

PERSONAL POINTERS

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

Dr. Parker and family motored to Winamac Sunday.

Mrs. McLaughlin was in Valparaiso over Sunday.

Mrs. Dr. Wiseman visited in Lakeville from Thursday until Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Bohlen of Indianapolis spent the week end at the lake.

Mrs. Evangeline Bogardus went to Detroit yesterday for a week's visit with her son Clark.

Mrs. J. P. Goss and Mrs. Chas. Kettering of Bremen were visitors last week at O. T. Goss'.

Claude Wood of Lafayette visited his cousins, the Wiseman girls and boys, from Friday until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hayes and Mr. and Mrs. Elza Cromley motored to Frankfort Saturday, returning Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Mordhurst will close their cottage this week and set their faces toward their winter home in West Palm Beach, Florida.

Mrs. H. E. Adams found her husband considerably improved on her visit to him in Marion last week. He is sitting up and expects to be at home in two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Wiseman and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Behmer motored to Lawson Leland's of near Rutland Sunday. Mrs. Marietta Leland of Argos returned to Culver with them to spend a few days.

G. M. Beck returned Tuesday from a trip to Logansport, thence to Indianapolis and through Hendricks, Putnam and Montgomery counties. In all his journey he did not see one poor looking field of wheat.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Heckaman and son of Bremen were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lichtenberger from Friday until Monday. At the Sunday dinner the party was enlarged by Mr. and Mrs. Ira Kline and Noah Wagoner and family.

A Tiffin paper has the following item which will interest Cecil Smith's Culver friends: "Coach Martin of the Heidelberg football team has discovered a wonderful drop kicker in the person of Cecil Smith of Culver, Indiana, a member of the sophomore class. At practice Thursday he placed five out of six drop kicks over the crossbar from the 40 and 45-yard lines. It is said that on Wednesday he placed two over from the 50-yard line. What makes this record doubly remarkable is that Mr. Smith has never played a game of football. Mr. Martin says that if he keeps this work up he will be allowed to play in the game with Muskingum Saturday."

HONOR PUPILS IN TP. SCHOOLS

KALEY SCHOOL.
The following pupils of the Kaley school were neither tardy nor absent during the school month from Oct. 12 to Nov. 6:

Bryan Hedges, George Keller, Nellie Hatten, Grace Romig, Perry Miller, Mark Hanna, Clemens Miller, Zeno Miller, John Hanna, Louis Romig, Evelyn Faulkner, Dale Hanna.

LESTER P. YOUNG, Teacher.

HIBBARD INTERMEDIATE.
Eighth Grade—Rose Clemens, Zella Albert, Glenn Reed, Mary Davies.

Seventh Grade—Louis Listenberger, Roy Day, Eva Fishburn, Ruby Schroek.

Sixth Grade—Edna Dague, Robert Day, Blanche Kline, Eva Triplet, Cecil Kline.

Fifth Grade—Dollie Reed, Glenn Scott.

Per cent of attendance, 98 plus.
AUSTIN LOWRY, Teacher.

In Interest of Good Roads.

The next meeting of the Indiana highway commission in this district will be held in Laporte Nov. 16. The meeting is to be held for the purpose of inspiring interest in the people of Northern Indiana regarding the good roads laws of the state and to gain the advice of prominent good roads advocates in this vicinity.

All members of the commission in this vicinity will attend and all other persons interested in the work upon the roads of the state are urged to attend also. It is being attempted to have enough present for a general discussion of the problem and to that end, the meeting is being widely advertised.

THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Elick celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary by a reunion of the children and grandchildren among whom were the following: Mrs. L. G. Hartman and daughter and Frank and Miss Leone Hartman of Fairmount, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Elick of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Freese and children of Three Rivers, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. George Elick and children and Will Elick of Payne, O.; Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Hendricks of Asheville, N. C.; Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Brugener and daughter Leonore of Nappanee; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Garn and family of Plymouth; Mr. and Mrs. Victor Elick of Culver.

The day was spent in most delightful association. There was a splendid dinner, too.

David Elick and Elizabeth Brugener were married at the Brugener homestead 4 miles west of Plymouth. From there they moved to the Hepton neighborhood near Bremen where they resided 3 years, thence going to Payne, O. Eighteen years ago they returned to the Brugener homestead and 8 years ago came to Culver where they have won the friendship and respect of all who know them.

Getting Ready for 1916.

Laporte, Ind., Nov. 9.—It is the understanding here that Andrew J. Hickey of this city, Congressman Barnhart's opponent in the recent election, will be a candidate for the nomination in 1916. The movement for his renomination is said to have already been launched. The Republican club, organized early in the campaign, is to be made a permanent institution, and a meeting will be held in a few days to outline a permanent plan of organization. Mr. Barnhart's friends here expect him to be a candidate for the democratic nomination for governor two years hence.

A year ago today there was a foot of snow in Culver.

FROM THE ACADEMY

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

In a game that was replete with every kind of football thrills the cadets won last Saturday from Lake Forest academy on the home grounds of the latter team. The final score was 28-13, but there were times in the game when the prospects looked dark for Culver. Lake Forest started the scoring in the first quarter and at the end of the first half they retained the lead. In fact Culver was outplayed in this part of the game, but toward the end the better endurance of the cadets began to tell and their other touchdowns were scored. Out of the accounts brought home by the players and the men who accompanied the team to Lake Forest the work done by Brown, McLean and Evans stands out. Brown's long suit was getting away with long runs through a broken field for substantial gains. The team will play Lewis Institute at Culver next Saturday.

Dr. E. A. Steiner of Grinnell college, Iowa, spoke to the battalion at the chapel services on last Sunday. Dr. Steiner is the author of a number of volumes on the subject of immigration and is one of the leading authorities in the country on the subject. He came to this country from Austria and therefore speaks out of personal experience as well as years of special study. His discussion on Sunday of the text, "Who is my mother and who are my brethren?" was a plea for a broader sympathy among men and nations derived much of its impressiveness from the background of his own international relationships. Mrs. Steiner accompanied him to Culver.

Preparing a good wholesome meal for more than 435 people three times a day is no small undertaking, yet most of us know little about the commissary department of Culver.

Club's Evening Meeting.

The C. C. club was delightfully entertained Friday evening by Mrs. Goss at her home on Scott street.

The occasion was a Halloween celebration which had been postponed. The guests were attired in imitative costumes of various kinds and combinations, making each look very funny and unnatural. Mrs. S. E. Medbourn was awarded a prize for the most comical costume, and Mrs. W. H. Porter a prize for the best makeup. Mrs. H. L. Werner won first prize in the peanut-throwing contest and she also won first prize in the literary contest. Mrs. A. M. Roberts and Mrs. J. Sullivan were other winners.

After the program of entertainment arranged by the hostess ended, the business meeting was next in order conducted by President Mrs. O. Stabenow.

The house and table decorations were very clever and in keeping with the day.

An elaborate and delicious lunch was served. Favors were given, and then a few more minutes of pleasure, each reading aloud her fortune found in a nut shell which was concealed in a decorated pumpkin in the center of the table suspended with yellow and black runners to each place card.

The spirit and sentiment expressed showed how all present appreciated Mrs. Goss' effort to make the event a grand success.

A GUEST.

W. C. T. U.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Meredith on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Mrs. Howard is the leader.

The kitchen is in charge of one man who is an expert in this line. Five cooks, each having several assistants, prepare the food in the most sanitary kitchen of any school in the West.

We find out, the further we investigate, that much food is consumed, but we should never have guessed how much. On one particular day 145 pounds of beef, 180 pounds of pork and 100 pounds of spareribs were consumed along with 146 loaves of bread and 105 pounds of butter. Coffee and milk are also big items for it takes 80 gallons of milk and 40 gallons of coffee for a meal in addition to many pitchers of water to appease the thirst of an exceedingly hungry crowd of people.

The are 70 men taking the remedial gym work from Mr. Fischer. The work is taken during the last period in the morning and during the different study periods. The results so far have been very satisfactory.

Among the many defects being remedied are flat feet, curvature of spine, round shoulders, drooping head, flat chest and twisted neck. Mr. Fischer also does massaging for the team.

The most exciting inter-company football series that the academy has witnessed is drawing to its close with one more game to play. In a terrific contest last Monday A company won from B company by 14-12.

Captain Elliott and mother and Captain and Mrs. Bennett drove to Lake Forest Saturday to see the football game.

The bayonet, which was rarely used last year, has been omitted from this year's equipment.

Colonel Gignilliat is expected home from his vacation on Saturday.

The Newly-Elects.

Otto Weber, the newly elected auditor, Frank Wilson newly elected clerk, and George Huff, the newly elected treasurer, do not take their offices until January 1, 1916.

Judge Stevens will open his first court at Rochester Nov. 16, 1914. The first court in Marshall county will be opened by him Nov. 30 for the December term.

Arthur Thomson, who succeeds Ray Schoonover as surveyor, will take his office Jan. 1, 1915.

George Smith succeeds himself and will begin his new term as county assessor Jan. 1, 1915.

Win Morrow, who succeeds James Falconbury as sheriff will take his oath of office Jan. 1, 1915.

D. L. McKesson, the prosecuting attorney-elect, succeeds himself and will begin his second term Jan. 1, 1915.

Mr. Morelock succeeds himself as commissioner of the 2d district, beginning his second term Jan. 1, 1915.

Mr. Brooke, commissioner of the 1st district, takes his office Jan. 1, 1916, succeeding Andrew J. Thayer.

Mr. Dennison, coroner-elect, takes office Jan. 1, 1915.

Matrimonial.

Herbert Hammon and Goldie Woolington were married Saturday evening at the residence of the bride's father, Geo. Woolington. Rev. J. A. Tiedt performed the ceremony.

Sale and Supper.

The M. E. Ladies' Aid will hold their annual sale and chicken supper on Saturday afternoon and evening, Nov. 21, in the basement of the church.

Accident to Argos Man.

Lew Bose, the well-known banker at Argos, fell from his office window over the bank at that place Tuesday morning and was dangerously if not fatally injured.

His right leg was broken in two places and his shoulder and head were injured to a more or less degree. The physicians were unable to state how serious he is injured about the head or whether or not there are internal injuries.

Mr. Bose is a man about sixty years of age and was exceptionally well preserved. He was washing the outside of the office window over the bank and lost his hold. The belief is that his recovery is quite doubtful.—Plymouth Democrat.

VOTE AS CAST IN TOWNSHIP

Following are the complete returns on Union township candidates. Democrats are marked with a * and republicans with a †.

Precincts..... 1 2 3 T¹

FOR TRUSTEE.

J. W. Currens* . . . 114 168 92 374

W. G. Norris† . . . 47 153 56 256

FOR ASSESSOR.

P. Pontius* . . . 74 164 95 333

E. Poland† . . . 78 144 46 268

FOR ADVISORY BOARD.

V. Lidecker* . . . 84 141 77 302

H. Semid† . . . 63 156 59 278

E. Benedict* . . . 82 140 84 306

I. Faulkner† . . . 61 155 52 268

W. R. Zechiel* . . . 71 144 77 285

G. Spangler† . . . 75 153 57 285

FOR JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

Glen Snapp* . . . 83 140 79 302

H. Lichtenberger† . . . 67 151 55 273

Geo. Voreis* . . . 79 155 79 313

A. Morris† . . . 61 149 56 267

FOR CONSTABLE.

J. Banks* . . . 92 125 76 193

F. Susdorff† . . . 69 142 52 263

F. McLane† . . . 55 175 59 289

A. Sturgeon* . . . 69 145 80 294

FOR ROAD SUPERVISORS

E. Inks* . . . 73 144 74 291

E. Schrock† . . . 76 143 57 276

A. Burns* . . . 71 130 75 276

B. Overmyer† . . . 76 167 53 296

Z. Duddleson* . . . 66 179 54 299

S. Hatten* . . . 74 117 73 264

C. Allerding* . . . 78 141 79 298

L. Babcock† . . . 59 141 49 249

Fees of Officials.

Following is a partial list of the salaries and fees of the officers elected in the county:

Judge, \$3500.

Clerk, \$2400.

Sheriff, \$2200 and foreign fees.

Prosecuting attorney, \$500 and fees.

Auditor, \$2500.

Treasurer, \$2100 and percentage of delinquent tax collection.

Recorder, \$1400 and fees percentage.

Surveyor, \$3.00 per day.

Assessor, \$3.00 per day.

Coroner, fees and mileage.

The assessor, clerk and auditor are elected for a term of four years.

The treasurer, sheriff and surveyor are elected for a term of two years.

The commissioners are elected for a term of three years.

THE WEEK IN CULVER

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

—Al Porter has had a furnace put into his house.

—If you want the new railroad time card call at the Citizen office.

—Many a Culver man will "make his pile" this winter, in spite of everything.

—About \$5,000 of the fall installment of taxes was paid through the Exchange bank.

—Samuel Riggins has had a relapse following his accident and is in a critical condition.

—Whenever you see the two-seated livery rig out it's a safe bet that something has happened.

—Our idea of a glutton is a grown man who can eat as much as a 10-year old boy.—Wise Exchange.

—Judge Voreis is giving his house a lively appearance with a combination of gray, green and yellow.

—Parties yearning for "mansions in the skies" should apply to the aeroplane boys on the lake shore.

—The Methodist brethren held a "pound" party Saturday, Monday and Tuesday and put a new roof on the parsonage.

—We don't see near as many single-seated buggies going by on Sunday with two girls sitting on two boys' laps. We're getting civilized, or they have got married.

—The John C. Zechiel farm residence, southwest of Culver, is being remodeled and a furnace installed. This looks as if there would be a domestic rearrangement, also, before long.

—As a result of the spread of the hoof and mouth disease, pigeons, sparrows, cats, dogs and rats are being slaughtered everywhere, as they are carriers of the disease. Every cloud has a silver lining.

—Albert Stahl has begun work on some improvements about his pleasant home in the Zechiel addition. He will extend the basement by the addition of a vegetable cellar and will enlarge his carpenter shop. If time permits this winter he will put in a bathroom, wire his house and make some rearrangement of the interior.

The Hydro-Aeroplane.

The representatives of the Shaw Aeroplane Co. have been busy during the past week making a new propeller. This is an exceedingly nice piece of mechanical work as the blades must be shaped to an exactness of angle. As we go to press Wednesday noon the propeller was in place and the boys were only waiting for the wind to die away before attempting an air flight.

WORK OF THE CULVER SCHOOL

The "broom and mop gang" has been busy at the hall this week.

The large number of students absent last week came back Monday.

Examinations in all classes were held the first of the week. These mark the close of the second month of school.

The fire drills have not been completely forgotten nor to any extent neglected. At any time the students are apt to hear the gong. Often they are interrupted during a recitation, aroused from a slight snooze, or driven out into the chill wind.

Everyone is urged to turn out to see the first game of the season next Friday night with North Judson. Although slightly weakened by the loss of last year's stars, the school still retains a few good men and is thoroughly capable of presenting a team which will do credit to all our past honors. An interscholastic game between the juniors and fresh-

ies will be played before the big game as an "eye-opener."

DELONG.

Leslie E. Wolfe, Correspondent
Dr. C. L. Slonaker was a Friday visitor to South Bend.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Newhart and sons Bernard and Dee were visitors here last week.

Mrs. Wm. Robinson went to Argos Saturday to attend the Updike reunion Sunday.

Charles VanCamp, the field man for Schlosser Bros.' creamery, was calling on the farmers here recently.

The condition of David McClain, who is ill with blood poisoning, is serious and hopes for his recovery are slim.

Lester Houghton of Culver hauled a wagon load of telephone poles to the marsh south of here last Saturday. A force of men is repairing the line there as fire has burned off a number of poles. The repair work will cost, it is estimated, \$700.

THE CULVER CITIZEN

ARTHUR B. 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.
Local 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, IND., NOVEMBER 12, 1914.

The reported losses of war vessels, large and small, thus far in the war are 116 of which 46 are German, 24 English, 23 Austrian and 16 Russian.

Two more states—Nevada and Montana—have given women the full ballot. There are now eleven states which grant unrestricted suffrage, and twenty-one others in which women can vote for certain officers.

Washington, Oregon and Colorado joined the ranks of the prohibition states at last week's elections. Fancy Denver without a saloon!

By the end of the week everyone of the 58,000 stock cars in the United States will have been fumigated.—Chicago Paper.

"All of the 58,000 stock cars in the United States!"

Think what that means!

Realize, if you can, the system that can enumerate and record the exact number of cars devoted to a specific purpose in this great country! And it would be entirely possible to ascertain correctly in a single day the number of knives, forks and spoons used on all the dining cars in the United States. an in-Doesn't this give you an operative method which has been applied in recent years to our great commercial enterprises? Co-operation, combination, system, are not necessarily monopoly.

The Meat Shortage.

Addressing an audience composed of stock-raisers from practically every state in the Union, at the National Dairy Show convention in Chicago recently, Secretary Houston of the United States Department of Agriculture declared the short meat supply to be one of the most serious problems confronting American agriculture. Mr. Houston approved the plan of cattle raising on large ranches and declared that no effort would be spared by the federal government in further increasing production from this source, but insisted that the proper solution of this problem depended on an increased interest in livestock raising by farmers and in a more systematic control and eradication of hog cholera, cattle tick and tuberculosis.

Figures were quoted from government reports, showing that the production of meat in the United States during the past 14 years had fallen off 3,000,000,000 pounds and that the population of the nation during this time had increased 22,000,000.

Why Silos Fall Down.

It is about time for someone to start an investigation to learn the reason why so many silos are falling down. Anyone who has occasion to read the various country newspapers is astonished at the number of wood and concrete silos that are reported as falling over. It would be found perhaps that the reason in most cases embraces the old causes, cheap labor and cheap materials. The farmer should know that he cannot get good work and good goods unless he pays for them. If he intends to invest in a silo let him get the best that money can buy and let it be erected by the most responsible man in the business. In such cases the farmer will never be sorry. The best is the cheapest in the long run.—Ex.

A Use for Ashes.

Editor Citizen: If the disposal of ashes from your stoves or furnace through the winter months has been a problem to you, here's a suggestion that you will think more of after you've tried it one year:

Probably every reader of the Citizen who lives in town has an alley, behind or at the side of his house that grows up in weeds every year. That's the place for your ashes. Even those readers who live in the country, or in town homes not adjacent to an alley, have some place touching their yards where weeds grow. Ashes will kill them. And every home produces enough ashes every winter to destroy all the weeds that can possibly spring up around the place year after year.

Our alleys are, of course, supposed to be kept mowed through the summer, but how many of them are? And even if they were mowed there would still be the unsightly stubble. Ashes, properly scattered from fence to fence, will prevent even the grass from growing, and if the idea should be generally adopted this fall and carried out through the entire winter, we would have more sightly and surely more passable alleys next summer than we could ever hope for through the aid of mowing machines.

The ashes should not be dumped in piles, but every bucketful emptied with a swing up, down, or across the alley. This will scatter them fairly well. If it is seen they have been thrown too much in one place, scatter with a rake. In this way the surface of the alley can be brought to a nice grade and I feel sure that any home that will give it a trial this winter will feel well repaid next spring and summer.

With the approach of winter, a suggestion to look after our chimneys should not come amiss. As is very natural, the great majority of fires, and especially those destroying private homes, come in the winter time. And again, the majority of these fires are caused from defective chimneys. Because it is no easy matter to examine them, we let them go with the assumption that they are alright—then a fire of "unknown" origin comes.

The fire loss in the United States is appalling. An official statement recently issued said: Imagine one long and continuous street reaching from New York to Chicago; imagine this lined on both sides with fine business houses—and then imagine a fire starting at one end and sweeping everything in its path to the other. The loss would not equal that occasioned by accidental fires in the United States every year.

It is really our duty to take such precautions as we can, and examining our chimneys at this time of year is a big precaution.

OBSERVER.

General Election Returns.

The complete returns from the state give Shively 271,845, Miller 226,565, Beveridge 106,027. The republicans gain two congressmen—Merrill Moores in the Indianapolis district and Will R. Wood in the Lafayette district. The Indiana legislature will be democratic by a small majority. The state officers are all democratic. The propositions for a new constitution and for a memorial building were defeated. Mr. Barnhart's plurality in the district is 5,406. His home county gave Hickey, republican, 31 plurality.

In Marshall county the vote on representative shows the respective strength of the parties. Jones (dem.) received 2768 votes. Coar (rep.) 1553, Daniels (prog.) 974, Zechiel (prohi.) 170, Mead (soc.) 111. For the constitutional convention there were 3011 in favor and 2576 against; for the memorial building 696 voted yes and 4988 voted no.

GREEN TOWNSHIP.

Miss Mary Irwin, Correspondent.
Trella Thompson visited over Sunday with home folks.
Rev. Tacoma and wife and the Albert Cassidys spent Sunday at T. W. Irwin's.
Mrs. Linton Quivey spent Sunday at the bedside of her mother, Mrs. T. C. Trimble, who is seriously ill with paralysis.
The new church at Santa Anna will be dedicated Nov. 29, services beginning on Thanksgiving evening and continuing over Sunday.

SHE THREW HIM OVER.

A Little Story Which Shows the Virtue of Obedience.

A Philadelphia politician was talking about the late Samuel H. Ashbridge, former mayor of the city.

"I worked under Mr. Ashbridge for three years," he said, "and found him a good master, a considerate, kind and just master.

"But one thing he always insisted on. That was implicit obedience to orders. If he told you to do a thing, that, and nothing else was what you were to do. He didn't like a subordinate to try to improve on his orders.

"I once tried to improve on an order of Mr. Ashbridge's. An errand I had been sent on, I did better, as I thought than I had been told to do it. But when I came back the mayor smiled and told me a story.

"He said there was a young man in love with a rich and beautiful girl. The girl informed him one afternoon that the next day would be her birthday. He said he was glad to hear it. He said he would send her the next morning a bouquet of roses, one rose for each year.

"So that night he wrote a note to his florist, ordering the immediate delivery of twenty roses to the young woman. But the florist, reading this order, thought he would please the young man by improving on it, and he said to his clerk:

"Here's an order from young Smith for twenty roses. Smith is one of my best customers. Throw in ten more for good measure.

BORN LUCKY.



The Small One—You must be very wise, never to have been tempted by a hook.

The Large One—Oh, I bite on everything that comes along, but I'm the big one that always gets off.

Not in the Operating Room.

Judging from the following conversation that recently took place in a local meat market a blind man had wandered in to overhear it would have thought he was in an operating room. The butcher had hired a small boy to do his errands and this boy had just returned from one when this took place.

Butcher—"Did you put Mr. Jones' ribs in the box?"

Boy—"Yes, sir."

Butcher—"Well then, put Mr. Brown's legs along with them."

A Purist.

An Alabama negro, who has spent several years as a servant in a New York family, returning to his home attempted to instruct members of his family in correct usage, especially in their language. One day at the table his brother said to him: "Gimme some 'lasses, Sam." "You mustn't say 'lasses," corrected Sam. "You must say molasses." "What is you talking 'bout?" grunted his brother. "How's I gwine to say mo' 'lasses when I ain't had none yet?"

No Decoration Required.

It was Mr. Hobart's first experience with waffles, and he liked the taste of them. When he had been served twice he called the waiter to him and spoke confidentially. "I'm from Pokeville," he said, "and we're plain folks there; don't care much for style, but we know good food when we get it. I want another plateful o' those cakes, but you tell the cook she needn't stop to put that fancy printing on 'em; just send 'em along plain."

He Wanted to Do Right.

German professors are proverbially absentminded, but none of them more so than Professor Dusel, of Bonn. He noticed, one day, his wife placing a large bouquet on his desk. "What does all that mean?" he asked. "Why, this is the anniversary of your marriage," replied Mrs. Dusel. "Is that so? Well, let me know when yours come around and I'll reciprocate."

The Difference.

"Can any little boy," asked the new teacher, "tell me the difference between a lake and an ocean?" "I can," replied Edward, whose version had been learned from experience. "Lakes are much pleasanter to swallow when you fall in."

Getting Things Rather Mixed.

A certain politician condemning the Government for its policy concerning the income-tax, is reported to have said: "They'll keep cutting the wool of the sheep that lays the golden egg until the pump goes dry."



BAD ROADS AFFECT TRADE.

The Country Merchant is Directly Benefitted by Good Highways.

The effect of road conditions upon highway traffic has been very forcibly illustrated by the data recently compiled by the Illinois State Highway Commission. A systematic count was made of traffic over various kinds of highways leading to towns and cities in different parts of the State on given days each month throughout the year. Seventy-two points were selected and a record kept of the exact number of vehicles passing, as well as the weather and road conditions. The results show that traffic over stone and gravel roads is fairly uniform throughout the year, while over earth roads the widest variations are noticeable. The following figures, taken from the report, are sufficient to show the effect of earth road conditions on traffic during the winter and early spring season, the very time when the farmer has the most leisure and wants to go to town.

The Clear Lake earth road leading into Springfield, Ill., for March, showed an average traffic of 65 1-2 vehicles per day. On the same road in June and July following, an average of 289 vehicles passed. On the same days in Peoria, under probably the same weather conditions, over a hard road the traffic in March was 166, the average for June and July 153.

A Champaign earth road leading toward a Tolono road, showed an average for January, February and March of 63; for September and October 200. The same year at Decatur, over a gravel road, March and April showed 240, July and August 278. The report on the whole would indicate that the falling off in traffic due to bad earth road conditions, ranges from 40 to 80 per cent.

The farmers are the best customers of the country merchant, and any interference with traffic immediately cuts down his trade. Again, the farmer will trade in the town nearest, not in miles, but in time and effort to get there. He will go five miles over a good road rather than three over a bad one. It is to be observed, also, that where roads are good the farmers are more up-to-date citizens, they live better and are more liberal spenders; and the country merchant is directly benefitted.

Good Roads as Memorials.

Do men of large means, desirous of leaving a memorial to themselves, appreciate the few forms of memorial are more permanent and confer greater benefits on those who come after them than a thoroughfare, constructed after the most approved methods in road-making? If the Romans could build roads that endure to the present day, modern constructors ought to be able to do likewise, and we know that a name once given to a thoroughfare, whether in the city or the country, is seldom changed. Some day rural highways will be named with the same care as city streets are now named and the difficulty in finding one's way around in the country will thereby be much lessened. If there are men anxious to perpetuate their memories to posterity in the names of country roads, now is their chance, while the good roads movement is gaining impetus.

Practical Farming.

Hay should be well forked and shaken and slightly dampened and fed on the floor or in slatted mangers.

The farmer should not buy his work horses—he should raise them. He can grow them at a profit.

It is better for the average farmer to raise draft colts. Only the man who is a born horse lover can raise roadsters profitably. Colts like fine hay much better than they do coarse. Second-growth hay, fed a little at a time, is preferable. Shredded corn fodder is relished, but should be fed in the same way—a little at a time. Grain should be fed liberally.

Right Kind of Road.

The right kind of country road is the one which furnishes the smoothest, soundest, safest surface at all times, but especially that which stands up best in bad weather and makes the least dust or is most easily kept free of dust by oiling or by some other similar method. Cost, of course, has to be taken into consideration, and durability also, but in every case the welfare of the farmers who live on the roads and could not get along without them must be held in mind.

The Mission of the Auto.

While the automobile has been exceedingly destructive to the old macadam pavement, none are more anxious than the motorists that the harm done be offset by an improved method of road laying. And as the farmers invest more and more in automobiles the interests of the pleasure seekers and of those to whom the roads are purely utilitarian will become less diverging.

Necessity of Co-operation.

It has come to be understood and acknowledged that good roads can only be secured through a co-operation in which all the resources of the nation shall in one way or another be combined, and in many States large appropriations have been made out of the State Treasury to supplement or displace the local levy.

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W. S. EASTERDAY, Trustee.

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You can buy the material for Galvanized Iron Roofing, Standing Seams and Corrugated Roofing, ready to put on, at very reasonable prices.
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**THE
MYSTERIOUS MONOGRAM**
A Baffling Mystery Story
By HOWARD P. ROCKEY

CHAPTER XIX.

ANOTHER CONFESSION.

In spite of Dr. Maybrooke's assurances, Harcourt was worse the following day. A fever had seized him, and he was in a delirium when Major Marston and Grace arrived the next morning. By common consent nothing was said to Grace about the presence of Kandwahr, who had been put in the care of Marston's Indian servant, although the major was told of the facts, and during the course of the morning visited the lodge where Kandwahr was confined.

Nervous and anxious, Grace sat by Harcourt's bed, listening to the wild raving of his disordered brain. Much of the time Harcourt's cries were incoherent, but now and then he talked quite plainly of the crime he had committed, and begged imaginary persons at his bedside to take him back to London so that he might give himself up to MacBee. The little household divided itself so that they might take turns sitting up with him, for they feared to leave the invalid alone a single moment, lest, in his madness, he should leave the house and escape from their watchful care.

After a few days of tortured mental condition, he became quieter, but not before Grace, who was almost constantly by his bedside, had become nearly exhausted under the strain. She had been forced to listen to ravings that cut her to the quick—that strengthened her own fears and destroyed every hope she had steadfastly held out as to Harcourt's innocence. And now and then the horror of it grew worse as she heard him accuse enemies who were forcing him into the position he had awakened one morning to face.

Then came the quieter and more critical point of Harcourt's illness, when his life hung in the balance by a slender thread. Gradually, however, the turning point came, and at last he was on the road to recovery. It was nearly a month before he was able to sit up for a short while at a time—yet even then he showed no signs of returning memory.

Meanwhile, there had been no further signs of MacBee's presence in the neighborhood and the fear of the detective had almost passed from those gathered in the hunting lodge. Carrington and Adele took long walks together, and Cornish had almost become resigned to having a younger son of an English house for a son-in-law. In fact Adele's willingness to accept Dicky was becoming apparent to every one, and Carrington could hardly conceal his delight.

It was during an interval when Harcourt slept, one afternoon, that Grace slipped away from the house for a breath of air. In the garden she wandered about listlessly, knowing that the glorious atmosphere would do her good after the stuffy air of the sickroom, although her thoughts were still in the narrow chamber she had left and her heart was, too, as she moved slowly back and forth among the trees, she became aware of someone moving amid the shrubbery about her, and suddenly she became aware of the flutter of a flowing garment nearby. There was a familiar suggestion about the thing, whatever it was, and she called the name of her father's Sepoy servant, "Bahbah!"

In an instant the Indian was kneeling before her upon the gravel walk—prostrating himself upon the earth, and calling upon her to forgive her most humble servant for his presumptuousness in daring to address her.

"Oh, gracious lady!" the Indian half chanted, "Deign to overlook the daring of your devoted slave, but be gracious enough to accept this token of his well wishes!"

Grace looked down at the prostrate figure before her, and saw in the brown, upraised hands a silver chain with a curious charm hanging from it. Her eyes started as she noted the curious carving of the talisman, and the Indian saw her disquiet as he looked up furtively to observe her features.

In spite of the pallor of her features she spoke quietly, "Bahbah," she said in a low tone, "you know that I once threw this horrible thing from me. Why do you offer it to me again?"

"Worshipful lady, take and wear it," the man said earnestly.

"Yet you are perfectly aware that it has caused me infinite trouble and sorrow—this charm?" Grace said, half questioningly.

"Beautiful lady threw it away after noble lord spoke unkindly to her about it," the Sepoy returned. "There is danger, but with this charm you will be safe. Oh, I beg of you mistress, take and wear it!"

"Can there be a greater danger than that which I have faced by wearing it?" Grace asked anxiously.

The Indian nodded. "There is a far greater danger—a danger which threatens all who are in the path of the terror this charm is symbolic of. It is the sign of death to enemies, but of safety to friends—to you. Hang it around the neck of the beautiful white lady," he pleaded. "Can not trust the servant who has revered the shadow of thy father for these many years!" There was a break in the evenness of the purring East Indian tone and there were tears in the man's eyes as he looked up at her—as a faithful dog

might look into the eyes of a beloved mistress.

Slowly Grace took the charm, in spite of the horror its association meant to her. And more slowly still she entered the house and ascended the stairs to the room where Harcourt was now sitting up in a chair by the open casement. As she entered, Dr. Maybrooke nodded to her and softly withdrew. Harcourt enveloped in a dressing gown, sat staring out at the glorious sunset across the rugged hills to the westward.

As she entered he looked curiously towards her—no sign of recognition crossing his features. Then, as she came closer, he smiled, and a puzzled expression came into his eyes.

"What is my name?" he asked, looking curiously at Grace.

"Why, don't you know?" she asked anxiously, not having heard of his mental state. The idea came as a shock to her.

Harcourt shook his head. "It does seem strange, doesn't it?" he said slowly. "Do you know I've been trying all afternoon to puzzle it out, but somehow I can't seem to remember."

Grace was conscious of Dr. Maybrooke's presence behind her, although the physician stood very still on the threshold, waiting to hear his patient's next remark. It relieved her a little to know that the doctor was there, and she was anxious to learn the result of this strange state of Harcourt's mind.

She noticed him staring fixedly at her throat, and, suddenly, she flushed violently as she thought of the thing that attracted his attention. It was the silver charm the Sepoy servant had given her. The thing apparently fascinated Harcourt, and his eyes seemed to be riveted upon it. He half arose from his chair, and now a little cry escaped him.

Immediately, Dr. Maybrooke rushed to Harcourt's side, and the patient smiled feebly at his physician as he slipped back among the cushions.

"How do you feel?" the doctor asked solicitously, observing every symptom.

"Bully!" Harcourt exclaimed. "I'd like to be off for a tramp over those hills. Only it's funny, it doesn't seem quite clear to me just who I am, and I don't seem to remember you all. Just now I saw a strange thing—a weird, uncanny sign that has annoyed me for a long time!"

He shuddered as he spoke, and the doctor put his arm about him comfortingly.

"Don't worry," he said quietly. "It will all come back to you shortly. In the meantime you must not ask questions. Soon you will be stronger and then you will understand it all perfectly."

Harcourt smiled with apparent satisfaction, and his gaze turned towards the window once more. Then, with a little exclamation, he leaned forward, hanging across the sill, and apparently studying something closely. Dr. Maybrooke stepped nearer to his patient and looked out over his shoulder. Harcourt was murmuring something to himself, and a strange, puzzled look came over his face.

"What is the matter?" the doctor asked.

Harcourt looked up at him queerly, and pointed to a figure standing near the trees at the gateway of the lodge. "Nothing," he said. "I must have been dreaming, I guess. I thought I knew that man, but I must be mistaken—I don't."

Without another word he sank back among the pillows and fell off to sleep. For a minute, Maybrooke continued to stare at the man Harcourt had seen. He was bending over, apparently examining the ground close to the gate with the greatest of interest. Then the man straightened up and turned towards the house. As he came slowly forward, the doctor recognized him—it was Prince Kirshin Kandwahr.

Maybrooke gave a short whistle of surprise, and Cornish and the others, coming in, gathered about him. "I wonder what he's up to now!" the American exclaimed. "This is the first time since he's been in hiding here that I've known him to risk wandering out of doors during the daylight hours. It seems to me that he will fear close watching."

Once they had Harcourt comfortably in bed again, and soundly asleep, the party descended to the dining room. Dinner was scarcely a hilarious meal, and while it was being served, they discussed Kandwahr's actions with curious interest. Never since the night he had forced himself upon their protection had the Indian made the slightest effort to see or to talk with any of the household. During the day he had kept himself securely hidden in the quarters Farndale had provided for him above the garage—apparently mortally afraid of showing himself abroad. The servants had carried his meals to him there and his only requests had been for cigarettes and books to help pass away the time. Occasionally he had asked for the current newspapers, but those sent to him had been carefully gone over, and contained no mention of the case that concerned him so vitally.

Occasionally, at night, some of those in the lodge saw him roaming about quietly in the darkness outside, but he never wandered far away, and was always back in his room before they retired. "The man's afraid of discovery, even now," Cornish said, as he lighted his cigar over the coffee. "Perhaps MacBee is still hanging about here, and the Indian knows that he has not gone."

"I am growing tired of the whole situation," said Sir Harry wearily. "I can see no reason why I should continue to harbor Kandwahr. Surely I have done far more for him than he deserves."

Cornish shook his head. "Let the

man stay," he advised. "While he remains here we can put our hands on him whenever we want or need him. Once he goes away we cannot tell what he may do. His every action makes us more firmly convinced that he is the guilty man, but as yet I can pin nothing upon him. Do not interfere with him, however. Sooner or later one of us will discover what we wish to know—the truth that will enable us to clear Harcourt of this absurd charge."

"We have another care now," said Dr. Maybrooke. "Lord Harcourt will not relapse into his former state. When he awakes tomorrow he will be quite a normal being, even though he may not recall all that has gone before. He will naturally wish to go out of doors, and his health requires that he be permitted to do so. To regain his mind and strength that will be essential."

"But the danger of his meeting Kandwahr—" Carrington interposed. "We can easily prevent that," said Cornish, rising. "Kandwahr doesn't want to see Harcourt any more than we wish him to do so. It isn't Kandwahr I fear. I'm wondering if MacBee isn't still hanging about here unknown to us all!"

They pushed back their chairs and strolled into the living room. Adele and Carrington, seizing a rare opportunity, went out upon the veranda together, delighted at the chance for a few moments alone. It was a glorious evening, just cool enough to be bracing, and the light, fading slowly, made the hills wonderful in their coloring against the sunset.

In the room behind them there was no light except from the open fire—the warmth of which was most welcome in the damp interior of the lodge. With quiet satisfaction the men began to smoke, contented after their day of various pursuits and of common anxiety.

As they sat there before the blaze, Martin entered and looked to Sir Harry. "The man in the garage asks if you will see him, sir," the servant said.

Farndale looked up in surprise. None of the servants had been told of Kandwahr's identity—none of them knew his name—but it was at once apparent to Sir Harry that it was the Indian who thus unexpectedly asked for an interview. "Tell the man to come here," Farndale directed, while the others sat calmly smoking and wondering among themselves what the Indian could wish to say to them.

"Perhaps he is going to tell us what he found so interesting down by the gate a while ago," the doctor suggested, breaking the silence.

As he spoke, the door opened silently, and Kandwahr entered with all the mystery and theatrical effect usual to his race. Upon the threshold, Kandwahr surveyed the assembled company, and smiled as he said "Good evening." He made no move to sit down, but his keen eyes took in the whole scene and summed it up for his own purposes. With perfect calm he looked from one to the other of the group he saw before him in the dim light of the room.

"You asked to see me?" Sir Harry said. "You have something to say to us?"

Kandwahr nodded. "I have a business proposition to make to you," he said.

"Well?"

"I have already told you that I am innocent of the crime you, perhaps, still believe I must have committed," he began slowly, in his low, even voice. "I do not come to you to repeat that assertion, but I make it again because I am going to offer to do a thing that may seem strange to all of you."

"Go on!" Sir Harry snapped impatiently.

"Suppose there should be proof that I did kill Captain Townshend—proof so strong against me that it would liberate Lord Harcourt? You would relish such evidence—eh?"

"Naturally!" Cornish broke in emphatically. "But, unfortunately, we have no such proof!"

"Precisely," Kandwahr resumed in his same even tone. "If you had evidence such as I suggest to you, you would not permit me to remain here for a moment. You would then hand me over to the police without further delay, and there would be no further necessity for concealing Lord Harcourt."

"Certainly!" Sir Harry explained impatiently. "Don't talk nonsense. Come to the point, and be quick about it. I am in no humor to have you dally!"

Kandwahr bowed considerably. "I will be brief," he promised. "Suppose I should give you conclusive proof of my guilt?"

"What!" Cornish exclaimed. "Do you mean to say that you—"

"I mean that I will furnish such proof—unquestioned evidence that will free Lord Harcourt of all suspicion—upon the condition that you gentlemen give to me your words of honor that you will aid me to leave England in safety!"

Kandwahr uttered his ultimatum and faced them squarely.

"Are you mad?" Farndale demanded. "On the contrary—I am quite sane, and am taking the only course that remains open to me," Kandwahr answered.

"But heretofore, you have insisted that you are innocent of this crime," Cornish objected. "And now you offer us proof of your guilt and expect us to believe you. Either you are guilty or you are crazy!"

"Although I will admit that circumstances make either seem quite possible to you, I am neither guilty nor crazy," Kandwahr went on in his soft, purring tone. "It is imperative that I get out of England without delay. I

would much prefer, sir, to go to your country—America. I cannot remain here any longer. My life is in great danger. As a matter of fact I shall be in danger wherever I may be—always—but I shall be safer once I am out of England or the British possessions. I still say and insist that I am innocent—whether you choose to believe me or not—but I know there is only one consideration that will induce you to aid me to get away safely. That condition is for me to produce positive evidence of Lord Harcourt's innocence. Therefore, I make you this offer. If you will make it possible for me to escape from this country, I will give you a written confession, stating that I am the murderer of Captain Townshend."

For a moment the men stared at him, unable to believe their ears. Kandwahr looked calmly at them, weighing carefully the effect of his words. There could be no doubt of his earnestness—of his sincere desire that they accept the terms that he had proffered them.

"See," he continued persuasively, sitting down at the writing desk in the corner of the room. "I am ready to write the words that will save Lord Harcourt all further trouble. You gentlemen can devise a way of putting them in the hands of the police—of placing them so there will be no difficulty in releasing your friend. All I ask of you is that you place me beyond reach of the danger that threatens me the moment I set my signature to this confession."

He took up a pen and placed a sheet of paper before him on the desk. His move was most dramatic. The men gathered about him, and watched him silently as he dipped his pen into the inkwell. Still no one spoke. He poised his pen, ready to write.

"I have no money," Kandwahr went on, by far the most composed man in the group. "I am powerless to escape alone, without your assistance. You can help me if you will. I must get away from here, and quietly too. You can aid me without risk to yourselves. Is the liberty of Lord Harcourt—the offer I make to you—a sufficient price for your assistance?" He poised his pen above the paper. "Gentlemen—shall I write?"

"No!" said Sir Harry, abruptly. "Put down that pen and tell us what sort of trick you are trying to play on us."

"It is no trick!" Kandwahr answered simply. "If I can get safely away from England, the confession cannot harm me, I can then easily keep out of the way of Scotland Yard. With my confession in the hands of the authorities, Lord Harcourt will be free of all suspicion, and your difficulties will be over. That is all there is to my offer."

"Is MacBee about here now?" Cornish asked suspiciously.

"Perhaps," said Kandwahr. "Don't you know?" the American flashed at him.

Kandwahr shook his head. "Let us not discuss that subject," he said. "It does not matter where MacBee may be. Let me sail for America—anywhere you may choose. You will never hear of me again, and the mystery of the Townshend murder will be satisfactorily solved—as far as you are all concerned."

"Kandwahr," said Sir Harry. "If I thought that you were really guilty—that the confession you are now offering to us was really genuine—I would not help you to escape the just penalty of your crime. Captain Townshend, as you know, was a close friend to all of us. If, on the other hand, it is a false confession you intend making, I would not attempt to save Lord Harcourt with it. The thing would be absurd in any event—even dangerous to ourselves and to the man whose interest we are endeavoring to safeguard. We would be ridiculous in offering to the police at such a time as this, the document you now propose to write. In the first place, we could not conscientiously do such a thing, and what is more, we do not know how much of the truth of this affair you have positive knowledge about."

"Then you refuse?" Kandwahr asked, with keen disappointment in his tone.

"Certainly," said Sir Harry. "You will not reconsider your decision?"

"We cannot," said Farndale. "Tell me why you desire to go so suddenly. What did you discover here this afternoon that makes you afraid to remain any longer?"

"I cannot tell you," Kandwahr replied. "I wish I could persuade you to—"

"There is no use of attempting to do so further," Sir Harry interrupted. "For the present you may remain here, and I will continue to afford you such protection as I may, because it seems best to us all that I should do so; but you must, under no circumstances, attempt to leave here. Understand, also, that if we learn the truth in any way and find that you are guilty, I shall harbor you no longer. Will you give me your word of honor not to make any attempt to escape from my grounds? Otherwise I shall be obliged to have you closely watched!"

"I will remain," said Kandwahr, resignedly. "If anything befalls me, however, remember that I pleaded earnestly, and you would not help me. I am innocent! Good night!"

He turned and walked slowly from the room. Standing by the casement, Sir Harry saw him leave the lodge and cross to the garage, his head bowed and his steps slow.

When Kandwahr disappeared, Sir Harry turned to the others and said: "Well, what do you men make of all this?"

"It beats me!" Cornish said in perplexity. "I've an idea that we'll know soon enough, however! There is

something in the wind none of us suspects—that's certain."

There was a step on the veranda, and a moment later Adele entered with Carrington, both of them excited and upset over the experience they had just been through.

"What's wrong?" Cornish asked anxiously, as he stepped towards them. "Oh, father!" the girl exclaimed. "Dicky and I were standing by the lodge gate just now, when I looked down and happened to see the print of a great bare foot—and beside it—on the gatepost, was the mark of that strange sign—"

"You don't mean"—her father stammered—"Not—"

Adele nodded. "The very same footprint I saw in the sand by the but the day we landed from the yacht—and the same strange sign we've seen—"

"You're positive?" Cornish asked. "Quite positive?" she affirmed, pale and trembling.

"I can vouch for it, too," Carrington assured him, with a shudder that was involuntary.

"Then that is what it was Kandwahr discovered out there this afternoon," said Sir Harry. "It doesn't seem likely that MacBee would be wandering about here barefooted, or that he would make strange symbols upon the gatepost—yet it is evident that Kandwahr knows and fears who ever made that sign."

"There is but one mark and one footprint," Carrington said. "I flashed about with my electric pocket lamp. The track we saw is where the earth is soft and rather muddy. The ground about it is rather firm and is unmarked. There are no signs of anyone having come or gone—just the one footprint."

"You believe that your discovery means danger?" asked Dr. Maybrooke. "It is at least uncanny," said Cornish. "Apparently someone is prowling about here spying upon us. Perhaps he or they may suspect that Harcourt is here. Maybe the prowler is hunting for Kandwahr. In any event this is apparently the reason he is so anxious to get away from here in a hurry. If he knows anything about it, we must get the facts out of him in one way or another!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Earth Has Two Atmospheres.

Until recently it has been believed that the temperature of the atmosphere decreased regularly in proportion to height above the earth. But observations made with sounding balloons have proved that this hypothesis is far from being correct. Beyond from seven and a half to nine miles of altitude the lowering of the temperature stops, and at still higher altitudes it begins slowly to increase.

W. J. Humphrey, summing up and interpreting all the results of recent explorations of the upper air, thinks that the earth should be considered as being surrounded by two atmospheres, distinct and superimposed, which mingle scarcely at all with each other. The lower atmosphere is that in which are produced those troubles which cause changes in the weather; in this the temperature decreased rapidly with the altitude; this atmosphere contains almost two-thirds of the total mass of oxygen and azote, a slightly larger fraction of carbonic acid and almost all the water vapor. The higher atmosphere floats above this, almost as oil floats upon water; in it is scarcely any water vapor; the temperature rises with the altitude, first very rapidly, then more slowly.

THE POWER OF SNAILS.

Two Snails Pull A Load of Two Pounds for Investigator.

One day, by way of experiment, I harnessed two common garden snails to a toy gun carriage, to see if they could pull it along. Although the gun-carriage was a heavy leaden one, the snails pulled it so easily that I loaded the body of the carriage with small shot. The snails, however, were more than equal to the task. Anxious to test their powers still further, I attached a top cannon (made of lead and brass) behind the gun-carriage, but the snails and their additional load moved on once again with the same apparent ease. Out of curiosity I decided to weigh the cannon, gun-carriage and shot, and to my great surprise found the total weight to be almost one pound! I venture to think this a very good load for two snails to manage.

In an article of reminiscences written by Emma Calve for the London Standard there is some account of her relations with the people in her native province in France, where she has an estate. On one of her birthdays, the country folk went to call upon her, and she joined them in dancing the bourree. An old woman who heard her sing asked her if her "screaming" hurt her. A peasant once told her that he was sure a proprietor of a local amusement garden would give her five francs a day if she would sing for him.

The Carnegie Observatory on Mount Wilson, in California, is of white canvas, like some huge ark. You look for telescopes inside, but in vain; a series of mirrors appear instead, and it is the third of these that does the magnifying instead of the usual telescope tube. Visitors are accommodated in chalets, a little house being apportioned to each guest. Observations have been carried on since April, 1904, and every day a photo-heliogram is taken and several other pictures, by no means of the spectro-heliogram.

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Notice of Sale of Personal Property.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of John W. Hissong, deceased, will offer for sale at public auction, at the late residence of said decedent, in Union township, Marshall county, Indiana, on the 28th day of November, 1914, the personal property of said estate, consisting of horses, hogs, corn in crib and standing and in shock, wheat, oats, rye, farming implements, carpenter tools, and cement working tools, household goods and other articles.

Sale to begin at 10 o'clock a. m. Terms, all sums of \$5 and under, cash; all sums over \$5 a credit of six months will be given, the purchaser giving his note therewith with approved surety, drawing six per cent after maturity, waiving valuation and appraisal laws.

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STATE BOARD OF HEALTH'S SCARLET FEVER BULLETIN

1. Scarlet fever or scarletina is a very dangerous contagious disease. One attack usually prevents subsequent attacks. It usually attacks children under 10 years of age, but adults sometimes have it.

2. Scarlet fever is caused by a special contagion or poison which may be conveyed from the body of a person afflicted with the disease, by personal contact, by infected clothing, rags, hair, paper, dishes or any article, or by the discharges. The disease may be communicated from a person recovering therefrom so long as the usual subsequent scaling or peeling of the skin continues, which sometimes is not completed for 70 or 80 days. The poison may remain in clothing for years, especially if packed away in drawers, boxes or trunks.

3. Mild cases are as much to be feared as severe attacks, so far as communication to others is concerned, for the disease may as easily be taken from a mild as from a severe case.

4. The discharges from the nose, throat and mouth are extremely dangerous, and those from the skin, eyes, ears, kidneys and bowels are also dangerous, and remain so for a considerable time.

5. Filth, uncleanness, and imperfect ventilation increase the danger of spreading the disease and make recovery more difficult.

6. After exposure, a person may develop the disease in from 1 to 14 days.

7. During the existence of scarlet fever in a community, all cases of sore throat, with fever, are to be looked upon with suspicion.

8. If a child who has not previously had scarlet fever, should unfortunately be exposed, it should be carefully watched during the following two weeks. Upon the first symptoms of shivering, lassitude, headache, frequent pulse, hot, dry skin, flushed face, furred tongue, with much thirst and loss of appetite, the child should immediately be

separated as completely as possible from other members of the household and all other persons until a physician has been seen. All persons known to be sick with scarlet fever (even those but mildly sick) should be promptly and thoroughly isolated from the public.

PREVENTION AND SUPPRESSION.

This is accomplished by proper living, isolation of the sick, rigid quarantine of all who have been exposed, and thorough disinfection. When scarlet fever prevails, even in a slight degree, in your neighborhood—

Do not go to meetings in crowded places.

Do not permit your children to go to picnics, parties or entertainments, or to roam the streets.

Supply good, nourishing food to children, and plenty of fresh air.

Do not go into a house where there is scarlet fever, and do not come in contact with any person who has entered the house.

Do not eat or drink in the same room with the sick person, and do not let anyone else use the same cup, plate, glass, spoon, knife or fork used by the sick person until they are thoroughly boiled in water.

Do not expose children to scarlet fever in any way. When grown people are obliged to go into a patient's room they should bathe and change their clothing before they go where children are.

Do not let children use a privy in which discharges from patients are thrown.

Do not let letters, books, or any article handled by the patient be taken from the house.

Do not permit children to live in the house where scarlet fever exists, if it is possible to send them away.

Do not permit cats, dogs, canary birds or other pets to remain in a room with the scarlet fever, for animals may easily carry it to other houses.

By ORDER STATE BOARD OF HEALTH

The Stock Quarantine.

The greater portion of the United States seems likely to be placed in quarantine in order to stamp out the foot and mouth disease which is raging among the cattle, swine and sheep.

In Chicago the Union stockyards have been ordered closed for nine days to permit of thorough disinfection. On Sunday, for the first time since the yards were opened in 1865, there was not a single slaughter animal left in the yards. No shipments in or out are permitted during this period. This means a loss of \$12,000,000 to railroads, packers, shippers and commission men.

In any state, wherever a diseased animal is found, the entire herd is killed and buried in quicklime. The owner of the slaughtered animals is reimbursed on the appraised value of the herd, the appraiser being appointed by the state. The expense of the whole process of condemnation and disinfection is divided equally between the federal and state governments.

In some cases, because human beings can carry the disease, the state authorities have prevented children on infected farms from attending school.

The disease has appeared near Kentland and Logansport. No cases have yet been reported in Marshall county.

Obituary.

Charles McFeely was born in Lebanon county, Ohio, Jan. 1, 1850, and died in Culver, Nov. 5, at the age of 64 years, 10 months and 5 days.

Feb. 1, 1868, he was united in marriage with Amanda Smith. To this union, thirteen children were born. George Allen, Charles Arthur and Frona May preceded their father in death. W. S. McFeely of Hammond, Mrs. Emma Carey of Sapulpa, Oklahoma, Chester McFeely of LaPorte, Ind., James, Harvey, Edward, John, Ruth, Lady and Ethel, all of Culver; with his widow, who was too ill to attend the funeral, and

fourteen grandchildren survive to mourn their loss. Twenty-four years ago he accepted Jesus Christ as his personal Savior, submitted to Christian baptism and united with the Methodist Protestant church near Bruce Lake and lived in the faith until his death. He spent twelve years of his young manhood in Howard county, Ind., twelve years near Bruce Lake and nineteen years in Culver. Though an earthly life has ended, let his good deeds of kindness and his neighborly acts be as memorials written in the hearts of all who knew him. Funeral services were conducted at Poplar Grove by Rev. Kenrich Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock and interment was made in the cemetery near by.

Orchard Meeting a Big Success.

The orchard demonstration meeting in Isaac Firestone's orchard near Ora was a great success. Ever since Mr. Firestone began to care for his trees last spring by pruning and spraying for San Jose scale, the folks have been watching his orchard, and since the apples have matured they have been coming for miles to get a few apples for the winter. One man who owns a 33-acre orchard bought his winter apples of Mr. Firestone. He has been realizing from 50 cents to \$1.25 per bushel at the orchard. He has 700 to 800 bushels and could sell twice that many.

Prof. C. B. Durham of Purdue discussed the advantage of pruning, and pruned two or three trees. He also discussed and demonstrated spraying. He stated that in many cases farmers do not take enough care in spraying and do not get the material on thoroughly. He stated that in his opinion Starke county can produce plenty of apples if people will only take care of their trees. The meeting was attended by about 160 people, which number included some 20 pupils from nearby schools.

H. R. SMALLEY, County Agent.
The Occident flour, all kinds of feeds, coal and building materials. Castleman & Co. Phone 48.

HIBBARD

Mrs. E. J. Reed, Correspondent.
Ed Clark moved into the Weirman house Monday.

The Reeds dined with the Jake Lichtenbergers Sunday.

Mrs. Scott is visiting her brother at Kokomo for a few days.

M. J. Livinghouse visited in Donaldson with his sister over Sunday.

The temperance program was well attended at Hibbard Sunday evening.

The Ladies' Aid will meet with Mrs. C. Waite next Thursday afternoon. All are invited.

Miss Inez Albert has been working for Mrs. Martin Lowry who has been laid up with rheumatism the past week.

Mr. Fred Snapp and family of Monticello with Glenn Snapp and wife of this place motored to South Bend Friday.

The Y. P. A. will give a pie social next Saturday evening, Nov. 14, in the church basement. Everybody invited. Ladies, bring pies and gentlemen bring well-filled pocket-books.

MOUNT HOPE

Miss Ethel Edgington, Correspondent.

Preaching next Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bryant have moved to the Wm. Hay farm.

Mrs. Dan Fry returned home last week after visiting her brothers in Missouri.

Mrs. Nora Goodman is visiting her brother, Roy Hay, at Logansport for a few days.

Wm. Hay left last week for Larwell where he will live with his daughter, Mrs. Edward Hartle.

Sunday visitors: Mrs. Maggie Carter and daughter Lottie and Jesse Rhoads of Culver and Ruby Salts at Clarence Fisher's; George Cowen and Ora O'Blenniss and families at Elta Davis'; Mr. and Mrs. S. Thompson at I. Thompson's.

ROUTE SIXTEEN.

Mr. Weaver is nursing a very sore hand.

Mrs. J. F. Garn is visiting her parents at Akron, Ohio.

The G. W. Osbornes spent Monday evening at G. M. Osborn's.

The Christian Endeavor will have a country social at the Gleaner hall Saturday evening.

Mrs. Philip Sickman and Mrs. Kate Edwards were guests of Mrs. Pete Doll Tuesday.

Mr. Byers, who was here in the interest of the Gleaner arbor, returned home to Walkerton Sunday.

The Gleaners balloted on six new members Saturday evening, after which a dainty lunch was served in honor of Mr. Byers.

MAXINKUCHEE

Mrs. G. M. Woolley, Correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. Dow Rector visited friends in Chicago last week.

Rev. Mosier preached a splendid sermon at Maxinkuckee Sunday night.

Rev. A. L. Vermillion and family took Sunday dinner at C. Schumacher's.

Mrs. Sallie Hissong returned to her home Saturday after spending ten days with her niece in South Whitley.

Mrs. Arthur Woolley and Mrs. G. L. Woolley and daughter Alice spent last Thursday at Geo. Truax's near Argos.

A high-priced seven passenger touring car was standing on the roadside and the driver was making an examination to find out why the carburetor wasn't working, when the driver of a Ford car which had stopped asked the driver of the big car what was the trouble. He said: "I have picked up a Ford and it has got into the carburetor." "Well," said the Ford driver as he drove on, "when you find it you will find it running."

Hard and soft coal. Castleman & Co.

The Pot and the Kettle.

The following educational incident takes fair rank among the humor of the age:

A young German studying in this country had received back his theme from his instructor in English. On it were some notes in red ink, which the student could not decipher. Accordingly he took it to the tutor in order that he might not miss some important advice.

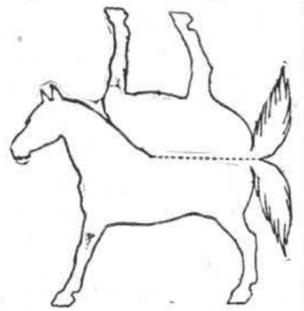
"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but I can't make out this correction here. It's— it's a little hard to read."

The instructor took the theme, scowled at it critically, and then said, "Why, it says— it says, 'Write more legibly!'"

OUR BOYS and GIRLS

ROBIN'S SOLDIERS.

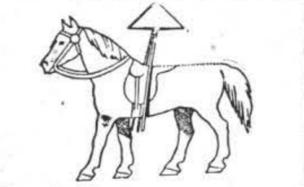
Robin stood staring out at the rain dripping from the pine-needles. Mother, seeing her little boy's loneliness, decided that a new play must be arranged for him. She slipped out of



the door, and hurriedly gathered a number of the most needles from the pine tree not yet covered by the snow.

Producing some bristol-board, she outlined upon it a curious-shaped horse.

She cut along the line from the neck to the dotted line, and with the scissors pressed along the dotted line, which made the heavy paper bend easily. Robin was interested by this time, and was delighted when he saw her fold the bristol-board along this line and produce a dear little horse which would stand up on the table.



To make the horse natural, mother marked the mouth and the eye, and snipped the tail into fine lines to represent long hairs.

After making a number of these horses, she next took a few of the pine-needles, which grow in clusters of three, and showed Robin how to spread each needle carefully out to make each cluster form a tent.

Robin had always been deeply interested in soldiers and things soldierly, and when the tents were in place he could hardly wait to see the soldiers.

These mother made from the remainder of the needles by cutting off two-thirds of each cluster's length. And although it was necessary to leave on the third needle, to induce them to stand up, Robin declared they were very fine soldiers indeed. They looked very prim and straight as they rode off to the wars in the tiny paper soldier hats mother had made and glued to each head.

What a happy time Robin had with the quaint little men! The tents had a funny way of collapsing suddenly, very often knocking the props from under the brave soldiers; but he only laughed merrily and set them upright again.

Floss and the Fox.

Floss was a big, yellow cat, one of my pets at my country home. We had noticed that day after day Floss went down across the meadow and disappeared in the edge of the cedar swamp. One afternoon I followed him, taking good care that he did not see me. He skirted the swamp for several rods and stopped at a little open space and kept glancing from side to side in an expectant fashion. Soon there was a rustling among the bushes and a handsome yellow fox leaped into the open. Then the fun began.

Floss and the fox played at tag as gaily as two children. Floss was always the "tigger" and the fox ran this way and that and doubled and dodged in so comical a manner that once I laughed outright, whereupon they stopped their play and stood for a minute listening.



For half an hour I watched from behind a clump of cedars, until Floss was quite exhausted. The fox was untiring, but Floss was not so nimble, because he was very fat. About sundown they separated. Floss walking slowly toward home and the fox swinging off toward the nearby stream at a brisk trot. I hurried to overtake Floss, but he seemed much frightened when he saw me and ran into the swamp. He did not come home until next morning, and never again did we see him crossing the meadow, or find him playing with his wild comrade. I was sorry that I had spotted their fun.

NEWS OF LOCAL CHURCHES

EVANGELICAL.

Sunday school, 9:30; preaching, 10:30; Y. P. A., 6:30—topic, "Pay Your Vows," Eccl. 5:1-7; revival services, 7:30. Revival services every evening this week beginning at 7:30. Everybody cordially invited.

J. E. Young, Pastor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

All regular services for the coming week. This announcement must necessarily be brief for the pastor is bearing his part of the burden of putting a new roof on the parsonage property.

POPLAR GROVE.

Special Rally day services by the Sunday school at the 10 o'clock hour. A specially prepared program will be rendered by members of the school and visiting officers of the Township and County Sunday School associations are expected to be present. Remember the date, Sunday, Nov. 15. J. F. Kenrich, Pastor.

REFORMED.

Home Mission day. Sunday school, 10. We hope to have all the regular scholars in attendance and those who are interested in modern Sunday school work, and those who have no Sunday school home will find a cordial welcome. As is our custom on this day a special offering will be taken for home missionary work. Junior Endeavor, 2. Osie Stahl, superintendent; Senior Endeavor, 6:30, Hazel Beck, leader. In the evening a special missionary program will be given. The men of the church will have charge of the service. The addresses will be as follows:

The Modern Missionary... C. Zechiel
His Commission... W. A. Walker
His Message... L. C. Zechiel
His Field... Deane Walker
His Support... Walter Hand

Special music by choir and congregation. Everyone cordially invited.

WASHINGTON

Evs Jones, Correspondent.

Several from here attended quarterly meeting at Rutland Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo. McFarland were over Sunday guests at Fulton.

Mrs. Brad Krouse came home Sunday after a week's visit in Chicago.

Rev. Tiedt will begin a series of meetings at West Washington Wednesday evening, Nov. 11.

About twelve of the Ladies' Aid enjoyed an all day meeting with Mrs. Cook of Walnut last Thursday.

Sunday visitors: The B. A. Curties at William Kline's; R. C. McFarland and family at Mr. and Mrs. Simmons'.

From Trustee-Elect Currens.

To the Voters of Union Township: I thank you for your splendid vote of confidence given me last week Tuesday, and I assure you I feel deeply grateful.

J. W. CURRENS.

Dance, Saturday Night.

Another of those select, popular dances at Crook's hall next Saturday night, Nov. 14. Good music, good crowd, good time.

SAM BELT, Manager.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to thank our neighbors and friends who so kindly assisted us during the sickness and death of our beloved husband and father. We cannot express our thanks for the beautiful flowers.

MRS. McFEELY AND CHILDREN.

Old newspapers at the Citizen

Unclaimed Letter List

List of letters remaining uncalled for in this office for the week ending Nov. 7.

LADIES.

Mary Culver, Mrs. John F. R. Miller, Mrs. Chas. Martin, Mrs. J. J. Hanna.

GENTLEMEN.

Lewis Messenger, Wm. Clarence Kendall, James Cronin, R. Catakis, George Can Shank, E. W. Miller, Theo. King, Robert Nelson.

These letters will be sent to the dead letter office Nov. 21, 1914.

JOHN OSBORN, P. M.

CULVER MARKETS

Wheat.....	1.03
Corn, per bu, new....	.50
" " " old.....	.60
Oats, assorted.....	.45
Rye.....	.80
Clover seed.....	7.00
Cow peas, cleaned.....	1.50
Eggs (fresh).....	.26
Butter (good).....	.28
do (common).....	.17
Spring chickens.....	.09
Fowls.....	.09
Leghorn chickens.....	.08
Roosters.....	.05
Ducks, old.....	.08
Geese.....	.08
Turkeys.....	.14
Lard.....	.124

You do the baking. If it fails, we pay.

We're glad to be able to sell you



OCCIDENT Flour
because we can guarantee better oven results than you've had before—or refund the price of the flour. Ask us about OCCIDENT before next Baking Day.

Castleman & Co.
Phone 48—Culver

THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHES	MITCHELL & STABENOW CULVER : : INDIANA	FURNISHINGS HATS AND SHOES
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How About the Boy?

Is he fitted out for the cold days to come---have you bought his suit and overcoat?

Better visit our store, as it is headquarters for economical mothers, who, while saving, desire dependable and up-to-date garments for the boys.

We are certainly showing the most complete stock of boys suits and overcoats to be found anywhere, and ask that you call and look—we depend entirely upon your judgment to make a sale.

We are showing a cracker-jack school suit for

\$2.50

Others for \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.50 to \$6.50.