

CONJURING CHATTER



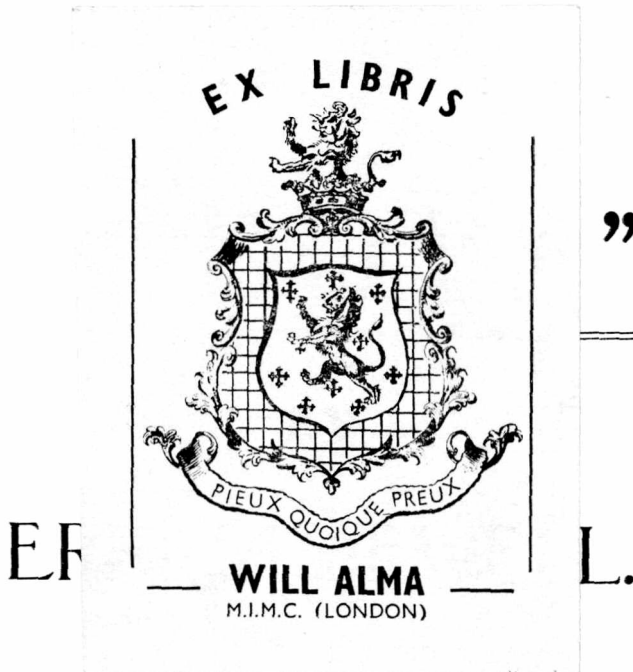
— BY —

FRED ROME.

PUBLISHED BY—
THE LONDON MAGICAL CO., 153 KENTISH TOWN ROAD, N.W.1.

[COPYRIGHT THROUGHOUT THE WORLD].

“TRICKS



Price 1/- - - Postage 2d.

Order from your
Magical Dealer.

CONJURING— — CHATTER

— BY —

FRED ROME.

NOTE —As so many Conjurers adopt different methods of performing certain tricks, the patter in this book is written to fit INCIDENTS only which occur in the presentation of the tricks stated.

EGG PRODUCER.

(See "EGGS"—"POPULAR PATER.")

For my next trick I should like to borrow a small sized boy, I am quite willing to give his Mother a written guarantee that should he be returned cracked or in any way damaged I will pay the full cost of the damage done. I therefore do not wish to be helped by a boy whose Mother refers to as her dear son. I want the cheapest one I can find. Say a healthy boy whose value is about eightpence, or I would not mind going to a shilling providing he's exceptionally smart, if he's not smart I'll try and make him smart (indicate this by holding up a large stick or displaying fist—pointing to boy in audience), how about you?—you wouldn't be very expensive if I damaged you—would you?—I should say about elevenpence-three-farthings, or perhaps if I waited until you had your Summer Sale you will be reduced to "nine-three" (to audience) I will now introduce you to my "elevenpenny-three-farthing" friend, and that is the lowest price the Food Controller will allow. Now will you stand there. Stand on both feet if you like, but as I am now about to get you to help me to produce some eggs, perhaps it

would be better if you stood on one leg and you'd look more like a chicken. The only thing I ask you is that if you take one leg off the ground make up your mind which leg you intend to lift, as if you lift them both at once you will look so silly, but on no account get chicken hearted or you won't have a leg to stand on if it comes to an argument. All I want you to do is to hold the eggs as I discover them in this hat. I'll get the eggs if you'll do the crowing. Are you ready? (The following short remarks to be made to the boy as the eggs are handed to him). Don't squeeze that one its got a bad headache. Take care of that one I know his father. Careful his life isn't insured. Hold that one by the hand. Mind I think that one has got the mumps. That's a ladies egg treat her tenderly. Don't break that one I've had it for years, it speaks Esperanto. (As a boy lets egg drop). See what you've done?—you'd better mend it. There goes Humpty Dumpty. Are you supposed to be helping me or making Pancakes. Can't you hold a few in your ears? Take your **other** hand (when both his hands are fully occupied). You are making a mess, you'd do well in the Army, yes in the Mess room. I hope you can remember which yoke belongs to which shell, for you will have to put them together again. You are no good at laying eggs, you'd do better laying carpets. Now you can go home and get a frying pan and we'll make an Omelette. The next time I ask you to help me with an egg trick I'll have the eggs hard boiled or do the trick with Coconuts.

WATCH AND LOAF TRICK.

Now I am going to start borrowing again. Conjuror's are always wanting to loan something, but they never seem to leave an audience alone. This time I wish to get a watch, I always find I can get the best watch from married men, they usually gave a good one. I never knew why this was until I heard a lady say the other day "I always keep a **good watch on my husband.**" (Having borrowed watch). This is a nice watch sir, I promise if I break it I will give you one of equal value, or would you rather have half-a-crown? I see this is a keyless watch (Pointing to crown of watch). That has got a whole crown, therefore it must be worth **five shil ings.** I now place your watch in this little box. I am sorry I haven't a **keyless** box to go with your watch, but here is the key. Will you lock up your own watch sir. I shouldn't like to think I had been the cause of your watch getting locked

up, as perhaps you will expect me to bail it out. I have no doubt you will be very hurt if you thought your watch was going to be locked up all night, as the Magistrate will not be here until the morning. Now I will see what can be done. I will help him to escape and avoid paying the fine. Your watch is now crawling through the strong iron bars that guard his cell. It will be a sell when they've found he's gone. (With ear near watch box). Hark! your watch is breaking out—I hope he is not breaking out in measles. I don't know if he's quite gone yet, but I hear him going. Your's is a very polite watch, he is closing all the doors behind him. I do hope he won't stop and kiss the warders. He's left—he must be a lever. He's escaped. Now what do you think will be his next call—can't you think? Why he is bound to be hungry after all his hard work. We will look inside this loaf and see if he is having lunch. (Cuts open loaf and finds watch).

HANDKERCHIEFS AND PAN TRICK.

You may have noticed that Conjurers are very fond of borrowing handkerchiefs, the chief reason is that no one will trust them with anything else more valuable. I heard a Conjuror the other night say to an audience "will anyone lend me half-a-crown" and five hundred voices replied "no." It is rather unkind what opinion most people have of us. I was getting in a tram the other day when I was recognised by a little girl, she quickly turned to her Father and said "mind your pockets Father here comes the Conjuror," and every time I caught her eye she looked at me and then pointed to the notice in the Tram "Beware of Pickpockets," I naturally didn't care for that so I had to complain to her Father, he then said to the little girl "you must not do that darling, the gentleman has taken offence," and she replied "well I knew he would take something before he had been here long." (Having borrowed handkerchief). You don't mind sir if I destroy this handkerchief that you have lent me—do you? I will place it in this little pan, its only a small pan, I don't think it will ever grow any bigger so I call it Peter Pan because it won't grow up. Now that your handkerchief is thoroughly burnt I will cover it up. That's what you might call putting the lid on it' I assure you I will restore it. You having now received my assurance—my Fire assurance to be correct. I remove the lid and here we have the handkerchief entirely restored, so you

are now at liberty to wipe away those tears that I noticed you were shedding when your handkerchief entered the Firing line.

RICE BOWLS.

There are many tricks performed with rice. I was always good at making rice disappear, especially when I was young and the rice was made into a pudding. I believe the Chinese and the Chinshes live almost entirely on rice, that is why rice is always cooked in a **China** dish. Of course you all know the old Chinese tale--No **not** the pig tail the Rice tale--A Chinese baby is placed before a big dish of rice which it starts to eat, the Mother then ties a piece of cotton round the baby's "Little Mary" and the baby goes on eating and Mrs. Chinalady gets on with her work, the baby goes on eating until the cotton bursts and the Mother then knows it has had enough to eat. I did hear once that a Chinese Mother who was rather near sighted tied a piece of strong string round her baby instead of cotton and the baby burst before the string. The baby's last words were "Oh! bust it," and the poor Mother burst into tears, she cried so much the room became flooded and the verdict was "Found Drowned." Now that I have told you the sad story of the rice and water I will show you an experiment with these two articles, but I hope I shall not meet with the same fate as the other baby, if I did I don't think any of you would follow the Mother's example and burst into tears, I expect the only bursting you would do would be to burst out laughing. But I am only a Conjurer so it wouldn't matter.

KNOTS AND HANDKERCHIEF TRICK.

These are two silk handkerchiefs, they were specially made for me by a couple of silk worms who went to the same school as I did, I think their Father was a provision merchant, anyhow he was something in the **grub** line I know, but he became very poor in his old age and turned a Margerinefly, as butter was so expensive. They had a lot of other relations, but I don't think they were doing the last time I met a few of their cousins they were working in a Gorgonzola cheese, but I don't think they liked it very much as they were quite close to the Rhine (Rind). But to get on with the trick with these two valuable handkerchiefs. I forget for the moment where

they were actually manufactured, but perhaps they will tell us (Throws same in air and picking them up again knotted), Ah! now I know where they were made (pointing to knots) "Knot-in-em" (Nottingham). That was very quick wasn't it, of course these handkerchiefs travel at a great rate, well I should say go at about **one knot** a second, and that is quicker than our fastest Cruisers. (Shakes handkerchiefs to untie). Hows that Umpire?—**knot** out? This trick might be called "Matrimony" if we consider the two handkerchiefs as two lovers, they are thrown together and behold! the knot is tied and they are made one. After a while they get tired of being tied up and (throwing them in air to untie), they become divorced. I was performing this trick last week and the following morning I had over a hundred letters from married men asking me to call and see what would happen if I threw their wives in the air. But some wives are not **untidy** and the knot has to remain tied, unless one of them run away and make a **slip** knot.

DRUM HEAD TUBE.

Will you examine that tube sir? It's a very nice tube, the only thing I must ask you is to stand clear of the gates. Some of these tubes are ground down until they shine like silver, but that one hasn't been ground enough, so I will call it the **Underground** Tube. That tube has what is known as a round end, I know another tube which has an **Oval** at one end, my jokes are very feeble so don't "Clap-'em"—I should say "applaud" for I know "Clapem's" **common**. Now sir you having become a Tube Inspector will you kindly close each end with that metal ring and paper—you have closed the tube sir, hope there won't be an Air raid don't you. (On producing handkerchiefs from tube). See what you've done sir, you've left your handkerchief behind, yes "Right behind" as the guards say. I can see you are no good as a tube inspector, why you would lose engines you would, if you miss things like that it would never do. You know a guard on the tube gets into trouble if he mislays things, I know one who had to leave just because he **messed** a lift, yes he was **dismissed**.

DIMINISHING CARDS.

(See "Playing Cards" "Popular Patter.")

This is a pack of ordinary Playing Cards, they came from very humble parents, but they are all good, that's why they are marked "Good-all." I might mention

the Mother before she was married was a "Miss Deal." They may have been all right under ordinary circumstances, but of course during the days of rations they were far too numerous so we had to adopt a reducing method. I see Mr. Nestle condenses milk so I thought why shouldn't I condense cards. It is quite a simple matter with this family of cards which I hold in my hand, I have to hold them in my hand as they have no other means of support. Naturally a family without any means of support become reduced in circumstances (Showing smaller pack). They have become reduced haven't they? Their being reduced naturally deprives them of the needs of life and so they become smaller still. It is all very well of you all to look pleased, but how would you feel with your food reduced. Look what the war did, although we had an extended front in France, our **fronts** at home were greatly reduced. I knew a man who got so thin during the rationing that he wore his glove as an overcoat and went to bed at night in a finger stall instead of pyjamas. But of course that was nothing to do with these cards, that was to do with the meat cards. This family of cards at last had to live in one room, but it was such a small room and they having so often felt the pinch of poverty, and after being thoroughly pinched they became this size. They lived happily for some time, but although their home was so small they were unable to pay the rent, but the last time the landlord called they had all flown. (Vanish pack).

RISING CARD TRICK.

(After cards have been examined). Now that you are sure there are no catapults concealed in that pack. When I say **catapults** you don't find **cats** in a pack, no the only thing you find in **packs** are hounds. I now place the cards in this glass so that what I tell you can easily be **swallowed**. I now wish the card you selected to rise, as you know when there is a **rise** in the **glass** its going to be **fine**, the same with this trick if the card does rise in the glass it will be fine won't it, but if it doesn't rise things will be **stormy** and very **unsettled** followed by a **severe frost**. For fear you should think this card knows my voice I will ask you to tell the card to rise (card is asked to rise by member of the audience). This is really quite an easy trick to do, I don't mind telling you it is done by rubbing the card with a little self-raising flour. I have been trying to get a rise for years, but I was one of those unfortunate cards that wouldn't.

CARD FRAME.

Here we have an ordinary frame, it originally contained a photo of myself when a baby, it was a pretty sight for those who had strong eyes. I was a plump child, but my picture was removed from this frame and sent to the proprietors of Frame Food for one of their illustrated testimonials, but I am sorry to say the printer made a mistake and put my picture in an Ironmongers catalogue, and I was marked "the latest thing in door knockers." It was a good job I didn't have my mouth open when the photo was taken or I might now be a letter box. Now I wish to borrow something, its a way we conjurers have, my **chief** idea is to **hanker** after something I have not got, so being a **chief hanker** I should like a handkerchief, will someone kindly lend me one, I assure you I only require it for conjuring purposes. No not a serviette sir, just a handkerchief—I beg your pardon that is a handkerchief. I will now wrap the frame in the handkerchief, the frame now having on its pyjamas, I will now ask you sir to hold it with great care, if I ask you to **mind the frame** I hope it won't disturb your **frame of mind**. Hold it with all your fingers sir. A picture frame in the ordinary way, only requires one nail to support it, but I see in this case it is being supported by **five nails**. Just you wait there sir, I shall be back during the week. I will now get some one else to take a card. Now tell me sir what card you have taken. (Optional remarks for the chosen cards. "The.....of Spades, spades I see you have an Allotment sir." "The.....of Hearts, hearts, have you your Meat Card handy sir." "Theof Diamonds, diamonds, ah you have very expensive taste, you know diamonds are nearly as expensive as sugar just now." "The.....of Clubs, you have chosen quite a lot of clubs, quite generous in fact I think they are **Liberal-clubs**.") Now will you kindly tear that card up into small coupons—I mean pieces. Go on sir tear it up, think its a Tailor's bill. Now kindly put the pieces into this pistol and shoot at the frame. I mean the **small** frame not that gentleman's frame, on no account shoot at him, I am sure he would never speak to me again if you did, and besides it would make such a nasty mess on the carpet. Now are you ready to take the offensive. Think you are a Tank. (After shot has has been fired). We will now open the frame (taking out whole card), and that is how to obtain a **lasting piece**. So you see what our gallant little army has done.

MULTIPLYING BILLIARD BALLS.

(See "Billiard Balls"—"Popular Patter.")

In introducing my famous Billiard Ball experiment I want to assure you that I have no billiard tables concealed about my body. I know very little of billiard cues although I have had a **long rest** in a Margarine **queue**. I waited in a Milk queue once when I wanted some cue chalk, but that is not the "pint"—I mean point. The experiment I am about to give occurred to me once when a friend and myself were waiting in a billiard room some time ago, but unfortunately the billiard balls had been mislaid, we found this one (showing one ball), red ball or a pink pill for pale people, but as we were anxious to play billiards and not football, I decided to produce a full set. I held the one ball so, tickled it, and made it stutter and found it had stuttered another one (produce second ball). Of course you know "two is company and three is none," as the proverb goes, so I took the "none," and found the "three" here (produces third ball). Just then my friend who is a golf player thinking he was on the links shouted "Fore," and behold I found the fourth ball here (produces fourth ball). When I say my friend **shouted** "Fore," it was hardly a **shout** it was more of a **bawl**. I assure you all the balls are solid in fact they are of good **standing** or I might say "well read." I have no doubt if there are any billiard players present they are saying it is impossible for anyone to play billiards with four red balls, so what did I do? I proceeded to make the four balls into three, I know this is contrary to what arithmetic teaches us in saying that four into three won't go, but four into three **will** go (vanish one ball) look its gone. This leaves me with three red balls. Still impossible for a game of billiards. What did I do? Ah! I put the two red balls by themselves and shouted to them "take cover," they thinking an air raid was about to take place both turned white with fear, and when we had finished our game of billiards I again shouted "all clear," and the color returned to their cheeks and I had the three balls as I started. I put them back where they didn't come from so (vanishing remaining balls) and that is the end of the Dance—I mean Ball.

EGG BAGS.

(See "Eggs"—"Popular Patter.")

Here I have an ordinary innocent little bag. He is quite a nice little fellow I have known his father for years.

His father was a portmanteau and has **carried out** some very big things in his time, but something went wrong with the old man's lock and he died of lockjaw. His mother's name was Dorothy, of course you know the Dorothy bags don't you. His brother is doing quite well, he is a **Mail** bag. His other brother is quite a **little** chap, he's what they call a **Brief** bag. Now sir (to member of audience) will you lend me a hand, which hand you like, no don't throw it bring it with you. I want you to put your hand in this bag or pocket, when I say I wish you to put your hand in my pocket I don't mean there (pointing to own pockets) I don't wish anyone else going to those, I have a wife sir, she goes there quite often enough, she thinks they are a kind of right away. I mean she thinks she is a season ticket holder, I think she's more of a shareholder; but she gets more than her **share** if I don't holder (hold her). Now that you have examined the bag you are quite sure it is empty. Now if I told you I could converse with the departed you would say I was a spiritualist, but if I say I can get an egg from an empty bag you would call me a "egg-otist." Now I wan't you to put your hand in this empty bag and take out an egg and you'll get a round of applause. I know a man who put his hand into a bag and took out a purse, but he didn't get a round of applause he got six months. I am only telling you this in case you find a purse in the bag, in which case hand it to me and I wont say a word about it. You will notice the egg does not come from the centre of the bag, it comes from one of the hens—I mean ends. You are convinced the sides of the bag are tightly sewn. What is that you say "Sew it seems." Oh! Sir. You will come to a nasty end, perhaps you'll be a conjurer. You see I place the egg in the bag and now (showing bag empty) someone has bagged the egg.

DIE BOX TRICK.

I will finish my entertainment with what is known as the Die Trick. The reason I leave this Die for the last is because I consider it most appropriate, for I have said I will "die" I shall be unable to do anything further, I leave this die business till the end or in other words, the die comes in at the death. You will notice this die, like all others, is painted black—it is not to convey that it is in mourning—it is that color as we are told to **keep it dark** or to use the full phrase "never say die." Now that I am about to die there is something else needed, that is a long box, no not to put me in this time. Here we have the box

or Cabinet, of course you couldn't put a "Cab-in-it" if you tried, I have never had a Four Wheeler in it and I assure you there are no "Traps" in that box either. It is quite an ordinary box made of box wood, no I beg your pardon, my mistake, I mean its made of mahogany, but to tell you the real truth it is made of Pine wood, but it pined so much it had to be sent to the Seaside to its native home of Deal, and it got so sunburnt that it now passes as mahogany. It's trip made it stronger and stronger, or should I say it became mightier and mightier, here are the **mitres** where it is joined. Well that's the history of the box. The die you see just fits in this gentleman's hat, you are what they call a square-headed man sir, no doubt your ancestors were the Roundheads in the days of Oliver Twist—I should say Oliver Cromwell. It is not often you die in a gentleman's hat, although I have often seen **dye** under a Lady's hat, but in this case it is a black dye, but in the ladies case it is usually a golden dye, Per-Oxo I mean Peroxied. Of course there is no need for me to say all this nonsense to introduce this trick, but I do so to make it appear more difficult. There is a well-known proverb which says "Silence is Golden," and that is the reason most Conjurers are so very hard up. They are always on the borrow, you know that famous song "Lend me your aid," I am sure that must have been written by a Conjuror, anyhow he was some man of **note**.

MYSTERIOUS CLOCK DIAL.

I should now like to introduce you to my Mysterious Clock Dial. I should first like someone to thoroughly examine my dial, no not this one (referring to face), I mean the **figured** face not the **plain** face. It is nice for me to refer to my own face as the **plain** one, but I do so as I am sure if I wait much longer one of you will say it first, and I have no doubt most of you in your own minds have decided which is the plainer face of the two. This clock face is made of plate glass, not **dish** glass, but **plate**, as it is made of glass I am not going to say that old joke about you being able to easily **see through** this trick, no that joke has long since applied for its old age pension. This is really a most Xray ordinary trick—I say **Xray**-ordinary as you can see right through the apparatus the same as the Xray can do. I know it is dangerous to crack jokes on glass as **crackson** glass always show, but still it is better to crack jokes on glass than crack nuts. Now sir will you kindly examine this clock face, please let me ask you not to **breath on** the glass as the trick won't

be half so bright, so when you are examining it kindly hold your breath—hold it tight with both hands. Now you are quite sure that glass does not contain an evil spirits. By evil spirits I do not mean War Whiskey. You seem to be holding that glass very nicely sir, perhaps you are used to holding glasses in your hand, but a glass of another shape. Thank you sir for giving me a hand and I think it is quite time we gave the clock a hand, here it is an ordinary brass hand which revolves on this centre pivot (puts on hand and twists), I think this must be a Russian clock by the number of revolutions. You will see this hand is free to go which and any way it likes. You notice the hand revolves freely round the skirt or margin. You may have seen notices stuck up in London saying "Skirt hand wanted," well this is it. I don't mind letting you into a secret I'll **let you in** if you promise me you will not **let it out**, what it really is that makes this hand so freely revolve is that when the glass blower blew this glass he left a little of his "blow" behind in the glass, and this blow keeps the hand on the move, that is when the hand revolves quickly, but in the real experiment the blow had nothing whatever to do with it and I'm **blowed** if I know how it happens. Now perhaps some member of the audience will kindly tell me what time they would like the hand to stop. The following gags can be used when the numbers are given.

You wish it to stop at one. If it does so I've won.

You wish it to go as far as two, and not **too far**.

You wish it to stop at three and not before, but you wish it to stop before four.

To wish it to stop at four, four o'clock would suit me to a **Tea**.

You wish it to stop working at five, fancy stopping work at five, why some nights I work until past 11.

You wish it to stop at six, that is easy the hand will just hang down straight.

You wish it to stop at seven, it will stop at seven all right that is the time it likes to go to bed.

You wish it to stop at eight, that's very considerate—very consider-**ate**.

You wish it to stop at nine, I have no doubt it will, but remember "Nein" is a German word.

You wish it to stop at ten, the hand can remember that all right as that is the number of fingers.

You wish it to stop at eleven. It is rather late for that little hand to work but we will see.

You wish it to stop at twelve. Now hand "Remem-

ber you stop at Twelve," I think you've mistaken it for Cinderella'

(When the hand stops, the performer might chant "It stopped short never to go again when the old man died.")

MUTILATED UMBRELLA.

This is a most expensive sunshade, I purchased it specially for to-night as I knew I was performing before such a distinguished and high-class audience. There are some Conjurers that I know absolutely ask for applause, but as I have before quoted, "Blessed is the man who expects nothing for he usually gets it." I obtained this from a shop in the Strand. I know a friend of mine who always gets his umbrellas from a shop in the Strand, and that shop, by the way, is a Restaurant. I think he gets them from the umbrella stand. This sunshade I purchased at quite a high price, and the assistant told me these things would get more expensive as the weeks went on, and when I asked him why, he said "Well you see Sir, umbrellas are **going up** every day, especially when it rains." I will now proceed to roll up this sunshade, taking great care not to tickle its ribs. I will now wrap the sunshade up in this Japanese Mat which has come all the way from the Land of the Rising Sun-shade. Wonderful place Japan, of course they do everything in quite a different way to what we do over here. I have no doubt if I were performing this trick in Japan I should have to wrap the umbrella round the mat. Its a way they have. For instance, over here we have our meals at meal times, but they have nothing; of course they don't eat so much in Japan as we do. I saw a Jap once make a dinner off of one biscuit marked "**Whole-meal**," so I suppose he was satisfied, but it wouldn't have made half a meal for me. Things are so different over there. Now if to-night's function was being held in Japan, I should be standing here doing nothing, and **all** of you would be doing conjuring tricks. Wouldn't that look silly? Now that the Sunshade is firmly wrapped in the mat, will you, Sir, kindly hold it? No Sir, don't sit down, I wish to use you as an umbrella-stand. I have here a number of silk nose-er-chiefs—I mean handkerchiefs. These I place in this empty tin canister, it is called a canister because it is painted, if it were not painted it would be called a tin can, the "**ister**" is added after the paint, but if the paint gets over heated the word "**ister**" is changed to "**blister**" and if it becomes hotter still, the blister becomes a *boil*, and if the heat still increases it is apt to boil over. Having place these handkerchiefs in the

canister I now command a change. A change of handkerchiefs are always necessary, even in these days of high laundry prices. Now on removing the Sunshade what do we find? (producing skeleton sunshade) we find it has been severely rationed; why its ribs are all visible, the only nourishment we get from this is food for reflection. You see the sunshade has shed its skin. I "shed" it would. Of course the handy part about an umbrella like this is, that you can see when it leaves off raining without going to the trouble of putting the umbrella down. It looks rather a sad sight, so suppose we get things back to their normal condition. So we'll wrap the umbrella up again. And here we find the lost cover in the canister. This is the quickest way to **recover** a lost sunshade that I know. And here we have (producing covered sunshade) the sunshade "All dressed up and nowhere to go." I will now bring this trick to a close by closing up the sunshade.

STAND, CAGE AND BOX.

This you will all admit is an ordinary box, but I hope to prove it to be an extraordinary box before I have finished with it. I will proceed to empty it of its contents. Here we have a valuable Osprey (produce carrot), I am sorry a slight mistake, anyhow these things make the Osprey (Ass bray) don't they? Next we have a highly scented rose (produce bloater), wrong again, not so very wrong though, bloaters have **roes** and this one (holding nose) there is no doubted about it being highly scented, why its positively arguing. We next have a string of pearls (producing a string of sausages). I think someone must have been tampering with this box, but I am sure these sausages would look very nice round the neck as an ornament, and if you happened to be hungry I am sure you would rather have these for dinner than a string of pearls, however much they cost. I love a sausage, it is so mysterious. You can never tell what they are thinking about. You can look a sausage straight in the face and confide in it and it will never answer you back. I always look upon a sausage as a kind of human banana. The sausage's ancestors used to grow on sticks, and were known to the ancients as bull-rushes. I purchased some sausages the other day and found they were made almost entirely out of bread, hardly any meat in them at all. That is to say they were all "rushes" and no Bull, so I wrote to John about it. My next article is an Aeroplane (producing baby's bottle with milk). This is getting silly, but I don't know on second thoughts, this isn't unlike an aeroplane. You see an aero-

plane is made to go in the air at a great rate when the sun is up. Well I know a baby who is a **son** and **heir** and when he is up this (pointing to the milk) goes in the **heir** at a terrible rate, so you can satisfy yourself we have found an aeroplane. Now that the box is entirely empty, I will proceed. I will close the box and place it over there. It is now a private box or stage box. It is only a **private** box for the moment, but it may get promoted and become **Major Box**. Now here we have a skeleton stand. This was a box once, but I took it to see a pantomime and it laughed so much it burst its sides. You might call it an **Air Aquarium** and use it to keep goldfish in and it will prevent them from getting wet. In this square of nothing with railings round, I place this bird-cage, this makes the bird a prisoner of war. I cover this cloth over the bird, the reason I do this is because once I performed this trick with a small parrot in the cage and I did the experiment without covering the cage, and in a few days I found the parrot had **told** all the other birds in the neighbourhood how the trick was done, and hundreds of birds would follow me about and laugh at me, and that is the origin of the phrase "getting the bird." Here I have my disappearing pistol; it doesn't really disappear but it often "goes off." When this pistol is fired, that will end the trick, as you will most likely jump on the final bang and thus show the origin of that phrase "jumping at conclusions. (Fire pistol). Here we see (uncovering cage) the bird has flown back to its less draughty nest here (open box and produce cage).

LINKING RINGS.

(See "Rings"—"Popular Patter.")

I will introduce you to my famous Ring Trick. They are really a few of my old Halos which I have had vulcanised. Perhaps someone will kindly examine them: will you take this ring of mine, Madam? I am only lending you the ring, it is not a "Keeper." I will also give you a ring, Sir, but I hope if I give you a **ring** you won't give me a **knock**. You can do exactly what you wish with my ring, they are made to push and pull. Now the idea is to make these solid rings join together in holy bonds of—No I'm thinking of wedding rings. Let me show you exactly what I mean; you place the two rings so, and you see they are united. Twist them the other way and they are "un-united,"—no, I mean "un-notted"—er—well parted, they've had a row; this one has fallen out with the other one, the couple have un-coupled. I hope you all know exactly what

I am talking about because I don't. Now let me make these rings more friendly again; here they are, they have come together again, and yet another friend calls to see them, and still they come. The ring is having a busy day (showing four rings hanging). This ring is really the other ring's real friend, the other two are only "hangers-on." I heard someone say the other night, when I was performing this trick, "those rings are a devil of a trick," but I had to correct the gentleman and tell him it was "Saturn" that had the Rings not "Satan," and I think he felt a bit "sat on." People are very rude at times to we poor Conjurers. A gentleman was helping me to unlink these rings the other night, but he couldn't somehow manage to do the linking part, so I said to him so nicely, "you seem to be missing the link, Sir," and then he looked right into my face and said "Now I come to look at your face I've found the "Missing Link." Very unkind.

CIGARETTES.

Cigarettes are usually known as the Cigar's younger brother. Years ago, when people couldn't afford a cigar, they were filled with regret, and it became "Cigarette." There is a little more work for the smoker who smokes his own, the extra labour required gave them the nick-name of "Fag." There are hundreds of different brands of cigarettes on the market, and according to their advertisements, they are all the best. Cigarettes should be made of tobacco, but some I have smelt I think have been made with horsehair with a dash of garlic to add to that piquant flavour. Cigarettes were originally smoked by young bloods and villains in dramas, but they soon became in general use and general nonsense. When smoking a cigarette, great care should be taken to place the unlighted end in the mouth; some smokers are fond of placing the lighted end between their lips, but this is only done occasionally and then for periods of short duration, as nearly all smokers prefer a "cool" smoke. Smoking has become a habit prevalent in England. Most men smoke and lots of ladies smoke, and I was surprised to find when I arrived home the other night that my chimney was smoking, both the fire and myself were soon put out. The nicotine habit's divided into three classes, the Smoker, the Non-Smoker, and the Guard's Van. Then we have the Cigar smoker, the Cigarette smoker and the Pipe smoker. There is another buyer of tobacco who does not lean towards either of these habits, he has his own choice or he has what he "chews" (choose). Some smokers have very

strong wills, others prefer Medium Will or Wills' Gold Flake. Then we have the light smoker who smokes cigarettes he gets given him and uses his own matches. Then we have the economical smoker who puts a cigarette in his mouth and keeps it there all day, but does not light it, but sits behind someone who is smoking on a 'Bus and inhales the other man's smoke. Then we have the mean smoker who smokes his cigarette right down to the very last atom; his economy knows "no end." In some parts of the world they smoke weeds, and are looked upon quite uncivilized, but I know a fishmonger who lives in London, and he told me the other morning he had "Smoked Salmon." Yes, and I have also heard of a man who has a country house where he has "Smoked Glass."

SLATES.

Here I have an ordinary slate. When I say an "ordinary" slate, it is no reflection on the slate. In fact there never is any reflection on a slate unless it is wet. As you all know slate is a fossilized clay, so if you see clay with a fossil it is slate, but if you see an old fossil with a clay its a pipe. Never confide in cheap slates for they are so apt to split. Good slates never split. I never knew when I was a boy at school who it was that told the Master that I copied the answers to my sums, but I know now it was my cheap slate for as I have said they always split. Slate was discovered during the reign of William 2nd, or perhaps it was (s)later, anyhow slates were used during his reign to make roofs to houses, and that is why William 2nd was called Rufus (Roof us). A great amount of slate comes from a place in America called Pennsylvania, but it is now known as Slate-pencil-vania.

WILFORD HUTCHINSON,

Magical Specialist.

Noted for Original Effects and A 1 Apparatus.

"THE CONJURERS' CHRONICLE"

ISSUED MONTHLY,

Price 3¹/₂d. a copy, or 3/- yearly, post free.

Contains:—All the latest Tricks, Monthly Bargains,
The latest Books.

:: :: To keep up-to-date you must subscrib^r. :: ::

104 Whiteacre Road, Ashton-under-Lyne.

BOOKS.

BOOKS.



BRITISH PRODUCTION

**“Marionettes in the Making
and Manipulation,”**

By ERNEST SEWELL.

PRICE 1/-

POSTAGE 2d.

**“Popular Patter for
Prestidateours.”**

By FRED ROME.

PRICE 1/6

POSTAGE 2d.

“Ventriloquial Verbosity,”

By FRED ROME.

PRICE 2/6

POSTAGE 2d.

“Hints to Young Conjurers,”

By OSWALD WILLIAMS.

PRICE 1/-

POSTAGE 2d.

“How to Become a Ventriloquist,”

By CORAM

PRICE 2/6

POSTAGE 2d.

“Conjuring Chatter,”

By FRED ROME.

PRICE 1/6.

POSTAGE 2d.

To be obtained of your usual Magical Dealer.

A. H. MADDOCK,
The Magic Emporium,
15 WELLINGTON ARCADE, GLASGOW

OUR SPECIALITIES:

NEW CELLULOID HANDKERCHIEF.

No Flaps! Can be thoroughly examined by audience.

14/6, complete with two silks.

NEW CELLULOID CLOCK DIAL.

No Fake to conceal, and can be examined by audience, **25/-**

BEST IVORINE BILLIARD BALL SETS—RED OR WHITE.

9/6 per set.

Professor Hoffman's "LATEST MAGIC," **7/6**, postage **6d.**

COLOUR CHANGING PACK OF CARDS. 5/- per Pack.

De Land's "DOLLAR DECK PACK OF CARDS. **5/-** per Pack.

Every American Book and all Magazines in Stock. Magical Apparatus
Supplied from any Catalogue. Enquiries Solicited.

THE MAGIC WAND—————
—————**and MAGICAL REVIEW.**

Conducted by :: :: **GEORGE JOHNSON.**

~~~~~  
**An Illustrated Monthly Journal for Magicians,  
Concert Artistes and all Entertainers.**

~~~~~  
The "MAGIC WAND" presents the Newest and
Best in Magic. Moderate in tone and opinion,
unbiased in criticism, it is welcomed the World over.

—————
Annual Subscription 12/6, \$3.00 Single Copies 1/1, post free.

—————
The "MAGIC WAND" Offices :
24 BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.