

TRIO OF YOUTHFUL MAGICIANS ARE ADEPTS IN MYSTIFYING SPECTATORS

Portland Boys Perform Marvelous Feats of Legerdemain and Sleight-of-Hand, in Basement of D. C. Rosebrook Home, to Delight of Large Number of Persons, Young and Old.

LEGERDEMAIN, sleight of hand, the black art, mysterious tricks and feats bordering on the realm of superstition, all under the style "Mystic," make up a programme that delights spectators, young and old, in the basement of the residence of D. C. Rosebrook, 479 Tenth street, every Saturday night.

The magicians are his son, Lynn Rosebrook, aged 18, Jack Dolph, aged 16, and Adolph Block, aged 15. The show begins every Saturday night at 7 o'clock, and for an hour and a half neighbors and their children, who pay an admission fee of 5 and 15 cents, enjoy and are mystified by the clever ruses, illusions and tricks performed by the three boys.

The boys have an object other than to amuse or even to gratify spectators for their efforts—they are hoarding the proceeds of their performances to build an aeroplane that will fly and land. Young Rosebrook has already demonstrated his ingenuity in the construction of aerial craft and his models have carried off first prize in local contests of flying machine models.

Young Dolph is the head fellow of the trio, but the other two follow closely and are as much interested in cultivating a dexterity and cunning that bewilder spectators as the youthful magician, who might properly be classed along with some of the professional sleight-of-hand artists on the vaudeville stage and in special performances.

Although the performers are boys and their theater is in a basement, their show, from the first performance five weeks ago, forged ahead of all that might be termed amateurish. A miniature stage has been constructed, with curtains, and the auditorium, with its capacity and standing room to 50 youngsters and their parents, older brothers and sisters, uncles, cousins and aunts. The first show was such a success that the "company" has been greeted with a "packed house" every Saturday night since, and the only complaint heard from spectators is lack of room.

No Easy Tricks Shown. The youngsters do not palm off easy tricks, "foolishness" and "charms"—they give the spectators their money's worth in "heavy work," creations and inventions of Herman Keller and Hindu magicians. More than that, the youngsters are critical; they try to catch the young magicians in their tricks, and young and old do not hesitate to "haul out" a performer if he does anything good—a thing some would think of doing in a real theater. But it is seldom the boys have been caught and the spectators climb the stairs out of the basement as much mystified and pleased as if leaving the parquet of a downtown playhouse where magic had bewildered their minds and deceived their eyes as so much per.

The trunk mystery is easy for Dolph. Spectators would not allow him to use a stage trunk. They hauled in father's trunk, aunt's trunk and grandfather's ancient foot chest with a queer spring lock, but Dolph, handcuffed, leg-ironed and chained, vanished in five seconds, leaving nothing but a heap of tangled manacles in an empty receptacle. Even Patrolman Wylie, on the first night relief beat in that district, who thinks he can "hog" the most anything with his handcuffs, tried to fasten young Dolph securely, but the officer's expert knowledge and steel bracelets no more hampered the young tricker than a pair of rubber ties in his hands by a milliner.

The performance includes everything in ancient and modern magic. An abundance of card tricks are shown and "explained" in truly professional style, the magic wand is waved and



ADOLPH BLOCK



THE STAGE

things simultaneously appear and disappear, the air is filled with smoke from hollow tubes, water turns into wine, wine into water and water into all colors of ink, while the eyes of juvenile spectators in the front row bulge and the older spectators applaud. There is also enough of "black art" to make cold chills run up the average spine and a cabinet scene is executed without the assistance of spooks, as none were ever seen or heard in the neighborhood. The aftermath of a circus is a series

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CASE STIRS LOS ANGELES; TIMES FORGOTTEN

Dynamiting and Dynamiters Lost to View When "Defender of Rights of Fair Sex" Insists on Invading Courtroom, Where Bailiff Experiences Trying Ordeal in Ejecting Invader, Much to Her Chagrin on Final Ejection.

LOS ANGELES, May 6.—(Special.)—In these perilous times of dynamiting and dynamiter arrests and law talk, woman's suffrage comes as a relief to the man on the street and when the suffragettes are thrown out of court for attempting a demonstration it is positive joy for it gives this same man on the street something to talk about besides labor unions, explosives, kidnapping and "murder will out."

All this has happened this week in Los Angeles and the suffragette proposition has created the most talk. It is amusing to see how quickly conversation veers to suffrage when it has a chance. With the air full of talk about the McNamara and McManis' confession and the arrival of distinguished lawyers from the East to aid

the dynamite suspects in their fight against the meshes of the law that Detective Burns and his men have woven around them, came an "extra" of an afternoon paper on the street about a suffragette being ejected from a courtroom.

It was a psychological stunt on the part of the afternoon paper, for the story was not worth an "extra." However, the "extra" came out and sold like hot cakes. Whereupon the talk of the streets turned immediately to suffrage, and the dynamiting of the Times building might have happened before the Spanish-American war as far as any hint of it could be gleaned from the street.

Court Scene of Invasion. As a matter of fact, Judge Sumner's Court was the scene of a real

suffragette invasion of the English or militant type and proceedings were delayed for several minutes, and the dignity that is supposed to surround the trial of cases was hopelessly upset—all by one lovely woman. Unaware that court was being held behind closed doors and that only attorneys and those interested in the case were allowed in the room, Mrs. L. Rhode, an ardent suffragette and a member of the Votes for Women Club, insisted on taking a seat in the courtroom. She was ejected five times by Bailiff Adams.

Mrs. Rhode was on a tour of inspection of the justice courts. She carried an armful of literature proclaiming the rights of women and the sometimes tyranny of man. As a means of proclaiming her mission she wore a yellow ribbon across her bosom with "Votes for Women" inscribed on it in black

type. She entered the court, at first unobserved. Adams stepped politely to her side and asked her to leave. Mrs. Rhode did not understand this request and pointed with indignation to the several attorneys and witnesses present. All of them were men, it was patently a conspiracy against women, and she was there to uphold women's rights in any public place where men were allowed.

"These men!" exclaimed Mrs. Rhode. "Why are they doing here? I am a woman, born in America. I pay taxes with these men. I insist on my rights."

"Your voice was raised above the tone of ordinary conversation and startled the judge. He looked up, surprised, and the attorneys stopped their argument. Mrs. Rhode took courage from this fact and spoke still louder. She let it be understood that she was there as the representative of outraged and down-trodden American womanhood. She had a right wherever men were allowed and she proposed to gain her rights.

Bailiff Adams, fearful of his Honor's displeasure, hurried to the suffragette, still protesting about her "rights," out of the room. He closed the door on her and returned to his post in the courtroom. He had no sooner taken his seat than back she came. He again put her out of the courtroom.

Mrs. Rhode returned, and Adams, who had just been ejected, returned to his post. After her fifth consecutive visit and the continued disturbance of the court proceedings, the bailiff deputy Constable carried her in their arms, struggling and kicking in the most approved suffragette style learned from the antics of their sisters in England, into the street and deposited her on the curbstone. Returning, they locked the door of the courtroom and breathed more easily.

Mrs. Rhode got to her feet in a somewhat dazed and disordered condition and stood for several minutes as if reflecting upon the indignities heaped upon her. Then she took the ribbon from her breast and wrote upon its bank: "A woman denied admittance to a court in the land of the free."

"This," she said, with an air of final determination, "is too much. It will be the subject of an address before an audience of women. I will tell my woman co-workers of this incident of this indignity placed upon suffering womanhood of America, sparing none of the details."

And with this she went her way, evidently satisfied with having accomplished something for the great cause of equal suffrage.

Near-Tragedy of Smugglers Seen.

One of the near tragedies of the smuggling game as carried on between Mexico and the United States was recorded by the finding of some of the victims—10 Chinamen—in a pitiful condition, marooned on one of the groups of Coronado Islands, 20 miles off the coast, where they had been left 10 days before by smugglers, without food or water, to die of starvation and thirst when the craft of the smugglers was wrecked off the coast of the islands.

Harry S. Harkness, the New York multi-millionaire; Frank M. Pixley, the world-famous librettist, and P. J. Chapin, local agent of the North Pacific Steamship Company, who visited the island on a fishing excursion, discovered the famished men.

Harkness, Pixley and Chapin immediately reported their find to the immigration officers, and the immigration launch Orient, under command of Captain Chadney, left for the island to bring the Chinese to this city.

The finding of the Chinese explains a 10-day mystery. On April 21 the fast launch Pauline, Captain Haas Peters, became disabled off the island. The predicament of the craft was noticed by Captain W. S. Jackson of the launch Comrade, who went to the rescue.

On board were found two men, who gave their names as L. R. Kleindranst and L. A. Kleindranst, of Los Angeles. They said they were writers for magazines and had gone to the islands to develop it to the extent of proficiency. They asserted that Captain Peters had left the launch in a small boat to seek a landing place for his disabled craft. Captain Peters has not been seen since.

The Kleindranst brothers' story was so plausible that when the launch was towed into the harbor and searched for Chinese and opium, none being found, they were released and left for the north.

Several days later the island was searched for Chinese, but none were found. The launch Pauline is an almost unknown launch in the harbor, having been put in here only several times, according to waterfront authorities. Captain Peters is well known here, and wonderment has been expressed at his disappearance.

Pixley, in discussing the experience of his party, said: "We started out fishing and finally got out to the islands for a series of take pictures of sea lions. As we approached one of the small islands we were surprised to see a flag flying and

on approaching closer discovered it was a flag of distress. "The surf was running high on the rocky coast and we could not approach close. Soon a Chinaman rubbed the launch's edge. Having some knowledge of the Chinese language I was able to discern that he was appealing for water and food.

"Our boat laid by while I talked with the Celestial and I learned that he and nine of his countrymen had been brought up from the Mexican coast by the launch Pauline, and when the launch had been disabled off the coast had been landed without food or water. There is no vegetation or water on the bleak little body of land.

"When the searchers visited the island the next day the Celestials hid for fear of being captured, expecting they would be rescued by the men who had placed them on the island. "The Chinaman told me they had waited day after day and finally, unable to endure the hunger and thirst, had erected the signal of distress, which was improvised from a tatter of the sail from the wrecked Pauline. He said that two of his countrymen were near death and another could not survive.

"We pulled as close into shore as we dared, filled empty beer bottles with

water and tossed them into the surf where they were seized by the Celestials, more of whom had come down to the beach. We then took our lunch baskets, bundled them up tightly and tossed them to the starving men.

"Above the roar of the surf and the howl of the wind, I could understand from the Chinese that they were marooned on the island by the launch Pauline and left absolutely without water or food.

"If we had been able to land we would, could not make the landing as we had no shore boat."

THE TOWN OF LYLE

This morning our special train leaves the North Bank depot, 11th and Hoyt streets, at 10:15 o'clock. See our agent at the depot before 10 A. M. Special rates—less than half regular fare.

Open Letter by D. E. Keasey to Homeseekers and Investors

The news of the opening of the Townsite of Lyle, after twenty years of arrested development, owing to the restrictions of an agreement which prohibited the sale of lots in the townsite, created widespread interest.

If you cannot go today, send for our circulars on Lyle, and arrange to go tomorrow, or as soon as you can. Don't delay.

We had a record-breaking sale, even though our engineers have not yet completed the platting.

Shrewd, discriminating investors and home-seekers are purchasing in Lyle, knowing that values are sure to double and more than double in less than a year. Be in time for your own sake and your profit.

A number of large concrete and brick buildings will go up at once, as soon as our engineers establish grades. The principal business district is restricted to concrete, brick and stone buildings, the principal business streets will be graded, cement walks laid, water put in, all at the company's expense.

Lyle Will Be the Handsomest, Most Modern City in the West

Prices of lots range from \$150 to \$400 for residence lots, with water. Business lots, including grading, cement walks, etc., \$400.00 to \$750.00.

We consider Lyle a splendid opening for the investor and homeseeker.

Keasey, Humason & Jeffery DEALERS IN LAND LYLE LYLE LYLE LYLE

Branch Office at Lyle, Wash. Second Floor Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Portland.

Aladdin Offered You His Lamp Would You Refuse It? A modern Aladdin is beckoning you now. Give heed to him, you home builder, and merely for the asking you can have at once \$100 FREE by purchasing the lots for that new home you have been dreaming about in our new addition.

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\$500 to \$600 for 50x100 No interest, taxes paid for two years. Money back, with interest, in case of death before your lot is paid for. Investigate this at once.

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DELEGATES SELECTED BY MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA TO ATTEND MEETING OF THE GRAND CAMP.



Heading From Left to Right: Back Row—J. J. Goehardt, Portland; Dr. A. L. Houseworth, North Bend; J. M. Fleming; The Dalles. Front Row—F. A. Turner, Salem; L. A. Fretz, Baker; H. F. McGrath, Portland. The grand camp of the Modern Woodmen of America, to be held this year in Buffalo, N. Y., June 29-36, will be attended by the six delegates from Oregon whose pictures are shown above, unless something intervenes to prevent some of them going. These men were selected at the state convention of the order, held at Hood River, last Wednesday. Alternates elected were: F. G. McWilliams, Ashland; I. D. Taylor, Oregon City; E. E. Daniels, La Grande; John Zeils, Hood River; C. N. Gillman, Grants Pass, and J. W. Simmons, Portland. Portland members of the order who attended the convention at Hood River are enthusiastic in their praise of the hospitality of the residents of that city.