Church Announcements

TIME OF SUNDAY SERMONS, LOCATION OF CHURCHES, TOPIC OF SERMONS AND SPECIAL MUSIC TO BE GIVEN AT THE VARIOUS SERVICES.

Swedish Evangelical Lutheran church, corner of Twelfth and Morgan streets; services at 10:30 and 7:45; Sunday school at 9:30.

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Services at the Saints chapel, corner Thirteenth and Bank streets, at 11:00 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. by Elder McDonald. Sunday School, 10:00 a. m. All will find a welcome.

—

First Unitarian society, corner of Fourth and High streets, Woman's Alliance will meet with Miss Minnie Noetzie, 1411 Johnson street, Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

—

First Congregational church, Sixth and High, pastor Rev. G. C. Williams—Services Sunday as follows: Bible school, 9:45; preaching service 11:00 a. m. Visitors cordially welcomed. The congregation will unite in the services to be held in the Westminster Presbyterian church aat 8 o'clock.

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St. Paul's German Evangelical church, corner Eleventh and Exchange streets, Rev. J. Nuesch, pastor; Sunday school at 9 a. m.; preaching service at 10:30 a. m.; Rev. A. Hills, of Wapakoneta, Ohio, will preach the sermon. Come and hear him. All are cordially invited and made welcome.

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St. John's church (Episcopal) corner Fourth and Concert tsreets, Rev. Dr. McIlwain, rector.—Sunday School 9:30 a. m.; morning prayer and sermon 11:00 a. m.; there will be no afternoon service. For the offertory at morning service Mrs. Grace Carter Rollins of Kansas City, will sing "The Good Shepherd," by Barri. We cordially invite you.

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First Westminster Presbyterian church, Seventh and Blondeau streets, Rev. E. B. Newcomb, D. D., pastor.—Services at 10:45 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. The morning sermon will be by Rev. John B. Worrall, D. D., a former pastor of the church. In the evening a union service, with sermon by Rev. R. W. Lilly. Bible School at 9:30 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E., at 7:00 p. m

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The First Methodist Protestant church, 824-826 Main street, Rev. J. C. McCaslin, pastor; 1423 Des Moines street. Bible school 9:30 a. m.; morning service, 10:45, subject, "The Millenuium"; Junior C. E. 2:30; Class meeting, 3 p. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. 6:30; evening service, 7:45, subject, "The Final Resurrection and Judgment"; prayer meeting each Wednesday. Special attention given to class meetings and prayer meetings. A cordial welcome for strangers.

—

The Gospel Regular Aarmy Sunday service, Rev. J. Godefroid, pastor—At 11 a. m. Holiness services in the hall, 915 Main; at 7:30 p. m. big open air at corner of Fifth and Main; 8 p. m. service in the hall. Special service tonight and tomorrow night there will be special speaker and everybody is welcome. We are still having good success and one more conversion this week. Come all, there will be good music and bright testimonies and a short talk. We give special invitation to strangers to come and worship with us.

—

Trinity Methodist Episcopal church, corner Tenth and Main streets, John Wesley Potter, pastor. Morning worship, 10:45, the Rev. Dr. T. J. Meyers, formerly presiding elder of this district preaches. Sunday school, 9:30, this is bond Sunday in our School and the scholars will be pleased to know that the new attendance system will be given out on Sabbath morning. Epworth Volunteers, 6:45; Epworth League, 7:00; union services in the Westminister Presbyterian church, Rev. W. E. Lilly preaches and in the Second Presbyterian church Rev. G. C. Williams preaches; Prayer meeting Wednesday evening 8:00. Sunday August 1 our Sunday school mid-summer rally day and a program at the 10:45 services. Come and worship with us.

—

English Lutheran church. There will be services again in Hawkes' hall on Sunday evening, July 18, beginning at 7:30. The new missionary, Mr. Trieter, from Seward, Neb., will be present at these services.

—

Second Presbyterian, F. A. McGaw, pastor; Morning subject, "Hid With Christ"; in the evening Rev. George C. Williams will preach for us. His sermons are always worth listening to. We are sure of a treat. Endeavor and Sabbath schools at usual hours.

—

United Presbyterian church, Ninth and Blondeau; Rev. H. B. Foster, pastor. Theme of the morning sermon at 10:45, "Ye Are the Salt of the Earth"; Bible school, 9:30 a. m.; Christian Union, 7 p. m.; Union services at 8 p. m. Westminister Presbyterian church.

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Christian church, corner of Bank and Fifteenth streets, Rev. N. E. Cory, pastor—Residence, 1202 Bank street. Preaching 11:00 a. m., Sunday school, 2:30 p. m., preaching, 8 p. m. Subject, "How Sin Deceives and your Sins Will Find You Out." Good music. The public is cordially invited to attend all our church services.

—

First Church of Christ Scientists, 716 Main street, second floor; services Sunday at 10:45 a. m.; subject, "Life," Sunday school at 9:45 a. m.; Wednesday evening meeting at 7:45 p. m. Reading room (same address) open Tuesday, Thursday and Friday from 2:30 to 4:30 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to the public.

—

Swedish Mission church, corner of Fourteenth and Morgan street, Renius Johnson, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Services at 10:30 a. m. In the evening union services are held in the Swedish M. E. church at 7:45 Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock all who are interested in the welfare of the Sunday school will meet for business and other important questions. Scandinavians cordially invited.

—

First Baptist church, Eighth and Blondeau streets, Rev. J. F. Sanders, D. D., pastor—Pastor's study in the church, both telephones. Preaching services at 10:45 a. m. Morning subject: "Peter's Question and our Lord's Answer." No evening services on account of the Union services at Westmuster Presbyterian church. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Baker Mission Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. The Baptist Young People's Union at 7:00 p. m. Good music by large chorus choir. Mr. James Young, director. We extend a cordial invitation to the public to worship with us

—

Swedish M. E. church, corner Twelfth and Concert street, Nels Pearson, pastor—Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; preaching service at 10:45. Topic "The Mission in India." Catch the opportunity in its flight. Every member on the lookout. Epworth League at 7:15, leader, Anna Engberg. At 8 o'clock union service to be held. Special singing. Scandinavians cordially invited. Wednesday at 3 p. m. Ladies Aid will be entertained at Mrs. Frank Wahlgren's, 1704 Des Moines street. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Sunday the 25th there will be preaching in Melrose church morning and evening. Communion to be held in the morning.

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German Evangelical church, corner Fourteenth anad Johnson streets, F. L. Litzrodt, pastor; Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 8:00 p. m.; prayer meeting Tuesday at 7:45 p. m.. All are invited and made welcome.

—

Seventh Street Baptist church, corner Seventh and Concert streets, Rev. Wm. D. Venerable Ph. D., pastor, residence 2017 Palean street; preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m., theme at 11 a. m., "The Christian Weapon;" 8 p. m., "What Christ Said of Good Shepherds;" Sunday school, 12:45 p. m., Mrs. M. E. Dixon, superintendent. All are welcome.

—

Services at the First Christian church, corner Tenth and Blondeau streets, R. W. Lilley, pastor, 817 Fulton street. 10 a .m., Bible school; 11 a. m., preaching, "Firgiveness," Misses Wilma Walker, Elenor Walker, Wilma Morrison and Sylvia Stark of Corydon, Iowa, will sing. 3 p. m. the monthly meeting of the Juniors; 7 p. m. Christian Endeavor; 8 p. m. Union services at the Westminister Presbyterian church. You are invited to attend these services.

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Youth Forced to Confess That His Duties Were Not What Might Be Called Arduous.

The son of a rich father quit college a few weeks ago—he was in love, he explained, and couldn't keep his mind on his books. He wanted to go to work and make a place for himself in the world. So his father got him on the payroll of a bank in which he was a director. The young man's sweetheart—in her second year at Vassar—kept writing him how proud she was over his independence and asking just what position he held so she could tell the other girls. The young man side-stepped the question as to his prominence in the bank's organization, until, finally, his intended wrote him a peppery letter, saying that if he didn't give her the information by return mail she would be real angry. Then, after much thinking, the youth wrote her this:

"I've wanted all along to tell you about my position and would have done so before had I known myself. About all I do here is to raise a window when I come in the morning and put it down when I leave in the afternoon. The rest of the time I read or watch the others work. I don't know just what you could call my job. Better tell the girls that I'm the draught clerk. That will come the nearest to describing my duties."

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The Man From Home

A Novelization of the Play of the Same Name

By BOOTH TARKINGTON and HARRY LEON WILSON

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[CONTINUED.]

"That's it, and it's the name you want. Nobody could look at you and not know it wasn't him! It's the name! And I'd let you buy it if it would make you happy—if you didn't have to take the people with it. Don't you see they're counting on it? The earl—he's counting on living on you." The Indianian became excited. "Why, a Terre Haute pickpocket could see that! And this old Lady Creech—she's counting on it, and this Frenchwoman that's with them—isn't she trying to land your brother? The whole kit and boodle of them are on the track of John Simpson's money!"

"I gave Almeric my promise. It was forever, and I shall keep it," she answered slowly, as if she had been impressed with his earnestness. He looked at her quietly.

"I'm not going to let you," he replied.

"Then I'll throw your interference to the winds. I shall marry without your consent."

"Do you think they'd let you?" Pike asked quickly. For a moment she stood still, and then came the sound of the guitars from over the wall. Pike went on after a time.

"Sounds kind of foreign and lonesome," he said. "I'd rather hear something that sounded more like home—'Sweet Genevieve,' for instance. You know it, don't you?"

"I used to," she answered, hanging her head. "It's old fashioned and common, isn't it?"

"That's why I like it, I guess," he answered. "I couldn't get you to sing it for me before I go home, could I?"

She looked at him thoughtfully for a moment.

"I'm afraid not," she answered and went quickly into the hotel, leaving him looking after her curiously.

CHAPTER XIV.

BLACKMAIL.

PIKE was still standing with the letter in his hand, looking after Ethel, when he awoke to the realization of what her words meant to him. She had given her promise, and she did not mean that anything in the world should make her revoke it. That promise was sacred to her, just as if it had been spoken before a clergyman.

In his heart Pike knew he would have to give in if he was to make her happy, and yet he knew that in making her temporarily happy he would be making her eternally miserable. If he could have the strength to hold out against her and refuse to sanction the marriage he knew the crew of aristocrats would never accept her without the cash, and that by the terms of John Simpson's will could never be theirs without his consent.

Of his own hopes he could see but the faintest glimmering. He had irretrievably offended the girl, and she would hate him all her life for it, he feared. His entrance into her new phase of life had been unfortunate. His continuance in it was little else than an insult, according to her way of thinking. And Jim Cooley, whom he had trusted to find the flaw in the Hawcastle escutcheon that he knew had existed, had failed him miserably.

The lawyer felt that he was a long way from home. He sighed and turned to where the sun was sinking in a haze of red across the bay. Then he heard the voice of Horace and chiming with it the cultured accents of Lord Hawcastle. Apparently they were coming to seek him. She had reiterated his refusal.

Wearily he turned again to the automobile and leaned against it. As he did so he heard Horace say:

"But Ethel says Mr. Pike positively refuses."

In return he heard Hawcastle reply:

"Leave him to me. In ten minutes he will be as meek as a lamb."

Dumbly Pike wondered what fresh argument the earl had to offer and mentally steeled himself against it. As he looked up he encountered the steady glare of the earl.

"My dear Pike," began the latter, "there is a certain question"—

"I said I would not discuss that with you. I meant what I said," observed Daniel quietly.

"This is another question," went on the other, heedless of the warning or at least unaffected by it.

"Late this afternoon I developed a great anxiety concerning the penalty prescribed by Italian law for those fortunate and impulsive individuals who connive at the escape or concealment of certain unfortunates who are wanted by the police."

Daniel looked at him, with a smile.

"So you're all worked up about that, are you?" Hawcastle glared at him, but went on.

"So deeply that I ascertained the penalty for it. For the person whose kind heart has so betrayed him the penalty is two years in prison, and Italian prisons, I am credibly informed, are—unpleasant."

Pike ruminated and folded his letter. "Being in jail ain't much like an Elks' carnival," he observed.

"Even a citizen of your admirable country could not escape if his complicity were proved—if he were caught in the act. I will be plain with you."

These last words had an ominous note. "Let us imagine that a badly wanted man appeared upon the pergola here and made an appeal to one of your countrymen who, for the purposes of argument, is at work upon this car. Say that the too amiable American conceals the fugitive under the automobile and afterward, with the connivance of a friend, deceives the officers of the law and shelters the criminal, say, in a room of that lower suit there."

He looked about in the growing twilight and pointed dramatically to the window. Pike, now thoroughly interested and with his pulse beating a rapid tattoo, followed his finger. The earl went on:

"Imagine, for instance, that the shadow which appears upon that curtain were that of the wanted man. Would you not agree then to a reasonable request?"

Daniel swallowed painfully, for he saw in some manner that that swaying window curtain which had caught his eye an hour ago had held a distinct menace. It seemed too bad that this should be the end of it all—all the defenses he had raised for the girl of his dead friend should be swept away in an instant by a bit of folly.

"What would be the nature of that request?" he asked.

"It would concern a certain alliance—might concern a certain settlement," the earl replied softly.

"If the request were refused, what would the consequences be?" Pike went on, with lowered eyes, for he would not trust himself to meet those of the nobleman.

"Two years at least in prison for the American."

"Looks bad for—that American, eh?" Pike inquired whimsically.

Lord Hawcastle stepped close to him.

"If this fellow countryman of yours were assured that the law would be permitted to take its course if a favorable answer to a certain question were not received in an hour within that hotel, what, in your opinion, would the answer be?"

Pike looked up from the letter he was twisting in his hands, and his thin shoulders took on a squarer attitude. He looked his antagonist squarely in the eye, but he did not raise the tone of his voice.

"It would depend a good deal on which of my countrymen you caught. If it depended on the one I know best he'd tell you he'd see you in hades first."

For an instant the earl looked fixedly at Daniel, and his face went red and white by turns. There was a dangerous flash in his eyes, and he stepped a trifle closer and half raised his walking stick. Then, with a muttered oath, he dropped it, picked up his hat from the bench where he had thrown it and walked to the hotel steps.

"You have an hour," he said, menacingly turning. "At the end of that time—we will know what to do."

Daniel must have stood there ten minutes after Hawcastle had gone, and the twilight came down and enveloped him with its softness. As the lights came out here and there he turned and looked over at the windows of Von Grollerhagen's suit and noted the shadow still on the window blind.

"Looks to me like doc's in this thing and ought to be told," he murmured.

He found his way slowly across the grass and up the steps and in another moment tapped upon the door of the German's rooms. The door was opened by Ribiere, who informed him that Von Grollerhagen was dressing. He found his friend adjusting his white cravat before a mirror.

Within five minutes he had acquainted the other with all that had passed and had received a smile in return. Von Grollerhagen refused to take the matter seriously.

"Pouf!" he said. "Surely you can trust this Lord Hawcastle not to mention it. He must know that the consequences for you as well as for me would be, to say the least, disastrous. Surely you made that clear to him."

Daniel smiled gently.

"No," he answered grimly. "He made it clear to me. Two years in jail, and if I don't make up my mind in fifty minutes from now to do what he wants me to do"—

"What is it that he wants you to do?" asked the German.

"The young lady's father trusted me to look after her, and if I won't promise to let her pay £150,000 for that—well, you've seen it around here, haven't you?"

"I have observed it, if you refer to the son of Lord Hawcastle," answered Von Grollerhagen gravely.

"Well, if I don't agree to that Ivanoff goes to Siberia and you and I to jail."

Von Grollerhagen looked at him quickly.

"He threatens that! What do you intend to do?"

"I can't agree. There wouldn't be any trouble to it if it was only me. They could land me for two years or twenty. But I can't do what they want, even to let you and Ivanoff out. It ain't my money. All I can do is to hint that you get out right away. Ivanoff can't go. They've got a ring around this place."

"You could get away, too, my friend," said the German, watching him softly. "You had not thought of that?"

"No, sir, and I'm not going to think of it. But you"—

"As for me, I shall go," said Von Grollerhagen, standing up.

"Well, that's part of the load off my mind. I haven't had the nerve to tell that poor fellow in there, though."

Von Grollerhagen motioned to Ribiere.

"Appellez le monsieur là!" he commanded and pointed to the other door of the chamber. The man opened it at once and beckoned to Ivanoff.

"Ivanoff, some unexpected difficulties have arisen," said the German "The police have discovered your presence here, and persons who wish evil to my friend have threatened to make trouble. He can do nothing further to save you unless he betrays a sacred trust."

"It's the truth, old man," said Daniel feelingly. "I can't do it."

For a moment the Russian refugee staggered and supported himself with his hand on the table. Then he looked up.

"I thank you for what you have tried to do."

Von Grollerhagen went on:

"In the meantime my friend believes Naples a safe place for me. And so auf wiedersehen."

Pike extended his hand, which the German took.

"Goodby, doc, and God bless you!" he said. And Von Grollerhagen squeezed Pike's fingers.

"To our next meeting," he said and in a moment was gone.

CHAPTER XV.

"HE'S A RUSSIAN NOBLE!"

THE instant he had disappeared Ivanoff crossed rapidly to the small table near the bedroom and picked up a cigarette from a box that lay there with a bottle.

"I thought so. Russian!" he said, and in answer to Pike's look of inquiry went on. "That man, your friend, who calls himself Von Grollerhagen, is not a German—he is a Russian—not only that—he is a Russian noble. I see it in a hundred ways that you cannot."

"He helped us this afternoon," said Daniel, but Ivanoff did not seem to hear him.

"I have felt it inevitable that I should go back to Siberia ever since I came here"—

"Perhaps"— began Daniel, but the other interrupted.

"There is no 'perhaps' for me. There has never been a 'perhaps' since I met Helene, my wife—she who sent me to the mines, she and my dear English friend."

For a moment Daniel was thoughtful; then he looked up quickly.

"What was his name?" he asked.

"Glenwood—I shall never forget it," the Russian replied. "He had contracts with the ministry of finance. He supplied hydraulic machinery to the government. The name Glenwood means nothing to you, and there are a million Helenes in France. I prayed God to let me meet them before I was taken, but"— He paused as a knock came upon the door. "It is the carabinieri!" he said hoarsely and shrank back.

"Not yet," answered Pike quietly. "Go back to your room. We won't throw our hands into the discard until we're called, and I guess we'll keep on raising." He waited a moment until Ivanoff had retired and then opened the door. Mariano stood without bowing.

"Miladi Creech—she ask you would speak with her a few minutes," he said.

"Where is she?" asked Pike.

"Here, sir," replied the man.

"Tell her to come right in. Ah, come in, ma'am," he went on as Lady Creech appeared in the doorway. When he had closed the door behind her she said coldly:

"My brother-in-law feels that some one well acquainted with Miss Granger-Simpson's ambitions and her inner nature should put the case finally to you before we proceed to extremities," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Daniel.

"My brother-in-law has made us aware of the state of affairs, and we are all quite in sympathy as to what should be done to you, but in the kindness of our hearts we condone your offense—if you accede to our reasonable demands."

Daniel looked at his watch.

"In twenty minutes?" he asked.

"In twenty minutes," she replied frigidly.

(To be continued.)

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The Most Deadly and Destructive Foes of Mankind Are of Minute Proportion.

In one of Herbert Wells' brilliant stories the terribly scientific and practically invincible Martians who have invaded the earth and conquered England are stopped in the midst of their victories and utterly destroyed by the attacks of microscopic foes. Infinitely small organisms, germs of diseases to which man has become in some degree immune, slay the wonderful warriors of a planet never invaded by these earth foes. What the greatest battleships and the heaviest guns could not do the unseen and unknown living seeds of death accomplish.

More clearly every day the world understands that in the life and affairs of mankind the most deadly and destructive foes are extremely small. All of the fierce mammals and poisonous serpents of Africa do not kill as many human beings in ten years as the tsetse fly slays in one. The tigers and cobras of India kill their thousands every year, but the rats which spread the germs of the bubonic plague destroy their tens of thousands. In this country the common house fly undoubtedly causes more deaths than all the venomous snakes, wild beasts, mad dogs, runaway horses and all-tempered bulls, ten times over. The actual proportion is probably much higher than ten to one.

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