

Worthy to Wear a Crown

"Are you sure you love your neighbor as yourself?" asked St. Peter, who was cross-examining the new arrival.

"Yes," answered the applicant for a golden crown. "For ten years he used my telephone to carry on his business, and I never complained."

"Enter, my good man," said St. Peter, with much feeling.

Use Courier Want Ads for results. One-half cent per word.

PROGRAM IS OUT FOR MEMORIAL DAY

OFFICERS ARE SELECTED AND LINE OF MARCH DESIGNATED FOR SUNDAY.

Final arrangements have been made for the observance of Memorial day in Ottumwa on next Sunday, May 30.

Those who will make up the parade will meet at the court house and the street will be made from there to the Ottumwa cemetery at 2 o'clock.

Upon the arrival at the cemetery the Company G, men will halt at the soldiers' plot and await the others there for the firing of the salutes and the decorating of the graves by a group of little girls.

FLORIS

Mrs. Nora Hoffstatter and Mrs. Myrtle Skinner of Ottumwa visited at the I. E. Wilkinson home Monday night and Tuesday of last week.

Wm. Strickland returned to his home in Marshalltown Thursday after an extended visit with relatives here.

Mrs. Nancy Russell left Friday for her home in Oskaloosa.

Dr. J. C. Box from Ottumwa spent Wednesday evening and Thursday at this place.

Miss Gerada Plank spent several days in Ottumwa last week.

Miss Ethel Harward and Mrs. Isabel Boyer who are visiting here, from Deadwood, N. D., went to Quincy last Friday to visit with Miss Selma Harward and from there they all expected to go to Keokuk to view the dam and from there Mrs. Boyer went to Trenton for several days' visit with her sister Mrs. Freda Parker and other relatives.

Miss Gladys Wilson of Knoxville was an over Sunday visitor here.

Homer Crist who is teaching at Bear Creek visited Saturday night with Harry Christy.

Mrs. Lewis Griggs went to the Bloomfield hospital Monday for surgical treatment.

Mrs. Frankie Harward left Monday for Centerville where she will enter the hospital for an operation for appendicitis.

Chas. Allen who lives south of town came to the station early Monday to meet some relatives from Ohio.

C. E. Swinney spent two days in Fairfield last week on business.

Clarence Blankenship of Belknap was a Floris caller Sunday evening.

Thos. Peden went to Bloomfield Saturday for a few days' visit with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Mohler.

Mrs. Emma Swinney returned to Monroe Tuesday.

U. S. Heady, wife and mother and Mrs. Laura Swinney attended the all day service at the Dunville Baptist church Sunday.

Rev. Jones of Fremont filled the Baptist pulpit here Sunday.

B. S. Denny of Des Moines will preach at the Christian church Sunday May 30.

E. Wilkinson is slightly improved at this time.

Mrs. Hatie Hill, wife of Leslie Hill, died at her home in Floris Sunday at 9:30 p. m. from measles and a complication of diseases. Interment Monday at Dunville cemetery.

who was instantly killed Thursday morning at Burlington when struck by a train, will be held Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the residence, 709 West Mechanic street, conducted by Rev. E. W. Farris Holler of the Benton Street Presbyterian church. Interment will be made in Ottumwa cemetery.

Alonzo A. Nellens. The funeral of Alonzo A. Nellens,

STUMP BLOWER IS BLOWN TO PIECES

Hamburg, May 28.—Jake Million, a professional stump blower, known locally as "Dynamite Pete," was literally blown to pieces here when a charge of dynamite blew up from a match dropped into the box after touching off a charge.

The explosion was heard miles away. One foot and shoe were found fifty yards one way, and the other shoe fifty yards in the opposite direction. Pieces of flesh and clothing were scattered all the way between.

Million had worked hard at the business for thirteen years, but never was very careful around explosives, having grown exceedingly careless through long handling and immunity from injury.

AVERY.

Mrs. Mary Biltzerman and son William, and granddaughter, Miss Mary West of Ottumwa, departed for Los Angeles and San Francisco, for a three months visit.

Mrs. Emma Evans and daughter Winnie departed for Oklahoma last week on business.

Mrs. Mima Goodwin and children spent last week at Charlton, visiting the lady's sister.

The base ball game Sunday on the Avery diamond, was 6 to 1 in favor of the Ottumwa team.

John G. Ewand and wife of Albia, spent Sunday at the P. H. Hynes home.

Mrs. Jennie Clapp and son, Robert, spent last Tuesday with her sister Mrs. Hill at Bussey.

Mrs. Henry Biltzerman and son Henry, Jr., are visiting her mother and sister in Chicago.

J. W. Richter and Prof. Johnson were Albia and Ottumwa visitors Saturday.

The Ladies' Union Aid gave a lawn social on the church lawn Saturday evening which was a success in every way. The ladies worked hard for the occasion and had a good crowd.

Nick Fuller was badly injured in the White A. G. mines last week and was taken to the Miners hospital at Albia. One arm was amputated.

The funeral services of Mrs. Lennie Stark were held at the M. E. church on Wednesday afternoon by Rev. White of Albia, and Rev. Ny of Avery. Interment was made at the Covenant cemetery north of Avery.

BELKNAP.

At a school meeting one night last week C. O. Beckley of Bloomfield, was elected principal and Miss Xela Swinney primary teacher.

Mr. Beckley taught a few weeks here about two years ago to finish out the term of Miss Clara Swartz and was liked very well.

Mrs. Elizabeth Irwin of Des Moines came Wednesday to visit her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Irwin.

Mrs. Ira M. Swinney accompanied her daughter Mrs. Charlie Harward to Centerville where she enters the hospital for surgical treatment.

William Cree and Henry Russell were here Saturday night at Washington with the latter's parents.

Mrs. Elliott Bachman and children of Ottumwa spent Saturday and Sunday here with the W. A. Wishard and H. L. Bachman homes.

Mrs. Myra W. B. Anderson and children were here with the W. A. Wishard and H. L. Bachman homes.

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Evening Story

CAPT. EPHRAIM'S CAT.

By Doris Brown. Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Miss Myra Pitt had scanned the "Woodell Weekly Banner," from the advertisement of the Eden Ice Cream Parlors on the front page to the legal notices in the last column of the last page before she discovered Captain Ephraim Hill's advertisement tucked away next to Hinderman's Cough Balm.

"Lost, strayed or stolen—Handsome tortoise shell cat; answers to name of Tibby; last seen headed south-southeast, from my front gate. Reward for return to Captain Ephraim Hill, Harbor Cottage."

"All that fuss over a contrapted cat! sniffed Myra, snapping her black eyes dangerously at Captain Ephraim's front gate, which was almost directly northwest from her little house. "If it had been his wife, Ephraim Hill could not have taken more care in advertising for her to come home."

But Captain Ephraim had neither wife nor child, and fussed all day long over his chickens and his oyster sloop and his pet cat, Miss Tibby.

At this very moment he was standing at his front gate puffing disconsolately at his stubby black pipe and staring in a "south-southeasterly" direction, which led his eyes straight to the doorway of Miss Myra Pitt.

"She hates cats like plsen, but I don't think she's harm Miss Tibby—came forth, trim and neat, in a fresh lilac lawn with a black velvet bow at her round throat. Her hair was bright brown and her skin was pink and unweathered by Myra's harsher any critter except one or two well meaning beans!" reflected the captain dolefully.

"I wish I knew where Tibby was. If she's dead I want she should have decent burial."

Miss Pitt's door opened and she lined. Contrary to Woodell tradition Myra Pitt continued for many years to be a maid, but she refused to grow old.

"Trim little craft," muttered the captain, as his neighbor approached, her black eyes dancing as usual.

"Good evening, Myra," he greeted her, removing the stubby pipe from between his lips.

"Good evening, captain," returned Myra, pausing. "You heard anything about your cat?"

"Not a word."

"I've got to say this," went on Myra firmly; it's a sort of a reflection on me—your putting that in the paper about Tibby being seen going south-southeast, that would mean she was going right through my gate or onto my property."

"So she was,"

"Land sakes!" gasped Myra, clinging to the gate. "Next thing you'll be saying that I stole Tibby."

"Hum! You aint any too fond of cats," ventured the captain warily.

"I hate 'em."

The captain grew red with anger.

"You're the first old maid I ever saw who didn't set store by cats," he barked rudely.

"I'm the first old maid who didn't accept the first half-witted old bachelor who wanted to marry her!" retorted Myra still more rudely.

"Captain Ephraim grew still more crimson.

"I'm confounded glad you didn't," he roared.

Myra smiled provokingly over her shoulder as she turned away.

At that moment two barefooted lads came scuffling along the dusty road.

"Oh, Cap'n Eph! I jest heard a cat; sounded like your Tibby!" called one of them excitedly.

"Where was she?" demanded Myra and the captain in duet.

"In Miss Pitt's smokehouse," was the startling reply. "We goner git the reward, cap'n?"

"If you're telling me the truth," promised the captain solemnly. "You are Lou Sawyer's boys, aint you? Well, I'll come down to your place and let you know. No, you needn't come along boys; Miss Pitt and me'll settle this cat affair without any assistance from anybody."

The Sawyer boys disappeared in a cloud of white dust and Captain Ephraim faced a very pale and shaking little woman.

"I reckon we better be setting sail for your smokehouse Myra," he said mildly.

There was a scared look in Myra Pitt's flashing black eyes. She was turning over a dozen impossible plans

through which the captain might be diverted from humiliating her by making a search of her premises.

"It'll be on every tongue in town," she thought with mental anguish, but never a word did her lips utter. She lifted her brown head and proudly led front gate, up the gravelled path and around it between the pungent box borders to the little weather beaten smokehouse near the orchard.

"What's that?" demanded Captain Ephraim, cupping a sunburned hand behind his ear.

"M-r-r-e-e-eow!"

There was no mistaking Tibby's peculiar wall of despair.

"I guess we've sighted a sail," remarked the captain dryly as he tramped up the grassy path to the smokehouse door.

Myra grew paler than before. All the pink from her sweet face and she looked drawn and old.

"M-r-r-e-e-eow!" yowled Tibby from within.

The latch clicked sharply and the door swung open. Something yellow and gray and white, with shining fiery eyes, leaped out and alighted on the captain's blue cloth shoulder.

Tibby's voice became one of purring delight in the reunion.

Captain Ephraim's hand stroked her silky coat, but his bright blue eyes were staring into the open door of the smokehouse.

On the clean, bare floor were set a tempting array of blue and white china saucers.

One saucer contained cream, another white bread of chicken, another water. A soft, silken pillow showed where Tibby had rested her well fed body.

Surely Tibby had fared well.

Capt. Ephraim's blue eyes turned in puzzled inquiry on Myra's down cast face.

"What made you do it, Myra?" he asked sternly.

"How do you know?" she lifted her head, saw the incriminating row of saucers in the smokehouse, and hid her face in her hands.

Tibby snarled as her master unceremoniously shook her to the ground. His hands gently grasped Myra's fingers and pulled them away from wet eyes.

"How did I know?" he chuckled softly. "Why, I jest happened to see Tibby cruising over this way—and I saw you steer her into the smokehouse and I knew she was there; but I couldn't understand what you wanted of her. I wasn't afraid you'd harm her—leastways, I was pretty sure you wouldn't. I says to myself, 'If she harms poor Tibby, I'll be confounded glad she wouldn't marry me. If she don't harm her, why, I'll jest keep on being sorry she won't have me and make me the unloneliest man in Woodell!"

"Oh-oh!" sobbed Myra Pitt.

"Why did you lock up my Tibby and then treat her like the Queen of Cats?" insisted Capt. Ephraim.

"Oh, because—because I was jealous of her, there!" confessed Myra. "She used to come to meet you every night—and I wanted to be doing it myself, Ephraim—yes I did! Don't ask me why I didn't accept you five years ago—I don't know why. Only, now—only, now—"

"Only, now, you do!" finished Capt. Ephraim so very acceptably that Myra's brown head drooped on his comfortably broad shoulder and remained there.

After that, it was Tibby's turn to be jealous.

KIRKVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Thompson returned home Monday after a few days' visit at the home of their daughter Mrs. Elmer Hoadley of Marshalltown.

Miss Merle Felham returned to Marshalltown Monday after a week's visit at the home of her grandmother.

Mrs. Eliza Pike and granddaughter Miss Mildred Aldridge departed Tuesday for Hiteman where they will visit at the home of her daughter Mr. and Mrs. Dave Masters and her son Mr. and Mrs. Hurman Pike of Sloux Falls, S. D.

Rev. and Mrs. Montgomery returned home Wednesday after a few days' visit at the home of their daughter Mr. and Mrs. Walker of Ottumwa.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Parks spent Thursday at the home of their daughter Mr. and Mrs. Harry Reed.

Miss Lorene Belford returned home Sunday after a week's visit at the home of her grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Parks.

Misses Maude Shaw and Margaret Newell spent Sunday with their friend Miss Cecil Moore.

For Sale—160 acre farm five miles south of Center, Ralls county, Missouri, ten miles north of Vandalla. Audrain county, Missouri. Forty acres in pasture, 120 acres in corn and oats, rented for one-half delivered. All prairie land, fair improvements, good black corn land; within a half mile of a school house. Price \$55 per acre, on long time with easy payments. No agents. 280 acre stock farm three miles southwest of Mexico, Audrain county, Missouri, all in grass, all prairie land, all under hog tight fence; fair improvements. Price \$60 per acre on long time with easy payments.

W. H. Logan, Owner Laddonia, Missouri

THE FARMER'S ATTENTION

is called to the fact that I do first class work at a VERY LOW PRICE, because my expenses are so low. I give PERSONAL attention to all work. As a sample of my prices: Watch crystals for any kind of a watch or clock.....10C Best genuine main springs.....\$1.00 Your watch cleaned and regulated.....\$1.00 Your mantle clock made good as new.....\$1.00 All kinds of jewelry repairing at LOW PRICES and same will pay for your watch crystal.

O. BOOKIN Second door east of Jefferson street across from the opera house.

In Memoriam

Letha Mildred Davidson. Letha Mildred, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Davidson, was born near Batavia, Iowa, February 8, 1900, and passed to her eternal home May 10, 1915, after an illness of two weeks of typhoid fever.

May we think of some of the things embraced in those fifteen years, three months and two days of earthly pilgrimage. Since 1910 when her parents removed to Ottumwa, her home has been in this city. She was a member of the eighth grade at the Douglas school and much loved by her teachers and school mates. The first six years of her school life she was neither absent nor tardy.

In the fall of 1910, when just ten years of age, she showed her love for Christ and his church by uniting with the Willard St. Methodist Episcopal during the pastorate of Rev. E. J. Shook. The following spring her parents, having moved to the north side, she was taken into full membership at the First M. E. church, under the pastorate of Dr. T. W. Jeffrey.

So faithful was she to the work of the church that for ten years she had not missed attending Sabbath school. She believed the blessings she enjoyed as a girl in a Christian land, should be given to children of all lands, and she had been very active, as a member of the children's mission band in helping raise the money to support a little girl in the M. E. mission school at Vikara bad, India. Later when a member of the junior mission band she had become interested in the education of a girl at Uygulung, China. This girl will now be supported by the remaining members of the band and will be known as the Letha Davidson memorial scholarship. Thus her unfinished work is taken up by other hands and the influence of her sweet life thus continues.

During the recent revival at the First M. E. church Letha was often present and often testified to her faith in Christ and her love for him as her personal saviour.

She leaves behind to mourn her loss a father, mother, two brothers, Vernon and Donovan, one sister, Edith, both grandmothers, besides uncles, aunts, cousins and a host of friends, both young and old, who loved her for the beauty of her character and the usefulness that permeated her every action.—Contributed.

CORONATION TO BE HELD SUNDAY NIGHT

The annual May custom of the coronation of the Queen of May will be observed at St. Patrick's church Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. The children of the parish have been drilling for some time past for the exercises which are a very pretty and always attract a large audience. They are usually held the last Sunday in May. Benediction of the blessed sacrament will close the exercises of the evening.

Bringing Up Father

By George McManus

