

MISS BOOTH LECTURES

Large Audience at St. Andrew's Church

Close Attention Given to Description of Mission—Life in the Slums of London.

St. Andrew's Presbyterian church was crowded last evening with an eager and attentive audience bent on hearing the tale of "Commissioner Evangeline Booth's adventures in the slums of London."

Miss Booth appeared in her stum costume minus sundry patches of dirt which she explained were not deemed strictly necessary in appearing before a cultured assemblage such as filled St. Andrew's auditorium last evening.

The speaker held her audience for something better than two hours with an incessant succession of anecdote and experience based upon her work as a missionary in "the lowest walks of London life."

Miss Booth's power lies very largely in the possession of a smoothly modulated, magnetic voice, a highly developed dramatic tendency, and a pleasing personality, all combining to make her an attractive platform lecturer.

The stories she told were not different from the ordinary run of slum incidents which from a feature of every metropolitan newspaper but they were clothed in such language and delivered with such emotional effect as to create a profound impression upon her listeners.

Miss Booth has been singularly successful in her mission work and she frankly takes her audience into her confidence as to the ways and means by which her efforts were so greatly blessed.

Since her childhood she had been possessed with a desire to elevate the lowly and raise the standard of life among the outcasts of the great metropolis, and upon approaching womanhood lost no time in carrying her desires into effect. She assumed her attire of rags because in any other garb she could not have gained admission to the places she sought.

Her work took her among the vilest of the vile, and in order to reach them and secure their confidence it was necessary to dress and act and talk as they did among themselves.

Sickness and want and crime and poverty and filth surrounded her on all sides but she kept bravely at her work until she was rewarded by seeing results of a most practical nature. She told of rescuing two babes from a dark underground apartment, where the mother had shortly before been beaten to death by her drunken husband. With the aid of an assistant Miss Booth secured the children, took them to her own lodgings and cared for them as best she could. The father came at length and demanded his children, but softened by the care and attention which their benefactress had lavished upon them concluded to leave them in her charge.

This little story served to bring the speaker to an exposition of her methods and an explanation of the influences to which she attributes her success.

She displayed four little keys which she denominated love, sympathy, sacrifice and action. Her life in the slums was guided by these four keys which she recommended as the animating influences for anyone who desired to come in touch with the heart aches and woes of the under world.

The speaker referred at length to each, illustrating her views with powerfully drawn word pictures depicting incidents from her own personal experiences.

The conclusion of her address was a powerful and beautifully worded appeal for a closer and more convincing relation between religion and life. Miss Booth was on fire with enthusiasm and earnestness and played upon the emotions of her auditors with all the skill and effect of one who has made a close and exhaustive study of all the varying intricacies of human nature.

Prior to Miss Booth's address Commissioner Congdon spoke, briefly introducing the speaker of the evening. The programme was interspersed with several songs and at the conclusion a collection was taken for the purpose of forwarding the Salvation Army movement.

Libel Case

Winnipeg, June 30.—The political pot warms up. T. M. Daly, on behalf of R. A. Bonnar, has commenced an action against the Free Press, claim-

ing \$10,000 damages for alleged libel. The statement of claim sets out that plaintiff was revising officer for Centre Winnipeg, and then sets out certain passages from an article published in the Free Press referring to his conduct as such revising officer. The article was published on June 17th. Being an action for libel, the case must be tried before a jury, and the next sittings of the Assize court will be held at the beginning of November.

St. Jeza Belle.

The famous St. Jezebel narrative is one of the choice stories of a present bishop of Baltimore. It was just after the Civil War and one of the church bodies was endeavoring to establish colored churches with colored preachers in the south. There was a lack of men qualified to be ordained. In this emergency the churchmen decided to ordain several colored men who were recognized exhorters among the colored parishes, and known to be men of piety. Some slight preliminary examination was deemed advisable. However, and they were questioning a candidate to learn what qualifications he possessed. Of Moses he knew that he had led the children of Israel through the wilderness. David had been a king who played harp. Paul wrote epistles, but vagueness of detail accompanied each.

In despair the examiners asked the candidate to tell them something of his own accord that he did know fully and in detail. He said he knew the story of St. Jeza Belle and told it somewhat as follows: St. Jeza Belle, who sat at an upper window of the Palace of Samaria looking out, and King Ahab he came riding along and he mighty mad and he said: "Throw her down!" and they threw her down. And he says, "Throw her down seven times," and they threw her down seven times. And he says, "Throw her down seventy times seven," and it was done. And the dogs came and licked her sores, and of the remains they gathered up 12 baskets full and whose wife shall she be in the resurrection?

London, June 26.—The body of Cardinal Vaughan was transferred this morning from the cathedral at Westminster, where it has been lying in state, to St. Joseph's College. There it was received by the priests and students, and after the celebration of a high requiem mass, was interred in the presence of a large gathering.

Tickets for Two

Rod Scott was waiting his turn at the Pullman window where he wanted a "lower" for Chicago. Just ahead of him was a very pretty girl, and he could not help overhearing the conversation. She, too, was buying a ticket to Chicago and wanted a berth as well.

She had made a mistake in the amount necessary to secure a sleeper, and when the ticket seller called for the additional \$2 she discovered that her purse was empty. It was an embarrassing position for the girl, but there was no help for it, and she took her railroad ticket and passed on to the waiting room.

Rod could not help noting the outcome. He bought his own ticket and then saw the girl standing in the adjoining room, examining her empty pocketbook.

His sympathies were aroused, she looked so forlorn, and he thought of his own little sister and wondered how she would feel under similar circumstances.

That settled it. He walked quickly toward her and, raising his hat, said: "Pardon me, but I could not help seeing the trouble you were in at the ticket window. Won't you allow me to be your banker in the emergency?" She looked up at him shyly. He had a good, honest face.

"Oh, thank you, but I don't like"— "Of course you don't," said Rod; "but I'll give you my card, and you can send the money back to me when you get home."

Her face brightened up. "You are very kind. My father was to have been with me, but was detained at the last moment. I thought I had all the money I needed to get home." "Well, I fortunately have plenty," said Rod, "so let us get the ticket." Of course he saw that it was in the same car, and it was natural that they should occupy the same seat.

It was all too soon for Rod when the berths had to be made up, but he arranged that they should have breakfast together.

Rod says he will never forget that breakfast. He never did know what he ordered, but he feasted upon a pair of gray eyes which took shy glances across the little table. All the time he was trying to summon

up courage to tell how much he wanted to meet her again.

Another hour and they would reach their destination, the pleasant talk would be over, and he did not even know her name. Rod was getting desperate.

"By the way, do you expect any may I?"

"Oh, yes, papa said he would wire, so, you see I won't have to trouble you any more."

"Trouble! I know you don't mean that. It has been a great pleasure to me, and I only wish I could—"

"Don't say anything more, Mr. Scott. I am under many obligations to you, but papa will write you when he returns."

Poor Rod! He wanted to say more, but politeness prevented him from pressing a matter which he felt might embarrass her.

When the train pulled into Chicago and he saw her affectionately greeted by an elderly lady, he awakened to the realization that his pleasant day dream was over.

Rod was assistant freight agent on the B and A. road, with headquarters at Omaha. He spent a week in Chicago, and on his return home he found the following letter awaiting him:

Dear Sir:—My daughter has given me your card and asked me to thank you for your courtesy to her when she was returning home. I enclose draft for \$5, which will reimburse you for the amount you expended on her. The general freight agent of the road, Mr. Fletcher, is a very old friend of mine. Kindly remember me to him, and whenever you are in Chicago I will be glad to have you call on me. Yours truly,

JOHN H. MASON.

It was astonishing how much attention the Chicago end of the B and A. road required. Rod found it necessary to make weekly trips there, and he never failed to call and inquire for Mr. Mason's health and incidentally to accept the hospitality of the Mason home.

Alice, she of the gray eyes, always welcomed the guest with such winning smiles that he thought he was in paradise. On one such evening she was singing an old Scotch ballad with the refrain, "Lassie, could you love me?" He stooped over her as she sat at the piano, and looking into the gray eyes that were turned toward him, he whispered, "Alice,

dear, could you love me?" He read his answer there and sealed it with a kiss.

Six months later a carriage was being driven toward the station. A few stray kernels of rice still clung to the steps.

The carriage stopped, and the occupants went hurriedly to the train which was starting for the east.

"Oh, Rod, you haven't got the tickets!"

"Haven't I, sweetheart? When I travel with somebody, I always make my mind that I'll have to pay for can."

a couple, and so I get there, in advance."

"That's the meanest thing you ever said to me, Rod," was the laughing rejoinder, "but you've got to pay for them now."

Miss Youngthing—And what would you say, George, if I were to tell you I didn't believe one word you say regarding the lasting qualities of your affection?

George—I would say that you are far too wise for any ordinary man to travel with somebody, I always make marry. Goodby—Baltimore, America my mind that I'll have to pay for can.

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