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Wanted

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CHURCHMEN WILL HOLD GATHERING

SIXTIETH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE DIOCESE OF IOWA TO CONVENE.

Des Moines, May 12.—Prominent Episcopal churchmen of Iowa will gather in Des Moines next Saturday for the sixty-second annual convention of the diocese of Iowa, which will be held at St. Paul's pro-cathedral, May 16, 17 and 18.

The convention will also include the annual meeting of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, the Daughters of the King and the Woman's auxiliary. The various sessions will be held at the pro-cathedral, the Central Presbyterian church and the Y. W. C. A. building.

JUSTICE REFUSES TO KISS THE BRIDE

Des Moines, May 12.—A justice of the peace has been found in Iowa who objects to kissing the bride after performing a marriage ceremony. He not only objects to an official osculation, but assesses an additional fee of \$3 to the groom in case it is required.

Dr. A. F. Bonney of Buck Grove, Iowa, is the newly selected justice of the peace who has made this unusual announcement. In an elaborate letter head the doctor gives several reasons why he did not want to be made justice. He declares everything possible will be done by his office to discourage law suits.

In addition to being justice the letter announces, Dr. Bonner is a Buck Grove beekeeper, photographer, registered pharmacist, author, physician, assistant postmaster and a member of the National Geographical society. The regular intervals, Dr. Bonner declares, he is called upon to cook the family meals.

Children's Evening Story

UNCLE WIGGLY AND JOHNNY BUSHYTAIL (By Howard R. Garis.) Paget Newspaper Service. (Copyright by Evening News Publishing Company of Newark, N. J., 1915.)

Uncle Wiggly Longears, the nice old gentleman rabbit, was whistling a tune one morning as he put on his fur overcoat and took his red, white and blue striped barber pole rheumatism crutch down off the piano.

"Toot-toot!" whistled Uncle Wiggly. "Toot-toot-toot!" I'll sing a song for you. Carrots they are yellow, and some cabbage it is blue!

"Well, well!" exclaimed Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, "you feel pretty fine this morning, Uncle Wiggly. Is anything going to happen?"

"I really don't know whether there is or not, Nurse Jane," answered the rabbit gentleman politely. "But I am going for a walk in the woods, and I may have an adventure; who knows?"

"True, indeed! Who knows?" repeated Nurse Jane, as she sprinkled some nice smelling talcum powder in the sink before she gave the breakfast dishes their bath.

Then Uncle Wiggly started off over the fields, which were still covered with the winter snow. As he went along he looked on all sides for an adventure, but the only one he saw was a little rabbit boy throwing snowballs.

"And I don't want that kind of an adventure, especially as I have on my tall silk hat," Uncle Wiggly said to himself as he hopped quickly around a stump where the little rabbit boy would not see him.

Pretty soon Uncle Wiggly found himself alone in the woods. There, he knew, the snowball throwing rabbit boy would not see him, and the old rabbit gentleman walked more slowly.

He looked on all sides, up and down and through the middle, but still he saw no adventure.

"Well, I don't believe anything is going to happen to me today," said Uncle Wiggly to himself, as he scraped away a bit of snow near a rock, to see if any green clover was growing there. But none was, I am sorry to say.

Well, Uncle Wiggly was just going to hop on, thinking perhaps he might go over and have a game of Scotch checkers with Grandfather Goosey Gander, when all at once there was a rustling sound in the bushes back of the rabbit gentleman.

"Ha! Some one is there!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggly, looking carefully around, and getting ready to run if he saw any danger. "Some one is in the bushes," he said. "I only hope it is no bad friend of mine."

Then, all of a sudden, out from the bush came Johnnie Bushytail, the little boy squirrel. He had a very large bundle under his paw, so large, in fact, that he could hardly carry it. And as soon as Johnnie saw Uncle Wiggly he called out:

"Oh, Uncle Wiggly! Such fun! Such fun!"

"Fun, eh?" said Uncle Wiggly. "Fun? Seems to me you have a queer idea of fun, my squirrel boy, carrying a big load like that."

"Oh, I don't in the least mind this," said Johnnie. "It isn't as heavy as it looks. It is only a big loaf of bread, that Mrs. Wibblewobble, the duck lady, asked me to take home to my mother. Mrs. Wibblewobble stopped me on my way from school to give me the bread. But I didn't mean carrying it was fun."

"No? What did you mean then?" asked Uncle Wiggly, brushing a snowflake off his whiskers.

"Why, I've had such fun sliding on the ice!" cried Johnnie. "It's as much fun as eating hickory nuts. Just back here is a little pond, all frozen over, and I have been sliding all over on the ice. It's fine fun. Come on Uncle Wiggly, have a slide," and Johnnie jumped up and down so fast, as he was so happy, that his big tail looked just like two dusting brushes and part of another one. "Come and slide, Uncle Wiggly!" he gaily cried.

"Well, I don't mind if I do, Johnnie the rabbit gentleman slowly said. "I came out to look for an adventure, but I can't seem to find any. So I will take a slide on the ice instead. Where is the pond?"

"Right back here," said the squirrel boy, and he went on ahead to show Uncle Wiggly the way. Soon they came to a little frozen pond in the midst of the woods.

"This is how you slide!" cried Johnnie, as he laid the big loaf of bread down on the ground. Then he took a little run, held his legs stiff and away

he slid, just like a penny rolling down the board walk.

"Ha! Hum!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggly, "I used to know how to slide when I was a young rabbit, and I guess I have not forgotten. Here I come! Look out, Johnnie!"

With that the rabbit gentleman put his tall silk hat firmly on his head, took a little run, and away he slid as nicely as Johnnie had done.

But, alas! As Uncle Wiggly was sliding along, and as he reached the center of the ice, there was a sudden crackling, a rumbling, scrambling, tumbling sort of sound, and all at once the ice broke, and flop! into the water went the old rabbit gentleman, kerplunk!

"Oh, dear!" cried Johnnie on the bank, as he saw what had happened. "Oh, this is terrible!"

"I should say it was!" gurgled Uncle Wiggly. "This is an adventure indeed. Help! Help! Go for help, Johnnie!"

"No, I will help you myself," said the brave squirrel boy. "It was my fault that you slid on the ice, though I did not know it was so thin that it would break with you. But I will get you out."

"Don't you dare come out on the ice, Johnnie!" cried Uncle Wiggly. "If you do it will break, and you, too, will fall in!"

"That's just what I want it to do!" cried Johnnie. "That's how I'm going to save you!"

Taking up the big loaf of bread in his paws Johnnie ran out on the ice, "Crack!" it went, letting him fall in the cold water where Uncle Wiggly was floundering about.

"Now see what you have done, Johnnie!" cried the rabbit gentleman. This is worse and worse!"

"No, it is better and better!" cried Johnnie. "See the loaf of bread is just like a boat or a raft. Get on it, you and I, and I will hoist my big tail like a sail. The wind will blow on it and we will sail safely to shore."

And surely enough, that is what they did. Uncle Wiggly crawled up out of the water on the big loaf of bread and so did Johnnie and when the squirrel boy raised his tall like a sail the wind blew on it, and soon he and Uncle Wiggly and the bread were safe ashore. Of course the rabbit and squirrel were wet through, and they hopped home as fast as they could to get on dry things. But they did not catch cold I am glad to say, and so Uncle Wiggly had his adventure after all, though I fear it was not such a very nice one.

And the next story is going to be about Uncle Wiggly and Billy Nowell the frog boy. And if the fire shovel stands on the sink and throws snowballs at the gas stove to scare the milk bottle I can't help it.

GIRL'S COMPANION ABLE TO LEAVE BED

Iowa City, May 12.—After forty hours' peril following the fatal accident that cost the life of Miss Ruth A. Davis in the Iowa river, Dean W. Harman, of Grand Mound, a senior medical student at Iowa University, was able to leave the hospital. His lungs were sore, and he still felt the effects of his narrow escape from drowning and the inhaling of cold water, but the hospital staff declared there was no further danger of pneumonia, or other troubles, save in slight measure. The ill-fated young woman was taken to her old home in Jefferson. The girl was a leader in the freshmen class here, and had similarly led in her high school class at Jefferson, where she was close to the valedictorian in rank, in June, 1914, when she was graduated.

REFORMED CHURCH HAVING SESSIONS

Liscomb, May 12.—The annual meeting of Iowa classis, synod of the interior of the Reformed church in the United States will be held at the Grace Reformed church at Liscomb this week. The classis made up of the Reformed churches at Des Moines, Okaloosa, Lone Tree, Coneville, Tipton, Maquoketa, Zwingli, Wilton Junction, Lisbon, Cedar Rapids, Columbus Junction and Liscomb, and pastors and delegates from these churches will be in attendance.

BIG FUND FOR IMPROVEMENT.

Sioux City, May 12.—President Gardner of the Chicago & Northwestern, announced at the noonday luncheon of the Commercial club that his road intended to spend about \$200,000 on improvements, including a new freight depot and remodeling the passenger depot and trackage.

OSAGE SENATOR IS AT IOWA BUILDING

FINDS THAT EVERYTHING IN USE AT THE BIG FAIR HOUSE IS MADE HERE.

Osage, May 10.—Former State Senator J. A. Smith of Osage walked into the Iowa building on the exposition grounds at San Francisco, Cal, the other day, looked around, sat down in one of those great big "comfy" davenport and declared his intention of taking a nap and resting up, so he could continue his sight seeing trip.

But the senator did not get a chance to sleep because it was pretty near lunch time and along came W. W. Marsh, chairman of the commission, who invited Mr. Smith and Mrs. Smith up to lunch.

"Pretty good corn bread," said Senator Smith.

"Yes," replied Mr. Marsh, "made from Iowa corn, too."

"I think I'll put a little of that maple syrup on it, if you don't mind," suggested Mr. Smith.

"Tian maple syrup," said Mr. Marsh, "just plain corn syrup—made in Iowa, senator."

The senator put a little butter on his corn bread.

"Butter looks kind of familiar," commented the senator.

"It ought to," said Mr. Marsh. "It was made in Iowa, and you have been eating Iowa butter a good many years, senator."

Just then Senator Smith spied a pitcher of cream.

"I suppose that cream was made in Iowa, too," said the senator with a smile.

"Not exactly made in Iowa," retorted Mr. Marsh, "but cream cows headed by one of Iowa's greatest bulls."

Whereupon Senator Smith shoved back his made-in-Iowa chair, walked across a made-in-Iowa rug and—

No, he didn't smoke an Iowa-made cigar—for the simple reason that the senator doesn't smoke.

THOMAS TO GO TO PIONEER PRESS

Oskaaloosa, May 12.—Announcement was made Tuesday that Floyd E. Thomas has tendered his resignation as athletic director at Penn college and will leave Oskaaloosa within a couple of weeks to accept a position on the local staff of the St. Paul Dispatch and Pioneer Press at St. Paul, Minn. Thomas was formerly engaged in newspaper work, being with the Ottumwa Courier, Omaha News, and later the Knickerbocker Press at Albany, New York.

The news of Thomas' resignation will be received with general regret by the football and basketball fans of Oskaaloosa. During the past year, while he has been in charge of Penn's affairs on the gridiron and basketball court, athletic stock at the Quaker school has been higher than for many years. Penn met faster teams this year in both football and basketball than ever before, and the material from which Thomas had to draw was supposed to be below the standard of former years, but regardless of these facts, both teams won more games than during any previous season in years.

Penn is negotiating with several men whose names are by-words in the athletic realm of Iowa and it is expected that a deal will be closed with one of them within a short time.

LIVED 81 YRS.; NEVER SAW A STREET CAR

Villisca, May 12.—Eighty-one years old and never saw a street car. This epitomizes the quiet existence led by Isaac Delaney, who lived on one farm in this vicinity for 42 years and who was just buried here.

He seldom left the farm unless it was to come to town on matters of business. He and his three brothers, Jesse, Ellis and Dave, had lived together and kept "batch" for 42 years, and with the exception of Jesse, whose wife died five years ago, none of them had ever kept company with a woman.

REED AT LUNCHEON.

Des Moines, May 12.—Federal Judge Martin J. Wade, Claude Porter, attorney and N. F. Reed, marshal for the southern Iowa district were the guests of E. T. Meredith at luncheon at the Des Moines club Tuesday noon. Mr. Meredith invited local business men to be present.

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STATE SENATOR ON EDUCATION BOARD

Des Moines, May 12.—Governor Clarke has announced the appointment of Senator F. F. Jones of Villisca as a member of the state board of education to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Gardner Cowles. He is also appointed for the six year term beginning July 1, 1915.

The senator will resign his seat in the senate and will take his place on the board of education at the meeting to be held Friday at Ames.

The governor also announced the appointment of Charles A. Saunders of Washington, as members of the animal health commission.

STORMS AND FLOODS ARE AN ACT OF GOD

Des Moines, May 12.—Storms and floods of unusual violence must be considered an act of God and cannot be held against a city or town as negligence, according to an opinion handed down by the supreme court in the case of the William Tackberry company, appellant, of Sioux City against the Simmons Warehouse company and the city of Sioux City.

The Tackberry company sought damages as the result of the flood of 1909 when water entered the basement of its building and destroyed goods. The claim was made that the capacity of Perry creek to carry water was lessened by the construction of a certain iron bridge. The Woodbury district court decided in favor of the city and the supreme court affirmed. I coincided with the view of the lower court that "the storm and flood was such an unprecedented one as to constitute an act of God."

TEN MILLION PIKE SPAWN ARE HATCHED

Spirit Lake, May 12.—The work of improving the land recently purchased by the state at the instance of the state game warden, Mr. Hinshaw, is going forward. When completed it will not only be an attractive place to visit but one of great value to the state for stocking Iowa waters with fish propagated and distributed from its hatchery.

During this week fully 10,000,000 pike spawn have been hatched. Several million are being shipped to Clear lake and other bodies of water in the state.

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Attorneys at Law
107 North Court St. Both phones No. 55.

W. D. Tisdale Geo. F. Heindel
TISDALE & HEINDEL
Attorneys at Law
Phoenix Trust Bldg., South Market St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Railroad Time Tables

C. M. & ST. P. TRAINS		
No.	Going Southwest	Depart
5A	Southwest Limited	1:45 a. m.
3A	Kansas City Local	10:15 a. m.
33B	Ottumwa to Seymour	5:30 p. m.
93B	Local freight	7:00 a. m.
	Going East, via Cut-off	
92B	Local	7:45 a. m.
8A	Davenport, Chicago	5:17 p. m.
12A	Leave Junction	12:10 a. m.
	A stub train will leave station for Junction at 11:40 p. m., returning arrive at station at 12:15 a. m.	
	Marion Line, Going North	
4B	Ced. Rapids, Savanna, Chicago	9:30 a. m.
108B	Cedar Rapids, Marion	5:10 p. m.
98B	Local freight	6:30 a. m.
	Marion Line, Coming South	
103B	From Marion	10:15 a. m.
21B	From Marion	12:15 a. m.
97B	Local freight	4:00 p. m.
	A-Daily	
	B-Except Sunday.	
	Local freights depart from and terminate Ottumwa Junction.	
	Locals 92-B and 93-B run on Monday, Wednesday and Friday.	
	T. H. Jacobs, Agent.	

BURLINGTON ROUTE C. B. & Q.

Going East		
No.	Going East	Depart
12A	Chic., Dubg., Quincy	1:00 a. m.
10A	Chicago Limited	6:30 a. m.
22A	Ar. from Des Moines	10:03 p. m.
6A	Chicago Limited	1:39 p. m.
212B	Fr. Mad., St. Louis	8:35 p. m.
4A	Chic., St. Louis, Qcy.	7:15 p. m.
2A	Chic., Peoria, Mad.	11:30 a. m.
178B	Ottumwa, Burlington	11:35 a. m.
	Going West	
5A	Omaha and Nebr.	1:13 a. m.
3A	Omaha, Ore., Calif.	7:37 a. m.
23A	Des Moines local	8:05 a. m.
213B	Ar. from Peoria	11:30 a. m.
179B	Peoria to Creston	1:55 p. m.
1A	Chicago to Denver	4:53 p. m.
11A	Ar. from Burlington	6:50 p. m.
	A-Daily	
	B-Except Sunday.	
	J. H. Robinson, Agent.	

C. R. I. & P. RAILWAY.

Going North		
No.	Going North	Depart
471B	Des Moines, Omaha	7:28 p. m.
473B	Des Moines, east and west	11:30 a. m.
475A	Des Moines, east, west and north	6:22 a. m.
	Going South	
470B	South, east and west	8:45 a. m.
472B	Keokuk and south	8:23 p. m.
474A	...	10:05 p. m.
	Connects at Eldon east bound at 12:45 a. m. and Kansas City and south-west at 1:52 a. m.	
	A-Daily.	
	B-Except Sunday.	
	J. H. Robinson, Agent.	

Going South		
No.	Going South	Depart
2A	Moberly, St. L., K. C.	7:00 a. m.
50B	Moberly and east	8:50 a. m.
96A	Local freight	4:00 p. m.
	Coming North	
51B	Moberly local	11:50 a. m.
8A	From Kansas City	7:10 a. m.
95A	Local freight	1:00 p. m.
	A-Daily.	
	B-Except Sunday.	
	95A and 96A carry passengers Sundays.	
	T. H. Jacobs, Agent.	

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By "Hop"