

INTERNATIONAL C. E. CONGRESS

This Morning the Big Convention Opened at St. Paul, With Twenty-five Thousand Visitors

PARADE ON THURSDAY

W. J. Bryan and Other Distinguished People Will Attend and Deliver Addresses During the Week.

[Special to The Gate City.]

SAINT PAUL, Minn., July 7.—Even the city lamp posts are welcoming the incoming of the Christian Endeavorers, of whom 15,000 are delegates and fully 10,000 more as alternates and guests of the city who opened the great international meetings this morning.

A HORRIBLE HOLD-UP. "About ten years ago my brother was held up in his work, health and happiness by what was believed to be hopeless Consumption," writes W. R. Lipscomb, of Washington, N. C.

Every incoming train is crowded with Endeavorers. Special train after special train is on the way and local facilities will be crowded to care for the unusual number of Fullman sleepers belonging to the specials which must be parked during the convention week.

In all the city parks, the park board has created magnificent tributes to the visitors and the tower bears the characteristic symbols of the organization done in thousands of beautiful blooms.

The principal sessions will be held in the municipal auditorium, which will be prepared for its maximum capacity of 10,500. The other meetings of the day are so many in number and will create such a demand for seating space that practically every church in the central portion of the city has been chartered, in addition to which private halls and meeting places have been reserved for the week.

The unique event of the week will be the parade of thousands of Endeavorers Thursday evening at 5 o'clock, marching in divisions by states, provinces and foreign countries, to the steps and lawn of the new Minnesota state capitol, where a song service will be held.

of the United States, and Hon. George Nichols, a member of the parliament, will speak for England and Canada. On Saturday evening at the auditorium notable men from Alaska, Japan, Africa, China, India, Mexico, England and the United States will address an immense camp fire.

An odd feature of the convention will be an international Christian Endeavor museum to be opened tomorrow, comprising 6,400 exhibits from every country and nation in the world where Christian Endeavor work is being prosecuted.

The notable guest of the week is Rev. Francis E. Clark, "father of Christian Endeavor," who, with Mrs. Clark, will take a prominent part in the sessions of the coming six days.

He took all kinds of remedies and treatment from several doctors, but found no help till he used Dr. King's New Discovery and was wholly cured by six bottles. He is a well man today.

A SOLILOQUY OF THE BOX CAR

This Story Interesting While Still Quite Pathetic—Where It Has Been and What It Has Done.

This has been handed the railroad reporter of the Campaign Gazette with a request for publication:

"I'm a bumped and battered freight car on a sidetrack in the yard; I'm resting, resting gladly for my life is very hard, and I seldom find an hour when I'm idle or at home, for usually I'm loaded and put upon the road. I've been shunted in Toronto; I've been switched in old Quebec; I've been snowed in down by Toronto; I was wrecked in Council Bluffs; when the strike was in Chicago, I was stoned by savage roughs; I've hauled apples to the seaboard also Manitoba wheat; I've camped in the stock yards till they filled me full of meat; I've trudged over the coast line of the Nova Scotia shore, and I've been to Rossland also, and they filled me full of ore. I have hauled the toll-scarred hobo by the dozens and by ones; I have carried honest poor men in my longer westward runs; I have stood between the tourist and the scenery he thought should be seen from sleeper window, when a guide book he had bought. I have often lost an axle when the train was wrecked, and stood for a week until the workmen found time to make it good; I've been everywhere, seen all things, been in sunshine, rain and snow; I've been idle for a fortnight, then for months upon the go. I'm a bumped and battered freight car, on a sidetrack in the yard; there are chalk marks on my body, these my only calling card. But I see the pony engine coming for me on the fly; no idea where I'm going or what for, but—bump—good-bye."

Delay in commencing treatment for a slight irregularity that could have been cured quickly by Foley's Kidney Remedy may result in a serious kidney disease. Foley's Kidney Remedy builds up the worn out tissues and strengthens these organs. Wilkinson & Co.

"How do you know?" asked Perkins, drawing his chair forward. Pike lifted the letter he had folded up. "I got this from her," he said simply. "Want to know what's in it?"

"Yes," answered Perkins. "I can't let you read it, but it's from a place in Italy—Sorrento," he went on slowly, mousing the unfamiliar word. "She says she's going to marry the Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn, heir to the ancient house of Hawcastle. And she wants to make a settlement on him. She can't marry without my consent, you know, Tom. If she does the money goes to the Kokomo Orphan asylum."

"Going to give your consent?" inquired Perkins. "Don't know," answered Pike. "I've got to look the young man over first. I promised John Simpson I'd always look after her. That was when she was born. He said girls sometimes got into a tight place and they'd need some one to pull them out. Sounds good, doesn't it, Tom? Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn. Must be a member of congress or something over there. Maybe he'll be a senator some day. I can't object, Tom, if he's got a show to make a good living for her, can I? Say, what is a settlement, anyway? You don't suppose I've been keeping her short of money, do you, and she's had to borrow?"

The Man From Home

A Novelization of the Play of the Same Name by BOOTH TARKINGTON and HARRY LEON WILSON

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and whether the guardsman want him to attend to business or not. If you're talking about those kids of John Simpson's, I'd say you're done about all you could be expected to. You've kept the money together, haven't you? You've made it grow. You've sent it along regular—over there. What more could any one want?



CHAPTER II THE EXILES. SIX years of life abroad, and these during the most impressionable period of their young lives, had left an indelible imprint upon the two young people.

Horace Simpson had taken to himself the manners of the Harrow and Oxford youth. He had eschewed the society of what he had learned, with parrot-like aptness, to call those "vulgar Americans" and had confined his social intercourse solely to such of the European "haut ton" as he could manage to scrape acquaintance with.

And this last was a somewhat uphill task, for, whatever else one may say about the English, they are inclined to view with very little favor the possessor of no other attribute than money. True, there are exceptions, and these but prove the rule.

Ethel, who had grown into a really beautiful young woman, had followed suit, so far as in her modest powers lay. Such of her school friends as would permit the half formed acquaintance to ripen she had retained. Such others of her own modest beginnings she had quietly but emphatically dropped.

"Really, my dear Hawcastle"—she pronounced it as old sailors pronounce "fo'stie"—she was wont to say, "really, of course, they are quite impossible, but the girl is an adaptable little thing, and I may be able to make something of her in time, while the boy—ah, I fear I shall have to leave him to you and St. Aubyn."

"Do as you like," replied the Earl of Hawcastle, with some choler, "but keep them out of my way as much as possible. I positively will not be bothered by these unranked colonists." "One might stand a quantity of badgering, Hawcastle, for £300,000, at which the genial earl would squirm nervously. At any rate, the Simpson children began to be seen in the second stratum of London society and met endless numbers of the shopworn nobility, but, sad to relate, never one of the truly respectable. To those who know their London there are several layers of nobility, and the layer the ordinary individual meets, who has no social prestige to begin with, is composed of that peculiar class that lends its name to doubtful directorates, to queer prospectuses, to struggling milliners with an eye on the main chance and who gladly extend unlimited credit to their patrons in return for modest and well put advertisement.

certain contretemps that to her seemed inevitable, and trusted that the end would meet with his approval. He sighed as he folded it and returned it to its envelope. "And that ends the guardianship," he muttered. "Wonder what I'm going to do with the old house now?" From a drawer in his desk he pulled a framed picture that showed a delicately featured girl, with big, frank eyes and a wealth of light, curling hair that was half hidden by a big garden hat. There was a smile about the lips that seemed very engaging, and the muslin dress she wore had been accentuated in its simplicity by the art of the London photographer. Pike had preserved the picture, which had been given to him by old John Simpson the day before he died, and he sighed as he looked at it.

Then he laid it face down upon the desk and dropped his chin into his hand. It may have been an hour that he sat there, and in that time never a thought of his legal business crossed his mind. He was busy with a fanciful picture of an unknown city that in spite of his desire seemed to take on the aspects of a larger Kokomo, and in his fancy he could see a big, well knit young fellow bending eagerly over to look into the face of a girl, and he heard her call him Almeric. "Must be a mighty fine man," he mused—"a fine big man—to capture her."

Then Perkins came in to ask if Pike wished to sail from New York for Havre in two days' time, stating that it would be necessary to leave that night if Pike wished to take passage on her. "I'll go, Tom," he said. "Maybe you'll drop in here once in awhile and tell folks that ask for me that I'll be back in a month or so." Then he sat down and wrote to Jim Cooley at London. At 8 that night he stepped aboard an eastbound train and the next afternoon was in New York. Sorrento seemed a long way off, and it was with a heavy heart that he walked up the gangplank of La Provence.

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would disturb them and where matters might be given a chance to right themselves. And there, strangely enough, the Simpsons met the Comtesse de Champagne and were quite delighted to find the gifted and brilliant Frenchwoman an intimate of the earl's. The second morning of their arrival the earl comtesse put in an appearance and with a promptitude that was astonishing took young Horace under the widowly wing and marked him for her own. And that same morning the noble earl took his equally noble son into the shrubbery and spoke to him. "You're not to do it, St. Aubyn," he said. "The family honor is at stake. For heaven's sake, marry the little fool! What if her scurrilous name is Simpson? You can make her forget it. We are stony broke, my good boy, and she has a hundred and fifty thousand. That will keep us going for another year or two, and if Helene can capture the young ass, Horace, I'll force her to divide with me."

"But it's such a beastly bore, governor," drawled Almeric St. Aubyn, and he flicked idly at the rhododendron bushes with his stick. He was a pale, washed out youth, with an intangible drawl and a shimmering of intellect that might, if it had been given an opportunity, have resolved itself into a good working imitation of a brain. To his friends he was "that hopeless ass" and to his enemies and debtors—of the latter not a few—"that beastly bounder, St. Aubyn."

"You see, governor," the honorable Almeric went on, "it isn't as if I cared for the little gal. I'm a queer beggar, you know, and it's fearfully rough on a chap to pretend interest in such a little vulgarian. Of course I know we're awfully hard up and all that sort of thing, but—"

His noble father seized him roughly by the arm. "You don't have to live with her, you know," he said savagely. "It will be easy enough to make it so unpleasant for the mix that she'll be glad to go back to the States, and she can't get back a penny. We'll have that tight enough."

The Hon. Almeric laughed. "Oh, all right, old chap!" he drawled. "I'll lift her to the infernal seventh heaven, or whatever you call it. Don't expect me to moon over her, though."

And that compact being settled, the earl went off for his morning walk along the cliff and Almeric to keep his engagement for a morning ride with Ethel Granger-Simpson.

CHAPTER III IN DISGUISE. AN hour later Mariano, the maître d'hotel of the Regina Margherita, stepped out upon the terrace and began to lay a cloth upon one of the small round tables that stood close to the white marble balustrade. On the other side of the wall could be heard the mandolins and guitars of the fishermen, and Mariano glanced up crossly as the song arose upon the morning air.

"Silenzio!" he cried, and for a moment the music died down. Mariano went at once to the table upon which he had spread the cloth and placed silverware and delicate china upon it, and he was thus engaged when Michele, the commissionaire, appeared at the top of a flight of marble steps that led into the eastern wing of the hotel, fronting on the terrace. "Here is M. Ribiere to see you, sir," he said softly, with a backward glance over his shoulder, and Mariano straightened up instantly, with a smile of welcome, for Ribiere was an old and valued accomplice in the gentle art of soft Italian legal stealing.

A tall, alert young Frenchman, clad in an English walking suit of gray and carrying a portfolio beneath his arm, ran lightly down the steps and approached the maître d'hotel. "Ah, Mariano!" he cried as he approached. The genial Mariano bowed gracefully and rubbed his flexible hands together. "M. Ribiere!" he chattered gaily. "This is one of the days of days!" The music burst forth again, and he whirled about angrily in the direction of the lemon grove. "Silenzio!" he cried, with waving hands. "Silenzio!" and turned again to Ribiere. Michele, with a glance at them, went back within the hotel. Ribiere turned a warning glance toward the hotel, and whispered in Italian: (To be continued.)

WABASH. No. 2, daily, leaves at 8:30 pm. No. 50, daily except Sunday, leaves at 8:45 am. No. 16, daily except Sunday, freight leaves at 8:10 am. Arrive. No. 17, daily except Sunday, freight, arrives 5 pm. No. 51, daily except Sunday, arrives 5:50 pm. No. 3, daily, arrives 11:05 am. Nos. 16 and 17 carry passengers.

Chicago, Peoria and Western Railway. X-Train 4—Leaves 6:50 am. X-Train 2—Leaves 2:00 pm. X-Train 3—Arrives 12:05 pm. X-Train 4—Arrives 8:35 pm. X-Train 5—Arrives 10:30 pm. Daily except Sunday.

C. B. & Q. Railway Co. Trains leave from Union Depot. Bertha and tickets, Fifth and John streets. South Bound. No. 8 St. Louis and south leave 12:45 pm. No. 12 St. Louis and Kansas City and west, south, leave 8:40 am. No. 1, Quincy, Hannibal & St. Louis, leave 1:30 pm. No. 10, Quincy and Hannibal arrive 8:30 pm. No. 10 leave 8:40 pm. North Bound. No. 7 Chicago, St. Paul and points west, leave 2:35 am. No. 13, Chicago, St. Paul and points west, arrive 7:20 pm. No. 13, leave 7:20 pm. No. 3, Burlington, Chicago and east, leave 2:05 pm. No. 1, Burlington, leave 7:35 am. K. C. and North Road. No. 50, from Donnellson, C. B. & Q. C. and North Road, arrive 11:30 am. No. 1, K. & W., west, leave 8:55 am. No. 4, from Centerville and points intermediate, arrive 1:15 pm. No. 2, from Centerville and west, arrive 9:10 pm. No. 3, Centerville, leave 9:10 pm. Daily. Daily except Sunday.

Rock Island. Train 473—Leaves Keokuk 9:05 am. Train 741—Leaves Keokuk 2:55 pm. Train 472—Arrives Keokuk 8:15 pm. Train 470—Arrives Keokuk 1:05 pm. Local Freight Trains. Train 86—Arrives Keokuk 10:15 am. Train 85—Leaves Keokuk 11:20 am.

K. & W. I. ELECTRIC CO. Leave East. Keokuk Hamilton Jo 7:10 am 7:25 am. 8:45 am 9:00 am. 10:15 am 10:30 am. 12:05 pm 12:20 pm. 2:30 pm 2:45 pm. 4:00 pm 4:15 pm. 6:10 pm 6:25 pm. 7:45 pm 8:00 pm. 9:30 pm 9:45 pm. 10:45 pm 11:00 pm. Arrive West. Warsaw Hamilton Jo 6:40 am 6:50 am. 8:05 am 8:15 am. 9:20 am 9:40 am. 11:00 am 11:25 am. 1:05 pm 1:25 pm. 2:10 pm 2:30 pm. 4:40 pm 5:00 pm. 6:55 pm 7:15 pm. 8:45 pm 9:05 pm. 10:05 pm 10:25 pm. 11:20 pm 11:40 pm. Note—Daily except Sunday. All other trains daily.

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DR. W. P. SHERLOCK, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and residence No. 18 North Fifth street. In Howell building. Office hours: 10 to 12 a. m. 2 to 4 p. m. Evening, 7 to 8. Phrases: Iowa, 781-R; Mississippi Valley, 1219.

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