

PERSONAL POINTERS

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

Clyde Wiseman has gone to Indianapolis.

Mrs. Ella Parr has returned from a visit in Marion.

Miss Paddock of Kaukaee is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Holt this week.

Irene Glascock is spending the week with the Sheerins in Indianapolis.

Chester Zechiel was home from Indianapolis for the Christmas holidays.

Ramona Slattery is spending the week end in Monticello with a school friend.

J. L. Voreis is spending the holiday season with his sister, Mrs. Henry Zechiel.

Captain and Mrs. Bennett were week end guests of Dr. and Mrs. Miller in South Bend.

Clara Wiseman of Lakeville, and Chloe Houghton of Galveston are home for the week.

Among the holiday visitors to Culver are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poore of Indianapolis.

Mrs. L. C. Wiseman and son Walter went to Argos Tuesday to be gone until Thursday night.

Miss Bertha Hawkins has returned from Chicago after completing a course in manicuring.

Rev. Kenrich went to Bringhurst Tuesday. He will return on Friday, accompanied by his family.

Otto Stahl of Ann Arbor, Mich., is spending the holiday vacation with his mother and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson and Miss Abbey of Chicago are here to spend the week with Mr. and Mrs. Slattery.

Mrs. Mitchell is in Chicago and Mr. Mitchell will join her there for a New Year's visit with his people.

Bert Rector left Monday for a ten-day visit with relatives in Pendleton, Indianapolis and Louisville, Ky.

Ernest Zechiel, professor of music in Mount Vernon, Iowa, college, has been at home during the past week.

Sam Lenon went to South Bend Monday as the Union township delegate to the 13th district democratic convention.

Mrs. H. M. Speyer, her mother, Mrs. George Peeples, and her daughter Ruth, have been in Indianapolis this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Romig returned from Stoutsville, O., last night. Mrs. Romig has been there since Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Mary Geiselman is seriously ill with her old complaint of asthma at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Riggins.

Mr. and Mrs. Orr Byrd are here on an indefinite visit while Mr. Byrd is recuperating from a recent operation for appendicitis.

E. F. Bryant of Edgarville, W. Va., spent Thursday and Friday in Culver with his daughter Reba, and the family of J. G. Beck.

Charles W. Newman was the guest of the Culver family during his recent visit to St. Louis and his stay there was made delightful.

Ed McLane and family of Rochelle, Ill., are here for a holiday visit. He likes his new home which is an up-to-date little city of 4,000.

Archie Blanchard and wife returned Saturday from Lomax, Ill., where he has been employed for the past nine months. He expects to return in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Babcock of Bluffton and Mrs. A. B. Clarke of Buchanan, Mich., spent Christmas with J. H. Adamson and family. Mr. Babcock returned home Thursday and Mrs. Babcock and Mrs. Clarke remained until Monday.

Trade This Christmas.

Trade this holiday season has been some less than in previous years in the smaller towns. The chaos that existed was keenly felt in many towns where men loaded the counters with the usual Christmas things and which counters are yet loaded with the most of it, though the season is over. What is the cause? Merchants are anxious to know.

There several causes. The poor condition of business in general over the country, the open season, the determination in the face of the high cost of living to curtail expenses and the sending away from home, to the large trade centers, for things that could be had in the smaller towns where we live.

There has gone from Bourbon the past few weeks an average of \$200 per day, we believe, to the catalogue houses of the cities, for merchandise. This means about \$50,000 per year going out of the town for things that might be had here. Is this not enough to make the average merchant want to quit business? Think of it—\$50,000 per year going out of a place where it, or at least the most of it should remain. What is the remedy?

To their way of thinking there is but one remedy possible. That is an absolutely cash system, thus enabling the merchant to take advantage of every opportunity to turn his money to account. The credit system makes it absolutely necessary for the merchant to add a larger percent of profit to his goods. He has to keep book-keepers, he has to send out statements, he has to borrow money to meet his bills when due when with money in his pocket from his goods he could take advantage of his discounts. The cash system will remedy the matter as nothing else will, for then the man who has his store full of goods will be able to dispense with much of the cost of handling the goods. At night he will know where he is and can figure on just where he will be able to take advantage of bargains in the buying and sell goods as cheap or cheaper than city merchants. If credit is extended it should be at a certain fixed rate of interest, for the business man who has to borrow, and all of them do at times, pays a good rate of interest. This being the case, why not have interest on the accounts he has to carry and which are the same as loaning money.

So, the present stagnation in business emphasizes the fact that the business of the small towns will have to be looked into for it is fast ebbing away. Every small town is facing the same problem, a problem that, if not grappled with soon, will cause the downfall of every business man.—Bourbon News-Mirror.

Family Christmas Party

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey R. Norris of Maple Grove Place had as their Christmas guests their four children and families—Rev. Samuel I. Zechiel of Harlan, Ind., Dr. Allen A. Norris of Elkhart, William G. Norris and Dr. Norman S. Norris of Culver.

After a fine Christmas dinner of turkey with the usual trimmings the family gathered in the parlor around a beautifully decorated tree and listened to a program of music and recitations by the grandchildren. As the program was about ended Old Santa Claus was discovered coming from the lake with a large basket of gifts. This excited the family dog as well as the children and most frightened Old Santa away, when a small grandson called to him to "come on, the dog won't bite."

It was indeed a Merry Christmas, the first family Christmas since these children have gone to homes of their own. A GUEST.

THE YEAR IN BUILDING

List of the More Important Permanent Improvements Made During the Year of 1913.

The building record for 1913 shows a falling off from previous years. This may be accounted for by the fact that during the previous seven years an unusual number of buildings had been erected which caught up with the demand. In the years from 1906 to 1912 there were 122 buildings, public and private erected in Culver or immediately adjoining the corporation limits. This was a large percentage. The same ratio of increase could not be expected to continue. The academy leads off, as usual, in the amount of money spent for permanent improvements. Following is the list, more or less imperfect, of course, but accurate enough to show that Culver is steadily forging ahead.

Academy, barrack, etc.....\$85,000
Academy grounds..... 3,500
Academy gateway..... 500

Catherine Kline, res..... 2,500
Lee Easterday, res..... 1,500
E. A. Poor, imp..... 300
L. Houghton, res..... 1,400
O. T. Goss, res..... 4,000
H. Austin, business bldg... 4,500
John P. Walter, garage... 4,200
J. H. Holliday, imp..... 500
A. M. Glossbrenner, imp... 1,200
D. Deming, imp..... 250
Bay View, imp..... 200
Job Freeman, cottage..... 1,800
F. L. Hunt, res..... 2,000
Harvey McFeeley, addition 400
Chas. Stahl, imp..... 400
Clark Ferrier, res..... 3,500
Carter Smith, imp..... 400
H. Pecher, imp..... 1,500
S. S. Chadwick, imp..... 3,000
Town of Culver, cem't curb 5,100
F. J. Easterday, imp..... 600
Jesse Rhoads, barn..... 150
W. O. Osborn, imp..... 175
Culver Feed & Gr. Co., imp 500
John P. Walter, imp..... 2,500
Walks, etc., not listed.... 1,000

Total.....\$130,075

The Unvarnished Truth.

Every little while we find some fellow moving to the city from the country or small town, because there is nothing doing in his home burg and he wants to get out where there are opportunities. Boys as soon as they get out of high school and sometimes before wander off to the city to make their fortunes. And girls do about the same thing and get a job at six plunks per week in some department store. Once in a while some fellow gets rich or some girl marries a rich fellow, and we hear a whole lot about it, but we never hear of the 999 others who make a failure.

There are thousands of young men and women who are living at 15-cent lunch counters, who might just as well be out on some farm eating sweet potatoes, jersey butter, fried chicken and home made preserves who are living on warmed over baked hash, a spoonful of potatoes, half a dozen berries, and a chunk of oleomargarine about the size of a trouser button, because there are no opportunities in the country and small town, and there's always something doing in the city.

Out here in the country every fellow is a part of the community and knows everybody and if he is anything like a decent fellow can trot in the best society there is, regardless of whether he owns a 500-acre farm or is working at \$10 a month. But in the city about every fellow is looking out for himself and cares but little about anybody else. The young man who goes to the city after a while usually takes unto himself some clerk in a department store, thinking that two can live as cheaply as one, but he soon realizes that the person who advocates this theory is either a fool or a bachelor, probably both.

It turns out that the girl can't boil water without scorching it, and consequently whenever they go out to dad's to get some of mother's old fashioned cooking. In the course of time this country lad turns up his toes to the daisies, and leaves scarcely enough to put him away.

How about the girls, who go to the city? There was Sally Jones who went to Indianapolis, and took a business course, and after working a while in a railroad office married a young man who has now worked himself up to Asst. G. P. A., of one of the trunk lines. Everybody talks of Sally and she is held up to all the girls of Bean Blossom as a model to pattern after. But Sally is an exception. Mary Smith undertook to do the same thing, and her history is the history of a good many of them. Mary graduated from the same school that Sally did

and got a job at \$6 per week in an office, but the jobs were not as easily landed as the advertisements of the business college would make you believe. In fact you can usually cut their dope in two in the middle and then sometimes it is too big to fit the truth. You have to deliver the goods and be quick about it if you stay on the job. Mary found a good many other girls hunting jobs, and after waiting a month and her money had about run out she finally landed this one. But after boarding at a cheap restaurant, rooming in a little measly room away back somewhere, and getting what clothes she was required to have in order to hold her job, she often had to walk to her work in order to save care fare and have enough money to make her wages fit her expenses. After a while the firm she was working for busted up, and after being out of a job a while she got in as waiter at a ten cent lunch counter. She drifted from one job to another from bad to worse, attended cheap shows and cheaper dances with young fellows she met until the last I heard of her she was in a place which had a rep as bad as any in the city. She still writes to her folks and leads them to believe that she is a waiter in a hotel at good wages. If she had stayed out on the farm she could have captured most any of the young men who are some of the best taxpayers of the county.—Gaston Gazette.

Carriers To Get a Raise.

A Washington dispatch says Indiana rural carriers may be pardoned if they felicitate among themselves over the splendid prospect for securing an increase in salary. The house committee on postoffice and postroads, in its executive sessions, has decided upon increase of salary for these public servants, the details of which will be made public when the bill is reported to the house. It is known, however, that the increase is substantial, amounting in the case of a standard route to about \$50 a year, and on other routes in proportion. The theory upon which the increase is to be granted is that the establishment and subsequent enlargement of the parcels post has imposed upon the rural carriers a burden which they never anticipated. The total amount of the increase, spread over the country at large, will be about \$2,200,000 per annum. Rural carriers are obliged to furnish their own wagons and it was represented to the committee that in many instances the great volume of bulky parcels post mail will make it necessary for the carriers to go to the expense of providing themselves with larger vehicles.

The Fire Risk in Schools.

More than fifty-five schoolhouse fires have occurred in Indiana since the establishment of the state fire marshal's office last May. As much as this report includes but seven months of the past year, the fire marshal believes that the number of fires that will probably occur in Indiana schoolhouses in a year's time will reach 1000.

"In the construction of school buildings," said the fire marshal, "plans for fire prevention should be more carefully considered than in almost any other building. More than a half-million school children gather in the public schools five days out of the week, 250,000 of them in buildings of more than one room. In very few of these buildings have proper provisions been made for the protection of life against fire."

There are at present 9,020 school buildings in the state. Of that number, 4,620 are made of brick, 4,272 are of frame construction, ninety-five are of stone, thirty-one of concrete and two are of logs. The hazards from fire in frame buildings are believed to be very dangerous.

Because of the many schoolhouse fires which occur in the state each year, the fire marshal is urging that particular precautions be taken by cities and townships in the construction of such buildings. The safe location of all exits and stairways is especially urged, while every safeguard against fire from heating plants is advised.

In making his recommendations for safe schoolhouse construction the fire marshal is being guided by the Ohio building code, adopted soon after the Collinwood disaster in Ohio, in which the lives of more than 160 school children were lost. This code not only creates definite standards for building construction, but provides for a state-wide system of inspection, as well.

Among other requirements the Ohio building code definitely names the space to be occupied by buildings for the various grades, and fixes a maximum height for each. It provides for fire partitions and fire stops, for the purpose of preventing the spread of fire from one part of the building to another.

Because in many of the tragedies from burning schoolhouses which have already occurred, it has been definitely shown that even the simplest precautions would have been sufficient to save many lives, the fire marshal is anxious to impress upon every Indiana community the need for securing safety in schoolhouse construction.

Death of Daniel Leighty

Daniel Leighty died on Sunday from the effects of a paralytic stroke. He was buried in the cemetery at the Dunkard church in West township. The service was conducted by Revs. Appleman and Hendricks.

Deceased was 83 years old and is survived by his wife and several children, all of whom were at the funeral except a son.

Officers of the K. of P.

C. C.—Harry Menner.
V. C.—William Houghton.
P.—L. C. Wiseman.
M. at A.—John Hawk.
M. of E.—W. H. Porter.
M. of F.—H. J. Meredith.
M. of W.—Charles Burch.
K. of R. and S.—S. Williamson.
I. G.—W. M. Snyder.
O. G.—Moses Menser.

Masonic Officers Elected

Henry Culver lodge #17, F. and A. M., has elected the following officers for the ensuing term:

W. M.—E. J. Bradley.
S. W.—E. E. Parker.
J. W.—Chas. McGaffey.
Treasurer—D. A. Bradley.
Secretary—John Mitchell.

Prof. I. S. Hahn of Galveston was in town yesterday on his way home from a visit with his mother in Bremen.

THE WEEK IN CULVER

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

—1914!
—It is ten days since the sun shone.

—The new town board will meet next Monday night.

—Born, Dec. 30, to Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey McFarland, a boy.

—The Parent-Teacher club will meet next week Friday instead of this week.

—It looks like snow, it feels like snow. Now, by heck, why doesn't it snow?

—Daniel M. Bechtel of Goshen was elected district chairman at the democratic convention Monday.
—Little lake is frozen over and the first skating was enjoyed last Sunday, five days later than last year.

—The 8:11 south-bound morning train goes back today to its old time of 6:04. Mark the change on your Citizen time card.

—The Culver Feed and Grain Co. is erecting a corn crib at the old mill. It is 25x9x29 feet and will have a capacity of 4,000 bushels.

—Matt Bottorff has resigned as deputy sheriff and Jesse McNeely and Gene Marshall are serving as deputies during the Foley trial.—Democrat.

—Frank Easterday is building a two-story addition to his residence. It will include a dining room, kitchen and bathroom below, and two chambers above.

—Leester Rockhill has sold his laundry agency to Jesse Rhoads and Raymond Mikesell. Mikesell will leave Hand's and Roy Warner is slated for his place.

—James Thomas, the East side transfer man, known to everybody as "Jim," was married last week to his housekeeper, Mrs. Emma J. Means of Walnut township.

—The Methodist people will hold an enrollment meeting Friday evening in the interest of the Sunday school. There will be special music and a general good time.

—Paul, the 2½-year old son of Claude Newman, had his shoulder blade broken the other day from being attacked by a young mother-cow while he was crossing the barnyard. Fortunately his father was near enough to rescue him from more serious injury.

A Township Convention

The annual township Sunday school convention will be held in the M. E. church, Culver, Jan. 8. Following is the program:

10 a. m.—Superintendents' and teachers' conference.
1:30 p. m.—Devotional, Rev. J. E. Young. Music. Adult Bible Class Work, Galeman Dexter, Co. Supt. home department. Music. The Sunday School Curriculum, Miss Lemen, state worker.
7:30 p. m.—Devotional, Rev. A. J. Michael. Music. Your Share, Miss Lemen. Music. Address, Co. Pres. O. S. Ellis.

Warren Family Reunion.

The Christmas reunion of the A. M. Warren family proved to be a fine day as all the children were present except Mr. and Mrs. Ray McCormick of Loraine, O. Those present were S. D. Wiser and wife, Wm. Wiser and family, all of Culver; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Scott and baby and Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Medbourn and baby of North Judson. Four generations were represented. Dinner was served for 22. There was music and singing in the afternoon. The day was enjoyed by all.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

THE CULVER CITIZEN

ARTHUR B. HOLT, Publisher.

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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, 1913, and on the pink slip on his paper appears

Jones John Jan 13

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, INDIANA, JAN. 1, 1914.

The Cost of Building.

An interesting comparison of the cost of different methods of house construction is shown herewith. The figures are from the report of the committee on fire protection to the Boston Chamber of Commerce:

The average bid for the various types was as follows, the second column showing the percentage of excess cost of each type over the clapboard type:

Clapboard	\$6,759.95	0
Shingle	6,868.80	1.6
Ten-inch brick wall, hollow	7,372.48	9.1
Twelve-inch brick wall, solid	7,641.00	13.0
Stucco on hollow block	7,187.65	6.3
Brick veneer on hollow block	7,453.16	10.7
Stucco on frame	6,932.90	2.9
Brick veneer on boarding	7,226.44	6.9
Brick veneer on studding	7,153.98	5.3

The committee corresponded with contractors in various parts of the country in making up its report, and found from them that brick buildings were commonly estimated to cost 10 per cent more than frame, while brick veneered buildings could be put up in many sections for 5 per cent more than the cost of frame buildings, the difference in cost being usually more than offset by the lessened insurance premium.

In the same way estimates were obtained on annual cost of maintenance, including depreciation, for frame and brick dwellings, and it was found that the frame dwellings cost 26 per cent more for maintenance and depreciation than the brick dwellings.

NORTH GERMANY

Miss Tressa Edgington, Correspondent

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Malone spent Christmas at James Barnabee's.

Mr. and Mrs. William Johnson spent Monday at Lorn Johnson's.

Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Overmyer spent Christmas with their son Harry.

Alvin Hiatt and family visited Friday at Ira Grossman's in Poplar Grove.

Claude Battie of Rochester visited at Ambrose Overmyer's a few days last week.

Mr. and John Bowen visited relatives and friends at Athens a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Overmyer and Irvin Walters spent Sunday at J. L. Edgington's.

Fred Cook and family of Rochester are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Cook.

Revival meetings will begin here Jan. 5, conducted by Pastor Kenoma. The public is invited and urged to attend.

The Sunday school presented Supt. Sturgeon with a handsome rocking chair Sunday as a token of gratitude for his past two years of faithful service.

Perry Walters and family, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walters and son Irvin and Tressa Edgington attended a Christmas dinner at C. E. Overmyer's of Rochester.

The Sunday school board elected the following officers for the Sunday school: Supt., Isaac Sturgeon; assistant, Robert Walters; secretary, Irvin Walters; assistant, Vern Bowen; organist, Grace Johnson; assistant, Tressa Edgington; librarians, Marlie Wills and Ethel Babcock; chorister, Mrs. Bert Overmyer; assistant, Mr. Wills; treasurer, Mrs. Robert Walters. Teachers will be appointed next Sunday.

Lumber Will Be Less

[By Bond P. Geddes, Staff Cor., United Press.]

The new democratic tariff law will afford some saving to the home-builder—but it will be slight. This prediction is made after claims and counter claims of democrats and republicans have been stripped down to bare figures. A greater saving, it appears, will be afforded the man who will build a house, bungalow or cottage of moderate size and little pretensions.

In the aggregate, many dollars will be saved in the duties taken off lumber, shingles, laths and other building material. But concretely, the saving to the individual home-builder will be small. In some sections of the country, retail prices may go down on a few articles, such as planks and shingles. Large contractors may be able to save material costs on large quantities of steel and lumber. But the small home-builder, who does this buying himself, naturally will save but little. Here's the situation:

The new law places lumber, rough and sawed, on the free list. The old "indirect" tariff on imported lumber was about 7 per cent. Unless Canadian and other foreign imports come in great quantities, it is not generally believed that the 7 per cent reduction will force down retail prices in this country.

Last year \$15,500,000 worth of sawed boards and planks were imported, their cost being increased by duties of \$1,178,000. But our own lumber mills produced \$684,000,000 worth and last year exported \$51,600,000—about three times the amount imported. Imports of both logs and finished lumber are expected to increase largely under the new tariff law, but hardly enough materially to affect the final retail prices to the consumer.

Canadian and other foreign laths, imported without duty, may force retail prices down, however, as \$1,620,000 worth (646,795,000) were imported last year, paying a duty of 20 cents a thousand. Lath imports are expected greatly to increase to compete with the American product, and possibly to force a retail reduction of as much as ten cents a thousand. But this means at best only a few dollars on the lathing of an ordinary home.

The same situation obtains regarding shingles. Last year shingles worth \$1,164,000 were imported, paying duties of \$254,000, to compete with a home production of over \$30,000,000 worth. Should imports free of duty greatly increase, retail reductions to the purchaser will be quite a saving.

A duty of about 1/4 of 1 cent a pound has been taken off wire nails, but the American nail is so much superior, and past imports so small, that the American producer practically dominates the market. This augurs against a retail price reduction.

A duty of 8 cents a pound is also taken off cement in the new law, but imports of the commercial are, and probably will remain negligible.

Duty on window glass has been reduced about 16 per cent, but American products also dominate the glass market, controlling retail prices free from foreign invasion. Lime, tiling brick and paints are other articles upon which duties have been reduced but in which foreign competition is small.

Obituary.

Mrs. Rosanna Smith, who has been living since August in the southwest section of Plymouth, died Tuesday morning of last week at 9:30. Her husband, Frank Smith, died about eleven years ago, when they lived south of Culver. The family moved to Plymouth about a year ago. She leaves three daughters and one son, the oldest being 19 and the youngest 10.

The body was taken to Montebey.

Strong Willed.

"Do you know, my husband had a terrible habit of sleeping in church, but he broke himself of it!"

"How?"

"Gave up going!"—Sketchy Bits.

Real Estate Transfers

W Miller to N Zimmer, part sec 24, North, \$2250.

J H Matchett to V and J Leach, 72a in sec 15, German, \$7200.

Heirs Minerva Plummer to S J Peabody Lumber Co., part sec 32, Tippecanoe, \$17,050.

W O Osborn to Minnie Zechiel, lot 3, Easterday's subd, Culver, \$500.

Clara Gerard to J Burden, part sec 18, Center, \$3200.

ER Monroe to A Klingerman, pt sec 9, Polk, \$2250.

E Price et al to J H Matchett, 15a in sec 25, West, \$2000.

E Price to J H Matchett, 20a in sec 4, North, \$1500.

MAXINHUCKEE

Mrs. G. M. Woolley, Correspondent.

Elmer Inks and wife spent their Christmas at Inwood.

Laura Rush is spending a few days at George Andrews'.

Mrs. Asa South was in South Bend the first of the week.

As this is the close of another year I will wish you all a Happy New Year.

Asa South and wife spent Sunday with Dave Hissong near Richland Center.

Will Rife of Peru is visiting relatives in this neighborhood during holiday week.

Dr. Stevens and wife spent Monday with friends in the Jordan neighborhood.

Dorothy Smith and wife have gone to Michigan for a month's visit with relatives.

Harry and Millard Edinger of Boone Grove and Frank Stevens of Hammond spent part of their holiday vacation with their grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. Stevens.

Rev. Norris, wife and son Everett, Dr. and Mrs. Stevens and Lillie Truex spent Christmas day at George Woolley's, and instead of the usual turkey dinner they had Nebraska jack rabbits which were sent to them by their children.

Election of Trustee.

Notice is hereby given that Marmont lodge, No. 231, K. of P., will elect one trustee for a period of three years on the first regular meeting night, Jan. 6, 1914.

S. G. WILLIAMSON, K. OF R. & R.

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

Auction Sale.

Thursday, Jan. 8, 6 miles northwest of Culver, on the old Zink farm, 2 mules, 2 mares, 14 head of cows and heifers, 30 head of hogs, hay, corn, implements. Property of Taylor & Powell.

GOOD SUGGESTION TO CULVER PEOPLE

It is surprising the amount of old, foul matter the simple mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adler-i-ka, drains from the system. This remedy became famous by curing appendicitis and acts on BOTH the upper and lower bowel so thoroughly that ONE DOSE relieves sour stomach, gas on the stomach and constipation almost IMMEDIATELY. We are mighty glad we are Culver agents for Adler-i-ka. T. E. Slattery. 3

SELECTED ONION SEED
FANCY GLOBE SEED FOR PRACTICAL ONION GROWERS



WE HAVE BEEN GROWERS OF ONION SEED FOR OVER 70 YEARS AND ARE SUPPLYING THE LEADING ONION GROWERS IN AMERICA. SEND FOR ONION BOOK AND PRICES.

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FOR 5 Per Cent LOANS and Fire Insurance
Call on J. A. MOLTER & CO.
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Shoe Repairing and Harness Shop

I have bought the Foss shop and will carry a complete line of harness at prices that will meet all competition.

Robes, Blankets, Whips, Buggy Storm Fronts, etc. Everything in this line.

D. H. SMITH, Culver

Sheet Music

We have added a line of new popular priced sheet music. All the latest and most popular songs and instrumental pieces of the day.

10 and 15 cents per copy

On Saturday, Jan. 3, as an introductory offer, we will sell you a ten-piece portfolio of new selections for 25c.

Clearing Holiday Goods

To close out and avoid carrying over any holiday goods we have marked all remaining holiday goods at cost and less.

Rector's Pharmacy

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W. S. EASTERDAY
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All Day or Night Calls Receive Prompt Attention

HOUSEHOLDERS AND BUILDERS

Full supply of every description of

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Physician and Surgeon

Special attention given to Obstetrics and diseases of Women. Office over Culver Exchange Bank. Office hours, 9:30 to 10:30 a. m., 3 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Phone—Office 65-L-2; Residence 62-R-1

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

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

SMOKE THE ROSEBUD CIGAR

Trustee's Notice.

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

"RADIANT HOME" BASE BURNER

Especially constructed for anthracite stove size and chestnut coal. Extra large magazine and hot air circulating flue system. The Radiant Home has the only perfect duplex grate, fire pot and flue construction. Most economical hard coal stove ever made, giving the largest amount of heat for the quantity of fuel consumed.

Be sure to inspect our complete line of wood and combination coal and wood stoves.

Also a few second hand base burners as good as new.

THE CULVER CASH HARDWARE

O. T. GOSS, Proprietor



We invite all women and misses who are interested in the newest coat ideas to call at our store. Our showing is very distinctive; you'll see quite a variety of garments all priced at very reasonable figures.

We have both the cloth and pile fabrics, and such opportunity to please your individual taste has not been offered for a long time.

"The Palmer Garments"

Your attention is also directed to the trade mark on each garment. In our estimation, it designates the best garments possible to obtain—it means style, quality, fit, value and satisfaction. We want you to see these garments and learn that this is the store that can please you.

THE WHITE STORE
RETTA HOLLETT, Prop.

"Brighten Up"

It's wonderful how much a little fresh paint and new wall paper will improve the appearance of things about the home. And it's surprising how little the cost will be. Our new fall stock of papers is now ready. Many new and beautiful effects are shown this season. Let us show you the line.

Slattery's Drug Store

WE KNOW that a satisfied customer is the best advertisement and consequently do our utmost to please our trade. Should you find any mistake or have cause for complaint, we are at all times willing to rectify mistakes and adjust all difficulties to your satisfaction. Your trade is appreciated. Come in.

W. E. HAND

STAPLE & GROCERIES CHOICEST MEATS, Etc

Telephone No. 5 CULVER, INDIANA

GOLDEN SUN and Chase & Sanborn Teas.
Coffee, Spices and Extracts. None Such and Batavia brands of Canned Goods and Cereals. Our Meat Department is always supplied with the best Fresh and Smoked Meats in charge of a firstclass, experienced cutter

Get Sale Bills at the Citizen.



BROADWAY JONES

FROM THE PLAY OF
GEORGE M. COHAN

EDWARD MARSHALL

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY

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CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Then Uncle Abner took me. He couldn't absolutely boss me, for certain moneys had been left with which specific things were to be done for me. He had to have me educated at the schools and college which my father designated."

"And he disapproved of them."
"I know he did. A sheepskin from Jonesville academy is his idea of the evidence of the higher education for a Jones—along with side details on first aid to a stick of chewing gum."

"He always wished to have you take an interest in the gum business."

"I did, till another kid slipped me a stick one day, when I was absent-minded, and I began to chew it. Then and there I made up my mind to devote my life's endeavor to something which would not stick in your teeth. Judge Spotswood, lobsters don't."

"My boy, I wish you never had seen New York!"

"No, you don't, judge, you wish you were going with me when I start."

"Are you going to stay away?"

"Uncle says that in these days each man should have a specialty if he would be successful. I'm going to specialize on staying out of Jonesville. I'm hoping for success."

"Have you no friends here whom you dislike to leave?"

"You and the judge, judge, and Clara. I'll miss Josie, too. And there are some down at the factory. Bill Higgins, I like him. He used to entertain me when we went in swimming and he got the cramps. Awfully funny when he had the cramps, Bill was; peevish but very funny. I shall miss Bill. But Jonesville, as a whole, judge—I'm not going to miss Jonesville, except the way a man may miss a tooth that has been pulled for cause."

The judge sighed. "Well, I had to tell you."

The young man looked at him with a strange earnestness. "Judge, would you get mad if I should kiss you?"

"And you are really going, right away?"

"It's going to be the quickest get-away Connecticut ever heard of."

CHAPTER III.

Almost as speedily as he had told the judge he would, Broadway prepared to leave Jonesville. There was a stormy session when the old lawyer told Abner Jones that he had made the revelation to the boy, but the old man's threats against him were quickly silenced when the judge reminded him that what he had proposed to him was fraud and that an action for conspiracy might be brought against him.

The car wheels sang to Broadway as he journeyed west and southward. He gave cigars to the conductor, to the trainmen, to the engineer as soon as the train waited long enough for him to get to him. He bought all the



Mrs. Spotswood.

newsboys' papers, novels, magazines and sent him through the cars to give them to the ladies. Then, on his return, alight with smiles, he bought the last ounce of his candy and told him to appropriate it to the use of his own sweet-tooth.

Arriving in New York a red-capped station-porter saw him from afar and recognized the strong financial candle-power of his expanding smile. Galvanized into extraordinary action he rushed toward him, calling to two friends to join him instantly and help him bear the two bags Broadway carried. The traveler had to give the third negro his hat, so that he might seem to earn his tip; but he did this gladly. The taxi-cabman flew, scrambling from his box, at the mere intona-

"Where to, sir?" he inquired.
"Is this New York?" his fare asked, smiling gently in a way which made the chauffeur think he was a wanderer, returned upon his own, and wishful of facetiousness.

"You bet it is; just little old New York."

"I thought so. It seems so familiar. Well, I want to go to Broadway."

"What part of Broadway, sir?" (Observe that this Grand Central taxi-cabman persistently said "sir." It was a tribute; Broadway knew it was a tribute and it warmed his heart.)

"Oh, all of it."

"Take you to all of Broadway?" Even the taxi-cabman was astonished.

"I want to look it over, for I'm going to buy it if I like it as much as I always have."

The cabman eyed him shrewdly, decided that he was quite sane and sober, resolved to tie to him with a tenacity which never could be shaken off, climbed to his narrow seat beneath its narrow hood and yanked down the flag upon the taximeter.

"My name is Gridley, sir," he volunteered.

"You may fire when ready, Gridley," Broadway answered, and then Gridley pulled the lever.

Before the day was over Jackson Jones had bought a forty-horsepower limousine, a sixty-horsepower touring-car and a runabout. Gridley had turned in his resignation to his company and been measured for five suits of livery, of expensive cloth, exclusive cut, extraordinary color. Having done this he had asked a girl to marry him, had been accepted, had taken sixteen drinks and gone to see her mother, had then been thrown out a jilted man and had returned to Broadway Jones, determined to live single and attached to him forever. The episode had sobered him and he was quite himself when Broadway asked him what apartment he would recommend for living quarters.

"Quiet place?" he asked.
"Not for your new employer," Broadway answered. "I want it to be on Joy street, between Happy boulevard and Don't Care alley. The noisier the better if the noise is always laughter. I want it named The Smile and I want it furnished in bright red. Take me somewhere where they'll sell me a good butler—fancy brand, no matter what the price. I want a butler who can go and buy a home for me—a home that glitters and is glad. Throw on the high-speed clutch."

Gridley took him, in his brand-new car (which ran as smoothly and as noiselessly and swiftly as a pickered swim), to an employment agency which he had heard about, and there Broadway signed the lease for an extraordinary person, principally named Rankin. He looked like a bishop, talked like a British lord, walked like a major-general, bowed like a diplomat, never smiled, always said "Yes, sir," and "thank you, sir," whenever there was room for these impressive words, was ready to be measured for as many suits of livery as had been ordered for the chauffeur and assured his new employer that it would give him pleasure both to find and furnish an apartment for him.

"When will you have it ready for me?"

"Tomorrow morning, sir."

"Then you know what apartment you are going to take?"

"Not yet, sir. Breakfast at, say, ten, sir?"

"Rankin, you will do. Make it eleven. Engage a cook and second-man."

"I have already telephoned for them, sir."

"I have raised your wages, Rankin, for long and faithful service. Let me see—you've been with me forty minutes. See to it that you do as well in future."

"I shall, sir; and I hope you'll do the same, sir."

"Find Mr. Robert Wallace in the telephone book. He's in the advertising business."

A moment later Rankin turned back from the little table at the side of the large parlor which supplied headquarters for the ex-Jonesvillian for the time being. "I have him on the wire, sir."

"I'll talk to him."

Broadway took the telephone receiver from his butler's hand and cried into the mouthpiece: "Hello! Is that you, Robert Wallace? . . . Well, this is Jackson Jones. . . . Yes; the same you met in Jonesville when they plinched you, that reckless night when you were driving at four miles an hour. . . . No; I've come down to stay. I'm asking you to dine with me tomorrow evening. . . . Can you come? . . . Good. I'll telephone again, or have my butler telephone, and let you know just where. . . . All right. Fine! . . . Goodbye."

Robert Wallace was his guide, his mentor and his friend for some four weeks. After that he was his friend

Broadway took the reins. He had a passion and a genius for investigating metropolitan affairs of lightome nature. The business marts of Gotham were offensive to him. He thought it silly for mankind to waste its time in work and said so. The teeming fascination of the far sides of the town, so dear to sociologists who love human nature best after it has sweated or suffered off its varnish, found no devotee in him; he could not understand why entire families should live in huddled rooms on Essex street when there were large apartments vacant in the great hotel flat house next door to the vast mansion inhabited by Mrs. Jack Gerard on Seventy-second street.

Mrs. Jack Gerard was an old lady of incredible wealth, who tried to hold Time's hand in pause. That she had failed had been no fault of hers or of the beauty parlors or cosmetic makers. "They would be so much more comfortable if they would go where they would have more room," Jackson continued, in further comment on the very poor, and would not listen to the earnest soul which tried to offer explanations.

A year passed. Broadway carried three bank accounts, two of them not very large and seldom checked upon. The third was in New York's all-night bank. He kept busy. "I feel as if I ought to see the sun rise often," he explained. "Sunrises are so beautiful."

He seldom heard from Jonesville in these days. Judge Spotswood sometimes wrote to him, his uncle never. For a time he had endeavored to keep up a correspondence with the girls, but this had languished through his own exceeding occupation at more pressing matters and Josie Richards' sorrowful conviction that he did not tell her, in his brief, infrequent letters, about all the girls whom he was meeting in New York.

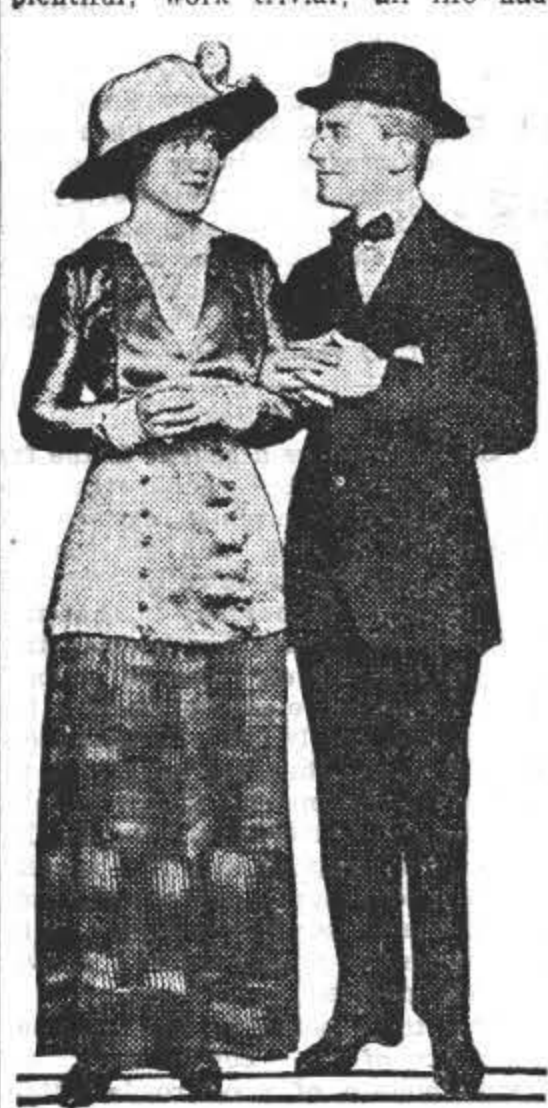
His first shock came when the All-Night bank wrote him a letter, asking him to call and talk of his account, and this did not occur until four years had vanished in the haze of Broadway's lights. It made him sit straight in his chair and blink as a cold dash from a seltzer bottle sometimes had when he had needed it. Rankin, entering, asked him if he had a pain.

"You bet I have," said he. "And I'm afraid it's serious."

"Shall I call a doctor, sir?"

"No, call a banker."

Rankin, puzzled, withdrew carefully. He had learned to step with catlike tread when he discovered that his master was in serious mood. He had no wish to anger him. No butler in the history of butling had ever had a place so utterly ideal. Pickings plentiful; work trivial; all life had



Josie and Broadway Jones.

been congenial for Rankin since he had encountered Broadway Jones.

The day of the bank's letter was the first after he had reached New York when Broadway did not go about his gay and simple routine of up Broadway in the afternoon and down Broadway at night, with movements so timed that they made long pauses near the Circle and near Forty-second street seem natural. He went home before five.

When Rankin ventured to express surprise at his return to the apartment at that hour, he snarled at him. "Go to the devil, Rankin!" he suggested when he lingered.

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir," said Rankin and withdrew.

He reached the kitchen with a face so troubled that the Japanese boy, who had sought domestic service here with (judging from his wages) the commendable intention of patriotically sending home, each year, enough American money to build a warship for his nation's navy, showed interest. "Wat las mattrur, Ranekeen?" the sympathetic Oriental queried.

"I know men," said Rankin, "and if I didn't know that Mr. Jones is really a millionaire—made it out of chewing gum, his family, I'm told—I should say he was hard up."

The Japanese boy stared politely; he did not understand at all.

"Of course he's not hard up," Rankin continued. "No hard-up man could have sworn at me as he did just now. It can't be money, so it must be women."

"Limmin," said the Japanese, who had not mastered w's.

"Lemons," Rankin granted. "You're almost right. I never saw a man more popular. He spends his money like he didn't care for it, and does it well because that is the fact. He

human being who cared less. Why, he never counts the money on his dresser in the morning. Just throws it there when he gets into bed, and—"

The Japanese laughed merrily. "You gettin' litch!"

"No; you little heathen; I only know he does it, that is all. I stack it up for him. Sometimes he throws it all about—that and his clothes and furniture. He's often merry that way. He threw me about one night. A fine, strong youth! I thought it better not to say much till he went to sleep, and then, as I crawled out from under the bed, I had a chance to see his arm. Quite muscular it is—just as it felt when he was joking with me."

The next day, by chance, while visiting the kitchen, Rankin had a sudden inspiration. "I wonder if he is in love?" he pondered. "That Mr. Henriot that I attended just before he married that grass widow was as absent-minded—oh, quite absent-minded, quite! Now, which one—"

Rankin suddenly came to a stand in horror. Even to the small and very yellow cook it was plain that tragic thoughts had flashed into his mind.

"I wonder," he soliloquized if it could possibly be that terrible Gerard old woman. She's had her eye on him ever since the first night that she got a glimpse of him."

As he spoke his master, as requested, was talking with the first vice-president of the bank. The man seemed rather serious-minded, although on that previous occasion when he had marked the beginning of their acquaintance, when Broadway had gone to open his account with just two hundred thousand dollars, he had been geniality itself.

"I merely wished to have a little talk with you—er—Mr. Jones," said he. "You know your balance is—er—running rather low."

"Is what?" said Broadway, in amazement.

"Is running rather low."

"You don't mean that I've—"

"You've drawn rather heavily against it."

"But it was strong enough to stand a terrible strain."

"Not quite strong enough to stand without a protest the strain to which you have subjected it, Mr. Jones. It's not exhausted, but it's—"

"Getting tired?" Broadway himself supplied the words.

"About that. You have not been having it written up, you know; I thought perhaps you didn't realize the figures. I've had them all made out for you."

Broadway took one swift look at them, then sank back in his chair and took a longer look at them. "Well, I'll be —!" he ventured.

"I was afraid you'd feel that way. I only thought you ought to have a hint of just how things are running. Young men lose track of things sometimes. I've known it to occur before."

Jackson scarcely saw Broadway when he went out of the gray building, and it was the first time he had ever trodden Broadway without seeing and admiring it.

"Hello, Broadway!" cried a merry voice from just beyond the curb. It was a blonde voice, and issued from a natty little motor car with a sedan-chair top. Broadway had bought that motor car and given it to the blonde voice. "Let me put you down somewhere?"

"I'm not feeling very fit. You might take me to the morgue."

"Jump in; we'll make it the Knickerbocker."

But the Knickerbocker had no charms for Broadway at that moment. He made his stay as brief as possible in the bright restaurant.

"Dollie, darling," he said gloomily, "I don't need a restaurant, today; I need a hospital. How would you like me, Dollie, honestly, if I was broke?"

"You? Broke?" She laughed.

"No; seriously. How would you like me?"

"It's nonsense; but you know what Shanley does to broken dishes."

"The ash can. Eh?"

"It wouldn't be, for you, of course; but—that's the use of being Mr. Grump? Brace up? Come on up to Churchill's and we'll drinky-drink it outy-out."

But Broadway would have none of such a plan as that. He went to his apartment, and, rummaging in every drawer and pocket, collected every bill which he could find. There were a hundred of them, ranging in all sorts of figures and for all sorts of articles, from diamonds to gasoline, from charity to faro. The arrival of the sympathetic Rankin, who believed his master had a headache, with a note from Mrs. Gerard, interrupted the bookkeeping which, for the first time in his life, Broadway had begun. It had not been encouraging, as far as he had gone.

He read the note and found it to be an invitation. Deciding to accept it, he decided, also, that it must be the last one of the sort he must accept. It had become intensely plain to him that now had come the time when he must cease his gaudies and find more money.

He was a gloomy figure at the feast that night, and his gloom grew with every aged smile which Mrs. Gerard cast in his direction. It was plain enough to him, to everyone, that this exceedingly rich lady, of uncertain age, regarded him with very friendly eyes. She even sometimes called him "Jackson." After the dinner he took Robert Wallace downtown with him in his sixty-horsepower touring car.

"Mrs. Gerard," he ventured, "seems a well-preserved old—er—I mean that she seems well preserved."

"Well, canned, you mean," said Wallace. "But too much chemical preservative in females is as dangerous as it is in food. How did we happen to go there tonight? You roped me into that, Broadway. You didn't tell me

merely said we'd go to dinner with some friends of yours."

"Well, she's a friend of mine," Broadway defended rather hotly. An idea, so terrible that it was fascinating, had occurred to him.

"She might have gone to school with your grandmother. It makes me sick to see her ogle you. I think she wants to marry you."

Broadway burst into a laugh which he was well aware was quite too loud, too cackly and too hollow; he feared acutely that his friend would recognize its falseness.

"To marry me! Ho, ho!" Instantly his manner changed. "But I don't like the way you speak about her, Bob. Remember—we have just enjoyed her hospitality!"

"Enjoyed it! Speak for yourself, old man! If I had known where you were going, do you suppose I would have gone with you? I can meet grandmother's schoolmates at the Old Ladies' home. I don't have to go to dinner with them."

"Now, Bob!"

Wallace burst into a laugh. "I believe it is pure charity," he guessed. "You are trying to make others happy. You smile on her as you would throw a dollar into a Salvation Army cash pot around Christmas time."

"Bob, I'm thinking about getting married."

His friend sat straight and looked at him in dumb amazement for a second. "Married? And is grandma in some way related to the bride who may be?"

"Bob, I need—"

He stopped. Almost he had told his friend he needed money; but he had not the courage. To confess poverty on Broadway is like confessing murder in a church.

"Need what?"

"A rest. I'm going to—er—take



Robert Wallace.

some sort of a vacation. Don't know what. Maybe back to the old home. Anyway, you won't see me around for quite a little while."

"Never mind, old chap! I'll tell them all that you have had to go away on business. Go somewhere and get straightened out. You need it. There's something wrong with you, or you would never have gone to that dinner where that ancient mariness could ogle you the way she did."

"Well, you won't see me for a week or two."

"Drop me a line if you want anything."

Jackson Jones went away early on the following morning. As ignorant of business and of business methods as a baby, yet he tried to scheme some way by means of which he might recoup his staggering finances. Wild ideas, all impractical, whirled through his brain.

He must have money, that was certain. He had not the least idea of just how he had accomplished it, but he had spent his patrimony—spent it all and more than all of it. If he had paid up the debts he owed—which all the world seemed glad to have him owe—that was the hard part of it; everyone seemed anxious to have him go in debt to them—he would have far less than nothing left.

For days he stewed above his figures in a room of which he kept close guard upon the key. He told Rankin, who was curious, that he planned to write a book.

"Indeed, sir? Fiction, sir?"

"Fiction? Gad, no! Fact?"

"A book of travel, sir? I've traveled quite a bit. Perhaps—"

"No. Or yes. Of travel up and down Broadway."

"Splendid, sir, if I may be excused for taking such a liberty. I'm sure no gentleman in all New York is more familiar with the subject, sir. I shall be glad to read it, sir. I'm sure it will be quite a revelation!"

"Rankin," said Broadway earnestly, "if I wrote what I really know about Broadway it would be a revelation." He grew very serious, for him. "It would put some men on pedestals, and they would not be those who now stand highest. It would put some men behind the bars, and among them are some men who now are free to come and go, with welcomes when they

in every place where people gather in this town."

He burst into a sudden laugh. "Great stuff, eh, Rankin? When you say 'Broadway' you stir me up. I love it, hate it; it always fascinates me. There's no street like it in the world."

"If your book is like that, sir, it will be a big success," commented Rankin, spellbound. It's going to be a fine book, Mr. Jones."

"It won't interest Broadway. There's only one kind of book that Broadway cares about."

"And what is that, sir?"

"Check books, Rankin. Now I'm going into—into—" He did not know just what to call the room which he kept locked.

"Your study, sir?"

"Thanks, Rankin. Yes; I'm going to my study. Don't let me be disturbed."

"I'll not, sir."

When he left that "study" he avoided Rankin. His fingers were ink-stained from calculations, his hair was quite disheveled, his eyes were wide and rolling. He could see no hope ahead.

He wrote a letter to his uncle explaining that investments had gone wrong and that he needed a small loan of fifty thousand dollars for three months. He was sure that if he got this he would be enabled to find some way out. By return of mail he had an answer in an envelope which strangely bulged. He opened it with trembling fingers and a package of Jones' Pepsin Gum fell out.

"Chew this and forget it," said the cheerful note which Uncle Abner had wrapped round it. It said further: "I'm going to Europe for five years. Don't bother me again. You've made you bed, now lie on it."

That was the last straw. Without

the least idea of what he wished to do, the frantic Broadway started out to find some work by which, at least, he could earn honestly his board and keep.

Wall street offered nothing, for when he went down to see his friends there his courage failed entirely and instead of asking them to find a place for him he bought them, one by one, expensive lunches.

He went to neighboring cities, hoping there to find some means of getting food to eat without getting it on credit, and there he had some strange experiences which lasted several days. But, while he just escaped the uniform of the Salvation Army, he did not find work and wandered back to Broadway, the apartment and more debt.

He had no profession, knew no trade. Half crazed with the obsession that he must no longer run in debt, he decided to sell out the flat, discharge the servants and do menial labor. Running through the list of his abilities he decided, with frank self-contempt, that about the best which he could do was help in a hotel as bellboy. He knew too little about mathematics to keep books; he never would succeed as desk-clerk. But he could not bring himself to try to get a job of that sort—it would too often bring him into contact with the folk he knew.

One afternoon, while wandering in an aimless funk upon a side street, he saw a card in front of an apartment house announcing that an elevator boy was wanted. He rushed in with alacrity and determination—and at the very threshold met Mrs. Gerard, who had been calling on a friend there. Instead of asking for the job he took a drive with her.

It was while this drive progressed that the sordid, vicious tempter definitely seized him in his toils. The ancient but vivacious dame was very affable—most agreeable indeed. She was not motherly; she was flirtatious. And she accompanied her coquetry by a shrewd exposition of the magnitude of her unquestionably enormous wealth. It staggered him.

If he had not at the moment had a simple little Josie Richards' letter in his pocket he might have been swept under. A thousand times he had discovered the necessity of assuring himself, as he traveled up and down Broadway, that he did not care for Josie Richards. She was not the sort of girl who captivated one who knew life as he knew it; she was dear, but she was simple, unsophisticated and what he most admired was wide sophistication; he thought as little of her as he could, but now she popped into his mind and made him edge away from the aged, wealthy widow.

When he went back to the flat he found awaiting him new sheafs of bills, none pressing him—mere statements. The rumor had not started that he was not good pay. Broadway still delighted in him, still endeavored to induce him to accept its credit. This gave him new distress; he knew himself—he knew he would go out that night and run more debts.

Suddenly he knew what to do. It came to him without an effort of the brain. It was a tragic inspiration.

Without a word to Rankin, stealthily and secretly, he went forth into the afternoon in his smart runabout, still driven by the taxi-cabman, who now regarded him with something akin to worship, and sought a gunshop and a chemist's.

In the former he made purchase of a large, grim, blue-steel automatic pistol of the largest caliber they had in stock, and secured one box of cartridges. It seemed a waste of money, which by rights was definitely the property of creditors, to buy so many cartridges, for he should need but one! However, he feared that to ask for one would pin attention to him and frustrate what he had in mind, so he put the heavy box into his pocket. It made it sag outrageously, which very much annoyed him. No man on Broadway was more careful of his clothes. But what, after all, did a sagged pocket matter now?

Roads in Fulton County

Citizens in Liberty township are in earnest in the matter of building a stone thoroughfare on Michigan road from the Cass county line north to the Rochester township line.

It is one of the best road propositions ever before the citizens of Liberty township and will do more to enhance their land values than anything else. The election called in Marshall county for a road from Culver was a tremendous big one and carried by a handsome majority.

Farmers are beginning to learn that if they want to make their homes and farms worth money they must make roads sufficient to the needs of easy intercommunication. —Rochester Republican.

MOUNT HOPE

Miss Ethel Edgington, Correspondent.

W. W. Wilfert and family spent Christmas with Mrs. Kreighbaum. Mr. and Mrs. George Cowen spent the holidays with friends in Peru and Denver.

Fredonia Rinehart, who has been visiting friends and relatives at Lebanon, has returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Boyce of Laporte visited over Christmas with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Thompson.

Mr. Boyce returned home Monday. He was accompanied by Alva Thompson. Mrs. Boyce will remain a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair Meredith, Ellsworth Edgington and family and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Heeter spent Christmas at I. A. Edgington's.

Miss M. M. Edgington, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Edgington, returned to Chicago Friday. She was accompanied by her sister Ethel who remained with her until Sunday evening.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. David Carpenter and Mr. and Mrs. John Davis of Rutland and Mr. and Mrs. George Cowen at Elta Davis's; Mr. and Mrs. Byron Carpenter and Mr. and Mrs. Schulyer Thompson at Isaac Thompson's; Hazel Carpenter, Ethel Leiter, Guy Davis and Guy Freece with Gertrude and Loraine Fisher; Noan Wagoner and family at Edward Cook's.

DELONG.

Leslie E. Wolfe, Correspondent.

Sam Kelly visited Christmas at Franklin.

Isaac Martindale of Plymouth visited here Saturday.

Rev. Lyons, the evangelist, has closed his meetings at Muncie with 3,000 conversions. The first of the year he will begin meetings at Marion.

John W. Gates and wife and their daughter Mary Emma returned to their home in Philadelphia Sunday evening after a visit with T. A. and Earl Pacey. Wednesday evening a splendid Christmas tree was lighted for Mary Emma and her little girl guests. Presents were given to all the tots.

D. B. Mahler, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Gideon Mahler, died Saturday morning of a heart ailment. He leaves a widow and three children, besides four brothers, four sisters and a father and mother. Friends extend their sympathy to the bereaved family. Burial at Leiter's Ford cemetery Tuesday.

ROUTE SIXTEEN.

There will be Sunday school at the Church of God next Sunday.

Ruth Maxey of Plymouth was a Sunday guest of Alta and Ruth Burns.

Everybody seemed to enjoy the Christmas entertainment at the U. B. church.

Leon and Danny Van Noppen are spending their vacation at G. M. Osborn's.

The Dunkards will commence a series of meetings Saturday evening at Burr Oak.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Maxey, S. S. Smith, wife and daughter and Elder Jenks were Sunday guests at G. M. Osborn's.

Orrin Jenks, who is president of the Advent Christian college of Aurora, Ill., preached Saturday night and Sunday at the Church of God. He will be here again in the near future.

POPLAR GROVE

Mrs. Edith Lundren of Detroit, Mich., who has been visiting W. H. Myers, returned home Monday. The Ray Dinsmores of Lawrenceville, Ill., visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Dinsmore, Friday.

The Wooldridges entertained the Will Bennetts, the Ezra Wooldridges and Grandma Bennett, all of Tipton, last week.

The J. E. Myers attended the Crouse funeral at Argos Monday. Mr. Crouse was a Grand Army man and an Odd Fellow.

The men of this neighborhood have received invitations to a banquet at Argos New Year's eve, given by the Business Men's association to the farmers.

Mr. and Mrs. Caster of Mishawaka, who have been spending the holidays with Mrs. Caster's parents, the J. E. Myers, will go home the last of the week.

The George Souths attended the Romig home-coming on Christmas at Mrs. Harriet Romig's in Argos. All of the family were present but I. S. Romig of South Bend.

Mrs. Russell Lowry gave a dinner Tuesday to Mrs. Les. Carpenter, Mrs. John Davis and daughter, Mrs. John Stayton and daughter Edna. Mrs. Minnie Pontius of Sharon, Wis., was honor guest.

The John Staytons received a cake from the state of Washington which mystified them. They have no friends in that state, but their son Tom of Oregon has a best girl there and they have a feeling that it might be his wedding cake.

Fred Kriehbaum was home on Christmas with his bride. He was married Dec. 23 to Miss Gertrude Grimm of Hinkley, Ill. The bride, who is an only child, was born and raised at Hinkley. Fred has worked for a number of years for a farmer at that place. He has rented his employer's farm where he and his wife will live after Feb. 1. They have the congratulations and best wishes of all of Fred's Hoosier friends.

GREEN TOWNSHIP.

Miss Gladys Hittle, Correspondent.

Chloe Scott spent Sunday with Mary and Nova Irwin.

Joe Abair Jr. and family were Sunday guests at Anson Overmyer's.

Alvin Smith, who teaches in Iowa, is spending his vacation with Lois Shaw.

Frank Marriott and family were Christmas guests at Charles Rains' near Twin Lakes.

Walter Fishburn and family of Culver were Christmas guests at E. T. Robinson's.

Tennis and Hollis Mattox with the children called on L. C. Moon and family Friday.

Edgar Hibray came on Saturday evening from Winamac to visit his sister, Mrs. E. T. Robinson.

The lecture on Switzerland given at Gilead by the pastor Friday was interesting and well attended.

Mrs. George Truex and daughter Theda spent Christmas at Elkhart, the guests of their son and brother, Maurice.

C. D. Towns, wife and grandson Clifford returned Saturday from a few days' visit with relatives at Peru and Tipton.

Cecil, Walter and Glenn Beatty returned to Logansport Saturday, having had a pleasant visit with their cousin, Daniel Gaby.

Mrs. Harry White and sons Kline and Robert returned Friday evening from an over-Christmas visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Kline near Culver.

WASHINGTON

Eva Jones, Correspondent.

Cecil Flagg of Kentland spent Christmas with Alvin Jones.

Nye McFarland and Jay Krieg of Valparaiso spent Christmas at home.

Mrs. R. C. McFarland visited her daughter at Columbia City a few days last week.

Jessie and Paul Fairchild of Kewanna are visiting with their grandfather, J. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Brown of Chicago are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Kline.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick of South Bend visited with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Krieg last week.

OAK GROVE.

Mrs. E. E. Barnes, Correspondent.

J. S. Bottorff called at the Grosses Wednesday.

The Bernmans were guests at Barnes' on Christmas.

Jesse Bottorff went to Burr Oak on business Monday.

Geo. Wise and family of South Bend spent Christmas with Mrs. A. J. Ferrell.

J. St. Clair Bottorff went to Cedar lake on business Monday.

Hazel Mead of Plymouth called on Mrs. Jesse Bottorff Sunday.

Ezra Feece and wife went to South Bend to spend Christmas.

Elmer Silvers and Ruth Ransbottom were united in wedlock on Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sult and family of near South Bend were holiday guests of Mrs. Ferrell.

Charles Worstler and son Ira did some shredding for Davis and Burman Tuesday and Wednesday.

Henry Silvers returned from Jay county a few days ago where he was called by the death of his father.

Sylvester York, wife and daughter arrived Wednesday and will be the guests of his sister, Mrs. Geo. Snyder, till after Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Berman have sold their interest in the farm and returned to Chicago, where they will make their home, on Saturday.

Girls Run the Elevator.

Milwaukee boasts of something new—girl elevator operators, duly licensed by the municipal inspector and certified to be competent not only to run lifts but to make ordinary repairs on them.

There are two of them and they have solved a problem for the Young Women's Christian Association managers, who stacked up against a combination of a building with elevators and a rule against men employees. As "the head of man" was not allowed "to set foot" in the Young Women's Christian Association, the officials had the two young women take a course in elevator running and repairing, and now everything is lovely. —St. Louis Times.

Quick Painting.

In the sidewalk over the extension of the subway station at Lenox avenue and 125th street there is a ventilating grating composed of removable sections, each maybe three feet long by a foot and a half or so wide. To paint this grating in place with a brush would be slow work. The way they actually do it is to lift out a section at a time and lay it in a shallow pan filled with paint. Thus the section is painted all at once and top and bottom in next to no time, and then it is laid in another shallow empty pan to drip. —New York Sun.

The Important Question.

The new fireman was telling his wife about the fire. "It broke out at midnight in the Von Biffers' house on the avenue," he said, "and just as we got there Miss Von Biffer came stumbling out of the flames and smoke, carrying her little niece all wrapped up in her arms. It was the bravest act I ever saw." "What was she wearing?" inquired the fireman's wife. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Old Delaware Church.

Old Swedes Church was the scene of impressive exercises at the morning service, when the 212th anniversary of the historic old building and burying grounds was celebrated.

This wonderful structure is just as stable as it was more than two centuries ago, when the wives of the Swedes who built the church carried the mortar to their husbands and sons engaged in its erection. —Wilmington News.

Daniel and the Lions.

The Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon was fond of a joke and his keen wit was, moreover, based on sterling common sense. One day he remarked to one of his sons:

"Can you tell me the reason why the lions didn't eat Daniel?"

"No, sir. Why was it?"

"Because the most of him was backbone and the rest was grit." —Youth's Companion.

Pretty Good Lion Crop.

California lion hunters did a pretty good business in April, according to a report issued by State Comptroller Nye, where shows that thirty-eight lions were killed in twenty-two counties and the State has paid a total of \$760 for the scalps. Menadoc county leads the other counties, five lions having been brought to earth by hunters up there. —Fur News.

A memorial tablet is to be fixed on the cottage at Chalk, near Gravesend, where Charles Dickens spent part of his honeymoon, and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is executing a bust of the novelist in black marble, which he is presenting to the Gravesend Dickens Fellowship, to be placed over the doorway of the cottage. —London Evening Standard.



FORESIGHT VS. HINDSIGHT.

The Care of Pikes and How "Chuck-holes" Are Made.

You can fill a thousand small holes for what it will cost to fill ten large holes. In one case you will have a perfect road all the time. In the other case you never had a good one. It is either holes or fresh stone the year round. But after a road has been properly built it is an easy matter to keep it so by watching for the small depressions which always appear in a new road, where little pools of water will accumulate after a rain. They look so very innocent and harmless at first; but the enemy—water—is there and at work! It softens the ground and along comes a loaded team and forces out the water and some dirt with it—just a little—but the depression is made a little deeper and will hold a little more water than before; and the big wagon comes along again and "swishes" out more dirt with the water than it did the first time, and by continuing the process times enough a first-class "chuck-hole" is soon developed, which we begin to avoid by turning to one side. We keep edging away from it—one wagon after another—until we find ourselves in the ditch, where a second hole is created, and there is no escape, and we must pull our load through some way. We mutter a little and then "lam-up" the horses, which must "grunt and take it," while they are nearly jerked off their feet by the pole and neck yoke.

This kind of thing is repeated many times over in a greater or less degree during a day's drive over a pike three or four years old which has received no attention during that time. Wherever a drain-tile has been laid across a road you will always find a raise or a hole, even though it has been in for two or three years. Everybody sees it and takes the "jolt," but nobody fixes it, although it might be done in ten minutes, simply because it is nobody's business.

For the same reason when you approach a bridge you are compelled to pull your load up a six or eight inch raise where the earth and plank come together, and then you must "jump off" at the other end of the bridge, and practically the same thing is also encountered at the numerous culvert crossings wherever you go. Because they have never been otherwise—always just exactly as you see them now—everybody has grown to think them all right, or at least they must be tolerated as something that cannot be changed, never realizing how fearfully abominable they really are!

Good Roads.

Good roads are a benefit to the farmer because they render transportation of farm products easier; they facilitate travel and shorten the time to and from town or city markets; they are humane in that they lighten the draft for horses; they make driving, on pleasure or business trips, more enjoyable; they foster a neighborly spirit through communication; they are an aid to the federal government in establishing free rural delivery mail routes; they are business promoters and a credit to any community, State or nation, and finally they are an index to the intelligence, prosperity and activity of the people.

All these points are in legitimate support of the construction and maintenance of good roads. Many other reasons might be cited in their favor. It does seem anomalous that amid all our boasted national progress, this great necessity of modern civilization should be kept so far in the background.

The nation needs better and more substantial highways, and it is hopeful to see indications that this subject will soon receive more attention from our national and State lawmakers than heretofore. The importance of good rural highways is being more thoroughly recognized by business men and legislators than ever before, and the farmers need no argument to convince them that better roads will improve their business materially.

Protecting from Mice.

A writer in Farmers' Review says of trees liable to damage by mice and rabbits: "They are liable to damage till the bark gets very thick and rough, and even then the trees are not safe if the ground is covered by snow and the food for rodents scarce. As to the varieties of trees most attacked, I place them in the following order: Pear, plum, peach, apple. Perhaps the apple should come before the peach.

Various methods of protecting trees are used by the farmers in this locality—wire, lath, paper and veneer. Some use axle grease, crude kerosene and soap. The wire, lath, veneer and paper are safe if properly used."

An Established Fact.

There is today a need and demand for a system of roads leading from the larger cities. That such a system of roads in any particular locality would materially aid the development of that section is no theory, but an established fact, from the experience of communities all over the country.

HIBBARD

Mrs. E. J. Reed, Correspondent.

A New Year's greeting to all.

S. S. Reed and family were the guests of Martie Albert Sunday.

The Reeds and Mrs. Ada Carr ate turkey with the Wises on Christmas.

Floyd Scott and family of Tyner ate roast goose with his father on Christmas.

M. J. Livinghouse and family spent Christmas with friends in Logansport.

Bob Frysinger and family and H. Lichtenberger and family dined at Ed Lowry's Christmas.

Charley Cooper and wife ate oysters with Jake Lichtenberger and family Friday evening.

He Had His Answer.

"Twas a glorious night, and two lovers sat upon the cliffside, with the eternal ocean flowing at their feet with a calmness and placidity that was almost appalling. They were looking at the stars above, and he turned to his girl and said, tenderly: "My darling I don't understand what you can see in me to love me so."

She replied, "That's what everybody says." The silence was greater than ever. —Tit-Bits.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

We hear many words of praise for the address delivered by Rev. Lechlitter last Sunday morning. We wish to thank the congregation for supporting the service and the cause so liberally. The good work goes on in spite of the many hindrances. The evening audience was a source of great encouragement and inspiration to the pastor. Next Sabbath morning the subject for the sermon will be "Factors which Draw the Church into the Home." At this service installation of the teachers and officers of the Sunday school will be conducted by the pastor. Subject for the evening sermon, "Saving the Soul." Other services in their regular order. Do not forget the Sunday school has something worth while for Friday night, Jan. 2. If you come you will be royally entertained. The Sunday school is anticipating a long and interesting trip to the Holy Land. Come early and avoid the rush.

J. F. Kenrich, Pastor.

Methodist Ladies' Aid.

The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church will meet with Mrs. L. C. Wiseman on Wednesday, Jan. 7. Election of officers. Every member should be present.

Business Change.

Raymond Mikesell has bought an interest in the Rhoads pressing and cleaning shop, and the new firm has also taken over the agency of the Plymouth Steam Laundry. We intend to give the public prompt and efficient service and invite your patronage. Phone 155. RHODS & MIKESSELL.

CULVER MARKETS

Wheat.....	.90
Corn, per 72 lbs., new.....	.60
Oats, assorted.....	.38
Rye.....	.60
Clover seed.....	\$5.25
Cow peas, choice.....	\$2.15
Eggs (fresh).....	.27
Butter (good).....	.25
do (common).....	.15
Fowls.....	.10
Roosters.....	.05
Ducks, old.....	.05
Geese.....	.08
Turkeys.....	.14
Lard.....	.13

Unclaimed Letter List

List of letters remaining un-called for in this office for the week ending Dec. 27:

Mrs. Nancie Pollock, Mr. Chas. Scott.

These letters and cards will be sent to the dead letter office Jan. 10. E. E. PARKER, P. M.

For Sale.—Five-passenger car. Cheap if taken at once. Dr. E. E. Parker.

Notice.

We respectfully request that every account on our books be settled by cash or bankable note by January 10, 1914.

We ask this in the interest of good business, fairness and squareness, and primarily because we need and are entitled to the money due us.

CULVER CITY COAL CO., CASTLEMAN-WILLIAMSON CO.

Fancy Golden Horn Flour

None Better None So Cheap \$2.50 per cwt.



MAKES MORE BREAD COSTS LESS MONEY

For Sale By CULVER FEED & GRAIN CO

At the Old Mill Telephone 109-2

THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHES

MITCHELL & STABENOW CULVER : : INDIANA

FURNISHINGS HATS AND SHOES

We Right Wrongs

We want every garment we sell to sell another for us.

That will double our business.

To sell you an unsatisfactory garment would result in driving your trade away.

That would kill the business.

Do you wonder at our trying to please?

Tell us of any shortcomings.

We right any of our wrongs.

We want you to look at our Suits and Overcoats ranging from \$10 up to \$25.

We are quite sure that an investigation will make you a purchaser.

See our special suits at \$15.



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