

PERSONAL  
POINTERSBrief Mention of Culverites and  
Their Friends Who Have  
Come and Gone

Ed Bergman is spending a portion of his vacation in Chicago.

Otto Stabenow and family go to Chicago today to spend holiday week.

O. T. Goss and family will go to Bremen today to be gone until Monday.

Hildred Moss is home from her studies at Hiram college for the holiday vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Lenon will spend Christmas at the Lenon farm home near Camden.

Miss Helen Bowman of Whiting is the guests of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Voreis.

Rev. and Mrs. T. R. Spray of Monticello are here for a Christmas visit with the Mosses and Parkers.

H. E. Adams, who has been at the Soldiers' Home in Marion for several months, expects to be at home for Christmas.

Charles Zechiel and family left yesterday for a two weeks' visit with Rev. F. E. Zechiel at Apple Creek, O. On their return they will stop at South Bend for a short visit with Charley's mother.

Among the Christmas visitors to the old home town are Mr. and Mrs. Chester Zechiel, Otto Stahl, Russell Stahl, Louis Dillon, Otto Zechiel, Cecil Smith, Rex Mawhorter, Clarence Menser, Clara Wiseman, the Moss girls.

## Ferrier Buys Another Farm.

Last week J. O. Ferrier bought the Charley Lewis farm of 60 acres, for \$3,000. This, with the Walter Fishburn 80 bought a short time ago, will give him a good working farm. The two places are less than a mile apart.

## Pastor Secured.

Rev. Edward Tucker of Waukegan, Ill., has been engaged as pastor of the Christian church and will preach here the first and third Sundays of each month, beginning in January.

HIS FRIENDS  
SURPRISE HIM

Trustee Easterday was given a demonstration of his popularity with the teachers of Union township when they surprised him at his residence last Friday evening. His stay down town was a little later than usual and it was 10 o'clock before he reached home and discovered the assembled guests. The surprise was a complete one to him, but his long training with school-maams and schoolmasters kept him from being overcome by embarrassment, and he at once plunged into the festivities by returning to town to procure a "treat." Before dispersing at midnight J. F. Behmer took the floor and in a neat speech presented Mr. Easterday with an India paper edition of the New International Webster's dictionary, the gift of the teachers. In Mr. Easterday's six years' relations with the schools of the township he has won the good will of them all, and the regret at severing these relations is mutual.

## CARD OF THANKS.

It is with the deepest feeling of pleasure that I acknowledge the compliment paid to me last Friday night by my teacher friends of Union township. The years I have spent in association with the schools will always remain as a pleasant and profitable memory.

W. S. EASTERDAY.

The weather bureau promises a clear, bright Christmas over nearly the entire country.

## Maccabee Election.

The Maccabees recently elected the following officers for 1915 at their hall in Maxinkuckee:

P. C.—Frank Parker.  
C.—Geo. Spangler.  
Lt. C.—J. C. Edwards.  
R. and F. K.—Henry Schmid.  
Chap.—G. W. Overmyer.  
Phys.—Dr. E. E. Parker.  
Sergt.—Fred Thompson.  
M. at A.—S. A. Shaw.  
1st M. of G.—Thos. Bigley.  
2d M. of G.—Chas. Kimmel.  
Sent.—Phil Pontius.  
Pick.—Wm. Overmyer.

NOTES FROM  
OUR SCHOOLS

The games with Rochester and Akron Friday and Saturday added two defeats to our list. The game with Rochester was a very rough one, and in addition the referee allowed them to fight the battles roughly instead of playing a clean, fast game. The resulting score was 36 to 12. At Akron the team met with altogether different conditions. The Culver fellows received a hospitable treatment that will always be pleasantly remembered. The boys were met at the train and conveyed to their hotel with many friendly chats. After the game the senior girls entertained the teams at a house party. The Akron game was a real basket ball game—clean, fast scientifically played. Indeed, Akron has a wonderful team. Akron captured 58 points and Culver only 12.

After the Walton game Christmas the following is the schedule for the remainder of the season:

Jan. 1, Pendleton, at Culver.  
Jan. 8, Lebanon, at Culver.  
Jan. 14, Rossville, at Rossville.  
Jan. 16, open.  
Jan. 22, Plymouth, at Plymouth.  
Jan. 29, Elkhart, at Culver.  
Feb. 6, Bremen, at Bremen.  
Feb. 12, Thorntown, Thorntown.  
Feb. 13, Lebanon, at Lebanon.  
Feb. 19, Bremen, at Culver.  
Feb. 20, Warsaw, at Warsaw.  
Feb. 20, Warsaw, at Culver.  
March 5 and 6, district tourney.

The senior class were entertained at the home of Miss Zetta Robinson at a house party last Tuesday evening. The party was chaperoned by Mr. Darnell. Refreshments were served and a fine time was had by everyone.

The second team will clash with the Kewanna high school team on Christmas night. The admission has been cut to 15 cents.

## Deeds Must Show Value.

An Indianapolis special of the 12th says: Peter J. Kruyer, collector of internal revenue for the Indianapolis district, comprising 50 counties in the state, has made a ruling, in line with a similar ruling in other districts that is of importance to real estate dealers and persons making real estate transfers and deals. He has decided that, no matter what may be the consideration named in a deed, the deed must be stamped with revenue stamps representing the real value of the property.

This will do away with the old-time practice of hiding the real value of a piece of property in a transfer behind a statement that the consideration for the sale was \$1 or \$10. The deed may name any consideration the parties wish, but they must use revenue stamps sufficient to show the real value of the property.

It has always been said that the \$1 consideration in deeds is named in order that nobody might know how much was paid for the property and that the owner might avoid taxation on its real value. This greatly confuses the real estate market.

W. C. T. U.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. H. J. Meredith on Jan. 8 instead of Dec. 29.

## LIBRARIAN IS CHOSEN

Board Engages Miss Zola Moss to Take Charge  
—Rooms Over the Hardware Secured.

Seventeen applications for the position of librarian were presented at the meeting of the library board Monday night, as follows: Iva Smith, Effie Low, Zulie A. Cline, Mrs. Mabel Randell Buchanan, Mrs. Carrie E. Hoff, Eva Hinshaw, Mrs. Chas. G. McLane, Mrs. Charity Stahl, Bess Easterday, Vernon McLane, Mabel Crossland, George Zechiel, Henry Zechiel, Mrs. V. D. Elick, Zola Moss, Grace Voreis and Eugenia McFarland. The choice fell on Miss Moss.

A special committee reported that it had made a verbal contract with Urias Menser for the front four rooms over the hardware store at \$5 per month, and in addition had arranged with Mrs. Oberlin, the recent tenant, to use her furniture at a rental of \$4 per month. Mr. Menser agrees to wire the rooms. The renting of rooms already furnished will relieve the board of the necessity of the expense of buying rugs, tables, chairs, etc.—for a time, at least. With volunteer help from some of the high school boys it is expected to move the books next Monday, and to open the rooms for library and reading purposes soon after Jan. 1 with the new librarian in charge.

It was voted to pay Miss Bess Easterday \$1 a week for her services as librarian during the 18 weeks that she will have served. Miss Easterday volunteered her services last August, but the board felt that she deserved something more than thanks.

A letter was received from the Carnegie corporation stating that Culver-Union township's application for money for a building would be acted upon at the next meeting of the corporation. The date of the meeting was not given.

Several matters of routine were passed upon and the board adjourned to meet the first Monday in January.

The library board is hoping that some of its interested friends will present it with a year's subscription to some of the magazines and periodicals, both for adult and children's reading. There are no funds available now—and will not be before next July—and whatever expense is incurred will have to be met by the members of the board borrowing on their personal security. Consequently any help extended will be doubly appreciated at this time.

PREACHER IS  
REMEMBERED

The Ladies Aid of the Poplar Grove M. E. church met last Thursday with the pastor's wife, Mrs. J. F. Kenrich. Evidently they had other things in mind than just a place to meet when the announcement of the meeting was made. More than a dozen ladies were present and their coming will be remembered many days. Many things for the table that help to sustain life and a good warm comfort to keep the children warm while asleep are the proofs that they were there. Such special visits would rejoice the hearts of any family but more especially a joy to the pastor's family.

## Jumped His Bond.

Dr. A. F. Fairfax, the negro doctor who spent some time here in the summer, was found guilty of provoke against J. R. Saine, and bound over in a bond of \$50 to appear before the grand jury. An indictment was returned against him, but when the case was called for trial last Friday Fairfax did not appear. His bondsman, J. L. Joplin, will have the bond to pay.

## Parent-Teacher Club.

The next meeting of the Parent-Teacher club will be held some evening of the first week in January. The subject for discussion is Sex Hygiene. This meeting will be held in the evening to give the fathers an opportunity to attend and every man having children in the public schools should be present. Watch for the date.

## Red Men Elect.

Following are the new officers of Neeswaugee council:  
Prophet—Ernest Parr.  
Sachem—Ed Baker.  
Sr. Sagamore—B. A. Ralston.  
Jr. Sagamore—Ray Smith.  
C. of R.—Wm. Miller.  
C. of W.—C. I. Ferrier.  
K. of W.—Ray Mikesell.  
Trustee—E. A. Poor.

## MOUNT HOPE

Miss Ethel Edgington, Correspondent.  
Preaching next Sunday evening.  
Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. I. Edgington at George Cowen's; Mrs. Mame Hobson and sons, Mrs. Emma Davis and daughters and Jesse Hobson at E. Edgington's.

ALL HAIL!  
CHRISTMAS

Well, here is Christmas once more—and before we forget it, let the Citizen wish its readers a merry one. If you can't be merry you can be thankful that you live in a land which is at peace with all the world and that you are not experiencing the awful privations of the war-stricken lands over the ocean.

The conditions, in point of weather, promise to be ideal—sleighting and skating and bracing, healthful air. So "go to it," and have the very best time you can.

The stores will be closed all day. The mail carriers will have a day off. The postoffice lobby will be open all day, but the delivery window only from 7 to 9 and 6 to 7.

## Railroads Invite Opposition.

Some of the things that railroads do explain abundantly why public sentiment is so uniformly against them and everybody feels disposed to take a punch at them when opportunity offers. Here is one such thing: We are informed by a representative of the Northern Indiana Construction Co. which has the contract for the construction of gravel roads at Nappanee, that the B. & O. and Big Four charge \$26 freight on a car of gravel from the Deeter pit near Milford to Nappanee. This is so outrageously extortionate that we would feel inclined to doubt the correctness of the report if it came with less directness. Considering the fact that the gravel is to build highways over which freight will be hauled to the railroads, the extortion appears the more inexcusable and hoggyish. So long as railroads do things like this because they have the public at their mercy they must expect antagonism and resentment. —Bremen Enquirer.

[We assume that this is a case of red tape. The tariff sheet calls for a certain rate on a certain classification for a certain distance. A railroad agent is a mere cog in the big machine, and the tariff sheet to him is like the laws of the Medes and Persians—to be obeyed without discretion. It is necessary to go to the fountain head (and that, alas! is a long journey) if you want to get an injustice corrected, or a specific ruling ordered.]

## Christmas at Plymouth.

Carrying out the Christmas spirit, which has been splendidly worked up in Plymouth this year, the order of Eagles gave a free rabbit supper to the public at Armory hall last week Wednesday night. About 1,200 suppers were served. The children were there in full force and were the special guests of the Eagles.

On Christmas eve there will be a community Christmas tree, corner of Garro and Michigan streets, with presents of toys and baskets of food for the poor families of the town. A big program of songs and band music will be given.

HOLLOWAY IS  
FREED BY JURY

After an all night session the jury returned a verdict of not guilty in the case of Deputy Game Warden C. P. Holloway, charged with shooting Clyde Jefferies.

Wednesday morning Defendant Holloway took the stand and testified in his own behalf. He was continued on the stand almost the entire forenoon. Mr. Holloway gave a detailed statement of his participation in the case. He denied that he fired the first shot and said that Jefferies drew his revolver from his hip pocket and fired at him. He continued to hold the revolver in his hand and pointing at defendant he pulled trigger to fire a second time and would have done so, but the gun missed fire. It was after the two shots had been fired that defendant aimed his revolver and fired twice at Jefferies.

A great many people believe that it is a bad law which permits the game wardens to go armed. The fish should be protected, and violators of the law should be punished, but putting it within the power of a warden to take a human life is a retribution out of proportion to the offense. While threats against the lives of the wardens are often heard, it is more than likely that they are made because of the knowledge that the wardens are armed.

## Give! Give!! Give!!!

We are so apt to think that when a great appeal for help comes it must be the rich whose contributions will be of any real service. But this is a mistake, and there is instant danger that in placing the burden of giving upon the rich and belittling our own little gift we will be depriving millions of people of the food that they need at this very hour to keep them from death by starvation. The appeals that come to this country from the American Red Cross representatives in Belgium, from the American ambassador at London, from such an eminent author as Sir Gilbert Parker, and from Elizabeth, queen of the Belgians, should not fall upon indifferent ears. Every dime dropped into a Belgian contribution box—and you will find these in Culver and in every town—will provide food for at least a day for some woman or child.

Let us, everyone, in our Christmas spending, remember the little boxes and drop in a nickel or a dime—a dollar will be better. The amount so collected all over the United States will be a tremendous help.

## Real Estate Transfers.

Mary Bendure to E. Musser, 20a in sec 7, Bourbon, \$2,000.  
C. Beltz to L. Williams, in sec 25, Tippecanoe, \$18,000.  
James Craig to J. F. Craig, 40a in sec 7, \$5,000.  
A. Guisinger to M. Toner, 43a in sec 8, Polk, \$2,100.  
J. V. Stimson to O. C. Hamm, part lot 3, sec 27, Union, \$3,200.  
A. Corse to G. Johnson, in lot 6, sec 11, West, \$3,660.  
W. Reed to C. Bondurant, 40a in sec 11, Center, \$5,000.  
C. Bondurant to O. and H. Vactor, same tract, \$5,250.  
C. Kilian to J. Stewart, 80a in sec 18, Polk, \$5,000.

THE WEEK  
IN CULVERLittle Items of Local Happenings of  
Interest to People in Town  
and Country

—Ezra Hawkins on route 15 is driving a new mail wagon.

—North Judson's G. A. R. post has disbanded. There were but four members left.

—George W. Miles, state fish and game commissioner, is critically ill at his Syracuse home. Recovery is deemed improbable.

—The 50-acre home place of the Menser family, owned recently by Moses Menser, has been sold to J. D. Heiser for \$3,600.

—Hunt up a Belgian relief fund box in town and drop in at least a nickel or a dime. You'll never miss it, and it may save a human life.

—Do you trade at home and keep your money here among your neighbors, friends and relatives, or do you send it away to a mail order house?

—In Iowa they are painting Fords red in order to comply with the law that requires all cans containing gasoline to be of that color. —Rochester Sun.

—There must be some mistake in the story of the man who killed a hen to recover a diamond ring. It must have been a rooster. A hen is so valuable. It MIGHT lay an egg.

—Several republicans from Culver and vicinity will attend a thirteenth district banquet at the Oliver hotel next Monday night. Judge Lawrence Y. Sherman, republican U. S. senator from Illinois, will be the principal speaker.

—P. A. Wickizer has filed a suit for \$5,000 damages against the Western Union Telegraph company for the death of his 19-year old son Paul, who was killed by an electrical shock while in the employ of the company.

—Haven't you some relative whom you think a lot of who is dependent for his living upon the prosperity of your home town, and who will in time be put out of business if your system of buying away from home is carried out to its ultimate conclusion?

CHRISTMAS IN  
THE CHURCHES

The Christian Sunday school gave one of the finest Christmas entertainments in its history Tuesday night. "The Christmas Ship" formed the theme of the program, and the idea was splendidly carried out by children dressed in the costumes of the various countries. The closing tableau was beautiful. Children were arranged in pyramid form holding sprays of green in the hands, the effect being an excellent representation of a tree. A spot light thrown upon the "tree" heightened the illusion. Presents and candies were distributed.

The M. E. Sunday school's Christmas program will be given Wednesday evening. It is the cantata "His Natal Day," and will be followed by a treat.

The Evangelical school will celebrate Christmas on Sunday morning at 9:30 with a miscellaneous program by the different classes. The usual treat will be distributed. There will be no preaching in the morning.

The Sunday school of the Reformed church will give its Christmas entertainment Thursday evening. This will consist of a service entitled "His Natal Day," the distribution of presents from an arch, and a treat.

## Ice Harvest Starts.

The ice on Lake Maxinkuckee is 8 inches thick and the Medbourn Ice Co. will commence cutting this morning at the upper house.



## THE CULVER CITIZEN

ARTHUR R. HOLT, Publisher.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**  
One Year, in advance.....\$1.00  
Six Months, in advance..... .50  
Three Months, in advance..... .35

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

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

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

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

Jones John Jan 14  
When you want to know when your time is out look at the pink label, though the paper will not be stopped without giving you notice.

CULVER, IND., DECEMBER 24, 1914.

It is estimated that the county agricultural agent of Kankakee county, Illinois, who has been on the job two years, has easily added ten dollars to the salable valuation of every acre of land in the county. In round numbers that means that this agent has increased the wealth of the farmers of Kankakee county a matter of five million dollars. But, of course, an agent for Noble county couldn't earn the thousand dollars or so that he would cost us.—Kandallville News-Sun.

## Institute Program.

Following is the attractive program offered for the Union township farmers' institute to be held in the Reformed church of Culver on Wednesday, Dec. 30, beginning at 1:30:

Music.  
Invocation, Rev. A. J. Michael.  
Music.  
"Health and Proper Development of Our Children," Mrs. H. J. Deller, South Bend.  
Discussion, Mrs. J. W. Romig.  
"Soils," J. W. Beavers, Lafayette.  
Discussion, Arthur Dillon.  
Business.  
7:30—Music.  
"Education for Efficiency and Happiness," Mrs. Deller.  
Discussion, Miss Rose Moss.  
Music.  
"Cow Peas and Soy Beans," Mr. Beavers.  
Discussion, J. F. Behmer.  
Business.

Pastry and corn exhibits in basement.  
W. R. ZECHIEL, Chn.  
Mrs. Geo. McGaffey, Secy.

## WASHINGTON

Eva Jones Correspondent.  
Goldie Curtis entertained one of her Culver schoolmates over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bittinger of Leiter's Ford spent Tuesday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clem Curtis.

Russell McFarland came home last week from Columbus City where he has been at his sister's for several months.

Everett Krouse was pleasantly surprised Saturday evening, it being his 17th birthday. About 29 of his friends were present. Everyone reported a good time.

The Washington Sunday school elected the following officers Sunday: Superintendent, Ira Kline; assistant, Jay Krieg; treasurer, Edgar Kline; secretary, Vesta Burkett; organist, Elva Loudon; chorister, Nellie Kline; librarians, Mildred Irwin and Elsie Curtis.

## M. E. Sunday School Officers.

The Sunday school board, at the call of the pastor, assembled Sunday at the close of the morning worship for the annual election of officers with the following result:

Superintendent—Wm. Houghton.  
Assistant—W. O. Osborn.  
Secretary—Edgar Shaw.  
Assistant—Myrtle Painter.  
Treasurer—Chas. McGaffey.  
Organist—Huldah Wiseman.  
Assistant—Myrtle Painter.  
Chorister—Alice Wiseman.  
Librarians—Jesse Pettis, Steffen Rector.  
Superintendents of Departments:  
Cradle Roll—Jennie Keen.  
Home—Mrs. Rhoda McLane.  
Missions—Bess Medbourn.  
Teacher Training—Mrs. S. E. Medbourn.

## Mr. Barnhart's Position.

In reply to the hundreds of letters received relative to the proposed Hobson prohibition amendment, which I cannot answer separately on account of lack of time and clerical facilities, I want to say:

The proposed Hobson amendment does not provide that the people shall be permitted to vote on the prohibition question. Instead, if it should pass in congress it would have to be ratified by three-fourths of the legislatures of the Union before national prohibition would be effected. That is, if thirteen legislatures of the forty-eight in the Union would fail or neglect to approve the amendment it would tie up temperance legislation for years to come, for no "dry" congressman would venture to have it repealed, and no "wet" one would want it done. The resolution is surely a wide open proposition. It says: "The sale, manufacture for sale, transportation for sale, importation for sale, and exportation for sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes in the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof are forever prohibited." If that means anything it means a law which would easily be evaded by manufacturers making no more liquor for "beverage purposes," but only for medicinal, scientific or "sacramental" purposes, but selling it nevertheless, and doing so with less restriction than now.

Furthermore, if passed, the Hobson bill would leave the question of prohibition in the hands of state legislatures, just where it is now; it would repeal all restrictive revenue laws and thereby enable any man or association of men to manufacture, drink, and give away, but not sell, any kind of liquor; and it would confiscate capital that has been invested in the liquor trade notwithstanding that it was done through sanction of law that it was legitimate business.

Is there a considerate man, what ever his sentiment on the liquor question, who favors such legislation as that? I know it is easy to induce people to urge the passage of any law bearing the name of what they favor; and that is why we have such a great jumble of meaningless and ineffective laws in both state and nation. Therefore, teachers and preachers and other leaders of wholesome public opinion ought to know what a proposed law will do or not do before they join in favor of its enactment. I have had many letters and telegrams from ministers saying their church membership (of so many hundred) voted, without a dissenting voice, in favor of the Hobson amendment, and yet I doubt if many of these ministers or their churchmen have read the Hobson bill, or thoughtfully considered what result would follow its passage. Anyhow, such is usually the case in solicited endorsement of proposed legislation.

The liquor question is so far reaching and so personal in the estimation of its friends and its foes that I have always believed it can be settled in no other way than by direct vote of the people, and if the question of the people having the privilege of so voting ever comes to me as a lawmaker I'll vote "yes." But to enact the Hobson amendment which merely refers the question to state legislatures would be getting nowhere. If legislatures were elected now to give temperance people the right to vote on state wide prohibition, how could they be elected to approve the Hobson amendment?

Everybody who asked me before the election was frankly advised of my opinion of the utility of the Hobson amendment, and I have not changed my judgment since.

Very respectfully,  
HENRY A. BARNHART.  
[The amendment failed of passage on Tuesday, the vote being 197 for and 189 against—60 short of the required two-thirds.]

## The Zion Entertainment.

The Zion Sunday school will give their Christmas program on Friday evening. They will use the service entitled "Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh," supplemented with dialogues and recitations. In connection with the Sunday school on next Sunday will be held the installation of the officers and teachers, for 1915.

## Methodist Episcopal Church.

We are glad to note the increase in attendance on our Sunday morning services. Next Sunday morning, Rev. E. S. Shoemaker will preach. Mr. Shoemaker is a state superintendent of the Indiana Anti-Saloon league. He will explain some matters next Sunday morning that all of our people ought to know about. The Christmas entertainment will take place on Wednesday night. The committee has worked very strenuously to make the program a success. Sunday school 10; league services at the regular hours, and the pastor will preach at 7:30. A watch night service is being planned for New Year's eve. All are invited to attend our services.

POPLAR GROVE.  
On account of the Christmas exercise at the school house there will be no mid week service at the church on Wednesday night. Rev. E. S. Shoemaker will preach at 2:30 p. m. Come and hear him. He is a live wire. J. F. KENRICH, Pastor.

## Unclaimed Letter List

List of letters remaining unclaimed for in this office for the week ending Dec. 19.

LADIES.  
Miss Ethel McCormick, Maurie Johnson, Mrs. Bell Eldridge.  
GENTLEMEN.  
John Bertolic, Henry N. Sanborn, John Owsley, Kenneth Rollins, Wm. Mitchell, G. L. Miller, Ralph Rose, Clark Stevens, Earl Nixon, Ora Mikkels, Wm. McCan, Wilber Beck.  
These letters will be sent to the dead letter office Jan. 2, 1915.  
JOHN OSBORN, P. M.

For Sale at a Bargain.  
A new single Portland sleigh. At the Culver Cash Hardware.

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

SMITH'S Electric SHOE & HARNESS SHOP (North of Hardware)

## There's Still Time

To fill out your Christmas list.

Rector's Pharmacy  
The Rexall Store

5% Guaranteed on Savings accounts or certificates. Interest from day of deposit and compounded quarterly, at the

Indiana Savings and Loan Association

67 North Broadway, Peru, Indiana  
Write for full information

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

DR. E. E. PARKER  
Physician and Surgeon  
Special attention given to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Glasses fitted. Office over Exchange Bank. Office hours, 9:30 to 10:30 a. m., 3 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone—Office 67; Residence 182.

DR. N. S. NORRIS  
DENTIST  
Dentist to Culver Military Academy  
Over Exchange Bank—Phone 53

B. W. S. WISEMAN, M.D.  
Physician and Surgeon  
Office in rear of the Postoffice. Office hours, 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone No. 32

Dr. R. H. BUTTNER  
Dentist  
Office Over White Store  
Telephone 105

## FARMERS, TAKE NOTICE!

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

HENRY PECHER  
Shop on Main Street Phone 135

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

## Fancy Golden Horn Flour

None Better None So Cheap  
\$3.25 per cwt.



MAKES MORE BREAD COSTS LESS MONEY

For Sale By  
CULVER FEED & GRAIN CO

At the Old Mill Telephone 109-2

## HOUSEHOLDERS AND BUILDERS

Full supply of every description of  
Plumbing Goods  
Pumps and Hose

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

A. M. ROBERTS Phone 107

# Barney Oldfield Breaks World's Non-Stop Road Race Record in a Maxwell

## WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, VICE-PRESIDENT NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT BELVIDERE BROOKS, VICE-PRESIDENT

RECEIVED AT WOODWARD AVENUE DETROIT, MICH.  
120 LS 150

LOS ANGELES CALIF NOV 28-14

MR. WALTER E. FLANDERS, PRESIDENT  
MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY, INCORPORATED  
DETROIT MICH.

IN ALL MY EXPERIENCE IN THE RACING GAME, NEVER HAVE I HAD AS SATISFACTORY A MOUNT AS THE MAXWELL NUMBER "14" WHICH I DROVE IN THE CORONA ROAD RACE THANKSGIVING DAY WITH PRACTICALLY NO PREPARATION IN A CAR WITH WHICH I WAS ABSOLUTELY UNFAMILIAR. I WENT THE ENTIRE 301 MILES WITHOUT A SINGLE STOP, THEREBY ESTABLISHING A NEW WORLD'S NON STOP ROAD RACE RECORD AND FINISHING IN SECOND PLACE. THE MAXWELL CAR BEHAVED IN PERFECT SHAPE, RAN COOL AND SMOOTH THROUGH THE ENTIRE RACE AND HAD PLENTY OF SPEED FOR ANY RACE. I HAD IT DOPED THAT 85 MILES PER HOUR, WOULD WIN THE RACE; THAT WAS THE REASON I AVERAGED ONLY 85-5 MILES. CAR I DROVE WAS THE MOST CONSISTENT PERFORMER IN THE RACE. TIRES SHOWED PRACTICALLY NO WEAR—USED 23 GALLONS OF GASOLINE - 3 GALLONS OF OIL, NO WATER.

BARNEY OLDFIELD.

518PM.

Barney Oldfield has driven dozens of different makes of racing cars. His unqualified endorsement of the Maxwell Racer he drove in the Corona Race—speaks for itself.

SEE THE NEW 1915 MAXWELL AT  
S. C. SHILLING, Agent, Culver



# At Big Loon Post

By George Van Schaick

(Copyrighted)

Author of "A Heart of the North," "Ishmael of Grand Lac," Etc.

## CHAPTER IV.

### Curran Casts the Net.

That evening, after supper, Curran and Lorimer were smoking their pipes on the little porch facing the river. They had drawn a couple of home-made chairs from the living room and were discussing an important matter. The voyageurs were scattered about their tents or sat around a bright fire of birch logs, talking volubly. Woful sounds were being teased out of an old fiddle, but the audience rather liked the music, having little inclination to be unkind and critical.

"The instructions from headquarters are plain enough," said Curran. "They told me that one of us should take a canoe, or a couple of 'em if we thought it necessary, and take a good look at the country east of the Ushuk."

"The idea is that they think there's a bunch of heathen Nescapuees up there who don't do much trapping and just live on the country. You know a few of 'em get down to the Labrador coast with pelts. If the Ushuk trip isn't too hard, some of 'em might be induced to come down here or, if fur seems plenty, a post could be established up there."

"If the traveling's good, of course! Between you and me and the nearest lamp-post, that must be six hundred miles off. I don't think much of the idea, but it's a case of go, look, see, and report to headquarters."

He was talking in an offhand, desultory fashion, yet his eyes sought to penetrate his assistant through the semidarkness. He watched Lorimer catlike.

Lorimer did not answer at once. Under former conditions he would have been only too delighted to spend a couple of months exploring the country, but the prospect of leaving Ameou was exceedingly distasteful to him just then.

There was no reason to prevent Curran's going; but, of course, the man was just in from a hard trip and entitled to a rest, and the journey, if taken at all, must begin at once.

"Mashkaugan would be the best man to take," continued Curran. "He's hard as nails, and no one can touch him as a voyageur. Say's he'd like to go."

Lorimer had never cared for Mashkaugan; yet there was no question that the surly half-breed was the best canoe man on hand—a hard worker and familiar with all the dialects of the country. His intelligence was of a shrewd kind that prevailed among most of the voyageurs. His opinion regarding fur and the possibility of transportation was to be reckoned with seriously.

"By the way," asked Curran, "have you any liniment at the post? I got a rather bum knee from falling on rocks. Of course, it don't amount to much. Doesn't even make me limp. It'll be all right in a few days."

He rose and took a few steps to show that he could walk easily enough. Curran took care never to exaggerate his effects.

"Plenty of it," answered Lorimer, "I dare say the hurt won't amount to anything, as you say; but, of course, you should rest it and not use it too much, now that you have the chance. I think I ought to start day after tomorrow."

Curran's cold and almost imperceptible smile came again. He had deftly applied the little touch which decides the falling of the scale and was pleased with himself.

"I should take my wife along," said Lorimer. "She likes to travel and is as good as most men in a canoe, but now it's out of the question. The poor girl's going to feel pretty badly over this."

Curran nodded. Circumstances were helping him.

"Well, I'm going to turn in," he said. "A good bunk is going to feel pretty good after a month of sleeping on the ground."

But before he retired Curran sought out Mashkaugan and had a short, earnest talk with him.

Lorimer strolled down to the bank of the river with Ameou, and they talked about the intended journey.

"It is foolishness," the young woman said. "My father knows all the country of the Ushuk. There is nothing there, unless one goes so far away that no brigades could ever reach the country from this side. Men have told the company things that are not so—but it is an order and you must go!"

"I am afraid I must," he assented. "You will go," Ameou continued.

"It is the place of women to stay behind and wait when they cannot help. Yet I am much disturbed in mind, for I fear something. What it is I do not know."

"I am taking but the chances of all long trips," observed Lorimer. "I certainly hate to leave, but my reasons lie in my love for you, since I cannot see that there is anything to fear."

"The Nascapuees of the eastward country will do no harm," said Ameou, "for they are quiet people, even those who have never seen white men. Nor do I fear rough waters, for thou art a strong man with the paddle and a swimmer like nitsuk, the otter. But always remember that the strongest swimmer is nothing in swirling water that seeks to rend his limbs apart. I have no fear of those things which befall one in the wilderness, because all men must take their chances at all times. But that which I fear I cannot put into words. It is some thing like the heaviness of the air and the black calmness of the water

and the hushed song of birds when a great storm is coming."

In the dusk of the brief northern night Lorimer could barely see that her eyes were moist and her lips trembled. Yet her voice was calm. She was speaking her own language, which is full of soft inflections and knows only "thee" and "thou" in addressing others. She belonged to a people inured to great hardships and was seeking to meet it bravely.

"It does not seem to me that anything in the world could ever come between thee and me," he answered. "The great happiness we have enjoyed together can surely have no brief ending. Thou fearest only because of thy great love for me."

"I hope so! Indeed, I hope so with all my heart!" she answered somewhat brokenly.

They remained for some time in the stillness of the night, broken only at intervals by some night-bird's cry or splashing fish or muskrat, or by the rising and falling of a gentle wind among the shivering poplars.

At length they returned, downcast, to the post. Once in their room, Lorimer gulped at the sight of a tiny garment that Ameou had been making with loving care.

The next day was a very busy one. An account had to be made of all the goods remaining at the post and an inventory of all that had just arrived.

Calculation had to be made on the provisions that would be needed by the returning brigade, which would be commanded by Jack Clairway, a reliable man from the Lake St. John country. An Indian desirous of traveling and seeing the world had been found to take Mashkaugan's place in the canoe during the return trip.

Ameou spent some hours over her husband's sixteen-foot canoe, which she had made herself of a bark of splendid texture and very free from knots. She heated the seams with a bark torch and covered them with a smooth layer of spruce gum melted in seal-oil, to prevent cracking. To doubtful little places she applied her lips, sucking hard to discover the tiniest hole, but there were no "leaks."

Curran and Lorimer wrote a number of letters, which the brigade were to mail many weeks later at Big Rat River.

It was late at night before all stopped working. The fur which Lorimer had already bought that spring was carefully counted and estimated, after which it was baled again and made ready for shipment.

Curran had been informed of the prices that had been paid, so as to guide his dealings with other returning trappers. There were still a couple of weeks of trading ahead, for distant parties were still expected to turn up. Except for them the brigade would have been compelled to leave with only a scanty rest.

Lorimer slept lightly that night, and whenever he awoke he was conscious that his wife was watching silently, sobbing softly now and then, like a child who is weary after much weeping.

Yet in the morning her eyes were dry, and she moved about bravely, packing his water-proof canvas war-bag and showing him where she put the things that would be needed most frequently on the journey.

The breakfast was served early. It was a hearty one and better cooked than those old Anne used to turn out, for Ameou had supervised it personally. Mashkaugan devoured great quantities of food in utter silence; but Lorimer, notwithstanding his wife's encouragements, found it hard to swallow.

"Don't you worry about anything," Curran told him. "You might be gone over a couple of months, long before real cold weather comes. I'll take care of everything. If you find the going too bad, come right back. No use considering anything that can't be worked by a brigade."

"Up to Mukumeshu Lake it's all right, since we have quite a lot of Injuns coming down from there every year. They're only acquainted with one of the three rivers that run into it. The other two we ought to know more about. You'll have to look 'em over. You've got all July and August before you. Won't be bothered by anything but flies."

They had discussed this already over and over; but, like all men who live in the wilderness and have few matters to talk about, they thrashed over details to the utmost.

Curran had risen from the table, and was pretending to look at Lorimer's gun, his open manner giving no inkling that he was not an honest man, giving the best advice to a friend.

The time to leave was now at hand. Lorimer threw the strap of his pack over his shoulder, as it was not worth while to adjust the umptine to his forehead for the few yards down the river. Ameou followed, carrying the repeating rifle.

The provisions had been expertly stowed in the canoe by Mashkaugan, who was waiting quietly, pipe in mouth, ready for the start. Finally husband and wife drew apart.

"Remember to tarry no longer than the end of August," she said, "for early in the month of falling leaves—thou knowest!"

He smiled at her tenderly and bade her good-by again.

He was about to step into the canoe when Curran came up to him. "Don't like to put my oar in," said the chief agent, "and I'll shut up if you tell me to; but I had a notion maybe, as you were going for a long trip, you'd like to fix up something for your woman. A chap can never tell. If anything happened to you—"

"You're a good fellow, Boyce!"

interrupted Lorimer, seizing his hand. "I ought to have thought about it, but we've been so confoundedly busy. Come up to the store with me. I still have a couple of hundred pounds of my own in England, and some salary the company owes me."

They walked back to the post. A peculiar smile again came to Curran's lips.

Lorimer sat at the board table, a product of the cross-cut saw, where pelts were generally spread out for inspection, and with a rather rusty pen began to write. What he wrote was brief:

Being of sound mind, and about to undertake a long journey, I hereby leave and bequeath all that I may die possessed of, of every kind and nature, to my beloved wife Ameou, daughter of Nimissuts, a Nascapuee Indian, and declare this, before witnesses, to be my last will and testament.

(Signed) LAWRENCE LORIMER.

"Let me see," he said, after he had added the date. "I have no doubt that this will be all right, though I don't know much about such things. But it must be witnessed, and if the witnesses should ever be needed they'll be hard to get at. I think I'd better ask every man here who can scratch his name, then they'll always be able to find some of them."

Among the Canadian voyageurs Clairay and half a dozen others were able to affix their signatures after a fashion. Mashkaugan bluntly said he could not write, which was untrue; but Curran affixed his name at the bottom of the page with a fine flourish.

"Looks like quite a document," he commented. "I don't expect any one will ever be able to go back on that. It looks copper-bottomed and riveted and clinched on the inside."

"I'm sure I hope so," declared Lorimer earnestly. "I think it will be better for you to keep it for her. She might not realize its importance."

"Just as you say. It's only a kind of a fool thing, anyway, and won't ever be needed," said Curran lightly. "You keep it with the books," said Lorimer hurriedly. "I've wasted a good deal of time and ought to be on my way."

They hastened to the landing once more, where Lorimer had to shake hands and receive good wishes. Then the young man entered the canoe, taking the bow, and dipped his new spruce paddle in the stream.

Mashkaugan jumped in the stern, lithe as a great cat, justly shaking one foot that had been in the water, for every drop and every grain of sand that lodged between the ribs increases weight on the portages. After a hard month's usage a canoe may increase ten pounds in weight or more.

Lorimer and Mashkaugan turned when they had reached the middle of the current and waved their caps.

Ameou remained on the bank even after the boat had disappeared around the point. Other Indian women came to her and spoke gentle words of sympathy—for they understood. She smiled at them without trusting herself to speak, and they noticed that her eyes were bright with tears that did not fall, so bravely did she hold them back.

The young wife returned to the post and began to gather up all of her clothing and blankets and other belongings and carried them to her father's tent. The old man's eyes glinted in approval.

Curran had been busy in the storeroom, which was separate from the dwelling, but returned in time to see Ameou carrying out the last armful.

"Wonder what she's up to?" he commented. "Looks as if she was robbing the house and taking everything out to that old rascal, her father."

He walked over to the tent and waited until Ameou came out again. "Why didn't you get Cyprien to help you?" he asked.

"It was not much," she answered, looking straight into his eyes. "Only my blankets and my clothes for now I live in my father's tent until Yellow Hair, my husband, comes back to me."

"What do you want to do that for?" he asked sharply.

"Eshi lakala tutagants," she replied softly in the words that signified it was the custom of her people.

"You know you can always have all the grub you want from the store," he said, trying to speak pleasantly. "I'll look after you all right. Come to me for anything you want."

"I know what I may take," she answered quietly. "Uapishu has given me the full tale of what I may take."

Curran turned on his heels to conceal his vexation. Of course the girl would help herself without asking him. It really looked as if she had made up her mind from the very first to have nothing to do with him.

He knew where there was an old padlock that he might use. By locking up the storeroom she would be compelled to come to him for everything she needed. He searched for it, but had no sooner found the thing than he threw it aside. It would not do.

He was now in a wilderness where the greatest crime known to man is robbing a cache. Never, since Tashe-muk Post had been established had anything ever been under lock and key; nothing, even to the value of a penny, had ever been stolen.

These Indians were yet quite ignorant of many of the ways of civilization, but Curran knew that in

some matters they were just like children, and prone to anger which they would show by departing to other posts—even into Jame's Bay, for to such rovers one or two hundred miles, more or less, matters little.

Posts that had been very prosperous were deserted with remarkable suddenness, having been abandoned by trading Indians for causes that might appear absolutely futile. The mere statement by some buck that the white man was locking up his goods because he feared that some one was a thief might have sufficed to send them all away.

On every possible occasion Curran did his best to be as courteous as possible to the young woman; but for days at a time she seldom appeared, remaining with the tent—which he could not enter without invitation from the old man—or disappearing into the woods to snare rabbits or partridges, or gather herbs for sickness.

Often he came and sat with old Nimissuts on a big log that had been rolled close to the camp-fire before the tent, and asked the ancient chief to share his plug of tobacco, which was used and gravely returned. The old man was sparing of words. He gave brief answers to all questions, while his seamed face remained like a graven image.

As the days wore on the agent began to get nervous. At times he watched the river intently for some minutes as if he expected an arrival. For a week or two the trading had kept him busy, as new families came in, but finally they were all accounted for.

The long haggings were somewhat stunted by his temper, which was none too good. He had some well-filled days when the brigade was sent off, but afterward the time began to drag heavily for him.

"What do you know of the country of the Utsuk, where Yellow Hair has gone?" he asked Nimissuts one day.

"I know it well, as thou dost," replied the old man. "One river of Nukumeshu has good country where there is fur, but the other two go into waste places where there is little game—where it is more easy for me to die than to live. But the white men surely know their own scheme: best."

"I wonder if the old devil suspects anything?" Curran asked himself on his return to the post.

Then he went into his own room and diluted a little pure alcohol with water and drank alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## HANDICAPPED HUMANITY.

### People Who Stammer Always Have Their Own Troubles.

Among those of our fellow-beings afflicted with physical defects and infirmities, none are less pitied, nor have less allowance made for their handicap in life, than are stammerers.

The blind, the dumb, the halt, the palsied have pity, sympathetic and practical, showered upon them. They are not expected to compete in the market of life for bread to eat or raiment to wear; where necessary, these are theirs, either by public or private benevolence.

They are practically exempt from all sneers and reproach; nor are they made the butt for cheap but cruel wit. Kindly and comforting words are always extended to them.

But with the persons afflicted—yes, cursed—with a stammering tongue all this is different. We—for the writer belongs to this unfortunate company—seriously handicapped as we are, have to stand on the same mark in the race of life as those whose tongue-cords are loosened, not that there are any physical deformities in the voice organs of stammerers, for stammering is a question of nerves, and, strange to relate, of habit.

Almost every sphere of labor is closed to us; the professions certainly are. The higher places in the clerical world are not for us, and the salesroom counter knows us not.

We may be good craftsmen and in every way fitted for the position of foremen and room managers; those positions can never be ours, for the factories, mills and workshops are now fitted with speaking tubes and telephones. We can never be commercials, for those positions call for a ready tongue.

Then, again, the question of telephones and railways. Once, and once only, have I attempted to speak over the wires. It required a great effort, but the matter was urgent. I knew that the knowledge that some one was listening at the other end would increase my stammer.

I called for the number, and through the tube came the sound of tittering from the operator at the other end. I could have complained; but that would have only advertised my failing. We are used to mocking laughter, but language doesn't lessen the anguish.

To ask for a railway ticket in a crowded booking office is a cruel ordeal. I usually assume dumbness, and write my request, or I have simulated being a foreigner, and, in broken English, have hidden my stammer, and got my ticket.

### Who Cares?

The Wise One—So Restwell has gone. He was a good chap; do you know what he left?

The Idiot—He left a world that needed him. He left a good name. He left behind him so many good deeds that if half of them were recorded his enemies, if he had any, may have no fear of meeting him in another world. He left innumerable bonds of friendship—interest bearing bonds payable in golden memories. He left—

"Thunder! I meant how much money did he leave?"  
"Oh, I don't know!"—Life.

## To Our Customers

Please accept our thanks for the substantial evidences of your friendship and good will expressed by your patronage during the past year. We wish you a Merry Christmas and all happiness and prosperity during the coming year.

The Culver Cash Hardware.

## Very Many Thanks

For the liberal trade you have given Hand's Grocery during the past year please accept my appreciative gratitude.

W. E. HAND.



A Merry Christmas to all of this store's customers.

T. E. SLATTERY

### Notice of Final Settlement of Estate.

In the matter of the Estate of Philip J. Garn, deceased.

Phil in the Marshall circuit court, November term, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as executor of the estate of Philip J. Garn, has presented his final account and vouchers in final settlement of said estate, and the same will come up for the examination and action of said circuit court on the 4th day of January, 1915, at which time all persons interested in said estate are required to appear in said court and show cause, if any there be, why said account and vouchers should not be approved. And the heirs of said estate, and all others interested therein, are also hereby required, at the time and place aforesaid, to appear and make proof of their heirship or claim to any part of said estate.

Done Dec. 7, 1914.

GEORGE W. GARN, Witness, the Clerk and Seal of said Marshall Circuit Court at Plymouth, Indiana, this 4th day of December, 1914.

Ed. S. Kitch, Clerk.

Hess & Hess, Attys. d10t3

### Trustee's Notice.

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

W. S. EASTERDAY, Trustee.

### Money to Loan.

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

Old newspapers at the Citizen

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

We're glad to be able to sell you

**OCCIDENT**

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## SOME HINTS TO TARDY GIVERS

To those of our readers who have not yet selected their gifts or who are still undecided as to what to give, the following few suggestions will no doubt be of great value:

Father will greatly appreciate a Battenberg doily or centerpiece, a silver-plated vanity box, brass fern dish, a decorated pillow top, or diamond tiara.

Nothing will delight grandma more than a pair of tango slippers, a Roman stripe sash and hair ribbon, a wrist watch, a pair of skates or skis, or a set of beauty pins.

For mother there is shown a strong serviceable work table that will bring remembrances of the giver every time she uses it. It comes in natural finish, and is fitted with two large-sized tubs, a corrugated zinc exerciser and two rubber reducing rolls.

For your friend the motorist (or one who drives a Tin Lizzie) you can pick up a variety of useful gifts. A good muffler will be greatly appreciated (by everyone), or better still, a Maxim silencer. An emergency repair kit, consisting of thermos bottle and corkscrew, is always acceptable.

For a boy who is destructive with his presents and who soon breaks everything given him, we suggest a large woodpile and an ax. You'll be astonished at the almost perfect, undisturbed condition of both after the longest time.

Slippers are also handy things to have around where there are young boys. If they are felt they are more satisfactory.

A glass eye or a wooden leg makes a very appropriate Christmas gift to anyone who has use for such articles.

Silverware will always be acceptable to most people. This year the stores are showing some very beautiful designs in silver-plated horse-radish baskets, celery spoons, oyster tongs, gravy forks, pie ladies, ice cream percolators, salad hooks, and pruning knives for prunes.

If your athletic friend cares for jewelry get him or her a set of those novel golf links.

One store at least is showing an effective smoking set consisting of a soft coal burner and joint of pipe. These are guaranteed.

A pair of men's trousers makes a very welcome gift, especially to a man.

All authorities on Christmas giving agree that it is still good form to get kid gloves for children.

A novel and unusual gift shown in the shops is a book called the Bible. These books are sold with explicit directions for their use, printed in words of one syllable.

A great many years ago, when people had use for such things, nearly every home had its steak broiler, along with candlesticks, looms, Brush runabouts, etc. Occasionally one may yet be picked up, and it surely would delight the heart of any lover of the antique.

A dainty and exquisite gift for a fastidious person is a ton of chestnut coal. Each separate piece should be neatly wrapped in holly paper and tied with bows of baby ribbon or tinsel cord.

Although Christmas is but a day away there is still time for a few home-made gifts. Here are a few suggestions that loving hands can create in a little while:

Go to the hardware store and buy 19 feet of half-inch rope (sisal preferred because of its color) and cut into pieces about 4½ inches long. Hubby's razor will be just the thing to cut it with. Now wrap each piece separately in tin foil and paste on a Santa Claus sticker. Place them all in an empty cigar box and hand to hubby on Christmas morning. He will congratulate you on how much better a selection of "smokes" you made this year than last.

A handsome arts and crafts waste-basket can be made in a few hours by any energetic lady who has had several years experience in black-smithing. Procure a good sized nail keg from any reputable nailkeg

monger, remove one end and throw away the contents. Cover the outside (of the keg, not the contents) with large figured Japanese silk, shirred around the top and scrambled at the bottom. Be very careful that the bottom is not at the top. Decorate with bows of pink ribbon and bunches of crepe paper, asparagus and spinach. Leave the top open so that the user can tell which is the basket and which is the waste.

A good, serviceable nut cracker is something every housewife needs and has to improvise occasionally. One may easily be constructed from an old stove poker, a rolling pin, an old fashioned wooden potato masher, or a hickory club. No directions are necessary as to its use.

A cunning hair receiver that would grace the boudoir of the fairest lady in the land can be quickly made at trifling expense by following these simple directions. From your hardware dealer secure one good-size hooded coal hod, and from the dry goods store about nine yard of old-rose taffeta silk. Fricassee the silk in festoons around the brim of the receptacle. Decorate one side (the outside) with satin roses and lilies of the valley, interspersed with clusters of diamonds, rubies and other hors d'œuvres and fit with a heavy gold chain to suspend from the ceiling.

### HIBBARD

Mrs. E. J. Reed, Correspondent.  
Henry Schmid was in town on Tuesday.

Jake Lichtenberger butchered last Tuesday.

Isaac Weirman is very much under the weather.

The F. M. Alberts were Sunday guests of Frank Behmer.

Harold Behmer and wife were Plymouth callers Monday.

Ross Snapp came home from Bloomington to spend Christmas.

There will be a Christmas program, including a tree, Thursday evening here.

Pearl Clemans returned last week from Kankakee where she had been visiting some time.

Mrs. Glenn Snapp started for Monticello Saturday to visit her parents till after Christmas.

Cora Kline, after being quarantined at Ollie Baker's for several weeks on account of scarlet fever, returned home last week.

### FEED 200 PERSONS FOR \$5.

Two Hundred Girls Are Cared For At This Expenditure.

The girl interested in the cost of living problem put this question to the Barnard undergraduates: "Should we ever have imagined before that we could feed two hundred persons for the scant amount of \$5?" That referred to the habit of the several college associations of buying enough lemons and cakes for \$5 to provide "refreshments," consisting solely of lemonade and cakes, for the guests they entertained. At a recent social meeting of the sophomores almost two hundred girls, including many freshmen, were present, and each was expected to get her share of lemonade and cake out of the limited supply. The strange part of it was that most of them got it. Fashions in dress are carefully avoided by all the promoters of the uplift movement. As college girls they pretend, in the editorial columns, that fashions are too worldly to hold their attention. But gossip is not under the ban as a subject for discussion. One writer regrets to find so many Barnard undergraduates engaging in "character analysis" when they might be discussing philosophy.

### At Noon.

He rushed into an eating place  
With eager eye and open face,  
And there with wondrous art he threw  
Much food that open face into.

Three scrambled eggs, a piece of pie,  
Ice cream and coffee on the fly;  
Three doughnuts followed in a wink;  
Ice water—hurry up!—to drink.

Four paces off, entranced I stood,  
His aim, in truth, was very good;  
And not a drop or crumb, I wis.  
Escaped that facial orifice.

With eager pride he flung them in,  
As if a medal bright to win;  
As men at target practice swell  
When lucky bullets ring the bell.

Away, away, the luncheon flew!  
Ten minutes wasted! Oh, mon Dieu!  
And through the door with nerves  
All tense

He fairly sailed. Check, 30 cents.  
—Chicago News.

A large Hamburg restaurant is housed in a building of compressed paper.

There are advantages in growing old. It settles many questions.

### A LION REBUKED.

Showed Stage Fright But Acted His Part All Right.

There was once a hunter so mighty, whose fame had so penetrated to the four corners of the earth, that when he at length came up with a lion the beast was seized with stage-fright and trembled in every limb.

The hunter was at no pains to conceal his impatience.

"Come, now! Don't be a molly-coddle!" he cried. "The publishers are paying a dollar a word for the story of what is about to happen, and they've a right to expect some ginger."

The lion, as it proved, was not without a certain nobility of character, and the appeal to his sense of fairness had its effect. True, he was killed, but only after a scuffle.—From Life.

### The Traveller Guessed Well.

A captious traveller in northern Arkansas stopped by a fence to criticize a sordid cornfield which met with his disapproval. "Mighty small corn you have there!" he shouted to the man who was "superintending the growth" from a shady corner.

"Yep," said the Arkansan. "Planted the small kind."

"Looks mighty yellow to me, for this time of year."

"Yep. Planted the yellow kind."

"Well," said the traveller, severely. "I can't understand your method of farming. You won't get over half a crop there."

"Nope," said the Arkansan, cheerfully. "You are shore a good guesser, stranger. Half a crop exactly, that's mine. I planted this on shares."

### Danger Assured.

An Englishman was recently invited by a New Yorker to accompany him on a hunting trip on Long Island.

"Large or small game?" laconically asked the Briton, who has hunted 'n every quarter of the globe.

"You don't expect to find lions or tigers on Long Island, do you?" queried the New Yorker.

"Hardly," responded the Briton, with a laugh. "But I like a spice of danger with my hunting."

"If that's the case," answered the other with a grin. "I'm your man all right. The last time I went out I shot my brother-in-law in the leg!"

### Modest.

Mr. Peet, a very diffident man, was unable to prevent himself being introduced one evening to a fascinating young lady, who, misunderstanding his name constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally, summing up courage, he earnestly remonstrated.

"Oh, don't call me Peters. Call me Peet!"

"Ah, but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters," said the young lady, blushing, as she withdrew behind her fan.

### Thought He Wrote It.

A Sunday school teacher had done her utmost to impress upon the children in her charge respect for authority. One child asked her. "Who wrote the Bible?" She told him as intelligently as she could. Drawing a long sigh he said: "always thought Mr. Twitmeier (the Sunday school superintendent) wrote the Bible."

### SIEGFRIED JONES.



Said a musical maid named Maria,  
"Those Wagnerian strains I admire,"  
But her friend said "My dear,  
'Tis not Wagner you hear,  
But Jones shovelling coal on the fire."

### The Eternal Sea.

Edith is one of the children in a household where Sabbath observances are of the old-school type of severity.

"I shall always stay here she declared at the close of the second day at the beach, "because they don't put the sea away on Sunday."

### Raising Turkeys.

Turkeys should have as much room as possible and should always be allowed to roost where there is plenty of fresh air. They pick up food as they go, covering large areas. When old enough to be turned out on range they should not be fed on mash. Overfeeding of turkeys brings on disease.

An Ohio inventor has patented a "coin-in-the-slot" gasoline dispensing machine, to be placed along country roads frequented by automobilists.

### BOLT-OF-GOODS ROMANCE.

Pine-Board Note Led to Romance Ending in Marriage.

A pretty international romance which recently culminated in the marriage of Miss Nettie Belmont, of Lowell, Mass., and Francisco de la Pena, of Puebla, Mexico, is the principal topic in this beautiful mountain city of Mexico.

Mrs. Pena is the daughter of a mill superintendent in Lowell. In the factory were made various grades of cotton goods. Miss Belmont often made silent wishes to herself that she could take some of the long trips on which the bolts of goods were going. One day, three years ago, in a spirit of fun, she wrote upon the smooth pine board upon which a bolt of goods was about to be wrapped, these words:

"Oh, I am so very, very lonely; please do write me a letter. Nettie Belmont, 8061 Muberry street, Lowell, Mass."

This bolt found its way to a large dry goods store in Puebla owned by the Pena family. Francisco de la Pena, son of the principal owner of the establishment, had just measured off the last piece of goods from the bolt when his attention was attracted to the inscription upon the pine board. In his room that night he wrote a letter to the young lady who had sent the appeal to this remote part of the continent. It led to an uninterrupted correspondence, the decision on the senior's part to learn English, and on the Yankee girl's part to learn Spanish.

Then came the marriage proposal. Miss Belmont's father objected strongly to the match. Accompanied by his father, the long trip from Puebla to Lowell was made several months ago. The senior Pena and his son were received at the home of Miss Belmont's parents and the couple there for the first time met each other, and the objection of Mr. Belmont to the marriage was quickly overcome.

### MINERAL WOOL CLOTHING.

Scientist Says We Shall One Day Find Clothing Dirt Cheap.

A famous scientist, whose specialty is electricity, and who has given to the world many notable inventions, now tells us that we shall one day find clothing "dirt cheap," for the reason that the sources of mineral wool are practically inexhaustible, and a process is nearing perfection by which it will be robbed of its "scratchiness," be spun, woven, dyed and withal turned into the nattiest kind of garments.

Mineral wool is produced by turning a jet of steam through liquid slag from a furnace. Under the influence of the steam, the hot slag is blown into fine, white threads. It has been used as a nonconductor of heat, for covering steam and hot water pipes, for the most part. The scientist claims that it will make the finest of clothing for winter on account of its remarkable warmth, since it will retain the heat of the body, thereby tending to keep a person warm.

### Beet Sugar for England.

The first attempt on an adequate scale to establish the manufacture of beet sugar as an English industry is being made at Slenford, in Lincolnshire, and the project has aroused the greatest interest among the agriculturalists of the district.

A company has been formed for the erection of a factory in the town, and the enterprise is so well advanced that already 250 farmers in the neighborhood have contracted to grow between them 2,000 acres of beets for five years for supplying the factory. This movement is one of national importance, seeing that the immense sum of \$100,000,000, as shown by the board of trade returns for 1908, represents the value of a year's imports of foreign sugar into England.

### An Elephant's Sagacity.

An incident which demonstrated the sagacity with which elephants are endowed occurred at Old Meldrum, Aberdeenshire, the other day, on the occasion of a visit of a circus to the town.

At the conclusion of a children's performance an elephant proceeded along a narrow road with a pail in its trunk for the purpose of procuring water from a pump. A little girl chanced to get in the animal's way, and the road being only wide enough to accommodate his substantial body the elephant laid down the pail, picked up the child with his trunk and gently lifted her to a place of safety, afterward resuming his journey to the pump for the water.

A rubber roller has been inserted in a cigarette paper holder by a French inventor to push out a single sheet at a time.

The craving for tobacco is decreased after a smoker has climbed to a great height. Smoking under such circumstances is found to be somewhat laborious.

Blackmail was originally a compulsory payment for the protection of cattle in the border counties, but was prohibited in 1601 by Queen Elizabeth.

It is estimated that every square mile of the ocean is inhabited by 120,000,000 living creatures.

Amsterdam has three floating docks for repairing ships and is building a fourth.

### MAXINKUCKEE

Mrs. G. M. Woolley, Correspondent.

Rev. S. C. Norris is on the sick list.

Mrs. Allie Porter spent last week with relatives near Plymouth.

Maxinkuckee Sunday school gives its entertainment Thursday evening.

Dr. Stevens, who was called to Boone Grove to see his daughter, Mrs. Edinger, returned Friday and reports her much better.

Sunday visitors: Elsie Woolley, Elva Savage and Mabel Schumacher at Mary Bigley's; Irene and Florence South at Nellie Whittaker's; Louis Beck at Dick Woolley's; Mr. and Mrs. George Garver, Mr. and Mrs. George Spangler and son Byron, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Babcock and daughter Gail, Mr. and Mrs. P. R. McLane, Mrs. Sarah Rector and Miss Fannie Walsh of Montreal at Fred Thompson's.

### DELONG.

Leslie E. Wolfe, Correspondent.

Melvin Green of Plymouth visited friends here last week.

Mrs. Levi Heeter is on the sick list with acute indigestion.

Several of our villagers did their winter butchering this week.

Hans Paulsen, Erie brakeman, is at home with his parents for a visit.

Samuel Heeter of Laketon visited his mother, Mrs. Levi Heeter, Sunday.

Minot Bruce of Kentland visited his sister, Mrs. Cortland McKee, at Monterey Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Houghton and family of Culver and Mrs. Lee Robinson of Logansport visited the J. E. Decks Sunday.

### GREEN TOWNSHIP.

Miss Mary Irwin, Correspondent.

The Green township schools will close Thursday for a week.

Lois and Lyle Shaw of the Culver school returned home Wednesday evening for a week's vacation.

Revival meetings closed at Santa Anna this week with about 20 additions to the church membership.

Sunday visitors: John Shaw at Hazel Bell's; Cristol Irwin, Essie Flagg, Wm. Thompson and wife and Beryl Shaw at Walter Shivers'; Seymour Lockwood and family at Wm. Crow's; Mary Irwin at Nellie Savage's; Linton Quivey and family at Harry White's; Lucille Shivers at Ellsworth Lowe's in Culver; Susie Gibbons at Iva Hittle's.

### OAK GROVE.

Mrs. E. E. Barnes, Correspondent.

Mrs. J. S. Bottorff is home for the holidays.

Ellsworth Bishop is the guest of J. S. Bottorff.

Samuel Burns was a caller at Barnes' Monday.

S. Burns was a caller at George Wise's one day this week.

Mr. Garland and Humes spent a pleasant evening with J. Bottorff.

Mrs. E. E. Barnes has arrived at her country residence to spend the winter.

### POPLAR GROVE.

Russell Loser and Miss Bolyard of Fort Wayne visited Russell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Loser, on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Cross of Kansas and Miss Edna Stayton of Chicago came home this week to spend Christmas with their father, John Stayton.

Walter Fogel's collie, announced burglars at the corner one night last week. It being cold no investigation was made and the thief got quite a quantity of corn.

Miss Nellie Snider has returned from Argos where she has been the last four weeks taking care of Mr. L. Bose. He is now able to sit up and expects to take his Christmas dinner at the family board.

Miss Hetty Scott entertained the senior and junior classes of the Argos high school Monday night. Excellent music was given by members of the two classes. Popcorn and apples fortified them against the cold drive home.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. C. Allerding at Ira Grossman's; Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Thompson at George South's; Alva Thompson, Miss Edgington, Guy Davis and Miss Reinhart at Roy Wickizer's; Mabel Smith, Lester Smith and Chloe Scott at Lawrence Hissong's.

### Election of Trustee.

Notice is hereby given that Marmont lodge, No. 231, K. of P., will elect one trustee for a period of three years on the first regular meeting night in January.

HARRY MENSER, K. of R. & S.

### Why Not?

Send your washing to the laundry. You can get it washed and dried for 5c a pound, or washed and ironed as follows: Sheets 3c, towels 1c, napkins 1c, pillow slips 2c, tablecloths 5c, undershirts 5c, drawers 5c, union suits 12c, handkerchiefs 1c, bibs 3c, rags 1c, aprons 3c, socks (pair) 2c.

Why bother with the discomforts of winter washing when you can have it done so cheap? Will call for and deliver. Fisher & Bergman, Tel. 155.

### CULVER MARKETS

Wheat.....	1.10
Corn, per bu.....	.55
Oats, assorted.....	.45
Rye.....	.75
Clover seed.....	7.75
Cow peas, cleaned.....	2.00
Eggs (fresh).....	.32
Butter (good).....	.28
do (common).....	.17
Spring chickens.....	.07
Fowls.....	.07
Leghorn chickens.....	.06
Roosters.....	.05
Ducks.....	.08
Geese.....	.08
Turkeys.....	.14
Lard.....	.12½

## Merry Christmas

to all our patrons  
and friends

## Mitchell & Stabenow