

## PERSONAL POINTERS

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

Dr. Wiseman spent Sunday in Chicago.

Daniel Easterday is celebrating his 79th birthday today.

Mrs. Chas. Stabenow of Chicago was an over Sunday visitor with her son Otto.

Mrs. E. R. Pugh and daughter Vinetta are here for a Thanksgiving visit with Mrs. Pugh's sister, Mrs. J. F. Kenrich.

Miss Grace E. Bradley of Three Oaks, Mich., is here in attendance upon Mrs. Mary Hollett who is ill at the home of her grandson, William Hollett.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Zechiel, Wilard Zechiel, James Shearer and Mrs. Charity Stahl attended the funeral of Mrs. Charles Becknell at Plymouth Sunday.

Mrs. M. C. Hill returned to Vancouver, Wash., last Friday after spending six weeks visiting with her brothers (the Wisemans) and sister in Culver, Lafayette and Indianapolis.

Owing to an illness due to a change in climate Rev. H. A. Davis is compelled to give up his work in the Boston Theological seminary. He arrived home Tuesday evening and will remain until he regains his health.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Miles of Cabool, Mo., arrived Tuesday for a visit with Mrs. Miles' brother, D. W. Marks, and other relatives in this vicinity. Thanksgiving day will find all the brothers and sisters and their families at Mrs. Sarah Hissong's on the East side.

### Death of Daniel Holderman.

Daniel H. Holderman died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Frank Overmyer, in Burr Oak, Thursday evening. He was past 83, and has kept a store at Twin Lakes station for some years, being known there as "Father" Holderman. Besides his daughter he leaves a son in Milwaukee. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. F. Appleman, of Plymouth at Frank Overmyer's Friday afternoon and the body was taken to Columbia City.—Republican.

—Logansport had a \$90,000 fire on Fourth street Friday. The places burned out were Waters' dry goods store, Hoffman's drug store, Logansport Business college, Lewis' jewelry store and a candy store.

## NEW CHURCH AT SANTA ANNA

It will be remembered by the readers of the Citizen that last spring the Methodist Protestant church at East Washington was destroyed by fire, which left the members without a place of worship until they received permission to use the Christian church of Maxinkuckee, which was accepted. They at once set about to devise plans for rebuilding the church. It was finally decided to divide their resources for a still greater work and a larger field to work in, and they purchased the Christian church at Maxinkuckee. Officers were elected who at once remodeled and rebuilt the Maxinkuckee church, added a furnace and a lighting plant, and dedicated it some weeks ago.

Officers were also selected and ground secured to build a church at Santa Anna. This building was started in August and has just been completed, and when dedicated next Sunday will give to the community of Santa Anna a fine new church. The old-time membership will have two fields to work in instead of one, and will no doubt successfully handle both Santa Anna and Maxinkuckee with harmony.

### Viewing Road Routes.

S. C. Thurman, Mark D. Falvey and Verne S. Gorrell of Knox and Ray Schoonover and Arthur Thompson of Plymouth are going over the roads to be graveled in German township.

The first two gentlemen named are members of the Thurman Construction Co., which is building the gravel roads in Union township and will bid on the work here.

It is believed that the market for bonds will be much better after the first of the year. As soon as there is a market for bonds the contract for building our roads will be let.—Bremen Enquirer.

## "BILL-EDDIE'S" BIG BANQUET

The completion of ten years of service with the academy by J. W. Riggins and E. J. Bergman, respectively barber and tailor, was made the occasion on Thursday night at the Hayes restaurant of a banquet tendered to the officers and others who had served a similar period. The menu was an attractive one, including oyster cocktail, black bass, French fried potatoes, creamed peas, vegetable salad, olives, celery, suet pudding, and coffee. It was prepared under Mrs. Hayes' supervision, and more than that in proof of its excellence cannot be said. When the cigars were passed, speeches were in order, Mr. Riggins acting as toastmaster. From the superintendent and the other officers of the academy there was an unbroken line of testimony that the departments conducted by Messrs. Riggins and Bergman were in a high degree satisfactory, and that these gentlemen had won the respect and confidence of everyone connected with the institution. They have reason to feel proud of the record they have made.

Those present were Colonel Gignilliat, Majors Glascock and Greiner, Captains Hand, Hunt, Noble, Grant, Kennedy, Bays, Elliott, Messrs. Holt, Brooke, McCormick, Kunkle, Miller.

### Sunday Hunting Prohibited.

Sunday hunting will not be permitted in Indiana during the quail season (Nov. 10 to Jan. 1), according to announcement made by Deputy Fleming.

In former years the department has contended this violation of the law during the quail season for the reason that many men have no opportunity to hunt except on Sunday, but there has been so much complaint by farmers that Commissioner Miles decided to enforce the law.

## FROM THE ACADEMY

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

Everybody and everything is in readiness for the Thanksgiving festivities and the whole school is in shape to show the visitors something about Thanksgiving they will never forget. From the Dramatic club Wednesday to the ball Thanksgiving night, the program will enjoy the most hearty co-operation of both visitors and cadets and will, therefore, have its smoothness and success assured.

Thanksgiving the visitors will have the opportunity of seeing one of Culver's famous escorts of the color and battalion review. At 11 o'clock the second football game with the Merrimac Athletic club will be called. Then at 12:30 comes the big meal eaten with a vengeance in all American homes and where the turkey reigns supreme. Mr. Boblett has the battalion in suspense as to what he will accomplish with his gallant array of cooks and bakers. Already the mouths are smacking in anticipation of the annual big feed. After this lingering repast the greatest event of the day, for some, will come to pass, the game with University of Akron. This game—to repeat the time-worn and antiquated phrase, but which of this game is very true—will be the hardest gridiron battle of this year and will take not only the efforts of the team to win, but the support of every individual on the side lines.

For others, the more fortunate ones who are the proud escorts of fair maidens, the greatest event of the day will come in the form of the long-awaited Thanksgiving hop. Colonel Gignilliat, Captain Noble, and last but not least, our amiable professor of dancing, Mr. Gaynor, have been a committee of three in conference with the Hop club and something new and original in the way of decorations and figures is promised, together with a trifle more freedom in the modern dances. The orchestra will render all the latest hits.

The escort of color last Monday, which certainly was a pleasure, was a small part of the military preparation for Thanksgiving exercises. The program includes battalion review and escort of color, garrison parade, rough riding exhibition, and battalion drill, which includes a music drill. Parades have been numerous lately and both they and the battalion drills show the six-company battalion to good advantage. The first battalion drill was a great deal better than the pessimists had predicted. The music drill, which is the same as was used last Thanksgiving, is, after only a few rehearsals, in excellent shape. Colonel Gignilliat seems very well pleased with everything. The only thing that is not sure to be pleasing is the weather.

Never again will the enthusiastic members of our golf club have to tramp to the other side of the lake in order to participate in this renowned sport, as a six-hole course is being constructed on the drill and cavalry field.

The starting point—or to use a golfer's term, "the first tee," is in front of the waiters' quarters. From here you drive to the first hole, which is in the southeast corner of the drill field, then to the second hole 300 yards straight ahead towards the Shaw school house. The third tee is across the field from the cavalry field, from where you drive to the third hole near the Shaw school house, then to the fourth hole in front of the grandstand. From here you drive to the fifth hole which is 375 yards due north

to the railroad track. Then from the sixth tee, which is on the small hill near the swamp across the railroad track, you drive to the sixth and last hole which is in the rear of the artillery sheds.

A score of 32-13 gave Culver the victory last Saturday over her most friendly rival, Morgan Park academy. Incidentally the game was by far the most interesting for the spectators that has been played on the home grounds this season. Both sides made frequent and effective use of the forward pass and there were many spectacular runs. Spafford and Sayer starred in the pass and run part of the game, and Nimmons and McLean on gains through the line for Culver. For the visitors Wagner made himself prominent, first by scooping up a fumble during a scrimmage and making a 30-yard run for a touchdown, and later by receiving a well-placed forward pass of 25-yards and then running through the Culver men for as many more yards across the goal line. The referee of the game was Kenfield, a famous quarterback of Morgan Park in the days when she used to come to Culver and win year after year.

After a five-week motor trip through the South Colonel Gignilliat and family returned to Culver in fine health and spirits.

The roads as far as Nashville were good and the party met with no greater difficulty than a driving rain. However, their troubles began when they started to cross the Cumberland mountains. The roads were slippery, and it was very dangerous going down steep grades.

On the return trip the Colonel planned another route through Alabama which was much better than the first one, although it missed several of the larger cities.

During the trip the party visited the Georgia Industrial College for Women, where the Colonel delivered a short talk before 700 young women, and the Berry School for Mountain Girls and Boys, where the children of the mountaineers are educated. They also visited the Mammoth Cave.

A contribution of something more than thirty dollars was sent this week to W. J. Chalmers of Chicago for the Belgian relief fund. Several days ago Major Glascock spoke in chapel of this work and asked for any interested to make contributions from their weekly allowances. Of the amount about half was given by officers and half by cadets.

Mrs. Gignilliat returned on Sunday from the South where she had been visiting since the return of Colonel Gignilliat two weeks ago.

Captain Bennett entertained the members of the champion B. company football team to a turkey dinner on Saturday evening.

Mr. Miller with four cadet delegates attended the state Y. M. C. A. convention in Lafayette from Friday to Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Culver and Mrs. B. B. Culver were among the first arrivals for the Thanksgiving.

—Wayne Brown, who was here with "Black Samson" recently, was found dead in bed at the Plymouth Inn Friday morning. He was 33 years old and partially paralyzed. He was in Plymouth to arrange for showing views of the Hawaiian islands where he spent 12 years. His wife, it is said by Albert Earl, Black Samson's manager, owns 28,000 acres of land in Texas. Brown's brothers came from Chicago and took charge of the body.

### W. C. T. U.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. L. C. Zechiel Friday, 2 o'clock. Mrs. Henry Zechiel, leader.

Program: Song—"Some Glad Day." Scripture—Prov. 1st chap. Prayer.

Leaflet—"The Study of Physiology and Hygiene in the Public School a Delight, a Necessity and a National Safeguard."

Reading on subject of Scientific and Medical Temperance Instruction, by Mrs. Charity Stahl. General discussion.

Song—"Christ for the World, We Sing." Benediction.

## NOTES FROM OUR SCHOOLS

"What Happened to Argos" is told by the score of 56 to 0 when Argos met Culver Friday night. Our boys started with a rush and kept the ball going in their favor until the first half was finished. At the commencement of the second half Argos held the team down for awhile, but finally Culver broke loose and resumed the fine work of the start. Occasionally Argos would get a distant shot at the basket, but would fail to score, as they also failed on their free shots. Fine passing, improved team work and a quick eye for the goal made it possible for Culver to score heavily. The excellent work of the guards is also to be praised, for so close was the guarding that Argos was unable to bring the ball into safe shooting distance. Coach Dillon says that he is well pleased with the showing the fellows made. On Thanksgiving evening the boys will clash with the strong team from Walton. The former games with Walton have been very interesting, and it is assured that this will be an exceedingly exciting game. All are asked to come out and support the team and association.

King Winter has been visiting the school and brought rather unpleasant conditions. Two of the recitation rooms have been made so cold by his presence that classes could not be conducted in them. There seems to be a little difficulty during these cold snaps to get a sufficient amount of heat in all of the rooms to make them real comfortable, but these two had to be abandoned.

The classes in domestic science have been studying the art of preparing a good wholesome breakfast. On Tuesday morning the 8th grade girls served breakfast to the lower grade teachers. At noon the fresh-

(Continued on Last Page.)

## NEW WAR TAXES ARE NOW DUE

Following are some of the items on which the war revenue tax is due: Banks, on each \$1,000 of capital, \$1.

Theaters, seating capacity not over 250, \$25.

Each billiard or pool table, \$5.

Dealers in cigars and tobacco (exempt when annual receipts are not over \$200), \$4.80.

Promissory notes, not exceeding \$100, 2 cents.

Deeds, value over \$100 and not exceeding \$500, 50 cents; each additional \$500 in value, 50 cents.

Fire insurance policies, for each \$1 of premium, 1/2 cent.

Telegraph and telephone messages, 1 cent, to be paid by sender.

Perfumes, cosmetics and similar articles, and chewing gum, fractions of a cent, too small to affect the retail price.

James P. Butler of South Bend is the collector for this district.

### Teachers' Institute.

The Marshall county institute will be in session at Plymouth Friday and Saturday of this week. Miss Rose Moss of the Culver school will have a paper on "Teaching Domestic Science Under Difficulties." Aus-

## THE WEEK IN CULVER

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

—The weather forecast for Thanksgiving is "Fair." Here's hoping.

—Cranberries are selling at 10 cents—twice as cheap as last year. Let us give thanks.

—Akron is quarantined on account of scarlet fever. The schools and churches are closed.

—Little lake froze over a week ago Tuesday, and the boys have been skating on it ever since.

—The Methodist ladies cleared about \$65 from their sale and supper Saturday. A fine supper, too.

—J. Wolf has rented the Levi Henderson farm 1 1/2 miles north of town and is moving from Culver this week.

—On account of two cases of scarlet fever in a family on the Yellow river the Hibbard school is closed this week.

—Born, Nov. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. George O. Crossland, a boy, who will bear the name of George Otto Crossland.

—Last Thanksgiving was damp all day and foggy in the morning, with the temperature steady at 45 all day. Remember?

—A marriage license has been issued to Marvin T. Loudon, a well-known farmer on the East side, and Mrs. Clara L. Shelly of Plymouth.

—Rev. W. A. Yeisley was installed last Thursday night as pastor of the Reformed church of Plymouth. Rev. A. J. Michael conducted the ceremony.

—The meeting of the Commercial club Friday night was for the purpose of taking steps to remove the town pier for the winter. Only three members "showed up," but President Medbourn was given the job—without pay, we suspect.

—In a recent day of shooting E. J. Bradley and Arthur Morris killed 30 ducks (the limit), 28 of which were canvas backs that weighed about 3 pounds each. The weather is not yet cold enough in the North to start the birds southward in large numbers.

—Liveryman Miller has moved into Mary Medbourn's house and Jesse Rhoads has moved the Moses Menser house—his old neighborhood. Mr. Menser has gone to the farm to live. Ben Hickman and S. E. Wiser have rented the Seese house opposite the printing office. Quite a moving tale.

tin Lowry of the Hibbard school will lead the discussion on "Agriculture from the Teacher's Viewpoint," and the Culver high school will furnish music.

### Union Thanksgiving Services.

In response to proclamations issued by President Wilson and Governor Ralston the people of Culver are urged to attend union Thanksgiving services at the M. E. church Thursday at 10 o'clock. Program: Hymn—"Holy, holy, holy." Hymn—"Come, Thou Almighty King."

Prayer—Rev. J. F. Kenrich.

Anthem—"Praise Ye the Name of the Lord."

Scripture—Rev. A. J. Michael.

President's Proclamation—Member of the Christian church.

Hymn—"America."

Offering.

Sermon—Rev. J. E. Young.

Doxology—"Praise God," etc.

Benediction—Rev. Walker.

By agreement among the ministers, the offering will be used for the opening of a relief fund for the sufferers among the Belgians. This fund will be placed in the hands of a committee, to be announced at the service, who will see that it falls into proper channels, as stated.

# 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.  
Legal advertising at the rates fixed by law.  
Entered at the postoffice at Culver, Indiana as second-class mail matter.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

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

Jones John Jan14  
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 26, 1914.

## Report the News!

Editor Citizen: Since I began writing these articles for the Citizen I have learned considerable about the newspaper business, and this week I am going to urge the readers to help the publisher out by sending in the items of news they know.

It seems the community in which a paper is published expects its newspaper employees to know everything that is going on—never thinks they expect to see in the paper, but blames him if he fails to learn of them himself.

Why can't every church, school, lodge and every other society in our community have a reporter of its own whose duty it would be to see that news regarding it was sent to the paper. I am sure the publisher would approve of such a plan and gladly print every item furnished him.

There is not a church, school or other organization that does not have real, interesting happenings every week, and if these were reported our local paper would be "chuck" full of interest in every issue. Our Sunday schools could furnish news; the public schools in town and surrounding country could furnish news; every lodge could report its meetings. All that is needed is a determined effort on the part of the associations themselves. Surely the paper does its part in granting us the space, free.

A great many people feel they cannot write well enough, or do not understand what is wanted well enough to act as such a reporter, but all of this is a mistake. I have learned that all a paper asks is that it be given the news, and if it is not gotten up correctly for publication, someone in the office will be only too glad to put it in shape for publication. And we should not censor the publisher if he changes our contributions. It is his privilege to alter items to conform to his rules. My own contributions often are altered in the wording, and I have always had to acknowledge the change improved them.

We all depend upon the local paper to chronicle the items of the entire community. Why not let the entire community come to a better understanding with the paper. It is not only willing, but anxious for your news. Send it in. And let's not forget the suggestion of having a reporter in all of our societies. What organization will be the first to appoint one? OBSERVER.

## Must Use Stamps.

Under the provisions of the new emergency revenue law any person who issues, signs, or causes to be signed any document, instrument or paper of any kind and fails to stamp same with the proper tax stamp will be guilty of misdemeanor and may be fined not more than \$100. Further, if the person who affixes tax stamp does not write his initials on the stamp and the date of affixing, thus cancelling the stamp against further use he is liable to a fine not exceeding \$500 and may be imprisoned.

## Wood for Sale.

Good, dry oak wood at Castleman & Co's.

Old newspapers, any quantity, at the Citizen office.

## Let Us Help a Little.

[United Press Correspondent.]  
Vienna, Oct. 17.—To the American Citizen, Hometown, U. S. A.:  
If Christmas means anything to you here is your opportunity. This has nothing to do with the war. It is about humanity. It is neutral—as neutral as pain and sympathy are universal.

For three weeks the hospitals here have been absolutely without cotton to dress the wounds of dying soldiers. The American Red Cross corps, which arrived yesterday, brought a small supply, which was immediately distributed among the hospitals and will last only a few days, even with the most careful use.

Doctors and nurses are forced to use small bags of threads. Everybody in Vienna who can't help in any other way spends his or her spare time in unraveling small squares of cloth, cut from sheets and handkerchiefs. The short pieces of thread are sewed into bags of gauze, which are sterilized. The most delicate wounds must be dressed with this rough, harsh material.

Americans, in the name of humanity, ought to send cotton to Austria. No other country can help in this way. The greatest complaint in America is the over-supply of cotton. In Austria wounded men are dying in agony for lack of a few ounces of it. And soon it will be Christmas time throughout the world.

By parcel post a vast quantity of absorbent cotton can be sent to Vienna if American citizens will take upon themselves the personal responsibility of each buying and mailing, at parcel post rates, a small box of cotton. If the package is addressed "THE RED CROSS, VIENNA," and marked "Watte auf fur die Verwundete" ("Cotton for the Wounded") it will reach the hospitals within three weeks from the time it is posted in America. It should easily reach here before Christmas.

I have ascertained the exact situation in regard to the supply of cotton in hospitals. There is none. Even the supply of hospital gauze is giving out. Nurses are using only two-inch squares of gauze instead of the regulation gauze of handkerchief size. More gauze, it is believed, can be manufactured in Austria, but cotton for hospitals must be supplied from the outside world.

Wounded men, with bad sores, suffer exquisitely for lack of soft cotton dressing. Head wounds, where portions of the skull are broken away, cannot be safely dressed with anything but softest cotton. In the operating rooms of the great hospitals of this city, which contain some of the greatest and most famous surgeons in the world, the skill of the life-savers is often set aside and their hands palsied for lack of cotton dressing.

Nurses tell me the most distressing stories of being forced to use the clumsy and harsh bags of raveling nerves are exposed. A bag of ravelings, dipped in benzine, is the means by which the first washing is given to all wounds except the most delicate and dangerous.

Medicated, or absorbent, cotton may be purchased at any drug store and some department or general stores in six standard sizes— $\frac{1}{2}$ -ounce, 1-ounce, 2-ounce, 4-ounce, 8-ounce and 16-ounce. The average price respectively, are 5, 10, 20, 25, 30 and 50 cents. Prices are generally higher at the present time because of the long stagnation of the cotton market.

## Ladies' Bazar.

The ladies of the Christian church will hold their 7th annual Christmas sale on Dec. 4 and 5 in Wickizer's furniture store. Come and get your Christmas presents of us. See our doll counter. Everybody come. Home made candies and pastries. Don't forget the date, Dec. 4 and 5. n19w3.

## Money to Loan.

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

Sale bills printed at the Citizen.

## Tried Cooking Recipes

### HOW TO MAKE SALAD.

THEY ARE REALLY VERY EASILY CONSTRUCTED.

Use Only the Best Condiments And Do Not Attempt Too Much On Your First Effort.

Salads are really very easily constructed, and one needs only to use careful judgment in their preparation. Do not attempt too much at first. Practice on plain salads and simple garnishings before you attempt making elaborate dishes.

Use only the best condiments. Economy must not be overlooked, but it is poor economy to use inferior materials.

All salads are good for luncheon, but only vegetable salads should be served at dinner. If a French dressing is used, the salad may be mixed on the table, as French dressing will not bear waiting.

To make a good English dressing put into a bowl one and one-half teaspoons of salt, one-fourth teaspoon pepper, six tablespoons oil, and two of vinegar. Add a piece of ice size of an egg, and stir with fork five minutes. Remove ice, beat dressing until thick and serve at once.

### Cabbage Salad.

Chop two cups cabbage fine with one cup celery and add two teaspoons minced chives. Mix this with mayonnaise to which two drops tobasco sauce has been added. Serve with parsley.

### Pineapple and Celery Salad.

Take two cups shredded pineapple, add one cup chopped celery and one pimento cut fine. Mix with mayonnaise, serve ice cold on lettuce garnish with nutmeats, or serve in cups made of apples peeled and scooped out.

### Yellow Egg Tomato Salad.

This is one of the prettiest and most decorative salads made. Scald peel and chill one quart small yellow tomatoes, pile them on a dish of fresh green lettuce, cover with mayonnaise and garnish with slices of cucumber.

### ROLL BREAKFAST CAKE.

Nothing More Delightful For the Morning Meal—Good Cold or Hot.

These cakes may be made up the evening before. Place in the baking pan and set in a cool place to rise slowly until morning, then bake for breakfast. Set a small sponge, just enough to make a pint of dough. When this is ready to place in baking pans, add to it four scant table-spoonfuls butter, two of sugar, the well beaten white of an egg, a salt-spoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water, and half a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, or if you use it a few drops of rose water flavoring. Mix thoroughly together, using sufficient flour to make a dough stiff enough to roll out. Roll out quarter of an inch thick and spread with following: two-thirds of a cup of sugar, beaten light with one egg. Roll up like jelly cake and with a sharp knife cut transversely into pieces an inch thick. Set on ends, close together in buttered baking pans and let stand until very light and then bake in rather a thick oven. These are good cold as well as hot.

### Rice and Peaches.

One-half cup rice, two cups crushed peaches, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup milk, one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon butter, a little grated nutmeg or a few drops of vanilla. Wash and boil the rice 20 minutes; drain (do not blanch), put in top of double boiler, add the milk, half the sugar, nutmeg or vanilla, and salt; boil slowly 20 minutes without a cover. The rice must absorb all the milk. Brush four custard cups with melted butter, fill with the rice and set in refrigerator until very cold. Turn out on saucedish and cover with the crushed peaches, to which the balance of the sugar (or sugar to taste) has been added. If decorated with two or three dainty green leaves of any kind it will make a very attractive dessert.

### Molasses Taffy.

One pint of molasses; one-quarter teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda; one-half teaspoonful of lemon juice. Put the molasses in a saucepan and boil for fifteen minutes, stirring constantly. If you find it coming quickly to the top of the pan it is better to lift it off for a moment. After it has been boiling for fifteen minutes add the bicarbonate of soda and continue to boil until brittle when a little is dropped into cold water; then add the lemon juice and pour in well-greased shallow pans to cool. When nearly cold mark off in squares, or it may be pulled until it is a bright yellow, and made into sticks, or cut with a scissors into little drops.

### The Hardest Work.

The hardest kind of work is that which is put off. When a girl leaves something that must be done till the last minute, she makes it twice as hard, as a rule, than if she had done it the first minute. Procrastination as a hard work, and it ought to be, for it stands for something which makes every hard duty harder.

When next making griddle cakes add a little brown sugar or molasses to the batter, the cakes will brown better and more easily.

## FARM NO PLACE FOR TYRO

Prof. Spillman Warns City Men Who Hanker for the Career to "Hire Out" First.

Washington, D. C.—Prof. William J. Spillman, chief of the Office of Farm Management of the Department of Agriculture, warns city men that unless they have been reared on the farm and know something about farming the chances for success in that line are very slim.

"The young man in the city who has a hankering for farming should hire himself out as a farm laborer for two or three years," said Prof. Spillman.

"He should select a community in which farming is being conducted successfully. If he is a good man he can get \$30 a month and his board and lodging. He can clothe himself and buy little incidentals for \$10 per month. The remaining \$20 must be deposited in the best bank in the nearest town. After he has deposited his savings regularly for a year or more the banker will begin to take notice of him. Before long he will offer to lend him money to rent and equip a farm of his own.

"The young man who starts in this way will rent only a small farm, say fifty acres, at first. Within a year or two, by hard work and intelligent management, he will have repaid the loan and added to his savings sufficiently to justify him in renting a larger area. A little later he will be hiring farm labor and will own his place."

Prof. Spillman advises would-be farmers to avoid the mistakes of largely increasing a particular crop following a season of very high prices. He displayed a little chart showing the size and price of the potato crop during the past ten years.

"You will observe," he said, "that the price received for potatoes is regulated absolutely by the demand. Every year that the crop is over-planted the price is low, unless it happens to be a bad year for potatoes.

"Men who know nothing about live stock raising frequently make the mistake of thinking they can get rich quick by purchasing high-grade animals and disposing of their offspring at fancy prices. They may raise fine calves and colts, but until they have built up reputations as stock raisers they will be disappointed in the financial returns. Because a man buys a \$1,000 cow, it does not follow that he will get \$500 for every calf. He must first make a name for himself as a breeder.

"Recently this office made a survey of a county in Pennsylvania tributary to Philadelphia. Several farmers were found who were clearing on the average \$3,000 a year. Most of them made money on milk. But it appeared that all the farmers who made a profit on milk kept only cows that yielded a maximum amount, in some instances the yield was \$100 per cow for the year. Other farmers reported a yield as low as \$20 per cow, and they were losing money on milk. The cows which yielded \$100 were no more expensive to keep than those that yielded only \$20. The \$700 farmers would sell their cows for beef long before the annual yield got anywhere near \$20 per head.

## SONG OF A CRIPPLED BIRD WINS CHILDREN

One-Legged Grosbeak Converts 10,000 to Protection of Wild Life of Country.

Colorado Springs, Colo.—The chirping of a one-legged bird has won more than 10,000 school children to the protection of bird and animal life in this section of Colorado. The little bird, a black-headed grosbeak, is a part of Dr. W. W. Arnold's "bird hospital," which he established last fall to care for those brought to him by the school children. There are five birds in the hospital at this time, all thoroughly tamed.

The grosbeak was shot last fall, a leg and a wing being broken. A schoolgirl found the bird and took it to Dr. Arnold and it received careful attention. The wing was healed but the leg was battered and had to be amputated.

"This little stump of a leg is doing more to make the children appreciate bird life than all the books that could be written or all the lectures that could be delivered," said Dr. Arnold. "At the lecture at Fort Morgan on bird life when I showed 'Blackie' to the children a number of them cried. The bird kept up a merry song all the time I was talking and I would wager that none of the children who saw it will ever harm a bird again. All the way up and all the way back the little fellow kept up his song, attracting considerable attention.

"Colorado Springs is the only city in the world in which the children feed the birds systematically during the winter," Dr. Arnold stated. "Many of the Sunday schools take up collections to buy food for the birds, and the park commission has established little feeding pens and platforms. At the present time the parks are full of birds."

## WRONG WORD WINS NEW TRIAL

Use of "or" for "and" Gives Pick-pocket Another Chance.

Macon, Mo.—Joseph Durkin, convicted of picking the pockets of a railroad man and sentenced to serve two years in the State penitentiary, was granted a new trial because one word was wrong in an instruction.

The instruction defined larceny as "wrongful or fraudulent stealing, taking or carrying away." The court held that the conjunction "and" should have been used instead of "or."

Durkin has been tried three times before.

## OUR BOYS and GIRLS

AN AMUSING TOY.

Hobby Horse and Rider Move on Pivots in Lifelike Manner.

An ingenious and amusing toy has been devised by a Canadian and is shown herewith. It comprises a hobby horse, on which is mounted a manikin, both horse and rider being pivotally constructed at different parts so that when put in action the motion is very lifelike. The two figures are mounted on a base which rocks on an elliptical steel band, which also acts as a spring. The horse's forefeet are pivoted to a block on the stand and his hindquarters are pivoted to his body. The rider is pivoted to the seat and an elastic connection with the animal's rear legs operates both figures in relation. When the base of the toy is rocked or made to



Rocks on Spring Support.

bounce up and down the horse's body moves on his pivoted forelegs and hindquarters and gives him the appearance of running. At the same time the body of the rider sways back and forth in the manner of one urging his mount forward, if not in the best equestrian style.

## The Parrot's Mistake.

Have you heard of "Merrie England?" Well, it isn't always merry, but here is a very merry sailor boy story that comes from there.

Some parrots can talk in a very clever manner, and their droll sayings often make people laugh.

One particular parrot was the pet on board a warship, and it was so very clever that it learned to imitate a great many things. It often heard the boatswain of the ship blow his whistle when he was ordering the sailor men about their work, and before very long it could imitate exactly every kind of whistle.

Well, one day a party of ladies came from the shore in a small boat on a visit to the warship, and as the sides of the ship were very high, they had to sit in a chair to be hoisted on to the deck.

A rope was fastened to the chair, of course, and some sailormen pulled the rope until the lady in the chair got to the deck.

Polly the parrot was looking round a corner watching the ladies come on deck in that way. And suddenly, as the sailormen were pulling up another of the ladies, Polly whistled like the boatswain, and called out, "Let go!"

The sailormen thought it was the boatswain, who had whistled, and they let go the rope at once, and in a moment the poor lady was in the sea!

Most fortunately, however, some other sailormen were on the watch, and they quickly pulled the lady out of the water.

## Relic of the Past.

"So, woman, you treasure another man's photograph?"

"Don't be foolish, Harry. This is a portrait of yourself when you had hair."—Washington Herald.

## Awful, Mabel.

Why does Sweden have to send abroad for cattle? Because she keeps her Stockholm.

## Notice of Sale of School Property

The undersigned, W. S. Easterday, township trustee of Union school township of Marshall county, Indiana, hereby gives notice that he will, on the Fourth day of December, 1914, at 2 o'clock p. m., sell the same for the highest price that can be obtained therefor, but not less than two-thirds its appraised value, the following described real estate and personal property, to-wit: Commencing at the northeast corner of the northwest quarter (¼) of section four (4), township thirty-two (32) north, range one (1) east, in the center of the main highway, running thence south one hundred thirty-five (135) feet; thence west one hundred forty (140) feet; thence north one hundred thirty-five (135) feet to the section line; thence east one hundred forty (140) feet to the place of beginning; and also the old school house and coal house situated thereon.

The said Union school township, by and through its trustee upon the payment of the purchase money to the township trustee will execute to the purchaser a deed of conveyance to said described real estate and a bill of sale of the buildings.  
W. S. EASTERDAY,  
Trustee of Union School Township, Marshall County, Indiana.

## \$100 Reward.

For the conviction of any person found guilty of maliciously breaking high tension insulators. Plymouth Electric Light & Power Co.

## Teams Wanted.

For work on the new gravel roads. Apply to S. C. Thurman, Culver.

## 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

Old newspapers at the Citizen

## Fancy Golden Horn Flour

None Better None So Cheap  
\$3.25 per cwt.



MAKES MORE BREAD COSTS LESS MONEY

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CULVER FEED & GRAIN CO

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Bright skies, invigorating air and brilliant foliage makes one seek the out-of-doors. And a Kodak perpetuates the scenes and incidents as nothing else can do.

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## FOR 5 Per Cent LOANS and Fire Insurance

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PLYMOUTH, IND.

# THE MYSTERIOUS MONOGRAM

A Baffling Mystery Story  
By HOWARD P. ROCKEY

## CHAPTER XXI.

### ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

For a long time Harcourt sat in the shadow, half dazed by the revelations of his talk with Kandwahr, hardly able to realize all that had taken place in the weeks since the fatal occurrence at his engagement dinner.

The sudden return of his memory of the past had come to him like a shock.

At first everything seemed confused, but gradually he figured out each step in the events that had followed the murder. Little by little he pieced together what Kandwahr had told him and those things his returning memory told.

It all came back vividly now, and for the first time he understood where he was. Even now, in spite of his promise, his inclination to return to London was strong. In view of his promise to MacBee, he wondered why he had given his word to Kandwahr. Again he found himself wondering if he could have killed Townshend. The confidence of his friends made him doubt it, and now Kandwahr's words had strengthened his belief that such a thing was impossible.

Yet every circumstance seemed to point to his guilt, and he could not account for the bloodstained knife Ferguson had found in his pocket the morning after the murder. Then the memory of the mysterious monogram returned with all its uncanny suggestions. What was the thing—why did Grace wear it—and what, if anything, did she know about Townshend's death. One thing sure, she could be in no danger while at the lodge and has failure to give himself up was not placing her safety in jeopardy.

For a long time, he pondered over the advisability of telling the others at the lodge that he now remembered everything. It might be better to let them believe he was still as he had been—to say nothing of having seen Kandwahr. Perhaps the Indian was right. A week might clear up the whole mystery and remove this horrible suspicion from him forever. Surely, no one could suffer from his concealment for one more week, and if at the end of that time, he could be proven guiltless, it was worth waiting for patiently. Established innocence meant his return to position and everything in the world that he cared for. It meant that Grace's part in the tragedy would be explained as well, and then he might marry her without delay.

As he sat thinking in the darkness he began to realize that he loved Grace more deeply than he could have believed possible. His usually phlegmatic nature seemed to change, and the passion surging up within him told him that he desired her for his wife more than anything else on earth.

Just as he had decided to go in, a slight noise beyond the little garden attracted his attention, and as he looked intently towards the trees, he saw a white-clad figure straying about cautiously. Then he heard a long, low whistle.

A moment later the door of the lodge opened, and Harcourt drew back into the corner to conceal his presence. To his surprise and horror Grace stepped out on the veranda, hesitated a moment, and then ran hurriedly toward the white figure he had first seen.

Astonished, Harcourt stood spellbound. Then, before he could think further, the door of the garage banged faintly. Looking in that direction, Harcourt saw Kandwahr step out and move away cautiously, as though fearing discovery. Fascinated and unable to understand it all, Harcourt stood watching Kandwahr as he walked along the roadway beyond the gate. Then he pulled himself together with a start. Who was the man Grace had hurried out to meet at his signal? Where was Kandwahr going? Why had he exacted Harcourt's promise to remain, only to slip away himself. A dozen reasons flashed across Harcourt's mind, and in spite of his former confidence, the old suspicions of the Indian returned. Then it occurred to him—perhaps this was the danger Kandwahr had spoken of—even now the fate he feared might be at hand.

Instantly, Harcourt started off after him, taking care to keep out of sight in case any of the three he had seen should look back. He could dimly make out the figure ahead of him. Kandwahr seemed to be moving cautiously, too, but there was no sign of Grace or her companion.

Now Harcourt saw Kandwahr pause and conceal himself behind a tree. Harcourt stood still in his tracks and waited—but it was only a moment before he saw two shadowy figures appear behind Kandwahr. Harcourt's heart leaped. He could only make them out dimly, but apparently it was Grace and the man she had slipped out to meet. Suddenly he heard a piercing shriek and a shot rang loudly in his ears. After that all was still and he could see nothing.

Realizing that he was unarmed, and helpless against attack, Harcourt nevertheless sprang forward eagerly. Grace might be in danger—or perhaps this was the thing Kandwahr had feared. There was no further sound to guide him, and it was several moments before he came out upon a little clearing. The moonlight

breaking through the trees lit up the narrow space, but before him, upon the ground, Harcourt saw quite plainly, a dark figure lying still in a little heap.

He glanced about quickly, but there was no one in sight. Perhaps someone lurked nearby ready to spring out upon him, and he shuddered as he bent down over the prostrate form.

He gave an exclamation of dismay. It was Kandwahr, lying flat upon his back, staring with glazed and sightless eyes at the blinking stars overhead. Harcourt looked at the man, and a vague sense of terror came over him. Upon Kandwahr's face was almost a look of triumph. At last the fate he had spoken of had overtaken him.

Death had apparently been instantaneous, for, buried hilt deep in his breast, was a knife. Harcourt made no attempt to remove it, but he knew the blade was long and it had pierced the heart. Carved upon its handle was the mysterious monogram.

Harcourt shuddered. There were sounds of someone approaching, and for the second time Harcourt found himself the innocent victim of circumstances that pointed to his guilt as a murderer. And this time, too, the instrument of death had been a long dagger marked with the symbol that had pursued him so relentlessly. What was the thing—what did it stand for—and why was it constantly put before his eyes to torment his tortured mind.

In unreasoning fear he crouched beside the body, hoping those who were approaching might pass on without noticing him. Then a weird idea came to him. Grace wore the terrible charm he had learned to fear. She had gone into the wood with her companion ahead of Kandwahr. Could it be that she—or the man with her—could have struck the blow with the marked dagger? It was impossible—horrible—yet, if it could be true, he meant to remain and save her from suspicion by taking the blame upon himself.

Now his eyes wandered from the body and on the ground close by he saw a soiled envelope. Mechanically he picked it up, and as the sounds drew nearer, slipped it into his pocket without examination.

Almost holding his breath, and fearing to make the slightest sound, he waited anxiously. Then he heard the swish of garments behind him, the parting of branches and the snapping of a twig. Before he could straighten up or even look about, someone seized him and he was thrown heavily upon his face.

Strong hands were trussing him up with a strong cord that cut his wrists and now something was thrown over his head. He felt himself lifted as a baby might be, and knew that he was being carried away hurriedly.

His captors moved along silently, giving their prisoner but scant consideration. The road they were traveling was apparently a rough one, for now and then they stumbled, shaking Harcourt roughly. Once they paused and whispered among themselves, but Harcourt could not make out what they were saying. Apparently they were satisfied after a time, however, and they moved off again at the same brisk pace.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE CAPTURE.

The shot in the woods had awakened those in the lodge, and, dressing hurriedly, Cornish and the other men were soon outside, inquiring anxiously of the servants what had happened. Harcourt's absence had been discovered, and now Adele rushed out excitedly to tell them Grace was not in her room.

Carrington had just returned from the garage, reporting that Kandwahr was gone, and with one accord the men rushed out into the roadway. There was not sound to break the stillness of the night, and the little group were growing more and more alarmed at every step. There was nothing to reward their search, and their anxiety increased, as their endeavors failed to explain the shot they had heard, and the absence of the three for whose safety they feared.

Suddenly Cornish and Sir Harry heard a call from the trees ahead, and Maybrooke's voice shouted to them. Hurrying in the direction from which his cry came, they arrived at the little clearing to discover Marston and the physician bending over Kandwahr.

"What has happened?" Sir Harry asked excitedly. "Is he—?"

"Dead," announced the doctor looking up from a hasty examination. "Apparently Kandwahr fired the shot," Cornish said, pointing to the revolver still tightly clutched in the Indian's lifeless hand. "He tried to ward off the attack, but his enemy was too quick for him." He shuddered as he looked at the stiletto and the rapidly growing spot of red on Kandwahr's shirt.

"There has been a struggle here, too," Farndale said, looking about at the ground. "Look, Dick! The footprint you and Adele saw down by the gate!"

Carrington confirmed it in an instant. "The same," he said. "And look at the knife. There is that infernal monogram again!"

"What's this?" Marston demanded, as he picked up a crumpled envelope. It was the one Harcourt had picked up and slipped into his pocket, only to lose when he had been set upon by his captors.

By the light of an electric lamp, the little group opened the letter.

"It's Kandwahr's confession!" Sir Harry exclaimed. "The confession he offered to write if we would send him away in safety."

"But where the devil are Grace and Harcourt?" Cornish said impatiently.

"You don't suppose Harcourt did this to obtain this confession, do you?"

"Nonsense!" said Marston. "A man doesn't commit murder for a letter and then leave it lying on the ground. Besides, he would have had this to answer for in any event. Harcourt is no murderer. This infernal sign, and the bare footprint, will tell the story if MacBee can read their meaning."

The thought of the detective sent a thrill through them all. This time he had been caught napping in spite of his skill and energy. Yet they wished he were within reach to aid them now.

Suddenly they heard someone coming through the underbrush, and a moment later Grace ran up, crying hysterically and throwing herself into her father's arms. For several moments her sobs shook her body and she could not speak. Then, in answer to their eager questioning, she controlled herself with a great effort, and told what she had seen.

"They have carried off Jack!" she said breathlessly. "I left the house to meet Bajhab. He wished to warn me of danger, but he was too late."

"The Sepoy?" Cornish asked.

"My servant," Marston explained. "I did not see this," Grace went on, pointing to the body, "but I heard the shots. Then Bajhab and I crept forward and saw Jack bending over the body. Before we could reach his side three men broke into the clearing and carried Jack away. Bajhab is following them."

"Do you know which way they went?" Marston asked quickly.

Grace nodded. "Come," she said. "I will lead you."

Without another word the little party hurried off across the fields and into the hills beyond.

Just around a turn in the rough road, Cornish, who was in the lead, stopped with a sudden exclamation of horror. The others crowded about him quickly, and there in the road ahead they saw a dark figure. It was Bajhab, and upon his forehead had been branded the mysterious monogram. It took Dr. Maybrooke but a moment to discover there was nothing he could do for the man—another victim of the strange symbol that had been set upon him as a mark of triumph.

"What is this infernal thing anyway?" Cornish said nervously.

Grace shuddered and a little cry of pain escaped her. Crying softly she tore from her neck the silver chain with the carved monogram hanging from it.

"Bajhab gave it to me himself," she said piteously, as she passed the charm to her father. "The day before his death Capt. Townshend gave me one like it. He also had his cigarettes marked with it."

"But what is it?" Marston insisted. "Unquestionably it is an Indian sign or combination of letters."

Grace nodded. "Bajhab knew. When I lost the one poor Townshend gave me, Bajhab made me promise to wear this. And on—" she turned her head away and wept piteously. Controlling herself she went on. "I feared to tell you I got the charm for fear I would be connected with the crime, and so I preferred to be suspected rather than reveal what I knew of it and then, perhaps, increase the evidence against Jack."

Suddenly they heard the throbbing of a powerful motor, and now a bright white light swung around the turn, illuminating the little group against the dark background of the hills. There was a shout as those in the car observed the party and the big machine came to a standstill within a few feet of them.

Two men leaped from it and hurried forward, and Grace gave a cry of delight as she recognized Harcourt following Inspector MacBee.

"Congratulations!" MacBee exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I have just captured the murderer of Captain Townshend and of Kandwahr! What is this?" he said abruptly as he saw Bajhab's body. "Good heavens, have they taken another life!"

Instantly he was surrounded by an eager questioning group, but he put them off roughly until he had finished examining Bajhab and the sign marked upon his forehead.

"The fiends!" MacBee exclaimed. "Bring him here!" he called to his man in the car beyond. "Make him look at the body!"

Two detectives alighted and led towards the little group a tall powerful man. His hands were shackled, and they saw that he was barefooted. His clothes were rough, and he wore a dirty turban about his head. His features were made all the more hideous by an ugly scar that extended across his forehead, and his nose lay flat against his face as though he had, at some time, been struck a terrific blow. The man surveyed them calmly, and as he glanced contemptuously at the body in the road, a look of haughty satisfaction came into his eyes.

"It has been a long search," said MacBee, "but I was sure of my man. I thought it best to let you all play out your little game, for I knew that I would succeed in the end. I had hoped to prevent the sacrifice of the lives that have been lost tonight, but the power of this band is over now."

"Then poor Kandwahr was innocent in spite of his confession?" Cornish said, looking up quickly.

"His confession?" MacBee said, looking up quickly.

"This," said Cornish, offering the letter and explaining the circumstances.

"I can understand that perfectly," MacBee said after reading the letter. "Poor Kandwahr was quite innocent. He knew he was a marked man, and wrote this because he believed it would save Harcourt. He dared not

tell what he knew, but relied on the letter to do the justice he longed to do. In fact, he even tried to warn Captain Townshend. It was that interference which cost him his life. It was his knife, that you, Lord Harcourt picked up unconsciously when you were in the room with the captain after the crime was committed."

"Who is the prisoner?" Major Marston asked.

"Zin Gengh—the leader of a band of Indian Freemasons," MacBee said. "He has been so elusive I could not place my hands upon him until now. His two companions are still at large, but I will also have them soon. The society has caused me no end of trouble."

"But what had this organization against Townshend?" Sir Harry queried.

"As you know, Kandwahr was Townshend's half-brother," MacBee went on. "His mother was English and his father Indian. As a boy he was adopted by the elder Prince Kandwahr, and as an adopted child inherits both title and fortune in India, he became Prince Kandwahr himself when the old prince died."

"In his youth, before his adoption by the prince, he was initiated into the secret organization that has this monogram for its emblem. It was because of the monogram I was able to make my discoveries—although none of you thought I noticed it. I understood why Miss Marston feared to tell what she knew of it, but I made her father's Sepoy servant explain it all to me. Kandwahr rebelled against the society's hideous practices, however, and while Townshend was serving in India, he revealed to him some of the criminal plans of the society. Townshend succeeded in bringing three of the thugs to justice, and from that day on, was a marked man. Zin Gengh was selected to wreak their vengeance, and he followed Townshend to London. Kandwahr, suspecting their purpose, warned Townshend the night of Lord Harcourt's dinner—but it was too late."

"But Dodson, the club servant, did this man kill him also?" Harcourt asked.

"I am firmly convinced that he did," said MacBee. "Dodson, I believe, caught Zin Gengh escaping from the fire escape, and followed him down the fire escape, by means of which the thug had entered. At the bottom a struggle ensued, and the Indian strangled Dodson to death. Of course, this is merely supposition, but I think I can learn the rest from my prisoner before I am through with him. He seems to consider that he has accomplished some holy rite in committing these murders!"

The men stared at the powerful Indian and shuddered as they watched him. Tall, calm and defiant, he returned their gaze insolently, and the men were glad his hands were shackled.

"Then you believe that you can completely clear me of all suspicion," Harcourt asked eagerly.

"I am sure of it," MacBee replied, confidently. "It has taken me a long time to gather all the evidence, but now there is nothing lacking. The chain is complete."

"But why did these men rescue Kandwahr from the police if they were also seeking his life?" Carrington broke in. "Surely his execution for the crime would have delighted them, and diverted suspicion from themselves."

"Apparently, they feared he might reveal what he knew in spite of the oath he had taken," said MacBee. "They were taking no chances. How he escaped from them I do not know, but it was their pursuit of him that enabled me to catch them."

"It is marvelous that you have been able to discover so much," said Sir Harry in admiration.

"No not as strange as you think," MacBee answered lightly. "It was practically impossible for Zin Gengh to escape detection if he appeared openly. I secured an excellent description of him from Madras and the police all over the world have been on the lookout for him."

"Nevertheless it is a wonderful thing you have done, and I can never forget the service you have done me," Harcourt said warmly.

"I have done only my duty," the inspector replied. "Throughout it all, My Lord, I have believed implicitly in your innocence. It was for that reason I did not interfere when Mr. Cornish landed you from his yacht. I believed it safer to have you at large than under arrest, for a case could easily have been established against you."

"It has been a terrible experience," Harcourt said, "yet I believe it has made a better man of me—even if at a terrible cost. Suffering is the one thing that makes men—and as the result of this ordeal, I believe that from a hollow, self-centered automaton I have been turned into a man!"

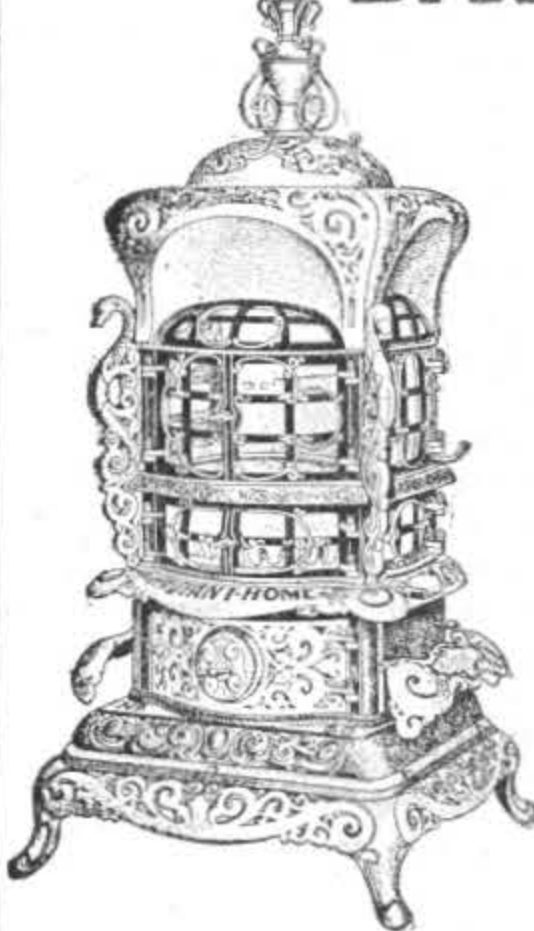
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## THANKSGIVING

and we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity to extend our heartfelt gratitude and thanks to our numerous friends and patrons in the town and country for the many favors shown us in such a liberal measure during the past year.

We feel deeply gratified in having apparently succeeded in giving satisfactory service to the large majority of our customers, many of whom have not only patronized us for years, but have recommended us to their friends, which has proven the best advertisement for us. Their interest in our behalf is highly appreciated by us, and we shall surely do our level best to justify the same by rendering prompt and satisfactory service at all times, with goods of the best quality that money will buy.

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This is the greatest sale of Wall Paper ever held in Culver. We have placed on sale all our immense stock of standard high grade papers, including odds and ends and discontinued lines at from 50 to 75 per cent reduction. Values up to 60 cents per double roll, are priced at

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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.

**EXPIRATION NOTICE**

IF YOU find this space marked with a blue pencil it means that your subscription expires with this number, and that our contract with you has been filled. If you wish to renew without missing next week's paper, remit promptly.

**WHAT GOOD ROADS COST**

While it is frequently easy for a county to issue bonds and borrow money for improving highways, the raising of the money to retire these bonds at maturity should be taken into account. Many counties, in borrowing money for bonds, figure that the amount of money raised represents the total cost of the road, forgetting that the road must be maintained and repaired if, at the end of the term of the bonds, the county is to have anything to show for its investment.

The question of financing county road building is discussed fully in Department of Agriculture Bulletin No. 136, entitled "Highway Bonds," which is written by the officer of public roads in collaboration with James W. Glover, professor of mathematics and insurance, University of Michigan. In this bulletin the authors discuss fully the various methods of financing road building and retiring debts for road construction and deal frankly with the actual total cost of a road during the life of the bonds. On the total cost of a road the authors cite the following two examples as affording at least a basis for estimating the total minimum cost of a mile of road:

**MACADAM.**  
Construction (\$10,500) under 5 per cent serial bond with interest for 20 years ..... \$16,012.50  
Annual repair and maintenance (\$600) 20 yrs. 12,000.00

Total cost 20 years ... \$28,012.50  
**BRICK.**  
Construction (\$18,500) under 5 per cent serial bond with interest for 20 years ..... \$26,426.73  
Annual repair and maintenance (\$300), 20 yrs 6,000.00

Total cost 20 years ... \$32,426.73

The authors point out that the actual cost of building and maintaining a specific highway can be determined only after the character and volume of traffic and actual wear and tear have been studied for a series of years. The figures quoted above, of course, will not apply to ordinary macadam, gravel or clay roads, but in all these cases the interest on the bonds must be met, and there must be expenditures to maintain them in condition. The poorer the drainage and the less permanent the character of the road foundation, the greater must be the percentage that repair costs will bear to the first cost. Similarly, the question of whether the actual surfacing is designed to withstand the character of traffic and weather to which it is subjected also has an important bearing on what it will cost the county to keep the road in such shape that when the bonds are paid the locality still will have a valuable property to show as a result of its borrowing and repayment.

**Increased Passenger Rates Dec. 1.**  
An increase in passenger rates on all interstate transportation will go into effect December 1. The rate will be 2 1/2 cents a mile. Of course the 2-cent rate between points within the state will continue. The interstate commerce commission found, when it investigated freight rates, that the passenger departments of the steam lines were not paying, and ordered the increase at that time.

**Death of Mrs. Nearpass.**  
Eva E., wife of F. V. Nearpass, died at Terre Haute Nov. 19 at 4 a. m. very suddenly. Besides her husband she leaves two boys—Lyle, 5 years old, and Wayne, 3 years old. Mr. Nearpass formerly lived in Culver, and is now employed on the Vandalia as detective on the Vandalia pay car.

—A recent church census gives Rochester a population of 3,500.

**Swat The Crow.**

George Frash comes forward with a new means of protecting farms from the spread of the foot and mouth disease. In a written statement, he says:

Swat the crow and stop the distribution of hog cholera and the foot and mouth disease. The crow is a constant wanderer; from about the first of September until the first of March his field is from coast to coast from the northern wood to the Gulf of Mexico. They hunt their daily living on improved farms, largely from the feeding pens of hogs, sheep and cattle. A crow or a number of them may be in your feeding pens today and in two days the same crows may stop in feeding yards fifty miles from your home; or they may stop in infected pens and then fly to one fifty miles and stop in your pens or feeding yards before the germs of cholera or foot and mouth disease they are carrying are dead.

The crow is not the only distributor of infectious disease, but they hunt and destroy eggs and young of the robin and meadow lark, the greatest insect destroying birds that come to the farm. They also destroy young quails, as well as pull up sprouting corn. Like the English sparrow and the German carp they belong in some other country. Let every man that can use a gun, get a crow call and rid the country of this great pest and menace to the cloven footed family.—Rochester Republican.

**HIBBARD**

Mrs. E. J. Reed, Correspondent.

Butchering is the order of the week in this vicinity.

Mrs. John Aley of Hobart is visiting Grandma Lichtenberger.

B. W. Lidgard of Grass Creek was in town Monday on business.

Mrs. Henry Zechel of Culver visited Mrs. Martin Lowry Thursday.

The Ladies' Aid will meet at the home of L. H. Snapp next Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn and Mae Snapp were the guests of the Martin Alberts Sunday.

Mrs. E. J. and Mrs. S. S. Reed spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Louisa Lichtenberger.

Samuel Burns of North Dakota was calling on old friends in this place Monday. He came back to be at the funeral of his brother-in-law, Samuel Rarrick, who was brought back from Ladysmith, Wis., to be buried.

On Tuesday morning Mr. Lowry discovered fire in their wood lot near the edge of town. It burned all over the lot, destroying a number of cords of wood. The fire is supposed to have been caused from an engine passing on the railroad.

Last Monday morning the bucket brigade was called out to extinguish a fire which caught in the roof of Ira Crum's house and which caught the second time and was discovered by some school children. It is thought it was caused by a defective chimney. We have not learned the amount of damage done.

**POPLAR GROVE.**

L. D. Personette is now a resident of Poplar Grove, having moved to his farm.

J. E. Myers, Will Myers and John Stayton have ordered furnaces for their homes.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Pontius entertained Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Livingston Sunday.

Wilbur Arnold and Miss Vanmeter expect to spend Thanksgiving with friends in Logansport.

J. E. Lowry was called to Francesville Saturday by the illness of his daughter, Mrs. Alma Cowen.

Philip Pontius is laid up with a sore hand, having lost parts of two fingers of the right hand from being caught in a corn shredder. The second finger was removed at the first joint and the third above the joint. A lucky man indeed to get off so easy.

**Lost, Strayed or Stolen.**

A dachshund pup, about 7 inches tall, very heavy long body; red, with a very faint dark streak along back. Return to me at C. M. A. and receive \$2 reward. Chas. C. Boblett.

For Sale or Trade.—Mason & Hamlin organ in good condition. Enquire at J. W. Riggins'.

**THE WEEK IN OUR SCHOOLS**

(Continued from First Page)

man girls honored the members of the school board and their wives, and on Wednesday morning the 7th grade entertained the high school faculty. The repasts consisted of three courses, excellently served in a dining room which was brilliantly decorated. The work spoke exceedingly well for the ability of the girls and marks the success of this department in the school.

Music was resumed Thursday for the first time since the late vacation. The classes in music are to be held once a week now throughout the term.

A stove has been put up in the basket ball hall to take the chill off during practice and to make it comfortable at the games.

The students were dismissed on Wednesday for a two days vacation.

**Sand on the Paving.**

The reason for leaving the sand on the paved streets is that the conditions of the contractor's bond require it, though the wind is gradually taking the matter out of the contractor's hands. In the center of the street the sand has been packed thoroughly into the spaces between the bricks, but at the sides in some places the bricks are a trifle loose, and it needs long rains to wash the sand in and settle it. And this is the "reason for why."

**Real Estate Transfers.**

Wm. Allen to G. Hutchingson, pt sec 16, Walnut, \$3600.

Arthur Woolley to Emma Vommet, 2a in se cor nwq sec 13, Union, \$1.

Nina Steele to L. Lotz, 20a in sec 27, Polk, \$2000.

Dora Fairchild to Theo McFarland, pt nwq sec 36, Union, \$2000.

**"Eggs is Eggs" Now.**

The stores are paying 32 cents for eggs. Fine thing for Mrs. Farmer—if she only had the eggs.

**How It Happened.**

"What? Fell down stairs! How did it happen?"  
"Why, you see, I started to go down, and my wife said, 'Be careful John!' And I'm not the man to be dictated to by any woman, so down I went."

**GREEN TOWNSHIP.**

Miss Mary Irwin, Correspondent.

The oyster supper at Santa Anna Saturday evening was well attended. The net proceeds amounted to about \$28.

There will be services at Santa Anna beginning on Thanksgiving evening and continuing over Sunday. Sunday school will be at 9:30, dedication services following Sunday school.

Sunday visitors: Herbert Warner and wife at L. Quivey's; Olive Lake, Marie Warner, Rev. Albright, Neal and Lyle Shaw and Ruth Gerard at T. J. Bell's; T. W. Irwin, wife and son Francis and Bert White and wife at Alonzo Long's at Bethlehem; Blanche Kimmel at Trella Thompson's; Clarence Quivey, wife and daughter Mary Alice, Norman Baldwin and Mary Irwin at Elmer Irwin's; Nellie Savage at Anson Overmyer's.

**DELONG.**

Leslie E. Wolfe, Correspondent.

Chester Earl visited relatives at Harris Sunday.

Ed Horgheimer shredded corn at his farm Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Moore have moved to Rochester.

A. M. Carper and L. E. Wolfe and their wives visited Rochester relatives Sunday.

T. A. Pacey has gone to Philadelphia to spend the winter with his daughter, Mrs. John Gates. He first will visit a week in Muncie.

Charles Gansch accompanied a shipment of turkeys to Dalton, Ill., Monday. Mr. Gansch has remodeled his farm house, having raised it, making it two stories by building another story on top of the cement blocks, siding the additional story with scroll-cut shingles.

**Barred Rocks for Sale.**

A nice lot of Barred Rock cobbles. Price reasonable. W. R. Crossland, Culver. n26t2

**Trustee Election.**

At Washington church, Thursday, December 3, 1914, at 8:30 p. m. J. A. Tiedt, Pastor Culver Circuit.

**HUMOR OF THE HOUR**

**THE POWER OF A VOICE.**

**Bad Tempered Husband Completely Changed by Sweet, Low Tones.**

When you live in hotels a great deal, as have I more or less, you realize the power of the human voice to soothe, or quite the opposite.

Oh, what a lot of harsh, disagreeable voices there are in this world—women's voices, too! The pity of it! One morning I was on the beach at the bathing hour when I heard someone call "Tommy!" indiscreet tones that set my nerves a-tinge with their acid sharpness. The chud so called frowned and answered back in a peevish way.

I turned, expecting to see some uncouth nurse-maid, and to my surprise I beheld the extremely elegant mother of the little boy.

Now, that woman's husband is always irritable and peevish, just like the boy, and who shall say her voice is not responsible for it?

One of the worst-tempered men I know married a woman with a sweet, low voice and an even disposition. He is now completely changed. You know you simply can't quarrel all by yourself when everything is peaceful and soothing all around you. It seems to me if more women realized this there would be more happy homes.—Kate Clyde.

**Slim Chances for Her.**

A missionary who was making his way through a backwoods region came upon an old woman sitting outside a cabin. He entered upon a religious talk and finally asked her if she didn't know there was a day of judgment coming.

"Why, no," said the old lady. "I hadn't heard o' that. Won't there be more'n one day?"

"No, my friend; only one day," was the reply.

"Well, then," she mused, "I don't reckon I can get to go, for we're only got one mule, and John always has to go everywhere first."—National Monthly.

**Use of Cosmetics.**

Apocryphal of the extravagant use of cosmetics, a witticism is credited to Reginald Vanderbilt.

A lady said to Mr. Vanderbilt at one of the "comet" suppers: "There are the three Van Twiller girls."

"Are they all three still unmarried?" Mr. Vanderbilt asked.

"Yes," said the lady. "They're rich and pretty, too. It's odd they don't go off."

"Isn't it?" said Mr. Vanderbilt. "They use enough powder."—Minneapolis Journal.



**Engagement Ring to Wedding Ring.**  
"What! Marry an old mercenary chap like you? Give up my freedom, my winter crushes and my summer flirtations? How dare you presume upon my friendship! You are absolutely selfish; certainly yours cannot be the higher love."—Browning's Magazine.

**Her Claim.**  
Mrs. Gillet—So there is a tablet in your transept to her memory. Did she do anything to bring people into the church?  
Mrs. Perry—Well, I guess! She wore a new hat every Sunday for three years.—Harper's Bazar.

**Pitchers Will Be Pitchers.**  
Mr. Balfan (immersed in the game, fiercely)—"If that pitcher would only settle down!"  
Mrs. Balfan (inexpressibly shocked)—"Dear me! You don't tell me! Is he as wild as all that, George?"

**Matter of Economy.**  
Mildred—They were married in haste, I understand?  
Eleanor—Yes. They had engaged a taxicab by the hour, so they requested the minister to hurry.—News.

"Your wife's a judge of human nature, isn't she?"  
"Judge! She's a prosecuting attorney!"—Cleveland Leader.

The average woman worries more about the furnace than her husband does about the hereafter.

**NEWS OF LOCAL CHURCHES**

**EVANGELICAL.**

Sunday school, 9:30; public services, 10:30; Y. P. A., 6:30—topic, "How Every Christian can be a Missionary," Gal. 6:6-10 (missionary meeting), Mrs. Alexander, leader; revival services, 7:30. Revival meeting 7:30 every evening this week. Everybody invited to all the services. J. E. YOUNG, Pastor.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL.**

Last Sunday was a delight to all. Our services were exceptionally inspiring. Sunday school showed 155 present, and a notion that it should be 200 next Sunday. The morning church service was attended by 85 people, which is a substantial increase over previous Sunday mornings. The choir rendered exceptionally fine music at both the morning and evening services. We are grateful for this increasing interest. The Sunday school is organizing a training department which will bring great strength to the school in days to come. We trust that many of our people will take advantage of such an opportunity. We will have all of the regular services next Sunday. The Ladies' Aid supper and sale Saturday was a grand success in every way. The ladies wish to thank all the patrons. Come again!

**POPLAR GROVE.**

Revival services will open Wednesday night, Nov. 25. 7:30 is the hour and every night until further announcement. An exception, however, on Sunday night when Alvin Marsh, L. L. B., will deliver his lecture on "Fraud Cats." A silver offering will be taken, a per cent of which will be used for Sunday school purposes. You are cordially invited to all the services. J. F. Kenrich.

**Notice to Church Members.**

All members of the Christian church interested in obtaining a minister who will reside in Culver, are requested to attend the two trial sermons by Rev. R. E. Saylor of Hiram, O., at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., Sunday, Nov. 29. Everybody welcome.

**Conscientious.**

Biffen—Yaas, girls, just off for a thirty-mile tramp. I find walking makes a man of one.  
Girls—Really? Oh, then, hurry on; we wouldn't delay you for worlds.—London Judy.



**Thanksgiving Dinner**

**THE HAYES RESTAURANT**

Beginning at 11 o'clock a. m. Nov. 26  
Roast Turkey, Oyster Dressing  
Roast Young Pork Swiss Steak  
Jellied Cranberries  
Mashed Potatoes  
Browned Sweet Potatoes  
Cold Slaw Celery  
Home-made Pies—Pumpkin, Cherry, Lemon  
Ice Cream Cake  
Tea, Coffee, Milk, Buttermilk  
The above will be served all day. Special pains have been taken to have everything of the best, and prepared in our well-known home style we can assure our patrons and family parties a dinner that will be in every way satisfactory.

C. E. HAYES, Proprietor.

**Gordon's Hog Tonic.**

This is the time in the year to protect your hogs. Everybody is losing some. This tonic is a worm-destroyer and prevents all bowel trouble. Ask those who have used it. This is prepared and sold by Dr. W. U. Gordon, veterinary surgeon of the Culver Military academy. Office, academy barns.

**Card of Thanks.**

We extend our friends, the public and the Masons our thanks for sympathy, assistance and flowers at the death and burial of Mr. Bradley. We have reason to remember all our lives the many tokens of kindness shown us.

MRS. D. A. BRADLEY & CHILDREN.

**Buggy for Sale.**

Top buggy, good condition, \$25. Wm. Hunt, Culver.

**Unclaimed Letter List**

List of letters remaining uncalled for in this office for the week ending Nov. 21.

**LADIES.**  
Miss Grace Brown, Mrs. H. H. Smith.  
**GENTLEMEN.**  
John Bertoglio, Roscoe Sarber, Means, Towne, Earl Mexcon, L. These letters will be sent to the dead letter office Dec. 5, 1914. JOHN OSBORN, P. M.

**CULVER MARKETS**

Wheat	1.05
Corn, per bu, new	.50 @ .55
" " " old	.60
Oats, assorted	.50
Rye	.75
Clover seed	7.50
Cow peas, cleaned	2.00
Eggs (fresh)	.32
Butter (good)	.28
do (common)	.17
Spring chickens	.08
Fowls	.08
Leghorn chickens	.07
Roosters	.05
Ducks	.08
Geese	.08
and over	12 @ .14
Lard	.12 1/2

**THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHES**

**MITCHELL & STABENOW**

**CULVER : : INDIANA**

**FURNISHINGS HATS AND SHOES**

**Values That Are Superior**

Our low cost of conducting business enables us to sell you at prices you will not meet elsewhere on qualities that are equal.

**Men's Overcoats**

Everything that is really desirable in overcoat fashions you will find here now, including smart Balmaean and double-breasted models in the best selected fabrics and patterns. We know we can save you money on these **\$10 to \$25** overcoats at .....

**Young Men's Overcoats**

We are beautifully prepared to meet the exacting requirements of young men with both quality and economy. We save you **\$7.50 to \$25** money on them

**Juvenile Overcoats**

Snappy little auto and shawl collar models in very attractive patterns and of the most durable materials. The extent of our ability to save you money can best be judged at close range by an inspection of these splendid overcoat offerings at **\$1.75 to \$5**

**Men's Suits** Take a look into our window and you will be interested in the smart suit styles we show for men and young men. Then come in and let us tell you more about their merits and how fully **\$10 to \$25** we guarantee satisfaction and economy.....

FITFORM