

About Portland's Most Athletic Girl Master Mindreader Has Sorrows



VIVIAN MARSHALL

If you were looking for Portland's most athletic girl, after hearing all the evidence, you would undoubtedly name Miss Vivian Marshall of Irvington. Her greatest feat has been to swim the speedy Williametta, something that sturdy men speak of as unusually clever.

This wonderful girl doesn't look much like the female athlete drawn by George Ade in "The College Widow." She is a small, delicate-looking maiden, of the type one expects to find in a befrilled tea apron, working on a dainty strip of embroidery—and she does when at home.

"I know the first time I tried swimming, though. It was in a little mountain stream in California, and before I got out I had learned to paddle about dog-fashion. I was only 7 years old then, and swimming must have come quite naturally to me, as I have seen lots of girls who couldn't swim even after weeks of trying."

"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 me."



How the Wizard Does the Marvelous Card Trick.

"The Journal Mercury wasn't quite sure; the hours of editors were uncertain, but if the caller would send his card the office boy would find out."

"The wizard held up a brown hair, the color of the desk; one end was tied to a button on his vest on the other was a pinhead of substance."

"The paper, which becomes as transparent as glass. Then you do some talk to let the alcohol dry, which it does in a moment. The small disappears, the alcohol leaves no stain and you have mystified the caller. But there is nothing in it more."

British Monument at Waterloo



UNLIKE the United States, by which battle-fields are preserved and monuments erected to her heroes, Great Britain is never in a hurry to honor her dead. The monuments erected on the battle-field of Waterloo are with few exceptions Belgian, German or French.

A large stone sarcophagus carved with a great cross. Over this is the British flag in bronze, apparently ruffled by the wind. At the head stands a giant figure of Britannia, her head bowed in woe around the tomb are three huge dying lions, in seemingly abandoned piles are broken guns and accoutrements, uniforms and the general debris of battle.

The Gentle, Grateful Rattlesnake

THE savant showed up at the snake garden on Jefferson avenue wearing a new silk shirt, a coat and vest of summer texture and a belt of mottled stuff that attracted attention, says the New York Herald.

loose skin, and he commenced to peel, hollering at me all the time to hold the fork firm, I havin' by that time been switched from the tail to the business end of the reptile. I held the fork hard an' fast an' Jim pulled at the skin.

"That," said the savant, in reply to a question put by the amateur liar, "is a belt made by the skin of a rattlesnake. He was a big snake when he was alive an' he got so fat he couldn't get out of his hole."

"I saw one one time that had 23 rattles," began the amateur, but most as he got well started the professional was under full headway.

"It was this way," said the professional, calmly expounding the matter to the amateur hunter in the St. Francis river bottom and meastin' with fair luck. Jim had about two dozen cotton-mouths an' several rattlers in his bag an' I had most as many as he had."

"Not on your life," said the professional. "We leashed 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 market."

Britain Mourning Her Lost Legions.

But Great Britain wants none of it. The count has written some frantic letters to the London papers, and there has been an anemic 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.

Secretary Taft's Design. 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 infiltrated it to the Republican moonshiners.

Where the Heat Is.

From Lippincott's Magazine. At a boarding-house in Washington last summer the boarders were complaining of the oppressive weather.

Exciting From Life.

Percey—I am tired of this life of ease. I want a life of toil, danger, excitement and adventure!

Yes, Why?

From the Boston Globe. "Elijah" Sandford prayed and has been provided with a \$2,000 yacht. Why didn't he pray twice as hard and get a \$4,000 one!

What Did You Do With My 50 Cents?

To which there was no answer. But the world's master mind reader had earned it.

Pulling an Elephant's Tooth

"WOW-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O!" Which being translated into human language means just plain "ouch!"

Don't Believe It Unless You Know It Is True.

"Wonderful, isn't it?" asked the wizard. "That scratching was 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 eyes."

Nothing in Mindreading.

"Oh, yes, the mindreading business is dead as the green goods; I can dress up as the wild man from Borneo an' get a bigger crowd than I used to when I picture the world's master mindreader and dip into the futchur far as man could see, and did occult stunts, with psych'ology and mental telepathy on the side."

Really Wonderful.

The question was written, the card was placed in the envelope, which was carefully sealed, and the wizard was told that all was ready.

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 or gent a half dollar he will lend me for but a single moment?"

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