

CROWD TABERNACLE TO HEAR SCOVILLE FLAY AMUSEMENTS

Dancing Gets Hottest Shots of All From Evangelist's 42 Centimeter Guns of Religion.

DIVORCE EVIL IS HIT

Evangelist Cites Only Possible Cause for Severance of the Marital Relations.

Charles Reign Scoville's sermon on amusements took 5,000 people by storm yesterday afternoon. A crowd that jammed and packed the tabernacle, that overflowed into the street, that caused people to stand in every available foot of space in the aisles and around the exits, heard the sermon. Time and again the evangelist convulsed the throng with his mimicry impersonations and ludicrous stories. Then, again, he had them in tears with a touch of simple, yet eloquent pathos.

He hurled invective, after invective anathema after anathema, epithet after epithet at the "ten plagues" of this country. The things he pointed out as composing the decade of "plagues" are the dance, the divorce, gambling, "society" cards, multiplicity of misrule, "bad" city carnivals, yellow journalism, murder, intemperance and lynching. He dwelt only briefly on some of the subjects and ignored others altogether. He devoted by far the major portion of his time to flaying the dance, divorce (which he characterized as one of the blackest of the plagues and "social leprosy") and yellow journalism.

Scoville landed hard on the dance, called it "bugging set to music," "tommy rot" and "too dispicable in its modern form almost to be mentioned."

Crowds on Job Early.

The crowd that heard the sermon was pouring into the tabernacle a few minutes after twelve o'clock. Many persons had brought their lunches and remained in the building following the morning service. Dozens of automobiles and buggies, many of them bearing the mud signs that told they had come miles through country roads, stood along either side of Main and Twelfth streets, for two blocks each way. Men and women stood in the exits. Hundreds, arriving late and seeing the immense crowd, turned away to auto rides, walks through the city or some other diversion.

By 2:30 o'clock, a half hour before time for the service to start, the building was packed to capacity. The song service started a few minutes ahead of time. The choir loft held 500 singers. The chorus was augmented by a large orchestra and the music was unusually fine. Scoville preached one hour and twenty minutes. He gave the invitation and ninety-seven persons "hit the glory trail."

"Have I hit sin too hard since coming to this town, I wonder?" asked the revivalist as he stepped to the platform to begin his address. "Answer me, yes or no," he requested. "Not!" stormed the crowd. "All right," replied Scoville doggedly. "I'll hit it harder!" The statement was met with spontaneous applause.

The Millinery Comes Off.

"Now ladies," he said, noticing the superabundance of spring millinery that dotted the crowd from one side of the shed to the other, "take off your hats like men. We let you wear them this morning. We've seen 'em now, and that's all you wanted wasn't it?" he asked. "I'm sure no woman wears her hat for comfort. But I'm not going to knock the milliner. If she can make those hats that way and get you to wear 'em, I'm for her."

"Whenever my wife gets a new hat, no matter what it looks like, I tell her I like it," he said. "If I don't I'll have to buy her another one."

Scoville started off by telling a few humorous stories about certain things and persons that got the crowd into high good humor. Then he went after the saffron press. He paid a tribute, however, to the local newspapers, thanking them for the "support they have given us, God bless them," and asking the crowd to "give 'em a cheer," which the crowd "gave 'em."

Scores Absent Christians.
"There are a lot of people not here this afternoon," said the speaker, disressing for a moment, "because they

can't stand what I'll say. Well, I hope what I say will get into the columns of the newspaper and that they'll read what they didn't have the nerve to come to the tabernacle and hear. "You know," he said, "it's a mighty poor sort of a christian who will just pick out the sermons he likes and pass up the others. But I am not to blame if you don't come. You've seen the birds fly south and back again; you've watched season after season come and go; you've seen the bees store up their honey. And yet you have not made any more preparations for heaven than a grass hopper has for Christmas. And," he concluded, "you're just living a sort of grass-hopper, katy-did existence, too."

Tribute to Keokuk Press.

Scoville, in referring to the saffron press, landed on bad books and papers that "print just the scum and scab of the news and in a scummy and scabby manner. But the people are very much to blame," he said. "They like it—demand it. One newspaper man in St. Louis said once that the live reporter was the one who knew where hell was going to break loose and would be there when it broke. If it didn't break, it was his business, said the editor, to 'raise hell.'"

"But you ought to stand back of your editors here," he cried. "Support your local press. The papers have supported this campaign nobly. It would not have been the campaign it has been without them." The crowd applauded—unasked by the evangelist.

Flays Lagging Church Members.

Scoville flayed the church people who have lagged behind in supporting their churches. This, too was a slight digression from his subject but he made a hit when he said, "A lot of times old Sister Strutt and old Brother Mutt will come up to the platform at the last night of the campaign and say, 'well, Brother Scoville, this is the first time we've shaken your hand since the meeting began.' If you can't show up till the last night, don't come round at all," he said scornfully. "Not an 'amen,' not a 'God bless you,' until the last night."

Scoville mentioned the divorce next and called it "social leprosy." "It is one of the blackest of the plagues and is a thousand times worse than polygamy," he cried. "A polygamist will support and recognize and care for all his wives and the children of them all, while a man who is divorced turns his back on the little girl that he took a few years before for a bride. He turns her down perhaps for some little fuzzy headed piece of calico that he knows will turn him down later."

Adultery Only Excuse.
"Adultery is God's only justification for divorce," he shouted, "and no man on earth or no woman on earth has a right to be divorced for any other reason. One old judge in Missouri once granted thirty-eight divorces. Can any judge act wisely and properly at that rate?" he asked. "No," shouted the crowd.

Raps Forgetful Men.

"And you men who turn down your wives," he rapped, "she was once your blushing bride; once her cheeks were like roses; once she had a rose in her hair every day. She is the mother of your children, the furrows are under her eyes, she has cooked your breakfasts and dinners and suppers through the years. Perhaps she hasn't kept up quite as well as she might have at times; perhaps she has not had a flower in the hair as often as you would like. But she is your wife, and she hasn't failed any more than you have. She has made no more mistakes than you have."

Once the evangelist, going now at "full speed," convulsed the audience with an imitation of a woman dressing and making her toilet. He opined that if the women would be a little less slovenly sometimes after their marriages and care more about the way they looked, there might not be so much conjugal unhappiness and domestic infelicity.

Scoville ripped the plan of "adding off to some justice and getting married on the minute, for a dollar and a half and beating it away." "If there is

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ED CARD TO SPEAK TUESDAY AT "TAB"

"Old Glory Face" Superintendent of Sunshine Mission at St. Louis, Will Give Prelude to Scoville's Talk.

HE IS A NOTED WORKER

Has Had His Fling and is Now Devoting His Life to Helping Those Who Are Down and Out.

Ed Card, known from coast to coast as "Old Glory Face," superintendent of the Sunshine Rescue Mission, St. Louis, will make a fifteen minute talk preceding Dr. Scoville's sermon Tuesday night. The announcement was made just before the sermon last night after Guy S. Williams, publicity agent for Scoville, had handed the revivalist a telegram from Card in reply to a message sent by Scoville Saturday night, stating that the famous mission worker will be here Tuesday evening.

Card is one of the most widely known mission workers in the United States, if, indeed, not the best known of them all. He is invariably mentioned by evangelists, pastors and laymen alike, along with such characters as Mel Trotter, Sillaway, Callahan, Jim Goodheart and Harry Monroe. For years he has operated the Sunshine mission in St. Louis. As many as 500 men—down and outers—derelicts of life—gather in his hall in a single night. The underworld of the Missouri metropolis knows and loves and respects "Old Glory Face." He was a down and outer himself. He "had his fling," saw the white lights, wrestled with dissipation and has come up "out of the dark" to tell his story to his "brothers" and to inculcate the wisdom of "going straight."

"Bully!" ejaculated Scoville last night, upon receipt of the telegram. "I'm glad he can come. You must all hear him."

Mr. Lillenas will sing a song in the Swedish language this night and Mrs. Scoville will sing "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight," in German. There will be other solos and other features. It is planned that the meeting shall be one of the most interesting services of the campaign.

A union meeting will be held tonight at the Second Presbyterian church, West Keokuk, members of the Scoville party in charge.

MOTHER OF KEOKUK MAN PASSES AWAY

Mrs. Laura J. Carver, Known to Many Keokuk People, Died at Omaha on Sunday Morning.

Mrs. Laura J. Carver, mother of Guilford S. Carver of Keokuk, foreman of The Gate City, passed away at her home in Omaha, Neb., on Sunday morning, according to word received here. She had been ill for the past month, and death was caused by the general debilities of old age.

Mrs. Carver will be well remembered by a large body of friends in this city as she visited here with her son several times in past years. She was seventy-four years of age and had been a resident of Omaha for a period of ten years.

Besides her son, G. S. Carver of this city, another son, Louis J. Carver of Lincoln, Neb., survives. The funeral will be held at Omaha on Wednesday. Mr. Carver will leave tomorrow to attend the funeral.

DEMURRAGE CHARGE HEARING WEDNESDAY

Proposed Change in Purpose of Relieving Car Shortage Which Is Prevailing.

Notice has been received here at the Industrial association office of a hearing in Des Moines on Wednesday April 5, on the proposed increase in demurrage charges on all interstate cars in Iowa to be effective April 6 at 7 o'clock. The proposed increase is applied for in an effort to relieve the car shortage now existing generally throughout the country. The hearing will be held Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock at the office of the board of railroad commissioners at the state house. The application is filed by the western demurrage and storage bureau.

The proposed temporary rules provide for no increase covering the first two days free time, and then the first three days after the free time has expired, but for subsequent detention the rate increases \$1 per day. Credits earned under the average agreement will offset the present \$1 demurrage charge for the first five days after the expiration of free time, but will not be used to offset any portion of the charges in excess of \$1 per day.

PERSONALS.

Canton News: Mrs. C. H. Miller and daughter, Miss Ivah, leave tomorrow for Keokuk, where they will make their future home. Mr. Miller has been there six years as chief engineer in the Purdy Oats factory. We regret seeing these good people going from our midst and extend our best wishes to them in their new home.

Villa's Perversity.
New York World: If Villa were in as many places as he is daily reported to be it should be easy work to locate him and catch him. He persists in being in only one place at a time.

—Advertise in The Gate City.

LAST WEEK STARTS WITH BANNER DAY

Yesterday's Services in Tabernacle Were Best of Any That Have Been Held During the Campaign Here.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LARGE

Goal Was Surpassed Yesterday—To Take Thank Offering for the Evangelist During This Week.

STATISTICS TODAY.
Trail hitters yesterday..... 222
Trail hitters to date..... 3,200
Attendance yesterday..... 13,000
Total estimated attendance..... 170,000

Two hundred and twenty-two persons traveled Charles Reign Scoville's "glory trail" in three services yesterday. Crowds totalling 13,000 heard the evangelist in the course of the day. It was the banner day of the campaign to date.

The evangelist began his last week in Keokuk in a most auspicious manner. In the first place, Keokuk's Sunday schools passed their coveted goal of 3,000, when a total of 3,454 Sunday school pupils marched in delegations to the worship-shed yesterday morning. In the afternoon the tabernacle was entirely inadequate for the crowd which besieged it to hear the sermon on amusements. Ninety-seven hit the trail at the close of the sermon and ninety went forward last night.

The invitation service which followed the evening sermon on the text, "Prepare to Meet Thy God," was dramatic. In the first verse of the invitation hymn twelve men walked down an aisle together, while the crowd cheered. Scoville leaped into the sawdust and greeted them, shaking each by the hand. The front rows were cleared for the trail hitters and within a few minutes eleven rows had been filled.

Pathetic Scenes on Glory Row.

One woman lead her nine year old daughter forward. Scoville placed an arm around her and lifted her to the platform. "Here is a little girl," he cried joyfully, "who is just the age Mrs. Scoville was when she gave herself to Christ. Her mother just now brought her forward. Let's give her and her mother both a cheer!"

A man came forward bringing his wife. Apparently he had already made the pilgrimage to "glory row." As they sat down together he placed his arm around the woman and kissed her. She was crying.

"Oh friends," cried Scoville, "this is a glorious day. A wonderful night to a grand day. The angels are echoing around the throne tonight, 'rejoice, for the Lord brings home his own.'"

Sermon is Serious One.

Scoville's sermon was nearly all seriousness. Very little comedy was interspersed with his passionate appeals to sinners to "prepare to meet thy God." He told numerous stories illustrating, as he put it, "that when a man defies God, God will smash him. You go on, living as though you never had to die," he cried. "You may dodge justice here. You may burn a house or throw a bomb and escape here, but God knows it. You can't dodge guilt. You've got to face him at the judgement sometime. Why not prepare to do it now?"

Before beginning his sermon Scoville read a telegram which had just been handed him, stating that Ed Card, superintendent of the Sunshine Rescue Mission, St. Louis, will be here to make a fifteen minute talk Tuesday night preceding the sermon. Dr. Scoville wired Card Saturday night, asking if he could be here.

Thank Offering to Be Big One.

Dr. Frank G. Beardsley, pastor of the Congregational church and chairman of the evangelistic executive committee, made a brief talk, stating that a thank offering will be taken sometime before the meeting closes for Dr. Scoville and the members of his party. "Let's see to it that that offering is an adequate and a generous one," he said. "We are proud of our splendid city, we are proud of our dam that spans the father of waters here; we are proud of our churches and lodge halls. Let's make this thank offering one that will do Keokuk credit." He stated that not one cent of the offerings taken so far have gone to the evangelist. "He has given us himself unreservedly," he said, "and hasn't received a cent so far. All the money taken in has gone to defray the campaign expense fund."

Compliments Keokuk Spirit.

Scoville complimented Keokuk on the way she has supported his revival. "I doubt if there is another city in the state," he said, "that would put up three such crowds as we have had today in the seventh week of a campaign. Now just stand on your hind feet and shake the bits for the rest of the campaign and let's make this last week the greatest of them all."

"We have a song here which I think we'll have to call the 'Keokuk song' from now on in our evangelistic work," he added, smiling. "The title is, 'He Surely Means Me.' Sing it," he said, turning to the choir. The song was sung and for five minutes it rang through the building.

"You can philosophize and theorize all you please about religion," said the evangelist, "but you've got to meet God some day. Don't forget that. There are girls sitting here tonight who will never grow into womanhood's years. There are boys here who will never see their twenty-first



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birthday. There are men and women who will never see another April on this earth. Are you prepared to meet your God?

No One Can Answer for You.

"Brother Scoville can't answer for you at the judgement bar," he cried earnestly. "You brag about your christian fathers; you brag about your christian mothers. They can't save your souls. The very fact that you had good parents makes you all the more responsible."

"No, sir," he answered. "Don't think that because you were born in a christian home you are a christian. If you were born in a potato patch, would that make you a potato? Tommyrot!"

"The bells in heaven are ringing tonight," he shouted, "for those who are saved they are coronation bells. For the lost they are funeral knells. If you won't come to God in a great tidal wave of religion like this, you will never come. It's now or never for many of you and you know it."

"Some men say, 'I don't ask for mercy. I want justice.' All right, justice is waiting for you. You'll get justice. But I want mercy. I may never face you again," he said in closing. He was on his knees on the carpeted platform. His face was wet with sweat. His voice had grown hoarse from the strenuous preaching of the day. "I may never see you again under heaven, but my word to you is, my brother, 'Prepare to Meet Thy God.' And remember that death prints no time cards and that there are no turn tables in eternity."

The Morning Service.

Dr. Scoville told the crowd Sunday morning that he "isn't going to die and go to hell because he's afraid

to tell some old devils of their sins." "A lot of you," he said, "either ought to clean up or get out of the church."

Ante-Easter finery was on dress parade at the tabernacle at the morning service. The ladies were not asked to remove their hats and the spring millinery made a most attractive appearance inside the big shed.

The total number of persons in Sunday school yesterday morning was 3,454. The goal of the churches participating in the revival was 3,000. The Trinity Methodist church ranked first with 1,108 and the Baptists were second with 635. The Christian church had 514, the Westminster Presbyterian 367, the United Presbyterian 197, the Methodist Protestant 157 and the Congregational, 148.

Conservation of Church Forces.

The sermon was one on conservation of church forces. The evangelist implored the church members to stand back of their pastors and to work together harmoniously. "Of course, after I leave," he said, "there may be some contention, some misunderstandings. Don't let them ruin your chances."

"If you people miss a single night of this week's services," he said once, "you will miss something that Brother Scoville will never say to you again this side of heaven. I never expect to spend another week in Keokuk. Life is too short; I have too many calls. Much as I would like to come back, I can never do it."

"Some evangelists," he said, "stab the local pastors so much, and fail to boost their Sunday schools to such

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"FATHER JOHN'S MEDICINE HAS PUT MY WHOLE FAMILY IN FIRST CLASS HEALTH"



In a signed statement, the father of this interesting family says: "After using Father John's Medicine for my whole family, I can heartily recommend this medicine as being in dispensable to any one with a family, especially at this time of the year, when colds and grip are prevalent. It has put my whole family in first class health and I am sure that it will do as much for any one giving it a fair trial." (Signed) Mr. W. N. Favreau, 90 Union Street, North Adams, Mass.

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