blackberries, when they are green they are red, and when they are red they are always green.

It occurred to me that was very interesting and mysterious so I decided I would do a trick with some of these berries, but on account of the high cost of vegetables I had to substitute some silk handkerchiefs. Instead, which I find I can coax at different times to give a fairly good imitation if our chameleon friend Mr. Blackberry, and at half the price of the upkeep.



First I will tie these two Irish flags (two green silks) together and put them where the footlights won't fade them. It wouldn't be fair to do this trick without using something red for we just mentioned about the red blackberry, so here is another silk that is unlike the berry for its not green when it's red, but red first, last and always, just like a good little 25 cent handkerchief should always be when treated right.

Now for a little of that hocus pocus stuff. I sprinkle a little of the magic powder on it, a gentle massage like they use to crush ice and behold it's going, more going, most going, and finally a gone. But where? Aha, that's a secret, but I am just feminine enough so that I simply cannot keep a secret, so, womanlike, I must tell you that it is here with its two Irish friends. You see they all ran a race but no one won, they are all tied.

Alright this is getting along fine. I'll untie them and start all over again as another man just came in and didn't see how it was done. The rest of you can chew gum and talk with what came here with you while I repeat the experiment for this party.

I take these two green onions. Oh, pshaw, I am getting childish, or as they would say in little Italy, "He maka da too mucha foolish splofsky, gezoben," or in other words, I am incorrect, which is right and I stand corrected and take these two green silks, tie them together—"Say, will that late arriving gentleman please look this way and quit trying to put his head in that lady's lap that is sitting back of him."

You will get me terribly angry in a minute. To proceed I put the green silks entirely out of the way, giving me a clear stage for my next clever move which as you will note if you care to look, is the vanish of our old friend, the cerise silk. I always say cerise. Red is so vulgar and suggestive of a punch in the nose.

All right, now once again we draw on the bank and take out a roll of the green and find with it the red. What's this? The red is missing. How embarrassing, and especially so when I must admit of the fact I am a green hand at this line of work. Yes, It's really work and hard work too—for you as well as myself.

But a happy thought has come to me as I labor on. Once a fortune teller told me I had a wonderful lot of magic power concealed in me, in fact I was a regular human six cylinder flivver. Assuming she was right I will try myself out and see what happens. I pass my hand over the green and behold it has changed to red and I've absorbed a lot more green in my system for people to kid me about. Please don't all applaud at once as the doctor says I must have complete rest and cannot be disturbed.

## RIISING CARDS WITH VARIATION

Three selected cards are shuffled back in pack, same placed in glass goblet, and at will of performer the cards rise separately and same verified by audience. In variation the Queen of Clubs persists in rising in place of the selected card.

I just feel that I have got to do a couple card tricks for you before I go any farther with my program. You know when you get some sort of a hunch that you ought to do something, the best thing to do, is to do that very thing and get it off your mind and out of your system and you feel better right away.

The effect that I am about to produce is not original with me by any means but was indirectly suggested to me when I attended a session of the Convention of Woman's Suffrage not long ago and I say it in all sincerity, I believe they are doing good work along the correct lines, and I wish to take this opportunity of thanking them one and all for being instrumental in my ability to present to you this evening this novel creation with cards that I shall choose to call "Card Levitation Extraordinary."

First, I shall ask some person to choose three cards from this ordinary pack and having noted them carefully, place them back and shuffle thoroughly. Say you, what kind of a confederate are you anyhow? A fine friend you are.

Gone and mixed the cards all up like that after I told you on the quiet to go easy. How do you expect me to do a trick now with such a mess as that? Can't find a single card that was selected. You know I go out of my way to treat everyone as nice as I can and in return, here my supposed to be best friend crabs the trick by shuffling the cards until the spots are almost gone. Yes, and all this in the face of the fact I tipped him off with a wink. All I can say is that if the trick goes wrong, I'm going back to work and make an honest living. Well, I might as well see it through and do the best I can with it.

Here we have an ordinary goblet, also a handkerchief that I have laying around because my best girl gave it to me for Christmas and she's in the audience now and I have to flash it.

Now we come to the part where the Suffragettes get in their deadly work. I show you an empty glass which I wipe with this denim linen kerchief, proving that there are no clockworks or mirrors to deceive you. I want everyone present to help me with this trick so I'll ask someone to examine the glass and notice my handkerchief is a four sided, square, and very flat in the center. On one corner is a small sticker marked 5 cents. This glass is somewhat different than most glasses from the fact that it cost only 3 cents when usually they sell for 5 cents and are half foam.

Now for the interesting part where the Suffragettes make their entrance. We put this jumbled up mess of pasteboards in this ordinary glass, cry aloud to the Goddess of Good Luck to come to the front just this once and save the day, wave our magic wand after this manner and we really have card No. 1 who, like many of us great notables present this evening, has risen from the ranks in a most noble manner. We will now have No. 2 rise. Correct, you say. Thank you. Now No. 3. I believe you are perfectly satisfied that these are the correct cards as selected, are you not? And in conclusion I don't mind telling you that this trick is nothing more than a clever idea of mine to advertise (use your own or any name you wish) quick rising yeast, which I am fortunate enough to be agent for in this county and will be pleased to take your order right now for one or a million cakes and fully guarantee them to raise anything but the mortgage on your house.

Note—To carry out the Suffragette idea, simply thread in Queen of Clubs (using three) so one will rise each time before the selected card does. Each time the queen makes its appearance, you take it and push it down in the deck, at the same time telling it as President of the Woman's Suffrage Cats Association to be patient and take her time and proper place and you will let her have her say when you get through with your part of the program, but to remember that you have but a limited amount of patience and the fact she is a woman won't protect her if she aggravates you too much, etc.

## DIMINISHING AND ENLARGING CARDS

In this effect the performer has the enlarging cards spread out where he can secure same easily, and with this preparation, proceeds to show some ordinary size cards that gradually diminish in size until they finally vanish. At this stage of the trick, the enlarging cards are picked up, and trick proceeds as patter directs. Finish by allowing small cards to go down into hands and the large ones produced and fanned out. Both of these effects may be bought of any reliable magic dealer.

Playing cards lend themselves in many ways to clear up and illustrate some of the most complex and baffling problems of the present day. To this we must all agree.

In all probability this is largely due to the fact of their well known simple construction, and also that almost every child from six to sixty years of age can readily recall one or more instances in their lives in which cards played an important part.

You may have, for instance, won thirty-nine cents at one sitting, or perhaps got paddled so hard that one sitting was too painful to be an accom-

plished fact in the other instance. Anyhow, you know about cards, so for that reason I have chosen them for this part of my program.

I now show you a few of these ordinary cards just mentioned, all alike in size and each card about as thick as the next one to it. I'll be fair and generous and toss a few out as souvenirs for some of the Methodists who I am glad to see are with us tonight.

The five I keep I spread out fan shape, so, close them up and upon opening them again they appear to have diminished in size somewhat. That's the interesting part, for really the cards are the same size as before but by my exercising an unseen power and influence upon your optical nerve centers, collectively, I make you believe you see what is, isn't, or in other words—no the same words. Let it go at that.

Once more a little squeezing of the cards to mislead you while I pass out a few shafts of mob psychology arbustus opticus and if I have not failed, you see and believe the cards are still smaller.

Well, this is going better than I thought it would. Me for this mob psychology stuff all the time from now on.

I'll do it again. Do they look still smaller? Party over there says they do. Thank you brother. Just once more. This will be like putting a camel through the eye of a needle but I believe I can do it.

Aha, the effort was wonderfully well timed and executed and completely successful for now I can't see the cards myself. Some of this mob stuff must have back-fired and got me too. Well, however, it's a good trick, is it not? Yes it is not. Thanks. But wait a minute. That isn't all. It would be dangerous to allow a bunch like you to remain in a semi-cat-a-lip-tickle state very long. No telling what you might do or not do.

My fingers are so brittle that I dare not snap them to break the spell so I will resort to the old theory of using fire to draw out fire, snow to draw out frost bites, etc. In other words I again show you the same cards in their diminished size. (Performer picks up cards fanned out with enlarging cards in position.) In fact they are so small they are hardly visible.

I see a few smiling in a doubtful way. All right you doubting Thomases and Susans, I'll prove I am right and you are wrong. Will that party in the end seat of the last row please oblige me by selecting and noting position of the queen of hearts.

Note: Performer should call for selection of some card that is among the large cards but have its smaller duplicate covered or partly hidden in those shown in the ones fanned out. Performer of course gets reply that the card cannot be located, or at least pretends such is told to him.

See, there are a few sincere persons present, so let's be thankful for that. This party admits and rightfully that he cannot see or locate the Queen of Hearts (or whatever card you ask about) for neither can any of you because you are still in this semi-cabaret condition that I am trying to bring you out of if you will permit me.

I cover the cards for a moment, and sending out some of my wireless refractionary ultra plum color rays of Blow-Zefsky, we once more fan out the cards and find they are back in to their original size so that the party back there and in fact everyone present can see and locate the card mentioned or any other one desired.

## THE COLOR CHANGING BALLS

A Red and Black Ball, after having been wrapped in paper and placed in separate goblets, are found to have changed places.

Now for just a little serious foolishness to show you what you bump up against when you try to coze in on the payroll of some of our railroads. You are trying the hardest grind in this examination of the railroads when you are well known to land a fat job, is to get by with their color blind test, for it is a well known fact that a green railroad man seldom ever can see a red light on a black night and all this is usually found out after a lot of people, cars, soft coal, and railroad ties are all fricussed together. And next day all



the papers have big head lines telling you it was all on account of a misplaced switch, which as usual, brings a woman into the case. If it happens to be a shipwreck it is blamed onto a large marcel wave, so no matter what happens the woman in the case is ever apparent.

But to get back to our original subject regarding the test of color blindness. I want to see how many of you can qualify to warm a nice office chair or shovel coal for a railroad company I am organizing. If you fail as badly as I did you couldn't get a job pounding sand for a switch engine.

Here we have two wooden balls, a red one and a black one. I might mention that these were the only two ballots cast for me when I tried to join the Masons. I could stand for the black one but the guy that slipped me the red one must have meant murder.

Using a small piece of newspaper, I wrap up this black token of hatred and place it over here, and in a like manner I wrap up this villianous red one that the sight of makes me so angry I could give some one a severe slap right on the wrist.

Here we have two empty glasses that I use to place the two packages in. Wooden ball during the show, highballs after the show. I wish that young lady in the center aisle would quit winking at me. It gets me all frustrated. See, I've forgot which is the red one and which is the black. Well let's take another look. Yes this is the Red one which I place on the right, so don't forget now, "R" for red on right. And this, the black one on the bunco side. Remember, "B" for black and bunco.

Now then, here is where we all get that soft job on the railroad, or get railroaded in the discard. Red on right (open.) Well the Jinx has still got us under a spell surely for this is not the red, but black, and this is not black, but red. How discouraging. Engineer on a waffle wagon is about the best any of us can hope for after such a fozzie as that.

## THE BEWITCHED UMBRELLA

An umbrella placed so the tip of same rests on performers open palm, the other end of handle held by one or more spectators. At proper moment the performer asks spectators to lift umbrella, but they are unable to do so. Use a flesh color catgut loop and arrange to slip end of umbrella under this. It is obvious that a great leverage is now formed that will permit of a great many startling effects. Later the catgut loop, which is attached to an elastic, is allowed to recede up coat sleeve.

I note with much pleasure that we have with us this evening a great many who show all the earmarks, and in a few instances the rosemarks of being on social or intimate terms with various kinds of spirits and, as I, in my part of the program make use of their influence in many ways, I shall expect a sort of a brotherly love atmosphere to exist, so to speak.

The only difference is, the kind of spirits you dally with are the denatured kind, while mine are the departed ones, so let me give you a little timely advice before I forget it, no matter how beautifully colored up the wood alcohol is that you kow tow to, it is nevertheless a vinous poison and any amount over a quart a day will make a Christie Comedy out of you, so take a timely tip from me and quit, or at least cut down to half a gallon.

To prove this spirit influence is working already, I am going to show you that I can take an ordinary umbrella or parasol and with it I will perform a number of surprising miracles. First, before I borrow the umbrella, I will make this statement. I am going to, among many other startling things, prove that an umbrella is not of the female gender, and will demonstrate conclusively by shutting it up and making it stay shut, which will, to my notion, be all the evidence necessary.

Speaking of this recalls an instance when I took, or rather tried to take, a lady's umbrella by mistake, and believe me, she never shut up all the time I was in hearing distance.

Resolving never to get caught that way again, I determined that as soon



as I go, home I would gather up every last one of the umbrellas our home was infested with, and take them all to the repair shop and get them fixed up. So I tied them in a bundle and started for town. Lo and behold, who should be sitting along side of me but the lady with the fateful umbrella I tried to annex. She gave me and my bunch of rain sticks just one fierce look and said scornfully and otherwise, "Well, for a bum amateur crook, you seem to have had a pretty good day, haven't you?"

The fact that this lady is present tonight, will make my experiment with an umbrella doubly interesting, as you will see by watching closely. Just keep one eye on me, one on the lady and one on the umbrella. Now I hope this lady will let bygones be bygones and if her umbrella isn't gone also I am going to try my luck once more and see if it is not possible to separate her from it just for a brief moment, so I can go on with my experiment I have been talking about but haven't started to do yet, why, I don't know, neither do you, nobody does. Who cares?

Lady (or madam) please let us be friends and kindly loan me that umbrella you have hid in your sleeve. Now ain't that disappointing. She says "Ich weis nit," so I will have to ask someone else. Strange how hard it is for women to forgive.

Is there anyone else present that has an umbrella. Some one that has had a good day and can loan me one of his collection. Party here says I can take his. Thank you. What's that? Oh, sure. He just cautioned me to return at least the handle as he wants to use it to play golf next Sunday after church.

Now I have an umbrella. I want several persons to come up on the stage and act as a sort of a safety last committee and see that this gentleman gets some of his umbrella back. Come on boys, don't let anyone say that you never had a chance to go on the stage. There, that's very good, now we need just one more. Isn't there anyone present that came in on a pass? Surely there must be for I gave out seven and there are only six that have showed up.

Well, as this is only a 12 foot stage and we have got 14 feet already, you can stay where you are and see if I care. Now gentlemen I am going to prove to you how difficult it is to lift an umbrella, if some one wills that you cannot, just as the lady over there did the day I tried to lift hers and she willed it I should not. All ready, go. Look out. Say, don't try to lift me, lift the umbrella. You know this is something like lifting yourself up with your boot straps, only more difficult. Try again. Try again. You all done very fine, but don't forget the political pull you claim to have doesn't help out a bit in this. What you seem to need most is a little exercise carrying in coal for friend wife.

And you know lifting those heavy ones with half foam off the bar may be all right to develop elbow ~~crease~~ on your coat sleeve but for this kind of work it is nix. Anyhow, I wish to thank you for you: feeble—I mean able efforts for it has convinced me and no doubt may in the audience that the personal magnetism and electrical forces I am gifted with must be seriously considered at all times, even though I never generated a sufficient amount to spark a nice pretty girl successfully.

## TORN AND RESTORED PAPER

A piece of Tissue Paper is visibly torn into pieces, yet through some mystic power, the pieces unite and the previously mutilated paper is found restored.

Next I shall endeavor to show you a peculiar experiment, the ultimate result proving conclusively that father was right when he exclaimed in a dramatic manner to me on one occasion, "My son, I am proud to know that you will never be able to deceive anyone." Those words ring out most forcibly tonight, for, from all indications about 95 per cent of the multitude present here this evening have brought along a compound wireless periscope, present other 5 per cent are X-ray specialists that give you the once over and then remark in a most positive manner, "I know just how he does it all right but don't quite understand how he lived to be twenty-five without meeting a violent death."

In the face of all this I am going to tempt fate once more and call your

attention to a small square piece of tissue paper that I have here. The fact that the paper is square does not indicate that the trick to follow is, so don't be misled. I now visibly tear this tissue into several small fragments, proving I am of a reckless and probably very violent and disagreeable disposition, likewise very hard to get along with.

Having reeked vengeance in this manner on a poor helpless in-animate piece of parchment, I crush it into a shapeless mass, with no show of mercy or compassion. Now that you may follow each move more closely in the best possible manner, I shall push my cuffs back and in so doing expose the mark of Cain on my fore arm, yet I am determined to carry to the very limit that which I have set forth to do.

This bit of paper that I have torn limb from tree, so to speak, is to all intents and purpose fit only for use as a snow storm effect in some hot show like "Rachel's ranting ruthlessly and restlessly," etc., but far be it from such and those that anticipate that diabolical destruction has been committed here tonight will have another guess, for in the same magical manner that many minute atoms of flour are moulded into a unit sometimes misnamed the staff of life or bread like mother used to make, so have I restored this piece of paper to its original condition.

Now as the majority of you don't know how it is done, or do know how it isn't done, I will attempt to gratify your curiosity by doing it again slowly and explain each little step. Who said Step lively. Must be one of those rule rope yankers from the elevated (or subway.) Once more I will proceed. This small piece of kiss you, I mean tissue paper, I roll up into a small ball and visibly place it in the palm where my life long line and (localize) Street cross. A slight pressure of the Tibian Bone of my Faticus Thumbus keeps it in place until I want to make exchange for the other piece that is torn up.

All this you don't know about at all and if you do, forget it or the trick won't work. Sometimes it won't work anyhow. Now I boldly call your attention to this other piece of paper and in a similar manner I tear it up for why should I care when I have my little life saver all ready for me when I want to make the switch. So with these fragments completely camouflaged until they look like a fuzzy wuzzy duffickered pom-pom, I roll them up by the cold compact process into a compact ball, and with an imperceptible turn of the body, aided by my rubber heels, I bring my hands together for the thousandth part of an hour and the critical exchange is made.

Let me see if it is made. Yes, it is made. I'm so clever I even fool myself sometimes. All right I have done my part well and the trick is gradually assuming a tangible form. Here I show you a piece apparently restored and you have forgotten about the torn pieces, (drop ball from palm on floor.) Gee, I forgot about them myself. I shouldn't have dropped them but as this is simply a little friendly expose it don't matter. You know all us magicians, even though we are clever, occasionally make a little slip.

Would you mind holding this piece a moment? You know it's hard to work very gracefully with your hands full of tissue paper. Here we have the piece apparently restored and there we have the pieces. Easy, isn't it? Let's see what sort of a presdigitateur you are anyhow. Please blow on those pieces you have there. Would you mind unrolling them and see if everything is O. K.? Well, well, good stuff, say you are a regular guy yourself. Glad to have met you.

Now that you and the rest of those present fully understand just how it is all done, no further explanation is necessary and as it is common knowledge that the world loves those that are wise and happy, we should all feel pretty good in knowing that automatically we have all fallen deeply in love. I next call your attention to the farther end of the hall where many surprises are awaiting to greet you.

## SPIRIT SEANCE IN LIGHTED ROOM

Performer holds a large foulard or cloth with both hands in front of a table containing tambourine, bell, pistol, etc., yet in spite of fact both hands are visible at all times, strange spirit manifestations take place by bell ringing, pistol shots, fire flashes, table levitates, etc.

A little diversion somewhat apart from magic, absolutely no trickery whatever, but a semi-scientific experiment in spiritual manifestations in full light so you can see them as plain as I can. This little variation in my program is given by special request of Mr. ——— (name prominent dyer) your local dyer, who tells me that he has to dye to live, and for that reason I am offering no apology.

An ordinary large handkerchief, specially made for hay fever sufferers, and a few miscellaneous pieces of bric a brac, such as spirits are fond of fending, and a few cubic feet of static atmosphere hovering around me, completes our inventory of requisites necessary for this highly interesting problem or experiment.

You will notice the kerchief is quite square, has a flat area, and is appreciatively opaque, in fact it's too muchly so, you think and I agree with you. But let me explain.

You know some persons get very fussy and nervous when they see spirits, others have to drink them to get that way, while me, I find a moist internal application of the correct quantity is a fine antidote. To prevent any squeamish members of the audience from being unduly affected in meeting a spirit face to face, I will hold up this large handkerchief, using as you will note, both hands to make it secure, so nothing can happen to mar the tranquility of this quiet gathering.

You knew we don't want to give the Red Cross a lot of unnecessary work on my account for we all know they have too much and more than they can handle now as it is. I will ask every one to be as quiet as possible with the exception of myself, for I have to make a big noise you know or you might hear the clatter of bones when the spirits start their spring drive up through the floor in a few minutes.

(Knock on table with knuckles.) Hear that? Some one wants to come in. Probably the departed spirit of a gambler that cashed in for slipping four aces from his boot top. (Turn and say) "No you can't come in. But I say you can't." We won't stand for any crooks. (shoot pistol) There I guess you will be quiet for a while."

(Ring bell.) "What's that?? Oh, your old Satans fire fans, well take Four Aces Steve back and put him on the broiler." (Ring bell, allowing it to roll off onto the floor and remove kerchief for a moment so audience can see table and props. Place kerchief back and adjust false fingers.)

(Rattle tambourine.) "Who did you say you was? Billy Rice the minstrel. Bless your heart Billy, but you surely have bleached out some." Turn to audience. "Can't you see him with that umbrella, making a stump speech and swipe that water glass off the—(knock glass off table.) "Say, cut that stuff out, don't be so real."

(Have Spirit table lifting ring on finger and small brad in table top.) Lifting up table. "Do you see that? Surely that table is off the floor or else I'm off my submarine base. I am getting a little bit shaky. Will somebody hold this handkerchief so I can't see this stuff. Hurry please, I've got to come up for air.

(Drop table with a bang.) "Well, that's plenty of this spook stuff for this time. No, I won't be a bit offended if some pretty Red Cross nurse volunteers right now to take me under treatment, for really I feel as though I was drifting. Thank you. Step right down this aisle please. Oh that's right, everybody look and spoil it all.

Suggestions for effects under cover of the handkerchief: Use Spirit Plates and show a message having appeared on blank slate. Use Mirror Glass for some effect. Create a pretty Flower growth from flower pot. Work Ammonia and Muratic Acid smoke effect behind kerchief. Get a flash of fire with acid



tube and flash paper or metal pottassium. Have tin can with rosined string to pull on for your noise.

They are now killing off some more of Hagenback's lions. Best condition for spirit effects is with three points in contact. Foot on brass rail, elbow on mahogany, and hand on glass, but where oh where can we go now to find that ideal contact?

(Rattling of tambourine.) The spirits are unusually musical tonight. I always did like a tambourine solo. There is something so soothing and sweet about it. Just like the smile you get from a girl when you tell her you sympathize with her in her distress as you have flat feet yourself and know how annoying it is.

(Bell ringing.) More music. How charming, and such silvery tones. Sounds like that makes us all feel better. You can live on a ten party phone line and laugh ha, ha, just like that every time the phone rings for some one else. For my part I'd rather have them ringing a towel. I might be the cause of all this muss and fuss myself. I remember being told once that I was a dead ringer for some one.

(Bell ringing.) Guess dinner must be on. Wait until I consult the spirits. (Turn and hold short imaginary confab back of kerchief.) Turn to audience. Yes, it was a good guess. Just talking with Old Spirits of Turpentine. Says he has some choice war rations for us tonight. Has: Barely barley bread, beefless tenderloin, cream of cement soup, German fright potatoes, Manilla ice cream, pipe plant with nutty flavor, roast Mutt and Jeff, lobster with money, chicken without much dressing, electric currents with 10 per cent discount.

(Chains rattling.) I wonder if that's one of those darn endless Victrola chains where you send 12 dimes to 12 different places and mail 12 coupons to 12 different people, and the day you are to get an electric free, Uncle Sam butts in and says it can't be did because it's illegal. Bugs on that stuff, don't you say so?

(Rapping on table.) Girls, here's your chance to get some very choice wraps for nothing. Why pay \$3.17 on Monday morning from 9 to 9:20, and get squeezed in a crowd, unless the crowd is soldier boys. Oh mercy girls, don't it make you delirious to think of being squeezed by soldier boys. But as I was saying, these wraps are very precious. In fact they can be gotten only by hard knocks. Clever stuff, ain't it? Wear one of these wraps for a bathing suit and you become famous, (bing, bing, bing,) just like that, all in a minute.

(Rattling of articles.) Some unusual excitement among the spiritual beings tonight, isn't there. I suppose some of the female species are the guilty ones for you know they always have a little kick coming or a little knock. They can't help it, bless them, and we love them for it, don't we. Yes we do—not. (Conflab with spirits behind kerchief.) Can you beat that? They are going to put a motion before the house to stop cows from using all four of their stomachs when food is so scarce.

(Smoke effect.) Sniff, sniff. Smells like Velvet Bull Tuxedo. Or perhaps there is no bull in it. Just velvet tuxedo. Anyhow, I smell cloth or rag burning, so cut it out. I might stand for a flannel mouth but nix on the ferocious burlap.

Odds and ends you may use if you don't get the hook: I'm a vegetarian from now on. I got a peach of a girl. She came from Quincy, Mich. She has a turnip nose, radish lips, olive complexion, flaxen hair, strawberry mark on her shoulder (yes I saw it) and such bean the case we expect to wrap for wedding soon, endive got the price to, so lettuce, for as a pear we can't be beet. Oh smush.



## RING IN THE EGG

A borrowed ring is pounded with hammer so it will easily go inside of barrel of pistol performer is using. Shooting at egg, the ring is later found inside of egg and identified by its owner.

The success of what I am about to undertake next, depends greatly upon two unknown factors. One is how successful or otherwise I will be in making a loan, and the other is, who will be easy enough to come across with it. Well, the only way to find out is to try, so here goes. No, I don't want to borrow money. If I asked for that I would get pinched for creating a riot in a public amusement place. What I want is one of those round insignias or emblems generally used, denoting the wearer has been sentenced for life.

You know what I mean. One of those shiny metal passports for free eats, free clothes, free home, free everything and free from work. Why have I described anything more plainly. This lady here says "I'm wrong on my dope but I have the right idea," so she has kindly consented to loan me her ring. I see it is marked Woolworth inside. I take the liberty of calling you Mrs. Woolworth and thank you for the confidence you place in me. You have taken a bigger chance than my own mother would. Well, the fact is, she knows me pretty well.

I next call your attention to some priceless gems loaned me for the occasion by Tiffany. Before the war these were used quite extensively for food. Now they are used to pay off mortgages on the old home. Yes, they are really and truly eggs. You select this one? Thanks. Officer will you please lock the door during this experiment. I cannot take any chances, even though you all look honest.

I also pass for your examination a small cup that I shall use in conjunction with what I am about to show you and by placing this egg in the cup you will note that you may all plainly feast your eyes on a genuine hen's egg, free of charge. Now assuming that I am not a dangerous being and contemplate nothing of a murderous nature. I ask pardon of the Pacifists present to excuse my desecrating the tranquillity of this peaceful gathering by making use of this anti-Volstead persuader which I find is absolutely necessary tonight.

I am going to put the lady's ring inside of this gun, but were I to put it in as it is, the bullet would go right through the round, empty hole the ring surrounds and I might hit some one. I might kill the manager and then I wouldn't get my dough for all this hard work. I have it. I will pound the hole about so the bullet won't come out. (Pound ring oval shape to fit into barrel.) There. That's just right. Lucky I can think of just the right thing to do at just the right time.

Now comes the hardest task of all. If I shoot straight I spoil a perfectly good egg, and if I don't shoot straight I spoil a perfectly good trick. Now everyone ready. Don't jump. Bang. As I live, the pistol is empty. I must have hit the egg. It's surely heavier than it was. Bravo. I am sure there with the military stuff, for here is the ring inside the egg. Madam, allow me to thank you again for the loan of the ring and tell Mr. Woolworth how clever I am.

## FLOATING MAGNETIC WAND

An ordinary black wand is caused to adhere to finger tips, open palm, against hat, china plate, etc., apparently upsetting all laws of gravitation.

One of the brightest and most enjoyable moments of my young life, and probably yours also, is when a nice bunch like this gets together like we have tonight and we're all good friends and everybody likes everybody else and all us men want to shake hands and tell one another that he's a good old scout

and looking fine, and have a cigar, and come out and have dinner with me and take a spin in my little Lizzie and all that heart to heart stuff.

I tell you, good old life is pretty sweet even if taxes are high and potatoes a dollar an ounce. And on the other hand the ladies. God bless them all in their glorious beauty and summer furs, and Woolworth lavelierres, and Rock Island switches, and Blue Jay plasters, and saw dust arena, and Dr. Scholls arches, and Gossard stay there and maybe not.

Why they are right with us boys and we have good reasons to be proud that one of our ribs is missing. But they don't call each other college chum, old scout and all that when they get together. No indeed. They put all that heart to heart stuff in a tender kiss and a fond embrace.

You see they want to get close enough to each other so they can tell if there is any touching up being done on that youthful appearing hair and how thick a coat they got on to keep their nose from looking shiny and the little squeeze they give each other, immediately tips it off if their dressmaker is helping out Dame Nature in rounding out a few deficient curves here and there that ordinarily you could hang your hat and coat on.

But it's all right. They can't fool each other, but they do us and make us like it. Am I right? But I am floating away from the dock and a storm is coming up. Somehow I don't seem to get back to the starting point. What was I going to do next? My mind seems to be wandering. Ah! Floating from dock. Mind wandering. Now I have it. How simple of me to forget. I was going to show you an original conception of my own creation I choose to call "The Floating Wand."

A plain, ordinary round piece of wood (or metal) fashioned by hands immortal that have lent it magnetic powers that will cause even the most skeptical to believe they are seeing things floating before their eyes just like the patent medicine symptoms you read about. I rub my hand on my coat sleeve to start the flow of electric influences or fluid, touch the wand with my finger tips and it adheres like it were a part of me.

My only failure would be to try it on my head. Both being of a like substance or material and there is no sympathetic adhesion. The explanation of this is they both think the other is negative and they both are so positive about it that there is no use trying.

I now place the wand on the back of my hand and still the magnetic forces are in evidence, also a little real estate. That burlap towel in my dressing room is so porous that when I dry one hand it all oozes right through onto the other. I might overcome the difficulty by holding one end in my teeth but I'd hate to have anyone say they saw me chewing the rag. Then, too, I get so hungry at times I might get my hand too close to my face and bite myself for I certainly do like dark meat. But to resume.

I take the wand and pressing it against this hat it adheres perfectly. The hat just called the wand an old stick. The wand closed the setto by telling the hat it looked and felt poor. Next I place the wand against the China plate. Since China turned republic almost anything sticks to her. Did you notice how much more abundant the growth of the ladies hair is since they passed the law compelling all the Chinese to cut off their queues??

Pardon the pun, but really it is a very curious (querious) happen-stance but what bothers me the most to figure out is how the Chinaman grew his hair the right shade so it would watch the lady he sent it to. Talking about hair has got me switched off again from the main issue.

As a final and convincing demonstration with this wonder stick I will make it float in mid air, using simply the very tip of one finger. The fact that I have a nail on the finger I am about to use does not enter into the matter and has no bearing on the case, except that I have to bear on the wand to keep it from slipping up and giving me a wallop on my 'coco.

It's pure and simple (mostly simple) conclusive ocular manifestation that this mystic rod is lighter than air, and, while it cannot make both ends meet, nevertheless it's a good friend of mine and is going to keep on sticking around me until I loosen up for it knows I've always got the price and as I am not hard to coax, I believe I hear them calling me now, so be good little children and excuse me for a moment.

## CARDS PASSING INTO POCKET

Twelve cards are counted out and while held in the left hand, invisibly pass into the right trouser pocket which previously has been shown empty. Cards are counted at different stages of trick to show those still left in hand are minus the number that has appeared in pocket, until very last card has mysteriously passed from hand into pocket.

Card tricks have been done to death, so I seldom ever waste my time with them, but in this instance I am overwhelmed with a desire to show just one effect of mine that I consider really interesting not from a magical standpoint, but from the fact it has a great bearing on one of life's greatest problems that we are face to face with today, tomorrow and the 31st of February. Anyhow, I'll do the trick and you can then readily draw your own conclusions and perhaps will know what I am talking about. We'll try it anyhow, and if you don't soak up something that will benefit you, it's a sign you're not a sponge and you ought to be thankful for it.

I count out a few cards from the deck. To be exact, there are twelve. Yes, just an even dozen, but before I proceed farther, let me show you that my pockets are empty. And as usual, the female species are the cause of it all. If you are married, it's the high cost of living, and if you're single, like I am, it's the high cost of loving. They get you either way, going and coming, so it's useless to make a holler. Just a waste of good energy and breath, with no results.

All right now, I'll count the cards just once more. Correct, just twelve. What's that? Who said more than twelve? For the first time in your happy young life you are wrong, very wrong. The idea is to cause these cards to leave the left hand, pass up along the arm, across into the empty pocket, making them travel invisibly, singly, in couples, triplets and quadruplets. To each and comprehend the difficulty of an experiment of this nature, remember each and every card passes across the wide expanse from the left hand to the right shoulder without the aid of a taxi, and to make it even more interesting, I will make each card pass under my suspenders if I have any on. Wait. Let's see if I have. No, I haven't. Well, there will be trouble enough when I get started, anyhow.

This is going to be wonderful if I do it. That's what they all say. Now for the first card. Pass. Ouch. That one went under my necktie and every thing else. It must have been a spade the way it dug into me. Second card. Pass. Another rough one. Probably a heart or diamond traveling sharp end foremost. Third card. Pass. Another one dragging its anchor like that one did and I'll pass up the trick. Fourth card. Pass. I hope it isn't a club for I am all bruised up now.

That's better. It just tickled a little bit. Fifth card. Pass. Absolutely painless. Now let's see what has really happened. Rules of the house prohibit the showing of my wounds, so I show you simply my hands and the cards. Five cards we find in the previously shown empty pocket, leaving seven cards in the left hand. I count them to prove I am correct. Please hold these seven cards tight. Pass. Did you feel one go? Of course not. It was a queen. Who ever heard of any man holding a queen if she did not want to be held, especially if your knees haven't much upholstery?

Counting the cards we find but six left, and here in the pocket we find the missing card the gentleman over there let slip after cautioning him to hold tight. The secret of this trick is the cards go where there is some sort of a line of little or no resistance, and with a hole in my coat lining, it is not hard to solve the reason of it all.

Six cards and the pocket empty again. Now watch close and you can see them go. One, two, three. The other six cards have a groove cut so deep this is mere child's play. Pass. There you are. Quick and painless. Three cards left. Some think I steal the cards from the front of the pack. Please make note of the card that is facing you. Some say I mesmerize the cards,



others say I hypnotize my audience, and not a few say I am crazy. Don't believe it. Just watch the bottom card. One, two, three, and there they are in the pocket.

Now the last card, the queen of clubs. Some problem. A woman with dark hair, armed with a club or rolling pin usually requires a lot of diplomatic coaxing. Let's see how much this one will need. Pass. And sure enough she's gone into the pocket. No by gracious, she hasn't arrived yet. She must have dropped her switch and got sidetracked. Not here, nor here, nor in the pocket. I'll have to do a little of the coaxing stuff.

Will your kind majesty, Queen of Beauty and everything nice and all that sort of rot, please tarry not but meander hither to the pocket that waitest thou, you lobster you. That ought to bring results. Sure Mike, here she is and for once we didn't have some secret service men on the job to keep her from throwing a monkey wrench in the machinery and putting everything out of commission.

## THE SPIRIT PAINTINGS

An ordinary stretcher or frame of white paper or canvas is allowed to be examined, same placed in an arrangement similar to a shadow box with a light back of it. Gradually there appears on the blank stretcher a hazy effect, followed by the gradual appearance of a beautiful picture of a previously selected subject, which may be removed and if desired passed for further examination.

As far back as I can remember, and believe me I am no flapper, I recall most vividly the good old days when mother used to shine up my copper tipped red top boots with risin "son" stove polish, pinned a paper collar on my middy blouse, fashioned a necktie out of some stray piece of carpet rags and said, "Robert, this is your birthday and I am going to take you to the fop-grafter and get your piccher took," and then by way of caution and additional advice, said, "Now remember, be a good little boy and watch for the little birdie when the man tells you."

I see a number of you smiling so I guess none of you are so old but what you remember the same old days. Such pleasant memories is a pleasure I am sure for who can deny the exquisite thrill that chased up and down your spine when the cold iron clamp was adjusted back of your ears, and the wire spring around your collar to keep your coat from slipping off your shoulders and the cane you held with a death like grip that showed up in the picture like a golf ball stuck on the end of an umbrella rib.

And when the man said, look pleasant, eyes up here, not so high, turn your head, lower your chin, moisten your lips, let that hand drop a little, open the right eye a little more, draw in your foot a little, bring your right shoulder down a little, now think of something pleasant, all ready, steady while I count 167. Oh, just a moment, I forgot to get my plate in the camera.

Now once more, steady, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7; watch for the little bird, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, don't wink; 15, 16, 17, keep your foot still, 18, 19, 20, don't breathe, 21, 22, 23, and after you sat there until your eyes were glazed over and most of your anatomy was dead or asleep and when it was all over and you finally got your pictures and had to tell everyone it was really you and not a bunch of shrubs, it surely was no picnic to have your piccher took, and that's what I thought.

And I thought and think and think and thought so much about it that I finally figured out a better way and I'll show you my improved method and if you like it all right and if you don't all right for it's all I know and I can't change it because my thinker is out of whack and anyhow, nobody likes people that are too smart, so I know you will like me.

Here we have a few little articles that I use in my improved method that you will find around any well regulated home. A frame, a couple of pieces of paper stretched over a frame, and an ordinary light that I use to find the keyhole with after the show.

The frame is all ready to put a nice picture in and put it in on the piece



and if you haven't a piano you can rent one for \$3.00 and you are all right. And if you haven't \$3.00 you can set it in the Morris chair when Morris isn't home and he won't be if the girls keep on cutting their skirts shorter and neither will I for I have an eye for correct architecture myself, even though I don't look the part.

I hold my hand back of the paper and you can see the outline quite clear and if I had a pain in my hand you could see through it also. The fact this is no burlesque show it's not necessary to see much. Now having shown the frame empty and the paper stretchers unprepared we will place same here in front of this light.

Next we will have the audience select and name some notable person, preferably a dead one. Some one just whispered my name. Whether it's a compliment or a slam I will write my own ticket. At any rate I appreciate the mention of my name but must ask you to choose another, as in this experiment we must have age before beauty. Don't kill me with kindness no matter how pleasant you find the task.

The name of the great illustrious George Washington has been selected. That's very good, for many is the time George and I took our little old fishpole with a piece of twine and a bent pin and fished all day and caught a licking when we got home that night.

Now putting aside all that is insincere and ridiculous I wish to impress upon your minds what a beautiful and mysterious experiment in spirit painting or photography I am about to give you in a visual way, for you will note that upon the previously examined little paper stretchers there is gradually appearing a hazy outline that some unseen hand is faithfully working out and gradually coming into view you will note familiar features of the father of our country.

The spirits have done their work well for I now show you the portrait of your voluntary selection, the great George Washington, which concludes what I believe to be a wonder of wonders in spirit manifestations in a lighted room.

The fact that the spirits forgot to put a little drier in their paint prohibits my passing the picture as it is a little fresh and might become contagious and nobody likes to be called fresh so we will imagine you are satisfied with things just as they are.

## CHINESE LINKING RINGS

Several solid single metal rings of good size are passed for examination, and having proven them unprepared performer by rubbing them together causes them to link together in pairs, triplets, etc., until the entire lot of rings are found joined together. During the manipulation, a number of pleasing formations are made with the rings.

As far back as my childhood days I recall hearing it said that no chain was any stronger than its weakest link. Even today this theory is still advanced, and as I am not the originator of it nor have I been consulted in the matter, naturally I am a little bit peeved about the matter.

And why shouldn't I be. Here I am with my wisdom dome so full it's cracked and a wisdom tooth in a similar condition, so I tell you ladies and gentlemen I am desperate enough to go the limit and show up some of these spouting so called wise acre scientists. And so I will.

Now for instance, here is a number of solid steel links of a size that were they welded together into a chain it would apparently be of sufficient strength to pull a slacker to the nearest recruiting station.

Please examine a couple of these rings to verify my statement. Solid, of course. No question about it or anything else I say. Always believe me and you will be happy and wise—or otherwise.

Now if I was a slacker and had my choice of a chain, one made from

these links would be just to my liking, for I hate to tell you how easily I could get away. I won't tell you—I'll show you.

Will that party over there please take these two rings and rub them together, something like this, sort of an Alladin Lamp movement. There, I have my two joined together, how are you making out? Not very well, are you? I am afraid you would be signed up as a recruit and have to fight booze and the whole works if you couldn't do better than that.

I'll take them now, please. See how easy it is. You have got to talk to them you know and then they will do anything you want them to. If you don't know the right words you are lost. You are in about the same predicament as a fellow I know that said he didn't swear but he knew all the words.

That's where you lose out. You know all the words, but you don't use them or the rings would have joined together for you. To elaborate or demonstrate further that solid steel has no terror for me, knowing as I do all these words, I join another ring to the original two. Three rings being linked and the official emblem of the Odd Fellows. I ask that all members of that order that are present, please rise and salute.

What's that? Not a brother member here tonight? Tough luck! I guess that's why they are called Odd Fellows. They would rather go to the movies or to bed than come out and see a good show.

I again show you the three rings, all solid and firmly linked together. I now pass a fourth ring on and you will observe they are all securely interlocked. To prove positively I am a marvel of marvels, I, with the aid of these four rings will create and form a number of articles you are familiar with.

First, a frame for (localize politician,) picture, next, the ace of clubs, next a basket, now a stirrup, and so on. I do all this in a most marvelous manner with no apparent effort. Be sure and get that part. "No Apparent Effort."

Now to show you I am the right sort I will add a few more rings so, and by holding them in this manner we have a cross. Once more I show you that with ease I take off, put on and in a general way remind you of that great immortal "Finnegan," which you will recall spoke those never to be forgotten words, "In again, out again, on again, off again, Finnegan."

But I must not hesitate. The last time I did I lost out. I asked a pretty girl to hesitate with me at a dance and it took me so long to get started to hesitate that the janitor put out all the lights and the girl was half way home with my deadly rival.

So getting back to earth and mortals, I join all the rings together and will now show you what happened to steel on Wall street the same day I bought 1000 shares with my week's salary. (Have key ring with all rings on it, opening downward. Grasp with both hands and shake all rings off.)

## WINE AND WATER PASSE PASSE EFFECT

A glass of water and one of wine are shown, covered for a moment, and when covers are removed it is noticed they have changed places. This effect may be produced in a number of ways, for instance a silk tassel is allowed to drop in the one to produce wine and withdrawn to show water again, an ink tablet may be used and a similar tablet of oxalic acid dropped in to ink mixture to bleach it out again. Another method is to use two mirror glasses with one side of mirror painted black. In manipulating glasses, the black side is brought to front for ink and mirror side for water, it being understood both glasses are filled with water at beginning.

By the way of variation I'm going to take up a little scientific problem next and I want the audience to please step up on the stage and help me. Professor you better stay down there with your gang of Tom-Tom Musicians and keep watch of the seats and don't let any get away. I appreciate the hearty response to my invitation. Say, Mr. and Mrs. Audience, you certainly deserve a severe rebuke for your adverse conduct, so I say to you one and all

that I believe every one of you are guilty of lying, swearing, stealing and drinking. Pretty rough, but you got it coming to you. Whoa there. Don't you dare to throw that. It might do a boomerang glide and hit that policeman that just "glid" in on the strength of his shiny star pass.

Now you are all angry with me and I wouldn't have you feel that way for the world. What I really meant was you were all good scouts and lie in a soft bed at night, swear by your country, steal away from bad company, and drink to the health of your countrymen. How's that?

Everyone feels all right again, don't they? That's good. Now speaking of drinking, I am reminded that I have a couple of drinks on tap right now and if you will all be very, very good, I'll let you watch me drink them when I get them under control so I won't make a mistake and poison myself, for one of the drinks, you see that I boast of is water.

We have here some very good wine, a whole glass full, wonderful as it may seem, and over here a glass of water. Still more wonderful because I am not on friendly terms with the stuff, but from force of necessity I introduce it as a part of this scientific demonstration.

First, I cover the glass of wine to keep the light from fading the color out of the wine. You know these so called fast colors we make in America since the war. Well believe me they are so fast that most of them run. I also cover this (localize town) cocktail over here (covering glass of water.) And by the way, this cocktail is not complete. It really ought to have a prune in it for a kick. Another reason for covering this glass of water or (localize) cocktail is I am in deadly fear of catching water on the brain, a very serious affliction to those that have their upper story occupied.

Here we have the water and over there the wine. Let's take a good look and see if we are on the right trail. (Lift covers.) What sort of a plot is this. I am sure I put the water in this glass and the wine over ther. Well I'll try again. I must be convinced or I won't believe it. (Covers on.) Remember, I never make mistakes, so please bear that in mind. (Covers off again.)

There, I knew I was right, for as I remarked before in a few well chosen, no not chewed, words, this is the water here and the wine over there. I will now drink to your good health and thank you for your kind indulgence in me as I indulge in this wine.

## DEVIL'S MESSAGE CARD TRICK

During a card effect in which performer announces he is unable to produce the selected card through some cause, a note is handed up to him. Note being removed its contents appear to be message from the Devil who tells him to wave the note in the air and all will be well. This he does and envelope and letter transforms itself into selected card, being shown freely front and back. See New Era Card Tricks Page 258 for details of construction under heading "The Envelope Card."

You know I ain't what you would really call a wonder with cards but for all that I'm here and still alive and that counts a whole lot. So I'll take a chance and slip you another pet effect of mine and if it goes over the top O. K. I'll float right out on my merry way and if it's a bloomer and don't, the stage manager tells me he feels pretty strong tonight and will take care of the floating stuff so no one will be disappointed, so let's not worry. All ready. Camera and lights, please.

I want some one to select a card. In the absence of sugar tongs, will you draw a card with your thumbs or teeth, so there can be no question of confederacy? Thank you. Just a minute. Now let's understand each other. Be sure and take any card at random but it must be the Queen of Clubs or the trick is jinxed from the start. Cruelly personified, can you beat that. Look at the queen he pulled. (Show card to audience, holding it up well so all can see. This of course is the forced card you really wanted



drawn.) Well the (name card drawn) may look like a queen to him but I reserve the privilege of differing with him.

Truly the path of a presdig—presdit—President Harding is strewn with many horns. That's probably on account of so many throwing the bull that they rattled all the horns loose. Well it can't be any worse so put the card back and shuffle them up good and vigorous, so you, or I, nor the evil one himself can ever find it again. Very good, and I might add, very bad for you are some mixer. Whether I mean with the ladies, drinks, or your dukes I will announce from the stage after the steel curtain is lowered. I may be foolish but I am not careless. Fortune tellers say I have a long life line and I want to keep on believing it. Now ladies and gentlemen, I am confronted with a task that only a miracle alone will prevent me from failure, for I must make known to you the card the unkind person over there selected was not the one of three I had hoped he would take and I am up against it.

Well, surely this is a devil of a note I (business of having note handed you.) Say, you, lay off the job will you. Haven't I enough trouble without your butting in. This is no time or place to agitate me with hotel bills, and such like. You say that you insist I read it now and out loud. Very well, little boy, you just leave this to me. Now be a good little scout, right about face and walk straight ahead to the (localize direction of lake, river, or some other body of water) and keep on going until your hat floats and we will all sing a song of praise and send you a floral wreath.

Now we'll take care of this letter. Will some one loan me a match. But really I am just feminine enough to be curious and wonder what it really says. Guess I'll open it and cut out the fireworks for a minute. Sniff. Sniff. (Smelling letter.) Peculiar aroma. Smells like brimstone. Must be a hot message surely. Guess we had better get busy and see it out and read it. (Reads message.) Some people surely like to kid actors. Oh yes, I'm one. Well Douglass Fairbanks hasn't anything on me for I will try anything once, so here goes.

(Waving letter in air and changing it to card.) Saying "Sulpho, Brimstone." O hell—. What's this. Why the very card we are looking for. Say, another shock like this would kill me and put Billy Sunday off the sawdust trail.

## WONDERFUL FLOATING BALL

A large gilded or enameled ball is brought on stage by performer and after making a few passes over same, ball is seen to rise in air and float and obeys command of performer. Hoop passed over ball proves it is in no way suspended by wires, etc.

Did you notice what a striking resemblance I bear to Hercules just then when I came in with this ball? You know this fellow Hercules was that rough-tough guy that got hump backed supporting the earth. Well, I am somewhat different. The earth supports me, or ought to, according to my notion, but for some reason is missing fire and hitting only on one cylinder. Then, too, it seems to be running into quick sand a great deal of the time, which, thanks to my keen manner of observing things, has done much for you and I, for it's an ill will or wind that never blows nobody nothing or some such rot as that.

You see in this mixup with the quick sand, I took particular notice just how this quick sand acted when it had a visitor, and by using a super-human strain of eyesight, I noticed that each grain of sand was trying to scratch the back of his neighbor next to him and so on, and in doing this they were causing a friction that was constantly generating in each grain of sand a very high power magneto-maniatic electrificationizing, or words to that effect.

And to this I found that it conveyed this strange power to all that came in contact with it and therefore it is not strange is it when I tell you I am chuck full of this stuff I have just mentioned. Why full of electricity, of course. What did you think I meant? And what's more, I will prove it to you will follow me closely.

This sphere is one of the planets of the solar system that lost out and

was thrown into the discard for staying out all night. Having passed through a similar incident myself I took pity on it and adopted it and now I am not a bit sorry for it is able to support itself, as I will prove now.

Note.—To get loop over ear use this remark: "I wonder if it's good luck to have your ear itch. Some say it's a sign of money. If that's so I ought to be well fixed for life. There, I feel better now. I really wonder if a little insect powder would help some. Believe me, I will try it next time."

See, my friend, Mr. Planet, is showing you that he is self supporting. It floats as gracefully and easy as a nice fat girl would on the Dead Sea. Of course I have to help some, the ball, not the fat girl. How silly. So I place my hand underneath and above, making a few magic passes, which charges the atmosphere with some of this quick sand magnetism and the ball becomes completely within my control.

I now pass this hoop over the floating sphere, proving that contrary to the general belief of some skeptics, all that I have told you is true, and there is nothing supporting the ball except this mysterious power I wield over it that I have told you about, believe it or not, that's your privilege.

This hoop I used just now, used to fit so tight that I could hardly get it over my head. See how loose it is now. It almost slips over my shoulders and my head is lost in it. Oh no, the hoop is the same size. Hasn't shrunk a bit. What stage managers and some others out in the audience have told me about my ability as a magician has wrought the change. It really is surprising how truthful some people can be when you don't even want them to be in the same block you are in.

Now, after passing the hoop over the ball, also up and down, in this manner, it surely proves that all I have told you is true and you have no reason to blame it on the poor grade of white mule that is sold now adays on account of the shortage of shipments of turpentine from Germany.

## RESTORED CARD IN THE LEMON

A selected card is torn up by spectator and he is allowed to retain one piece. Balance are vanished and later found in lemon with the exception of the one piece which is found to fit perfectly. This may be produced by methods similar to Bill in Lemon, which is fully described in a number of magic books.

My last effect got by so well that I am led to believe a great many of you would like to meet me personally, and to convince you that this feeling is mutual. I have a special selection for my next number that will bring this all about. You will observe that I hold in my right hand a Chinese Prune, commonly known as a lemon. In my left hand I show you a gamblers Bible or to make it more clear, a pack of ordinary playing cards. Would you oblige me by selecting a card? Thank you.

Now to prove that you are no friend of mine, please tear the card in half. Once more and now again. Young man you are setting a terrible example for those around you. One would think from the manner in which you have flabdoozled this card that you wanted it for a confetti shower or Uncle Tom's Cabin snow storm. You have got the wrong idea. This is just a little card trick, that's all.

As I require the card to be torn into only 999 pieces to do the trick, take this one piece back and I'll have just the right amount. Putting what is left of a perfectly good playing card into this handkerchief, we will put it aside for a moment and once more call your attention to the lemon.

What's that? Party over here is getting personal. Wants to know which lemon I mean. My refined disposition prevents me telling him to take a good look in the mirror and find out, so there, that for you. About the only time it is really safe for anyone to interrupt me is when I get a crazy notion I want to pay some one a bill I owe them. I'll stand for handcuffs and chloroform then.

But tonight, look out. I now show you an ordinary glass, free from trickery, and empty and transparent as the Kaiser's Peace Offerings. In this glass we place the lemon and now comes the most difficult problem of all.

What I originally intended to do was to pass the handkerchief into the

lemon, but on account of the high cost of living, they sell such large handkerchiefs and such small lemons for a nickle, that I will have to reverse the proceedings somewhat, so I say "GO" and while we still have the handkerchief, the card fricassee has vanished.

The word vanished is a much abused pronoun that suffers compound fractures from overuse by every magician, with one exception, that's me. I never use the word. I always say disappear. What I want to say is not that the card has vanished, disappeared, flown, disintegrated, dissiminated, migrated, etc., but just in plain English it has blooyed.

The fact that this whole trick is sort of a lemon, naturally the card ought to be pretty easily located, so we will look in the lemon first. Here it is surely enough, and good and soaked too. Surely strange things will happen. When I get soaked I go all to pieces. This card does the reverse English and has pulled itself together—nearly.

One piece is missing. I ask the party that has the missing piece to allow me to see if it fits here. Correct. Thank you. My dear sir you gave me the scare of my young life.

If you had lost that corner or swallowed it, I'd have to tell everyone right here that you were jealous of me and wanted to crab my act because you found out that blonde lady friend of yours sent me a crate of oranges for my birthday, bless her dear heart.

All I ask of you is don't get twisted and tell anyone you saw a magician that was a card, doing a trick that was a lemon. Please promise me that.

## AERIAL GOLD FISHING

With pole and line performer catches a number of gold fish while casting line out over the audience, which are removed from line and placed in bowl of water where they swim around freely, proving the fish are alive.

The general accepted custom when good old friends part is to say, "Don't be a line, when convenient." That's where I differ with most people. I was born contrary I guess for my idea of the matter is dropping a line to my friends when I meet them, so here goes.

Fishing out of season is a little risky, but when the management round up such a beautiful lot of specimens like you, and have you come armed with real coin to see my act, then fear scampers to the four winds, for in comparison I am a small piker. Now a little bait on this hook and we will see how true are the words of the great philosopher Kozosky when he said "Cast your bread before swines and queens and ye shall reap a gold brick."

Well, I come pretty close. I got a gold fish, anyhow. I hardly expect to catch much more than a lobster or a sucker. I guess I'll put this slippery fellow in soak before he rubs all his two carat gold plating off on my carat ring. I hate cheap looking jewelry. Why madam, I didn't mean to turn your collar down again and take your hands out of your muff. It's warm here you will smother.

Now once more we will see what we can get for our next meal. Oh, almost got my hook caught in some sea weeds. What's that? Excuse me. I know those new fangled aigrettes keep me in trouble all the time. Why the last one I hooked into had a silk dress and French heels fastened to it. It cost me two months board.

Well how lucky. Another two carat specimen, and making a regular fuss about it, same as you or I do when we think we got a line on something nice and find out we've been caught. Well, into the vat with you too. You ought to get the hook for being so inquisitive. But it's just like all women. Sure it was a lady fish.

Now once more and see if we can get the poor boob that's paying for all that glitter she flashed on us. But my dear sir I am not talking about you, I am referring to fish. F-y-x, fish. Please don't interrupt. It's not only rude but it makes the fish nervous. Even that lady's pretty gown over her head has a perfect fit.

I think I will sing a song while I am waiting for another bite. The



reminds me of a friend of mine in a mosquito swamp singing, "Bites, Bites Everywhere But Not a Bite to Eat." Whoa there. I'm in bad again. Another catch, and say, but he's mad through and through. Yes, indeed, mad is no name for it, for the poor thing has to get caught six times yet tonight before it gets any supper.

What do I feed it? Oh sometimes I give it a dime and tell him to go out and get some fresh air and bring me back a sandwich. Well I've used up the last three carpet tacks I had for bait, so I'll have to quit now. Any one that's skeptical as to these being real fish, and gold ones at that are invited to come up on the stage and bite one and get a gold filling in their teeth free of charge.

## HINDOO WATER LOTA

A metal urn although shown empty at beginning, mysteriously fills with water, and although emptied it refills itself repeatedly.

A few years ago I was making a week end visit to Hindoostan and by chance met an old acquaintance of mine who by the way is also a clever magician. Get that. Now this fellow was a pure blooded Hindoo Fakir, if there is any such animal, and shackled to him was the illustrious name of "I'm In Bad." His forefathers, or perhaps it was five, I forget, were descendants of a wonderful tribe of necromancers and cigarette rollers called Alli Bum Am I, and true to all traditions this remarkable fellow just teemed with the magical atmosphere of his ancestors. Unfortunately he also teemed with garlic, but this is neither here nor there, and let's be thankful that it isn't here now.

Well, anyhow, to get to the point, I made known to him in divers ways that I had lost all my luggage while making the long voyage over and do you know I could have sworn that I pushed the cork in that flask good and tight before I started. Well, after many pantomime motions, indicating thirst, etc., he led me to his place of abode and brought out this urn that so resembled a big fat nickle plated doughnut that it made me homesick. You know mother used to bake them just like this one, only minus the nickle. Her's were case hardened.

"I'm In Bad's" next feat of torture to my parched tongue was to show me the urn was empty, just as I am showing you, and if I had been a man that used profane language, I'd surely have cursed him severely for his diabolical deeds in tantalizing me. Unmindful of the desperate condition I was in after having spent a day in Schlitz Brewery in Boozestan twenty-four before, he stood there like a Spinich, Spinex, Spinx, or something like that for a brief spell and just as reason was tottering on her throne from too many drinks the night before, he poured forth a quantity of water from the urn.

As I have an iron constitution and water might rust it, I didn't indulge but awaited developments. There on the table stood the urn surrounded by dense silence. Over here I stood and stared. Over there he also stood and stared. That made a pair of stairs, so I stepped on them and walked up to the table and lo and behold the kind spirits that watch over me had almost answered my prayers for this time, instead of water, we found Carter's ink (use ink lozenge) so I sat down and wrote home for a quart of Duffy's Old Malt Luggage and cautioned them to be sure and fasten the cork in tight.

## GUINEA PIG OR DOVE BOTTLE

A bottle of wine is carried out in audience, several drinks poured out for those who wish same, and at finish the performer appears to overhear a remark casting reflections on the poor quality of liquor. Taking bottle upon the stage he breaks it with small hammer and discovers a white guinea pig inside of same, its color and size resembling a rat, and around its neck a ribbon is tied with a wedding ring attached that performer borrowed previously from lady but purposely did not return it before.

Looks like a bottle, doesn't it? Quite right, it is, and what's better yet it's full of joy moisture. The Mayor of the town made me take out a saloon license before I was given permission to bring it out here, I swear to that. Begins to look as tho' the regular gang was going to get a free drink.

By the way, speaking of drinking, as the after dinner speaker, Chauncey Depew, would remark, that reminds me of a little story. A man, whose general appearance indicated he had had an argument with a militant suffragette, and to his sorrow, was trying to explain to those around him of an experience he had recently met with. It seems that in passing through a clump of woods he was pounced upon and badly maltreated by a band of ruffians, and left strung up to a tree, more dead than alive. Explaining further, he said, "He didn't mind their binding and gagging him, nor robbing him, or that they hung him up to a tree, but when they opened an artery in his wrist and drew off a cup of blood and all took a sip, binding themselves by a blood oath never to squeal on one another, that made him sore enough to fight, for above all things he certainly did hate to get stuck for the drinks."

While you are recovering from this outburst of witticism on my part, I or my assistant will pass among you, and if you will make known your favorite gloom chaser, you will be favored with a sample from this bottle, which is inexhaustible. (Pass among your audience with bottle and some small glasses on tray.)

This gentleman wants a little Wine of Cardui, be patient and you will get it; some rye, certainly, yes quite small for 20 years old; gin, oh don't mind the brown color, special brew, it will match the east in your mouth tomorrow morning; some beer, its got a kick, malt treated you know, made by a one-legged brewer, furnishes his own hops, good joke, ha, ha, a little Rhine wine, right out of the Mississippi. There, this has gone far enough, I want at least half of the audience to stay sober so that they can follow me during the finale of this trick.

But my dear Mr. Man, I can't give you a drink out of the other bottle. You are seeing double, better go home or we'll have to charge you another admission. You're getting twice too much for one ticket. What's that? Gentleman over here says he don't think there is any medals on the booze I've passed out. How very ungrateful. I am not a good judge myself or I'd give him six months twice a year for such an unkind remark. However, I will investigate and see if there is any grounds for his complaint. I wonder if there is any truth in what he said that it was non-union made. (Breaks bottle.)

As I live, the man was right. Here is the rat that is the cause of it all. And to gladden those present who belong to the union, wish to state he is almost choked to death with this noose that's around his neck. And what's that I see. Why it's a wedding ring. Why madam you surely must excuse me, unpardonable for forgetfulness in not returning it with the other rings I borrowed a while ago. Really, how did it seem to be unmarried for all that while. What's that? The lady says that she wasn't worried a bit as she couldn't see in me that she always takes it off when she goes to the matinee with the other girls. That's very good. You have got the right idea.

## CANISTER, BIRD CAGE AND BIRD

A large canister, enameled red if possible, to coincide with manner patter is arranged, is shown empty, filled with bran, cover placed on same, which later, when cover is removed discloses the bran has disappeared and in its place a large cage is produced containing one or more live birds.

I wonder how many of you who are here this evening ever stopped to realize that this life we live is simply a series of transformations and evolutions that we pass through so rapidly that we do not give it scarcely more than a mere thought, which is all wrong. For instance, to make myself more clear, we will take a few examples and in that manner illustrate that which I wish to convey to you when I speak of evolutions and transformation.

Take a man who may be perfect in every way physically and mentally and let him go out with a bunch of friends and take too many shots out of his favorite bottle and he immediately becomes a stew. Let this same man go out and refuse to take all this before mentioned drinks and his friends call him a skate.

On the other, hand take a pretty girl and let her doll up in silks and fuzzy wuzzy things that reveal more than they conceal, and all the men call her a peach. Same girl, same X-ray outfit, bumps into a bunch of old maids and in the twink of an eye she is a cat. The girl, being somewhat of a transformist herself, notices that these same old maids are a lot of old hens.

And so it goes on indefinitely. Now to bring matters right up to the present moment. First, I show you a quantity of what appears to be bran, but really is nothing more than what was a prehistoric bird of ancient vintage. This bird was killed without mercy one day by a hunter who, loading his trusty musket with gunpowder tea, blazed away and the fumes of the tea smothered the bird and it fell down into the underbrush and was lost sight of.

That year the Republicans were in power and everyone had full crops. Even the bird did, which after a time it sprouted, grew and was harvested and sent to a Battle Creek foodatorium, where it was ground up and after being maltreated in various manners was finally placed in a gayly colored package, and labeled "Expurgated Bran. A Bran New Foodless Food for Men, Horses and Others."

I bought some which I have just shown you, for knowing of its past life, I naturally was interested. I will go a step farther, and not only show you the bran, but also a part of the gun that killed the bran or bird, which ever we decide to call it. You can get a good idea of what a charge that gun held when it was fired. See, it's red hot yet from the heat.

You must agree I am very peculiar in many of my methods while appearing before you. I admit it freely. I like to work backwards. That's what I am going to do now. See, I put my friend, Mr. Bird, (which thanks to our Mr. Evolution, who has changed it into bran) into the gun that put him out of commission, put on the cover so his singing won't wake up those who are sleeping peacefully and set the whole works out here in plain sight. Now then. Either I must substantiate my statements and cause a change to take place or you will be tempted to call me a few pet names not recognized by Webster, so here goes.

I wave my magic wand and pronounce these mystic words "Brani-gan, Bran-agan, rouse mit you already yet, we don't want any more Brani-gan." I now remove the cover and true to my remarks we find that the bran has not vanished, but simply passed through one of those fits of evolution that I have been raving about and has resumed its original form, that of a bird of some sort, and we won't worry much what breed he is so long as he isn't a stork, for I have a larger family now than I can handle. Oh, about the cage? That's a puzzler how that got in there. I suppose the kind fairies made it out of some of the brass necessary to use in trying to slip a trick like this over as intelligent an audience as we have with us here this evening.



