

HERRMANN LOVED A JOKE.

SOME OF THE TRICKS HE PLAYED OFF THE MAGAZINE.

The Great Magician Was Generally Feared of His Art, and Was Seen at His Best When Practising It for His Own Amusement...

Herzmann had made several tricks around the world, and, being a man of great kindness, with a full appreciation of the value of advertising...

It was as a most manipulator that Herrmann excelled. He could do more feats with a pack of cards than any living man...

Some very remarkable performances have been attributed to Herrmann, and he used to say himself that by the time some of his best tricks reached the newspapers they were really...

Herrmann entered the editorial rooms of a New York newspaper office at about 11 o'clock one morning. The office was about over for the night...

Herrmann stood talking to this man for about fifteen minutes, and then he said to him: "I have a favor to ask of you. Will you please give me a job to do?"

"Not so bad as that," said Herrmann. "But before I give you a job I will return this ring to you. It is a ring which I have worn for many years, and I have never seen it before. It is a ring which I have worn for many years, and I have never seen it before..."

"The newspaper man was speechless with surprise. He had never seen the ring before, and he had never seen the man who had worn it before. He had never seen the ring before, and he had never seen the man who had worn it before..."

"I was a favorite game with Herrmann to surprise people, and he has time and again surprised them. He has time and again surprised them. He has time and again surprised them. He has time and again surprised them..."

"The policeman didn't have to search the young man. He began to search the young man..."

"Herrmann, an honest performer, and a man of great kindness, with a full appreciation of the value of advertising. He has time and again surprised them. He has time and again surprised them. He has time and again surprised them..."

"Well, how is the pocket and see if you didn't put the money there. The man looked in the coat pocket and there he found the money. He found the money. He found the money. He found the money..."

LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS.

THE HOLIDAY MAIL BROUGHT AT THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE.

Although Santa Claus Doesn't Call for His Mail Office, Letters Are Sent to Him Every Year—Season of His Youthful Correspondents as to How to Reach Him.

The New York Post Office has so official information to the effect that Santa Claus is not entitled to receive mail. The Postmaster-General, who debar letters and bucket shops and other huncie artists from the privilege of the mails, refuses to put upon the mysterious patron saint of Christmas the indignity of sharing the general classification of these shady operators.

One who writes to the Post Office at Syracuse, where he is performing, a friend of his, an acquaintance, introduced to him an acquaintance who had written to the Post Office building who do earnestly wish that he would send to the authorities some permanent address where letters will find him.

"I see you're a magician yourself," said Herrmann. "I see you're a magician yourself," said Herrmann. "I see you're a magician yourself," said Herrmann. "I see you're a magician yourself," said Herrmann...

Opera Singers Abroad. What Many Who Are Well Known Here, Are Doing a European Tour.

Frederic Lohr, who sang at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, and who had been of her reputation in Europe both as a singer and a beauty, has been singing in the German cities. He has appeared at Strasbourg, Munich, Mainz, Basel, and will go to Monte Carlo for the season to be given there next winter.

The performances at Monte Carlo this year will require the services of a number of singers already known in New York. This operation as a season at the city of Monte Carlo is a regular one, and every year at least one or two new works are given.

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But into the letter boxes, and even those that are properly mailed, as has been said before, are not called for at the Post Office. It seems to indicate that Santa Claus is a mind reader, and does not call for them, simply because he already knows their contents. As a general thing, though, it seems safe to assume that Santa Claus likes to be sure that parents approve their children's requests, and little ones are hereby advised that the best way to get satisfactory results from a letter to St. Nick is to get one's father or mother to write the letter, or at least to look it over before the envelope is sealed.

Along in the month of January, when Christmas is past and gone, the people in the Post Office in Washington begin to examine the mail for which Santa Claus sends calls. Each letter is opened, and the writer's name and address is thus discovered; that is to say, if St. Nick's correspondents have been heedless and painstaking enough to tell the old man exactly where he lives. Sometimes, though, the clerks in Washington say, the letter writers are

so sure that Santa Claus knows just who they are that they do not put down their full names or addresses nor any other information that they do not wish to be known. For example, a letter that was quoted in a Washington newspaper several years ago—in direct violation of the rules, which require clerks to keep secret about the contents of the letters that they open—was something like this, only the spelling was not quite so careful:

Duan Sassa. When I send my prayers last night I tell you to bring me a hobby horse. I don't want a hobby horse, really. A hobby horse is a horse that I want. Mamma told me not to ask for him, because I probably would

make you mad, so you wouldn't give me anything at all, and if I got him I wouldn't have a place to put it. I don't know what to do. I don't know what to do.

Chief Clerk Stone of that department is quite sure that Santa Claus does not live in New York and that the saint does not even keep a branch office in this city. His letters are, therefore, sent to Washington for it certainly would be reasonable to believe that a gentleman whose operations are supposedly managed on a thoroughly international scale would apply at the nation's capital when he wanted his mail.

But by advice from Washington the Sun learns that Santa Claus does not do a mail

satisfaction that a more businesslike young man would have had of knowing that by some mistake or other Santa Claus did not get the letter. It is earnestly to be hoped that the young man never allows a small circumstance like the one mentioned here to prevent him from writing to Santa Claus again. He is earnestly to be hoped that the young man never allows a small circumstance like the one mentioned here to prevent him from writing to Santa Claus again.

four hours has no time to waste hanging around the Post Office waiting for his letters to be sorted out. That commands, appeals, and suggestions addressed to Santa Claus are so uniformly ignored, does not in any way diminish their yearly quantity. Children every year feel that it is wise to put their applications in writing so that there may be no misunderstanding. Other children who find their parents somehow do not deliver messages which are intrusted to them;

could not spell "please" otherwise than as it is pronounced in the Swedish part of the east side, and do not know how to write it. And no doubt the "letter man" was sorely tempted to open the letter himself. But with a view to making the children who had written the letter to Santa Claus feel that it was not their fault, he decided to open the letter himself. But with a view to making the children who had written the letter to Santa Claus feel that it was not their fault, he decided to open the letter himself.

attempt to reach the saint directly. Children do not write all the letters. Parents like to know sometimes what the children want Santa Claus to bring to the stocking or the Christmas tree. An easy way for a father or inquisitive disposition to make inquiries of this sort is to offer to act as amanuensis and to take at the children's dictations such communications as it may please them to address. Then letters, there is reason to believe, almost always bring an answer. It is the more strange inasmuch as many of these are never

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POET STEBBINS, ANGLER.

THE BLACK HISS OF LAKE KEUKA ROSE TO HIS MARVELOUS LUCK.

"Packy" Griswold of Old Steuben Tied the Fish—It Was Part of a Joke Invented by the Fisherman, and Was Caught by the Poet—Stebbins Celebrates His Victory.

HAMMONDPONT, N. Y., Dec. 19.—Col. H. S. Stebbins, poet, and incidentally manager of a railroad and a line of steamboats, is now wrestling with the mass, determined to compel from it such living verse as it has never yet permitted to see. He is anxious to get out a line of and of the divine afflatus has toyed with Stebbins, but now it has come down and, in the language of Packy Griswold, "took him by the neck." Packy Griswold, late instructor to the Hammond-Pont Try-to-catch-black-bass Club, but an expert razor-back-catcher, was the one who first showed to Stebbins the art of the fisherman's art.

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It's Hard To Think What To Give.

You want the gift to please everyone you would give at all. Many great men and women have been given with it.

OUR FAVORITE PRESIDENT SAID: "I had given 'Dashaway' Fountain Pen very valuable as a signature pen."

OUR USED-TO-BE PRESIDENT SAID: "The second 'Dashaway' Fountain Pen received, and just suits me. The first one I gave to Mrs. Harrison, and she is using it with great satisfaction. Thank you for your prompt attention. I am, very truly yours,

The most particular friend you have would be lighted with a GAW'S FOUNTAIN PEN.

Come early and make your selection. The price won't bother you a bit. You can get the best for \$2.50, according to size, or you can get higher if you wish something very handsome as well as useful.

CAW'S PEN AND INK COMPANY, 146 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

for letting him in on the secret. They went 'back to Stebbins' and said 'Packy' Griswold had caught the fish. Stebbins, however, was not to be taken in. He had already caught the fish, and he was not to be taken in. He had already caught the fish, and he was not to be taken in.

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Santa Claus, North Pole, Siberia

Bless letter man give this to Santa Claus

SANTA CLAUS no 147st reet

Mr Santa Claus I've seen after Vermont

263 Goat Street MEDFORD

NEW YORK DEC 19 1896

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