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JEWELERS Third and Washington SILVERSMITHS

A MASTER OF UNKNOWN FORCES

Thieves Fear the Power of Miss Anna Eva Fay—Some of Her Experiences Have Been Startling.

"I have cultivated the sixth sense," that is what Anna Eva Fay says in explanation of her remarkable work. That she is a spiritualist, she denies. That she is a fortune-teller, in the generally accepted sense of the word, she denies still more forcibly. Her work is above that.

She has made a study of her science. She has developed her mental at the expense of her physical side. She has done everything possible to make herself the master of the unknown forces which are about us. She claims that every deed is perpetuated; that it is as if were photographed upon an undeveloped plate. That she has merely reached the point where to her these pictures may be seen, she understands.

She says that when asked concerning a crime, the picture of the perpetration of that crime rises up before her, clearly, distinct in every detail.

"How long have I been studying?" she said. "Every since I was eleven years old."

Personally, Miss Fay is a pleasant as well as an interesting woman. She meets one frankly and kindly.

The impression one has at first of her—great frailty—passes after a few

moments. She is extremely small and slight, but one feels the strength of her brain. She is an extremely clever woman.

"I am nothing physically," she says of herself. "I cannot take the shortest walk without tiring. But mentally I am never tired."

Miss Fay says there is no mind so easily read as that of a thief. He has himself been trained to a certain extent in this sixth sense, by the exigencies of his trade. He is on the alert, and most of all, he is generally speaking, superstitious. Miss Fay has had packages of stolen goods sent to her through mail and express. Often they are brought to her hotel. Once a woman stalked into her room, and threw on the sofa a big misshapen bundle of loose silver. "There, take the stuff, and let me alone!" she exclaimed. She said that Miss Fay had been after her, "hanging" her to return the silver.

Some of Miss Fay's experiences are very interesting ones. "Once," she said, "I was taking a very long trip. There was a woman in the section opposite who annoyed me exceedingly. She seemed to pervade the whole car. She owned everything and everybody in it, because she had bought a berth.

"After a while I got to thinking of her, but could catch nothing, till I saw the gleam of a very handsome diamond on her hand. 'Ah,' thought I, 'she is a thief.' The more I studied her, the more sure I became, and after a time I determined to speak to her. She was making herself so insufferable that I thought a little sitting on would not hurt her. I am never malicious with hurt her. I try never to do anything that will hurt anybody. But I thought she needed a lesson. So I crossed to her.

"Madam, I said, 'I beg your pardon, but you are a friend of Mrs. So-and-So of Hiantown, are you not?'"

"No," said she, "I never heard of her."

"How very extraordinary," said I. "I am sure I met you there. Tell me, have you written to her recently? No? Oh, well, I suppose you don't care to know," and I glanced at the ring.

"She still denied it, but she was nervous—very nervous. She owned the car no more. She was as meek as a whipped dog.

"When the conductor came through she was at the other end of the car, and I stopped him. 'You know about that woman,' I said. 'Tell me what you know.'

"He shook his head. 'She is wearing stolen jewelry,' I said, and then he told me. Her husband was the keeper of one of the largest saloons in Chicago, and in connection with it he ran a 'fence.' The diamonds were the property of the woman I had named, and the one wearing them knew it.

"Again I was taking a trip by night, and the Pullman conductor told me he could give me only a single berth. I generally have a whole section. But he told me that the man who had the upper berth would be leaving early, and then he would put up that berth and leave me the whole section to myself. Now,



ANNA EVA FAY.

the greatest reason I have for using a whole berth is that the person above is so very apt to snore. If he would send me a written statement beforehand that he would not snore I wouldn't mind having him there at all. This man, however, did not snore. But he tossed and turned, this way and that. Then I heard him tear something—something larger than a handkerchief. Then suddenly a hand was flung down so that I saw it against the curtains. The hand was bandaged and on the bandages was fresh blood.

"The man was a burglar, I knew. He had been shot, had reached the train, and was escaping. I could not sleep and at last I made a hasty toilet and went to the little lounge room at the end of the car. Presently the man came by.

"You are in pain?" I said, but he denied it.

"You are," I insisted. "I am the lady who occupied the berth beneath you last night. I heard you tossing, and I know you are in great pain."

"I am not," he answered; "was hurt some time ago, but—"

"It was fresh blood that trickled down upon my pillow," I told him. "Now,

listen. It is none of my business who you are, and what you have been doing. But you are in pain and you must let me help you. Let me bandage your hand for you—you have done it very awkwardly. You must not leave the train. You must let me telegraph to your friends."

"I—I had a difference with a man— it is nothing. I must leave the train." But he did not. As we were talking a man entered from another car and arrested him for burglary.

"Has my life ever been attempted?" Miss Fay went on. "Oh, yes. I am always carefully guarded wherever I go. The thieves are afraid of me—what would be simpler than for them to put me out of the way? Once I located a thief. I have never made that mistake again. A man had lost his watch. I told him the name of the street, the number of the house and the name of the man, and told him to go there. He went, but he took a policeman with him, and made an arrest. He got the watch. The thief got ball, and the next day attempted to take my life. Once a crazy man tried to kill me in San Francisco. A card was brought to me, accompanied by an exquisite bunch of violets. But I refused to see the man. I felt nervous about him. I stepped out on the veranda, saying, 'I cannot see him,' when the man himself came up to me. He sat down on one end of a settee, I on the other, and I threw my hand behind to the place where I knew there was a bell.

"He began by asking, 'Do you know you are an angel?'"

"No," said I, "I do not. I don't think I am. I eat, and angels don't eat."

"Well, he went on, 'you are an angel. You are too spiritual for this world. You must leave it—I see the eyes in your forehead. You have the sixth sense. I am going to cut it out.'

"He produced a knife. I pressed the bell, and he was arrested and locked up. Such experiences are exciting to say the least. I am very much interested in criminals—the really great criminals. They are really men of great intellect, and regard their thieving as a trade, and a legitimate one. I have had them tell me so. They rarely express regret. They are not afraid of me, either, the great thieves. It is the little ones who stand in awe of me.

"I said to a man who had a life sentence: 'You interest me.' 'No wonder,' he responded, 'I am an unusual man.' He was."

Miss Fay is a good talker. She does not try to force her beliefs upon any one. She talks of her science simply and naturally. She does not argue about it. According to her views, if you do not believe in this extraordinary sixth sense, it is your loss only.

She believes in an impersonal God. "Not a God that is a he, a she or an it. Not a God who must be dressed in the uniform of our race, before you can believe in Him. But a God who is in everything, who is a God for the whole universe, irrespective of creed or doctrine."

BOYER CHORUS IN SACRED CANTATA

The Boyer chorus gave the last concert of the season last evening, when they presented Theodore Dubois' sacred cantata, "The Seven Last Words of Christ," at the First Congregational church. The audience was the largest which has assembled this season for these concerts, and was a representative one of Portland's most critical music lovers.

The chorus, composed as it is of picked voices, did very creditable work, especially in the climaxes of the "first word," where the rabble shouts "Take Him! Let us crucify Him!" in the midst of which comes the supplication, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," which was most effectively sung by Mr. Zan. Mr. Zan's singing throughout had a convincing strength, reverence and dignity, and rarely has he had a part better suited to his voice.

Mr. Belcher, who had the difficult tenor role, sang in good taste, and in the sixth word, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my soul," a beautiful effect was obtained by the tenor solo above the soft unaccompanied chorus.

Miss Ethel Lytle gained new laurels as soprano soloist. In the fine solo, "See you mother, bow'd in anguish," where the harmony is a wonderful working out of a plaintive chromatic theme, there was in her tones a sympathetic quality rarely attainable by so young a singer.

The harmonic effects were enhanced by the skillful work of the orchestra and Miss Leonora Fisher, who played the organ accompaniment.

White Elephant.
Trademark for wheat starch. Put for food. Never-stick for laundry.

Baby Grand PIANOS thrown on the market at wholesale price. Read about it on page 3.

SALOON MAN TELLS OF REVOLVER ROW

L. C. WEIR SAYS HIS WIFE ATTACKED HIM IN JEALOUS RAGE MONDAY NIGHT AND STRANGE MAN TOOK HIS REVOLVER AND SHOT HIM THROUGH THE POCKET

A mysterious shooting affray occurred at 11 o'clock Monday night at the corner of Front and Clay streets, in which L. C. Weir, proprietor of "Our House" saloon, corner of First and Columbia streets, Mrs. Weir and a strange man figured. According to the story of Weir the strange man fired a shot that tore through Weir's right coat pocket, barely missing him, and striking Mrs. Weir on the little finger of the left hand. The police have been called into the case, but have not yet been able to ascertain anything whatever of the affair.

"I started to leave the saloon at 11 o'clock that night," said Weir, "and went out the side door. One of the women who work at my place was there, and I asked her where she was going, as she left the saloon the same time as I. My wife chanced to be standing near by, and being of a jealous disposition, leaped out when I asked the question and struck me a hard blow in the face. I took my wheel and left the scene. In the meantime my wife attacked the woman whom I asked the question, and gave her a drubbing."

"I went with my wheel to the corner of First and Clay streets, where I stumbled and fell. My wife followed and, overtaking me, was about to hit me again, when a tall, large man came up and grasped me by the arms. He took my revolver out of my coat pocket and fired the shot that tore the holes in my coat. He also stole \$2.50 from me; I was powerless to do anything, and he fled. I have never seen him before, neither has my wife."

"I shall go to the police station this afternoon and explain the whole matter. I do not want the impression to get out that I did the shooting, for that is untrue."

Weir won his wife by a terrific fight with another of her admirers on the first street bridge spanning Marquam gulch, about two years ago. The man who won the fight was to take her for his wife, and Weir was the winner. Weir was formerly a deputy under Sheriff William Storey. He has figured in police court cases on several occasions.

LOW BATH TICKETS EAST.
O. R. & N. Names Selling Dates for May, June, July, August, September, October.

May 11, 12, 13, June 15, 17, 18, July 1, 2, 3, August 5, 9, 10, September 5, 6, 7 and October 2, 4, 5 the O. R. & N. will sell 30-day return tickets to St. Louis for \$87.50; to Chicago, \$72.50. Stopovers allowed going and returning. Going time 10 days from date of sale. Full particulars of C. W. Stinger, city ticket agent, Third and Washington streets.

Patriotic Recital.
The patriotic recital at the First Baptist church tomorrow evening, to be given by Mrs. Vera Edwards, promises to be something of unusual merit. The recital will be given under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid society.

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These Suits are made of all wool chevots and mixtures in the latest Eton styles.

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You have many patterns to select from in this lot; they are all the newest modes in shades and style.

ALL \$20.00 SUITS GO FOR \$20.00—
Every garment is stunningly made of fine French voile, Panama cloth and broadcloth; will sell in other stores for \$37.50.

ALL \$35.00 SUITS GO FOR \$23.35—
Colors are champagne, brown, pearl gray, tan, royal blue and black, in broadcloths and imported novelties.

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Dress Hats From \$8 to \$25

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- Children's Shoes, sizes 8½ to 11, at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75.
- Misses' Shoes, sizes 11½ to 2, at \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00.
- Little Boys' Shoes, sizes 9 to 13, at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75.
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