

THE WEEK IN CULVER

Little Items of Local Happenings of
Interest to People in Town
and Country

—Lloyd Hawkins is now running his own Ford roadster.

—It is reasonably safe to let the hard coal fire go out now.

—Born, May 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Will Kline of Hibbard, a girl.

—Dan Walters has resumed work at the vacuum cleaner factory.

—If Culver were to be re-named today it should be called Knoxville.

—What the dooryard needed this week was not a lawn mower, but a carpet sweeper.

—Canvassers have begun the work of selling season tickets for the Culver Chautauqua.

—I. G. Fisher has bought Raymond Mikesell's interest in the clothes renovating shop.

—Clark Ferrier has given his new house a body coat of salmon, with the gables a light green.

—Capt. Crook's launch "Charlene" was put into the lake Saturday, and is ready for business.

—William Hays has a new Chalmers six-cylinder, 50-horse power, five-passenger car. It cost \$2,275.

—The paving and gravel road bonds are advertised for sale. Bids will be received up to 2 o'clock on June 19.

—G. T. Bigley of Chicago is cleaning and fixing up the store building at Maxinkuckee Landing and will put Maxinkuckee Landing will put in a stock of goods.

—The restored Sunday trains brought a goodly number of people to the lake last Sunday, and business in the refreshment line showed an improvement.

—The elevator and flouring mill at Knox burned to the ground Tuesday morning. Twelve freight cars and a large portion of Long & Thompson's lumber yard were also destroyed.

—Jap Lake raised a barn Tuesday for Philip Workinger near Burr Oak. The structure is 36x72, 16 foot sides and 30 foot to the peak of the gambrel roof. The

work was done without a mishap. About 45 men were on the work. A bountiful dinner was served.

—With the thermometer at 90 (the highest point of the season) and a strong south wind filling the air with dust, Monday was the most uncomfortable day the town has experienced—since the last preceding day just like it.

—Mrs. D. W. Marmon and her daughter Carrie have identified 95 varieties of wild birds at the lake this season. This involves time, patience, intelligent observation and study besides a real love for the little inhabitants of Birdland.

—Some complaint has been heard in Culver that the authorities are too strict in enforcing the vehicle ordinance. Plymouth isn't so particular, we are told. But the mayor of Plymouth has published a notice warning motorcar drivers that arrests will be made unless they comply with the law. Ordinances should be enforced or repealed.

—There is nothing like travel—getting away from home and seeing how other people do—to get a correct idea of conditions. And yet it is true that some people who never got 50 miles away from Culver know it all and give their opinions with the greatest self-assurance. They can tell you just how the academy ought to be run, but if they were put at the job they couldn't handle the week's washing. They know just what the Vandalia management ought to do, and how the boats on the lake should be run, and how the hotels and churches and stores and the town business and the electric lights and water works should be conducted. If we could only use this wonderful wisdom, what a town we would have!

Lighting at the Depot.

The Vandalia electricians are wiring the station building. The office, waiting room and baggage room will be lighted, and there will be one light under each shed, and one at each end of the depot. Really, we'll be quite fine when this is accomplished. It is not expected that the lake front park will be lighted this year.

Geo. Gibbins and sister from South Bend were Sunday visitors with Sam Leon.

MANY LAKE COTTAGERS ARE HERE FOR SUMMER SEASON

Otto C. Hornung is building a new garage.

Mrs. Heller has left for Chicago for a few days' visit.

Charles Meyers is building a house on Long Point.

W. J. Wood of Indianapolis was a week end visitor at the lake.

The Bardsley cottage on Little Lake is open for the summer.

Mrs. H. H. Fulton and family are at the lake for the summer.

Capt. and Mrs. Knapp have arrived at the Arlington for the summer.

Mrs. Marmon of Indianapolis has recently opened her summer home.

The H. B. Haywoods are closing their cottage for a few days' visit at home.

W. J. Graham was at the lake for a few days to look after his cottage.

A. H. Springer of Terre Haute is now occupying his recently built cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Irwin of Philadelphia are at their cottage for the summer.

Miss Anita Meehl and Miss Leah Henry are visiting at the Wheeler cottage.

Frank Vajen is having his cottage repainted and put in readiness for the summer.

Fultons' Green Gables is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Bawden of Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Hann are at

their cottage and their children will come next week.

Many people are at the lake getting their cottages in readiness for an enjoyable summer season.

Mrs. J. C. McFarland and daughters and the Misses McCormick have opened Sunnyside for the summer.

George Dent of Chicago will occupy one of the Capron cottages. Pou Ether of South Bend will occupy the other.

J. Wesley Smith, Mr. Pfaltzgral, Mr. J. W. Murphy and family of Indianapolis are expected resorters at the Bay View Place.

Bert Ralston is building a cottage in the assembly grounds, which is to be occupied by Mrs. Jones and daughter of Lebanon for the summer.

W. Jones has returned from Maxinkuckee lake where he has been building a cottage and steps down to the water for Gideon Blain of Indianapolis.—Plymouth Republican.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Ward and Mr. P. C. Ward and family of Evanston, Ill., and Mr. and Mrs. Peirce of Lafayette arrived yesterday to occupy their cottage during a stay of two weeks.

The Misses Rose and Marguerite Holzbauer, Evelyn and Eleanor Sullivan, Mrs. Harry Hoham of Plymouth and Miss Edith Meyers of Valparaiso were at the Capron cottage to enjoy the lake breezes for a few days.

ELECTRIC LIGHT HERE

Darkness Forever Banished from Culver's Streets
---New Illuminant a Complete Success.

Culver made its little bow and was introduced into larger company last Thursday evening at 7:40 when the electric current from the Plymouth Electric Light and Power company's plant was flashed along the intervening 12 miles of wire and blazed forth on every street corner in town. Thirty-seven lamps of 100-candle power each in the residence district and four lamps of 200-candle power each in the business center glowed in the darkening sky and sent their reflection along highway and sidewalk.

The verdict of the Citizen is that the lighting system is a success, that it is all that could be expected by any reasonable person, and that it is all that is necessary for the needs of the town. It is not possible to read a newspaper in the middle of the block, but we do not understand that it is necessary to read a newspaper in the street after nightfall, or that anybody wants to do so. In fact a great many people in Culver do not read a newspaper in daylight nor in their homes by their own lamplight, so far as the Citizen has been able to discover. But if the purpose of the street lights is to so illuminate the sidewalks that one can see a pedestrian approaching at any point in the block, or to so light the roadway that an approaching vehicle can be seen for five or six blocks, the street-lighting system is a success.

A considerable number of business houses and residences have been wired, and are now enjoying the modern light. The work is still in progress, four firms of electricians being at work, and it is predicted that more houses will be wired next year than this year. In fact, people who are able to af-

ford the outlay will not long deprive themselves of this safe and satisfactory means of illumination. The day is not far distant when even farm houses generally will be wired and light furnished to them as freely as telephone service.

Two circuits will be used—one for street lighting and power, and one for interior lighting. A big transformer on Bunker Hill reduces the voltage for the lighting circuit. The street lights will be regulated from a switch on a pole in front of O. T. Goss' residence. A clock will be attached to the switch and automatically turn on the lights at a designated hour, and turn them off at 11 o'clock on every night except Saturday when they will run until 12 o'clock. The thirty-seven 100-candle power lights will cost the town \$21 per year each and the 200-candle power lights \$32, a total of \$905 per year. As the 200-candle power lamps are not now being made the present lamps will soon be replaced with those of 250-candle power, and the town will be that much ahead.

C. D. Snoeberger, president of the Plymouth Light and Power Co., has given his personal supervision to the construction of the line from Plymouth and to the installation of the street lighting plant here. In every way he has shown a desire to co-operate with the local authorities and to have everything satisfactory. Where any difference has arisen between him and private property owners or between him and the Telephone company, whose wires parallel his, he has in every case adjusted the matter. We are assured by everyone who is familiar with Mr. Snoeberger's methods of business that he will do more rather than less than his contract calls for.

Experience With a Pickpocket.

Lumberman J. O. Ferrier had his first experience with a pickpocket last week. It occurred in a suburban train on the Nickel Plate at Hammond where he intended to buy a ticket to Hibbard. Leaving the car he was closely pressed from behind by two men, while a third, sitting by the door, suddenly arose, stepped in front of Mr. Ferrier and blocked the doorway. There was nothing unusual or suspicious in this; it occurs at almost any large station. A short time later, when Mr. Ferrier stepped to the cashier's desk to pay for his restaurant dinner, he discovered that his pocket-book, containing about \$11, carried in his hip pocket, was gone. He dug up his loose change and found enough to pay for his lunch, with just a nickel over. He then reported his loss to a policeman who took him to the chief's office where a telephone message was sent to Mrs. Ferrier in Culver to telegraph him money to complete his journey.

Death of Wm. A. Smith.

Rev. William A. Smith died at 6 o'clock Monday morning at the age of 82 years. The deceased had been an invalid for a year and a half, following a stroke of paralysis. He was a retired minister of the Northwest Indiana conference, and was a soldier in the war of the rebellion and a member of Miles H. Tibbetts post, G. A. R.—Plymouth Democrat.

Kicked and Bruised.

Ulysses Barkett of the academy force is crippled this week as the result of an encounter with a frightened horse. The old cavalry charger that resentfully draws the garbage

cart sailed forth on one of his per- radical insurrectionary - Moham- median-kill-the-christian forays. Barkett attempted to protect the team in his charge and got between the opposing forces. He was knocked down and trampled upon. He thinks two of his ribs are cracked, and he knows positively that the hand his horse stepped on is put out of business for some time.

Baseball Last Sunday.

A number of fans, both from Kewanna and Culver, witnessed the game on the school grounds on Sunday afternoon between the town teams of Kewanna and Culver. The score ended 10 to 7 for Kewanna. The Culver team expects to play other games during the season. The Culver lineup on Sunday was as follows: Perry Polley, c.; Walter Shear, p.; William Bush, 1b.; Ralph Burch, 2b.; Roy Clemens, 3b.; Herbert Hammond, ss.; Truman Alexander, rf.; Geo. Calhoun, cf.; Roy Myers, sub. Umpire, Newt. Bush; scorer, Russell Fisher.

The Dust Nuisance.

Some people are annoyed by the dust which blows in clouds from the streets. Here is a way to overcome it: Buy a sponge large enough to cover the month and nostrils. Get a sponge that has fairly large holes in it. Snip off bits from the inside until a hollow is formed to fit the face. Tie to each side tapes long enough to fasten behind the head. To use the sponge when walking in the street, wet it and squeeze it nearly dry and tie it in place over the nostrils. It collects all the objectionable dust, and the nostrils and throat are thus kept clear and unirritated.

Memorial Sunday Sermon.

Rev. L. W. Bridge of the Christian church delivered the Memorial Sunday sermon at the M. E. church last Sunday to a full house. Members of Henry Speyer post and the Relief corps attended in a body. The musical numbers were sung by a volunteer choir of a dozen voices from the various churches.

Mr. Bridge's theme was "The Challenge of Peace," based on the passage in Isaiah, "And they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nations shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Mr. Bridge eulogized the soldiers of the civil war. Their valor, he said, was less a physical heroism than an unselfish devotion to the service of their fellow men. Wars do not make heroes; men are heroes before they are tried out in war, and war merely brings out their heroism. The civil war was a catastrophe, as all wars are, and the prosperity of the country today is not because of the victory won by war, but because the men in the war returned home and devoted their lives and energies to the development of our resources in order to regain that which had been lost in the war. War never brings permanent prosperity; it may produce temporary prosperity; but the industries and arts of peace in developing our resources are what cause permanent wealth and strength. The civil war had its origin, not in the determination of the Southern states to secede, nor in the agitation over the slavery question, but in the unrestrained passions of human nature, and it might have been avoided had the men of the North and the South taken more time for reflection, counting the cost. There is as much need for patriotism and courage and militancy today in fighting the social and economic problems that confront us as there was in shouldering a musket in 1861.

They Made Good Time.

Liveryman Haag and Arthur Johnson of the academy Q. M. office made the run from Culver to Chicago last Saturday in a Ford machine in 4½ hours. The distance, via Laporte, was 136 miles.

PERSONAL POINTERS

Brief Mention of Culverites and
Their Friends Who Have
Come and Gone

The Austins have opened a skating rink in Lafayette.

Clara Wiseman spent Sunday in Lakeville.

Mrs. I. G. Fisher attended the funeral of Ezra Finney at Argos, Tuesday.

Kathryn and Josephine Parker are spending a few days with their aunt at Frankfort.

Albert Stahl returned from the hospital last week, and though not strong he is able to be about.

Orin Hoover and family of Plymouth drove to Culver Sunday and spent the day with Charley Asper.

Miss Elnora Taylor, Culver's new superintendent of schools, will remain here during vacation, preparing her work for the coming school year.

J. G. Beck and wife leave Culver next Monday, going to Danville, Ill., for a week's visit, thence to Greencastle where Mr. Beck will explore the territory for a new business location.

Poor Apple Crop.

It is reported that there will be only half an apple crop this fall. It is claimed that the recent heavy rains destroyed the buds of the late apple trees and there will be no late crop. The prospects at the beginning of the season were exceptionally bright for an and a large of orchards are resorting to spraying their trees in order to improve the crop that will be gathered. In the same manner cherry trees suffered and peaches to some extent.—Plymouth Democrat.

Decoration Day at Culver.

The Citizen has not been furnished with the Decoration day program, but can announce that the services will be held Saturday at 10 o'clock at the M. E. church. Rev. J. F. Kenrich will deliver the address.

FREE DELIVERY OF MAIL IS NOW BEING ARRANGED FOR

Steps are being taken to secure free mail delivery for Culver.

The receipts of the postoffice for the past two years have exceeded the amount necessary to secure carrier service, and all that remains to be done is to put up street signs and number houses. The sidewalk system, (which is one of the requirements of the department) is practically complete. The town board is ready and willing to provide the street signs. Since obtaining the street lights the poles can be used for displaying the signs thus relieving the town of the expense of erecting posts. House numbers in aluminum can be had as cheap as 5 or 10 cents each.

Application will be made for one carrier, though if another is needed the inspector sent here to report on the application can recommend additional help. A morning and afternoon delivery can be made all over the corporation within the limits of the sidewalks and possibly an evening delivery can be arranged for within the business district to get parcel post packages as well as letters into the hands of the merchants.

Upon the passage of an ordinance establishing street signs and house numbers a plan of numbering will be adopted. If the people take hold of the matter promptly the service ought to be in operation by October 1.

Not only will the service be a

convenience to both the public and the postoffice, but it will do away with the complaint against high box rent.

Poplar Grove's Memorial.

Program for Sunday, May 31, beginning at 2:30:

Soldiers, sailors and W. R. C. will fall in line just west of the church and march to the church.

Music by Culver M. E. orchestra.

Song by choir.

Invocation by Rev. S. C. Norris.

Music by orchestra.

Song by choir.

Reading of names of deceased soldiers.

Song by choir.

Lincoln's Address by Jeannette Woodriddle.

Music by orchestra.

Memorial address by Rev. J. F. Keurich.

Song, "Marching Through Georgia" by Clarence Myers.

Decoration of our 22 comrades' graves by 22 children.

I. Hess of Argos will act as officer of the day.

A New Building.

Work was started last week on a one story business building, which is to be erected for Mrs. Kate Edwards. This building is to be of frame construction 23½x60 feet. It will adjoin the building occupied by Elza Cromley, near the depot and will be for rent.

THE CULVER CITIZEN

ARTHUR R. HOLT, Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year, in advance.....\$1.00
Six Months, in advance..... .50
Three Months, in advance..... .25

ADVERTISING

Rates for home and foreign advertising made known on application.
Legal advertising at the rates fixed by law.

Entered at the postoffice at Culver, Indiana as second-class mail matter.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

On the label of your paper the date on which your subscription expires is printed each week. All subscriptions are dated from the first of the month shown on the label, and the figures indicate the year. For example, John Jones' subscription is paid to Jan. 1, 1914, and on the pink slip on his paper appears

Jones John Jan 14

When you want to know when your time is out look at the pink label, though the paper will not be stopped without giving you notice.

CULVER, INDIANA, MAY 28, 1914.

Republican Call.

To the Republicans of Marshall County:

Pursuant to a resolution of the Republican central committee of Marshall county you are hereby called to meet in mass convention in Plymouth on Saturday, June 6, at 1 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of nominating a county ticket as follows:

State representative, auditor, clerk, treasurer, sheriff, surveyor, coroner, assessor, commissioner first district, commissioner second district, and to transact such other business as may come before the convention.

It is the earnest desire of the committee that every republican and all others who desire to affiliate with us in Marshall county attend this convention.

R. R. Head, Ch'n.

Harry Knott, Sec'y.

Will Resume Law Practice.

When he retires from the bench this fall, at the end of twelve years as judge of the judicial circuit, it is announced that Judge Harry Bernetha will resume the practice of law at Rochester. He is to take the place of R. C. Stephenson of South Bend in the firm of Holman, Stephenson & Bryant, which will be changed to Holman, Bernetha & Bryant.

Judge Bernetha retires from the bench with the confidence and respect of the people he has served with distinguished ability and impartiality. His record as a judge is such as to give him exceptionally strong standing as an attorney, and it is altogether probable that his practice will prove more profitable to him than the honorable position he has held so long.—Bremen Enquirer.

ROUTE SIXTEEN.

Gladys Beard spent Sunday with Laura Overmyer.

Earl Bolen left Monday for Valparaiso to attend college.

Several from Burr Oak attended the ball game at Knox Sunday.

Ed Poland and Luke Burkett motored to South Bend Sunday.

They are expecting to complete the work on the Ziuk bridge this week.

Several in our vicinity are done planting corn and some are not done plowing.

Lucretia Joseph, who has been in Culver for several months, is now at home.

The Gleaners will have another ice cream supper Saturday night in their hall at Burr Oak.

A party of ten from Burr Oak will go to Orland, Ill. near Joliet, next Sunday to spend the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Woods motored to Newton county Saturday and returned Sunday, the guests of their son and daughter.

Remember the meeting at the Church of God Saturday evening and Sunday. Preaching by Rev. A. E. Hatch, a blind minister, of Aurora, Ill.

NORTH GERMANY

Miss Tressa Edgington, Correspondent.

Mrs. Romelia Shaffer and Mrs. L. W. Neff and baby have returned to Nappanee after a week's visit with the former's sister, Mrs. Mary Edgington, who is quite poorly.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bryan, Roy Overmyer, Clarence Dillon and Mary Jones at W. F. Cook's; Bert Overmyer and family at Ambrose Overmyer's; Perry Walters and family at Robert Walters'; Nellie Overmyer and Howard Anderson at Dell Anderson's.

Jerry Edgington had the misfortune to fall last week Tuesday while assisting in raising a barn on the Lorn Johnson farm. When the building was almost raised, one side collapsed. The timber on which he was standing and above him all fell. He was thrown with it to a wall about 9 feet below, from where he was carried to the shade and Dr. Overmyer sent for. The doctor found the right arm broken, two ribs fractured, and internal injuries causing a slight hemorrhage of the right lung. He is recovering as fast as could be expected.

GREEN TOWNSHIP.

Miss Mary Irwin, Correspondent.

Rev. Wren will preach at Jordan Tuesday evening, June 23.

Preaching at Santa Anna was well attended Sunday afternoon.

The Jordan baptismal services at Maxinkuckee Landing were well attended Sunday. Ten were baptized.

Margaret Elizabeth is the new girl who came to make her home

with Rev. Elmer Jones and wife of Boston, Mass., May 18.

A pleasant surprise was given to Nova Irwin Friday evening in honor of her 18th birthday. About 25 were present. Games and refreshments were the features of the evening. All departed at a late hour wishing her many more happy birthdays.

Sunday visitors: Mildred Quivey at Iva Hittle's; Rev. Haveas at Seymour Lockwood's; Lois Shaw and Beulah Stevenson at Mary Irwin's; the Luther Lockwoods, Wesley Harris, James Voreis, Willie Lake, Orvin Lake, John Stultz and their wives and Mrs. Hultz of Rutland at J. M. Lake's.

Real Estate Transfers

J. Mullen to Wickizer-Bondurant Co, pt sec 4, Polk, \$1.

Savilla Beatty by comr to Norman Beatty, pt secs 26 and 35, West and Union, \$6900.

W. Miller to J. Glasman, pt sec 24, Polk, \$9000.

Lottie Martin to J. Knepp, 22 87 a in sec 7, German, \$1800.

Mary Shaffer to J. H. Shaffer, 26 1/2 a in sec 33, Green, \$1667.

G. Beckner to R. and C. Bunch, 20a in sec 22, M r I, Walnut, \$2500.

D. Shumaker by exr to W. McFarlin, pt sec 17, West, \$500.

S. Harry by sheriff to Receiver, pt sec and pt swq sec 18 and pt nwq and pt neq sec 19, Union, \$1315.

Kitchen Kinks

Popovers should have a hot oven for first ten minutes, then slow for thirty minutes.

Much heavy cake is the result of the oven door not being closed as gently as possible.

Boil graniteware that has become stained in a strong solution of baking soda and water.

When you are ironing, stand on a double thickness of a soft rug. You will find you do not become nearly so tired.

To remove ink spots on polished wood, paint lightly with sweet spirits of nitre. Polish with a cloth dipped in sweet oil.

When washing china with gilt upon it never use soda. Rub a little soap on the dishcloth to make a nice lather, then rinse in clear cold water.

Have large salt shaker in kitchen filled with salt and pepper in proportion to suit your taste, thus saving time and energy when seasoning vegetables.

For Sale—Windmill stand, in fine shape, only \$10. Inquire at Shady Bluff cottage. H. B. Wheeler.

For Sale—Good bedroom suite and center table. Inquire at T. E. Slattery's.

For Sale.

One Aermotor windmill with 3-way anti-freezing pump. Mill has 10-ft wheel and 50-ft. steel tower. All in good condition. Can be seen at The Oaks cottage, Culver. Address, with offer, E. Schurmann, Room 329, Lemcke Bldg., Indianapolis. m7w5

A Typewriter for \$10.

A Bennett typewriter for sale. weighs only 4 1/2 pounds. In leather case. Nearly new. \$5 down and \$1 a week. Can be seen and tested at Citizen office.

Harness Shop

I am carrying the largest and best line of Harness and Horse Goods ever brought to Culver.

Robes, Blankets, Whips, Buggy Storm Fronts, etc. Everything in this line.

Shoe and Harness Repairing a specialty.

D. H. SMITH, Culver

HOUSEHOLDERS AND BUILDERS

Full supply of every description of

Plumbing Goods Pumps and Hose

Ever-Ready Batteries. Repair work. If anything is out of fix call

A. M. ROBERTS Phone 107

FARMERS, TAKE NOTICE!

You can buy the material for Galvanized Iron Roofing, Standing Seams and Corrugated Roofing, ready to put on, at very reasonable prices.

HENRY PECHER

Shop on Main Street Phone 156

Change of Time NICKEL PLATE ROAD

Effective May 3

No. 1 Westbound will leave HIBBARD 2:03 p. m. instead of 2:38 p. m. No change in departure of other trains.

Get full information of agent.

Trustee's Notice.

The undersigned, trustee of Union township hereby gives notice that his office for the transaction of township business will be at Easterday's undertaking rooms, Main street, Culver, Indiana. W. S. EASTERDAY, Trustee.

"MONARCH" PAINT

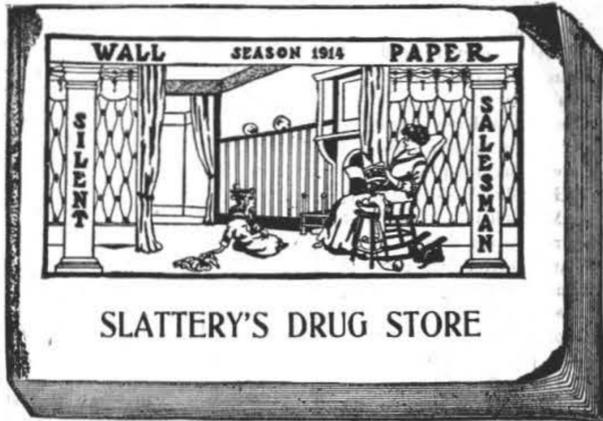
"100 PER CENT PURE"



The reason so many master house painters recommend our MONARCH PAINT is because they know they can do a satisfactory job with it and do it quicker and better than with lead and oil mixed by hand.

MONARCH PAINT is Pure Lead, Zinc, Linseed Oil, Turpentine Dryer, Coloring Matter—and nothing else. Subject to chemical analysis.

The Culver Cash Hardware



DON'T WASTE TIME trying to figure out why a black hen lays a white egg, BUT GET THE EGG

Purina Chicken Chowder is the greatest egg-producing feed in the country. Order a 25-cent Checkerboard bag today from

W. E. HAND, The Grocer

The Dollars and Sense of

JAP-A-LAC

A HIGH GRADE VARNISH AND STAIN COMBINED

Quite aside from the use of Jap-a-Lac as a beautifier of homes, it has wonderful economical properties.

Jap-a-Lac saves money in two different ways:

In the first place it saves money by adding years to the life and wearing properties of woodwork, furniture, floors, etc.

In the second place Jap-a-Lac saves actual dollars and cents by allowing you to do the work yourself, and Jap-a-Lac is so easy to use that it is a genuine pleasure to use it, for there is a fascination about seeing an old, worn and shabby-looking object renew its youth, beauty and strength under one's own hand.

Jap-a-Lac is a most economical covering for floors. A gallon is sufficient to Jap-a-Lac the entire floor of an average size room—a quart for a wide border.

Jap-a-Lac is made in all colors and sizes from 15c cans up.

Ask about Jap-a-Lac in our paint department.

The Culver Cash Hardware

Notice.

Highest market price paid at all times for veal, butter, eggs and all kinds of poultry. Phone 5 or 44-2 W. E. Hand

Sale bills printed at the Citizen.

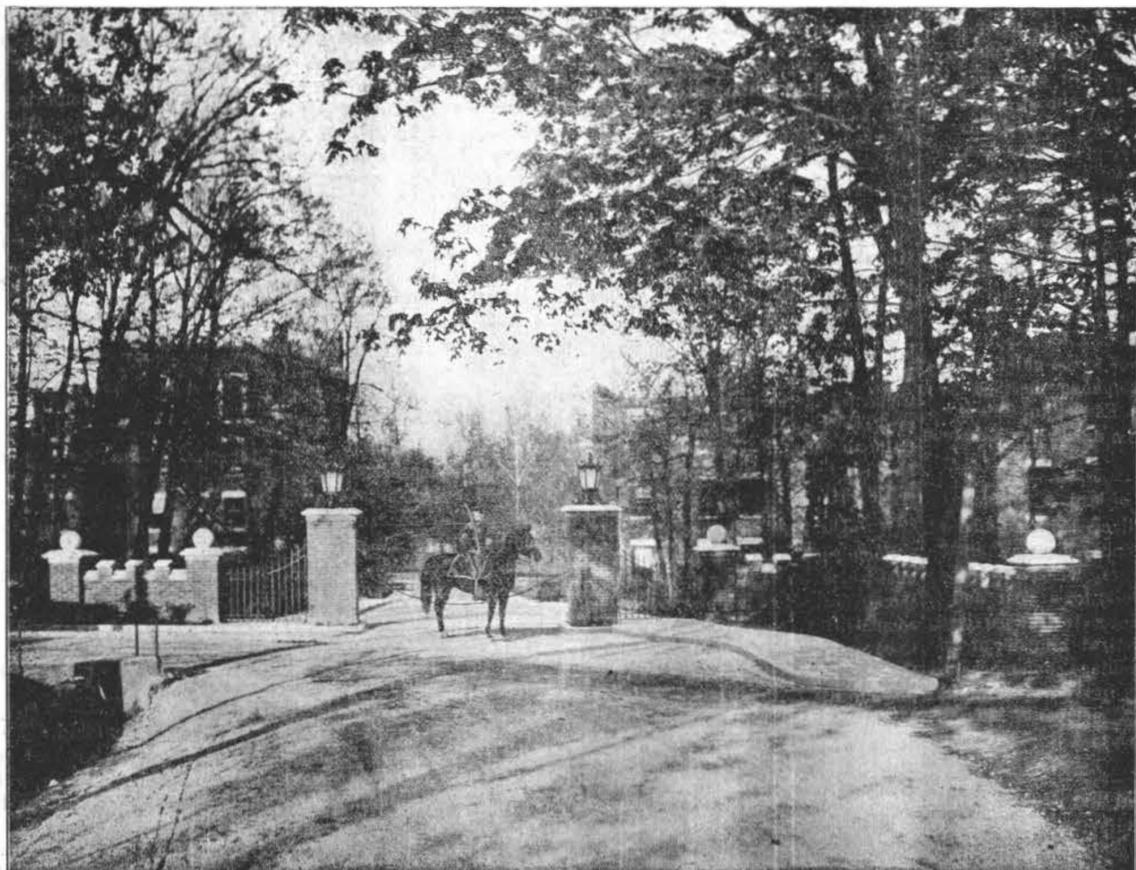
FOR

5 Per Cent LOANS

and Fire Insurance

Call on J. A. MOLTER & CO.

PLYMOUTH, IND.



THE LOGANSPORT GATE—Erected by Citizens of Logansport to Commemorate the Rescue Work of Culver Cadets in the Great Flood of 1913

THE LADY EVELYN

A Story of To-Day

By MAX PEMBERTON.

Author of "The Hatched Dove," "Doctor Xavie," "A Gentleman's Gentleman," "A Patient's Wife," Etc.

CHAPTER XII.

The Unspoken Accusation.

Count Odin had been three days at Melbourne Hall when the Earl returned. For thirty hours he did not recover consciousness; the second day found him restless and but dimly aware of the circumstances of his accident. The third day, however, recorded such an improvement that, as the evening drew on, he sent the maid, Partigan, to my Lady Evelyn begging that she would come to him.

There had been wild excitement in the house, to be sure. Tragedy is ever the delight of the servants' hall; nor was it less delightful because memorable days were few at the Manor. History has recorded that Partigan, the maid, shed tears when she heard that the young man upstairs was a foreigner and exceedingly handsome. Mr. Griggs, the butler, felt it necessary to sample divers vintages of wine and to ask repeatedly what the Earl would think of it. The maids whispered together in corners; the grooms discussed the erring horse with straws protruding from the corners of their mouths. To these worthies and to others the daily bulletin, which the shrewd, side-whiskered Dr. Phillips delivered each morning as he climbed into his motor-car, became as the tidings of a horse-race or of a royal wedding. Rumor had said that the young Count was dead when they carried him to the house. Dr. Phillips declared that he would have him dancing before the month was done.

"Fracture, pshaw!" exclaimed that knowing practitioner; "they might tell you that in Harley Street, but in Derbyshire we know better. He has a skull as thick as a water-but. Concussion, sir, that is the matter. You may tell her ladyship so with my compliments. Concussion is what Dr. Phillips says, and if there is anyone who disputes his word, he'd like to see the man."

They carried the news to Evelyn, who had scarcely left her room since this amazing adventure befell her. A brief account of the accident obtained from the lips of young Felix Horowitz, Count Odin's friend, narrated the simple circumstance that they had been driving from Moretown to Melbourne Hall and had collided upon the way with a hay-cart, whose driver, as the drivers of hay-carts so frequently will, had been taking his siesta during the heat of the day. Thrown from the box into the gutter, the coachman dislocated his shoulder and had many bruises to show; while his horse, terrified at the absence of control, instantly bolted in one of those blind panics which may overtake even the most docile of animals.

Such a story Felix Horowitz had told, but more he could not tell. Evelyn's anxious question as to the purpose of Count Odin's visit remained unanswered. It was possible, the youth said, that the Count drove out to see Lord Melbourne. "But I should not be surprised," he added naively, "if there were a better reason which you must not expect me to confess."

She was afraid to press the point, nor dare she, at present, invite the confidence of one who was so great a stranger to her. Sooner or later it would be necessary to abase herself before this man who had thrust himself unlooked into her life and made such quick use of his advantages. Evelyn perceived immediately that she must go to Count Odin and say, "My father does not know that I am Etta Romney. Please do not tell him." And this was far from being the whole penalty of the accident. A glimmer of the truth could come to her already as a spectre which henceforth must haunt her life. She knew that her father had spent some years in Roumania, and that nothing would induce him to revisit that country wherein he had married Dora d'Istran. In the same breath, she told herself that this man was a Roumanian and acquainted with her father's story.

Had she been entirely honest with herself she would have gone on to admit a certain fascination in the mystery which she could neither account for nor take arms against. Count Odin was like no other man she had known. She had tried to deceive herself in London with the imagined belief that she never wished to see him again. Many times, however, since she had returned to Derbyshire this very desire would assert itself. She found herself, against her will and reason, covertly hoping that she might hear his story from his own lips. A psychologist would have held that there was a certain affinity between the two, and that she had become the victim of it unconsciously. Her fear was of a splendid fascination she had become aware of and could not resist. She imagined that she would obey this man if he commanded her, despite her resolute will and almost eccentric originality. And this she feared even more than her own secret.

It is to be imagined how the suspense of Count Odin's illness tried nerves as high strung as those of Evelyn, and with what expectation she awaited the hour when he would re-

cover consciousness. Her desire had become that of knowing the worst as speedily as might be; and the worst she certainly would not know until consciousness returned and some good excuse might admit her to the sick man's room. Hourly, almost, she received the news of Dr. Phillips and received the strictly professional answer.

"An ordinary case—no cause for worry at all—don't think about it." To the Doctor's inquiry what she knew of Count Odin she merely said that she had heard of him in London and believed that his father had been the Earl's friend many years ago. This did not in any way disguise her unrest, and the Doctor would have been more than human had he not put his own construction upon it.

"Head over ears in love with him," he told the Vicar that night; "why, sir, she would not deceive a blind man. She's met this fellow in London and bagged him like a wounded pheasant. I shouldn't wonder if it hadn't been all arranged between them—bolting horse and all. There he is in the chaplain's room rambling away in a tongue a Hottentot would be ashamed of, and she's waiting for me always on the stairs just ready to hug me for a good word. What do you make of it? You've married a few and ought to be an expert."

The Vicar shook his head at the compliment and declared that it would never suit the Earl.

"He hopes that she will never marry," he said; "he has told me so himself more than once. If she does marry, he has great ambitions. After all, she may only be naturally anxious. I dare say she's asking herself whether her own car did not do so much of the mischief."

The Vicar's wife, on her part, declared the situation to be exceedingly distressing.

"There's no other lady in the house," she said aghast. "I think the Earl should be advised to return. It is so very unusual."

As a matter of fact, the Earl came home on the evening of the third day, exactly one hour after Evelyn had been sent for to see Count Odin for the first time since the tragedy. The meeting took place at the Count's request, as it has been said. Returning consciousness brought with it a full remembrance of the circumstances of the accident and a desire to thank his hostess for that which had been done. So Evelyn went to him, determined to throw herself upon his pity. No other possible course lay before her.

Dr. Phillips was in the room when she entered it; but his belief that this was an affaire de coeur remained obdurate, and he withdrew into an alcove, when the first introductions were over, and made a great business there of discussing the patient's condition with the nurse who had come over from Derby. Thus Evelyn found her opportunity to speak freely to the young Count. Each felt, however, that the need of words between them was small.

"My dear lady," he began, "how shall I apologize for what has happened to me? Three days in your house and not a word of regret that I intrude upon you. Ah, that clownish fellow of a coachman and the other who was asleep upon the imperial. Well, I shall long remember your English horses, and, dear lady, I am not ungrateful to them."

He held out his hand and Evelyn could not withhold her own, which he clasped with warm fingers as though to draw her nearer still toward him.

"It is impossible to speak of gratitude under such circumstances," she said in a low voice. "My father will approve of all that has been done, Count. He is returning to-night from London."

She paused and looked round the room, anxious that Dr. Phillips should not hear her. The Count, in his turn, smiled a little maliciously as though fully aware of her thoughts.

"Forgive me," he said again. "I came to see your father, but I did not know that he was the Earl of Melbourne. Will you not sit down, dear lady? You make me unhappy while you stand."

He touched her hand again and indicated a low chair facing his bed. Evelyn, whose heart beat quickly, sat without protest. The minutes were brief; she had so much to tell him.

"You knew my father in Roumania, did you not?" she asked in a tone that could not hide her curiosity. The Count answered her with a kindly smile.

"He was my father's friend," he exclaimed, raising himself a little upon the pillow; "that would be more than twenty years ago. So much has happened since then, Lady Evelyn. Twenty years in a man's life and a woman's—ah, if we could recall even a few of them—"

"Even the weeks," she said meaningly, "when we were not ourselves, but another whom we wish to forget. Our friends can help us to recall those weeks, Count."

"Those are the weeks when our friends should be blind, Lady Evelyn. I am glad that you tell me this. Frankly, I, too, am an artist, and can understand your father's objection to the theatre. Let us forget that the most charming Etta Romney has existed. She came from nowhere and has gone away as she came. We shall be so ungrateful that we go to forget her name and the theatre and all her cleverness. Please to speak no more of it. I am your servant, and my memory is at your command. If we have met in London, so shall it be. If we are strangers when your father is come back, that also I will be ready to remember. Command my silence or my words as you think for the best."

He accompanied the words with a gesture which would have made light

of the whole affair—as though to say, "This is a little thing, let us speak of something more important." The act, however, did not deceive Evelyn. Her former distrust of this man returned with new force. She felt instinctively that she must pay a price for his silence; though she knew not, nor could she imagine, what that price must be. And, more than this, she rebelled already against the penalties of deception.

"It is for my father's sake," she said quietly, believing it at the moment really to be so. "He knows little of the theatre and dislikes it in consequence. Of course, Count, I had no intention of remaining in London. If you have any love for the stage yourself, you will understand why I went."

"No one so sympathetically, dear lady. You were born an artist; you will die one, though you never again shall go upon the stage. Here is our friend, Dr. Phillips, coming with the medicine to make us happy. Is it that we have met in London or are we to be strangers? Speak and I obey you, now and always."

"There is no necessity to say anything about it," she exclaimed, flushing as she stood up. "I do not suppose my father will ask the question. Your visit to Derbyshire was in his interests, I understand, Count."

He turned a swift keen glance upon her—far from a pleasant glance.

"I came to ask a question of him, lady. I came that he shall tell me whether my own father is a free man or a prisoner. He will not answer that question willingly. But until it is answered, I remain the guest of your house. Silence, if you please. This also is my secret and to-day is not the time to speak of it."

He raised a hand warningly and Evelyn turned about to find Dr. Phillips at her side. The little man seemed more amused than ever. His idea that this was a lover's meeting, brought about by the laborious device of a bolting horse and a smashed carriage, could not be put aside.

"Doing capitally, I perceive," he remarked in that professional tone of voice which no human ill, whatever it may be, appears able to modulate or alter. "Out in a bath-chair tomorrow and steeplechasing the next day. Well, well, if we could only put youth into our bottles, what magicians we should be! Now, sir, if I had been in the carriage, the Lady Evelyn, here, would have been asking herself what she would wear at the funeral to-morrow. But I am an old man and you are a young one, and there is nothing like youth in all the world."

"A most excellent sentiment," said the Count, "and one I take to mean that I may return to London before the end of the week if the Lady Evelyn will graciously permit me to go."

Dr. Phillips looked at both of them and smiled.

"You must speak to the Earl about that," he exclaimed. "Why, there is his carriage. I must go and break the news to him."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Interview.

Premonition is an odd thing enough and no distant relative of that sister art of prophecy which the ancients so justly esteemed. Evelyn knew no reason whatever why her father should be offended by the presence of Count Odin at the Manor, but none the less premonition warned her that the meeting would not be unattended by consequences of some import. In this fear she had quitted the Count's room directly Dr. Phillips warned her that the Earl's carriage was in the courtyard; and going out to the head of that short flight of stairs by which you reach the banqueting hall, she waited there in no little expectation, afraid she knew not of what, and yet quite sure that she had good reason to be afraid. Down below, in the great hall itself, she heard a sound of voices—for the Doctor had already begun his tale—and she tried to catch the sense of it, listening particularly for any mention of Count Odin's name, which must, she believed, be the key to this strange riddle of her adventure. When her father approached her, smiling and not ill-pleased, she was quite sure that the Count's name had not been mentioned; nor was her surmise in any way incorrect.

The Earl came up the stairs with the air of a man who is glad to get home again and has heard a good jest upon the very threshold of his house. He wore a dark tweed suit and his bronzed face, if slightly drawn by the fatigues of travel, wore, none the less, that benevolent air of content which invariably attended the assurance that all was well at Melbourne Hall. Stooping to kiss Evelyn, he told her in a word that he was aware of the adventure and found it amusing enough.

"Yes, the Doctor has told me," he began; "a man and a horse and a flying machine! My dear girl, you must be careful. What will the county say if we go on like this—the second spill in a couple of months. Why, I'll have to endow a hospital for your victims! Evyn, my dear—"

She interrupted him almost hotly. "Doctor Phillips should write books," she said quickly. "We had nothing whatever to do with it. The horse bolted from Moretown and raced up behind us. I turned into a field and saved the car. What nonsense to say that it was our fault! Ask the Count's friend how it happened. He has been to London, but he will return to-morrow. He can tell you all about it, father. I was too frightened at the time to know exactly what did happen."

The Earl, still believing that the Doctor's incoherent jargon must have some truth in it, paused, nevertheless, at the word "Count."

"Is the man a foreigner?" he asked quickly.

"He will tell you for himself," she replied evasively. "We have given him the Chaplain's Room. Please go there and ask him how it was. Dr. Phillips has been romancing as usual."

The Doctor came up to them while they spoke and looked foolish enough at overhearing her words. He certainly was a poor hand at a narrative, and his incoherent account of the tragedy had left the Earl with no other idea than that of Evelyn's recklessness and the consequences which had attended it.

"It's just like me," he exclaimed meekly, "always putting my foot in it somewhere. And a great big flat foot too, my dear. What did I tell him now? I said you were returning from Derby and the horse bolted and your car ran into a field. That's it, wasn't it now? Dear me, how very foolish!"

Evelyn did not hear him. They had strolled together down the corridor and witnessed the Earl enter the sick man's room, and now a sharp sound of voices almost in anger came up to them. On his part, Dr. Phillips remained convinced that the Count had come into Derbyshire to see Evelyn and that the Earl had some knowledge of the circumstances. Evelyn's abstracted manner seemed to bear him out in this ridiculous idea. Pale and silent and agitated, she waited for the result of that momentous interview. What had the two men to say to each other? How much she would have given to be able to answer that question!

"Your father knows something of the Count, I think," the Doctor ventured at a hazard while they waited.

She answered that she was unaware of the circumstance.

"I have only seen this man twice in my life," she exclaimed with growing impatience. "If you are writing his biography, Doctor, I really am worse than useless."

He looked at her amazed. "This man," surely there was nothing romantic about that.

"Writing his biography. My dear Lady Evelyn, what an idea! I quite thought he was an old friend of yours. But everyone we know is an old friend of ours nowadays," he said somewhat solemnly, as though grieved that his anticipations should thus be disappointed. "I know absolutely nothing of the Count," he went on, "except that he is a Roumanian, a country, I believe, in the south-east of Europe, with Bukharest for its capital. I remember that from my schooldays. The Roumanians shoot the Bulgarians on half-holidays, and the Bulgarians burn the Roumanians alive after they have been to church on Sundays. Evidently a country to which one should send their relatives—the elderly ones who have made their wills satisfactorily."

Evelyn was too kind to embarrass him by the declaration that her mother had been a daughter of the country he esteemed so lightly. His readiness to apologize upon every occasion was typical of a kindly man who believed that all the world was ready to find fault with him. His liveliness depended upon his recognition of the fact that illness itself is sometimes little better than a vanity—and that when an obstinate man tells you that he is an invalid, his pride is hurt if you tell him that he is not.

"My father spent many years in Roumania when he was a young man," Evelyn said, in answer to the Doctor's trade. "Those are years he does not often speak of. I can't tell you why, Doctor, but he dislikes anyone even to remind him that he was once an attache at Bukharest. Perhaps he will not welcome Count Odin here. I imagine it may be so."

"I'm quite certain of it," said the Doctor with a dry smile. "People who are glad to see each other do not talk like that, of course we must not listen," he added, drawing her away toward the Long Gallery; "we are not supposed to be present at all."

A sound of voices raised almost as though in anger warned him that this was no common affair. Every doctor is curious, and Dr. Phillips had no merits above the common in this respect. He knew that he would narrate the whole circumstance to the Vicar later on in the evening, and that two wise heads would be shaken together over this amazing discovery. For the moment he watched Evelyn narrowly and, perceiving her agitation, found himself asking how much of her story was true. Had she, indeed, met this intruder but once in London; and was she in ignorance of the Earl's past, so far as Roumania had written it? He doubted the possibility—it seemed to him prudent, however, not to remain longer at the Hall.

"I shall run over in the morning," he said blandly; "you can tell me anything I ought to know then. There is nothing much the matter with the man, and a bump may have knocked some good sense into his head. Don't allow him to worry the Earl—I don't want another patient in the house, and your father has not looked very well lately. Send for me again if you have any trouble, and I'll be back as soon as the messenger."

He would much have liked to stop, but that, he realized, was out of the question. Here was some private page from the life-story of a man whose actions had ever mystified both his friends and neighbors. An old woman in his love of a scandal, Dr. Phillips had the Earl's displeasure to set in the other pan of the social balance; and that was something not to be lightly weighed. Taking leave of Evelyn at the western door of the Long Gallery, he left her with many protestations of his interest, and the repeated assurance that his morning visit should be an early one.

"I'll look in first thing," he exclaimed; "don't let that man worry

the Earl, my dear. There's a hang-dog look about him I never liked. Keep your eyes on him—and take my advice, the advice of an old friend—get rid of him."

Anxious as she was, she could not but smile at this volte-face. An hour ago, believing that Count Odin had come to Melbourne because he was her lover, the Doctor was ready to declare him a very Adonis, a prodigy of charm and valor and all the graces. Now he had become "that man," a term human nature is ready enough to apply to strangers. Evelyn, left alone in the gallery, fell to wondering which was the truer estimate. Why, she asked, had she any interest in this stranger at all? Did the appeal he made to her speak to Etta Romney or to Evelyn, my lord of Melbourne's daughter? Was there not a subtle idea that this man could speak for the glamour and the stir of that world she craved for and was denied. Even at this early stage, she did not believe that the influence was for good, though she forbore to name it as utterly evil. Agitation, indeed, and a curiosity more potent than any she had ever submitted to, now dominated her to the exclusion of all other thoughts. Why did her father delay? Of what sometime forgotten day of the dead years were the two men now speaking in a tone which declared their anger? She could not even hazard an answer. The gong for dressing sounded and still the Earl did not leave the Count's room. Dinner was served—he did not appear at the table. Greatly distressed and afraid, Evelyn waited until nine o'clock, when a message came down to tell her that he had gone to his room and would dine alone.

"I must go up, Griggs," she said truly; "my father cannot be well."

"My lady," he said, "the Earl was firm on that. He will see no one, not even you to-night."

The intimation astounded her, and yet had been expected. Destiny spoke to her plainly since the day the Count had come to Melbourne Hall. For what else had it been but Destiny which brought her face to face with this man in London, sent her almost into his arms and revealed her name to him? But for that chance encounter, her secret might have remained her own to the end. She did not fear her secret now, but a great mystery, the story of her father's life (she knew not what it might be), told abroad to the world, to his shame and her own. Not in vain had she lived these years of a close intimacy with one who could not so much as bear the word "youth" mentioned in his presence. There had been a past in the Earl's life, of that she was convinced—and this man, she said, had come to the Manor to accuse him. It remained for her to take up arms against him—she, my Lady Evelyn, the recluse, the captive of a selfish idea.

And that was in her mind already—the personal issue, between herself and the Count. She would not shrink from it, although she realized its perils.

"Not Evelyn, but Etta," she said, "yes, yes, and that is Destiny also. And now the world is all before me and I am alone."

Alone! Truly so, for my Lady Evelyn knew not one in all the world to whom she might speak in that hour of awakening.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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