AT SCOTLAND YARD.

Headquarters of the Huge Police Force of London.

A GREAT MODERN BUILDING.

Sherlock Holmes Not There, and Londoners Think Supt. Byrnes the Greatest Detective.

LONDON, April 15.—I have devoted a part of every one of the past ten days to roaming about London in the company of Scotland Yard pensioners. I am assured that this courtesy has not been extended to a newspaper man before, and am inclined to think the statement accurate. The London police are not favorably disposed toward the London reporters. They call them penny-a-liners, and speak of them with scorn and distrust.

The open sesame which threw the portals of Scotland Yard's mysteries apart for me was a letter from Supt. Byrnes, of New York. Byrnes is considered over here to be the greatest detective in the world. There is not a man in Scotland Yard, from the chief superintendent down to the cockney in uniform at the door, who does not admire and listen to tales of him with reverent interest.

Scotland Yard is the most famous detective center in the world. It owes its fame to fiction—that is, to novels. Story writers, led by Charles Dickens, have centered detective tales without number about it, and Scotland Yard, as the public knows it, is their creation. Many writers of romance, good and bad, have had a hand in its building, and it is a strange and wonderful structure. They hide it in a remote part of London, generally among the docks. They make it a dark and gloomy building, low and with little black windows blinking mysteriously through the London fog. They fill it as full of secret passages and uncanny trap-doors and concealed cupboards as a Masonic lodge room. Shrewd sleuths off duty lounge about it, waiting for great crimes which they may clear away, and in their idle moments telling grewsome stories of extraordinary sinners. Shrewd sleuths on duty, clad ever in elaborate disguises, glide cleverly from dark doorways out into the highways and the byways to recover stolen necklaces of incredible value, to find abducted maidens, to solve the dark and bloody puzzles of impossibly mysterious murders.

This is the Scotland Yard of fiction. The Scotland Yard of fact is a handsome red brick building, elaborately trimmed with gray stone, and facing the Thames. It is one of the highest buildings in London, and more nearly resembles the modern American office building than any structure I have seen here. Its interior is very plain and matter-of-fact, with smooth white walls and tiled corridors. Nowhere within its doors is there any hint of sensationalism. The building was designed especially to afford a headquarters for the vast police business of the British metropolis, and it is business—from its foundation stones to its weather vanes.

If this explodes one of the pet bubbles of your imagination I am sorry. But the real Scotland Yard is as interesting in its way as the Scotland Yard of the fictionists has been. One reason why most writers have so utterly gone wrong when they have approached London detectives and their work is that the police here like to shroud their operations in manifold mysteries. Among the officials, excepting Chief Supt. Shore—as honest and hearty a gentleman as one may meet in a day's journey—there is an intimation that detective work is full of red fire and melodrama. An ex-inspector, who was with me in a miserable Whitechapel lodging house, gravely assured me that there was not a man in the place who would not have cut my throat if the police had not been along to protect me, although an experienced eye could quickly class the inmates of the place as simple paupers, and as far from professional criminality as possible. The ex-inspector well knew that a beef-fed citizen, with a good thick club, could have driven the whole unfortunate crew from Whitechapel to the Highlands of Scotland if they had strength to run, but he liked to pose.

For two hours this officer kept assuring me of the bloodthirsty character of the stupid, half-starved and wholly submissive creatures whom we passed on the streets, until finally I wearied of it and left him. As I went on alone I found, as I expected, that not one of them had any crime more horrible than the begging of a copper in mind, and that a ha'penny would send their hands to their caps quick as lightning.

The British detective first treats you as if you were dirt beneath his feet. Then, when he finally finds that he must recognize your humanity, he gravely proceeds on the assumption that you are an ass and gulls you into spasms of hidden laughter.

How rare the information which I have succeeded in extracting from him during the week is evident by an experience which I had just before I left New York. A certain newspaper man there has made up a reference system of newspaper clippings. Clerks have for years cut articles from all sorts of publications, American and foreign, containing information concerning all sots of things. These have been placed in envelopes, indexed and filed away. In the collection almost every conceivable subject is represented. If this newspaper man wished to write an article about the Maharajah of Kumpore (whom I met last night) he would probably find a biography of him and half a dozen anecdotes concerning him in his envelopes. But in all his collection there was not one word concerning the real Scotland Yard. In fact, only two authentic articles are remembered by the officials there. One was written for Society, a London weekly, by Mr. Lecocq, the author of "Jane," and now Mr. Charles Frohman's representative over here, and the other was published years ago in the London Illustrated News. So, whether or not what I write interests you, it may be a satisfaction to note that it is new.

Scotland Yard fronts on the Thames embankment, but it is as easily accessible from Whitehall, the broad thoroughfare which leads from Trafalgar square to the houses of parliament. The big building stands to one side of a great court and towers high above its neighbors. It is surrounded by a jumble of cabs for a good part of the day—conveyances in which complainants have come to state their cases, in which detectives have driven up to "file their reports," in which officials having reports to make have arrived. It is the headquarters of the Metropolitan police, made up of two branches—the constabulary (or uniformed men) and the criminal investigation department (or detective force). The word "detective" is rarely used over here. The private detective offices are known as "private inquiry bureaus."

London, it should be explained, is under control of two municipal governments. "The city"—the old town, where the Bank of England, the Stock Exchange and most of the great financial institutions are centered—is controlled by the corporation, headed by the lord mayor. "The county," which completely surrounds the city, and which contains the greater part of London's population, is governed by the county council. The city and the county have polices forces which are entirely separate in system and management. The city force is simply an uninteresting constabulary, with no detective branch of importance.

It is the county force—the Metropolitan police—which centers at Scotland Yard. This force consits of 15,231 men, of whom 465 are in the criminal investigation or detective department. There is a vast difference in the number of crimes committed in London and in America cities, pro rata of population, and some reason for the English balance of virtue will be found in the greater number of policemen here. New York, for instance (the most thoroughly policed city in the United States), has only 4,189 men on its entire force with which to handle a population of 2,000,000. The Metropolitan police of London guards less than twice as many persons—3,149,000—but has almost four times New York's number of policemen to do it with.

Technically, the Scotland Yard of present police fame is New Scotland Yard. Old Scotland Yard opens off Whitehall midway between the present police headquarters and Trafalgar square. In long bygone days the detectives had three little rooms in the old yard, cluttered beyond belief with papers, dirty and unbusinesslike. It was these three rooms which Dickens knew. Detectives and police were then under separate administrations, and detectives were called only when the police made a failure of a case. Any one who was willing to pay the cost anywhere in the United Kingdom had the right to call for a detective from Scotland Yard, however, and it was by no means unusual for members of this famous group of detectives to be sent outside of the queen's domain. At present a Scotland Yard detective is not permitted to leave London, except on rare occasions. He is a part of the London police machine and he must play that part and no other.

It was from the old force that Dickens gathered material for the detective sketches which first made him famous. Inspector Weild, a man of portly presence, with a large, moist, knowing eye, a husky voice and a habit of emphasizing his conversation by the aid of a corpulent forefinger, which was in constant juxtaposition with his eyes or nose," was in reality, Inspector Field, whose memory is still green. Field was also the original of Inspector Bucket, in "Bleak House." Inspector Stalker, one of Dickens' characters, was Inspector Walker in real life. There are many men still on the force who remember Thornton, the man whom Dickens changed to "Dornton," the sergeant "famous for pursuing the inductive process, and, from small beginnings, working on from clue to clue, until he bags his man." Sergt. Mith, who told the Butcher's story at the Detective's Party in the office of Household Words, is Sergt. Smith, still alive and hearty. To this day he seems qualified to play the part of a butcher's boy in order to spy upon receivers of stolen goods, and one can understand that "even while he spoke, he became the greasy, sleepy, sly, good-natured, unsuspicious, chuckle-headed and confiding young butcher. His very hair seemed to have suet in it, as he made it smooth upon his head, and his fresh complexion to be lubricated with large quantities of animal food."

A tragic story is that of the detective whom Dickens celebrated as "Sergt. Witchem" in his youth. His true name was Whicher, and he did for thirty years good and faithful work in Scotland Yard. At last he was assigned to the "Road Murder Case," a crime somewhat similar in its circumstances to the Borden murder in Fall River. The victim was a young girl. Detective Whicher suspected and arrested her stepsister. When the case went to court, it was found that he had little real evidence, and public sentiment was overwhelmingly opposed to his theory. The outcry was violent and damning. Whicher, sticking to his theory, was forced to resign from Scotland Yard, and practically suffered public disgrace. Several years later, when, a broken-hearted man, he was poor and in distress, the stepsister vindicated him by giving herself up and freely confessing that Whicher's statements of the motive and method of the crime were absolutely correct. But poor Whicher has never been reinstated.

This old Scotland Yard organization continued until the exposure of what are remembered as the "Great Turf Frauds." This showed a state of affairs more deplorable in Scotland Yard than the Lexow committee revealed in New York city, and almost broke the heart of Mr. Williamson, chief officer. Growing out of this unsavory mess of bribery, official thievery and general corruption, came in 1878 reorganization on about the present basis.

At the same time the office was moved from the old building to another in the center of the square. This was occupied by the detectives until, in 1886, dynamiters, incensed by the constant espionage which Scotland Yard subjected them to, blew up the place. Fortunately, no one was killed. Then, after moving for a time to temporary headquarters, the department took its present commodious offices. Which is enough of history.

The detective department is the only branch of the Metropolitan police which is, of itself, interesting; but the plan of organization of the whole affair is, particularly now, when the United States is being swept by a wave of police reform, worth brief explanation. Under it favoritism is impossible and bribery is at present believed to be unknown.

Any man may apply for appointment on the force at any one of the division (precinct) houses. In order to secure employment as a police constable he must be over 21 and under 35. He must be at least 5 feet tall. He must be able to read well, write legibly and have a fair knowledge of spelling. He must be free from disease and of strong constitution. He must be recommended by two householders who have known him for five years, by his last employer, and by the minister or church warden of his parish. He must not have more than two living children. He must file a statement of his debts and be able to pay such of them as the commissioner of police may direct.

After his appointment he can do no work for pay aside from his police duty; and his wife cannot keep a shop. His pay is decreased when he is on sick leave. His uniform and coals for his cooking at home or elsewhere are supplied by the department without expense to him. If he is unmarried and sleeps at the station house, he is charged 25 cents a week for lodgings. He cannot resign without permission. He is liable to instant dismissal for drunkenness and many other faults, and he can be punished in many ways, principally by fines.

He begins at a salary of $6 a week. This will be advanced 25 cents a week every year that his conduct is good until, at the end of eight years of service, he may be paid $8 a week. One case of drunkenness, or other violation of the rules, is certain to bring about a reduction of pay to the original $6. He must then begin his advancement over again.

The pension system is very complete. Men who have served fifteen years may retire on pensions of fifteen-fiftieths of their regular pay; and this increases to two-thirds of the regular pay for those who have served twenty-six years and upwards. A two-thirds pension may also be granted to a constable who is incapacitated for duty by injuries received in the actual performance of service at any time, no matter how long he has been on the force. If he receives fatal injuries in the performance of his duty a similar pension may be granted to his widow.

The ranks are these: Constable, sergeant, inspector (analogous to the New York police captain), superintendent (analogous to the New York inspector), chief superintendent (analogous to New York's superintendent). Beyond these there are a commissioner and three assistant commissioners. These, in turn, are subordinate to the home secretary—now Mr. Asquith—who is also known as the secretary of state. Thus the police of London are practically a government institution, as the home secretary is a queen's cabinet minister.

The safeguards against favoritism in the acceptance of men for the force are many. The candidate is first examined by a district or precinct surgeon and then by the chief surgeon appointed by the home secretary. Then he may be put on probation for fourteen days or longer, during which time he receives a small wage and is drilled on the drill ground at Scotland Yard, residing meanwhile in the candidates' barracks. After appointment he is drafted into some district or precinct in which a vacancy exists, and must live, and, if he is married, his family must live, in that district.

Promotions are made every week, and their reasons and results are published in a weekly "Police Order." A constable whose work seems to have merited promotion is recommended to a committee of inspectors for advancement by the sergeant. This committee considers the case and may promote the constable to a sergeantship. In a similar way sergeants are selected by the inspectors and recommended to the superintendents for advancement to inspectorships; and inspectors are recommended by the superintendents to the commissioner for advancement to superintendentships. No man can hold an important position unless he rises from the ranks to it, and none but men who have risen from the ranks can pass upon his merits. There is, besides, a promotion board, consisting of six superintendents and an assistant commissioner, who must approve every promotion decided upon by any of the committees before it can go into effect. The home secretary has summary power of removal, but he has no power of appointment. A man recommended by the queen herself would have to go through this routine and begin at 24 shillings a week before he could attain an important position in the police.

It would not be fair to intimate that the constables in London are up to the American standard of intelligence and efficiency in what we consider police duty. Much less is expected of them, and they have a much less troublesome class of people to deal with. The London public, even in the worst quarters of the city, has a greater fear of the police than the New York public has. The police is a government institution, and the flunkeyism which makes an Englishman take off his hat before a duke when he would keep it on before a commoner has its good effect in helping the police to maintain discipline in the streets. Constables must stop disturbances, prevent thievery by watching property, see to the enforcement of street ordinances and arrest disorderly persons. They are scarcely expected to pursue and capture evil-doers after a crime has been committed, however—that is the work of the detective department. This is not admitted here, but it is proven by the fact that a constable who distinguishes himself by actually arresting a burglar, a highway robber, murderer, an important pickpocket or any other serious sinner, is almost invariably and very promptly promoted. It is partly in that way that the detective force is recruited. Many men are chosen for it, also, out of the 200 or 300 constables who, during the "season"—the months when royalty and the aristocracy are in town—are detailed to duty in "plain clothes."

Crimes of violence are disappearing from London. Highway robberies—or "garrote robberies," as they are called here—amount to only about fifty a year, for both the city and county, as against about 400 a year for less than one-half the population in New York. Burglaries are so scarce as to be almost unknown, and even pocket-picking is no longer profitable or popular. Counterfeiting is carried on only on a small scale, and the nature of the English banknote makes anything like our "green goods game" impossible.

But there is a class of elaborate swindling constantly going on here which New York knows nothing of, and the Whitechapel district is the resort of hundreds of desperate characters who operate most of the time out of town, and in town when they can. They bring their stolen goods to Whitechapel to be disposed of, and carouse away their gains with some of the 30,000 depraved women who inhabit that district.

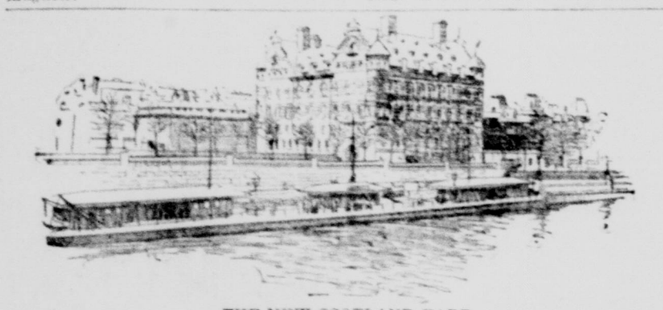
I passed a whole night with some of the worst of these thieves and cutthroats early this week, but shall have to withhold its details for another letter.

Probably the most dangerous and desperate of London's criminals are to be found about the water front. The only really critical episode of all my night's wandering came early this morning, when with a retired inspector of police I investigated the secret haunts of these picturesque and villainous characters. That night's experience is also worthy of more extended description than I can give it here. In this letter I have merely attempted to show you what Scotland Yard is and what the London police and detectives are. In subsequent articles I shall endeavor to tell what this department has to do and how its men execute their sometimes dangerous tasks.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

A GROUP OF SCOTLAND YARD DETECTIVES.

ONE OF LONDON'S MOUNTED POLICE



THE NEW SCOTLAND YARD.

The Right Kind of Poetry.

Detroit Free Press.

The caller ambled into the office of the country paper with an easy grace and familiarity that made him almost agreeable at first sight.

"I have a poem here," he said to the editor, and the editor's hopes were dashed to the ground, "for which I want $25."

"Twenty-five dollars!" shrieked the editor. "Why, that will buy four carloads of poetry delivered at this office."

"Not this kind, I guess," said the caller with confidence.

"What kind is it?"

"It's an advertisement in verse to run a month, and the advertiser has given me his check for a hundred dollars. I guess I get 25 per cent. commission, don't I? If I don't, some other paper gets the poem. See?"

The editor saw with remarkable promptness and pleasure.

A Blessed Deliverance.

This is effected when the hostile disturbance of the liver, known as biliousness, ceases through the benign operation of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Pain in the right side and under the right shoulder blade, yellowness of the skin and eyeballs, "fur" upon the tongue, morning nausea, vertigo, sour breath, irregularity of the bowels, and sick headache are among the distressing symptoms which take their departure when the great anti-bilious medicine is resorted to. Chills and fever, kidney and bladder trouble, rheumatism, dyspepsia and nervousness are also remedied by the Bitters, which is also a superb tonic and promoter of sleep and appetite. Use the Bitters persistently and not by fits and starts. Speedy good results will follow.

Reduced Rates.

The Great Northern Railway has just placed on sale the following combination tickets, good in all cases for six rides: Between Fairhaven or New Whatcom and Seattle, $10; Mount Vernon and Seattle, $7.50; Seatttle and Everett, $4. Tickets will be good for individual or firm use and limited to sixty days.

Open air concert Sunday afternoon and evening by Rialto orchestra at Laurel Shade, Madison park.

Copyright, 1895, by Bacheller, Johnson & Bacheller.

It got beyond all orders an' it got beyond all 'ope;
It got to shammin' wounded an' retirin' from the 'alt.
'Ole companies was 'untin' for the nearest road to slope,
It were just a bloomin' knock-out—an' our fault.

Now there ain't no chorus 'ere to give,
Nor there ain't no band to play;
And I wish I was dead 'fore I done what I did
Or seed what I seed that day!

We knowed too much to suffer—we was bloomin' cunnin', too—
An' a commander up an' 'it us with 'is sword
An' some one shouted '"Ook it! an' it come to Sove-Ki-poo.
An' we chucked our rifles from us—oh, my Gawd!

"AN' I THOUGHT I KNEW THE VOICE, AN' IT WAS ME."

There was thirty dead an' wounded on the ground we couldn't keep—
No, there wasn't more than twenty when the front begun to go.
But, Gawd! along the line o' flight they cut us up like sheep—
And that was all we gained by doin' so.

I 'eard the knives behind me, but I dursn't face my man,
Nor I don't know where I went to 'cause I didn't 'alt to see
Till I 'eard a beggar shoutin' out for quarter as 'e ran,
An' I thought I knew the voice, 'an—it was me!

We was 'idin' under bedsteads more than 'arf a march away;
We was lyin' up like rabbits all about the country-side;
An' the Major cursed 'is maker 'cause 'e lived to see that day,
An' the Colonel broke 'is sword acrost an' cried!

"WE WAS 'IDING UNDER BEDSTEADS."

We was rotten 'fore we started—we was never disciplined,
We made it out a favor if an order was obeyed.
Yes, every little drummer 'ad 'is rights and wrongs to mind;
So we 'ad to pay for teachin'—an' we we paid.

The papers 'id it 'andsome, but you know the Army knows—
We was put to 'erding camels till the regiments withdrew,
An' they give us each a medal for subduin' England's foes,
An' I 'ope you like my song—because it's true.

An' there ain't no chorus 'ere to give,
Nor there ain't no band to play,
An' I wish I was dead 'fore I done what I did
Or seed what I seed that day!

"BROKE 'IS SWORD ACROST AN' CRIED."

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Hereafter notices in the church directory will be confined to announcements of Sunday services only and subjects of sermons. Extended musical programmes for Sunday services and announcements of church entertainments will only be published at advertising rates. Notices for this department should be received at this office not later than 1 p. m. Saturday, in order to insure publication on Sunday morning.

Methodist Episcopal Churches.

Presiding Elder Rev. T. B. Ford, D. D., corner Elliott and Anna streets, Queen Anne.

German—Stewart and Thirteenth, Rev. Joseph Hepp, pastor; residence, 1911 Thirteenth. Services 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Norwegian-Danish—Fifth and Olive. Rev. E. J. Lundegaard, pastor; residence, 508 Olive. Sevices 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Welsh—Seventh and Olive streets—Preaching 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by Rev. W. W. Evans Monwyson, of Wales.

Battery street M. E. church—Corner Third and Battery. Preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 12:15. Epworth League, 4:30 p. m.

Grace—Rainier and King setreets. Rev. W. T. Ford, pastor; residence, 515 Sutter. Services 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school, 12:15 p. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.

Gilman Park, Ballard—Rev. W. H. Johnstone, pastor. Services 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school, 10 a. m. Class meeting, 12 m. Junior League, 3:30 p. m. Epworth League, 7:30 p. m.

Madison street—Madison and Cloverdale. Rev. M. A. Covington, pastor. Services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Morning subject, "Our Mission." Evening subject, "Paying Our Debts." Sunday school, 2:30 p. m. Junior League, 3:30 p. m. Epworth League, 6:30 p. m.

First—Third and Marion streets. Rev. W. A. Shanklin, pastor. Residence, 922 Seneca street; telephone 942. Services, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Preaching at both services by the Rev. A. B. Keeler, of Tacoma. Sunday school, 12:30 p. m. Epworth

Trinity—Corner Kentucky and Mercer streets. Rev. Newman P. Tedrick, pastor; residence adjoining church. Services, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Morning subject, "The Workman Approved." Evening subject, "Two Pictures of the Temporal and the Eternal." Class meeting at 10 a. m. Sabbath school, 12:15 p. m. Junior league, 3:30 p. m. Epworth League, 7:30 p. m.

Lutheran Churches.

German Lutheran—Duwamish Mission, Sander's hall, below Sweeney's brewery. Sunday school, 1:30 p. m.; services, 2:30 every other Sunday.

Norwegian-Danish—Fourth and Pine streets. S. R. Tollefson, pastor. Study in basement. Services, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.

English Holy Trinity—Seventh and Union. Sunday school, 9:45 a. m. Services every Thursday evening at 7:30 by Rev. Mr. Anda, of Tacoma.

German Lutheran—Services in hall corner Main and Twelfth streets 10:45 a. m. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Rev. M. C. Baade, pastor; residence, 1213 Main street.

German Evangelical, Zion's congregation—Freed's hall, Ninth street, between Pine and Olive. Services, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m.

Swedish Evangelical—Third street, near Pike. Rev. Martin L. Larson, pastor; residence, 1421 Fifth street, between Pike and Union. Sunday school, 12:15 p. m. Services, 10:45 a. m. and 8 p. m.

Rainier Heights Mission—At Presbyterian church, Market street. Sunday school at 1:30 p. m. every Sunday. Services at 2:30 p. m. every other Sunday. Pastor, E. Knappe; residence, 1819 Tenth street; assistant pastor, Rev. W. H. Kurtz, 1819 Tenth street.

Episcopal Churches.

St. Mark's North Seattle Mission—314 Olympic avenue. Sunday school, 3:15 p. m.

St. Mary's church, Woodland Park. Rev. Geo. H. Watson, D. D., rector. Evening prayer, 3:30 p. m.

St. Stephen's—Ballard—Rev. P. E. Hyland, rector. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 10 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30 p. m.; Bible class, 3 p. m.; holy communion, first Sunday in month, 11 a. m.; third Sunday at 8:30 a. m.

St. Clement's—Market street, near Yesler avenue. Rev. Henry A. Dexter officiating. Rev. Dr. Watson, in charge. Sunday school, 10 a. m. Divine service, 11 a. m. Subject of sermon, "The Good Shepherd." Bishop Barker will conduct divine services at 4 p. m. with confirmation.

Trinity Parish—Eighth and James streets. Rev. George Herbert Watson, D. D., pastor. Second Sunday after Easter. Choral morning prayer and confirmation at 10 a. m. Holy communion, with sermon by the Right Rev. William M. Barker, D. D., at 11 a. m. Evening prayer, with sermon, at 7:30.

St. Mark's—Fifth and Olive streets. Rev. David Claiborne Garrett, rector. Holy communion, 8 a. m. Sunday school, 9:45. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a. m. Confirmation class meets after service. Young People's consecration service, 6:15. Evening prayer, 7:30. Visitation of Bishop Barker, who will preach and administer rite of confirmation.

Presbyterian Churches.

Ross Mission—D. L. Fordney, pastor. Preaching, 3:30 p. m. first and third Sabbath of month.

First Mission—In Ward's hall, Georgetown, South Seattle. Sunday school, 2 p. m.; preaching, 7 p. m.

Ballard—First—Broadway and First avenue. Rev. D. L. Fordney, pastor. Preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sabbath school, 10 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30 p. m.

Calvary—Market and King streets. Rev. S. J. Kennedy, pastor, residence, 533 Sutter street. Services 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school, 12:15 p. m.; Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30 p. m.

Second—North Seattle—Oak and Harrison. Rev. W. A. Major, pastor; residence, 417 Temperance street. Services, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school, 12:15 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30 p. m.

First—Fourth and Spring streets Rev. Alexander Alison, D. D., pastor; residence, 1212 Marion street; telephone, 962. Services, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Morning subject, "The Last Passover and the Treachery of Judas." Evening subject "A Warning against Intemperance." Sunday school, 12:30 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E., 6:15 p. m.

Baptist Churches.

Swedish—Bell and Eighth streets. Rev. Aug. Olson, pastor; residence, 323 Dexter street. Services, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m. Young people's meeting, 7 p. m.

Market Street—Market and Main streets. Rev. W. T. Fleenor, pastor; residence, 801 Market street. Preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Young people's meeting, 6:30 p. m.

Mount Zion Mission—Colored—Rev. R. W. Jennison, pastor. Young Naturalists' hall in University grounds. Praise service, 11:30 a. m. Sunday school, 12:30 p. m. Preaching, 7:45 p. m.

North Seattle—Third and Cedar streets. Rev. C. F. Brownlee, pastor; residence, 109 Oak street. Services, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school after morning services. B. Y. P. U., 6:30 p. m.

First—Rev. W. F. Taylor, pastor. Residence, 1202 Marion street. Now worshiping in the Seattle theater. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Morning subject, "Church Unity and What Is Essential Thereto." Evening subject, "The Schoolmaster and Christ." Sunday school, 12:30 p. m. B. Y. P. U., 6:45 p. m.

Catholic Churches.

St. Francis Xavier Chapel—Sixth and Spring streets. Rev. Victor Garrand, S. J., in charge. Mass, 9 a. m.

Church of the Immaculate—Broadway and Madison streets. Rev. Victor Garrand, S. J., pastor. Conducted by the Jesuits. Early mass, 8 a. m.; high mass, 10:30 a. m. Sunday school, 3 p. m. Sermon and benediction, 7:45 p. m.

Our Lady of Good Help—South Fourth and Washington streets. Rev. F. X. Prefontaine, pastor. Low mass, 8 a. m.; high mass, 10:30 a. m.; benediction, 7:30 p. m.

Sacred Heart—Bell and Sixth streets. Conducted by the Redemptorists. Rev. Joseph A. Kautz, C. SS. R., pastor. Low mass, with sermon, 8 a. m.; high mass, with sermon, 10:30 a. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m. Holy Family association meeting, 4 p. m. Vespers, sermon and benediction, 7:30 p. m.

Congregational Churches.

Kirkland—Kirkland. Rev. Horatio Alling, pastor. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30 p. m. Sunday.

Plymouth—Third and University streets. Services, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school, 12:30 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30 p. m.

Taylor—Birch street. Rev. George H. Lee, pastor, residence, 226 Birch street. Services Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 12:25 p. m.

Edgewater—Rev. J. T. Nichols, pastor. Services, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Morning sermon, "The Life Within." Evening sermon, "The Demons and the Swine." Sunday school, 12:15 p. m.; Junior C. E., 3:30 p. m. Friday; Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30 p. m.

Methodist Protestant Churches.

Second—North Seattle, Republican and Poplar streets. Services, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prof. Eugene Miller, A. M., pastor.

First—Third and Pine streets. Rev. Clark Davis, pastor; residence, 610 Pike street. Services, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Subject of morning discourse, "The Betrayal." Evening subject, "The Weapons of Our Warfare." Sunday school, 12:30. Y. P. S. C. E., 6:45 p. m.

Christian Churches.

Olympic Avenue Church of Christ—314 Olympic avenue. R. H. Moss, pastor. Sunday school, 10 a. m. Preaching, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

First—Seneca street, between Third and Fourth, J. N. Smith, pastor, residence 222 Lake street. Services, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school, 12:30. Y. P. S. C. E., 6:15 p. m.

African M. E. Church.

Jones Street African M. E. church—Rev. Allen W. Whaley, pastor. Pastor's study, 1320 Jones street. Services, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Preaching by the pastor. First of a series of five sermons at evening services on "Living Thoughts on Timely Themes." Subject tonight, "The Real Source of True Happiness, and What Constitutes It." Sunday school, 3 p. m. Praise meeting, 7:30 p. m.

Cumberland Presbyterian.

First church—Ravenna park. Rev. R. F. Powell, pastor. Services, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 10 a. m.

Third church—Brewer's hall, on McClaire street. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 12 o'clock; Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30. Rev. W. W. Beck, pastor.

Reformed Churches.

German Reformed church, Ballard—Post street and Second avenue. G. Graedel, pastor. Services Sundays at 11 a. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m.

German Reformed church, Seattle—Seventh, between Pine and Olive streets. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. every Sunday. Sunday school, 10 a. m.

United Presbyterian Church.

Sixth and Seneca streets. Rev. S. Dell Johnston, pastor; residence, 823 Seneca street. Services, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath school, 12:15 p. m. Young People's society, 7 p. m. Branch Sabbath school at Jones and Madison streets.

Evangelical Association.

German—Harrison and Birch streets. Rev. Aug Ernst, pastor, 820 Harrison streets. Services, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school, 9:45 a. m. Young People's meeting, 7 p. m.

Adventists.

Advent Christian meetings in Masonic building. Dr. William Chapman, pastor. Social and prayer meeting, 10:15 a. m. Preaching, 11 a. m. Sunday school immediately after preaching.

Seattle City Mission.

Hall 604 Commercial street—Gospel services, 7:30 p. m. every evening through the week. Noonday prayer service, 12 to 1 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. Sunday school, 3:30 p. m.

Theosophy.

Seattle Branch, No. 1, of the Theosophical Society, Sunday, 8 p. m., 612 Third street. Lecture on "Consciousness," by Mr. E. O. Schwagerl.

Salvation Army.

Barracks, corner Yesler avenue and South Third street—Prayer meeting 7 a. m. Holiness meeting, 11 a. m. Free and easy, 3 p. m. A rousing meeting at 8 p. m.

Young Men's Christian Association.

Rally at 4 o'clock this afternoon at Y. M. C. A. hall, on Front stret. Address by Rev. Eugene Miller, A. M., on subject of "Illusions."

Young Women's Christian Association.

Gospel services for women this afternoon at 4 o'clock at the Y. M. C. A. rooms, 718 Third street.

Unitarian Church.

Seventh, between Pike and Union—Rev. J. H. Acton, D. D., pastor. Residence, 1007 Seventh street. Services, 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Subject of morning sermon, "The Great Need of the Unitarian Church in Seattle—Shall It Be Men?" Sabbath school, 12:30. At 7:30 a short lecture on "Doubt as a Factor of Honest Belief," with question drawer. Musical programme, "Gloria in Excelsis," Mozart; anthem, "Hosanna," Grannier; "Resurrection," Shelley.

Christian Mission and Seamen's Bethel.

In basement of Seattle National Bank building, South Second and Yesler avenue—Services Sunday at 3 and 7:45 p. m. every day at 12 o'clock.

Free Methodist Church.

912 Pine street. C. H. Sage, pastor. Services, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school, 9:45 a. m. Class meting, 12 noon.

Christian Alliance.

Gospel services in Freed's hall, on Ninth street, between Pine and Olive, at 3 p. m. every Sabbath. Preaching by Rev. J. J. Frazer.

Christian Science.

The Christian Science Bible class meets at 11 a. m. in room 5, Hinckley block.

Restitution.

Services every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at hall, 2308 Front street.

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Judge O. P. Mason, Portland, Or., deafness 20 years, cured.

H. A. Blood, 703 Main street, Seattle, Wash., general debility, gained 20 pounds, cured.

Mrs. M. A. Cheney, North Yakima, Wash., asthma for years, cured.

Miss Tillie Grandall, Edison, Wash., eczema over the face for years, cured.

T. J. McClellan, postmaster at Tenino, Wash, deafness three years, cured.

George W. Edwards' son, Midland, Wash., cross eyes, cured.

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