

Humorous Department.

Demand for Brushes.—A young Englishman proposed to a girl, and her father said to him: "You need not come back until you are prepared to settle \$10,000 for my daughter. I am not going to let you marry without a proper settlement."

The ardent wooer, went away in a despondent frame of mind, for though he had a fair income he had no money to settle on his fiancée.

Next day he told his story to a friend in the city, who said: "Suppose you try a little speculation. I'll buy a thousand brushes, meaning shares in the Brush Electric company."

Ten days later, the friend handed \$17,000—the profits of the transaction—to the young man, who went straight to his future father-in-law with a check for \$10,000.

The latter, asked how the money had been found so quickly.

"Oh, it's all right," the lover replied. "A friend of mine bought me some brushes on the stock exchange and they went up in a wonderful way. I don't know if they were hair brushes or nail brushes or tooth brushes, but there was a wonderful demand for them."

Worried About Doctor.—Among the patients of a certain hospital there was a man who was disposed to take a dark view of his recovery.

"Cheer up, old man," admonished the youthful medic attached to the ward in which the patient lay. "Your symptoms are identical with those of my own case four years ago. I was just as ill as you are and look at me now."

The patient ran his eyes over the physician's stalwart frame, then shook his head feebly and said:

"Yes, but what doctor did you have?"

Different.—The darling little baby had reached the age when he could coo, an accomplishment in which he indulged most of the time.

And proudly his mother was telling the tale of his accomplishments.

"He is the most welcome visitor I ever had," she said, giving him a smacking kiss. "He just lies and talks to me by the hour. Don't you, baby? Don't you tell mother everything?"

The baby cooed obligingly, and mother's friend replied:

"Isn't that nice! So unlike other visitors—they just talk and lie to you by the hour!"

Significant.—Nine-year-old Charles carried letters from the lawyer next door to his best girl. Every time he took one the lawyer gave him a dime. But one day he decided to reward himself a little better. He started to fish two dimes out of his pocket.

"I guess these letters are about worth twenty cents," he remarked facetiously.

"Yes, sir," Charles agreed, soberly. "That's what I get—a dime from you and one from her."

But he didn't know what there was about his speech to make the fellow grin so happily. Indianapolis News.

Not From Her.—Charles looked very glum.

"Matilda has broken our engagement," he confessed to his chum.

"Sorry to hear that," replied his friend Hal. "Why did she break it?"

"Because I stole a kiss."

"What!" cried Hal. "Do you mean to say she objected to the fellow to whom she is engaged stealing a kiss from her?"

Charles stammered and stuttered.

"It wasn't exactly that," he admitted. "You see, the kiss I stole I didn't steal from her."

Wow!—"I want you to put up some wall paper," I have bought," said the clerkmen to the local decorator.

"When can you do it?"

"Well, I'm rather busy just now," said the paperhanger. "Hung Mr. Smith yesterday, hanging your deacon tomorrow, but if it's convenient I'll run around and hang you on Wednesday."

Learning Quickly.—"I'm not at all sure," said the profiteer's wife to the head master of the fashionable preparatory school, "how your school is going to suit my dear boy."

The head master smiled confidently.

"You need not worry about that, madam," he said; "we've taught him how to hold his knife already."

His Preference.—A Boston artist relates that while he was painting in an open field one day a rustic came up and stood watching him. Presently the fellow remarked:

"Purty clever, you be, mister. a-paintin' two picters at wunst. But I like the one you got your thumb through best."—Exchange.

Trying to Get Out.—Jimmy's mother was giving him a sound scolding about his unwashed neck. "You know you haven't washed your neck," said his mother. "Gee whiz!" said Jimmy, a note of desperation creeping into his voice. "ain't I goin' to wear a collar?"

Right On!—The roughneck politician burst into the lawyer's office and in an excited manner asked:

"What would you do if a paper should call you a thief and a liar?"

"Well," said the lawyer, "if I were you I'd toss up a nickel to see whether I'd reform or pay no attention to the statement."

A Rare Get.—Jack said I was a dream.

"What did you say?"

"I told him to wake up."—Exchange.

WAS GREATEST TRICKSTER

Harry Keller. Once Held That Distinction.

ALWAYS POPULAR WITH THE PUBLIC

Says Spiritualism and the Like are Only Tricks That Can Easily Be Understood By Those Who Have the Capacity to Understand—Scientists are Easily Deceived Because of Their Seriousness.

Although it was an American showman in the last century who enunciated the celebrated dictum, "The public likes to be humbugged," that principle has been known and acted upon since the dawn of history. Under such various names as magic, black art, necromancy, illusion, medicine-making, faking, sleight-of-hand, wizardry and spiritualism, the art of the trickster has been practiced in every age and in every clime. The ancient priests used it as an aid to religion, primitive people of all lands have had their superstitious instincts quickened by their medicine men and even in these modern times we find clever fakirs taking advantage of our awe of the unknown world through what is known as spiritualism.

Truly an ancient art, compounded one-half of natural quickness of wit, manual dexterity and inventive ingenuity, and the other half pure nerve and assurance, the magician pits his wits against the public and wins invariably for several reasons. His audience is prepared to be fooled and he is prepared to fool them. He is in the advantageous position of a salesman whose customers want his goods. He knows perfectly every move that he is going to make while his audience is placed at the disadvantage of the unexpected. In addition to the native quickness of wit which he must possess to be a success in his profession, he is constantly making it sharper and keener by daily brushes with the public. Like a trained athlete he attacks and defends by instinct and he has the same advantage that a trained athlete has over a man of equal strength who is not in condition. A fourth advantage is in the fact that he seldom has to fool the same audience many times in succession. The most clever magician could not hope to face the same audience day after day with the same tricks and not be detected by some one.

Keller Now in the Seventies.—The art of magic or illusion is one that is constantly growing in possibilities. Compare the paraphernalia that the old-time performers had to work with and that of the modern illusionist. It is like comparing the stage of Shakespeare's time with the spectacular productions of today. With all the devices of electricity and other inventions of modern science at hand it is small wonder that the illusionist can baffle his audience. But in the old days it took something more than ingenious appliances.

There is a man who has bridged the gap between the days when a magician was but a sort of sublimated juggler, depending entirely upon his sleight-of-hand and his quick wit and the illusionist of today with his elaborate apparatus and mechanical paraphernalia.

Harry Keller, or Keller as he was known on the stage, is now in his seventies. Ten years ago he retired from the stage and purchased the beautiful home in Los Angeles where he now resides. He had well earned his retirement after forty-seven years of active service as a magician and illusionist, during which time he had appeared in every country on the globe. But the old master three years ago proved that he had lost none of the cleverness which entitled him to be called "Keller the Great" when he appeared at a benefit performance for the Antilles sufferers at the Hippodrome in New York. The ovation he received on that occasion is still the talk of theatrical circles.

Although retired, Mr. Keller is far from being a recluse. He still retains that quickness of intellect and vigorous energy that kept him for years in the forefront of entertainers. Los Angeles is second only to New York as a theatrical center and few are the stars of stage and screen who fail to renew their acquaintance with this well-loved comrade.

Best Illusionists are Americans.—Not only has Mr. Keller known every prominent member of the theatrical world but his acquaintanceship embraces statesmen, diplomats, financiers, sportsmen, authors, editors, musicians and ministers. It is difficult to mention a great man of the past sixty years whom Keller has not met. The walls of his home are lined with autographed photographs of celebrities ranging from Theodore Roosevelt, Queen Victoria, Mark Twain, Lillian Russell to Billy Sunday and Raymond Hitchcock. His library is filled with scrapbooks containing clippings from nearly every city and town in both the civilized and uncivilized world. Handbills in every tongue, some printed on silk, testify to the wanderings of this American magician. And speaking of Americans, Mr. Keller was asked who were the best exponents of his art. He answered, "Americans."

Further questioning elicited the fact that practically all the present top-notch illusionists are American born and bred. The foreign-sounding names of most of them are assumed for advertising purposes. Even the Hindus, famed as fakirs, he says, are children compared with an American magician, their tricks being so simple that they are regarded as only in the primary stage of the art.

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the War between the States. He attended school and during vacations worked in a drug store as a sort of general roustabout. When he was in his tenth year he heard that the Fakir Ava, a noted magician of that day, whose real name was Henry Hughes, wanted a boy to assist him in his performances. The boy Keller walked to Hughes's farm just outside of Buffalo, to apply for the job.

"As I walked up to the house a black and tan dog ran out and escorted me to the front porch," Keller said. "Hughes met me at the door. He noticed the dog jumping up on me and licking my hands. That is a good omen," he said, "that pup has chased off about two dozen kids who came here for that job. I guess he has elected you."

Thus Keller started on the career that was to take him a dozen times or more around the world. Under Hughes he learned all the tricks of the trade and he proved to be an apt pupil. Keller was always blessed with a remarkable memory. One glance at a number, no matter if it runs into the millions, and he can repeat it to you 20 years after.

Fools His Partner.—He gave an instance of this power in an incident concerning Bill Fay, a former partner of his years before. He had left Fay in London and had not seen him for thirty-five years. Fay, who had quit the stage and settled in Australia, while on a tour of the United States was a guest of the Kellers in Los Angeles.

One evening Keller, who is full of his humor, said to him:

"Bill, do you know my wife is a clairvoyant?"

Fay, who had been in the game too long to have any illusions about such things, laughed.

"What's the joke, Harry?" he asked. "I'm not joking. I'll prove it to you. What is your watch number?"

Fay confessed he did not know and started to pull the timepiece from his pocket. Keller stopped him.

"No, this is clairvoyance, not mind reading. What is the number of your wife's watch?"

Fay did not know that either. Turning to his wife Keller said, "Tell them the numbers, my dear."

Mrs. Keller promptly gave the correct numbers. Fay was dumbfounded. Experienced as he was in the game this was something new to him.

"But how did you do it?" Keller was asked.

"Simple enough," he replied. "I remembered the numbers and had given them to Mrs. Keller."

"Suppose Fay had bought a new watch since you last saw him," I objected.

"I would have been stuck," Keller confessed. "But then you see I knew Bill Fay."

Keller has a system for remembering numbers. It is based on the phonetic system each figure having a certain sound. These sounds are associated in a sentence like the key sentences that medical students have for remembering the names of nerves or bones.

Keller also knows all the arithmetical shortcuts and tricks. He can cube any number that you give him under 100 just as fast as he can write the number down. His mind works like chain lightning and after spending a few hours with him you little wonder that he can fool some of the most intelligent men of the world.

"How is it," he was asked, "that spiritualists can deceive smart men and scientists like Sir Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge?"

"The more intelligent the man and especially the more imagination he has the easier he is to trick," he told me. "Such men are always trying to figure out our tricks on a scientific basis and when they cannot do it they are stumped. Their egotism leads them then to believe that it must be super-natural. Such men are always trying to believe in unimagined clods or children, especially the street gamins or newsboys. These shap-witted kids are the bane of every magician."

The story of Keller's adventures would fill the pages of a large book, newsboy. These sharp-witted kids are true. He has been stranded in a dozen countries.

He can sit for hours and tell tales of his adventures in different sections of the globe. And he can tell these stories with every name and date. His mind is like a life in which every event of his life is recorded verbatim.

Branded Agent of Devil.—He told how he was stranded in Indiana in the early seventies; how he walked to Chicago, tried to steal a ride on a train and was put off in a cemetery, how he walked to Waukegan, Illinois, and was staked to a bed by a good-hearted bartender who also went good for the town hall the next evening where Keller gave a show without a single prop except what he himself was able to make during the day. He packed the hall for three nights in succession and was able to make enough to start him out again on the road. He told of another time when he was broke in Brazil and by enlisting the aid of the king, Don Pedro, he was able to fill the largest theater in Rio and took away more than \$5,000 for the engagement.

Another time when he was landed in a city without any props he had to substitute a kitten for a pig in one of his tricks. The kitten began to mew before it was time for the denouement and to drown out its wails Keller was compelled to mew with it.

He played in Mexico City in 1874 when Mexico was even a wilder country than it is today. The church issued a warning to its members that Keller was an agent of the devil sent on earth to trick men. The result was that the superstitious natives packed the theater at every performance and although every stagecoach that left the city was

regularly robbed Keller never had to elevate his hands once while he was in the country.

He took more than five thousand dollars in gold doubloons out of the country packed in asphaltum and after nerve-racking experiences succeeded in evading both the robbers and the government officials.

Keller has played before Queen Victoria, Czar Nicholas of Russia, nearly all the principal rulers of Europe, the rajahs of India, the nobles of China and Japan as well as the big men of South Africa, Australia and South America. He has been staked when financially embarrassed by some of the greatest financiers of the world including the grandfather of the present Pierpont Morgan.

Successor Works With Inventions.—Keller was never especially clever with his hands. His hands are large and his fingers thick like a coal heaver's as he described them to me. Because of this physical handicap he was driven to invent mechanical devices for most of his illusions. And as a result Keller is today the inventor of the greater part of the modern magician's paraphernalia.

Most of these inventions he has sold or bequeathed to his successor. Keller was the inventor of the famous levitation trick where a body is apparently suspended in the air. This trick which widely imitated has never been done the way Keller does it but by one person to whom the old master told the secret.

Although retired, Keller, true to the ethics of his profession, refuses to explain the thousand and one stunts of the illusionist. He makes one exception. He will expose any person who claims to do his tricks through supernatural aid. He has no use for anyone who uses his art to play upon superstition.

"For years he exposed the tricks of so-called spiritualists and other noted fakirs."

"There is nothing a spiritualist can do," he says, "that I cannot do and show how it is done. It is all tricks. Like puzzles they are difficult until you understand them and then you wonder how you could have been so dense. Even an amateur magician can fool me with a new trick for a little while but I will eventually solve it by the process of elimination or figuring out the ways it couldn't have been done."

Really He Is.—"I wonder if Griggsby really does come from such a good family. He's always bragging about it."

"Oh, yes, he's very well connected, indeed, but I've never heard any other member of the family brag about him."—New York Sun.

—Rubbing the meat of a pecan nut into a scratch in a polished table will successfully conceal the scratch.

OLD CLOWN RETIRES.

(Continued From Page One.)

membered and they laughed together. "And do you remember how Juliana Booth used to carry a lantern around the lighted streets of New Orleans?" asked Laura.

The old man nodded his head. "Yes, but all the Booths were touched a little," he said. "I remember my brother Steve and I met Wilkes Booth in a restaurant a few nights before he shot Lincoln. 'Hello, Wilkes,' I said to him, 'what are you doing now?' He looked at us with a wild light in his eyes. 'I'm leaving the stage,' he said, 'and when I leave the stage all the world will know about it.' We thought it was just some more of the crazy Booth talk, but, and Al shook his head, 'all the world did hear about it.'"

"Eighteen hundred and eighty-two. From Tony Denier, King of Clowns, to an apt pupil, Alfred Fribze Misco, the Czar of Stills. This man has sense enough to play the Fool." "Sense enough to play the Fool," he repeated. "And I've worked hard to play the Fool."

GERMANS HATE FRENCH

Occupation Forces in Rhenish Prussia Have Rubbed It In.

The anti-occupation sentiment is much stronger in Dusseldorf, Ruhrort and Duisburg, the cities of Rhenish Prussia recently occupied by the French, than in Mayence, Coblenz and Cologne, which also have been under foreign occupation for more than two years by the French, Americans and British.

As one crosses from the left bank of the Rhine and enters recently occupied territory the mood of the population becomes more sullen, their behavior more aloof and their hatred much more pronounced.

The reason may be that the French are occupying that part of the right bank of the Rhine that they hold near the Ruhr in real military fashion and the occupation is much more severe than that on the left bank.

The hatred of the population is directed more especially against the French and children are being brought up in a constant terror and undisguised scorn of the occupying forces which gives but little promise that the real brotherly love between French and Germans will be achieved with the coming generation.

Occupations bring out the witty sides of the occupied populations and books have been written about the good jokes which the Belgians perpetrated on the Germans while the latter were ruling their country by force of arms. The Germans are now in the same position toward the French as the Belgians were toward

them and they have not failed to take advantage of the situation and a sense of humor has been developed among the Germans as an occupied country which they totally lacked when they were the occupying forces.

The absolute refusal to speak French even by persons well acquainted with the language is one of the most common ways in which Germans show their dislike of the French military men. The correspondent walked into a cigar store, the other day, while a French officer was attempting to make the woman in charge understand the brand of cigarettes he wanted. She seemed absolutely at a loss to understand him when the correspondent translated the officer's request in English. After the officer had departed she told the correspondent in purest French: "I understood him the first time but I would not give him the satisfaction." Many shopkeepers have forsaken good sales by the same reluctance to speak French.

Few women in Dusseldorf, Ruhrort or Duisburg will be seen in the company of a uniformed French soldier or officer in the streets. The few who transgress the unwritten law are promptly catalogued at the German city headquarters and are marked for reprisals. In some cases the difficulty is avoided by the occupying swain adopting civilian clothes, which seems to be satisfactory all around.

In the wine cellars of the most fashionable restaurants of Dusseldorf, there is a corner called "the occupation corner." There are deposited all the bottles of wines which have been refused by the German customers as having soured owing to defective corks. When a party of French officers puts in an appearance they are always served with two or three bottles of the special wine which they promptly reject, as a Frenchman's taste for wine is infallible, but by the time a real good bottle of wine is reached "the French cannot taste the good of it" as one headwater put it.

The entrance of a party of French officers in a beer garden causes the temperature to descend to the freezing point and surrounding tables to be vacated as promptly as they were by Belgians in their cafes when German officers came marching in. Overt insults are avoided as carefully as they were in Belgium but acts in contravention with the decrees of the occupying forces are treated by the French as they were by the Germans in Belgium. Fines are imposed in marks.

The Belgians and the French suffered occupation of territory more stoically than the Germans and with less self-pity. The owner of the palatial home recently requisitioned in Dusseldorf for the general staff of General Degoutte, the French commander, wept bitter tears as he departed from his house.

DOWN ON THE DANCE

Southern Baptist Convention Vigorously Opposed.

The Southern Baptist convention at its recent meeting in Chattanooga gave its following unequivocal deliverance on the modern dance:

"Another gross and growing evil must be mentioned. It is the modern dance. One of the most serious and menacing by-products of the World War is the great increase in the dance evil and the extravagant extremes to which it has gone. Accompanied as it is, by the immodest dress, by close physical contact of the sexes, by lack of restraint, it is undoubtedly doing much to undermine the morals of our young people. It is beyond question that in many cases it leads to moral wreck and ruin. The time has come when, from every pulpit strong and persistent protest must be made and wise and faithful teachings must be given. The time has come when our churches, as such, must take a positive position against this corrupt and corrupting evil. Undoubtedly the parents are largely responsible. Your commission would appeal, with all possible emphasis, to all our people, especially to the pastors and parents, that this growing menace shall be checked and abolished."

Appreciative.—"You know, Henry, I speak as I think." "Yes, darling; only oftener."—Cape Town Argus.

Rare Talent.—Mrs. Parvenu (to caller): "Improvise? Why, my daughter can improvise any piece of music you put before her."—Exchange.

—Busy men and ennui are not on speaking terms.



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