About Portland's Most Athletic Girl Master Mindreader Has



most athletic girl, after hearing all the evidence, you would undoubtedly name Miss Vivian Marof Irvington. Her greatest feat been to swim the speedy Willamsomething that sturdy men speak unusually elevants.

something that sturdy men speak i unusually clever.

And do you think of a girl who can anything from a bucking broncho bleycle and knows all about the of sewing, cooking and house of sewing, cooking and house ing, has a good voice and is learnnow to use it?

Is isn't a myth, but an 18-year-old says she never failed in anything she tried to accomplish. Swimming is her favorite pastime, and the people who to go to Bundy's sit up and take notice days ago when she swam across will ametic and back without stopto rest, and did it in the recording time of 30 minutes.

"When did I take up athletics?" repeated Miss Marshail. "I don't know, it is the men gazed at other in surprise?

ming, though. It was in a little mountain stream in California, and before

"The first time I mounted a horse," she said, "I knew that I would be able to ride without any trouble, and I have yet to find the horse that could throw

Sorrows which is seen to a little number of the could three in the could again the could aga

"It is, eh?" Something had to be said, as the world's master appeared to be lost in contemplation of the probabilities of picture selling compared with the possibilities of probing the future.

Nothing in Mindreading.

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"Oh, yes, the mindreadin' business is deader'n the green goods; I can dress up as the wild man from Borneo an' get a bigger crowd than I used to when I was the world's master mindreader and dipt into the futchur far as man could see, and did occult stunts, with psychol'gy and mental telepathy on the side. Only the farmers pay any attention to mindreadin', an' they're too busy with the crops to be made fools of. If you tried to do a mental telepathy act for a six-months' kid he'd holler for his bottle o' sterilized milk an' frighten the spirits.

bottle o' sterilized milk an' frighten the spirits.

"Lemme show you some of the tricks that used to interest the ninnies."

The ex-master of magic drew from a pocket a singularly old and greasy pack of cards.

"This was my ancient magician's trick." he said: "It was all the vogue (that was the word he used) when I was in the business. Now, I'll spread em on the desk like this."

The ex-worker in miniature miracles slowly put the cards on the desk, and made some mysterious motions over them.

"What fort" he was asked.
"Impression, color, atmosphere, receptivity; in other words, just dust for your eyes. I shall have to ask the audience to be good enough not to speak while I move the card you choose from the pack to this side of the table, or desk. That's more dust; gives the idea that noise diss'pates the power of the performer. Watch me closely, and you will see that I have no beard with which to deceive you."

Wouldn't Deceive the Blind.

"Well, that card trick is easy enough to tell its own story. It wouldn't fool a blind baby. Has any lady of gant a single moment?" The wisard looked at the writer. "Thank you," he said: "Even if I had one myself Id ask you to loan me one. It inspires confidence in the magician, without which all wonderful feats are making gold out o' brass fillings.

"Now, watch the coin closely. By the power I possess I will make it follow my hand. See, it feels the occult force and fellows the motions of my you just rub a little of the spirite over

Unless You Know

permit me to present my pace day riskangs.

"You have a card? Good! Please
write a question on it when my back is
turned and place it in this envelope,
seal the envelope carefully and I will
tell you what the question was. I
earned the title of the world's master
mind-reader and mental telepathist extraordinary by this."

Really Wonderful.

dience to be good enough not to speak while I move the card you choose from the pack to this side of the table, or desk. That's more dust; gives the idea that noise diss'pates the power of the performer. Watch me closely, and you will see that I have no beard with which to deceive you."

The magician made a few more passes, and the card that had been named—the deuce of diamonds—shivered in the center the layout and slowly, and apparently rejuctantly, moved toward the ex-master, whose hands were making molions over it.

"Looks good, doesn't it?" he asked when the deuce lay on the edge of the desk. "Couldn't get a Filipino to pay 5 cents to see it done. I tried it down there, an', they used to take water ox bones an' throw them into the air, an' when they came down kerflop they were oxen.

Wouldn't Deceive the Blind.

"Well, that card trick is easy enough" Really Wonderful.

The question was written, the card was higher the envelope, which was card the envelope, which was card the evisard was placed in the envelope, which was card the wisard was told that all was ready.

"Oh-h." he said in a deep, tense tone, as he giared at the envelope with star-ling eyes, "do not move—do not speak—to not stir. Concentrate your faculties on this envelope; help me, help

Brasil has had her tooth pulled.
When you realize that her aching molar was 16 inches long and three inches across, you may be able to figure up what she suffered, provided you are up in logarithms. in logarithms,

The elephant man was summoned.

The knew right away what the trouble was. Brasil had the toothache. Her favorite keeper was called. She threw up her trunk and showed him her big, pink mouth. Sure enough, there in one of her mighty molars was a cavity large enough to hold a big apple.

A veterinarian was summoned.

"It's got to be pulled," was his decision.

sion,
So Brazil was roped and thrown on her side. A dentiat came with his instruments. He might just as well have tried to cut off a leg with a penknife.

"Fetch 'em along' maid the veterinarian.

The mules were unhitched from the farm wagon, a likely looking pair of long-eared bays. Forthwith began work for the great operation. Stakes were driven into the ground. Brasil's head was tied fast to them. She couldn't budge an inch. Blook and tackle were affixed to the ice tongs.

"All ready!" shouted the circus man. "Git ap!" yelled the obliging farmer. The mules struggled and panted. They kicked at the ground without gaining an inch to the front. The strain was terrific. The farmer's whip was merciless.



Britain Mourning Her Lost Legions.

NLIKE the United States, by a large stone sarcophagus carved with which battle-fields are preserved and monuments erected to her heroes, Great Britain is nonuments erected by the wind. At the head stands a giant figure of Brittannia, her head stands a giant figure of Brittannia, her head stands a giant figure of Brittannia, her head bowed in wee. Around the tomb are three huge dying lions, in seemingly abandoned piles are broken guns and accourtements, uniforms and the general debris of battle.

Bronze shields and slabs on the tomb record the names of regiments and herecord the names of regiments and herecord. Louis Cavens, owner of the farm at Mont St. Jean, to buy it and turn it into a park or historic museum in memory of Waterloo.

But Great Britain wants none of it. The count has written some frantic letters to the London papers, and there has been an anaemic subscription list, but they avail nothing. Besides British have delved into records and find that while the farm was part of the field of Waterloo, it was the headquarters of the medical division, and a long way in the rear of the action.

A really magnificent monument, however, has been erected recently to the profit of the field of Waterloo, but in the cometery of Byere, on the statistics of Brussels. It pensists of But Great Britain wants none of it.

Bronze shields and slabs on the tomb record the names of regiments and heroes alike. At the back a flight of stone steps leads into the tomb. All the bodies possible were gathered from the field of Waterloo and interred in this tomb, the ground for which was given by the city of Brussels. It is an imposing monument and a magnifi-cent piece of sculpture—in fact one of the best of the Belgian sculptor, Count de Laise

Secretary Taft's Danger. From the Atlanta Journal.

Secretary Taft may have been on a still hunt in North Carolina, but his life would have been in danger if he had intimated it to the Republican moonshin-

was under full headway.
"That's a fine belt," he said, "and
many a one have I made, but I am will-"None of us ever told about it, any-

out of humor.

"It was this way," said the professional, calmly expectorating. "Me an' Jim Sykes were huntin' snakes in the St. Francis river bottom and meetin' with fair luck. Jim had about two dozen cotton-mouths an' several rattlers in his bag, an' I had most as many. We wasn't racing, an' even if we had been I reckon Jim could 'a' beat me, for he certainly was a powerful good man at the snake-catchin' game. Finally we stopped to eat lunch, an' picked out a shady place under a big symmore tree. I well remember that Jim had onions, an' I had some cold peas. Of course, we had bread, an' one of us had J bottle that is always a out of humor. peas. Of course, we had bread, an' one of us had a bottle that is always a good thing to carry when you are huntin' snakes—an' a pretty good thing at other times, too, if you know how to at other times, too, if you know how to use it. We didn't hit the bottle so as to say hit it, but we did take several liggers before the thing happened that I'm tellin' you about. It was a lasy sort of a day, an' maybe we dropped off to sleep after eating. Anyway I am free to confess that I was dosin' a trifle when the thing happened.
"I woke with a jump, as you naturally will after a big lunch, and I saw Jim prancing around the biggest rattler I ever saw in my whole life.
"Throw the stick on him an' git him.' I yelled, but Jim didn't seem to hear me. He kept prancing around that snake, an' the snake kept making

hear me. He kept prancing around that snake, an' the snake kept making passes at him till it looked like there was a blue lodge session in progress. After awhile the snake lunged a little too far and Jim pinned him back of the head with a forked stick. Then he holiered to me to come.

"Break his fangs an' throw him in the bag," I hollered back, but Jim insisted that I should come to his resoue.

He had other designs on that snake than convertin him into oil, or makin him a dangerous an' venomous deadly reptile for some young woman with short dresses to play with in a 10-cent

"Put your foot on his tail, says Jim, but mind, don't press too hard. I want this fellow to be uninjured when I get through with him. I did as requested, as the man in the newspaper accounts of a breach of promise suit says, an' we soon had that rattler hors de combat. Jim stuck the forks of his stick as deep in the ground as he could, an' I rested most of my weight on the tail just above the rattles. Then Jim outs with his knife and performs a surgical operation that would have done credit to the best doctor at the city dispensary. He made a smooth cut around that snake's neck just back of the cers, an' then a little silt on each side. Next he got a good grip on the he best doctor at the city dis-try. He made a smooth cut "Elijah" Sandford prayed and has not that snake's neck just back of the snake's neck just back of

chap that wanted a rattlesnake belt.

"Twas about three months after that Jim and me passed that way again, an' we stopped under the same old sycamore tree. Jim had onions an' I had cheese and crackers, and both of us had bread, an' one of us had a bottle with something in it that is mighty fine in case you are apprehensive about snake bites. I reckon I must a fell asleep, but anyway the first thing I noticed when I happened to look up there was Jim looking at a big rattler. Pin him down,' I yells, but Jim he waved me off peremptorary like and says: Tim beginnin' to see a light."

ginnin' to see a light."

"How so,' says I.

"This is the same snake I skinned three months ago,' he says, 'an' he wants me to repeat the operation."

"Talk sense,' says I. "What do you

mean? "'Just this,' says Jim, I skinned that snake so easy, an' saved him so much trouble, that he wants me to do it over again.'

again."

"I considered the matter for a while an' I come to know that Jim was tellin' the truth. For a snake does have a terrible time strippin' his old hide off, an' with such experts as Jim an' me to help this fellow didn't have a bit of worry. However, I saw 'twas a fine snake an' I bagged him before Jim could stop me."

"What became of the snake then, said the amateur. I suppose you trained him to play poker in winter when he was froze stiff and do hummock stunts for small children in the good old summer time?"

"Not on your life," said the profes-sional. "We leased him to a man that sells snake skins an' he produces two full hides every summer, and them hides are worth \$4 apiece in any mar-ket."

The amateur turned and walked slowly away.

Where the Reat Is.

From Lippincott's Magazine.

At a boarding-house in Washington last summer the boarders were complaining of the oppressive weather.

"Oh, how I wish we could pitch some tents in a shady nook," one of the girls exclaimed.

"Why do you want tents?" asked the wit of the house.
"Why, so we could get under them and be away from the heat," replied the girl.
"But," said the wit, "that would do "But," said the wit, "that would do no good, for the heat, you know, is in-tense."

Percy—I am tired of this life of ease.
I want a life of toil, danger, excitement and adventure!
"Oh, this is so sudden! but you may

"Wonderful, isn't it?" asked the wisard. "That scratching has a weird sound, too. Done with my nail. How did the writing get there? It was written by me two hours ago, and when you thought the sides of the slates were clean you were deceived. I merely made you believe they were by not showing you this one. It's simplicity is what deceives the quickest eye.

"Td like to show you a lot more of the accomplishments I possess—photographing the card you think of with prepared paper; calling the cards as I, blindfolded, deal them from the deck by having them larger or smaller than others, an' feats that some years ago were considered wonders of mental telepathy. But time files. Yet before I go permit me to present my pace day ristangs.

"Yet have a careful Clear! Please