

Semi-Weekly Courier

BY THE COURIER PRINTING CO. Founded August 8, 1848 Member of the Lee Newspaper Syndicate.

A. W. LEE, Founder JAS. F. POWELL, Publisher R. D. MAC MANUS, Managing Editor

Daily Courier, 1 year by mail, \$3.00 Semi-Weekly Courier, 1 year, 1.50

OFFICE: 117-119 East Second Street. Telephones: Business office, 44; editorial offices, 173.

Address: The Courier Printing Company, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Entered as second class matter October 17, 1903, at the postoffice, Ottumwa, Iowa, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Foreign representatives: Cone, Lorrain & Woodman, Mailers Building, Chicago, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City; Gumbel Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP.

Government ownership is a widely discussed topic at the present time and for that reason it is interesting to learn how it has worked out in Canada, in the case of the Manitoba Telephone system.

Some of the inside facts regarding the experience of the Province of Manitoba in operating its own telephone system are disclosed in a book which will be published this week by Moffat, Yard & Company.

According to Professor Mavor, the venture has been a losing one since its start in 1908, the aggregate losses for seven years, amounting to one million dollars.

The technical management of the system was always subordinated to the political management; even rates were determined, not by the commissioners appointed by the government, but by the government itself.

CAMPAIGN AT AN END.

For the past six weeks, a religious revival has been in progress in Ottumwa.

The Scoville campaign will end Sunday, so it is not too early now to review it and see what it has accomplished and decide what it has been worth to the community.

Dr. Scoville has avoided doing that which many people believed an evangelist had to do in order to make a success of his campaign.

A CHRISTMAS IDEA.

A very commendable idea in connection with the celebration of Christmas is the placing of candles in windows.

NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

The prohibition forces in congress are getting very near to the point where they will be able to force a record vote on a proposition to make the entire nation dry.

WELL DONE, FIREMEN.

The Ottumwa fire men and especially those men who made the remarkable trip to Oskaloosa Friday

morning, are deserving of commendation. They showed a high standard of efficiency, unusual endurance, and unselfishness which marks them as worthy of the faith which the citizens repose in them when it hires them to serve as protectors against fire.

Oskaloosa's cry for help reached Ottumwa at 5:40 o'clock Friday morning. A big fire was raging in Oskaloosa and there was danger that a large part of the city might be swept away.

The assistance of skilled firemen and more apparatus was needed and at once, as the blaze had already been raging several hours and was spreading rapidly, Ottumwa and Grinnell were notified.

Chief Sloan and his men did not hesitate a minute after the plea for help came. They forgot that the year mark and that a raging gale was blowing. They overlooked the hardship of a dash of thirty miles under such conditions and were not alarmed at the prospect of even greater hardships after enduring the first.

They waited only long enough to get into the warmest clothing available and to fill the gasoline and oil tanks on the fire truck and then they were off.

The Ottumwa firemen returned with the hearty thanks of the Oskaloosa authorities ringing in their ears.

ENGLAND AND "TOO LATE."

James Keeley, editor of the Chicago Herald, who has returned from England, says that the whole history of England's failures so far in the present war is explained in the two words, "too late."

Mr. Keeley asks that a real tariff commission be appointed at once to study what may happen after the war and make such recommendations with regard to a tariff as may be necessary to protect the home market in the United States against this after-the-war invasion.

A CHRISTMAS IDEA.

A very commendable idea in connection with the celebration of Christmas is the placing of candles in windows.

NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

The prohibition forces in congress are getting very near to the point where they will be able to force a record vote on a proposition to make the entire nation dry.

WELL DONE, FIREMEN.

The Ottumwa fire men and especially those men who made the remarkable trip to Oskaloosa Friday

Children's Evening Story

UNCLE WIGGLY AND THE FAIRY SPECTACLES.

Sammie and Susie Littell were playing out in front of their burrow. Their mamma had a headache, and had gone to lie down in a dark room.

"What shall we do?" asked Susie. "Oh I don't know," replied her brother. "I suppose we play stumps tag."

So Sammie began to hop after Susie. You see, when you play stumps tag you have to keep on a stump if you don't want to be tagged.

"You children will have to make less racket," he said, real cross like. "Your mamma has a headache."

"Now you must run right away from here!" cried Uncle Wiggly, coming to the door of the underground house again, and he spoke still more crossly.

"What do you suppose all Uncle Wiggly asked Susie, as she and Sammie hopped away.

"I don't know," replied Sammie, "unless it's his rheumatism again."

"No, it can't be that. Don't you remember the red fairy cured him?"

"Oh, no, fairies don't do things that way. I guess he must have indigestion. But I wish he wouldn't be so cross, especially when mamma has a headache and Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy can't come out to play with us."

"What's too bad?" asked a little voice, under a big clump of grass, and at that moment what should come walking out but a little pink fairy.

"What's the matter?" asked Susie. "What's everything looks different?" answered her uncle.

"Oh, thank you, I only eat rose leaf ice cream," the fairy said. "But I'm not hungry now. Good luck to all of you, and may you be always happy!"

"What about mamma's headache?" asked Susie. "Oh, I'll stop that in a minute," replied the fairy kindly, so she waved her magic wand in the air three times.

Word has been sent out from Washington that very few new appointments will be made. It is not satisfactory to create new offices, with no money in the treasury to pay the salaries.

Aren't you just worried sick over the fact that "war brides" are falling off in value and that the price of wheat is dropping?

"Eat mush," advises Champ Clark, who may be right. We read it, talk it and sing it, so why not eat it?

Don't think your neighbor is dishonest unless you have certain evidence of it.

Let's go to the movies, sed Lilly. No, I want to stay home for a chance, sed Reddy.

Aw, I want to go to the movies, lets go to the movies, sed Lilly.

You herd wat I sed, woman, your my wife and you got to obey me, sed Reddy.

Is this my lawyer? he asked. "Yes," said the judge. "And he is going to defend me?"

"If he should die could I have another lawyer?" "Yes."

"Then, your honor, I request the privilege of seeing him in the back room for a few minutes."

A tight listed old man, being mortally ill, called to his three best friends, who were an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman.

They all agreed and when their friend died the Englishman solemnly placed 100 pounds in Bank of England notes in his late friend's coffin.

The Irishman laid 100 pounds of gold beside the notes and the Scotchman took out the 200 pounds, leaving in its place a check for 300 pounds.

A young writer who has been rather unfortunate in the matter of sales recently confided to a friend that he had at last written something that he was sure would be accepted by the very

Evening Story

AMICABLY SETTLED.

By H. A. Slattengren. (Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Hank Ruffy stood out of his shack into the hot Montana sunshine. He lived alone with his son Audrey. Glancing over the sun-baked plains he noticed something in the distance which caused him to hesitate and look more carefully.

"Aha!" exclaimed the pink fairy. "I see what the trouble is. It's your spectacles." "They're all right," growled Uncle Wiggly.

"They are not," declared the fairy very decidedly. "Let me look at them" and before you could say "Pussy cat Mole jumped over a coal," she frisked those glasses off. "Oh!" she cried, "look here, Sammie and Susie! What terribly gloomy spectacles!"

Then Sammie and Susie! What terribly gloomy spectacles! Then she held them up, first in front of Sammie, and then in front of Susie.

"Hello," he shouted. "Audrey," came a voice from the shade of the shack.

"McLaughlin's cattle have broken into the oats again. I'm going over to give him a piece of my mind. You might look over the binder."

"All right, I'll keep busy." "In a few minutes Ruffy was astride his pony, raising clouds of white alkali dust, galloping in the direction of McLaughlin's ranch.

"How are you, Hank? Glad to see you." "Say, your cattle have broken into my outfield again."

"By Heck! Is that so?" said McLaughlin in surprise as he arose. "Yes, that's so, and you'd better get them out of there."

"Sure, Hank, as soon as possible. Hope you aren't angry." "No, but it's a mighty unprofitable way of raising grain."

"Yes, it is, but it won't happen again. Have a cigar?" Ruffy accepted this and rode away.

On the following afternoon McLaughlin noticed that some cattle were in his wheat field. Hastily propering a field glass he saw that the cattle belonged to Ruffy.

"Aha, tit for tat," he thought as he saddled his pony and rode away toward Ruffy's ranch.

"Hello, Hank. Nothing much, except that your cattle are sampling my wheat."

"The deuce they are. Darned critters anyway. Say Audrey, hurry up and get my mavericks out of McLaughlin's grain. Be sure to fix the fence for good."

"I got you." "How about some Sunnybrook?" asked Ruffy.

"No, I don't care for any. Thanks, nevertheless. We must keep the cattle out of the grain if we want to do any threshing this fall."

"You are right," agreed Ruffy. "The next time your cattle break into my patch of choice Silver King oats I'll ride over and shoot you."

"The same here," McLaughlin shouted as his horse galloped away.

Audrey was desperately in love with Alga McLaughlin, so much so indeed that he had saved all of his money during the last two years and bought an automobile because she was very fond of motoring.

At about the same time Hank Ruffy became aware of the fact that McLaughlin's cattle had again strayed into his patch of choice Silver King oats.

"Your mavericks are eating up the finest oats I ever had, so I am simply going to shoot you up."

"Same here; your blankety-blank critters are wallowing in my wheat field. I'll return bullet for bullet."

"Get off my horse. I can't shoot you in cold blood."

"That's what I say. I'm quite handy with my fists."

Consequently the two slid from their steeds, slung their rifles over the saddle horns and pulled off their outer clothing. Then after a few minutes of sparring and invective they closed in on each other and engaged in a regular rough and tumble fight.

"Well, what is thunder is the meaning of all this?" asked Audrey in excitement.

"Yes, that's what I'd like to know," agreed Alga. "That stiff over there expects to fat-

Evening Story

AMICABLY SETTLED.

By H. A. Slattengren. (Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Hank Ruffy stood out of his shack into the hot Montana sunshine. He lived alone with his son Audrey. Glancing over the sun-baked plains he noticed something in the distance which caused him to hesitate and look more carefully.

"Aha!" exclaimed the pink fairy. "I see what the trouble is. It's your spectacles." "They're all right," growled Uncle Wiggly.

"They are not," declared the fairy very decidedly. "Let me look at them" and before you could say "Pussy cat Mole jumped over a coal," she frisked those glasses off. "Oh!" she cried, "look here, Sammie and Susie! What terribly gloomy spectacles!"

Then Sammie and Susie! What terribly gloomy spectacles! Then she held them up, first in front of Sammie, and then in front of Susie.

"Hello," he shouted. "Audrey," came a voice from the shade of the shack.

"McLaughlin's cattle have broken into the oats again. I'm going over to give him a piece of my mind. You might look over the binder."

"All right, I'll keep busy." "In a few minutes Ruffy was astride his pony, raising clouds of white alkali dust, galloping in the direction of McLaughlin's ranch.

"How are you, Hank? Glad to see you." "Say, your cattle have broken into my outfield again."

"By Heck! Is that so?" said McLaughlin in surprise as he arose. "Yes, that's so, and you'd better get them out of there."

"Sure, Hank, as soon as possible. Hope you aren't angry." "No, but it's a mighty unprofitable way of raising grain."

"Yes, it is, but it won't happen again. Have a cigar?" Ruffy accepted this and rode away.

On the following afternoon McLaughlin noticed that some cattle were in his wheat field. Hastily propering a field glass he saw that the cattle belonged to Ruffy.

"Aha, tit for tat," he thought as he saddled his pony and rode away toward Ruffy's ranch.

"Hello, Hank. Nothing much, except that your cattle are sampling my wheat."

"The deuce they are. Darned critters anyway. Say Audrey, hurry up and get my mavericks out of McLaughlin's grain. Be sure to fix the fence for good."

"I got you." "How about some Sunnybrook?" asked Ruffy.

"No, I don't care for any. Thanks, nevertheless. We must keep the cattle out of the grain if we want to do any threshing this fall."

"You are right," agreed Ruffy. "The next time your cattle break into my patch of choice Silver King oats I'll ride over and shoot you."

"The same here," McLaughlin shouted as his horse galloped away.

Audrey was desperately in love with Alga McLaughlin, so much so indeed that he had saved all of his money during the last two years and bought an automobile because she was very fond of motoring.

At about the same time Hank Ruffy became aware of the fact that McLaughlin's cattle had again strayed into his patch of choice Silver King oats.

"Your mavericks are eating up the finest oats I ever had, so I am simply going to shoot you up."

"Same here; your blankety-blank critters are wallowing in my wheat field. I'll return bullet for bullet."

"Get off my horse. I can't shoot you in cold blood."

"That's what I say. I'm quite handy with my fists."

Consequently the two slid from their steeds, slung their rifles over the saddle horns and pulled off their outer clothing. Then after a few minutes of sparring and invective they closed in on each other and engaged in a regular rough and tumble fight.

"Well, what is thunder is the meaning of all this?" asked Audrey in excitement.

"Yes, that's what I'd like to know," agreed Alga. "That stiff over there expects to fat-

OSKALOOSA IS APPRECIATIVE

FIREMEN MAKE MANY FRIENDS FOR CITY WHEN THEY AID IN THE BIG FIRE.

That Oskaloosa is deeply appreciative of the assistance rendered by the local firemen at the disastrous fire Friday is shown by the following excerpts from the Oskaloosa Daily Herald's account of the affair:

Ottumwa returned the favors this morning and they were sorely appreciated. The Ottumwa fire company, answering Oskaloosa's call for help made a remarkable overland run from Ottumwa to Oskaloosa before daylight.

The thirty-three miles of rough country road was covered by Ottumwa's truck in less than an hour. Leaving Ottumwa at four minutes of 6 o'clock the Ottumwa boys arrived on the scene before seven.

It was through the assistance of the Ottumwa company and the Grinnell fire fighters that the progress of the blaze was stopped and further loss prevented. Our boys were about worn out with the long grind when help arrived.

Ottumwa remembered the time when Oskaloosa's company responded to the Ottumwa call and made the trip through the cold and bitter weather of mid winter to the Wapello county city to assist Ottumwa to stop her disastrous blaze.

"No siree, Mayor Harold, we would not think of taking any money for our services. We were only too glad to assist and then Ottumwa hasn't forgotten how Oskaloosa saved the day, a few years ago." And Ottumwa did not take the \$20 which the city of Oskaloosa decided to present to the down state firemen. Fire Chief G. L. Sloan would not listen to the mayor or councilmen.

Starting as he did in the dark of night, carrying five men and full equipment of fire fighting apparatus, Captain Robert Frost of the Ottumwa fire department accomplished a great feat in his drive to Oskaloosa. He negotiated the distance of thirty-three miles in less than an hour between starting and stopping of his motor.

On some of the stretches the speed of the truck exceeded seventy-five miles. Roads were excellent, nothing in the way, but facing the wind was a severe punishment for the driver and men clinging to the truck. The ride for the men was like sitting astride the tail of a comet.

OFFICIAL TEXT OF PEACE OFFER

Washington, D. C., Dec. 15.—An official translation of Germany's note to the entente nations proposing peace negotiations made here from a copy of the official French text obtained from a diplomatic source, shows that, while accurate in substance, the previously published version had many of the document's sentences out of their proper order. The translation follows:

"The most terrible war which history has known has been ravaging a large part of the world for two years and a half. This calamity, which the bonds of thousands of years of a common civilization have not been able to prevent, is injuring humanity in its most precious heritage. It threatens to plunge into its ruins the moral and material progress which was the pride of Europe at the dawn of the twentieth century.

"In this struggle Germany and her allies—Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey—have given proof of their incomparable strength by achieving important successes over adversaries superior in numbers and in war material. Their unshaken lines resist the continuous attacks of the armies of their adversaries. The last diversion in the Balkans has been speedily and victoriously thwarted. Recent events have demonstrated that the prolongation of the war would not be able to break their power of resistance. On the other hand, the general situation justifies them in hoping for further successes.

"It was to defend their existence and their freedom of national development that the four allied powers were forced to take up arms. The achievements of their armies have not altered this purpose. Not a single instance of the enemy's departure from the conviction that respect for the right of other nations is in no way incompatible with legitimate interests. They do not seek to shatter or annihilate their adversaries.

"Conscious of their military and economic power and ready if necessary to continue to the very end the struggle which has been forced upon them, but inspired at the same time with the desire to stop the flow of blood and to put an end to the horrors of war, the four allied powers propose to enter forthwith into negotiations for peace. They are convinced that the proposals which they will submit and which aim to insure the existence, the honor and the development of their peoples will be appropriate to serve as a basis for the reestablishment of a permanent peace.

"If, despite this offer of peace and reconciliation, the struggle should go on, the four allied powers are determined to continue it to the end, disclaiming solemnly before humanity and history responsibility therefor."

LAST CROP REPORT

Government Makes Public Its Final Estimates on the Nation's Agricultural Yields.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 15.—Final estimates of this year's production of the country's principal farm crops were announced by the department of agriculture today. The figures given in comparison are those of the 1910-1914 average:

Corn—2,583,241,000 bushels, compared with 2,732,467,000, the 1910-14 average.

Wheat—639,886,000 bushels, compared with 728,225,000.

Oats—1,251,992,000 bushels, compared with 1,157,961,000.

Barley—180,927,000 against 186,268,000.

Rye—47,823,000 against 37,568,000.

Buckwheat—11,340,000 against 17,022,000.

Flax seed—15,459,000 against 13,253,000.

Rice—41,982,000 against 24,378,000.

Potatoes—285,437,000 against 300,772,000.

Sweet potatoes—70,955,000 against 57,117,000.

Hay (tame)—88,991,000 tons against 96,234,000.

Tobacco—1,130,622,000 pounds against 991,958,000.

Cotton—11,511,000 bales against 14,259,000.

OSKALOOSA IS APPRECIATIVE

FIREMEN MAKE MANY FRIENDS FOR CITY WHEN THEY AID IN THE BIG FIRE.

That Oskaloosa is deeply appreciative of the assistance rendered by the local firemen at the disastrous fire Friday is shown by the following excerpts from the Oskaloosa Daily Herald's account of the affair:

Ottumwa returned the favors this morning and they were sorely appreciated. The Ottumwa fire company, answering Oskaloosa's call for help made a remarkable overland run from Ottumwa to Oskaloosa before daylight.

The thirty-three miles of rough country road was covered by Ottumwa's truck in less than an hour. Leaving Ottumwa at four minutes of 6 o'clock the Ottumwa boys arrived on the scene before seven.

It was through the assistance of the Ottumwa company and the Grinnell fire fighters that the progress of the blaze was stopped and further loss prevented. Our boys were about worn out with the long grind when help arrived.

Ottumwa remembered the time when Oskaloosa's company responded to the Ottumwa call and made the trip through the cold and bitter weather of mid winter to the Wapello county city to assist Ottumwa to stop her disastrous blaze.

"No siree, Mayor Harold, we would not think of taking any money for our services. We were only too glad to assist and then Ottumwa hasn't forgotten how Oskaloosa saved the day, a few years ago." And Ottumwa did not take the \$20 which the city of Oskaloosa decided to present to the down state firemen. Fire Chief G. L. Sloan would not listen to the mayor or councilmen.

Starting as he did in the dark of night, carrying five men and full equipment of fire fighting apparatus, Captain Robert Frost of the Ottumwa fire department accomplished a great feat in his drive to Oskaloosa. He negotiated the distance of thirty-three miles in less than an hour between starting and stopping of his motor.

On some of the stretches the speed of the truck exceeded seventy-five miles. Roads were excellent, nothing in the way, but facing the wind was a severe punishment for the driver and men clinging to the truck. The ride for the men was like sitting astride the tail of a comet.

SUBMARINE'S CREW SAVED FROM DEATH

COAST GUARDSMAN PERFORMS GREAT FEAT IN GETTING ON STRANDED SHIP.

Eureka, Cal., Dec. 15.—The submarine H-3 in which twenty-five enlisted men and two officers of the U. S. navy were imprisoned for hours yesterday while she pounded, disabled, in a heavy surf on the beach north of the Eureka harbor entrance, was still intact as it hauled early today, as far as could be seen from the shore.

The sea was smoother during the night and hope was expressed that with the aid of the coast guard cutter McCullough, which left San Francisco last night and should arrive here during the day, the stranded diver would be hauled back into deep water.

The crew of the H-3 spent the night on the U. S. ship Cheyenne, the mother ship of the H flotilla, in Eureka harbor while the H-1 and the H-2, which were accompanying the H-3 to San Diego from Puget sound, continued on to San Francisco.

When the H-3, the plucky coast guardsman of the Eureka life saving station, loomed up today as the hero of the rescue, while the navy men were still bottled up in the diver, a coast guard cutter with eight men pulled alongside with a lead line for a breeches buoy. When the cutter was dashed away by a giant wave Swains leaped aboard the diver and made the line.

Washed overboard, he grabbed a straggling line and hauled himself to safety, only to be forced to repeat his life or death struggle a moment later. The conning tower hatch was opened to him when the men inside became aware of his presence through his lusty kicks and a little later Swains and members of the crew were able to haul the buoy tackle aboard.

Washed overboard, he grabbed a straggling line and hauled himself to safety, only to be forced to repeat his life or death struggle a moment later. The conning tower hatch was opened to him when the men inside became aware of his presence through his lusty kicks and a little later Swains and members of the crew were able to haul the buoy tackle aboard.

FIND BUMPER RIDER FROZEN ON TRACKS

Atlantic, Dec. 16.—Hurrying home to spend Christmas with his mother in Oshkosh, Wis., and wishing to save his money by riding on the bumpers of a Rock Island passenger train, Charles Clark, who has been employed in an Omaha restaurant, numbered by the zero temperature and while the train was making a sharp curve was thrown off and is now in an Atlantic hospital where it is feared he will die. Clark's feet and hands are frozen and will have to be amputated, and he is otherwise in a serious state. He had lain most of the night on the ground and was picked up by a train crew.

LIVE FISH SCARES POSTOFFICE CLERK

Shenandoah, Dec. 16.—When Miss Christine Swanson, a mail clerk at the Hamburg postoffice, touched a package in the evening delivery and it popped, she gave a shriek that brought the force and the postmaster to her rescue. It happened this way: Stanley Opel's father lives across the Missouri river at Peru, Neb. He sent Stanley a fresh fish that evening and it was of the buffalo species, noted for longevity. When the young woman picked up the package containing the fish it wiggled and squirmed feebly and she dropped it like a hot potato.

GRAND OPERA ASSURED.