

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

Wilbur Arnold is spending his vacation in Chicago.

Rev. H. A. Davis visited in Indianapolis last week.

Wahneeta Gandy is spending the holidays in South Bend.

Herbert Bower, spent Christmas day with his parents at Peru.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hoff visited in Kewanna Sunday and Monday.

Mrs. Harry Best and Mrs. Chas. Mikesell spent Sunday in Chicago.

Violet Schafer of Lakeville is the guest of the family of Dr. Wiseman.

Miss Chloe Houghton of Galveston is home for the Christmas vacation.

Clyde Wiseman came from Indianapolis on Thursday for a week end visit.

Ed. McLane and family of Rochelle, Ill., are here on a holiday visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Boblett are spending the holiday season in Virginia.

Mrs. Mary Finney and daughter spent a portion of last week at I. G. Fisher's.

Mrs. John Osborn went to Bluffton Monday to remain until Thursday evening.

Geo. Overman of Amboy spent his Christmas vacation with friends in Culver.

Lloyd Woolington and family of Kewanna spent Christmas day with his father.

Herbert Boblett came up from Indianapolis to spend Christmas with his parents.

Miss Alice Babcock of Rochester is spending the week with Culver and East Side friends.

Miss Zola Moss arrived Friday from Frankfort, and has taken up her duties as librarian.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Buchanan were over Christmas visitors with relatives in Boone county.

Mrs. Earl Working and children are spending a couple of months with relatives in Kewanna.

Mrs. Dr. Burris was called to Hartford City last week by the serious illness of her daughter.

Mrs. Elsie Curtis of Chicago was the Christmas guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Walter.

C. E. Hayes represented Culver at the 13th district republican love feast in South Bend Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Watson of Chicago have been Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Slattery this week.

Mrs. G. M. Beck leaves Friday morning for a few days' visit with her mother and sister in Carroll county.

Mrs. H. M. Speyer and daughter Helen and Beatrice Goss were in Indianapolis from Friday morning until Monday night.

Misses Gladys and Alma Overmyer of Chicago came Thursday evening for a visit with friends and relatives around Burr Oak and Culver.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Davis entertained the following for Christmas: John Henderson and family, J. D. Heiser and family and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hoff.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Baker and children and Miss Mary Hinshaw of Converse, Mrs. Harry Keim of Chili, Robert Hinshaws of Greentown, and Gertrude Hinshaw of Gas City, were Christmas guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hinshaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Neal Sweet of Hibbard gave a turkey dinner on Christmas to 22 relatives. Those present were Wm. Houghton and family, Lawrence Houghton and family, Lewis Phillips, Henry Stuck and family, David Sweet and family.

The dinner was followed by a Christmas tree for the children. The occasion was a merry one.

Miss Pickler is spending the Christmas vacation at her home in Bremen.

Mrs. Edison McLaughlin is spending the holidays with her mother in Valparaiso.

A. B. Holt went to Kankakee, Ill., Wednesday, for a visit with relatives. He will return the first of next week.

Clarence Menser, who has been spending the holidays at home, leaves for Canton, Ohio, Saturday, where he joins the Heidelberg Glee club for a ten-day tour of Ohio.

TWO COUPLES  
ARE WEDDED

Two of Culver's well-known young people joined hands, hearts and fortunes last Tuesday evening when Miss Hazel B. Jordan, niece of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Beck, and Orville C. Zechiel appeared at the Reformed parsonage and invoked the holy offices of Rev. A. J. Michael. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Earl Zechiel as witnesses to the matrimonial bond. On Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Zechiel left for a two weeks' visit to relatives in Huntington, Ind., and Findlay, and other points in Ohio, accompanied by a multitude of good wishes. Upon their return the young couple will live on Mr. Zechiel's home farm.

In the presence of numerous friends and relatives, Miss Mervil P. Frisinger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Frisinger, and Mr. Clifford O. Lowry of Twin Lakes were united in marriage at the bride's home in Burr Oak last Sunday at high noon, Rev. J. F. Kenrich officiating. This estimable young couple will begin housekeeping on a farm near Twin Lakes.

## A Credit to the Town.

Foremost among the institutions which reveal the prosperity of a community are its banks. They are always looked upon as the thermometers which show the business conditions. Culver is distinctly in the line of progress if its Exchange bank is a criterion. Founded on ample capital, conservatively yet liberally managed, it not only affords the financial accommodation which business men and farmers must have to make their ventures successful, but it guarantees the safety of its customers' funds. These fundamental requirements, united with unvarying courtesy to all who transact business with it, have given the Exchange a standing that is a source of satisfaction alike to the public and its owners.

Its stockholders, S. C. Shilling, E. W. Shilling and W. O. Osborn, have a financial responsibility of over \$150,000—ample for protection and accommodation.

President S. C. Shilling and Cashier W. O. Osborn are enterprising in their management of the institution, believing in the wisdom of adopting every means to facilitate the accurate and rapid handling of the business. In pursuance of this policy all the mechanical aids which large banks have installed have been introduced into the Exchange bank. The latest of these is a Burroughs adding and subtracting machine which posts into the bank's depositors' ledger each day's checks and deposits and strikes a daily balance. At the end of the month, or any other desired period, a customer can be furnished with a printed sheet on which all his checks and deposits are listed separately, each under its own date, together with the amount of his balance; and in case he has overdrawn, that amount will be shown in red ink. This form of monthly statement will be appreciated by business men and others who have occasion to make daily use of a bank.

When making cocoa be sure and add a pinch of salt. It improves the flavor.

## THE WAR TO DATE

BY CAPTAIN VAN PELT IN INDIANAPOLIS STAR.

It is not the purpose here to discuss the war, but merely to interpret such news as filters to America and try to show its bearing upon the "grand strategy" of the combatants. The rigid censorship exercised by all the belligerent governments has the double purpose of military secrecy and psychological effect. This is not a war of professional soldiers, but of nations in arms, and it is as important to keep the people "in good heart" as to capture trenches. From the vast amount of fighting each day each government picks out its successes only for publication and says nothing of its defeats.

The original plan of the German general staff has been modified greatly by events. It was to be a war of the triple alliance, including Italy, against Russia, Serbia and France. In such a war the navies of Germany, Italy and Austria would easily control the seas. The proposition was to crush France within sixty days—while Russia was mobilizing—and then turn upon Russia, Belgian resistance and British interference have greatly modified the campaign in the West. The unexpected rapidity with which Russia mobilized her armies has changed the plan in the East.

In the West the German rush on Paris was checked on the Marne and thrown back to the Aisne. In the rebound the French and English got as far north along the west coast as Nieuport in Flanders, but they were not quick enough to relieve Antwerp. The Germans had taken root, digging themselves in on a line running north on the east bank of the Meuse to a point north of Verdun, thence north along the Champaign hills to Roye and from there north to the coast. Since then the fighting along this whole front has been siege or trench warfare. There is very little open fighting. The advances made are for the most part by digging or burrowing forward.

The obvious purpose of the Germans in the West is to hold their lines and sustain themselves during the winter as much as possible off the enemy's country. Just as obviously it is the purpose of the allies to clear the coast to the border of Holland and when spring comes to drive a wedge north through Alsace and another south through Westphalia in the effort to surround the German forces.

In the Eastern war zone there has been more room for strategy. While the Germans were battling their way through Belgium, Austria was invading Russian Poland and Serbia. The Austrians did not get far into Serbia, but they reached Lublin in Poland—considerably to the east and south of Warsaw. At the same time a German army corps occupied Lodz.

Then Russia struck at two widely separated points. One army overran Eastern Galicia (Austrian Poland), captured Lemberg and forced the withdrawal of the Austrian army from Lublin. The Austrians were driven to Cracow on the west and beyond the Carpathians on the south. At the same time a column of Russian cavalry struck toward Koenigsburg in East Prussia. To meet it a heavy German force was rushed across the country and struck the Russians near Allenstein, driving them clear back to the Nirmen river.

Then came a German drive at Warsaw, direct from Pleschen, but it was checked within sight of the Polish capital, and the Germans were driven back to their borders. Again they took the offensive, helped by their fine network of railroads, and are now making their third invasion of Russian Poland. Three converging columns, one from Thorn, another from Wellun and another from Breslau, have been converging toward Warsaw.

The Russians have resisted this advance fiercely and have finally retired to permanent intrenchments which stretch from Inlaw on the Prussian border at the north to Lemberg at the south, in a straight line, taking in a part of the Vistula and the left bank of Bzura river. This line runs about 30 miles west of Warsaw. At the same time Austria has dispatched a large army through the Carpathians to threaten the Russian rear and thus relieve Cracow and all of Western Galicia. The Russians claim to have checked this army at the foot of the Carpathians. It remains to be seen whether the Germans can break through the intrenched Russian line to Warsaw.

On the sea, while the British navy has had some hard jolts, the effect of them has been moral rather than practical. The allies control the sea and transport soldiers and supplies at will. They are pounding steadily at the gates of Constantinople (the Dardanelles), and it would not be surprising if this ancient seat of power should be the next scene of interesting events.

The great objective of the Turkish land and naval forces under German direction is Batum. The great objective of all European diplomacy at present seems to be the effort to swing Roumania to one side or the other in the war. The answer in both cases is the one word "gasoline," or, as the Europeans call it, "petrol."

This has been called a petrol war. The aeroplane, the Zeppelin, the automobile and the submarine are of the very first importance in modern warfare. Just how far the Germans have been able to substitute alcohol is not known, but probably not very far.

The world's petroleum supplies lie in the United States, Mexico, Peru, the Dutch East Indies, the Russian Caucasus and Roumania. Batum, on the south coast of the Black Sea, is the center of the Caucasus oil industry. If the German-Turkish combination could capture Batum, control the Black Sea and Roumanian sympathy it could have easy access to unlimited supplies of petroleum, transporting it across the Black Sea and up the Danube through Roumania and Hungary to Vienna. At present it must depend upon what supplies it had stored and what it can buy from Roumania.

The allies, controlling the open seas, can obtain ample supplies from America and Russia, but if they can cut off the German supply, they feel that they can go far toward hampering the German military operations. The British navy is battering down the Dardanelles forts in the effort to get some modern warships into the Black Sea and destroy the Goeben, which is more effective than any ships Russia has there. Two new British dreadnoughts, carrying 15-inch guns, have just gone into commission, and they should be able to out-range the Dardanelles forts and batter them to pieces.

A comparison of the situation in mid-December with that on Sept. 1 shows that the allies have recovered about half of the territory occupied by the Germans, according to French figures.

## The Man Who Came Back.

The Modern Woodman camp of Culver will have shown in connection with the regular show at the Star theatre Thursday night, Dec. 31, one reel which shows in a most vivid and comprehensive manner the complete details of their sanatorium.

It shows by consecutive steps the actual history and experience of a Modern Woodman patient suffering from tuberculosis being permanently cured and sent home in robust health. You should attend and learn how this fraternity preserves the lives of their tuberculosis members. No extra charge for admission.

FESTIVITIES OF  
HOLIDAY TIME

Miss Rachel Swingley entertained a number of her young friends on Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Asper entertained the immediate relatives and friends at a dinner on Christmas day, in honor of her brother Chester and wife of Indianapolis. About 30 guests were present.

About a dozen of the young people drove out to the Thresher home in North Bend township on Christmas eve the guests of Misses Mabel and Leota Thresher. The evening was spent with various games and music. Refreshments were served.

A very pleasant surprise was sprung on G. W. Overmyer Christmas day when his near relatives to the number of 23 gathered to help him celebrate his 37th birthday. A delicious three-course dinner, prepared by his wife, helped to make the surprise more complete, for George hadn't smelled the things cooking, and hadn't the faintest idea there was anything doing until the people walked in on him. Mr. and Mrs. Overmyer received many pleasing presents.

Miss Edwina McFarland and her school were delightfully entertained at the academy Wednesday evening, Dec. 24, under the management of Mrs. Gignilliat. The fore part of the evening was spent in playing games, viewing movies, etc. At 9:30 the doors of the Y. M. C. A. were opened and a brilliant Christmas tree, which bore presents for all, met the enraptured gaze of the children. A jingling of bells was heard outside and Santa burst into the room with Merry Christmas and good cheer for all. He assisted in the distribution of the presents, then was off again on his long trip, leaving behind sweets of all kinds to be distributed by two of his assistants who were permitted to remain. The program was concluded with vocal selections given by Mrs. Bennett. The children were permitted to express their appreciation and thanks in writing to Mrs. Gignilliat.

## The Ice Harvest.

Work on the ice field moved along smoothly until Tuesday when the rain stopped a portion of the force. The north houses would have been filled by Thursday night if the work had not been interfered with. The south houses got into operation on Monday. The Vandalia has been notified to handle 400 cars after the houses are filled.

More help is offered than can be employed.

C. A. Shorb of Warsaw is here superintending the filling of the Lake View's ice house.

## The New Tax Levy.

The tax levy for 1914 has been published. Union township property will pay \$1.93 on the \$100 valuation, and an additional \$2 poll tax. Last year the amount was \$1.49. The increase this year is mainly for road bonds, road repair and library.

Culver's tax is \$4.81 on the \$100 valuation (the highest in the county, and a jump from \$3.59 last year) with an addition of \$3.25 poll tax.

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

—The postoffice exhausted its supply of 2-cent stamps the day before Christmas.

—"Thaw Case Again Postponed" was the newspaper heading. "Good," said Sam Medbourn when he read it.

—George W. Miles, state fish and game commissioner died in Syracuse last Monday. His malady was a cancer of several years' duration.

—The 1,500 books of the public library were transferred to the rooms over the hardware store last Monday. It is expected that by Jan. 1 the new rooms will be open.

—The town has this week set up a long line of galvanized iron hitching rails along the north side of the M. E. church and the south side of the Listenberger pool room.

—Dragging his loaded shot gun by the muzzle from under a buggy seat, William Tinker of Knox received the contents of the barrel in his breast, instantly killing him.

—The High school basketball second team defeated Kewanna on Christmas night by a score of 24 to 9. The first team met defeat at Walton the same night by a score of 25 to 18.

—Grandpa Jacob Zechiel has been proudly showing a photograph of his newest grand child, Roberta, the 2-year old daughter of Rev. Ed. and Ethel Smith Zechiel. Roberta is indeed a beautiful baby, and Culver's interest in her is "heap much."

—Miss Martha Jane Watson, daughter of late Col. Samuel E. Watson of the U. S. Army, died in Terre Haute last week, aged 78 years. Miss Watson was an aunt of Mrs. L. B. Martin, one of the well-known cottagers at Lake Maxinkuckee.

—One of the happiest boys in Culver on Christmas morning was Walter Wiseman who received a Ben Hur bicycle from Walter M. Knapp of Westville, Ill., one of Lake Maxinkuckee's well-known summer colonists, after whom he was named.

—When the editor of a country paper starts in on Monday morning to get up something for his paper in the way of interesting local news and finds, after nosing around, that nothing has happened in the town or community that he can write up, and nobody gives in any personals or local news and every fellow he talks to says, "I don't know a thing," and his liver isn't working just right and he feels as though he had just as soon loop the loop with Lincoln Beachy as to go to work—that's the time when he would like to turn the job over to the "Smart Aleck" who thinks he could get up a better paper than the editor and not half try.

## The Mail-Carrying Contract.

A new contract for the carrying of the mail between the depot and the postoffice will be let on Jan. 1. Jesse Rhoads, who has been carrying the mail for the past year, has sent in his resignation, and has also put in a new bid at the rate of \$70 a month. Eight other persons are reported to have presented bids ranging from \$25 per month up.

## Delegates to State Meeting.

At a meeting held in Plymouth by the directors of the Marshall County Farmers' Insurance Co., E. E. Weeding of Plymouth and C. W. Newman of Culver were chosen delegates to the annual meeting of the Mutual Insurance Companies Union of Indiana to be held at the state house Jan. 7 and 8.

A few seeded raisins or chopped dates added to the nut or apple salad is well worth while.



**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., DECEMBER 31, 1914.

**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.

The thirteen legislative members and employees who have been under indictment have been acquitted. The evidence did not disclose any criminal intent in allowing the various claims for extra help and extra services, but was merely carrying out a bad custom of long standing.

The birds can't get food when there's such a coating of snow on the ground. By throwing feed to them now you can insure the killing of millions of harmful insects by them next summer.—Exchange.

**Aged Resident Passes.**

far as known the oldest person in Starke county, sank quietly to her long sleep Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Death was due to a stroke of paralysis which the aged lady sustained earlier in the day. She had been in her accustomed health all fall, but owing to her advanced age her passing was not unexpected. Mrs. VanDerweele was born in Holland, May 11, 1824. She came with her parents to this country in an early day. The family lived for a while in Cleveland, Ohio, but came to Starke county in 1856, settling near Eagle lake in Washington township. She was married to John VanDerweele who died in 1874. To them three sons were born—William, Peter and Jacob, the latter dying in this city eight years ago. Peter VanDerweele is the well-known merchant of Knox, and William VanDerweele resides at Burr Oak, Marshall county. It is given to but few to live to pass the 90th mile stone, and few really desire to live to such an advanced age. Grandma VanDerweele, as she was familiarly known by so many, retained her faculties to the last. She was cheerful and contented. She knew she had long lived beyond the allotted time, and was ready to go when the call came. As a mark of respect the stores were closed during the hour of the funeral.—Knox Republican.

**The Song from the Crag.**

I stood upon the shoulder of the crag  
 Where the wind was fresh and free.  
 I heard the wavelike murmur of the pines  
 That sounded dreamily;  
 The pines that some day should be  
 Naked masts  
 Were singing of the sea.  
 I lay upon the rough breast of the crag  
 And warm it was to me.  
 I thought it whispered to me all its hope  
 In a mood of solemn glee:  
 The rock was talking of the temple wall  
 Of which it was to be.  
 And there upon the houseless, warm  
 Cheeked crag  
 My own heart spoke to me.  
 My soul was saying of its heavens far  
 And its immortal sea;  
 My life communed of God's great  
 Temple wall  
 Of which it was to be.  
 —William Byron Forbush.

**Township Government.**

A correspondent of the Indianapolis Star presents some ideas relative to the administration of township affairs that are interesting and calculated to set the voters to thinking. He says:

There is no office in the state that requires as varied qualifications as the township trustee. But few persons can make a success of more than one thing at a time. Now if we are to get the best results for the people I would suggest the following: Let the law provide for the election of a school trustee in each township who shall have entire charge of all the school matters of the township as now provided for by the trustee, school director and truant officer.

Have another one elected to be known as superintendent of roads, who shall have entire control of all the roads in township, both gravel and dirt roads, as now provided for by the trustee, road superintendent, deputy superintendent and road supervisors, and all matters relating to roads; also have charge of the repair of all the ditches in his township and shall have charge of fences as now provided for by township trustee.

Then have one person in each township elected to be known as the superintendent of charities who shall have charge of the poor, look after the orphans, and perform all the duties relative to this as now provided for by the township trustee, and county charity officers. This officer could also look after the dog tax and any other matters that come in that line. Should also be the game warden for his township. These three should form a township board to meet once a year or oftener to fix the tax levies, etc.

The school trustees of the county should meet once a year, and with the county superintendent form the county board of education. The various superintendents of roads should meet annually, and if a county road superintendent is to be continued this body should elect one, at least five years' experience in public works, or a graduate of some reputable school of engineering that has a regular course in road work. The various superintendents of charities should constitute the county board of charities and should have control of the county farms, asylums and other such institutions. By this we should have two new officers in each township and abolish four supervisors, five to fifteen school directors, an army of gravel road superintendents, shorten up the work of the board of county commissioners, abolish county truant officer and, in short, get much better work for the same or less money than by the present system. Respectfully submitted to the consideration of our representatives.

Goodland, Ind. LEWIS. S. ALTER.

**Father's Advice.**

Listen, daughter. Your mother tells me that the honey boy who has been festooning the landscape hereabouts for the past month has retreated to a position previously selected. In other words, he has gone and got another baby. Well, don't cry. There's no reason and besides it washes off the powder. Honey boy spent about four bits a week on you. Here's a dollar a week to take its place. Every time he called he cleaned out the refrigerator. Your mother will see that your brothers do this in the future. He kept you up late nights. Your baby sister is teething and she has kept me up late, but I'll resign in your favor so it won't seem strange for you to go to bed early. He took possession of the most comfortable rocker in the living room. When you look at that rocker in the future it will not bring a pang to see it empty, for it will be full of little old George B. Father. Your ma and I stayed by you through teething, colic, croup, measles and whooping cough and we're going to see you through this if we have to take turns at spanking you. Take your eyes off the moon, daughter, and look at the dust around you.—Exchange.

**Use Separators Right.**

Don't think you know more than the maker of the separator you use. Follow the directions which came with it, and follow them explicitly if you want to get good results.

**In Kitchen and Pantry**

**KITCHEN HELPS.**

**MANY VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE.**

We Live and Learn and There Seems To Be No Limit to All the Things A Person May Learn.

To sweeten rancid butter melt the butter, skim it, then place a piece of light brown toast in it, and in a few minutes the toast will have absorbed the unpleasant taste and smell.

To peel apples quickly and easily pour boiling water over them. The skins will then come off easily.

Less sugar will be necessary for sweetening sour fruit if a pinch of carbonate of soda be added to it when it is stewed.

To remove stains from fireproof dishes which have become brown from baking, soak them in strong borax and water.

Rice is a good substitute for the more expensive white potato.

A hinged shelf is a great comfort to the housekeeper in the kitchen.

Washing soda should not be used on china, as it will take off the gilt.

A few chopped dates added to stewed apples will make a delicious dish.

Pillow cases should be starched a little; they will look well twice as long.

Turpentine will be found very good for cleaning an enamel or porcelain tub.

If zinc is washed thoroughly with hot water and soap and then polished with kerosene it will remain bright for a long time.

It is well to remember that if bread, rolls or cakes are mixed with water, a hotter oven is required for baking than if milk is used.

When cooking anything in a double boiler put salt with the water in the outer receptacle, then the cooking will be more accomplished.

Use perforated covers when frying things. This prevents sputtering.

Kitchen tables topped with zinc can be cleaned by a brisk rubbing with a cloth wet with vinegar.

By first scalding the milk and setting it aside to cool a baked or boiled custard will be perfectly smooth.

The yolk of an egg, if placed in a cup and covered with a little cold water, will keep for a couple of days. The water can easily be poured off when the yolk is used.

**ROUND STEAK WITH CRABAPPLES**

Complete Instructions As to How To Prepare This Delightful Dish.

One pound round steak, one and one half cups bread, two tablespoons grated onion, one tablespoon chopped parsley, one teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon paprika, one egg, one tablespoon bacon drippings, one tablespoon flour, one tablespoon caramel. Have the top of round steak cut very thin, spread with the filling, roll the short way, tie in three or four places. Place in shallow pan and out into hot oven 15 minutes, or until seared; then dust with salt, pepper, cover with four thin slices of bacon and one cup boiling water; return to moderate oven and roast one hour, basting two or three times. When the bacon is done remove it until ready to serve. If the bacon is left on top of meat after it is done it will burn. The reason for using the slices of bacon in place of the drippings is that the slow cooking of the bacon on the top of the meat adds very much to the flavor of the meat; then the brown curls will garnish very nicely when ready to serve. After the meat is done make one cup of brown gravy; in the pan there should be enough water, if not add more. To it add the flour, mixed with a little cold water; boil 5 minutes, add the caramel to make it a rich brown. Place the meat in center of platter; pour the gravy around the edge, put the bacon curls on top and around the edge put the crabapples, stem and up. Three or four sprigs of parsley between the bacon add very much to the appearance.

**Maple Sugar Fudge.**

One pound of maple sugar; one-half cup of milk; one tablespoonful of butter; one cup of walnut meats; two squares of chocolate—unsweetened. Use the blazer part of the chafing dish for this. Put the sugar, milk, chocolate and butter in this blazer and stir until melted. Boil for about ten minutes, or until it forms into a soft ball when a little is dropped in cold water, then take from the stove and add the vanilla and chopped walnut meats. Stir a moment, and pour into shallow, well-greased pans. When cold cut in squares. This should be a little sugary to be right.

**Chocolate Caramels.**

One-quarter pound of chocolate, unsweetened; four ounces of butter; one pound of brown sugar; one gill of molasses; one gill of cream; one teaspoonful of vanilla. Put all the above ingredients in a saucepan. Stir the whole until it is thoroughly mixed and melted, then boil a mixture slowly until it cracks when a little is dropped in ice water. Turn into greased shallow pans to the depth of about half an inch. When nearly cold cut in squares with a greased knife; if you wish to keep them, put each square in waxed paper.

**FOREST SERVICE**

U. S. Department of Agriculture

**FOREST FIRES AFFECT**

**STREAM FLOW.**

Residents of Wallace, Idaho, now claim that results of the disastrous forest fires in northern Idaho in 1910 are being made evident in the changed flow from a watershed then burned over, which furnishes the water supply of the city. This basin included an area of approximately two thousand acres and was formerly well timbered with trees from 50 to 200 years old. These were almost wholly destroyed by the fires of 1910. From this watershed the city gets its supply not only for domestic purpose, but also for the development of electricity for power and light, so that the maintenance of a considerable flow is essential to the city.

It is stated that before the fires the flow of the stream at its lowest stages was never below one thousand miners' inches, the unit of measurement which has been used. But since the fire, the records show that the minimum flow has fallen to about 250 miners' inches and it is now necessary for the company which furnishes water, light, and power to expend a considerable amount of money each year in developing power from steam and to use a considerable part of this power in pumping water. Records of the weather bureau at Wallace show that the precipitation for the years since the fire has been about normal for the region. This seems to demonstrate to the townspeople that the unevenness in the flow must be due to the destruction of the forest cover of the watershed and not to any change in climate or precipitation.

In view of the situation, the forest service has undertaken to reforest the denuded watershed. Some planting has already been done and the people of Wallace are taking considerable interest in the work and express themselves as thoroughly in sympathy with the effort that the service is making. The experts of the department, however, point out that the planting will probably have no immediate effect, yet it should influence run-off as soon as forest conditions are restored, and reestablish eventually a more stable streamflow. In the meantime the forest officers are taking measurements of the stream in connection with the records of precipitation, to determine just what relation exists, and what results will follow reforestation.

**FOREST NOTES.**

Angora goats have been used with profit to keep fire lines clear of inflammable vegetation on national forests in California.

Last year the fire loss on the Canadian timber reserves was the smallest ever known, only one-fifth of one per cent of the area being burned over.

More than 858,000 young trees are being set out this spring on national forests in Utah and southern Idaho, and the season is reported as particularly favorable to their successful growth.

Armstrong lake, within the Bear-tooth national forest, Montana, is said to rival the famed Lake Louise of the Canadian Rockies. It lies at an elevation of 7,000 feet surrounded by towering mountains. A good road which can be traveled in half a day by automobile connects it with the railroad at Billings. A rustic hotel has recently been completed, and many trails make the surrounding region accessible.

The New York state forest nurseries have a capacity of 28 million young trees a year.

Approximately 750 acres on the Oregon national forest were planted with young trees this spring.

The state of Pennsylvania celebrates two arbor days each year—one for spring planting and one for the fall—in April and October respectively.

Nearly three million young trees are being set out this spring on the national forests of northern Idaho and Montana. On the St. Joe national forest in Idaho three thousand acres will be planted.

Ranchers within and adjacent to the Sierra national forest, California, have formed a co-operative association for the prevention of forest fires. They need to use fire in clearing land for farming, and will do it on a community basis, with all members present to prevent the fires' spread.

Four buffalo calves have just been born on the Wichita national forest, bringing the herd up to 51.

In cooperation with the weather bureau, forest rangers are to measure snow depths in the western mountains.

**Teaching a Lawyer.**

A Cleveland attorney took the Mediterranean trip a month ago, says the Plain Dealer. It was his first time across the water, and he stated on his return that he would have had a perfectly glorious time but for the silly questions asked him by customs officials.

It was on the pier at New York that his woes came to a climax. "Open your trunks, please," commanded the custom house officer. "Have you anything in here but personal property?" he continued.

"What do you mean by personal property?" countered the lawyer. The officer looked up in amazement.

"For heaven's sake, don't you know what personal property is?"

**OUR BOYS and GIRLS**

**THE SHADOW GAME.**

The station was deserted but for one man who seemed absorbed in a newspaper. The ticket agent was apparently thinking of things far away as he deftly juggled coins on the glass plate under the bars of his cage.

The next morning the man with the newspaper was seeming to read it in another station and the ticket agent of the day before was hunting a job. He had been summarily dismissed.

The man with a newspaper was a detective. The ticket agent had



been practicing to win facility in working the shadow game, hence his dismissal.

What's the shadow game? A new trick said to have originated in the brain of a Boston subway ticket seller and to have been taught to other ticket sellers over the country, and this is how it is worked:

The ticket agent arranges a strip of cardboard or black paper so that it will seem to be a shade to keep the bright light out of his eyes. In reality he so arranges it that it leaves the space directly under the change slot brightly illuminated, but casts a deep shadow upon the plate just to the left. Then he practises until he acquires sufficient dexterity to pass out half a dozen coins; make one of them stop well over under the shadow and bunch the others under the bright light.

About one person in four will fail to see the nickel or dime in the shadow, and in his haste to get a train will not miss it till it is too late to return. If he does come back the coin is there for him to pick up and he sees no cause to complain. If he does not return the ticket seller adds one more coin to his income.

Some men are said to be so adept at putting coins into the dark that the sharpest eyes fail to detect the trick. A ticket seller at a busy station who was caught by a detective recently confessed that he had been stealing an average of \$3 a day under the shadow.

**CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.**

Said Jane, it passes all belief. Enough to make one stare. I fear our House-Maid is a Thief. For she stole up the stair!

**Feeding Chicks.**

Don't overfeed the first week of fattening. Rather feed lightly three times a day.

Cornmeal, meat and potatoes are three of the most valuable ingredients in the fattening bill of fare.

Free range chickens are never so tender for roasting as those with limited range and fed on pure feed.

**Wood for Sale.**

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

**Indiana Savings and Loan Association**

67 North Broadway, Peru, Indiana  
 Write for full information

**Trustee's Notice.**

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

**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

**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 6; 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. BÜTTNER**  
 Dentist  
 Office Over White Store  
 Telephone 105

ESTABLISHED 1893  
**W. S. EASTERDAY**  
 Funeral Director and Embalmer  
**PRIVATE AMBULANCE**  
 QUICK SERVICE  
 All Day or Night Calls Receive Prompt Attention

**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 136

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

We're glad to be able to sell you



**OCCIDENT Flour**  
 because we can guarantee better oven results

Costs More—Worth It  
 than you've had before—or refund the price of the flour. Ask us about OCCIDENT before next Baking Day.

**Castleman & Co.**  
 Phone 48—Culver

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



# At Big Loon Post

By George Van Schaick

(Copyrighted)

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

## CHAPTER V. Foul Play.

After a few days, when the distress of parting with Ameo had lost some of its keenness, Lorimer began to obtain some enjoyment from his trip. It was a change from the routine of the post. There was the constant delight of seeing new places, of camping each night in a different spot, of the long days of paddling up rivers whose every winding revealed fresh beauties.

As they went on they quickly investigated tracks of game on the sand banks along the shore, for their abundance or scarcity was of importance.

But soon the taciturnity of his companion became tiresome. Hardly a word ever came from him except as a brief answer to questions. Lorimer took a keen interest in the folklore of the Indians.

He often tried to get information from Mashkaugan; but the mere mention of beliefs and superstitions of the savages caused the hunchback to withdraw further into his shell. It made the voyageur uneasy.

One day they reached a place known as the White Rapids, where the river dashed turbulently for several hundred yards before engulfing itself in the chasm of a granitic hill. Just beyond the canon it leaped fiercely into a foam-flecked pool where great rocks overhung the water.

"A fine place, this, for the windigos and other devils to gather and plan torments for the spirits of departed men," said Lorimer, standing on a shelf of rock, somewhat awed by the majesty and grandeur of the spectacle.

Mashkaugan actually shivered. "One must not speak of such things in a place like this," he answered uneasily.

The young man looked at him in some surprise. It had become evident that the strain of white blood in the man had not prevented him from remaining under the influence of the superstition that prevails among northern Indians.

They hastened over the portage and resumed their journey. Lorimer was wise enough to allow Mashkaugan to decide every course of action. He was an experienced voyageur, quick and strong of body, with splendid ability to meet every one of the problems constantly presented by travel in the wilderness.

Lorimer, also, in the wily body, and Lorimer, also of sturdy bice, and possessed of a keen intelligence, had been quick to grasp all the essentials, but he recognized that in the woods the hunchback was his master.

Yet Mashkaugan never took advantage of this. He might advise, but always with a respectful question. When approaching some perilous rapid the voyageur would stand up in the canoe with perfect balance and rapidly scan the rough water.

"Think best to right. Inside big black rock," he might say. "What think?"

"Go ahead!" Lorimer would answer.

Then, through the swirl of the waters shooting in and out among hidden boulders over which great spuming waves arose, they would dash on and on, seeming to be on the verge of destruction. Presently the canoe would leap into dead water again and they would float, while the alders, birches and dark fire appeared to rush by them like things endowed with life.

At all times the stroke of the paddle astern was timed to a second or the drive of the iron-shod pole quickly averted impending disaster.

"Traveling with you is a liberal education," he once told the voyageur after they had passed a particularly dangerous place.

But Mashkaugan only grunted, having failed perhaps to grasp the sense of the words, and paddled on with great driving strokes which he could keep up long after Lorimer's arms were aching.

"It would be hard going for a brigade," remarked Lorimer, at the boiling of a noontime kettle of tea. "Indians come this way with pelts. Not so very badly," replied Mashkaugan, shrugging his shoulders.

Finally they reached Munkesku Lake. It was like a small inland sea.

They were held at the outlet by the wind, as the waves were dangerous and the storm-bluffs alternating with pelting squalls of rain could not be affronted.

It was their first day in idleness, for they had not rested on Sundays. They spent it in making needed repairs to their clothes. Toward nightfall, when the rain had ceased, they carefully attended to a few small leaks in the canoe, drying the bark with a torch of birch bark, for the melted gum will not stick to a wet surface.

It proved to be a long day. The half-breed could hardly be made to talk, and Lorimer's thoughts reverted to Tshemak Post and the woman who was waiting for him.

The desolation of the immense sheet of water, whose further shores were invisible, the sudden moisture of everything, the growing chilliness of damp bodies conspired to dull Lorimer's mind until he became conscious of a sense of distress.

From time to time, as he looked at his companion, he found Mashkaugan's eyes fixed upon him strangely; but whenever this happened Mashkaugan would look away, apparently unconcerned, and scan the lapping waters of the lake through the opening of the tent.

But on the next day the sun was

shining brightly again, and great fluffy clouds journeyed peacefully while the waters rippled pleasantly on the gravel of the shore.

They left the outlet and paddled up the northern shore of the lake. Toward evening they arrived at an encampment of Indians and remained with them for the night.

As they set about the cheerful fires before the tents, Lorimer questioned the men carefully.

A tall youth showed surprise when Lorimer announced his intention of exploring the rivers, but the older ones merely nodded, saying nothing, for they believed that white men were apt to be foolish or else were ever searching for rocks and other things that were of no concern to sensible people.

Lorimer sought his tent and blankets early, but Mashkaugan remained up late with the Indians, who were only too glad to talk long to one who had just arrived.

"What is in the mind of the white man I know not," he said negligently in answer to some questions. "Neither do I care, for my time is paid and we have plenty of food with us."

"We do not like those other rivers," said a very old man, shaking his head. "Our Manitou lino has told of evil things upon their waters."

Mashkaugan appeared to be startled at this information.

"There can be nothing that is worse than the White Rapids, he said.

"That also is a place that is accursed," answered the old man, who rose and went off to his tent.

"His only son, a fine lad, met his death in them," Mashkaugan was told by a youth. "After the waters swallowed him he was never seen again."

"This man Uapishiu, of the Yellow Hair, knows little of this country," said another Indian. "Curran, the man with the thin face, knows all about it. He has talked with us when we have been to Tshemak. We told him that the river to the north is trapped over, being a good country, and he knows he gets all the fur. We also told him that the river to the east and the other beyond come from barren lands where there is little fur and the caribou pass in small numbers. No men can live there—nothing but windigos and spirits of evil things."

"It is an order from the company," said Mashkaugan uneasily. "This was enough, for all men knew how powerful the company was. Did it not seem to be master of all lands it not even of the beasts and and—fishes the whole world over?"

But when the old man who had sought his tent discussed the matter with his wife he had many things to say.

"The company sends men to travel and look over the lands; but it never sends men unless some one has told them that a country is worth looking over. Curran must have told them. For some purpose of his own he lied. May the chief of all evil beings torment his spirit!"

"Uapishiu of the Yellow Hair is a good man," said the wife. "Perhaps Curran did not want him at the post, being afraid of him because there was ishkuetapui (whisky, burning water) to be sold. It was this that caused the death of our only son last year, who, shouting loudly and upstanding, drove his canoe in the middle of the White Rapids."

The old people shook their heads many times, for the soreness of their great loss was still upon them. Presently the whole camp was asleep, save for a few lean dogs that prowled about the embers of the campfires searching for neglected morsels of food.

On the next morning the travelers started again. In the course of the next few days they met two more families. After speaking with them, Lorimer became more and more disenchanted with the information he was getting.

"Of course, now I must go and look for myself," he cogitated. "One can never be altogether certain that these fellows are giving one straight talk. Yet I don't see how there can be any Indians living up the rivers to the east or these people would know about them. Of course they're always scared at the mention of tribes they're not acquainted with; but they don't even give me some cock-and-bull story about bad people living somewhere in that direction."

Five days were enough to explore the northern river. It proved to be fine ground, but it was all carefully trapped over until it ended in tiny streams issuing from great marshlands.

The first eastern river only took four days to explore. It soon proved to be utterly impossible for canoe navigation and Lorimer had to turn back.

The remaining stream, flowing into the lake not more than a mile from the inlet of the previous one, at first promised fair travel; but nowhere on the banks could they discover any trace of Indians.

After some days they came to a long canon walled in by cliffs of the great height, where the waters narrowed into a seething torrent, which made navigation impossible. They made a long, hard portage, but it only brought them onto a barren land where trees were dwarfed and great tracts of gray moss, edged by rank, sour grasses, extended beyond their vision.

For several days they progressed noting a few old tracks of caribou, although they saw none of the ani-

mals. Wild fowl were plentiful, and they shot some geese and ducks.

But soon Lorimer was compelled to acknowledge that the outlook was hopeless and they started back.

"It has been a wild goose chase for fair," Lorimer told Mashkaugan. "Still, I'm glad enough to have seen all this country."

As they retraced their way the going was easier. The provisions were gradually diminishing, and the canoe rode lightly on the water, while the portages could be passed over more rapidly. They again took what seemed to be desperate chances in boiling rapids, but always went through them in safety.

They crossed the big lake again. It was a long journey. The frail craft could not be trusted far from land. Big squalls came up very suddenly and compelled them to follow the shore and cut across from point to point when the water was calm enough.

Finally they reached the outlet of the big lake. They were obliged to halt for one day while a gale abated. Lorimer felt more contented now than at any time since the beginning of the trip. Was he not going back to the cherished woman he had learned to love so dearly? The flood bore them so swiftly that in three hours they covered a distance that had taken a long day on the upward trip.

Lorimer for some time had been conscious that Mashkaugan was watching him in a strange way. Over rapids and in dangerous places the half-breed would hesitate at times, seeming to have lost some of his nerve.

One day, in camp, the hunchback had taken up Lorimer's gun ostensibly to clean it with a greasy rag, but when the young man changed to look at him he had an uncomfortable feeling that the Indian was staring at him strangely and that some queer notion possessed his mind.

Mashkaugan put the gun aside quite suddenly and busied himself with the making of batter for flapjacks.

It was on the day after this that they reached the great White Rapids again. They shot a part of it at tremendous speed, but stopped in a bit of dead water above the place where the narrowing river seemed to rest for an instant before it entered the chasm and took a thirty-foot leap into the turmoil below.

Here they landed on a great, flat rock and unloaded. Mashkaugan found a small leak in the canoe and built a tiny fire to heat some gum.

When everything was ready Mashkaugan lit his pipe. His hands were somewhat unsteady. Lorimer made up his pack, which consisted of his own war-bag and a partly filled fifty-pound bag of flour.

"Leave that behind," grunted Mashkaugan. "I come back for it." But Lorimer had already swung the load to his forehead.

"I can easily take that across," he said. "The going is good enough, and you have plenty to carry."

He looked about to see that nothing was left behind, and noted that a little flour had been spilled on the rocks. He put his load down to investigate. There was a small hole in the bag.

From his own pack he took a spare bag of waterproof canvas and transferred the flour to it, tying up the neck with strong cord.

"Better leave that flour," Mashkaugan said again.

The half-breed, while always willing to do far more than his own share of the work without the slightest complaint, had never before objected to Lorimer's packing all he wanted to carry. This insistence seemed strange to the young man; but the half-breed was a queer chap, anyway.

Without paying further attention Lorimer started off, closely followed by Mashkaugan, who was carrying the canoe.

Their way was over some loose rocks and small boulders until they clambered up to a rather narrow ledge which gave secure footing to a steady man.

Below them, to the right, the water was swirling into the chasm, rising in angry waves that seemed to explode in the air as if some magic force blasted them to pieces. The thunderous roar drowned all other sounds.

At length they came to a place where the path was very narrow and where a long step had to be taken across a cleft that had split the huge rock.

The hunchback, with glaring eyes, watched his chance. He was very close to Lorimer, who was stepping cautiously, yet without the slightest idea of danger.

For a second before taking the long stride, Lorimer stopped to assure himself of his balance.

At this moment, just as he began to move, the point of the canoe that was born on the great shoulders of the half-breed touched his left side very lightly, yet hard enough to push him slightly to the right.

Lorimer staggered and clutched at the air helplessly. With a cry that was unheard he pitched down thirty feet into the caldron beneath.

Mashkaugan stepped back quickly and laid the canoe on the rocky shelf.

Then he hurried forward and glared into the foaming waters.

For a moment he saw a ghastly, distorted face struggling in the flood; then a body helplessly rolled between rocky spurs.

But now there remained no trace of any man; yet the half-breed searched the foot of the cliffs with eager, staring eyes, and peered through the sudding foam at the bot-

tom of the fall, over the frothy black waters of the pool, and along the rugged sides that were deeply worn by uncounted ages of whirling flood and grinding ice.

He did not see the slightest sign of Lorimer!

Mashkaugan then sat down and with trembling hands tried to cut tobacco for his pipe. But he put it in his pocket again and passed his sleeve over his forehead, streaming with sweat.

He shivered like one with some malignant ague. He could not remain in that spot, for suddenly it seemed to him as if out of the roar of the crashing water there burst forth voices that were calling him a murderer and swore vengeance everlasting upon him!

In a frenzy of haste he carried the canoe to the end of the portage. Dreading the sight of the raging waters, he took a long detour over the cliffs for the remainder of his load, and returned the same way, clambering with catlike ease over some awful going.

Yet when he came to a place where the walking was easy he began to stagger like a drunken man.

He put the canoe back in the water and loaded it in desperate haste. After he entered it the swift current bore him very fast, yet his long, sinewy arms plied the paddle as fiercely as if some gruesome thing were following him.

As he went on he scanned the surface of the water, fearing to see an awful, upturned white face that might reproach him and hover above his canoe while he journeyed.

Until after sundown he drove the canoe with utter recklessness into the middle of boiling waters, yet always emerging safely; but in the long dead waters there was no excitement. The wind had fallen, and the stillness of the dark forest seemed to penetrate his soul with terror.

It was so late and dark when he stopped that he was unable to pick out a fair camping-place.

He lighted a tiny fire on poor ground full of roots and stones and boiled his tea; but when he tried to eat, the morsels seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth. The scalding drip alone was grateful.

He did not try to put up his tent—merely rolling himself in his blankets; but sleep would not come.

His evil deeds had hitherto been limited to various pilferings and the breaking of laws which he considered unjust. The promises and the threats of Curran, and the dislike he had for Lorimer, made him a ready tool in the hands of the chief agent.

But now that the deed was done, he suffered with agonizing fear. The consciousness he finally lost was replaced by visions in which he saw the foul fiends of the Indians and the evil spirits of the whites leagued together against him in an appalling array of grinning, monstrous faces.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Election of Trustee

Notice is hereby given that Marmon 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.

## 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

## For Sale at a Bargain.

A new single Portland sleigh. At the Culver Cash Hardware.

## After-Christmas Bargains in Jewelry

Some Special Values to clean up all stocks

## Rector's Pharmacy The Rexall Store

## Right on the Job

at all times, ready for that quick job of shoe or harness repairing you want done. And you'll find it satisfactory in every way.

ASK ANYONE FOR SMITH'S.

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

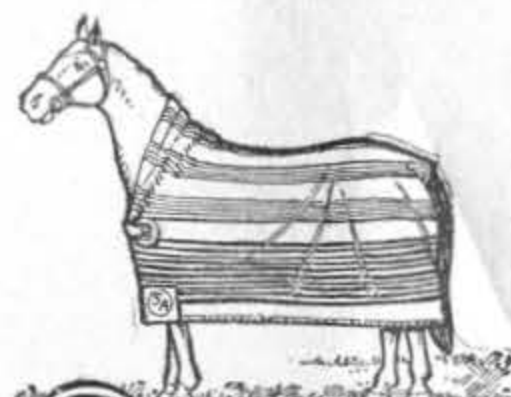
## HOUSEHOLDERS AND BUILDERS

## Plumbing Goods Pumps and Hose

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

A. M. ROBERTS Phone 107

## 5-A Horse Blanket



SA Storm King

STRONGEST, warmest, and longest-wearing, medium price Horse Blanket made. Large size—84x90 inches—covers the horse thoroughly. Closely woven with strong and heavy threads. Protects the horse in all kinds of weather and is great for length of wear. Direct from factory to us.

Buy a 5A Blank Girth for the Stable. Buy a 5A Square for the Street.

We Sell Them

## CULVER CASH HARDWARE

### Walk-Over The Shoe for you

#### Forty Years of Merit

## Walk-Over Shoes

The remarkable business built by our shoe department is a glowing tribute to the worthiness of WALK-OVER SHOES, and to the care we have exercised in serving our patrons.

The variety we carry is so extensive that nearly all feet can be comfortably and tastily shod here.

Shoes for all occasions.

**\$3.50 and \$5**

Vici and Kangaroo Button and Lace.  
Tan in dark Kid—Black in Glazed Kangaroo.

**WALK-OVER**

LIGHT—SOFT—EASY

## Mitchell & Stabenow

The Home of Good Clothes  
CULVER, INDIANA

### GOOD THINGS TO EAT

You'll always find the best of everything at Hand's—the grocery of Quality Goods.

**TRY THESE --- THEY'LL PLEASE YOU**

None-Such and Richelieu Canned Goods	Veal, Lamb and Beef Steaks, and good Meats of all kinds
Beech Nut Preserves and Jellies	None-Such, Richelieu, Old Reliable, Golden Sun, White Bear and Chase & Sanborn's Coffees
Monsoon Canned Goods	Fresh Fruits and Vegetables, and an endless variety of canned and pickled goods.
Breakfast Foods—an endless variety	
All kinds of Salt and Smoked Meats and Sausage	

**W. E. HAND :: Phone No. 5**

## WALL PAPER

AT GREAT REDUCTIONS

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

**4c, 5c, 6c, 7c, 8c, 9c, 10c, 11c, 12½c, 14c, 21c per double roll**

Ask to See This Line

## SLATTERY'S DRUG STORE

THE NYAL STORE



### Death of Oliver P. Smith.

After an illness of more than three years, Oliver P. Smith, 61 years old, formerly a vice-president of the Indiana Federation of Labor, died in Logansport last Sunday of Bright's disease. Mr. Smith was compelled to retire from his office in the labor organization three years ago on account of his ill health. He was a cigar maker by trade, and for several years held a position as organizer in the cigar makers' union. In 1909, when Edgar A. Perkins was president of the State Federation, Smith made the record of organizing more locals than any other man in Indiana. He is survived by his widow.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith spent the summer at Capt. Crook's place. Mrs. Smith in the capacity of housekeeper, and Mr. Smith as a general manager. He was popular with the guests, and made a great many friends among our citizens.

### Masonic Election.

Following are the newly-elected officers of Henry H. Culver lodge, 617, F. and A. M.:  
W. M.—Charles McGaffey.  
S. W.—J. W. Riggins.  
J. W.—George Overmyer.  
Treas.—George Voreis.  
Sec.—John Mitchell.  
S. D.—R. H. Buttner.  
J. D.—S. G. Williamson.  
S. S.—H. H. Tallman.  
S. S.—Max Fechner.  
Tyler—Arthur Morris.

### K. of P. Officers.

C. C.—Lucas Wolf.  
V. C.—Tina Duddleson.  
Prelate—Urias Menner.  
K. of R. and S.—Harry Menner.  
M. of F.—H. J. Meredith.  
M. of E.—W. H. Porter.  
M. of W.—L. C. Wiseman.  
M. of A.—John Hawk.  
I. G.—Wm. Snyder.  
O. G.—George Garn.  
Installing Officer—A. A. Keen.

### Christian Church Election.

Following are the new officers of the Christian church:  
Elders—W. E. Hand, Geo. Buchanan.  
Deacons—J. W. Riggins, M. H. Foss, Harold Buchanan, Clark Ferrier.  
Clerk—J. O. Ferrier.

### GREEN TOWNSHIP.

Mrs. Mary Irwin Correspondent.  
Goldia Curtis and Merea Norris spent Sunday with Cristol Irwin.  
N. A. Baldwin of Mishawaka visited on Christmas with Miss Mary Irwin.

Allen Stephenson and wife of Dixon, Ohio, are spending the holidays at Elmer Irwin's.

Mrs. Arley Jones and son Clair are visiting at the home of Clarence Quivey in Rutland.

Revival meeting closed Sunday evening at Santa Anna with 27 new members added to the church.

Mrs. Cecil Zerbe and children of South Bend are visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Lake. An oyster supper will be held in the basement of the Santa Anna church on Thursday evening, Dec. 31.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Stayton and Donald McLain of South Bend spent their Christmas vacation at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Cooper.

### POPLAR GROVE.

Clifford Loser is in Logansport for the holidays.

Arthur Scott of Montana came home for Christmas.

Mrs. William Scott and daughter Hetty were in South Bend last week shopping.

The J. Grossmans and George Souths took Christmas dinner with their mothers in Argos.

Mrs. Pearl Custer and sons of South Bend spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Myers.

Miss Edie Kriehbaum of South Bend and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bair of Detroit were home for Christmas.

Clifford, Edna and Jeanette Woodriddle, Naomi Walker and Edna Myers went to Kokomo last Thursday to a house party.

The John Staytons had a homecoming Christmas. All of Mr. Stayton's children were with them but Howard of Texas and Tom of Washington.

### FACTS ABOUT THE JAPANESE.

Many Queer Customs in the Land of the Mikado.

Many things in Japan and China seem odd to the Anglo-Saxon eye. Even in traveling the Japanese do things differently than the way we

### Household Hints.

In washing China silk waists use lukewarm soapsuds and then rinse twice in cold water, after which roll them up in a Turkish towel for about two hours. They are then ready to iron.

Stains on blankets and other woolen goods may be removed by a mixture of equal parts of glycerine and yolk of egg. Spread the mixture over the stain, leave it half an hour, and then wash the articles as usual.

After washing gilecloth and linoleum be sure to dry it properly. If left damp it will speedily rot, and finally become totally spoiled. It is a great mistake to use too much water for washing it. The cloth should merely be wrung out and passed over the surface.

A simple effective glue that is harmless, colorless and odorless can be made by boiling tapioca in water.

Sometimes the paper which has been used for lining the cake pans sticks to the cake. Warm the loaf slightly; then it may be the more easily removed.

If new cake pans are put on top of the stove until they have a bluish color, but not until they become burned, cake will not stick to them during the baking, as it always does to a new tin.

Sweet potato croquettes are made with one beaten egg, one tablespoonful cream, a little salt, beaten with cold boiled sweet potatoes; shape into balls, dip in broken egg, then in crumbs; fry to a golden brown.

### MAXIMHUCKEE

Mrs. G. M. Woolley Correspondent.

Revival meetings begin on New Year's night.  
Ray Stevens of Boone Grove came home to spend Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay entertained a number of relatives at a Christmas dinner.

Dick Woolley spent a part of last week with Nolan and Roth Cline in Culver.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Woolley are spending the holidays with relatives at Twelve Mile and Peru.

Marvin Norris of Ft. Wayne is spending a part of the holidays with his father, Rev. S. C. Norris.

Fred Thompson and wife are spending the holidays in Chicago, and Sylvia is in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Dan Mutchel received word Christmas that her father was not expected to live through the day.

New Sunday school officers: Superintendent, Rev. Whittaker; secretary, Ida Babcock; organist, Mary Bigley; treasurer, Chester Edwards. Mr. and Mrs. John Whittaker entertained at Christmas dinner Frank Voreis, Ernest Benedict, Eugene Benedict and their families. Rev. Thos. Whittaker and wife.

Mrs. Ben Butcher and family. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Kline, Wm. Kline and family, Ira Faulkner and family, Ray Faulkner of Marion, Lester Miller and family of Argos ate Christmas dinner with Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Beck.

Old newspapers, any quantity, at the Citizen office.

### NEWS OF LOCAL CHURCHES

#### EVANGELICAL.

Sunday school, 9:30; preaching by the pastor, 10:30; Y. P. A., 6:30. Topic—"Who is on the Lord's Side," Matt. 10:32-39 (consecration meeting, led by pastor); preaching, 7:30; prayer meeting, Wednesday evening at 7:30. Start in the first Sunday of the new year by attending Sunday school and church services. Be on time—do the right thing at the right time, in the right manner, and in the right place.

J. E. YOUNG, Pastor.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

In addition to our regular services there will be a watch night service conducted in the auditorium of the church next Thursday night which will be as follows: 8, praise service; 8:30, prayer and meditation. Topic—Responsibility, Ezekiel 33; 9:30, sermon, What is a Revival of Religion? Rev. A. J. Michael; 11, testimony and song; 11:30, consecration, led by Rev. Harley Davis; 12, doxology. Special numbers, including solos, duets, will be introduced in the praise services. All the Christian people are urged to attend as much of this service as possible. It will not be out of place for you to come late, neither will it be bad taste if you should leave before we are through, but we hope that many will come in at the beginning and stay through. Why should it take any more grace for a friend of the church to spend four hours in a religious service on a New Year's eve

than it requires for a ball or a ball game, which sometimes lasts much longer and under no less favorable conditions.

#### POPLAR GROVE.

Sunday school at 10, preaching service by the pastor at 2:30. Please remember that the hour is half an hour earlier than in season of longer days. Seventy-four in the Sunday school last Sunday is encouraging to those who have the work in charge. The Sunday school election will be held Jan. 10. J. F. KENNEDY.

Add a sliced banana to the white of one egg and beat until stiff. The banana will entirely dissolve, and a delicious substitute for whipped cream will result.

### Automobile For Sale.

Fire-passenger 1915 Ford, prestolights, electric horn. Will be sold at a snap bargain. J. W. Crabb, Culver. d312

### Notice of Dissolution.

The firm of Walter & Shorb, manager of the Lake View hotel, is hereby dissolved. C. A. SHORB.

### Library Notice.

Beginning Thursday the library will be open in the new rooms over the hardware on Thursdays, Tuesdays and Saturdays from 2 to 5, and every evening after the lights are installed.

### Methodist Ladies' Aid.

The Ladies' Aid of M. E. church will meet with Mrs. H. J. Meredith on Wednesday, Jan. 6. All members are requested to be present, as there will be an election of officers.

Capital . . . . \$18,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits . \$8,000.00

We Issue Travelers' Checks  
Farm Loans Our Specialty

THE



# THE MYSTERIOUS MONOGRAM

A Baffling Mystery Story  
By HOWARD P. ROCKEY

## SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER 1—On the day after a dinner at the Grill Club at which was announced his engagement to Grace Marston, Lord Harcourt is informed of the murder of one of his guests, Captain Townshend. Harcourt was the last man seen with Townshend and his valet finds a strangely monogrammed dagger in his pocket and blood stains on his clothes. Harcourt's mind is a blank on the subject.

CHAPTER 2—Harcourt determines to leave no stone unturned to find the murderer, or to accept penalty himself if guilty. At meeting of Governors of Grill Club, question of innocence or guilt is put to all who attended dinner. Harcourt admits he doesn't know. Suspicion points to an Indian prince Kirshin Kandwahr, who attended dinner.

CHAPTER 3—During an interview with Inspector MacBee, of Scotland Yard, Harcourt finds in the room where murder was committed a half burnt cigarette bearing a monogram like that on dagger. He determines to find out who smokes these cigarettes.

## CHAPTER V.

### ANOTHER VICTIM.

Harcourt, with the aid of his valet, was dressing when Carrington was announced. All the way home and every moment that he was changing, Harcourt had been the prey of strange, haunting doubts. The weird monogram seemed graven upon his brain—he saw it upon every object he looked at—and the thing gave him a sense of uneasiness and fear that he could not be rid of, try as he might.

When he had first seen it on the dagger hilt, it made but little impression upon him, yet it was sufficiently unusual to impress itself upon him when he saw it again in the smoke-room of the Grill club. Its third appearance in the Marston library had set him thinking almost impossible thoughts. How could it have gotten there, and what did Grace know of it?

The thought that she did know—that the strange murder symbol should be lying there upon her library table completely unobserved by him. If she, too, were mixed up in this horrible nightmare in some unexplainable way, he felt that he could trust no one—he the whole idea seemed too fantastic to be credited, and he had been a point of telephoning to Grace at the dozen times since his return home.

In evening clothes, Carrington hurried into the room, tossing his hat and stick to Fergus who discreetly retired at once.

"Dick!" said Harcourt reprovingly, as he pulled himself together with an effort. "Will you never learn not to rush in upon people like this?"

"Don't be an utter fool, Jack!" snapped Carrington irritably. "If you have the emotions of a wooden image I haven't! I have news, man, news!"

"Really," said Harcourt, smiling indulgently. "Why don't you get out an extra?"

Carrington gave him a glance of utter contempt. "You remember Dodson, the doorman at the club?" he said.

"Yes," Harcourt admitted with a grin. "I can remember fixtures like Dodson."

"Well he's no longer a fixture—he's fixed," said Carrington. "The inspectors went to his house this morning but could not find him. No one there knew anything of his whereabouts and a search of the city failed to give any trace of him. Late this afternoon, however, he was found—in his uniform, in the arway at the bottom of the fire escape at the back of the club."

"Not?"

"Dead," said Carrington. "His face was horribly distorted, and there were marks upon his throat which show clearly that he must have been strangled by a person of tremendous strength."

Harcourt stood stunned as Carrington spoke. The thing seemed to him the last straw, and walking over to the buffet, he poured himself a stiff drink.

"Don't start that," Carrington warned him. "You'll need your head if you have one!"

Harcourt paused for a moment—then drained the glass. "Go on," he said.

"In Dodson's hand," Carrington continued, "they found, clutched quite tightly, a long leather case or sheath. Inspector MacBee showed it to me, and the markings on it are exactly similar to—"

Harcourt started. "To the one?" Carrington nodded. "Exactly," he said. And another thing has been discovered. Perkins, the club servant who found Towney, says that the window directly behind the body and leading onto the fire escape, was open. He naturally thought nothing of it as last evening was warm and the windows all through the club were open. What is more, it is reported that a card bearing your name was still in the rack at the club door this morning, showing that Dodson was evidently not there when you left the building."

"The thing grows more mysterious every minute," said Harcourt musingly.

"But surely Jack you see that these things go a great way toward removing suspicion from you?" Carrington said enthusiastically.

"So they do," Harcourt drawled. "I hadn't thought of that. Have a cigarette, Dicky?"

"And there is something else," Carrington went on. "Perhaps the most important of all. I haven't mentioned it to anyone, and I'm not sure that MacBee noticed it, although one can never tell what he observes."

"Well?" Harcourt said impatiently, his calmness quite gone.

"I examined the sheath carefully and it is undoubtedly the case of the knife Fergus found in your pocket. Burned into the leather just at the top are the initials 'K. K.' They are oddly entwined, and I don't believe one person in a hundred would ever notice them, but somehow I caught them right away."

"Then, perhaps my suspicions were not so far wrong after all," Harcourt observed quietly.

"Kandwahr was in the room when Hertford and I talked with the inspector. MacBee had taken him up for the same reason he took you, I imagine, and I watched the fellow's face carefully."

"Yes?"

"He is a clever one, Jack, but I am sure that the knife is Kandwahr's."

For a moment Harcourt sat silently. Then, just as he was about to speak, Fergus knocked to announce the arrival of Inspector MacBee.

"Not a word now," Carrington cautioned. "Let him do the talking and be careful how you answer questions."

"Don't fear," said Harcourt. "These last developments have given me new courage."

In another moment MacBee entered, and at Harcourt's invitation took a chair. "Thank you, I never drink while working on a case," he said, declining the decanter. "If you don't mind, though, I'll have a smoke," and, drawing a pipe from his pocket he filled it deliberately.

"Mr. Carrington tells me you have discovered several things," Harcourt said.

"Most startling," MacBee assented, puffing at his pipe. He was a quiet, stolid little man, quite faultlessly dressed and in appearance anything but a detective. "And to be frank with you, gentlemen, this is the most puzzling affair I have ever been connected with."

"What do you make of these last developments?" Carrington asked.

"Oh, they are quite simple," MacBee answered. "When the club was closed at the usual hour, Dodson, knowing that Captain Townshend and Lord Harcourt had not left the building, went up to the smoke room to look for them. My belief is that he probably passed you, my lord, upon the stairs, but continued up to find Captain Townshend. You are known to have left the club about that hour and you could not have done so before he left his post, else your name would have been taken from the card rack in accord with his usual custom."

"You believe, then," said Carrington, "that the murder was committed between the time Lord Harcourt started down stairs and the arrival of Dodson in the smoke room?"

"Possibly. Or it may have occurred while Dodson was in the room. His clothing shows quite plainly marks of a violent struggle and there is a great deal of blood upon them."

"But you do not think Dodson struck the blow—do you?"

"No there is no reason for such a belief. It is my opinion that the man who killed Townshend strangled Dodson afterwards. It is possible that Dodson was a witness of the actual killing or else entered the room in time to see the murderer leaving by the fire escape. Townshend must have been killed as he sat in his chair, and I am more inclined to believe that Dodson entered just before the blow was struck. There was probably a struggle as Dodson attempted to prevent the man from leaving by the fire escape, but the other was too strong for him. Apparently Dodson pursued him down the fire escape and attempted to take the sheath of the knife. It was clutched so tightly in his fingers that it was all I could do to remove it."

"It is strange that Dodson did not make some outcry, or that his cries were not heard by anyone in the club," said Carrington.

"Perhaps he did call for aid," MacBee said. "There were but a few servants in the club at the time and all of them were in another part of the building. At the foot of the iron stairway, however, the final struggle came. It was probably because Dodson was calling for aid that the murderer strangled him—having left his knife in poor Townshend's body."

"Your theory then is—"

"Mr. Carrington, I have no theory. I never form conclusions until I am ready to act."

"Then you are no nearer a solution of the problem than you were before?" Harcourt asked.

"No. In fact I am farther from it than I was this afternoon, and I may say to you, sir, that in one way I am relieved that such is the case."

"How so?" asked Harcourt.

"Had it not been for the developments we have just been discussing, and the possibilities they have suggested to me, I should have been obliged to place you under arrest, my lord."

"Arrest me? how annoying!"

"As it is, sir, I think I shall be able to straighten out this matter within a few hours, and thus relieve you of the unpleasant predicament in which you find yourself at the present moment."

"I'm sure I hope so," said Harcourt earnestly. "I really don't fancy this

sort of thing at all, and tomorrow I wish to go out to my country seat for the week end."

"By all means go," said MacBee. "There is nothing you can do here. And if you should be needed I can easily reach you by wire. If Scotland Yard should require your presence for any reason it would not be a very difficult matter to locate a man so well known as your lordship," he concluded with a smile.

"You don't imagine I'm going to run away, do you?" Harcourt asked.

"Of course not," MacBee quickly assured him. "On the contrary, your attitude from the beginning has been most commendable, if I may be permitted to express my appreciation of the fact."

"Thank you," said Harcourt, looking at his watch. "If you will excuse me, it is time Mr. Carrington and I were starting. Mr. Cornish, the American you met this afternoon, is giving a reception this evening. I am going there and when I leave his house, will either come directly home or drop in at the Grill club."

"If anything transpires in the meantime, I shall not forget to advise you," MacBee promised and hurried away.

Harcourt stood silently by the table after the inspector had gone. He was thinking of the strange monogram and wondering if Carrington had noticed it. Once he was about to mention the uncanny device, but thought better of it just as Fergus appeared to announce that the limousine was waiting below.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE MONOGRAM ONCE MORE

The streets adjoining the mansion that Henry Cornish had leased for the London season, were thronged with carriages and motor cars. One by one they passed before the canopy spread across the sidewalk and emptied groups of distinguished men and handsomely gowned women. Lord Harcourt was but one of many cars with ancient arms emblazoned on their doors, and when he and Carrington entered the house they found themselves lost in a perfect crush of people making their way up the marble stairs.

There were many Americans there, and but few close by recognized Harcourt. Now and then someone nodded to him and a whispered remark invariably followed—remarks that caused others to turn and stare with polite curiosity at the new arrival. Unpleasantly, Harcourt felt their scrutiny, but his manner was calm and to the eyes of those who studied his perfectly composed features, he seemed quite as carefree as any of the guests, and perhaps a little more bored than any one else present.

From the cloak room, they made their way slowly to the great salon, lavishly decorated with palms and spring flowers the magnificence of which was subordinated by the gorgeous costumes of the rapidly arriving guests. Thanks to his great wealth and the sponsorship of the American ambassador, the host and his daughter had met many well known Londoners, and being liked despite the somewhat bluff Western manner of the father they had been taken up by everyone who was anyone in the capital.

In the throng were many titled persons, Cabinet officers, Members of Parliament, diplomats and scores of military men whose gorgeous dress uniforms were conspicuous amid the latest Parisian creations of many beautiful women whose throats and hair glistened with brilliant jewels.

"It's splendid of you to find time to come to us when you must have so much to occupy you," Adele Cornish said as she greeted Harcourt.

"I'm glad to see you, too," Cornish joined in laying his powerful hand upon Harcourt's shoulder. "I didn't know but what the police might have detained you as a suspicious character. Out in Arizona where my ranch is, the Sheriff rounds up all the loungers in the town after a row in a gambling joint. Then if he can't find the man who did the killing he hangs the fellow that's the least use."

"Rather a clever idea," said Harcourt with a smile. "In that case I'm sure to go free for they'll hang Dicky here. I'll speak to MacBee about it."

"Father!" Adele protested with a smile. Don't you think they are both horrid, Mr. Carrington?"

"Indeed I do," Carrington said promptly. "I positively decline to be arrested unless you are the Sheriff."

"While you're about it, Adele," Cornish said in a quiet tone, "You'd better arrest this fellow Kandwahr, too." He spoke with a quick glance full of meaning.

"Is he here to-night?" Carrington asked.

"He was," said Adele. "I saw him only a few moments ago, but he said he would be obliged to leave early."

Then, as she and Carrington chatted together, Cornish led Harcourt to one side. "I hope you understood my remarks," he said seriously. This has been a particularly nasty affair, and I can appreciate what it means to you. It is a fortunate thing that you have your position to protect you—otherwise things might have been far more disagreeable. I certainly hope you will be free of all this annoyance soon, and if there is anything at all that I can do, please do not hesitate to call upon me."

"You are very good, Mr. Cornish," Harcourt said. "But I hardly anticipate any further trouble. We shall go to Harcourt Manor tomorrow as I planned, and it will be most pleasant for me to have you and Miss Cornish there with me. I am very glad that you are able to come."

"So are we," Cornish replied. "And now, if you will pardon my saying so, I should advise you not to make any

more breaks such as you made this morning. It is well enough, perhaps, to say such things among your personal friends, but it's damned risky declaring them openly before strangers."

"Every man there was an intimate friend with the exception of yourself and—"

"Exactly," Cornish interrupted. "And that is the man I particularly commend to the attention of the police. I don't like these Indians. They are uncanny—like the half breeds we find in Arizona only more mysterious."

"Yet it seems impossible that he could have been the man," said Harcourt, in the hope that Cornish would express a further opinion upon the subject.

"Not half so impossible as your having done it," the American objected.

"Thank you," said Harcourt turning to watch Carrington as he talked with the host's daughter. She was a particularly attractive girl, and especially so to Carrington who seemed quite unable to conceal his infatuation for her. Thoroughly American, she had the charm and ease of manner that most of his own countrywomen lacked. Tall and straight of figure, as well built as Harcourt, and yet carrying her height with the utmost grace, she made a stunning figure in her low cut evening gown. Her wealth of golden hair was splendidly coiffured, and her deep blue eyes sparkled as she laughingly replied to some compliment of Carrington's.

"It's going to be awfully jolly out at Harcourt's place with you," Carrington said. "It will only be a small party—Grace and Sir Thomas Marston, Sir Harry Farnsdale, your father, you and little me."

"Dear me!" Adele exclaimed. "No, I didn't mean you Mr. Carrington. I almost forgot to tell Lord Harcourt that Miss Marston is in the conservatory."

"Let's lead him there," Carrington suggested. "Surely the conservatory is sufficiently large to enable us to leave them alone there without returning here ourselves."

But Carrington's hopes of a tete-a-tete were dashed, for as Harcourt joined them, Sir Harry Farnsdale, imposing looking in his magnificent red and white uniform of the Horse Guards, came up.

"What nonsense has Dicky been talking to you, Miss Marston?" he asked.

"He's been telling me that he will have a title some day and much to my surprise, doesn't seem to relish the fact at all," Adele answered.

"Of course I don't and you wouldn't either if you knew how much it takes to keep one up!" Carrington explained.

"But you inherit vast property with it, don't you?" Adele asked.

"Yes but it's all entailed!" Carrington said miserably. "I'm poor enough now, but then I'll be stone broke! Besides I'll have to work when I'm a Lord!"

"Work? Are the duties of a nobleman so arduous?"

"Certainly. One has to go to the House and listen to all sorts of silly speeches!"

"I can't imagine Dicky making a speech," said Farnsdale, "although Harcourt did once."

"Oh what was it about?" Adele asked eagerly.

"I really don't remember, said Harcourt. "Something extremely unimportant."

"That's the funny part of it," Farnsdale explained. "No one seemed to have the faintest idea what he was trying to get at, so they all voted it a master piece."

The soft strains of a popular Viennese waltz reached them and before Carrington could speak, Farnsdale claimed Adele and hurried her away.

"Uniforms are worth more than prospective titles, Dick," said Harcourt banteringly, and was sworn at for his pains, so he left Carrington to his own devices and sauntered away towards the conservatory.

In a distant corner he found Grace seated behind a bank of palms. She smiled as he approached, and made room for him on the bench beside her.

"You're quite forgiven me?" Harcourt asked anxiously. "Really I must be out of my mind to have behaved so this afternoon."

"I understand, Jack," she said indulgently. "And I can't blame you. Now, please, let's say no more about—it all."

"I'd like to forget all about it as well," said Harcourt earnestly. "Have you seen Kandwahr tonight?"

"No," said Grace. "Is he here?"

"Yes, but no one has seen him for the last half hour."

"I didn't notice him anywhere," Grace said. "I was in the salon until a few minutes before you came and—"

She stopped abruptly and followed Harcourt's gaze. He was staring at the box of the great palm at his elbow. She looked up quickly and was about to speak when the look in his eyes stopped her and she could only stare at him in wonder.

"Grace," he said. "I don't know why you are trying to deceive me, but you are not telling the truth!"

She grew pale and her body trembled. "Jack!" she exclaimed. "What on earth—"

"If you won't tell me I have nothing more to say," he went on rapidly. "But we might as well understand each other now. Our engagement must be broken. If you won't do it I will—here tonight—publicly."

He saw her sway and caught her as she fell limp and unconscious into his arms. Sick at heart, he laid her tenderly back upon the bench and for a moment stepped away. Quickly he looked about, and making sure that no one observed him, he bent down and picked something from the palm box. It was the tiny blackened end of

a cigarette. The ash was half an inch long, but in it showed quite plainly the mysterious monogram.

It was an easy matter to crumble it beyond recognition, and not until he had done so did Harcourt turn his attention to the unconscious girl. Then he began to chaff her wrists, just as Sir Harry Farnsdale and Adele appeared behind him.

With a cry of alarm, Adele hurried forward, inquiring anxiously what had happened.

"Miss Marston's nerves have given way, I am afraid," Harcourt said. "She is overwrought, and our conversation brought the strain of the day back to her. It has proved too much."

"Poor dear!" Adele exclaimed. "We must get her to my boudoir at once. Sir Harry, would you mind sending a servant to fetch my maid?"

Farnsdale turned to go, but Harcourt put a restraining hand upon his arm. "Be careful, Harry. Not a word to anyone—not even that she is ill. There is gossip enough now and this will only start more tongues wagging if it becomes known."

"Right!" Farnsdale agreed, and hurried off at once.

"She will be all right in a few moments—as soon as I can get some smelling salts," Adele said to Harcourt. "We'll explain to her father, and I'll keep her with me for the night."

"That will be splendid," Harcourt assented, shifting uneasily as he spoke. "I'll wait about within call—unless I can do something now—but I think it best that she does not see me again tonight."

Adele glanced at him. Woman's intuition told her that something unusual had occurred, but she made no comment. "Are you sure she will not ask for you when she revives?" she inquired.

"Perhaps she will," Harcourt agreed, "but nevertheless I think I had better not be here."

Then, as he saw Farnsdale approaching with Adele's maid, he slipped quietly away, his head in a whirl, divided between anguish and suspicion that he could not put aside.

Making his way out as quickly as he could, he stepped into his car and directed the chauffeur home, swearing softly to himself as he banged the door. "If she is in this plot, whatever it may be," he muttered, "there's nothing left, I might as well give in now, and let myself be trapped properly. At any rate I'll be a raving maniac if this infernal insignia with its horrible suggestion, keeps looming up before me!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Notice.

Highest market price paid at all times for veal, butter, eggs and all kinds of poultry. Phone 5 or 442 W. E. Hand

## Notice of Election.

There will be an election of a parsonage trustee at the regular service of the Zion Reformed church on Sunday, Sept. 28, 1914, at 3 p. m.

REV. A. J. MICHAEL, Pastor.

s10:2

## JEWELRY Almost Anything

## JEWELRY All the Novelties

## JEWELRY Best Assortment

## JEWELRY Correctly Priced

## Rector's Pharmacy The Rexall Store

## Removal

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

Firstclass work at fair prices always has been and always will be my aim.

Come in and see me.

**S MITH'S** (The Original) **SHOE & HARNESS HOP** (North of Hardware)

ESTABLISHED 1893

## W. S. EASTERDAY

## Funeral Director and Embalmer.

## PRIVATE AMBULANCE QUICK SERVICE

All Day or Night Calls Receive Prompt Attention

## Fancy Golden Horn Flour

None Better None So Cheap \$3.00 per cwt..



MAKES MORE BREAD COSTS LESS MONEY

For Sale By

## CULVER FEED & GRAIN CO

At the Old Mill Telephone 109-2

## 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 61; 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

## LOW ONE WAY

## Colonist Fares West

## NICKEL PLATE ROAD

Sept. 24 to Oct. 8 inclusive

Get full information of ticket agent or write F. P. Parnin, D. P. A., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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

## 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 155

## 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



## VETERANS IN REUNION

The 29th annual reunion of the 73d Indiana Volunteer Infantry association brought upwards of 50 of the survivors of that gallant body of fighting men to Culver last Wednesday and Thursday. It was not until the evening trains of Wednesday arrived that there was much doing. The earlier arrivals were few in number and spent the afternoon by the lake and strolling about town, renewing, meantime, their acquaintance and talking over their war experiences. The campfire at the Methodist church in the evening, presided over by W. E. Gorsuch of South Bend, president of the association, proved to be a rallying place and the front seats were well filled with the veterans while the remaining space was fully occupied by Culver people. With the exception of the omission of an address by State Department Commander A. B. Crampton of Delphi, who was at this hour attending the reunion of his own regiment, the 48th, which met in Culver two years ago, the program as published in the Citizen was carried out. The address of welcome by Rev. J. F. Kenrich and the response by F. C. Stanley of Marion were appropriate and interesting. The principal address of the evening was given by Past Commander J. S. Dodge, a lawyer of Elkhart. Mr. Dodge is an experienced public speaker with ideas and an effective manner of presenting them. He asked the audience to realize that the white-haired men in front of him had survived an interval of 52 years since, as boys of about 18 or a little older, they left South Bend for the fighting zone in Kentucky. The number of civil war veterans living today is evidence of the fact that they were physically, mentally and morally the pick of the citizenship of the 60s, and that their forebears were men and women of tough fiber. Very few young men of the present day, he asserted, would be able to endure the hardships of a three years campaign of the soldier's life. And he wished to impress upon the young people—the fathers and mothers of the coming generation—that they should realize the necessity of raising a better grade of men and women than we have been doing of late years. Our long interval of peace has had a tendency to develop simply the commercial instinct, the struggle for the almighty dollar, and there is danger of this country commercializing its citizenship. He announced himself as an advocate of maintaining peace by being prepared at all times to defend ourselves. Mr. Dodge then gave a brief history of the 73d. It was recruited in three weeks, a shorter period than that of any other Indiana regiment, from the six counties of St. Joseph, Laporte, Porter, Kosciusko, Marshall and Cass. It led the Union advance across Stone River at the great battle of that name, and was used during the six days' fight in various important positions. Gen. Rosencranz paid it the distinction of especially mentioning it in general orders. The 73d was one of the ten regiments in all the North to be so honored.

The music was furnished by Mrs. C. E. Behmer and her son Glenn on the cornet, and by a choir composed of Mrs. Behmer, Dr. Wiseman, Victor Elick, Lester Young and S. J. Lenon. Grace Hawk gave a recitation. At the business meeting on Thursday morning South Bend was selected as the meeting place for next year and the following were elected officers: President, W. E. Gorsuch, South Bend; one vice-president from each of the six counties; secretary and treasurer, John M. Caulfield, South Bend.

**Free Lecture.**  
And free entertainment at Crooks hall beginning Thursday night, Sept. 17. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Sale bills printed at the Citizen.

### The Jefferies Case.

A number of citizens of Argos and of Green and Walnut townships have decided to conduct a thorough investigation as to the killing of Clyde Jefferies who came to his death from a shot by Deputy Game Warden C. P. Holloway. There was a meeting at Argos Saturday afternoon in which 16 people took part.

Prominent among those present was Dr. Chas. Sarber of Argos. He with several others declared they would put up the money for a thorough investigation of the killing and a prosecution of Holloway. A considerable sum was subscribed, it is said, though none has as yet been paid in. There is said to be considerable feeling over the matter, especially in the neighborhood of Rutland, where John Goodman, proprietor of the store at Rutland, is taking a prominent part in the matter.

Mr. Goodman secured from Dr. J. N. Hurty, state health officer, permission to take up the body of Jefferies from the Argos cemetery and hold a post mortem examination. This was done on Saturday. Dr. Sarber and Dr. Kendall held the post mortem, and had pictures of the body taken.

The examination of the physicians showed two bullet wounds in the body of Jefferies. One shot struck the right shoulder blade and glanced down the right side. This was the place where Dr. Eley of Plymouth cut out the bullet; at least it looked as though the bullet had been cut out, said Dr. Kendall. The other wound was full in the breast and passed through the heart, coming out at the back. This was the fatal shot. More than 55 people were at the cemetery to see the post mortem.

The Argos meeting appointed a committee consisting of Chas. Gates, Harrison Brewer and John Goodman to hire lawyers and push the matter. They have secured the services of Chas. Kellison of Plymouth and Donald Bose of Argos, who will work with the prosecuting attorney.

When asked about the matter, Mr. Kellison did not wish to make any statement at this time. It is understood from conversation with some of the men interested, however, that it is the intention of the committee to file a new charge against Holloway, and it will be that of murder. The charge now on file is that of manslaughter, and these men say that this was done so that Mr. Holloway could obtain bail; that he could not be admitted to bail on a charge of murder.

They say also, that Holloway had no right to move the body of Jefferies from the spot where he was killed, nor had he any right to touch Jefferies' revolver. They doubt the statement that Jefferies fired the first shot, and think they may find some evidence to prove this. There is also talk that Holloway was drinking that day and so was not in a fit condition to go out on a mission like that he undertook.

Just what evidence these people may produce, or whether they will attempt to show this line of evidence is as yet uncertain. But that they are in earnest there is no doubt, and they have the money and help to push the case. Another meeting has been set for next Saturday in Argos.—Plymouth Republican, Sept. 10.

### Paving Almost Done.

Lacking a few feet of completion near the depot which a carload of brick will supply, the work is held up by the car having gone astray. As it is likely to arrive at any hour, the end is in sight. It is possible that Bunker Hill will be open for travel tomorrow. There is every appearance of Culver having had a splendid job done by Mr. Kelleher and his superintendent, Harry Harris.

### For Sale.

A 25-light Pilot acetylene gas plant. Price on application. W. M. Hand, C. M. A. s1712

For Sale—One Radiant Home hard coal burner and one medium-sized Round Oak, double firebox. Will sell cheap. J. W. Riggins.

### Marshall County Homes.

The United States census department at Washington has just issued a bulletin dealing with the ownership of Marshall county homes. The important facts contained in the bulletin relative to this county are as follows:

There are 6,057 homes in Marshall county.

Of this number 2,775 are farm homes. 1027 of the farm homes are owned by their occupants and are free of mortgaged incumbrance. The mortgaged farm homes number 951. Renters occupy 780 farm homes in this county.

Out of a total of 6,057 homes in the county 3,282 are urban homes. There are 2,873 urban homes owners in the county. Of this number 384 are mortgaged. 1458 of the urban owned homes are free of incumbrance. There are 1,289 rented urban homes in the county.

The census enumerators were unable to secure data pertaining to the ownership of a small percentage of both the rural and urban homes in this county.

### MAXINKUCKEE

Mrs. G. M. Woolley, Correspondent.  
Mrs. Florence Ban of Lawrence, Kas., was visiting Rev. S. C. Norris last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Schumacher and daughter Mabel visited in Rochester and took in the fair.

Florence South returned Sunday after spending a week in Chicago with her uncle, Harry Hissong.

Mr. and Mrs. Jav Bartlett, accompanied by R. Stevens and Ed Stayton, autoed to Rochester on Thursday and took in the fair.

Susette Stevens of Hammond, who is visiting friends and relatives in this community, spent Friday night with Dr. and Mrs. Stevens.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. Leopold and Mrs. Updike and daughter, Minnie Stevens, at Dr. Stevens'; Mr. and Mrs. Asa South, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cowen in Chicago at Harry Hissong's; Rev. and Mrs. Norris entertained Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Norris, Marvin Norris of Fort Wayne, Will Norris and Mr. and Mrs. Shafer of Argos; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Milliser of Kewanna and Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Milliser of Delong at R. L. Babcock's; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Dow Rector and Mrs. English and daughter Julia at Geo. Garver's; Nellie and Trella Truex at Arthur Woolley's.

### MOUNT HOPE

Miss Ethel Edgington, Correspondent.  
Preaching next Sunday morning, James Hay returned home Friday after attending the Hay reunion at Divernon, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Royal Hay of Logansport are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Hay.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cowen and daughter Marie visited over Sunday at Harry Hissong's in Chicago.

Walter Coplen of New Mexico, Zora Coplen of Akron, Mr. and Mrs. Ewing and Mr. and Mrs. Crabb of Kewanna visited over Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Groves.

Dr. E. C. Leininger and Myrtle Edgington of Chicago arrived Saturday to be the guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Edgington. The former returned to the city Monday.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Reinhardt and daughter at Odie Wills'; Mr. and Mrs. Leo Martin of Tiosa at Isaac Thompson's; Mrs. W. H. Heeter and Ellsworth Edgington and families at Isaac Edgington's.

It is of Dr. Isaac Barrow that the story is told of a playful match at mock courtesy with the Earl of Rochester, who, meeting Dr. Barrow near the king's chamber bowed low, saying, "I am yours, doctor, to the knee-strings." Barrow (bowing low): "I am yours, my lord, to the shoe tie." Rochester: "Yours, doctor, down to the ground." Barrow: "Yours, my lord, to the centre of the earth." Rochester (not to be outdone): "Yours, doctor, to the lowest pit of hell." Barrow: "There, my lord, I must leave you."

### First Question.

Gunner—"The daughter of the millionaire brewer has accepted the foreign nobleman. The cards are out."

Guy—"You don't say. How much is the old man out?"

### HIBBARD

Mrs. E. J. Reed, Correspondent.  
Ray Scott is nursing a burnt toe. Martin Lowry has been having a sick horse. Charley Cooper and wife were Ora visitors Sunday. S. E. Wise went to Plymouth on business Tuesday. Mrs. Snapp is just recovering from a badly sprained foot. A number of the Lichtenberger relatives were Hobart visitors Sunday.

Hazel Reed and Inez Albert celebrated their birthdays together at Hazel's home Sunday.

George Rittinghouse and wife were the guests of their nephew and niece, F. M. Scott and wife, Sunday.

Robert Crump and wife entertained the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Reinhold from near Winamac, a couple of days last week.

### MIRROR STICKS TO GLASS.

Suction Cap Permits It to Be Attached to Window.

Beyond a doubt, the New York man who invented the mirror shown in the

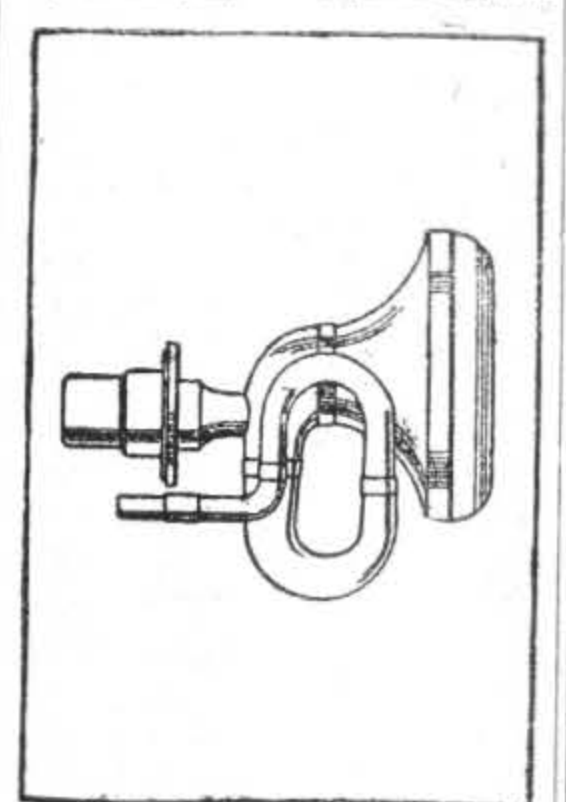


Excellent for Shaving.

accompanying illustration shaves himself. This device has many uses and will be found a convenience by both men and women, but the gentlemen who are their own barbers are loudest in its praise. Attached to the back of the mirror is a stem with a ball and socket joint, in which is a rigid cup with a suction cup attachment. By means of this suction cup the glass may be stuck in any position where it will catch the best light. Ordinarily this would be on a window, and the mirror is really designed to be fastened to a window pane, the rubber suction cup holding it firmly in place. Men who have carved diagrams on their faces and left little tufts of lonesome-looking whiskers on the shady sides will appreciate the convenience of such a contrivance. Also, it will be no less in demand among women who want the best possible light on their search for the latest wrinkle.—Washington Star.

### Combination Auto Horn.

The use of siren automobile horns is forbidden in some cities, but it is mighty effective signal for country roads where the motorist makes faster time and wants to give warning of his approach in plenty of time. Therefore many automobilists carry both the electric and the hand tooter on their cars, using whichever is required. A New York man has designed a horn which answers both purposes and does away with the necessity of carrying two separate signals.



Only One Signal Needed.

This device consists of a mouth-piece with a pipe coiling back of it and a stem on which a rubber bulb is fitted. Near the base of this coil, however, another pipe enters, and this connects with the electric signal, the same mouth-piece being used in both cases. All the driver need do is to either press the rubber bulb to get a toot or push the electric signal to get a siren, according to the emergency.

### In Trade.

Mr. Hans—Doc, I ain't got much money. Will you take my bill out in trade?

Dr. Gans—Why, I might. What's your business?

"I'm der leader off her liddle Cherman band. Ve'll play in front off your house effery evening."—Cleveland Leader.

### WASHINGTON

Eva Jones, Correspondent.  
Walter Kline left Monday for Northwestern university. James Krieg visited in Hanna, Ind., a few days last week. Preaching at West Washington Saturday evening, Sept. 19. John and William Kline with their families attended the state fair.

Alice Wiseman of Culver is spending the week at Marion Jones'.

James Speck of Kentland is visiting with Russell and Dewey McFarland.

Nye McFarland returned to Valparaiso to take up his studies after a month's vacation.

Goldia Curtis, Everett Krouse, Dewey McFarland, John Krieg and Millard Kantz entered Culver high school Monday.

A number of Florence Kantz's friends gave her a pleasant surprise Saturday evening. Every one reported a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Fravert of Nappanee and Otto Penruker and family of South Bend were over Sunday guests of Theo. Kline.

Sunday visitors: B. A. Curtis at Snyder's; Lewis and Frank Jones and families and Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Flagg at Alvin Jones'; Russell and Dewey McFarland and James Speck at J. Jones'; the Theo. Klines with their company at Ira Kline's; Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Marks at B. D. Krouse's.

### DELONG.

Leslie E. Wolfe, Correspondent.  
The public schools began today in this township.

James Kline of Culver visited friends here Sunday.

Roy Hay of Logansport was a Delong visitor Monday.

Worth Toner went to Greencastle Saturday to enter school.

Mrs. Austin McIntire and daughter are both improving in health.

Ray Patsel, a street car conductor of South Bend, visited friends here Monday.

A number from this place attended the Fulton county fair at Rochester Thursday and Friday.

Roy Faulstich, a mail clerk in the Oak Park, Ill., postoffice, visited friends and relatives here Sunday.

C. D. Whitacre, the car repairer, took a vacation of several days and Mr. Spencer of Huntington did his work.

Lawrence Houghton and family of Culver and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hodge of Richmond Center visited Sunday at J. E. Deck's.

### New Barber Shop.

I have opened a two-chair shop in the east room of the old Bradley hotel, and will be pleased to see all my old friends and customers in my new location. E. A. Poor.

### Public Sale.

Thursday, Sept. 24, on the John Anderson farm 5 miles northeast of Leiters and 3 miles west of Richland Center, 18 horses and mules, 27 head of cattle, 3 brood sows, 14 breeding ewes, farm implements, 1200 shocks corn. Property of Melvin Wilhelm.

### Light Plant For Sale.

Twenty-five light acetylene plant as good as new. Cheap. H. E. Medbourn.

### For Rent.

Will rent my house on the corner of Winfield and Vandalia streets or part of it for the winter, furnished or unfurnished; furnace heat and electric light. For particulars inquire of Mrs. Henry A. Heine. Must furnish references.

## CULVER MARKETS

Wheat.....	.92
Corn, per bu., new.....	.75
Oats, assorted.....	.43
Rye.....	.75
Clover seed.....	8.50
Cow peas.....	2.35
Eggs (fresh).....	.23
Butter (good).....	.23
do (common).....	.17
Spring chickens.....	.13
Fowls.....	.11
Leghorn chickens.....	.08
Roosters.....	.05
Ducks, old.....	.08
Geese.....	.08
Turkeys.....	.14
Lard.....	.12 1/2



Why is a bootblack like the sun? Because he does the most shining on bright days.

Our shop shines every day, Because we keep it clean! We figure that's the only way A meat shop should be seen. We want your trade, but this we know— To secure it, we the goods must show. Here the best you'll always find— The cleanly, tender, wholesome kind.

## Culver Meat Market

THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHES	<b>MITCHELL &amp; STABENOW</b> CULVER : : INDIANA	FURNISHINGS HATS AND SHOES
--------------------------	--	----------------------------

## Boys' School Suits

Brand new autumn styles bought "before the war" and not affected by war prices.

Boys' Norfolks, in a large variety of patterns and styles,  
**\$2.00 to \$7.00**

A complete stock of fall Blouses, military collar style,  
**50 cents**

New fall Caps, a desirable line,  
**50 cents**



XTRAGOOD