

THE WEEK IN CULVER

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

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Francis M. Voreis, a girl.

—There was a light frost Friday night but no damage was done.

—John McCormick has purchased a fine new Overland touring car.

—The first frost came last Thursday night, without any damage.

—The home of Ed Klingerman at Plymouth was burned Friday morning.

—Set down five beautiful fall days to the credit of the weather man.

—Captain Noble has been remodeling the interior of his residence.

—A crowd of young folks took in the band concert at Argos Tuesday evening.

—The house on Jefferson street occupied by George Crossland has a fresh coat of white paint.

—There is said to be a large crop of pawpaws and nuts this year not withstanding the dry summer.

—Saturday, Sunday and Monday were perfectly good autumn days, samples of what the weather ought to be all through October.

—If you don't get your Citizen on time tonight it's because of the total depravity of all machinery, especially printing presses.

—The difference between the through trains and the local trains on the Vandalia is that the through trains do not stop at Nutwood.

—Julius Carter, the negro who robbed the Bates cottage last summer, was found guilty of petit larceny, and will be sent to the reformatory.

—Thirty carloads of dirt from the Pennsylvania railroad company's yards in Fort Wayne are being spread on their Plymouth station grounds.

—One of the results of the good-roads propaganda in Indiana is the establishment of a chair of highway engineering in Purdue university.

—Marion Schroeder of Polk township has raised on two and two-thirds acres approximately 2500 bushels of onions, almost 1000 bushels to the acre.

—Don't guess at the temperature any longer, but look at one of those big thermometers O. T. Goss has put up in convenient places about town.

—Knox is now getting a continuous electric light and power service from Plymouth. Argos will get the power for its new electric lighting system from Rochester.

—Kewanna has an equal suffrage association with twenty-six enthusiastic members. Their first work will be to study the laws of Indiana relating to women and children.

—Mrs. E. E. Parker, Mrs. Eisenhard and Mrs. Holt attended the meeting of the Saturday club of Plymouth at the home of Mrs. Samuel Baker several miles east of Plymouth Saturday.

—Warsaw is to have a Carnegie library. The city council has assessed the tax levy and as soon as a suitable location can be purchased arrangements to erect the building will be made.

—The annual conference of the Church of God for Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Ohio, which for more than fifty years has been held at the old Antioch church, will meet in Argos this year.

—The Chicago dailies are now costing us through the local agent 70 cents a week for the Herald and Tribune, and 45 cents for the Examiner and News. The biggest raise is in the price of the Examiner, which has just doubled.

—Miss Hazel Neff of Plymouth, who has been often heard in Culver, is one of three artists who compose

"The Russian Company." The company has an arranged tour of 144 concerts during the season.

—The registration board will hold its session on Monday, Oct. 5, at the following places in Union township: No. 1, new school house, Burr Oak; No. 2, town hall, Culver; No. 3, Maxinkuckee school house.

—At the republican county organization meeting in Plymouth Friday Frank Parker of Union chosen candidate as member at-large of the county council. Mr. Parker had been nominated on the progressive ticket but was present and stated he had never been a progressive and did not know why he was named on their ticket.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lamson and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller returned at ten o'clock Thursday night from an auto trip to Niagara Falls and other points in the east. They were gone ten days and had a royal time and met with no accident. They travelled, in all, 1168 miles and on their last day made 178 miles. They said that outside of Marshall county the roads were magnificent.—Plymouth Democrat.

—Nicholas Fleck of Plymouth, according to the Republican, had chickens stolen from his hen house and to protect his flock arranged a loaded gun so that anyone entering the chicken park gate would pull the trigger. Last Friday morning he forgot to un-set the trap when he went to feed his chickens, and so successfully had he planned everything that the gun went off and shot him in the neck, right shoulder, and left hand. It was a good trap, all right.

—Richard Warren Sears (the rich men get their names printed in full) died in Chicago Monday morning. He was founder of the Sears-Roebuck mail order house. At the age of 45 he was worth \$50,000,000 (fifty million dollars). It is fair to believe that he came by it honestly. You and your neighbor and hundreds of thousands of country and town buyers had been sending your money to him for years. And that's all right. Your money is your own. If you would rather send it to a man who can accumulate \$50,000,000 when he is 45 than turn it in to your old-time friend in Culver (who will probably die leaving his family \$10,000) that is your God-given privilege.

Old Marshall County Residents Die.

Franklin Hawk, aged 71, of Walnut township, who had lived for many years in Marshall county, coming as a young man to the Burr Oak flats, died at his home a week ago Saturday.

Mrs. John Boss, aged 74, a resident of Plymouth for twenty years, died at her home there last week Wednesday.

The Children's Gardens.

The committee of the Parent-Teacher club on school children's home gardens have arranged to have an exhibition on next Friday of the flowers and vegetables raised by the children. This will be at the school house. The seeds were given by the Parent-Teacher club last spring.

Library Board Organized.

The library board was organized Tuesday evening and the following officers elected: President, Dr. Parker; vice-president, Dr. Norris; secretary, Mrs. W. O. Osborn.

The board is now in a position to unite with the township members, and ask for the tax levy.

Forger Caught.

Frank Bishop, who has been cashing worthless forged checks in Crown Point, Plymouth, and other Indiana towns, was captured at Cassopolis, Mich., Friday. He cleaned up \$140 from Plymouth merchants.

Fred Thompson, who went to the progressive rally in Indianapolis Saturday, says he thought he had seen that city crowded and enthusiastic before, but he had never seen anything there like the crowd that Roosevelt drew.

FROM THE ACADEMY

A Record of the Past Week's Work and Pastimes at Culver's Famous Military School.

Four hundred and sixty-five cadets have enrolled for the session of the winter school which is getting under way this week. This means a waiting list as in the days when prosperity reigned and before the capacity of the school had been enlarged. In view of the financial stringency which has cut into the attendance of so many private schools the management feels gratified by this showing. The finest point about the enrollment this fall is the large number of old cadets. With an increase of capacity and with the graduation of sixty-seven cadets last June the number of new men is actually fewer than a year ago, while the percentage of returns among the eligible old cadets is correspondingly higher.

The plebes and about thirty cadet officers reported for duty last week and have been spending the days in learning the elementary drills and in becoming familiar with the school regulations and customs. The main body of old boys came in on Tuesday of this week and academic work began on Wednesday.

A complete change has been made in the day's program. The number of teaching periods is reduced to six and these all come in the forenoon. In order to break the continuity, a 30-minute study period is introduced between the fourth and fifth periods. The chapel is transferred to the time immediately after dinner, and the spelling classes follow this. Then comes another study period, during which delinquencies will be heard and certain members of the faculty in each department will be on duty to assist cadets who need help. Drill will come after the study period, and the recreation time is lengthened by 30 minutes. Guard mounting will come after drill, so that only the men at this ceremony will lose that part of the recreation time. This new schedule represents the fruition

of much thought and discussion toward increasing the effectiveness of the teaching, and the improvement of the men in need of some special assistance in any line of study.

On Friday evening the self-styled "Maxinkuckee Mummies" at the request of Colonel Gignilliat repeated for the entertainment of the cadets the two plays presented by them at the Potts cottage the previous week. "Norah," a one-act Irish play by Re Henry, deals with the triangular problem of the trusting husband and benefactor, the fair young wife, and the protege whose obligations to the husband do not prevent him from making love to the wife. Captain Hunt's portrayal of the slow-witted, big-hearted Irish husband was skillful and sympathetic, and the audience could see the simple mental processes of Joe in his helpless bewilderment. Miss Potts, in the title role, gave a very excellent presentation of the true-hearted wife who is doing her best to be faithful to her husband and not destroy his confidence in his beloved protege, while Mr. Vonnegut made a most acceptable Phil, in his interpretation of the rather ungracious character. The humorous playlet, "On His Devoted Head," that followed, was enthusiastically received by the audience. Miss Sheerin made a very vivacious, very expressive and very feminine Mrs. Brown, and while, as Mr. Brown, Mr. Potts was not permitted to articulate a single word that might interrupt the torrent of lady-like loquacity that descended upon "his devoted head," he very cleverly and clearly conveyed many thoughts and feelings to his sympathetic audience. The "Mummies" have shown, by their artistic work this summer, talent above that usually seen in amateur acting. Lieutenant Andrews and Mr. Donath added to the pleasure of the evening by giving several musical numbers.

Parent-Teacher Club.

The September meeting of the Parent-Teacher club, held at the school house last Friday, was a very interesting, well-attended meeting, about 35 being present. Before the program began many of the members inspected the well-equipped domestic science room, and more than one was heard to express the wish that an evening class could be formed for married ladies, as is done in one of the South Bend schools. "Where Parents Fail in the Education of Their Children," was the subject of an excellent, clearly thought out paper read by Mrs. Michael, which presented the matter in a helpful and interesting way. Mrs. W. O. Osborn's topic, "The Importance of Pure Air," was handled in a practical way. Both of these papers were followed by the live discussion they merited. The program was enlivened with a pleasing duet by Mrs. Clarence Behmer and Mrs. W. O. Osborn and two numbers by the high school quartet. The next meeting, which will be held on Friday of this week, will be devoted to "Disease Prevention," according to the proclamation of the governor for such a day.

Knox Gets Light.

"Juice" from the Plymouth plant was sent over the new line to Knox for the first time last Wednesday and that place now has a 24-hour electrical service. Contracts have been let by Mr. Snoeberger for the installation of an additional engine, a 750-horse power turbine, and a 300-horse power boiler, in order to keep the capacity of the Plymouth plant up to a high standard of efficiency.

Depot Now Illuminated.

The Vandalia depot has just been completely wired for electric lights. A number of small lights have been distributed throughout the building and one of the large 100-watt lights has been placed under each shed beside the depot. These improvements add much to the comfort and convenience of the traveling public, as well as improve the appearance of the station after dark.

Investigating Conditions.

At a meeting on Tuesday evening of those interested in the completion of the township gravel roads, Henry Zechiel was elected chairman and George Overmyer, secretary. A committee was appointed to investigate conditions and report at the next meeting, which will be held this week Thursday.

Gravel Roads Meeting!

There will be a meeting of all those who are interested in the completion of the gravel roads, at the Osborn hotel this (Thursday) evening, at 8 o'clock.

HENRY ZECHEL, Chn.

Arthur Morris went to Dayton, Ohio, last week and returned Friday with his family, who have been spending two weeks in the Ohio town. While there they visited the aviation field of the Wright Brothers, and witnessed demonstration flights and tests of aeroplanes in various stages of completion.

C. A. Shorb, the popular manager of the Lake View hotel for the past three years, returned to his home at Warsaw yesterday. The season of 1914 has been the most profitable the Lake View has had.

THE WEEK IN OUR SCHOOLS

Items of Interest Concerning the Faculty and Students.

The athletic association held its first meeting last Thursday for the purpose of electing officers and establishing a business-like system in all athletics for this term. An introductory talk was given by the superintendent, Mrs. McLaughlin, regarding the extent of athletics and their relation to school work. She announced that Mr. Darnell would act as faculty manager and that the association must be run in a business-like way. With Mr. Darnell acting as temporary chairman Wayne Lowry and Lyle Shaw were nominated for president. A vote by ballot gave Lowry a majority. President Lowry took the chair and the election continued, the following officers being elected: Vice-president, Lyle Shaw; secretary, Rollin Lane; treasurer, Fred Hawkins; custodian, George A. Joplin; yell master, Russell Gandy. It was decided that only the members of the association should have the privilege of using the properties of the association. An amendment to the constitution was made giving all girls who become members of the association the privilege of admission to all basket ball games this winter for 20 cents, providing they present their membership cards at the gate.

Basket ball practice has been started and spirit and enthusiasm abounds. There is every prospect for a good team this year. The boys have been practicing on an open field on the school ground, where they have erected a couple of goals, until arrangements for a hall can be made. Captain Cowen picks the squad as follows: Rhoads, Shaw L., Lowry, Lane, Mead, Medbourn, Hiser W., Hiser R., Selsler, Buffington, Crossgrove, Loser, Walker, Joplin. The first game of the season will be played against the Walton team on Thanksgiving day. Other games are scheduled with teams of Lebanon, Thornton, Mishawaka, Bremen, Akron, Rutland and other teams in good basket ball standing. But all is not athletics in the high school. Work has been progressing with fine results.

Governor Ralston has set aside Friday for a "Disease Prevention" day and there will be special lessons taught concerning disease prevention throughout the grades and in the high school on that day.

On Friday the flag salute will be given in honor of Mrs. B. A. Ralston, who has presented the school with a beautiful flag.

The freshmen class elected the following officers Tuesday evening: President, Russell Burns; vice-president, Earl Shaw; secretary-treasurer, Stephen Rector.

Evening Meeting.

There will be a meeting of the Parent-Teacher club at the M. E. church Tuesday evening, Oct. 6. The following program will be given:

- Organ voluntary, Miss Allie Wiseman.
 - Prayer, Rev. Young.
 - Special music.
 - Paper, "The Punishment that Educates," Rev. Kenrich. Discussion.
 - Paper, "Home Discipline," Mrs. Charity Stahl. Discussion, led by Mrs. Henry Zechiel.
 - Special music.
 - Paper, "Principles of Government in School," Mrs. McLaughlin. Discussion led by Mr. Darnell.
 - Paper, "Co-operation between Home and School," S. C. Shilling. Discussion led by Dr. Parker.
- Following the program there will be a reception in the basement of the church. All who are interested in the problems of home and school are cordially invited to attend.

E. E. Landis, a former principal of the Culver high school, has been nominated by the progressives of Flora as their candidate for township trustee.

PERSONAL POINTERS

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

Chester Easterday spent Tuesday in Culver.

Rev. Kenrich is attending conference in Lafayette.

Mrs. Geo. Davis and Mrs. Roy Hoff visited in South Bend Monday.

Wm. Moss has been spending a few days with his family in Culver.

Chas. Hayes is in Martinsville this week, taking treatment for rheumatism.

Russell Fisher has employment at the academy in the department of physical tests.

Dr. Parker attended the meeting of the state medical association in Lafayette last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Long of Crawfordsville were over-Sunday guests of the family of O. T. Goss.

John Miller of Walnut township, progressive candidate for county assessor, was in Culver Tuesday.

Otto Stahl returned to Ann Arbor Thursday to resume his duties as instructor in Michigan university.

Mrs. Michael is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Eckleberger of Goshen, and her two children, for a week or two.

Herman Sayger entered Culver academy this week. He will be a member of the band, and go in for athletics.

Retta Hollett, proprietor of the White Store, returned last week, from a six weeks' vacation in Petoskey, Mich.

Miss Bess Medbourn returned Tuesday from a week's visit with friends and relatives in Lafayette and Stockwell.

Mrs. Eph Poor, who had intended to return to Culver this fall, has concluded to remain in Oakland, Calif., until spring.

Floyd Davis left for South Bend Monday, where he intends taking a business course in the South Bend business college.

Mrs. Slattery and her daughter Ramona are spending ten days in Chicago visiting Mrs. Slattery's sister, Mrs. Watson.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wollpert of South Bend spent the week end with Mrs. Wollpert's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Haynes and Mrs. Elizabeth Wagoner and brother, Joe Coon, took dinner Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. F. Goss.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wagoner, Mrs. Elizabeth Wagoner, and Joe Coon drove to John Wagoner's, in Santa Anna, Sunday evening.

Mrs. H. A. Heine and daughter Margaret returned to Chicago Sunday. Mrs. Heine will return in two weeks to close her course.

Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Rector are visiting this week in Indianapolis, Pendleton and other points in Central Indiana. They make the trip in their auto.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Speyer drove to Indianapolis last Wednesday in their car. They were accompanied by Pauline, who entered her school for the winter term.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil McLane entertained for dinner Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Garver, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Marks, Mrs. English and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thompson and daughter.

Mrs. Chas. Morrow and son Russell of South Bend are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Jones, for a few weeks. From here Mrs. Morrow will go to Indianapolis to make their future home.

Marrie Busart of Texas, who has been spending the summer here with her school mates, Ramona Slattery and Helen Walter, accompanied Mrs. Slattery and Ramona to Chicago Saturday, from there she will go to her home.

THE CULVER CITIZEN

ARTHUR E. HOLT, Publisher.

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Six Months, in advance..... .50
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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

John Jones 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, IND., OCTOBER 1, 1914.

Give the Farm a Name.

Give the farm a name and keep the farm up to the name. A name gives distinction, it is an expression of honest pride, it shows an interest in the place. It means something more than so many acres of brown earth, a dwelling and barns. It means a place that one feels is in the best sense the home of himself and his family. Sentiment gathers around it and crystallizes so that at last the owner does not so much ask in declining years, "How much can I get for my farm?" but, "Who is going to succeed me on it?" And that means a deepening and strengthening of home ties and those of locality, both of which are greatly needed in American rural life.

But for practical reasons as well as for sentimental it is wise to bestow a name upon the farm. No self-respecting man would give a good name to his farm and then keep the farm in poor condition. The sense of pride would prompt any man to do his level best. That would mean better cultivation, house and barn painted, fences in good condition, better stock and better crops, and more attractive appearance within and without the dwelling. There is scarcely a farm, however situated, that some appropriate name may not be given it. Landscape, a spring, clump of trees, position, historic associations are among the many things that may suggest the name. And always remember this, that with the farmer, more than anyone else, rests the solution of the problem of arresting the drift city-wards. An attractive home, a home that has a distinctiveness about it, goes a long way towards the solution.

Storing Apples.

Fruit should be picked for storing when it is well ripened, but not over-ripe. Only those varieties which have a hard, firm flesh should be stored. Fall varieties of apples, such as the Wealthy, can be stored with fair satisfaction if only perfect specimens are used, and if they are put in a cool, dry place immediately after picking. For the most part, however, only winter varieties should be stored.

Fruit for winter storing is best left on the trees until there is danger of freezing. Pick carefully and store only those apples which have no bruises or broken skins. Put the fruit in boxes or barrels, taking care not to pack too tightly or to bruise. If the fruit is picked a little early and is not quite ripe, there is no particular hurry in placing it in a cool place. Experiments indicate that such fruit can be left for two or three weeks in the ordinary packing house. Fruit, however, which is well ripened should be placed in a cool, dry place soon after picking. A temperature of 45 to 55 degrees should keep fruit fairly well, but for getting the very best results the temperature should be held at around 34 degrees. As a general rule the nearer fruit gets to freezing temperature without being frozen, the longer it will keep. It helps some to wrap each apple separately in paper. It is not worth while, however, if the fruit is to be used before the first of April.—Wallace's Farmer.

Every voter must register Oct. 5.

A War Service for Women.

The movement among women in Washington and elsewhere to encourage the wearing of cotton clothing in order to aid the cotton growers of the South, whose market is interfered with by the war, is patriotic and commendable.

It is practical enough, too. Many women who do not pretend to be fashionable, as well as others who do, favor cotton garments for house wear at all seasons of the year—this because of their comparative inexpensiveness and largely, too, because, being readily cleaned, they are far more sanitary than woolen clothing.

Trained nurses are required, for sanitary reasons, to wear cotton or linen clothing, and in the well-heated modern houses it answers every purpose of comfort even in cold weather. They also wear their cotton gowns on the street in winter when occasion requires, warm outer wraps making this feasible.

Our pioneer grandmothers tell how a calico frock was regarded as a "best dress" when the material first began to supplant home-woven linsey-woolsey. It is within the memory of many women when calico was universally worn; it only passed out of use when other varieties of cotton goods took its place and our common prosperity became such that silks and fine woolens were within the reach of the majority.

Cotton fabrics are now of many kinds and of much beauty. It need be no great sacrifice for any woman to adopt the fashion of wearing cotton gowns as a war service.—Indianapolis Star.

Swat the Rooster!

We knew it was coming. We could see it from afar. Of course women are at the bottom of it all. The feminist movement can not be called that any longer. It is no mere movement. It is a tornado-cyclone-an avalanche-anything that sweeps everything before it. The male is being hurled aside. Man is tottering to his fall and now that great institution, the Rooster, is Doomed, with a capital D. The women have told the Hen that the latter can get along better without the Rooster, and the Hen, believing, has tried it and found that it is true. Can you beat that? Can you even tie it? The Hens experimented and this is what they find! A rooster holding proud sway over a flock of hens kept for fresh-egg purposes is only a nuisance around the coop and a bill of expense. Don't laugh, don't even smile. It's true. The hen lay more eggs without him. The eggs are better for market purposes. Without the he-hen in the flock the eggs remain unfertile or unhatchable or whatever you call it. That means they will not spoil. Without the rooster the rotten egg of commerce and the drama vanishes from the face of the earth and will be smelled in its ancient haunts never more. There is no use in keeping the dominicker in the flock after the breeding season is ended so, off with his head! Swat the rooster!

O'Keefe Dismisses Suits.

William O'Keefe has dismissed his suits against Clay W. Metsker and Samuel E. Boys. He had charged that the editors filed illegal claims with the county commissioners. Mr. O'Keefe paid the costs.

These cases have been on the docket for over two years. O'Keefe several years ago made similar charges but was invariably defeated in court, the editors being exonerated. This time he dismisses the cases and pays the costs, thus acknowledging that his suits were simply efforts to besmirch the editors.—Plymouth Democrat.

A Dark Case.

One of the cases in circuit court this term is between two colored men. It is believed this is the first time that such a case has occurred here. Edward Burke has sued Carter Smith on foreclosure of mechanic's lien for the building of a house, claiming a balance due him.—Plymouth Republican.

The court rendered judgment for plaintiff for \$49.85 and \$25 attorney's fees and an additional judgment of a personal nature for \$83.20. The suit is over work done on a house in Culver.

THE CHILD MIND

Results of an Investigation into Infant Mental Processes.

Of forty-eight children, says Stanley Hall, twenty believed the sun, moon and stars to live, sixteen thought flowers could feel, and fifteen that dolls would feel pain if burnt. The sky was found the chief field in which the children exercised their philosophic minds. About three-quarters of them thought the world a plain with the sky like a bowl turned over it, sometimes believing that it was of such thin texture that one could easily break through, though so large that much floor sweeping was necessary in heaven. The sun may enter the ground when it sets, but half of the children thought that at night it rolls or flies away, or is blown, or walks, or God pulls it higher up out of sight, taking it up into heaven, according to some, putting it to bed, and even taking off its clothes and putting them on again in the morning, or again, it is believed to lie under the trees at night and the angels mind it. God, of whom children always hear so much, plays a very large part in these conceptions, and is made directly responsible for a.l cosmic phenomena. Thus thunder to these American children was God growning or kicking or rolling barrels about, or turning a big handle, or grinding snow or breaking something, or rattling a big hammer, while the lightning was due to God putting his finger out or turning the gas on quick, or striking matches, or setting paper on fire. According to Boston children, God is a big, perhaps a blue man, to be seen in the sky, on the clouds, in church, or even in the streets. They declare that God comes to see them sometimes, and they have seen him enter the gate. He makes lamps, babies, dogs, trees, money, etc., and the angels work for him. He looks like a priest or a teacher or papa, and the children like to look at him; a few would themselves like to be God. His house in the sky may be made of stone or brick; birds, children and Santa Claus live with God.

Birds and beasts, their food and their furniture as Burnham points out, all talk to children when the dew is on the grass "the grass is crying," the stars are candles or lamps, perhaps cinders from God's stove, butterflies are flying pansies, icicles are Christmas candy. Children have imaginary play—brothers and sisters and friends, with whom they talk. Sometimes God talks with them. Even the proudest things are vivified; the track of dirty feet on the floor are flowers; a creaking chair talks; the shoemaker nails are children whom he is driving to school.

SELF-SATISFIED YANKEES

Briton Declares We Think We Have A Monopoly of Freedom.

A carping Briton by the name of Whibley seems to be quite stirred up over the quality of the American brand of liberty and of patriotism.

"Liberty" says he in the course of a few somewhat heated and overcapitalized remarks, in Blackwood's magazine, "is a thing which no one in America can escape. The old inhabitant smiles with satisfaction as he murmurs the familiar word. At every turn it is clubbed into the unsuspecting visitor.

"If an aspirant to the citizenship of the republic declined to be free he would doubtless be thrown into a dungeon, fettered and manacled, until he consented to accept the precious boon.

"You cannot pick up a newspaper without being reminded that liberty is the exclusive possession of the United States. The word, if not the quality, is the commonplace of American history. It looks out upon you—the word again, not the quality—every hoarding. It is uttered in every discourse, but the truth is that American liberty is the mere creature of rhetoric.

"America's view of patriotism is distinguished by the same ingenious exaggeration as her view of liberty. She has as little doubt of her grandeur as of her freedom. She is, in brief, God's own country and in her esteem Columbus was no mere earthly explorer; he was the authentic discoverer of the promised land.

"Neither argument nor experience will ever shake the American's confidence in his noble destiny. On all other questions uncertainty is possible. It is not possible to discuss America's supremacy. In arms as in arts the United States is unrivalled. It alone has been permitted to combine material with moral progress. It alone has solved the intricate problems of life and politics.

"It has the biggest houses, the best Government, and the purest law that the world has ever known. Perfect freedom is its exclusive privilege, as skyscrapers and elevated railways are its exclusive possessions. Its universities surpass Oxford, Cambridge, Paris and Leipzig in learning as its churches surpass the churches of the Old World in the proper understanding of theology. In brief, to use its own phrase America is 'It, the sole home of the good and great.'

A lot of men who have abounding faith in themselves never get energy enough to muster up the work that ought to go with it.

The man who watches the clock most is usually the man who complains loudest about the size of his pay envelope.

Warner-Trimble Nuptials.

Sunday at high noon the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Trimble was the scene of a very pretty wedding, when their youngest daughter, Miss Lillian Marie was united in marriage to Herbert A. Warner.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Kuonen of the M. E. church, in the presence of about fifty relatives and friends of the bride and groom. Immediately following the ceremony a beautiful and appropriate song was sung by Rev. C. A. Trimble, of Mulliken, Mich., a brother of the bride. After congratulations an elegant three course dinner was served.

The groom is a graduate of the Winona Agricultural school and will follow his chosen vocation on his father's farm about two miles east of Maxinkuckee. The bride is an accomplished young lady and is in every way fitted to preside over the newly created home.—Argos Reflect- or.

Indiana Potato Patch.

The Indiana Irish potato patch contains 75,000 acres this year and the total production will be approximately 5,145,000 bushels, according to estimates made today by the United States Crop Reporting Board. The condition of the crop is 70 per cent of normal and the price at the present time is averaging around \$1.03 per bushel.—Rochester Sentinel.



AS IT REALLY IS.

"So you're back from your rest, are you?"
"Not exactly. I'm back for my rest."

CIGARS

We sell more cigars than any other place in town—just because we have what the smoker wants—Quality. Not a lot of Fumidoras, but the cream of the brands. Pipes, fittings—everything for the smoker.

Rector's Pharmacy
The Rexall Store



A well beaten path—The path to our market

The path that leads to this meat market shows evidence of constant use.

Not a spear of grass can be found in it.

It will continue to be well trodden.

Our policy—The very best meats obtainable.

Culver Meat Market

FACTS ABOUT AMERICAN STEEL FENCE POSTS

QUALITY—Made of suitable high class steel, heavily coated with zinc inside and outside.

STRENGTH—Line posts strong enough to hold up any wire fence and furnish all necessary resistance. End and corner posts so strong that they will maintain any wire fence made.

SERVICE—The American steel posts will give much more and better service than can be expected of wood posts, because every American post is just like every other American post, and you get the benefit of every post in the fence from year to year, while wood posts burn, rot and decay from the start.

DURABILITY—American steel fence posts have been in service since 1898 in every section of the United States and the oldest posts are today as good as when set. Cheaper than wood and more durable. Galvanized inside and outside. We will be glad to show you samples and quote you prices.

CULVER CASH HARDWARE

HOME of QUALITY GROCERIES

We Like to Meet You Face to Face

That would be our choice—But when this cannot be the case We hope to hear your voice.

Use the Phone



TRY THESE --- THEY'LL PLEASE YOU

None-Such and Richelieu Canned Goods
Beech Nut Preserves and Jellies
Monsoon Canned Goods
Breakfast Foods—an endless variety
All kinds of Salt and Smoked Meats and Sausage

Veal, Lamb and Beef Steaks, and good Meats of all kinds
None-Such, Richelieu, Old Reliable, Golden Sun, White Bear and Chase & Sanborn's Coffees
Fresh Fruits and Vegetables, and an endless variety of canned and pickled goods.

W. E. HAND :: Phone No. 5

THE WHITE STORE

RETTA HOLLETT, Proprietor

ANNOUNCEMENT

The White Store is full of good things for the people of Culver and vicinity for the Fall and Winter of 1914.

The town of Culver has just completed the paved streets, and we invite you to call and look over our line of Palmer Coats before you think of going elsewhere for anything you need in the line of Fall and Winter Wraps, as we believe we can save you money.

We are showing new and complete lines of Ladies' Sweaters, Blankets, Outing Flannels, and everything up-to-date in Shoes and Hosiery.

Let us show you how well able we are to take care of your wants.

Bourbon Fair Association

OCTOBER 7, 8 and 9, 1914

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7th

2:35 Trot.....Purse \$100
2:35 Pace.....Purse \$100

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8th

2:25 Trot.....Purse \$300
2:24 Pace.....Purse \$300
2:20 Trot.....Purse \$300

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9th

2:18 Pace.....Purse \$300
2:17 Trot.....Purse \$300
2:13 Pace.....Purse \$300

B. W. PARKS, Sec'y Bourbon, Ind.

Trustee's Notice.

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

Old newspapers at the Citizen

FOR

5 Per Cent LOANS

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Call on J. A. MOLTER & C

PLYMOUTH, IND.

THE MYSTERIOUS MONOGRAM
A Baffling Mystery Story
By HOWARD P. ROCKEY

CHAPTER IX.

THE CONFESSION.

It was nearly dusk the next afternoon when Harcourt's car brought Sir Harry Farndale and Carrington over from the station to Harcourt Manor. The other guests had arrived beforehand, and Grace and Adele Cornish were preparing tea when the late comers walked in.

"What news, Dicky?" Harcourt asked, as Carrington joined him by the fireplace. "I can see that you are fairly bursting with excitement."

"Kandwahr has been arrested!" Carrington blurted out.

"Kandwahr arrested!" the others repeated in astonishment, for the news had been kept secret, and even the early evening papers in London had made no mention of the fact. MacBee was evidently bent upon concealing his moves, and Carrington had only learned of it immediately before leaving the city.

"No one seems to know much about it, but the moment the rumor reached me I telephoned to MacBee, and he confirmed the story. He declined to discuss the matter, but the folks in town are saying that the police expect another and more important arrest within a few hours. In fact, it is openly prophesied—and without contradiction—that before morning the murderer will be in the hands of the police."

"If he is not already there," said Cornish.

"Do they give any hint as to who he may be?" Harcourt asked.

"No, not the slightest," Carrington replied. "One thing of interest to us all, however, is the fact that MacBee expressed implicit confidence in Jack's innocence, and said he hoped shortly to justify his belief."

"How perfect!" Grace exclaimed delightedly.

"I'm sure I wish him luck," drawled Harcourt.

"MacBee told you something else—about the knife—?" Farndale prompted.

"Oh, yes," Carrington went on. "I almost forgot that. You remember what I told you, Jack? I knew it belonged to Kandwahr, and when he was taken into custody last night it was found upon his person!"

"You are sure?" Grace asked excitedly.

"Positively," said Carrington. "Kandwahr admitted his ownership, and could not deny that it was the murder dagger. But its beyond me how the deuce—"

"Is it, Dicky?" Harcourt broke in warningly.

"Yes. Did you know of it?" Carrington demanded.

"I suspected as much," Harcourt answered. "You'll find Scotch on the table."

Farndale and Carrington helped themselves, and Harcourt took a stiff drink with them; then led the way to their rooms as Adele and Grace went up to dress for dinner.

Alone with Marston, Cornish lit a cigar and began to walk slowly up and down the room. "Look here, Sir Thomas," he said at last. "This Townshend business is taking an aspect I don't like. I think Harcourt knows more about it than he is willing to tell."

"Bless me, sir!" Marston exclaimed in amazement. "Surely you don't mean you believe he could have—"

"Committed the crime? No. In fact, I am perfectly satisfied that he did not. On the other hand, I do think he is connected with it in some way that we know nothing of, and that he feels it his duty to shield some one."

"That would make him an accomplice!"

"Not necessarily. Like all Englishmen of his class, he has fool notions—I beg pardon, sir—no offense meant. I assure you—but he has absurd ideas of honor."

"Surely he would not permit himself to be accused of a crime of which he is innocent—just because of a desire to shield the guilty person!"

"That depends upon the person he is trying to protect," said Cornish.

"Impossible!" Sir Thomas objected. "There is no one for whom Jack would go so far—no one who could possibly be mied up in this. I am sure you are mistaken. If Lord Harcourt knew anything of this affair, I am sure he would tell it to the police immediately."

"Well, I'm not so sure of it!" Cornish persisted. "Now, what I want to make clear to you is this: I like Harcourt tremendously. He's a bit of a fool, but there's a lot of real man in him—deep down under his polished surface. I'm afraid he's going to get tangled up unpleasantly and quite unnecessarily however. And I don't intend to stand by and see him make any false steps. We may have to use force to prevent his getting himself into trouble, and I want to know if I can count upon your help in case we are obliged to resort to such methods."

"I don't quite understand you," said Marston. "Of course, as my prospective son-in-law, Lord Harcourt is most dear to me, and I have known him, to like him, since he was a child. If there is anything I can do to aid him, I shall of course stand ready to do it, but—"

Cornish extended his powerful hand. "It is agreed, then!" he said heartily. "I have a pet little scheme up my sleeve, and when the time comes I'll tell you about it."

"May I ask you to be a little more explicit now?"

"Certainly, if you like. It is simply this. I have my steam yacht, the Murita, moored off Southampton. If it is necessary, we can get Harcourt aboard her within six hours."

"But my dear sir, Jack would never consent to run away—whatever happens."

"Exactly," Cornish explained. "Of course he won't consent—but you don't want him to run his neck into the noose if he's innocent, do you?"

"Of course not—but—"

"You use too many 'buts' Sir Thomas. Out in Arizona, in the States, I've seen a good many scrapes like this, and out there I'm a sort of law unto myself. I never yet saw a sheriff who wasn't a damned fool! If it's possible to fasten a crime on the wrong man, they invariably do it. Give the police time enough and they'll always weave an unbreakable net about some one who is innocent. One thing in our favor in this affair is the fact that this fellow MacBee seems to be on Harcourt's side; but he'll go crazy sooner or later just the same. All I ask is your help in preventing a miscarriage of justice. Is it a go?"

"Of course," said Sir Thomas. "I don't know that I can agree with you entirely, but I shall of course do whatever I can."

"Good. That chap Carrington will do whatever I tell him—at least anything my daughter may suggest," Cornish said with a smile. "And Adele is worth more than a dozen men in a scrape like this. It's really a pity she wasn't born a man!"

"I should say it would have been a great shame, for we should then have been deprived of a most beautiful young woman," Sir Thomas said gallantly.

Cornish looked at him in amusement. "You Englishmen get me!" he said laughing. "I talk to you of saving a man's life, and you reply by paying compliments to my daughter. Your calmness and the brawn of my cowpunchers would make a cracker-jack combination!"

"You are not planning anything immediately?" Sir Thomas asked anxiously.

"It may come at any time," Cornish answered. "Remember, not a word to any one until I begin to fly danger signals. Then it's quick action!"

Harcourt entered, and started in surprise at finding them there. His face was pale and haggard, and the two observed that the strain of the past two days had told upon him. Caught unawares, his outward carelessness had vanished, and he showed plainly that he was deeply worried.

"What's the matter?" Cornish asked. "Remember, not a word to any one until I begin to fly danger signals. Then it's quick action!"

Harcourt entered, and started in surprise at finding them there. His face was pale and haggard, and the two observed that the strain of the past two days had told upon him. Caught unawares, his outward carelessness had vanished, and he showed plainly that he was deeply worried.

Cornish's words came back to Marston, and he wondered with increasing anxiety if the American was right in supposing that Harcourt was really hiding some secret knowledge from them.

"You look tired, Jack," he said solemly, laying his hand upon the earl's arm. "Don't you feel well my boy?"

"Oh, perfectly," Harcourt assured him. "This business has been a trifle wearing, that's all."

"I hope you'll stay here for a few days and take a good rest," Sir Thomas advised.

"I'll remain until mid-week, if you all care to stay that long," Harcourt said. "I promised Inspector MacBee that I'd either be here or in town until then. If by that time this miserable affair is ended, I think I'll run up to Scotland for a bit of shooting."

Cornish had gone on, and Sir Thomas stepped closer to Harcourt. "Jack," he said in a low tone, "is anything worrying you—anything you'd care to tell me about?"

Harcourt smiled. "Really, there's nothing—nothing at all. Unless you can tell me what I'm going to do to entertain you all up here, if it continues to rain like this. I'm quite worried about that."

His tone was light, but it did not deceive Sir Thomas. But he saw there was nothing to be gained by further questioning, so he, too, went up to dress.

Alone, Harcourt sat before the fire, wondering what Kandwahr might have told the police and what effect the Indian's arrest might have upon himself. The more he thought of it the more disquieting ideas came into his mind—things that were not tangible terrors, but which troubled him vaguely, nevertheless.

Many times since the murder he had tried hard to remember just what he had done before leaving the club. As he turned the thing over in his mind he recalled bidding farewell to his guests as they had taken their leave, one after another. Quite distinctly, too, he seemed to remember saying good-night to Kandwahr. Townshend was there then, standing by the open window, looking out. He was quite sure of that, and he knew that he had turned to go to the cloak room.

After that everything was hazy—he could recall nothing. Yet he asked himself, since he remembered Kandwahr's departure—and Kandwahr might now be in danger—was it not his duty to tell MacBee what memory had come back to him?

As he sat wondering over it all, Fergus entered and stood waiting for him to speak. Harcourt looked up slowly, and nodded to the man.

"If you please, sir, I just found this trinket on the stairs, sir."

Harcourt took it from him—a small piece of carved silver, with a bit of finely joined chain hanging from it. With an effort he controlled himself, and then, with a wave of his hand, dismissed the servant.

The pendant was a skillfully carved replica of the mysterious monogram.

For several minutes he stared at it.

rascinated, and as he held it in the palm of his hand, there came a rustle of skirts behind him. With a start he arose as Grace came forward smiling.

Once more he looked at the silver charm and Grace gave a little exclamation as she recognized it.

"This is yours?" Harcourt asked hesitatingly.

She nodded, and held out her hand for it.

"Where did you get it?" he questioned sharply.

"That is a secret—I can't tell you."

"You shall tell me!" he cried angrily. "I have not had opportunity to speak with you alone since—since what occurred last night. In view of that happened then, I wonder that you came here today—"

"Jack!" she exclaimed, the color coming into her cheeks. "Be careful! I came here because I felt it my duty to stand by you in your danger. You seem determined to make me change my mind, and if you persist you will yet force me to desert you now that the breaking of our engagement would only tend to make your position all the more dangerous!"

"Do you know what this symbol is?" he asked, watching her narrowly.

"Yes," she said, simply.

He stared at her, unable to believe her words. She returned his gaze steadily, and her manner grew more haughty as he leaned forward angrily.

"You heard Carrington say that another and more important arrest is expected within a few hours—that even now the detectives may be on their way here to make that arrest?" His voice trembled with suppressed emotion.

Her lip quivered and she grew pale. She took a step forward, and was about to speak, but she only held out her arms appealingly, and sank into a chair. Harcourt did not move. He was watching her strangely. Then, without another word, she burst into tears.

"Oh, Jack!" she moaned. "If only I'd never—"

"Never what?" he demanded.

"Don't—don't ask me! It's too late—and I can't tell you—now!"

Her body shook as she wept bitterly, and as Harcourt stood staring down at her, Adele and Carrington entered the room. Just behind them were Marston and Farndale, and the little group passed, started, upon the threshold.

"What—what has happened?" Sir Thomas exclaimed, hastening forward.

Harcourt turned and faced them calmly. "I have just told her that I am Townshend's murderer," he said quietly.

An exclamation of horror broke from their lips, and with a scream Grace rose quickly to her feet. "No! No!" she cried in anguish. "Don't believe him! He is mad!"

Then, with a great sob, she fell unconscious into her father's arms. Her nerves had given way. To tell Harcourt how the charm came into her possession would only arouse unjust suspicion in his mind. To tell the others was impossible, especially now that the mysterious monogram had attained so gruesome a significance.

CHAPTER X.

A WARRANT FOR HARCOURT.

Tenderly Marston and Sir Harry carried Grace to her room, followed by Adele, who hurriedly sent for Harcourt's maid. Carrington was telephoning to the village for a physician and Cornish found himself alone in the living room with Harcourt.

The earl had not spoken since the declaration that had caused all this confusion, and from the opposite corner of the room, Cornish was observing him curiously. He was trying to determine what had prompted Harcourt to make such a statement—whether his words had been sincere, based upon the nervous tension he was under, or whether he had deliberately lied with an ulterior motive.

Finally the American came forward, a look of determination upon his face.

"Harcourt," he said quietly. "Why in hell do you stand here before us and lie like that?"

Like a flash Harcourt turned upon him. "Mr. Cornish!" he said sharply. "Do you realize what you are saying?"

"Do you?" Cornish returned.

"Perfectly."

"Then you are either a remarkably clever knave, or a particularly crazy idiot."

"In either case," said Harcourt, "it is none of your business!"

"But I'm going to make it my business," Cornish persisted. "You are trying to shield someone. I cannot help you unless you tell me what you know."

"I have not asked your help," Harcourt reminded him. "In fact I infinitely prefer that you do not concern yourself further in the matter."

"You seem to overlook the fact that having invited my daughter and me to be your guests at such a time, some explanation of your announcement is due me," Cornish said, taking another tack in his effort to force the information he sought.

Harcourt hesitated. "You are right," he said. "Having done so, I can only offer my deep apologies, however. I shall not ask you to forgive me. I can only say that I regret having dragged you into the mire into which I have cast myself. You will naturally wish to leave by the first train."

And without another word, Harcourt turned upon his heel and left the room.

"Oh, there you are!" he exclaimed, catching sight of Cornish.

"Is the doctor coming?"

"Yes, he's on his way," said Carrington. "But that isn't what I want you for. There is someone outside asking for Harcourt. Fergus believes it is a man from Scotland Yard."

Cornish gave a low whistle.

"They've come to arrest him!" Carrington said, terrified.

Cornish nodded. "Don't get excited," he said. "They haven't got him yet."

Carrington looked at him questioningly. "What can we do?" he asked.

"Everything," Cornish told him. "Of course this declaration of Harcourt's is all nonsense. He may believe it, but I'm more inclined to think there's something more behind his nonsense. Carrington, he's confessing in order to save someone else from arrest—"

"Who?" Carrington demanded.

"I don't know, and it doesn't make any difference. The thing to do now is to prevent the detective finding him. Hurry upstairs and tell Adele what has happened. Then go to Harcourt. He's probably in his study. Keep him there until I come, no matter what you have to do!"

Encouraged by Cornish's calm self-possession, Carrington took heart. His faith in his friend had been shattered by the words that had come to him like a blow in the face, but now a new hope held him, and he hurried off to do as Cornish bade.

Cornish followed him into the hall, and then went quickly to the little parlor where Fergus had ushered the Scotland Yard man.

"You are not Lord Harcourt," the detective said as he entered.

"Hardly," Cornish admitted with a smile. "I merely came to say that the earl is engaged with some friends at the moment. He naturally wishes that nothing occur to upset them, so he asked me to come and explain that he will be with you in just a few moments."

"I'm sorry, sir," the man objected. "But I'm afraid I'll have to see him at once. I hold His Majesty's warrant for Lord Harcourt's arrest."

"His arrest!" Cornish repeated, sparring for time.

"Yes, sir. Inspector MacBee directed me to show his lordship every consideration, but he must go with me to Scotland Yard immediately. I wish you would take me to him or ask him to come here at once."

"I'll ask him to come as quickly as possible," Cornish assured him. "You understand that because of the ladies present, we wish to avoid all sensation."

"Of course, sir, but murder is a charge that hardly permits a gentleman to appear in the morning, as he might if he had run down someone in his motor."

"Then Lord Harcourt is directly accused?"

"I'm afraid so, sir."

"Tell me about it," Cornish requested, ringing the bell at his elbow. "Fergus, please ask Lord Harcourt to come to us at once."

"Yes, sir," the servant answered with a bow.

"Speak to Lord Harcourt privately," Cornish went on. "Say that this gentleman must see him personally at once. By the way, Fergus, do not, on any account, permit the others to suspect who is asking for your master."

"Quite so," the valet returned and departed.

Hardly had he passed from the room, however, when the two heard a drawing voice from the hallway, and a moment later a tall figure in evening dress, covered by a greatcoat and cap, appeared upon the threshold. Just behind him stood Carrington, pale and nervous. The walk, the manner, and even the peculiar affectation of handling the monocle, was Harcourt's, but instantly and with quiet satisfaction, Cornish recognized his daughter.

"You wanted to see me, my man?" she said in a perfect imitation of Harcourt's voice.

"Yes, my lord," the man replied.

"Very well—you need say nothing further. I understand what has brought you here, and I am ready to go with you."

"I am sorry, sir," the detective said, "but I arrest you in the king's name." "Then let us start at once," she said.

While the car sped on through the night, those at the Manor house were acting hurriedly, fearing that at any moment the deception might be discovered and that the detective would return to defeat their plans. No sooner had the machine left the door than Cornish and Carrington hurried up stairs, followed by Fergus.

Farndale was with Harcourt when they reached his study, just as the earl was pouring himself a generous drink from the decanter. At a glance Cornish saw that he had been drinking heavily in the short time since he had left them, and already the liquor was beginning to effect him.

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"If you please, milord."

"You have brought a carriage? Never mind, I will have the motor around in no time. It's too wet a night to walk to the station."

Calmly she lit a cigarette and, turning, spoke in a low tone to Cornish and Carrington while the detective waited awkwardly in the corner. Then, as Fergus announced the arrival of the car, she walked out with a nonchalance that aroused the admiration of the two men who watched her anxiously. The ruse was working perfectly. The detective had never seen Harcourt, and this elegant, self-possessed young person took him in completely.

The big automobile was standing under the portico where as they stepped out into the stormy night, and the prisoner turned up the collar of the warm overcoat. In another minute, farewells had been hurriedly said, the door of the car slammed, and the high-powered machine was running swiftly down the water-soaked road towards the gateway.

It was dark, and the storm howled furiously as the rain beat against the window panes, but the detective with his prisoner sat safe and dry inside. From her corner, Adele smiled quietly and extending Harcourt's gold cigarette case with its diamond studded crest, invited the detective to smoke in an excellent counterfeit of Harcourt's tone.

WITHOUT A WORD HE CAUGHT HARCOURT IN HIS BRAVWNY ARMS.

There was no time to lose, however, and with a signal to the others, Cornish stepped forward quickly. Without a word he caught Harcourt in his brawny arms, and pinioned him fast. From his coat pocket, Farndale produced a cord and in an instant had passed it about Harcourt's body.

"I say!" Harcourt demanded, struggling against them, "what the deuce—" "The gag!" Cornish demanded sharply, and taking it from Sir Harry's hands, he deftly inserted it, tying the springs firmly behind Harcourt's head.

Like a ghost, Grace, followed by her father, appeared in the doorway, staring with frightened eyes at the scene before her. "Father, what are they doing?" she exclaimed, in terror.

"Hush, my dear," Marston reassured her tenderly. "It is all for the best."

Before she could speak again, Cornish and Sir Harry were carrying Harcourt, helplessly bound, out of the room and down the stairway that led to the servant's quarters. The door had been opened before them, and they made their way along quickly and silently.

In another moment they were on the little verandah, beside which Cornish's panting French touring car stood eager to be off. With scant ceremony they placed their burden upon the floor of the machine and jumped in themselves.

"Now drive like hell!" Cornish said sharply to his chauffeur, and, with a snort, the big car darted forward, only to be lost in the pouring rain as it shot madly through the gate of the estate.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cow Peas.
We are in the market for Cow Peas. Call on, write, or send sample, for prices to Kiest Milling Co., Knox, Ind. Telephone 22. s24tf

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

Money to Loan.
Money to loan at 5 per cent on farm securities. H. J. Meredith.

For Sale.—Good heavy work team. L. C. Dillon. s24t2.

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Funeral Director and Embalmer

PRIVATE AMBULANCE
QUICK SERVICE

All Day or Night Calls Receive Prompt Attention

OUR NEW LOCATION

I have moved my shop to the Pecher building, just across the street from my old location, and am now prepared to supply all your wants in my lines.

MAXINKUCKEE

Mrs. G. M. Woolley, Correspondent.

Mrs. Tom Bigley is on the sick list.

Edgar Pontius spent Sunday with Richard Woolley.

Lefa Andrews spent Sunday with Katherine Woolley.

Miss Elva Savage spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents.

Mr. Guy Bigley spent Saturday and Sunday with Tom Bigley.

Ruby Carlisle spent Saturday afternoon with Irene and Florence South.

Willie Truex of Ober spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Woolley.

Miss Edna Stayton spent a few days with relatives and friends in South Bend.

Mrs. Edna Stiltson went to Bremen to visit relatives and friends over Sunday.

Rally day services will be observed by the Maxinkuckee people Sunday morning. Everybody come.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Babcock and daughter Gail spent Friday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Milizer.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Bartlett and two children accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Rector motored to Knox Friday evening.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Benedict, at John Whittaker; Mr. and Mrs. Mossman and two daughters at Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schumacher; Rev. and Mrs. Vermillion and daughter Vera at Asa South.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Parker and children, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Spangler and son Byron, Mr. and Mrs. Dow Rector and daughter Helen, Mr. and Mrs. Babcock and daughter Gail, took their lunch baskets filled with good things to eat and motored to Michigan City, where they spent Sunday very pleasantly.

POPLAR GROVE.

Lawrence Hissong is remodeling his house.

Mrs. Loser of Logansport is visiting her son, J. E. Loser.

Sylvia Vanmeter visited Edna and Jeanette Wooldridge Sunday.

Eva and Mary Jones called on Forest South Monday afternoon.

Alta Burns of Burr Oak has been sewing a few days for Mrs. P. G. Pontius.

Edna Stayton spent the week end in South Bend with her cousin, Mrs. Lara Hill.

The S. C. Thompsons and the George Souths motored to Bellevue, Ohio, Saturday to visit relatives.

Fanny Walsh of Brock, Canada, is staying with the C. L. Allerdings and visiting friends. Everyone is glad to see her again.

Sunday afternoon was Poplar Grove's closing service for the conference year. Mr. Kenrich made a good leader and the wish for his return is unanimous.

Forest South while chopping Saturday evening received a very painful cut in the arch of his right foot. He suffered greatly Saturday night and Sunday but is feeling better now. He hopes to be able to go calling soon.

DELONG.

Leslie E. Wolfe, Correspondent.

J. E. Deck is painting his house. Ray Patsel was in South Bend Monday.

Mrs. Nicholas Hart is building a new barn.

A. D. Toner Jr. was in Chicago Thursday.

The farmers are nearly all through sowing wheat.

Nolan Blair and daughter Olive were Chicago visitors Sunday.

Vir Arugh went to Canada Monday for a short visit with his brother Clem at Spooner Sask.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Toner Jr. and Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Wolfe motored to Winamac, Sunday evening.

Harvey Wolf of this place and Miss Dessie Overmyer near Bruce Lake were married at Rochester Tuesday. The bride and groom will reside here where the groom has a position on the Erie railroad. The young couple have the best wishes, of their many friends.

Public sale of household goods over hardware store, Friday, Oct. 2. Chas. Eaton.

Let me re-paint your car or buggy. Work guaranteed. S. Riccins

HIBBARD

Mrs. E. J. Reed, Correspondent.

Dola Schrock is spending a few days in South Bend.

Ora Pike has been having a very sick child, but it is better at this writing.

Mrs. Henry of Niles, Mich., is visiting her grandparents, the William Klapps.

Fred Snapp and family of Monticello are visiting their parents, the L. H. Snapps.

Mrs. Floyd Scott and children of near Tyner were over-Sunday guests at F. M. Scott's.

The Ladies' Aid will meet at Mrs. Reed's next Thursday afternoon. All members are invited.

Ross Snapp left last Monday for Bloomington, Ind., where he will start his school work for the winter.

Alva Hiser and wife and Myer Parker and children of Plymouth were the guests of the Reeds last Sunday.

Clifford Waite and wife are the proud parents of a fine little boy named Victor Reed who came to board with them last Wednesday morning.

The Sunday school convention held here Sunday was well represented from different parts of the county and both sessions were very inspiring and instructive.

GREEN TOWNSHIP.

Miss Mary Irwin, Correspondent.

The new church at Santa Anna is progressing nicely.

Lois Shaw of Culver, visited over Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Shaw.

On the way from Walnut to Santa Anna Sunday evening a colt being driven by Mr. Fletcher and Rev. Albright became frightened and threw the occupants from the buggy. Rev. Albright escaped with but slight injuries while Mr. Fletcher has a dislocated shoulder.

Sunday visitors: Earl Adams and family at Linton Quivey's; Rufus Jones and mother at Clarence Quivey's; Wm. Thompson and wife at Albert Garver's; Ed. Loser and family at Sam Simmon's; the Perry Brewers of Plymouth, Inez and Hazel Fishburn and Cristol Irwin at Walter Shiver's; Nova, Mary, and Francis Irwin at Elmer Irwin's.

WASHINGTON

Eva Jones Correspondent.

John Kline and son Clarence went to Auburn Monday on a business trip.

Y. P. A. Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Topic, "The Trust Verse." There will be a good program and special music by the Wiseman and Shilling girls of Culver.

Township S. S. Association.

The Sunday School association of Union township held a well-attended meeting at Hibbard Sunday. Department officers of the county organization that were present included O. S. Ellis of Bremen, Galeman Dexter of Bourbon, Dr. Thompson of Tyner, Mrs. Ella Jacoby, Julia Yockey, Gladys Hoover and Chas. W. Helm of Plymouth. Besides the county and township officers the following were on the program: Rev. Haney, Lester Young, Mrs. J. W. Romig, Roy Hoff.

Bible Course Transferred.

Dr. C. I. Scofield has transferred the ownership and management of the Bible Correspondence course which bears his name to the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. The course will be conducted on practically the same plan as hitherto, but further information may be had by addressing the Moody Bible Institute, 153 Institute Place, Chicago, Ill.

Easy Ways to Preserve Tools.

A simple way to preserve tools is given by Paul Slady, instructor in mechanical practice at the University of Wisconsin. It is simply to wipe all tools with a piece of waste or a rag dipped in cup grease, every time they get damp. Machine oil, while not as good as grease, owing to the fact that it dries up faster, will also serve the purpose.

Celebrated Anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Washington Overmyer, living at the south end of the lake, celebrated their twenty-third wedding anniversary Sunday. About thirty guests were present to enjoy the happy occasion.

SOLDIER IMPOSTOR HONORED

Pension Rolls Show Monument Was Erected and Camp Named for Man Who Did Not Serve.

Birmingham, Ala.—In the opinion of Col. H. Y. Brooke, Examiner of Public Accounts for Alabama, who is engaged in making special examinations of the pension rolls of the State, the startling disclosures made in the list of pensions and their merits will result in a similar house cleaning by every Southern State and by the Federal Government.

He believes there are as many illegal pensions paid annually in every other Southern State as in Alabama and that if the Federal pension rolls were subjected to an scrutinous examination as the Alabama roll is undergoing the Government would cut off an annual expenditure of approximately \$30,000,000.

Col. Brooke declares that as a result of the investigation he has been making in Washington a clamor has sprung up that the roll of every other Southern State and of the Federal Government be investigated. He states every other Southern State would find conditions as bad as in Alabama, and that something like \$2,000,000 a year could be saved by a proper purging. He thinks the imposters on the Federal Government roll are costing the people more than \$30,000,000 annually.

"As a result of what I have found in Washington," he says, "I am threatened with loss of confidence in the human race. In South Alabama was a man who was until recently revered for what he claimed to have done in war. A handsome and costly monument was erected to his memory. A camp of veterans was named in his honor. After investigation I learned that no man of his name ever figured in the service of the Confederacy."

Col. Brooke has completed the examination of fourteen counties of this State, and in all he has found practically the same number of those who deserted, who did not go to war, or who for dishonorable reasons are not entitled to pensions from the State government. He disposes of one county a week. The rest of the work will require about a year. Based on the results he has discovered up to the present he is confident 4,000 names will be lopped from the Alabama pension rolls and that the expenditure of the State will be decreased \$220,000 a year.

In his investigation of illegal claims he learned that a widow in Alabama is drawing a pension for service rendered by J. W. Jones. In looking up this soldier's record he failed to find him in the company in which he claimed to have enlisted. In trying to locate him Col. Brooke learned that from Alabama twenty-eight J. W. Joneses went to war, and said he: "Every one of them was a splendid soldier with a record white as snow."

The Alabama Pension Board has summoned those charged with drawing pensions illegally to appear and show cause why their names should not be stricken from the rolls. Col. Brooke says Alabama could recover for money paid out under false pretenses. The disclosures of large numbers of bogus pensioners on the Alabama rolls has attracted widespread attention and all the other Southern States are considering taking similar steps, while additional pressure is being brought on the Federal Government to get busy in purging its voluminous rolls.

NEGRO TWINS CAUSE TROUBLE.

Their Entry in Baby Contest Excites White Mothers.

Muskegee, Okla.—Five hundred dollars in cash prizes, to say nothing of motherly pride, has turned Muskegee motherhood into a turmoil over a better babies contest. But the big jolt came when it was found that a pair of twins had been entered and that they were colored.

Over 250 babies have already been entered and a corps of physicians, trained nurses and clubwomen assistants are working overtime making the prescribed tests. The rush has become so great that appointments with preliminary data must be submitted by phone. One mother called up and announced a pair of twins for entry.

The usual preliminaries were gone through and an appointment made for the examination. The committee were in a flutter of excitement over the entry of twins. It was the only entry of this sort. Then it leaked out that the twins were negroes.

It almost broke up the contest. Diplomacy and other pressure was brought to bear to induce the mother of the twins not to press the matter further, but she had the entire contest force excited.

NAMED FOR HISTORIC EVENT.

Mrs. Emancipation Proclamation Busbey Claimed by Death.

Springfield, O.—Death claimed Mrs. Emancipation Proclamation Busbey, wife of the Mayor of South Vienna, a suburb. Born on the day and almost at the minute that Lincoln issued his proclamation of emancipation, Mrs. Busbey was christened "Emancipation Proclamation" in honor of that event. She was the daughter of the late William E. Coggeshall, one-time United States Minister to Ecuador, and for many years was prominent in club and literary circles.

Will Help Prosecute Tormentors.

Soon after last week's Citizen was out, a well-known man called up the office to say the following: "I have just been reading the article about Joe Coon and his tormentors and I want to say, if any arrests are made they may count on me to give \$5 toward the expense of prosecution." And there are others of the same mind.

A CONVENIENT SUMMER HOME.

Part of it Permanent, the Rest You Fold Up and Put Away.

The vacation problem seems to have been very satisfactorily solved by Adelbert I. Spitzer of Toledo, Ohio. Up the Maumee River at a convenient distance from the city Mr. Spitzer has located his summer home, which consists of four separate detached houses, three of which are exclusively for sleeping.

All are of heavy canvas stretched over frames of pine, with board floors raised about two feet from the ground. Each building has two canvas roofs, and fastened to it with screw eyes passed through holes cut about the edge of the canvas.

This not only makes the rooms cooler, but in case of a severe storm it prevents any leaking. The canvas is made in sections of proper size, stretched over the wooden frame and fastened to it with screw eyes passed through holes cut about the edge of the canvas.

Thus moving in or out is a simple matter. At the end of the season the canvas can easily and quickly be taken down, leaving only the wooden frame exposed to the weather during the winter. If the woodwork is painted to prevent its becoming water soaked, rotting will be prevented for several years. The furniture may be shipped back to the city home or placed in a small, inexpensive stable or automobile house near by as desired. Reconstructing the house upon the return of summer is equally simple.

AFRICAN OIL PALM

Grows Well on Arid as Well as Moist Soil.

The African continent seems to produce the greater number of vegetable growths which contain fatty or oily matter in a more or less fluid state. The fruits or other products of these plants are brought from the west coast of Africa by boat to Marseilles, Hamburg and Liverpool. The oil palm is one of the most valuable of the oil-producing varieties of the west coast. It extends from Cape Verde to Angola, over more than 3200 miles of coast, and penetrates into the continent as far as the region of the great lakes. It is even found on the east coast. Proximity to the sea is not as necessary for the oil palm as for the cocoa tree, for it grows very well in dry ground.

It is the fruit of the tree which yields the oil. From the pericarp is extracted a yellowish oil, but the nut itself affords a white oil. In the Gulf of Guinea, the main harvest from the fruit is from January to June. The natives only extract the yellow oil, while the white oil is taken from the nut in Europe. The pearly production of a plant in good condition is from 10 to 12 growths of the fruit making in all some 200 pounds, which yields about fifteen pounds of oil from the shell, and 30 pounds from the nut. Other products are taken from the tree, such as palm wine and fibres. The fibres of the young leaves are woven into baskets and waterproof cordage. In Europe the palm oil is used only for making soap and candles, and not as a food product. When fresh, however it has an agreeable taste, and might easily replace olive oil for table use.

At 72 Takes Up Athletics.

Paris—Auguste Rodin, the sculptor, though 72 years old, announced his intention of going to Reims to take the course in athletics provided by the College of Sports, the national institution for training Olympic athletes. Rodin is the president of the college and his greatest desire is to see France beat all nations save the United States in 1916 at Berlin. He declares America hopelessly outclasses other countries in athletics. His purpose in going to Reims is double, to benefit his own health and get a line on what France is doing to prepare for 1916.

Prank May Blind Her.

Noblesville, Ind.—Miss Sibby Leaming, a freshman in the Cicero High School, may lose her sight as the result of pranks. A number of masked boys put green paint on Miss Leaming's and Miss Pauline Buzan's hair and faces.

The girls were at a class party at the home of Miss Florence Ricketts. They went into the yard to play games when the attack was made.

Public Sale.

Wednesday, Oct. 14, on the old Fetters farm 4 miles west of Culver 7 horses, 1 cow, 24 hogs, farm implements and household goods, hay, chickens, potatoes etc. Property of M. E. Morehouse.

Lost—Pocketbook containing sum of money. Reward for return. F. J. Rumbarger.

NEWS OF LOCAL CHURCHES**TRINITY CHURCH.**

Revival meeting at Trinity will begin Thursday 7:30 p. m. I kindly invite all who can to come to the meeting and all christians who read the Culver paper may have a hand in this meeting by praying to God for success. Yours in the work for Christ and His cause. J. A. Tiedt.

MAXINKUCKEE.

Sunday school 10 a. m.; Preaching each Sunday evening 7. Sunday school Rally day next Sunday, Oct. 4, 11 a. m. Dedication service Oct. 18, Rev. W. W. Lineberry will preach Saturday evening, Sunday morning and Sunday evening.

You are cordially invited to attend all these services.

A. T. Vermillion, pastor.

EVANGELICAL.

Sunday school 9:30. Preaching 10:30 also "Peace Service." Y. P. A., 6:30, topic, "Trust Verse." Isa 12:2 consecration meeting. Preaching 7:30, and special services. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening 7:30.

On Oct. 13-16 the Y. P. A. will hold their annual rally. Programs will be rendered by the young people's local societies, the Y. P. A. of Bruce Lake, and there will be a lecture by Ralph E. Brown of Wabash, Ind. Full announcement next week.

J. E. Young, Pastor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Since the pastor will be attending the annual conference in Lafayette during this week there will be no preaching in this church next Sunday. The Sunday school will convene at the usual hour, and it will be a good time to get started in attending Sunday school regularly. One week from Sunday is Rally day. The Epworth league will meet on Sunday evening at 6:30. Let all our people find their way to one of the other churches in the town next Sunday that they may worship God.

and also respect the proclamation of the president of the United States and the wish of the people who long that peace shall prevail throughout the world. The new preacher for Culver charge will preach his first sermon in the Culver church for next year, Sunday evening October 11, 1914. J. F. Kenrich, Pastor.

Coal, Flour, Feed.

First quality, full quantity, quick service. Right at your fingertips. Phone 248 when in need of coal, flour, feed, salt, etc.

Flour from \$2.80 to 3.25 per cwt.

Coal from \$3.00 to 8.00 per ton.

Just received a car of Badger feeds for all needs, at the Culver City Grain & Coal Co. It

Unclaimed Letter List

List of letters remaining unclaimed for in this office for the week ending Sept. 26.

LADIES.

Miss Chlara Perfins, Miss Mary Mubragan, Miss Mary Adams, Mrs. Pearl Harvey, Mrs. Charles Pyle.

GENTLEMEN.

D. J. Moore (2), E. F. Briggs, U. S. Gypsum Co. Lake Maxinkuckee, M. J. Baker, Walter G. Wilson.

These letters will be sent to the dead letter office Oct. 10, 1914.

JOHN OSBORN, P. M.

CULVER MARKETS

Wheat.....	.95
Corn, per bu., new80
Oats, assorted.....	.45
Rye.....	.80
Clover seed.....	8.50
Cow peas.....	2.30
Eggs (fresh).....	.23
Butter (good).....	.23
do (common).....	.17
Spring chickens.....	.13
Fowls.....	.10
Leghorn chickens.....	.08
Roosters.....	.05
Ducks, old.....	.08
Geese.....	.08
Turkeys.....	.14
Lard.....	.124

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We Clothe the Men and Boys--and we do it fashionably and economically

If it's a question of merely "how cheap," our clothing will not interest you, because "cheap" doesn't mean "economy;" but if it's a question of "how good" and "how low-priced," then you'll find our clothes ideal. Every suit and overcoat is sold under a style guarantee—and prices talk for themselves.

Men's Suits . . \$10.00 to \$20.00
Boys' Suits . . . \$2.00 to \$7.00

We show the largest and most complete stock of Shoes for men and boys.

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THE BEST QUALITY MADE ANYTHING YOU MAY WANT SEE OUR WINDOW DISPLAY

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