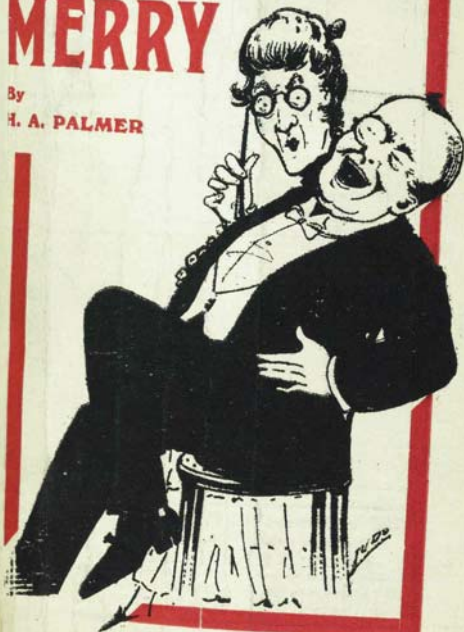


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H. A. PALMER
THE MAGICAL MERRY-MAKER
A Vice-President of the Order of the Magi

To my dear friend
and Compeer in magic
Harry Houdini
with affectionate regards
of
H. A. Palmer, M.D.
Editor of The Sphinx

March 10, 1923
~~1923~~

MAGIC MADE MERRY

By H. A. PALMER.

Bequest of
Harry Houdini
April 1927

S.T. 9/14/52.

THIS BOOK
IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
TO
GEORGE WILLIAM PANTER, M.A., M.R.I.A.,

Member of the Senate of the University of Dublin.

President of the Bibliographical Society of Ireland.

Member of the Inner Magic Circle.

Founder and first President of the Order of the Magi.

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PREFACE

Once upon a time a conjurer issued a prospectus wherein he stated that he was prepared to give magical entertainments of one hour's duration for one guinea, or *humorous* magical entertainments, for a like period, for twenty-five shillings. A lady of an economical turn of mind engaged him at the lesser figure, assuming that the conjuring *per se* would be precisely similar in either case. On the eventful evening the conjurer had performed three tricks which had fallen remarkably flat, despite their cleverness from a technical standpoint, and the husband of the lady, quietly slipping a crown into the performer's hand, said, "Here's another five shillings—for Heaven's sake be funny!" The moral is perfectly obvious and nowadays an *entertaining* conjurer with comparatively little skill is infinitely preferable to a skilful performer who lacks the saving grace of humour.

Hence, Gentle Reader, my little book! It consists mainly of "patter" which I have been inventing and collecting for years (I lay no claim to originality) and my hope is that it may be as useful and profitable to you as it has been to me. I have used it hundreds of times and it has helped me to cover many an awkward move. Many a slip too has passed unnoticed or been forgotten in a laugh, and as the most expert may occasionally suffer from a lapse of technical skill it is well to be armed with the ready wit which will hoodwink all but the keenest observer.

* * *

I had just completed the writing of "Magic Made Merry" when the Great War broke out. I do not for a moment wish to suggest that this is a case of cause and effect, but the unavoidable delay in publishing will make some of the patter appear a trifle out of date. After going through the proofs, however, I am loth to alter it and it may be left safely to the performer who has made a study of keeping his patter topical.

It is owing to the kindness and encouragement of Mr. G. W. Panter, M.A., J.L.M.C., O.M., a keen student of magic, that the book came to be published, and should it be welcomed as a worthy addition to the magician's library I purpose writing a successor:—"More Merry Magic," for which I have, since leaving the Army, accumulated sufficient material. H. A. P.



ON INTRODUCTORY PATTERN

I have seen a performer walk upon the stage trimming his finger nails with a pocket knife. I have heard a conjurer commence his entertainment by saying, "With your very good pleasure, I shall have much pleasure by showing you some experiments with this 'ere pack of cards." Now, introductions of this kind invariably damn a performance straight away. No matter how clever a conjurer may be the gilt is taken off his show at the very commencement. The first impression is always the best and most lasting and much of the performer's subsequent success depends upon the way he commences his performance. The old time wizard prefaced his séance with a long speech which would to-day insufferably bore an audience. Nowadays the successful conjurer stops briskly upon the stage, and his first business is to put himself right with his audience. This he does by cracking an appropriate joke or condensing his opening remarks into a few well-chosen sentences which he has learned so thoroughly that he can deliver them with a show of spontaneity. The following are a few samples of suitable introductory patter:—

Ladies and Gentlemen, I will endeavour to entertain you by showing you a few experiments in the art of magic, which I have learned, concocted and performed in different parts of the civilised world and (*local village*). If you look in the dictionary for a definition of the word "magic" you will discover that it means endeavouring to borrow money from a Scotsman, but I can assure you that it is not half so difficult.

* * *

Ladies and Gentlemen, I will commence my little entertainment by showing you an experiment which I had the honour of performing at the (*local town*) Coliseum, where I was recently entertaining for a continuous run of two nights, and where I had the pleasure of receiving the patronage of the Chief Constable. Whilst I was doing the trick the audience became so enthusiastic and excited that I had to leave the platform and shake hands with both of them.

* * *

Ladies and Gentlemen, in presenting my entertainment to you this evening I will commence by showing you my first trick *first!*

Ladies and Gentlemen, I will commence by showing you a trick which I think you will like. I performed it in (*local town or village*) last night and the audience there liked it. They were satisfied with it. I know this because when I had finished I said, "Shall I show you another, or are you satisfied?" The whole audience rose to their feet and said they were satisfied.

* * *

Ladies and Gentlemen, before commencing my performance I will roll up my sleeves, not merely to show you my bare arms—because you can barely call them arms—but to show you there is nothing concealed there. No chairs, tables, galvanic batteries, or anything of that description—all I do up my sleeves is to laugh. (*Here suit the action to the word.*)

* * *

FOR CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENTS

Ladies, Gentlemen, and darling children, I want you to watch me very closely while I go through my performance. If you think you see how any of my tricks are done, I don't want you to shout out and tell everyone, but keep the secret to yourselves and come to me after the performance is over. Now if you describe to me correctly, correctly, mind you! how any of my tricks are done, I will—well, you know what a shilling is, don't you? Yes? Well—I'll—show you one!

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THE HANDKERCHIEF AND FLAG TRICK.

Effect.—This experiment is performed in a similar manner to "The Dyeing Handkerchief Trick," a full description of which may be found in "The Drawing Room Conjurer" (*Lang Neil*) and "Conjuring for Amateurs" (*Slanyon*). Handkerchiefs of various colours are pushed through a paper tube and emerge from the other end as flags of all nations. As will be shown subsequently it affords opportunity for almost unlimited patter, topical and otherwise.

Requirements.—As many silk handkerchiefs, of various colours, as the number of flags it is desired eventually to produce, and the inevitable wand, which are all in readiness on the table at the commencement of the trick.

Patter.—"For this trick, Ladies and Gentlemen, I use a sheet of paper which, as you see, is as free from deception as I am myself. I have also a number of silk handkerchiefs. By the way, speaking of silk, did you ever think of the simplicity of its evolution? No? Well, a caterpillar becomes a silkworm, a silkworm becomes silk, silk becomes a silk dress, a silk dress becomes a young lady, a young lady becomes a woman, a woman becomes a mother, a mother becomes a mother-in-law, and a mother-in-law becomes an apostrophised nuisance. But, to resume, You will notice (*picking up a "silk"*) this handkerchief is square, like the intentions of all good wizards. All the sides are equal, and all its angles right angles. I have here another. Please observe this is Liberty silk—you can tell that by the amount of liberty I am taking with it. This one is shot silk—I shot it this morning. This has a small hole on this side and (*turning it around*) you will notice that the hole on this side is exactly the same size (*turning it again*) as the hole on this side. This handkerchief (*displaying one of a pink line*) is the colour of a maiden's blush—very rarely seen on a skating rink. Yes, you can always tell a rinking girl, can't you? Of course you can, but—you can't tell her much! But, again to resume. With this ordinary piece of paper I make an ordinary funnel. If you watch me closely, the "fun" begin. I place handkerchief No. 1 in the funnel in this manner, and, while it is passing through the tube a magical process takes place

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which causes it to emerge at the other end in the form of a flag. The first flag (*showing it*) being that of Japan, where the Jap Nuggets come from. One of the laws of Japan is that for every year a man lives there he must marry a fresh wife or have his head cut off. I had an uncle who lived there ten years.

"The next is that of Spain, noted for its boy King, its Spanish onions, and its children. I was once travelling in Spain and, feeling very thirsty, I went into a restaurant and asked the waiter for a glass of milk. I couldn't make him understand that I wanted a glass of milk, so, in sheer desperation, I got a sheet of paper and a pencil and drew a picture of a cow. What do you think the waiter did? He brought me two tickets for a bull-fight!

"The next flag (*displaying a square white silk with the pawnbroker's sign sewn on in red*) is that of Jerusalem (*or if there happens to be a Jewish quarter in the town in which you are performing mention the same instead*). I once kept a chemist's shop in — (*Jerusalem or the locality*). A Jew walked in one morning and said, 'Ah vont seex pennyworth of laudanum!' I said, 'What for?' He answered, 'For thruppence, please!' Another day a lady came in for a pound of sulphur. 'Yes, Madame,' I replied, and proceeded to make up the parcel. 'How much is it?' she inquired, and I said 'Eightpence.' 'Oh,' she replied, 'I can get it at Boots' for fourpence halfpenny.' So I told her where she could go and get it for nothing.

"I now push another handkerchief through the tube and we have the flag of Ireland. (*If no applause is forthcoming when this is displayed say, 'Great Scot! Not an Irishman in the audience!'*) This is the flag, Ladies and Gentlemen, that was blamed for the last General Election. The imports of Ireland are American dollars and Old Age Pension money, and the exports Guinness's Stout and M.P.'s. I was once performing in Ireland before a very rough audience. My word! *It was a rough audience.* Every item on the programme but mine was booed. I never heard so much booing in all my life. Even when I was performing, they were still booing the others.

"Now we have America. America was discovered by Harry Lauder. It is divided into a number of small States. Each State is in a worse state than the other. George Washington is credited with being the only American who never allowed a lie to pass his lips. Quite correct! Like the remainder of the Americans, he always spoke through his nose.

"The next flag (*producing a dirty once-white silk*) we have that of Wigan (*or mention any other well-known colliery town in the vicinity*). A most remarkable fact about the inhabitants of Wigan is, and the remark is equally applicable to any other colliery town, that they are invariably bow-legged. Some of them very much so. I knew a man who was so bow-legged that when his sweetheart wanted to sit on his knee, she had to put a plank across. Yes, poor chap! He was a Christian Scientist, and one day his fellow Christian Scientists thought they would try to cure him, so they

MAGIC MADE MERRY.

went to his house one night when he was in bed and prayed and prayed and prayed that his legs might be made straight again. But, unfortunately, they overdid it. When he got up the next morning he was knock-kneed."

Wales—As there is no national Welsh flag one can be readily made to answer the purpose of this trick by sewing three pieces of silk cut in the shape of Prince of Wales' feathers in the centre of a square silk handkerchief of another colour.

Patter.—"Wales, Ladies and Gentlemen, was Wales before England was whateffer. In the olden times the Welsh coast was infested by pirates who landed and settled down. Some became lodging house keepers who made people settle up, and some—went to Parliament. A Welshman prays on his knees on the Sabbath, look you, and preys on his neighbours on weekdays. The chief occupation of Welshmen is building chapels and dis-establishing Churches. The chief exports are mutton and footballers.

"Italy, where the ice cream comes from. You can't get lost in Italy for 'all roads lead to Rome.' When I was in Rome, with a party of friends, our guide took us into one of the large museums there, and showed us a candle which had been burning a thousand years. One of my friends said to him, 'Do you really mean to tell us that that candle has been burning a thousand years?' and the guide repeated that it had. My friend said, 'And has it really never been out?' And the guide said it really hadn't. Then said my friend (blow), 'Well! it's out now!' When you are in Rome you are supposed to 'do' as the Romans 'do'. Well,—do it first, or they'll 'do' you. The chief attraction in Rome is the Colosseum, where matinées were originated. It was not, however, considered healthy to participate in the performances. The chief exports of Italy are organ grinders and operas."

(Conclude the trick with the production of the Union Jack, disposing of the 'load' during the delivery of the patter, which should invariably be topical, and flavoured with allusions to current events. The following, with its reference to the Insurance Bill, may possibly be out-of-date by the time it reaches the eye of the reader, but it is inserted here as an example of an effective way of treating a topic of passing interest.)

"England. This flag represents England, and is used largely by acrobats and jugglers on the variety stage. When a feat or trick is not singularly successful this flag is waved, and the artistes who use it are generally foreigners. England is a huge insurance society, into which everyone pays fourpence weekly ('weakly' is suggestive) and somebody else puts fivepence to it. Then when you wake up some morning and feel as though you were not going to derive full enjoyment out of your work, you remain in bed. If you do this consistently for a week you can get half-a-sovereign and a doctor to visit you every day for nothing. The chief industry of England is reading daily papers, and the chief hobby collecting cigarette cards. I should have liked to have said a good deal more about this glorious country, but, as the monkey said when the clock fell on him, 'Time presses!', so I will conclude the trick by again showing you the paper empty."

THE EGG AND CARD TRICK.

Effect.—A card, chosen by a member of the audience, is burnt in the flame of a candle, and, upon breaking an egg, the restored card is found inside.

Requirements.—An egg, a plate, candle, a pack of cards, and a "prepared" wand and card. The wand is a hollow tube about a foot long, and half-inch diameter, containing a fairly tightly-fitting circular piece of wood of the same length. The card is prepared by folding it lengthwise down the centre and then rolling it cartridge shape. The cartridge card is now pushed into one end of the wand, which causes the inner wooden stick to project at the other. The stick being painted the same colour as the wand, the projecting part is not noticed by the audience.

To perform.—Force a duplicate card to the one in the wand upon some member of the audience, and burn it completely by the aid of the lighted candle. The egg, on a plate, is now brought forward and, after moving the wand around it once or twice, tap it to open it and push in the concealed card from the wand. Now lay the wand on the table, proceed to open the egg further by means of the fingers, and produce the card.

Patter.—"I have here, Ladies and Gentlemen, a pack of cards, ordinary playing cards, and you can see that they are not arranged in any order because I am shuffling them. I should be pleased if someone would kindly select one of them—take any one you wish—they are all prizes and no blanks. Thank you, Sir! Keep it a moment, please. (*Going back to platform and taking egg from plate.*) I now wish to direct your attention to an ordinary egg that I have here (*holding the egg in the hand*) and I want you to observe me closely in the trick as I consider it one of the most eggs-traordinary eggs-periments I have ever performed in the whole course of my eggs-perience. Whenever I have eggshibited this eggs-traordinary eggs-periment, it has invariably caused great eggs-citement. I will not, however, eggs-aggerate over this eggs-shell-ent trick lest your patience may become eggs-hausted, and you may feel somewhat eggs-asperated. I will therefore simply lay the fresh laid egg—fresh laid on the plate. I have here a beautiful candle-holder which I bought at the late Marquis of Anglesey's Sale. It contains a monument of 'Greece,' which I will light. I light it because it burns so much better when it is lit—Science has taught me that. I used to be very clever at science. I should have become a doctor, but I hadn't the 'patience.' (*Lighting Candle.*) Do you know, Ladies, a candle is the cheapest light you can have? Why? Because it

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it burns from wick (*week*) end to wick (*week*) end. I will now trouble you for your card—you will remember what it is by this time. (*Obtain card from member of the audience and proceed to burn it by the aid of the lighted candle.*) I may say I bought that egg on my way down here to-night. I went into a shop and said to the man behind the counter, 'What are eggs?' He said, 'They are eggs.' I replied, 'Really What *price* are they?' He said, 'They are rather dear, we are expecting an election They run seven for sixpence.' I said, 'That's six for five pence, that's five for four pence, that's four for three pence, that's three for two pence and one for nothing.' That's how I got it. Mind you I've known them cheaper. When I was in the same business as Dr. Bodie I've known the time when I've had them thrown at me. I said, 'Are you sure they are all fresh?' He said, 'Yes, shall I open one?' He did so and said, 'Shall I open another?' I answered, 'No, open the window please.' You will observe I have been burning the card in the candle and all the time I have been blowing the smoke at the egg. I now wave the magic wand over the egg in this manner. Of course I could do it without all this rot, but I'm in a Conjurers' Union, and one of the rules is that we must use a magic wand wherever possible. If I did not I should be called a blackleg. (*Tap the egg open with the wand, and, to the pianist—*) 'Play me a little "opening" music, please' Of course we have to train hens to do this, and (*bringing out the card and unrolling it*) there you see we have the card!"



THE WIZARD'S BREAKFAST.

For this trick I use a German Coffee Vase, with two shallow cups, one of which fits the lid on the dove-pan principle, and contains cream. The other has a wire-ribbed bottom, containing flash paper, and this is in the outer coffee vase.

I use also a Conradi Candle (containing fine white sugar) which I display in a suitable candle holder or "stick."

It will thus be seen that a capital combination trick is effected by producing coffee, sugar and cream, which suitably served, is subsequently handed round amongst the audience. It is quite unnecessary here to enter into full details of the working of the German Coffee Vase, as complete instructions are sent when purchasing, and the same remarks apply to the Conradi Candle.

Patter.—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I will now show you a trick entitled, 'The Wizard's Breakfast.' Every trick has a title and sometimes that is its only recommendation. Yes, every trick has a title, but every wizard hasn't a breakfast! I use first a kin tinister (*picking up vase and showing it empty*)—I mean a can tinester—I should say a tin canister—got it! which you see is quite empty, and being empty contains nothing. You know what nothing is, don't you? No? Well, nothing is what you have left out of half-a-crown when you have spent 2s. 6d. of it. Into this receptacle I place these paper shavings (*pulling pieces of tissue paper lightly into vase*). Speaking of tin cans always reminds me of the boy who was sent for his father's dinner beer. He was taking it home in a tin can under his coat when a policeman stopped him and, noticing the bulge, playfully asked, 'What have you got there, my boy? Is it a tumour?' and the boy replied, 'No, it's a can, sir!' (cancer). (*Picking up cover which contains the outer vase, three-fourths full of coffee, and the netted cup holding the flash paper*). Other magicians perform this trick by covering the vase with a cardboard tube in this manner (*suiting the action to the word and removing cover when having deposited "load" in its place*). I do not however find that necessary. All I do is to light this paper with my magic candle, producing as you see a flare-up and the result is, as you see, delicious coffee (*pouring into coffee jug or cups and then placing lid containing cream into the vase*).

"Well, that in itself is incomplete. We require sugar and, as there does not appear to be any about here, I will endeavour to produce a sufficient quantity. I have here a candle, which, as you see, is burning at one end. I simply mention this fact because some people burn their candle at both ends. Next I place this candle snuffer on it so (*placing tube and cap on*

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candle). By the way, a child once asked her mother, 'Where does a candle flame go to when it goes out?' and the mother replied, 'You may as well ask me where your father goes to when he has gone out!' As you observe now I pass my hand along this snuffer once or twice (*taking off cap and pouring sugar into a small basin*) and—the candle changes to sugar. It's very light, isn't it? Yes—just one candle-power!

Now we require cream and the problem is where is that coming from? We can scarcely expect the coffee vase to yield cream too, but here goes. (*Firing at vase removing lid and pouring cream into jug*). By the way, did you ever see a milkmaid milk a cow? I never have, but I have seen Peter's Milk Chocolate. Now everything is complete, and if anyone will favour me by trying a cup of this coffee I think it will be agreed that the flavour is most delicious.



THE MISER'S DREAM.

This sleight-of-hand trick which was performed by Mr. T. Nelson Downes in this country some years ago affords a capital example of the success that may be obtained by paying special attention to presentation. When Mr. Downes toured England his act consisted almost entirely of catching coins in the air, a feat which he named "The Miser's Dream," and a few reverse passes with playing cards. It is remarkable to note that his entire apparatus consisted of about three dozen imitation coins, a pack of cards, a small table and a hat. He has written a most excellent book on coin manipulation (to which the reader is referred), and as almost every book on conjuring worthy of the title contains chapters on this branch of magic art, I do not propose to go into details here further than saying that the trick whose name heads this article consists in showing an empty hat, held in the left hand, to the audience, and presumably almost filling it with coins caught from the air.

The performance should be accompanied on the piano or by the orchestra with a soft waltz or a piece after the style of "Rendezvous" or "Narcissus," and the trick is greatly enhanced by the sandwiching in of the following patter, between the catching of the coins.

"I will now show you a trick which consists in getting money. As R. G. Knowles said, 'Everyone likes money, the young lady likes pocket money, the married woman likes pin-money, the old lady likes matrimony, the Englishman likes ready money, the Irishman likes anybody's money, and the Scotchman likes everybody's money.' To get money by the method it is not necessary to work or speculate—all you do when you require money is to get a hat like this which you see is perfectly empty. I will first balance this hat on my nose. (*Performer holds the hat in position to do so*). That reminds me, Why is the nose in the middle of the face? Because it's the centre (*scenter*!). All I do when I require money is to reach out and get it.

"I once taught a friend of mine to do this trick—he was an Irishman—of the name of Isaacs. He performed so frequently that he became perfectly exhausted and died. I've not dared to teach anyone since.

"Speaking about money, do you know that every wealthy grocer commenced life with five shillings a week? It is a fact I assure you. I heard once of a successful grocer who began life in this way and in twenty years' time he had bought his master's business. But you can't do that now. Oh, no!—there are too many cash registers.

MAGIC MADE MERRY.

"Did you hear that coin drop into the hat? Money talks, does it not? And yet quite a lot of people are speechless!

(*Picking coins out of hat and showing them*). "You see in this short space of time I have accumulated quite a lot of money—much more than I should have got if I had passed the hat round. Cheers! But what's the use of money? If you keep it you are a miser, if you spend it you are a spendthrift, and if you give it away you—are an ass!

"All the money I gather to-night goes to the Bazaar fund (*or any local charity*)—after I have done with it.

"Mind you, I don't pay unearned increment duty on the money I get in this fashion.

"Of course I could go on all the evening obtaining money in this manner, but I can see some of your mouths are beginning to water already; so I will conclude by showing you a pass with it—it's easy to make money pass, isn't it?"



THE CHINESE RICE BOWLS.

"I will now show you, Ladies and Gentlemen, a trick which I have of a Chinaman—whilst in Liverpool. He charged me 4,768 yen for the secret and that represents, in English money, about fourpence halfpenny.

"I have here a couple of basins of the cheap variety—they are largely used in soup-kitchens. By the way, have you noticed the new machine they are now using in these places? They don't ladle out soup nowadays with a big spoon. Oh, dear no! They use a pump—after the fashion of a beer pump—and it pumps the soup into the basins. It's a very clever machine—if a single bit of meat comes up it rings a bell and goes back.

"I have here a quantity of rice which just fills one of these basins. Rice, as you all are aware, is the staple food in China, just as Standard bread is the staple food in England. Yes, there's nothing like Standard bread for keeping up the 'circulation,' that is, of course, if you make a daily meal ('Mail') of it. But the better class of Chinese don't eat rice—they prefer dogs. Just fancy going into one of Lyons' Cafés and asking the non-tipped waitress to bring you a cup of coffee, a box of dominos, and a bull pup on toast!"

(After the performer has doubled the quantity of rice, replaced the basin, and is ready to make the water change.)

"I will now change the remaining rice into rice soup, and to do this I simply wave my hand around the bowls in this manner. Of course I could do the trick in precisely similar fashion by moving my hand around in this way if I wished (*reverse movement of hand*)—it doesn't make the slightest bit of difference, but it just shows you the different ways of magic hands. Then I repeat the Chinese magical charm 'Changwang,' that is Chinese for 'Change' and you will observe that that is all that is necessary to change the remaining rice into rice soup."

THE MUTILATED PARASOL.

Patter.—"For this trick Ladies and Gentlemen, I use a parasol, which as you see is quite unprepared. I will first roll it in this piece of tarpaulin which I borrowed from the taxi-driver who brought me here (*aside* 'Swank!') (*Proceed to roll up the parasol.*) Speaking about umbrellas a gentleman of my acquaintance invited some friends to spend the evening at his house, and before they arrived he took all his umbrellas out of the rack and hid them. His wife said, 'Why have you done that? Are you afraid of the umbrellas being taken?' and he replied, 'No, I'm afraid of them being recognised!' Personally I never go out without an umbrella—I keep three in constant use—and they all got into such a dilapidated condition recently that I had to send them all together to be repaired. Of course next morning I had to go out without one. I got into a car going to the city and sat next to an old lady who had an umbrella in her lap. When I got up to leave the car, in a fit of absentmindedness, I took the old lady's umbrella in mistake. Of course, she saw me do it. (*Aside*) I wasn't as quick as usual that time, so I returned her umbrella and apologised most humbly. At the close of the day I called at the repairing shop and collected my three umbrellas which I had put under my arm, and whom should I sit next to in the car on my homeward journey but the old lady with whom I had travelled in the morning. She looked at me, she glanced at the umbrellas, then she leaned forward and said, 'I see you have had a good day, young man.'"

(During this patter the umbrella is rolled up and placed on a table. The performer then causes a number of vari-coloured handkerchiefs to vanish and change places with the parasol cover. An added effect may be introduced here by accidentally (?) permitting one of the handkerchiefs to drop to the ground apparently unseen by the performer and when the coverless parasol is pulled up of the cover each rib, with one exception, has a handkerchief attached to the end of it. The performer appears disconcerted). "Now how has that happened? There is one missing! (*Searching floor and picking up missing silk*). Oh, here it is,—it ought to have fastened itself here. (*Pointing to rib without silk*). Sometimes none of them go—I really must rehearse this trick more. (*Closing the parasol and twisting the handkerchiefs, including the loose one around the rib.*) Well—that's that! Now what shall I do? I think I had better put it back into the roll (*Does so*). I have here (*if changing bag is used*) a pierrot's changing bag. Don't be afraid—I do not purpose passing it around. The bag is, as you see, perfectly empty, as these bags usually are all Winter. I simply place the cover in bag so, move my hand around thus, mutter the Latin word, 'Shunt,' which in the language of the Pierrots means 'Disa-pierrette,' and there in place of the cover the bag contains the handkerchiefs and in place of the mutilated parasol we have it completely restored."

THE TORN AND RESTORED TAPE.

Effect.—A long strip of tissue paper is torn into tiny pieces in full view of the audience, and magically restored.

Requirements.—Two long strips of very thin tissue paper, about eighteen inches long and two inches wide, and a false thumb. Before performing the trick, one strip is folded in about half-inch pleats and inserted into the "thumb"; the other is shown to the audience before being torn. The false thumb, with full instructions for performing the trick, may be obtained from any magical dealer's stores, the cost being about one shilling.

Patter.—"I will now show you, Ladies and Gentlemen, one of the most difficult sleight of hand tricks it is possible to perform. I have here a piece of tape—red—which I procured from the War Office (*pause*). That piece doesn't go as well as it used to do. When the last Government was in power, it invariably went much better. I am now going to tear it into quite a number of small pieces, and then restore them to their original condition. You know, as I stand here holding out my hands in this manner, I am reminded of an incident that occurred one day as I was travelling in a tram car. A stout old lady got in and sat next to me. She was holding her arms in this manner. Presently she turned to me and said, 'Young man—of course it happened years ago—would you mind putting your hand in my pocket, and taking a penny out?' I said, 'Not in the least, with pleasure, Madame.' Will you give it to the conductor, when he comes to the fare?' she continued. I agreed, and all the time she was holding her arms out like this. Presently she inquired where I was getting off. I said, '—Street.' She said, 'So am I. Will you help me to get off the car when we get there?' I promised to do so, and when we arrived at our destination I helped the old lady off the car and on to the foot-path. I was feeling really very sorry for her and said, as sympathetically as possible, 'Madame, I'm sorry to see your arms paralysed in this manner.' She said, 'Paralysed! they are not paralysed. I am just going into this shop to buy a piece of tape, and this is the length I want it!'

"In order that your attention may not be diverted from the trick, I will now perform it in dumb show and particularly desire to call your attention to the graceful movements." (*Proceed with the trick to a waltz accompaniment, exaggerating the movements during the tearing and restoring of the tape*).

IMRO FOX'S PIGEON TRICK.

"I will proceed, Ladies and Gentlemen, to pull off the head of this cock pigeon. How do I know the sex of the bird? I've tested it. This is the nest. You have a bird and you have a cage. You place the bird in the cage, and then insert a piece of ordinary lump sugar between the bars of the cage. If *she* comes and pecks at it, it's a *hen*, but if *he* comes and has a nibble, it isn't a hen at all—it's a *cock*!

"This is an aeroplane pigeon—all wings, machinery, and no meat.

"Of course these birds get quite used to me pulling their heads off in this fashion. Birds and poultry of all descriptions soon get used to anything. I once knew a man who kept poultry, and he was always removing. He removed so frequently and the birds got so used to it that whenever he went into the fowl house the hens always laid on their backs and put up their feet to be tied. Another man I knew who kept fowls, had his pen-cote adjacent to a railway line, and he lost many of his best fowls, because they would stray on the railway lines. He remedied it all quite easily. He simply hung up a railway guide in the hen-cote.

"I once performed this trick before the Sultan of Turkey at his country seat in ——— but instead of using pigeons I took two of his beautiful slaves—one white and the other black. I had just pulled the head off the black slave and was repeating the operation on the white one when—I awoke and found I had nearly strangled my wife.

"These birds are of great assistance to me in many ways. For instance I was once performing in a hall where a temporary platform had been hastily constructed. I stepped on one end of it and for some unknown reason a plank jumped up at me from the other. It upset a table upon which I had previously placed an egg and a plate. Of course the egg was broken (eggs always seem to drop the wrong way up) and as I wanted it for my first trick I was in a quandary as to know how to proceed. Fortunately my hen pigeon had laid an egg on the way to the hall, and I used it. It was certainly the newest thing the audience saw that night!

"I used to perform this trick with parrots, but as they would persist in selling the audience exactly how it was done, I had to get rid of them. And that wasn't the worst of it. One swore so badly that I took it back to the dealer and told him about it. He said, 'Well, it's only a young bird yet, mister; it'll swear better when it gets older.' "

THE LINKING RINGS.

"I have here a number of golden rings. I have had them nicked to keep the gold from wearing off. The rings are worn by the Chinese women through the nose and over the ears. They are usually fastened in with a 'wringing' machine. If you follow the trick closely you will see how it is done. Should you desire to do it yourselves for the benefit of your friends at home, or with the idea of making your fortunes by performing it at bazaars and concerts as I am doing, I will first explain how the rings are made. First you get a straight piece of steel, and bend it round. Naturally you ask me what is the best thing to bend it round and I reply, take a bung-hole without a barrel, bend it round this and when you have got the ends nicely together you weld them. Of course to accomplish this you require a vice, and if you haven't a vice you will find that your friends have plenty.

"I should be glad if someone would kindly examine these rings. Thank you, Sir. Yes, that is the centre—the part nearest the middle. I learned this trick whilst rinking. I have to be so careful to whom I pass them. I remember once I handed one with a graceful bow to a young lady and she said, 'Oh! this is so sudden' (*After the rings have been examined*) I will now endeavour to link these rings together in a most mysterious manner." (*The trick is then proceeded with in dumb show to an accompaniment of appropriate music—Chinese or otherwise.*)



THE CLOCK DIAL.

The success of this trick, which has always been popular with Drawing Room and Stage Conjurers, depends entirely on the method of presentation. The secret is well-known and it is quite unnecessary to explain it in detail here. The apparatus generally consists of a plate glass clock dial with a fixed pin in the centre, whereon revolves a weighted finger, which, being adjusted according to construction, by the conjurer, causes it to stop at any hour chosen by the audience. The apparatus together with a stand and working instructions may be obtained from any firm of magical apparatus dealers.

At the commencement of the trick the dial is hung on the stand with the pointer or finger at 2 o'clock.

Patter.—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I have here a piece of glass got up in the design of the face of a clock, in fact the only difference between this and an ordinary clock is that a clock is, as you know, one wonderful piece of mechanism, while this contains no mechanism whatever. It has a pointer in the centre which you see spins quite freely **(give pointer a spin)**. Now you may wonder what this clock is for. **(Take pointer off, reverse and put it on again, giving it a good spin)**. I will show you. Before going to bed at night I give the pointer a spin. Now suppose for a moment that I want to get up early in the morning, say at 10 o'clock. I simply look at the clock when I awake and it is bound to be 10 o'clock. **(Hand stops at 10)**. Of course 10 is not the only hour at which it will stop. If someone will kindly suggest an hour I will see if it will stop at it. What is that, sir? Seven! My word you must get up early—you must be fond of worms. I will see if it will stop at 7, but it is not used to it. **(Note.—As soon as the pointer has stopped it should be removed from the spindle and held in the right hand in readiness for the next alteration, which is accomplished while the patter is being given.)** We have a clock at home much more peculiar than this. When our clock strikes twelve and the hands point to half-past six, we know it is a quarter to eight. Some of you may think I have an electrical communication with the clock and an assistant in the wings. To show you that this is not so I will repeat the trick whilst holding the dial in my hands. **(Again a number is asked for and the clock answers)**. We have another clock at home quite unlike this. It is a cuckoo clock and instead of striking the hours it 'cuckoos' them. I arrived home late the other evening, in fact it was about three in the morning. I had been performing—at a bazaar, and was just preparing to go to bed quietly, when my wife called out, 'Is that you Horace?' and I replied, 'Yes

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darling. Did you expect anyone else?" She then remarked that I was very late again and in order to pacify her, I told her it was only just 12 o'clock. At that moment, however, the cuckoo clock on the landing 'cuckooed' three times, and I had to stand there and cuckoo another nine. We had it repaired recently. The man made a poor job of it and now it 'oos' before it 'cucks.' I think he reversed a wheel."

(Probably the most effective finish for this trick is to allow a member of the audience to hold the dial and himself affix the pointer.)

"In order to show you how wonderful the clock is and how it will answer to the bidding of anyone I will now ask someone in the audience to hold it. Thank you, Sir! Now will someone suggest a number? For Sir, thank you. Now will you kindly put on the pointer and give it a good spin?"



THE HOOP AND WATER TRICK.

Effect.—A glass of water, balanced on a wooden hoop, to which is attached about a yard of stout string, is swung around by the performer, over his head, or round about in any manner, without spilling a drop of the water or altering the position of the glass.

Requirements.—A wooden hoop, of one-quarter inch thickness, 2½ inches width, and eighteen in diameter, a yard of thick string, a glass and a jug of water. The secret lies in the fact that the weight of the glass of water is counterbalanced by a piece of stout sheet lead, which is fixed to the opposite side of the hoop.

I am surprised that this trick has not had a better vogue; its accomplishment is simplicity itself and it is as effective as it is simple, having rather the appearance of a difficult juggling feat than a conjuring trick. I purchased the hoop I use from Messrs. Hamley Bros, some ten years ago, and rarely give a performance even to-day without making it an item in my programme.

Teller.—"I will now show you an experiment with a hoop and a glass of water. This is not a mere conjuring trick, but a juggling feat, and one of the favourites of that past master amongst jugglers, Cinquevalli. I perform it in the same manner as he does. I once told that to an audience where he happened to be present. He came around afterwards to my dressing room to see me. He shook me by the hand. 'Is that the way I do the hoop and water trick?' he asked. I replied in the affirmative and asked him what he thought of it. 'Oh,' he remarked, 'I don't know; only one of us must be a rotten juggler!'

"I once performed this trick in Scotland, but instead of using water I used whiskey—the excitement was intense. (First swing the hoop around without the glass of water, in order to be sure that one is clear of furniture, etc.) I am sorry that owing to the smallness of the stage I cannot give you the full value of the experiment. The other week when performing at Chatsworth House, I had a piece of string quite three times this length—then I awoke. (Now swinging the hoop with glass in position.) I assure you there is more danger to the audience than myself, but the water is done. I want you, if you please, to keep as quiet as possible while I am doing this. If any of you feel inclined to cough, kindly cough now. Thank you! Thank you, again! I only want you to stop for a moment, not for a week. This glass, you see, will become a tumbler if I am not careful. (Proceed with the trick in dumb show, and without any piano accompaniment.)

THE SLIDING DIE BOX.

"I have here a hat which you observe is quite empty. This (showing silk hat) is the style of hat that is worn by Birmingham commercial travellers when 'on the road.' (Illustrating). In the morning he wears it properly placed on the head; about noon it is a little over one side, so; after lunch it is thrown forward over the eyes; during the afternoon it is stuck on the back of the head; in the evening it falls to the ground; and next morning it is put on with a shoe horn.

"I have here a small cabinet containing four doors, which you will notice work on hinges—rather (b)ingenious, isn't it?—and here is a solid wooden die. As this is a trick in which spirits play an important part, I have had it painted 'Black and White.' Do you (Dewar) notice it? I first place this solid wooden die in the cabinet and close the doors, so that you may see it better. I will endeavour to make the die vanish and we shall find it in the hat. To do this I simply say, 'Bazanka!' which is Italian for 'shift,' and you see the die has 'shifted' and (opening one end of box) it is now in the hat.

"When I was performing this trick the other evening a gentleman in the audience imagined the die was not in the hat. Now to prove to you beyond all doubt that the die is absolutely in the hat I will vanish it again from the hat and make it return to this box. I beg pardon, Sir! Oh! I thought I had shown you this end empty. (Here follows the sliding business which is kept up until someone asks for all the doors to be opened at once.) Very well! To oblige you, I'll open them. You see it is empty. When I say a thing has passed, it has passed. I told you the die was in the hat, and so it is." (Pick up the hat and let the die drop to the floor.)

A NOVEL SPIRIT SLATE.

For this trick the performer shows a number of daily and weekly papers which are neatly folded. After shuffling them, he places them one above the other in a newspaper rack which is fixed on a stand. He then shows an ordinary school slate, apparently devoid of preparation, containing two small rings, for hanging purposes, screwed into one side. After showing it well to the audience, he suspends it by the rings to a thin iron frame, which is fixed on the top of the newspaper rack. He then introduces a pack of cards, which, after shuffling, are offered to the audience who selects three. Upon this being done he asks for the highest number on the selected cards, which we will suppose is 9, and takes the ninth paper from the rack (always counting from the top). After throwing this to a member of the audience he asks for the next highest number to be given. This we will suppose is 6. The member of the audience who has the newspaper is asked to turn to page 6. The lowest number, which we will suppose is 1 is then asked for.

The performer then informs his audience that he will make the top line of column one, of page six, of newspaper No. 9 appear on the slate. After a few passes in front of the slate, it is removed from the frame and the words contained in the chosen line are found written in chalk on the side which has been farthest from the audience.

The reader will no doubt have guessed by now that this is but a glorified version of the old-time "Spirit Slates." So it is, but think for a moment how this adaptation of it lends itself to patter.

The stand holding the newspapers and slate consists of two pieces of tubing 6 feet long. Another piece of tubing 16 inches long fits across the top, and a third piece of the same length fits between the uprights, about 9 inches from the top, leaving enough room for the slate to swing freely from the top cross-piece, which by the way contains two hooks which hold the slate by the rings.

On the bottom piece hangs the newspaper rack which is made of thin board, covered with black velvet, and reaching nearly to the ground. It should be almost the width of the frame, with twelve rows of large wire hooks attached to hold the papers. On the back at the top there is provided a "servante" (in bag form) large enough to hold the slate flap which is dropped in as the performer proceeds to hang the slate on the hooks.

A pack of numbered cards is required and the cards used are forced. The newspapers are shuffled, but the performer takes care to see that the all-important one (in the example quoted, No. 9) is in its proper sequence as they are put in the rack.

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The presentation of the trick and patter are as follow:—

'Ladies and Gentlemen, for this trick I use a number of papers, some daily, some weekly and some much weaker than others. Each of these papers has a circulation five times larger than that of any other. Well you can see **(throwing paper in the air)** the circulation of that is going up. You can see also that these papers are not pre-arranged in any particular order because I am shuffling them, but I can't shuffle these as prettily as I can playing cards. Now without wasting any further time I will place them in this newspaper rack and convert the stage, for the time being, into a 'Smith's Bookstall.' Now here's a paper that I would not miss buying for anything. **(Taking 'Answers,' 'Pearson's Weekly,' or some similar paper from the rack).** It has a continued story which commenced about seventy years ago. My grandmother began to read it at the start, and it has been handed down in the family. It's a most exciting tale. The villain is a murderer, a liar, and a thief, but in all other respects he's quite a decent sort of chap. In the first part of the story he throws the heroine off London Bridge into the Thames. Later on he throws her off Blackpool Tower into the sea, and still later he says to her, 'Evelina (they call her Evelina because she never grows any stouter) what have you to fear from me?' And now, it's most exciting, he's got her fastened up in a cave and he's giving her nothing to eat and nothing to drink—he's doing that because he loves her—and whenever she thinks of mother and her home a great lump comes into her mouth and she swallows it. That is all she has to keep from starvation. **(Replacing paper in rack).** Do you know I feel quite upset to-day? My 'Weldon's' hasn't come! But here's a paper I just miss getting. **(Taking a copy of any well-known ladies' paper from the rack.)** The 'Forget-me-quick'—Number Two given away with Number One, a paper pattern given away with Number Three, which will be given if the first two numbers are bought. Here's an interesting page! **(Opening paper and pretending to read it).** Hints on Etiquette. When a lady and gentleman are walking out together the lady should always walk inside the gentleman. Never eat peas with a knife—they roll off. Here's another page. I always read. Aunt Jane's Confidential Chat or Heart to Heart Talks. Of course in real life Aunt Jane is usually a man who works in his shirt sleeves and smokes Shag tobacco. Oh, but do just listen to the advice he gives. 'Maggie' wants to know how to get a husband—We should advise 'Maggie' to write for our paper patterns. 'Edith' will find that the grocer will give her two orange boxes. She must glue these together and cover them with some crumpled paper. Then give the whole one good coat of Faler's Earth—when finished this should make her husband a nice pipe rack. 'Gertrude' says she is in love with a photographer. Well, 'Gertrude,' you must snap him up, watch him develop, and then fix him, but don't go into his dark room. 'Polly' wants to know how to make pea-soup. 'Polly' should take one pea, place it in an empty soup pan—clean soup pan preferred—and pour on to it two gallons of water—clean water if possible—and

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simmer gently for ten hours. When finished this should make 'Polly' thick soup. If, however, 'Polly' should require the soup clear, remove the pea! **(Here the performer replaces the paper in the rack and taking out another pretends to read the advertisements).** For sale: A good house dog, will eat anything—very fond of children. Two old maids want washing. For sale: A piano by a young lady with mahogany legs."

Enough patter has now been given to show the lines upon which the performer should proceed to make the trick a success, and it is most useful when it is desirable to lengthen out a performance. The foregoing patter does not in any way interfere with the working of the trick and any amount of it may be given according to the time at disposal.

"For this trick I use a slate which is, as you see, clean on this side and **(reversing slate)** clean also on this. It would be a good thing if every one had as clean a slate as this. Personally I may say this is the only clean slate I possess. **(The performer turns to rack and hangs the slate in the frame, at the same moment dropping the flap into the servante).** I will hang it here where you can all see it. For this experiment I use also a pack of cards, each card bearing a number and each number being different. I should be pleased if someone would select three of these cards. Thank you, sir! Now will you give me the highest number you have there? Nine! Thank you! I'll take the ninth paper. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—this is the one. Will some gentleman kindly hold this paper for a moment? Thank you, sir! Now what is the next highest number you have there? Six! Thank you! Will you kindly turn to page six? And the lowest number you have is? One. Thank you! Will you please look at column one? I will now, Ladies and Gentlemen, try to make the top line of column one, of the sixth page, of the ninth paper appear on the slate. If you listen you will hear the spirits writing on the other side of it."

A little soft music is now played as the performer makes a series of mysterious passes in front of the slate, which is then removed and the other and prepared side shown to the audience.

"To-day's News" (for example). That sir, I think is the top line of column one, of the sixth page of the ninth paper."

THE SPIRIT SLATE.

There are several variations of this trick, but the method I use and the mode of presentation make it the most laughable item on my programme.

The only requirements are a hat, a slate with two thin flaps and a number of plain visiting cards.

Patton and presentation.—"I have here a slate which you see is clean on this side and also clean on this side. It would be a good thing if everybody's slate was as clean as this one—though this I may mention is the only clean slate I've got.

"Here also is an empty hat—I've never worn it, but it's handy at home—the wife keeps clothes pegs in it.

"I stand the slate against the hat in this manner so that you can all see it.

"Now this is a spirit slate and it's possible for me to have anything written on it that I want, but if I asked any lady or gentleman present to suggest a word or a sentence, the person who made the suggestion would know that he was not a confederate, but the rest of you might think that the trick was done by confederacy, so I have gone to the trouble to write out a number of words on these visiting cards. I will read you the words out, give you the meaning of each word, then we will have one selected.

Adam.—Adam was the first man—he was born on the longest day—There was no Eve to it. The first row that Adam had was when he came home and found his wife had put his Sunday clothes in the salad—Yes, the salad was dressed and he wasn't.

Asbestos.—A material on which many modern novels are printed.

Ananias.—The first man to write advertisements.

Bodega.—A building containing a piece of cheese surrounded by actors.

Bachelor.—A man who looks before he leaps and then stands still.

Child.—A gift from heaven to the mother; a plaything to the father, a living to the doctor and a nuisance to the neighbours. For further particulars apply the Queen of Spain.

Collision.—When two things come together. There was a collision at our house the other day—a boy and a girl.

Dentist.—A man who is always looking down in the mouth.

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Echo.—The only thing that can cheat a woman out of her last word.

Flapper—or Female Knut.—A Flapper is a modern young lady who resembles a bad photo—over exposed and under developed.

Hercules.—The only strong man who never invented Cocoa.

Hyprocite.—A man who goes to work with a smile on his face.

Hiccups.—Messages from departed Spirits.

Jupiter.—The God of bad weather—the only god that works overtime.

Jonah.—The man who spent three days in the stomach of a whale—at least that's what he told his wife—he'd have to think of something better if he were living to-day.

Kiss.—Nothing divided by two.

Mith.—A female moth.

Onion.—(Or Spanish forget-me-not.) An onion is a noisy vegetable which is eaten principally by people who sit next to us in trams. The trades union motto is, Onion is strength. I read in the paper recently of a doctor who said that the secret of good health was to eat onions—but how are you going to keep it a secret.

Policeman.—(The boy's friend). A big dinner with a belt round it.

Platoon.—A small body of men surrounded by officers.

Rag.—A material used for chewing purposes—some people however chew the fat and eventually die of a greasy heart.

Rail.—A rail is a . . . only longer, it's a — well you all know what a rail is.

Scale.—A pimple on the back of a bloater.

Socialist.—A man who hasn't any money and wants to divide it with someone else.

Siar.—A thing they put on an officer's sleeve to stop him using it for a handkerchief.

Taxidermist.—A man who skins animals—a taxi cabist isn't so particular.

Wizard.—The inside of a duck.

Water.—A liquid used for putting into trenches. Some people drink it, but it must be awfully bad for you. Look what happens when you go out in the rain—how it rots your boots.

Zebra.—An animal used for advertising grate polish.

"Now those are the words and it only remains necessary to have one selected. Thank you, Sir. Now whilst the gentleman is looking at the

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selected word I'll just move my hands in front of the slate in this manner. You may wonder why I do this. Well, this being a spiritualistic trick, I do it for a blind—it does not take many spirits to make one blind, does it?

"Now, Sir, tell me the word you have selected and I'll show you it. RAH, thank you, Sir. I simply turn the slate round and there you see we have the word 'Rail' printed on it. (The word appears the wrong way on, reading 'Liar'.) There's been too many spirits at work. Oh, I know how it's happened. I was performing this trick last night, but I did it at the other end of the room.

"However, I will rub it out and we will have another try. It's all right now, it's just the way you look at it." (Slate is shewn with "RAIL" printed on.)

Explanation.—This trick needs very little explanation. Chalk the word to be used on the slate and again "wrong way on" on the flap—the outer flap is left blank. If you are using a black top table the flaps will not show.

The hands hold the flaps in position whilst the slate is being shewn, it is then laid down on the table whilst the hat is being shewn. Then it is raised up on one side and leaned against the hat—the outer flap remaining flat on the table covered with the hat.

After it has been shown with the word reversed it is again placed on the table, whilst a handkerchief is being felt for, and when it is picked up a second time the inner flap is left on the table. With regard to the definitions I have the word to be used written on all the cards. This of course makes the force certain. I have all the words memorised and pretend to read them from the cards.

The most suitable words to use are "Star" and "Rail."

I have given 29 words, but 15 will be found sufficient for one performance.

CARD PATTERN

(Including *Patter for the "Twelve Cards up the Sleeve"*).

"I have here a pack of ordinary playing cards which I will shuffle. This ("**Bridge Shuffle**") is the new American waterfall shuffle. I'll do that again—I invariably, Ladies and Gentlemen, repeat such a trick when I like it. I was performing at a magistrates' dinner the other week. I offered a magical experiment once and they all remarked, 'Fine!' I repeated it and they said, 'A fortnight, without the option!'

"This is the Portuguese or revolutionary shuffle (**the cards are made to fly from hand to hand**).

"I will now show you a shuffle which has cost me years of constant study and starvation to bring to perfection—The Whist Drive shuffle (**the cards are shuffled in a clumsy and awkward manner, a few being allowed to drop to the floor, and a low comedy effect may be added ad lib by moistening the thumb on the tongue**).

"I have now been performing card tricks for many years (**as the conjurer gives a few card passes to slow music**) and up to the moment I have not had the honour of an open letter in 'John Bull,' but if you look in this morning's paper you will find my photograph together with a full history of my life—I've just been cured of indigestion.

"I will now show you a trick with twelve cards (**performer commences counting them off in French**). Oh, I beg your pardon, that's French. I used to speak French very fluently once—my father was a French polisher. (**Complete the counting**). Before proceeding further, please notice there is nothing up my sleeve. (**Performer pulls coat back from his left shoulder and feels the muscles with his right hand, remarking, 'Ha! thanks to Oxo!'**) To make sure there are only twelve cards I'll count them again. (**Cards are picked up and counted into right hand, and then presumably transferred into the left hand, six cards, however, being retained and palmed in the right.**) Every time I flick, we find a card travelling up the sleeve, so. (**The right hand goes up to the shoulder and produces a card, leaving the remaining five stuck under the coat.**) Flick again and we have another! This is awfully simple sometimes, and sometimes it's simply awful. Flick again and we have another—did you hear it pass the elbow. Do you know I like performing this trick, because every time I do it I tickle myself. (**Five cards are produced in this manner leaving one in the sleeve**). Some of you may think that I still have twelve cards in the hand. Such however is not the case. I will count them. (**Here a false count is made, making the six**

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cards appear to be seven.) Some of you may possibly think that I put the cards up my sleeve with my right hand. To show you that I do not I simply give the card an extra flick and the card comes up by itself. (The coat is pulled away from the shoulder and the remaining card falls out.)

"Of course we have different ways of performing this trick and I will conclude by passing the remaining cards up the sleeve simultaneously—I do this without the aid of a net and without any danger to the audience.

At the conclusion of this trick the following story will be found to blend capitally.

"Some time ago I was travelling to keep a conjuring engagement, and had to change at Leeds. I had a lot of luggage with me, and asked a porter to look after it for me. He said, as he was very busy at the moment, that he was sorry he could not oblige me, but suggested that it would be perfectly safe if I put my card on it. Unfortunately I had not a single visiting card on me, but I happened to have a pack of ordinary playing cards with me, so I placed one, which happened to be the King of Diamonds, on the luggage. I went and had some refreshments and when I returned I found my belongings had vanished. I asked an official what had become of it, and he said, 'Was that your luggage with the King of Diamonds on it?' and I said, 'Yes, what has become of it?' He replied, 'Oh, a man came along, put on the bag and took it.'"



A ZAN ZIG BURLESQUE.

This is an effective and amusing skit when intelligently performed and well worked. The performer, after making a short humorous speech on the subject of Second Sight, brings forward and blindfolds his assistant, who then remains throughout seated on a chair, placed in the centre of the stage. Added comical effects may be obtained by allowing the handkerchief to slip down one side of the medium's face in blindfolding him, thus enabling him to see with one eye; or by tying the handkerchief round his head or throat so tightly that he vigorously protests.

Patter.—"I have much pleasure, Ladies and Gentlemen, in introducing to you an impersonation of the world-famous Zam-Buks, that is to say Zig-Zags; really I must apologise, I mean the marvellous Zan Zigs, and hope to be able to show you that it is possible for two minds to have but a single thought—and sometimes not even that. First of all I should like to be perfectly candid with you. I am perfectly well aware that there are other humbugs now performing these experiments before the public, but all I wish to claim is that I work entirely on my own system, and when you see the really exhausting feats I am about to offer you, you will I think agree with me that they are indeed a great trial to my 'system.' First permit me to introduce my medium. **(Bring assistant forward and blindfold?)** This, Ladies and Gentlemen, is my Medium, but, as you will shortly see, he is of more than medium ability. First let us test the blindfolding.

Performer (extending two fingers.) How many fingers am I holding up?
Assistant. Four!

P. You will observe by that answer, Ladies and Gentlemen, that my assistant is absolutely blind. I will now put him through a few tests, and afterwards pass around amongst you, picking up anything I can lay my hands upon, and my Medium will then endeavour to describe the various articles minutely to you. **((Taking his watch from his pocket, standing quite close to the assistant and holding it near his ear).)** What is this?

A. A watch.

P. Wonderful! Gold or silver **(or vice versa according to circumstances).**

A. Gold! You said gold first you know.

P. **(Looks annoyed.)** Ha! **(aside)** There is a newspaper! **(Stepping across platform and obtaining well-known local evening paper.)** What have I here?

A. A newspaper.

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P. Correct; now tell me the price of it!

A. A halfpenny.

P. Correct again. What is the front page composed of?

A. Advertisements.

P. Perfectly right. Now tell me how many words there are in this newspaper.

A. Five hundred and fifty four thousand, six hundred and twenty eight.

P. Marvellous! **(To audience)** I will now pass amongst you and ask my assistant to describe the various articles I come in contact with, and I may add, Ladies and Gentleman, that I am prepared to offer the sum of £5,000 to anyone who does not see how this séance is performed. **(Leaves platform)**. Will someone kindly lend me a handkerchief? Thank you!

Now, sir, what have I here?

A. A handkerchief.

P. Yes, but tell me the colour.

A. White.

P. Now, the shape?

A. Square.

P. Now look carefully. On what part of the handkerchief is the border?

A. Round the outside.

P. Wonderful! What is around this gentleman's neck?

A. A collar.

P. The colour?

A. White.

P. Quite correct. What has this gentleman on his back?

A. A coat.

P. Black or white?

A. **(excitedly)** Yes, please, with soda.

P. I did not say Black and White. I want you to tell me the colour.

A. **(disgustedly)** Black.

P. Anything on the coat?

A. There is a long golden hair on the shoulder.

P. **(Pretending to remove it.)** Will someone now kindly lend me a coin? Thank you! What have I here?

A. A coin.

P. Perfectly correct. The shape of the coin?

A. Round.

P. Now tell me the first figure in the date of the coin.

A. One.

P. To whom does it belong?

A. To you.

P. I've just borrowed it, you simpleton!

A. Yes, I know, but I've lent you money myself.

P. I have a pencil and paper. I want someone to write down a number between one and three. Thank you, sir! Don't let me see what you write.

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(To Medium) Now, look closely. What number has the gentleman written on the paper?

A. Two.

P. Wonderful. Now tell me what is the matter with this gentleman?

A. He is in love.

P. Quite correct. What is this lady doing?

A. Smiling, and very prettily too.

P. Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I will conclude by showing you something much deeper and more difficult than we have hitherto accomplished. I have here an unprepared slate and a piece of chalk. Will someone oblige me by writing down a number on the slate between 1 and 20? Thank you, Sir, write down any number you wish up to twenty; you have an unfettered choice and don't let me influence you in the slightest degree. Now, my assistant will clap his hands just such a number of times as will correspond with that written on the slate. **(Medium commences clapping his hands rather slowly until the number on the slate, say 15, is reached when the performer immediately stops him.)** Thank you! Fifteen (or whatever the number may be) is perfectly correct."

A somewhat puzzling variant may be added and "given away" at the conclusion by the assistant. The performer to show the entire absence of any preconcerted code, announces that he will simply touch at random a few articles and, by simply saying "This?" in every case, the medium will give the correct answer. The method of working is to take the letters of a prearranged word, say W A G N E R, wherein W. stands for watch, A. for 'andkerchief, G. for guard (watch guard), N. for necktie, E. for eyegless, and R. for ring. The performer just touches these articles, which are to be found in every audience, and the assistant calls out the various articles in their sequence, on the performer simply asking "This?" Before the last letter, R., the assistant may pause as though beaten, and then spell out, "W A G N E. E. eyeglass, R.—oh, R. Ring!" As the performer is returning to the stage he can hit the big drum or strike any handy musical instrument, querying "This?" in desperation. The correct answer is sure to provoke a hearty laugh in conclusion.

THE TINNED RABBIT.

Procure from a grocer a tin of rabbit which will nicely "load" into a hat, cut the bottom out carefully, remove the contents and dry and clean the tin. Next attach a loop of string to the side so that it may be held easily. It will then be found to be an excellent receptacle for hat properties, such as spring flowers, spring vegetables, and other articles of this genre which abound in the apparatus maker's catalogues. When filled with suitable paraphernalia and a piece of broad tape fastened around the vase to secure the contents until required, it should be loaded into the hat from the coat, the servante or any other suitable place. After producing the contents of the tin from the hat, he informs the audience that he proposes to produce a rabbit, remarking parenthetically that all conjurers produce rabbits from hats, he proposes to go one better—he will positively, although he is positively an apostle of temperance, produce—an intoxicated rabbit. "Did anyone ever see an intoxicated rabbit?" No! Well, here is one that you see is—canned," and he brings forth the tin letting the audience see, by the highly coloured lid, that it is indeed canned rabbit.



CONJURING YARNS IN GENERAL.

When performing at a "Social Evening," and more particularly at a "Smoking Concert," there is nothing more useful than to have a few *apropos* yarns ready to spin. They come in very handy for lengthening a "turn," or after giving a trick when it has been performed in dumb show. Other opportunities will also occur where a more or less appropriate yarn may with advantage be introduced into a programme. For instance, when performing the **Egg and Card Trick**, mentioned in another portion of this book, the hands are necessarily sticky and must be wiped before any further apparatus may be handled. This cannot be done effectively to slow music, so to prevent the inevitable stage wait, a "yarn" may be introduced with advantage. The following selection of stories is distinctly relevant, and will, according to the occasion, be found to blend well in a magician's programme:

I was once invited to a friend's house for the evening, and at dinner I sat opposite a gentleman who suffered from kleptomania. When he thought no one was watching, I saw him surreptitiously take a spoon from the table and hide it in his pocket. During the evening many of the guests asked me to show them a few conjuring tricks, and, after letting them press me for about a couple of hours, I consented. I said, 'I shall have great pleasure in showing you one of the most difficult feats of prestidigitation that has ever been performed before the British public.' I then picked up a spoon from the table and placed it in my pocket. I said, 'I will now command this spoon to vanish and we shall find it in that gentleman's pocket.' I then pointed to the man who had taken the spoon at dinner, and of course they all went to him and got the spoon. I received much applause and—kept my spoon!

* * *

Yes, you see some wonderful tricks performed on the stage at times, don't you? I once knew a man who earned his living by throwing knives at a board in front of which stood his beautiful, young and charming wife. He threw the knives so skilfully that they just went round her head, neck and body, in fact, at the conclusion of the feat, she was literally framed in knives. Well, I was once staying at Blackpool where he was billed to perform at one of the large halls of entertainment, and I went in to see my friend's show. Unfortunately, on the evening of my visit, his beautiful, young and charming wife was indisposed, and her mother was obliged to take her place. As the poor old lady stood there shivering with fright, the performer took one of his knives, tossed it in the air, caught it by

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the handle and then hurled it with all his might at the board, where it stuck about an eighth of an inch off the old lady's head. A man in the audience, sitting immediately behind me, said sympathetically, "Good heavens, he's missed her!"

* * *

I was once staying in the country and saw a farmer perform a most wonderful trick. One rarely associates farmers with the magic art, but this man performed a brilliant feat without the aid of stage traps, mirrors, or anything of that description, and before my very eyes I saw him turn a cow into—a field.

* * *

"I don't want you to go away, Ladies and Gentlemen, with the idea that deception is peculiar to conjuring and to conjuring only. I think you must know that deception lurks in every trade, business and profession under the sun. As an example, a Yorkshire friend of mine, whose name is John Henry, had been out of work for some time, when one day a travelling menagerie came to his town. John Henry went to see the proprietor and inquired if he could find him a job. "No," said that individual, "We are full up," and John Henry was turning regretfully on his heel when he continued, "Say, though, one of our lions died last night and we've had it skinned and the skin cured. Now if you will have it sewn around you, get into the cage and play the lion's part during the performance, I'll give you a couple of pounds a week and your keep." John Henry said gleefully, "I'll do it!" and in quicksticks he had the skin on him, got into the cage and ready for the show to commence. Round went the showman to the various cages describing the animals and their peculiarities until he came to the one next to that in which John Henry was ready to play his part. This particular cage contained a fine big Bengal tiger, and after describing how many trainers it had killed, he said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, in order to show you how docile and friendly these animals are with one another, I will open the door dividing these two cages, and allow the tiger to enter this cage, which you can see contains a full-grown forest-bred lion." That was John Henry. The dividing door was pushed back, the tiger walked in, looked at John Henry, went closer to him and sniffed at him. John Henry was trembling like a leaf, and was just about to offer a prayer for his wife and family when the tiger said, "Now it's all right! Don't be afraid, I won't hurt you—I'm a Yorkshireman myself!"

* * *

"I remember once performing before a large and intellectual audience, and there was a stout old lady sitting right in the centre of the first row of stalls. She was deeply interested in everything I did, and the longer I performed the more interested she became, until, at one part of my entertainment, I asked for a committee of gentlemen to come upon the stage. At my request one of the gentlemen wrote what he chose on a piece of paper, a second folded up the paper and a third placed it in a box which he held

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and retained the key. Then without any collusion whatever I read what was written on the paper locked up in the wooden box. Immediately after I had performed this feat the old lady rushed excitedly to the door and on one of the attendants inquiring if she were ill, she replied, "No, but I cannot remain here any longer; if that man can see what is written on a piece of paper locked up in a wooden box, this is no place for me. The dress I am wearing is not thick enough!"

"I formerly had a lady assistant who helped me in my entertainment, and in addition gave a kind of clairvoyant act. She could correctly answer any question propounded by the audience and her performance was always a distinct success until one evening when we were at a fashionable hydro, at a well-known seaside resort. I had announced that my medium would answer any brief question suggested by the audience, and almost immediately a lady in the front row inquired, 'How many children have I?' After a moment's hesitation my medium said 'Three!' and the lady turned excitedly to her neighbour and declared, 'That is quite correct! How in the world can she tell?' Then her husband, who was seated a few rows further back asked, 'How many children have I?' Then my medium put her foot in it. She answered, 'One.'"

"In addition to conjuring entertainments I sometimes give hypnotic sances and cure suffering people whilst they are under the influence of my subtle powers. Once, before a very large audience, I had a lady on the platform who was an absolute martyr to neuralgia. With a mere wave of my hand I had her under perfect control, and during the mesmeric sleep I simply kissed one side of her face and then brought her round again. I asked if my cure had been successful and she informed me that the pain had completely vanished from one side of her face (the side I had kissed), but that it was raging as violently as ever on the other. I thereupon repeated the operation and kissed the other side of her face. When I brought her round, a look of gratitude and gladness came into her face and with a smile she thanked me most graciously, saying she was completely cured. Then a big bouncing navvy at the back of the hall shouted out, "Can you cure corns that way, Guv'nor?"

"I was once performing before a village audience and borrowed a half-penny from a farmer in the audience. Then in a magical process, known only to myself, I turned it into a sovereign. When the applause had subsided I informed my audience that I would next change it back to its original value. No sooner had I said this than the farmer, who had lent me the money and who had been watching the trick with open-mouthed wonder, rushed on to the platform and said, "Don't bother, Mister! Show us something else instead—I'll have the coin back as it is!"

A VENTRILOQUIAL DIALOGUE.

(The following ventriloquial dialogue is arranged for the "small boy" figure.)

- Vent.: Good evening! I see you have arrived!
Fig.: Yes, I've got here all right!
Vent.: How did you come?
Fig.: I came by train. My word! it was a quick train too.
Vent.: In speaking of a train you should not say "it,"
say "she"—She was a quick train.
Fig.: Yes, but you can't in this case.
Vent.: Why?
Fig.: Because it was a "mail" train.
Vent.: Oh, I see it was a mail train, was it?
Fig.: I.
Vent.: Can't you say anything but I?
Fig.: I.
Vent.: Can't you say yes?
Fig.: I.
Vent.: Do you always say I?
Fig.: Yes!
Vent.: How is that little dog of yours getting on?
Fig.: You mean the one without the nose?
Vent.: I didn't know he hadn't a nose. How does he smell?
Fig.: Horrible!
Vent.: Does he really, why?
Fig.: Well, he's dead.
Vent.: I am sorry to hear that. How did he die?
Fig.: He died on his side.
Vent.: Yes, but what did he die of?
Fig.: He died of a Tuesday.
Vent.: Just so, but how did he meet his death?
Fig.: He didn't meet it; it overtook him.
Vent.: Look here! (*getting excited*). What was the complaint?
Fig.: There was no complaint—everybody was satisfied.
Vent.: You don't seem to understand me—how did it occur?
Fig.: The dog was no cur, he was a thoroughbred animal.
Vent.: But what was the cause of his death?
Fig.: He went to fight a circular saw.

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Vent.: Oh, I see, and what was the result?
Fig.: He only lasted one round.
Vent.: And what became of that little kitten you had?
Fig.: Why, haven't you heard?
Vent.: No, was it drowned?
Fig.: No.
Vent.: Was it lost?
Fig.: No.
Vent.: Was it poisoned?
Fig.: No.
Vent.: Did you give it away?
Fig.: No.
Vent.: Did you sell it?
Fig.: No.
Vent.: Then what became of it?
Fig.: It grew into a cat!
Vent.: What a smart boy you are. Have you ever been to sea?
Fig.: To see what?
Vent.: Not to see what. I mean have you ever been to sea—been on the ocean?
Fig.: Yes Sir.
Vent.: Well, what is a battleship?
Fig.: A cruiser.
Vent.: What goes with a battleship?
Fig.: The crew, Sir.
Vent.: What drives a battleship?
Fig.: Its screw, Sir.
Vent.: Had you any distinguished person on board?
Fig.: Carew-Sir (Caruso).
Vent.: Where do you come from?
Fig.: Crews, Sir.
Vent.: You are a clever boy,—I suppose you go to school?
Fig.: Yes.
Vent.: Which school do you like best?
Fig.: Sunday School.
Vent.: Why?
Fig.: Because it's only once a week.
Vent.: Are you forward at your school?
Fig.: No, I'm full back.
Vent.: I suppose they teach you singing at your school?
Fig.: Yes.
Vent.: Well let me hear you sing.
(Here introduce song).

BILLIARD BALL PATTERN.

"You see, Ladies and Gentlemen, the last ball has run away (runish). That reminds me, "What does a billiard ball do when it stops running?" "It looks round!" "

"Did you notice the way in which I swallowed that billiard ball? Conjurers and goats can swallow anything. I knew a man who kept a gun—a peculiarly giddy one—and it broke into his fowl-house and ate all the feathers off the birds. When he went to milk it next morning, he got a bucketful of cocktalls."

"Money *speaks*, but billiard—balls (bawls!)"

"I will now pass this billiard ball through my anatomy. Of course it is painful, but you can't have pleasure without pain as the monkey said when it had a ride on a porcupine."

"You will find the secret of that trick carefully printed on the back of the programme."

"I invariably find that the higher the intelligence of the audience the greater applause I usually receive for this trick."



Will Goldston's

More Exclusive Magical Secrets

By WALTER B. GIBSON.

It is not often that a magical publication fulfils the highest expectations of its purchasers; and rarely does one appear that may be classed with the best works of other technical lines.

But in Will Goldston's "More Exclusive Magical Secrets," we find a volume that far exceeds its greatest claims; a book that is a worthy successor to its companion volume, "Exclusive Magical Secrets," which until now, ranked as the greatest production of magical literature.

It is not my purpose to review the detailed contents of "More Exclusive." That would be too great a task. Suffice it to say that they far surpass the outlines that appeared in the prospectus and in the advertisements. The detailed descriptions of the effects described in "More Exclusive" are merely the pale moon-like reflections from the bright sun of the book itself.

Furthermore, a cut and dried review cannot adequately extol the merits of this epoch-making book. Everything about it is perfect; from the exquisite binding through the heavy art pages, filled with multitudes of perfect illustrations. "Exclusive Magical Secrets" are known to everyone interested in Magic. And just as the value of that book has doubled in the past few years, so will the value of "More Exclusive" advance in the years to come.

One thing only we miss. In "Exclusive Magical Secrets," there appeared an introduction by Professor Hoffmann, in which the grand old man of Magic praised the great book as it should be praised. We feel that Mr. Goldston should reprint that introduction in his "Magazine of Magic," for were Professor Hoffmann alive to-day, he would apply the same remarks to "More Exclusive Magical Secrets," only this time with the knowledge that his praise was justified by the greatest of all critics—Public Opinion.

But in our sincere praise of the book, let us not forget the author, Will Goldston. For years he has been working on this book, his "magnum opus"—but we have applied that term to "Exclusive Magical Secrets." Let us term "More Exclusive Magical Secrets," Will Goldston's "maximum opus"—his very greatest work; for surely some such phrase is necessary to do the book and its author justice.

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Say what you will; when the stern hand of time has brushed this generation and many more from the face of the earth, posterity will look back upon the field of magical literature, with hundreds of its works lost in obscurity, buried beneath the dust of passing years. But there will stand out one volume, that will long be cherished by magicians and literatists of the future; one volume that will be the silent recorder of an art long dead; and that book will be Will Goldston's MORE EXCLUSIVE MAGICAL SECRETS.

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