MELBA'S FIRST INTERVIEW AND PUBLIC STATEMENT.

She Describes Her Dresses and Jewels--Something About Her Boy--He Thinks Singing on the Stage Undignified.

MADAM MELBA.

FORETOLD THE DATE SPAIN WOULD SUE FOR PEACE.

Mind-Reader Reese Prophesies and Possesses Clairvoyant Powers.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Mind-reading miracles, as performed by Professor Berthold Reese, are now amazing not only investigators of psychical phenomena, but Wall street magnates, money kings and politicians. Professor Reese has come out of the West. Although they call him a reader of minds, he disclaims the title. He says he is a clairvoyant. It is not often that the president of a railroad company or a person interested in the management of great financial institutions will seek advice from a prophet. Professor Reese predicts the rise and fall of stocks, tells of the vagaries of the "bulls" and the "bears" in the wheat pit, informs you of your mother's maiden name, and makes you acquainted with the exact sum of money which you have in your pocket, even if you had not previously possessed that interesting knowledge yourself. He lives in Chicago, and has never advertised in a newspaper.

He is no student of psychology. Despising "all the mystics" he introduces himself as a plain German, who never wore a silk hat in his life. He has a wonderful gift. It manifested itself when he was still a small boy in a Prussian village. Every year or so he appears in the large cities of this country. He astonishes all sort and conditions of men with his displays of psychical power. Then he disappears.

This Chaldeo has none of the arts and devices peculiar to the mind reader. There is a simple straightness about his methods that is highly effective.

"I can tell you how much money you have in your pocket," he will say to a man whom he has never met before.

He then makes the exact sum his new acquaintance may possess, distinguishing the checks, currency and coins. Quite many prominent men, however, he is not able to "read" correctly. One of the tricks with which Reese and Newton amused spectators was the finding of articles hidden while they were absent from the room. The article was usually placed in a position difficult of discovery. The subject was blindfolded and led back into the room. The professor gave a description of the hiding place, which was then followed by the subject. Among those who tried the experiment were the leaders of a prominent Chicago club. The hiding place was described as the "Ladies' Bible." The finder immediately received his money.

The professor's prophecy was correct. To learn if could the professor say "Yes" he must see the person. The existence was confirmed on sight.

The prominent magnate would on occasion place questions requiring a lawyer's office, or at a hotel in Chicago. A few years ago he went into the office of a Chicago lawyer and told the lawyer that he was prepared to answer the last question which had called a lawyer to the office of the lawyer on which the last came. No memorandum had been made in connection with the case. It was demonstrated that the professor had never seen the client of the lawyer or communicated with him. The matter of which the lawyer was in doubt was between herself and the lawyer.

Those who have studied the professor's methods are inclined to account for the existence of his remarkable powers. The general explanation is that the case is one of a man endowed with an inexplicable psychical capacity.

PROFESSOR REESE.

"TRY" DAY WITH THE CASTLE SQUARE OPERA COMPANY.

"Mummer's" Girl and Soubrette Alike Fail to Make Good With the Musical Director.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

[illegible]

ROUSSEAU AND HIS LINEN.

An Amusing Document on a Theft From the Philosopher.

Among old police papers in the Bastille a curious interesting document has just been discovered. It contains detailed information about the wardrobe of Jean Jacques Rousseau in the year 1768. The manuscript is not signed, but is undoubtedly in the handwriting of the philosopher himself. This concerning "linnery list" has been reproduced in facsimile in the "Revue d'Histoire Litteraire de la France," just published. It relates to a theft that was committed on Christmas evening, 1768, in Rousseau's dwelling. It touched him at a tender point—that is to say, the thief found a particular attraction in Rousseau's linen, for which the latter, as appears in his "Confessions," had a special predilection. It was spread out on a table, fresh from the laundry, in a room where the thief gained an entrance and, according to Rousseau's own account, there were missing "forty-two shirts of very fine linen, that constituted the foundation of my wardrobe." The detailed description by Rousseau of the stolen garments which appears in the nearly found report makes his grief comprehensible. It includes the following:

Twenty-two every day shirts of various kinds of linen, half French, Holbert and other similar sorts. Trimmed, some with muslin of one edge, some with cord. Some very pretty embroidered trimmings are a little worn. All the shirts have the letter R in blue on the right side. The sleeves are small as for a very slender arm. Seventeen, about a dozen collars, some old and others new, have three button holes on one side; others, newer, have four, and on the reverse a blue R. Thirdly, nine caps trimmed with rather coarse muslin discovered by the perquisition of the thief, marked on top with a blue R. Fourth, four pocket handkerchiefs, one white and one of blue and white striped linen marked in the corner with a blue R. Fifth, a pair of linen stockings.

The theft seems to have had a moral effect upon him. He writes of it in the "Confessions" as follows: "This adventure took away my passion for the linen, and since then I have never had more than three very ordinary shirts, which suited the rest of my clothes better."

On the document there are two marginal notes. The indicates the delivery of the report to Police Lieutenant Berryer on September 25, 1771. The second reads, "Buttered." The matter was followed up by the police, and the thief was probably caught. There is no trace, however, of the outcome. It is characteristic of Rousseau that he moralizes in this document that he has taken five years ship to catch the thief. The philosopher had so freed himself from every sort of "slavery" that it irritated him to be obliged to resort to the police. On the other hand, however, the fate of his laundry by all heavily on his heart. His aversion to the use of linen for of principle, sanitary, but it may also not describe his shirts in so good detail unless he has some hope of recovering them!

WOMAN'S WISDOM

TAKE

FRUITCURA

Perfect Womanhood

means perfect health in all ways—particularly in a womanly way. Perfect health may not always mean perfect beauty, but no real beauty is possible without health. The woman who suffers from the ailments peculiar to her sex will, in nine cases in ten, be thin. Her cheeks will be sunken and sallow; her eyes will be haggard with black circles; her complexion will be muddy, and likely as not, eruptions will appear on the skin. She can take no comfort in life, and she can be of very little use to others.

Mme. Yale's Fruitcura

will cure her. It will restore all of her organs to perfect activity and health. It will fill out the cheeks with sound, rosy flesh. It makes the skin clear and beautiful. It cures all nervousness and immediately relieves the incessant pain and inflammation present in troubles of a purely feminine nature.

Thousands of women have been restored by it to beauty, happy health and beauty. Mme. Yale herself is an example of what it will do. She has been called "the perfect woman." Fact is, perfect health—perfect form—perfect beauty.

The Only Perfect Woman

is the woman who is perfectly healthy. What possible attractiveness can there be about a lifeless, nerveless, faded, thin, listless, sick woman?

Nine women in ten are suffering from unnamed female weakness. They are dragging out a weary and miserable existence, losing strength and health and beauty every day. Their faces are becoming drawn and pinched with nerve-nagging pain. Their forms are losing fullness. Their flesh is becoming soft and flabby. They can take no pleasure in life, nor can they give pleasure to others.

And these things are so because, as yet, all women have not taken Mme. Yale's wonderful, marvelous, incomparable, invaluable specific for all weakness and derangement of the female system.

Fruitcura

is the most remarkable remedy that ever [illegible] has brought happiness and joy to many thousands of hopeless women. It has made them well and strong and has returned to them their lost beauty.

Fruitcura is purely a vegetable preparation. It is a powerful tonic for the whole body. It is stimulative, invigorating, effects can be felt immediately. It makes the digestion good and the blood pure. It builds up the flesh and makes it firm and [illegible]. It makes the skin white, fine and velvety; restores color to the face, [illegible] the light to the eyes. It makes a perfect woman out of a [illegible] and nervous wreck.

Consult Mme. Yale by Mail Free.

She knows more about woman's ailments than any other living authority. Her knowledge is the kind that comes from experience and skill and that intuition that only a woman can feel and understand. Mme. Yale will answer your letter with the right kind of advice; being a woman and a wife and mother, she herself has suffered, and knows how to sympathize with all other women. Every mail brings to Mme. Yale hundreds of testimonials with fervent prayers and blessings of gratitude for the wonderful cures and speedy recovery from torturing pain and awful despair. Mme. Yale will mail her scientific book, "Woman's Wisdom," to any woman who will write for it. Be sure and get one, it is valuable. FREE for the asking.

FRUITCURA is sold by all dealers. Price, $1.00 per bottle. Address all letters to

MADAME YALE,

Temple of Beauty,

189 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago.

Sonnet.

If I should make no scarf of little worth,
Should bear my knee and kiss your shoe-lace feet,
Should sitting for you names pass naught unwept,
And sing you fairest of the flowers of earth,
Were we any thus, your dainted pride of birth
Would scorn, and all your tyrannous blood be cold to me,
Pulseless in pity, and your brows would frown
In a cold line of loftiness and scorn.
Ah, but I know! I turn my love, and seem
Proud and pulseless, cold, with lead breath,
Till you, seeing scarcely folded in my gaze,
Look closer, fall to wonder and to prayer,
Turn your eyes off to mine, and, seeing death,
The spell will wake! Your heart will make some day!

—Post Wheeler in the New York Press.

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Coughs, colds, influenza, la grippe and acute catarrh yield at once to the action of Peruna. Every case is either cured or permanently benefited.

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