

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

Mrs. Lenon visited last week in Camden.

Grace Hawk visited in Rochester last week.

Dr. Edna Hayes of Peoria was at home over Sunday.

Russell Fisher spent the holiday vacation in Plymouth.

Mrs. Mary Geiselman's condition does not improve.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crossland spent the holidays at Angola.

W. E. Hand Jr. of Indianapolis visited yesterday with I. G. Fisher.

R. R. Hand of the Canal Zone was the guest of I. G. Fisher last week.

E. W. Fisher returned to Whiting yesterday after spending a week with his brother Irvin.

Miss Tillie Keller and friend, Robert Harmon of Chicago, spent Sunday at Peter Keller's.

Misses Mary and Josephine Xaver returned to Plymouth after spending a week with Rose and Lena Keller.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Zechiel made a holiday visit to the former's brother, Rev. D. E. Zechiel, in Louisville, Ky.

Mont Foss has completed his course of study in South Bend in automobile repairing and has returned to Culver.

Clara Shilling returned last week to Brook, Ind., with her aunt, Mrs. Dr. Collier, who had been making a holiday visit here.

John Saine returned on Tuesday from Wabash county where he was called Saturday by the serious illness of a brother-in-law.

J. R. Tanner of Plymouth, who taught in Culver year before last, was married last week to Miss Bertha Hoover of Plymouth.

Captain Eisenhard spent the week end with his mother in Ohio, taking Baby George and Nellie Sue along as a body guard.

George Garn returned Tuesday morning from a three weeks' visit with his son at Canton, Mo., and his daughter at Des Moines, Ia.

A card from Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Church of Binghamton, N. Y., brings the announcement of the birth of a son, whose name is John Edward.

C. N. White of the U. S. navy was a holiday visitor with his uncle and aunt, Ed and Florence Morris. Mr. White is on duty at the U. S. naval training station, north of Chicago.

Mrs. Young and the children returned Saturday from a holiday visit to Marion and Ridgeville and the preacher's experience wrestling with culinary problems is now a thing of fragrant memory.

Henry J. Holm and son Henry Jr. of Joliet, Ill., are visiting at John Werner's. They are workers for the Universal Trading and Supply Co. of Chicago, of which Mr. and Mrs. Werner are shareholders.

Mrs. W. G. Zechiel and Mrs. L. F. Stahl of Culver, W. J. Good of Bass Lake and Minnie Crawford of Roanoke helped celebrate Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Wolfram's 26th wedding anniversary here.—Monte-rey Sun.

## A Pleasant Surprise.

A surprise party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylor last week Wednesday evening in honor of Mrs. Taylor's 45th birthday. The evening was spent in games and music until the hour of 12 when a sumptuous supper was served to about forty-five friends. Mrs. Taylor was the recipient of many beautiful and useful presents. All departed for home after wishing one another a Happy New Year. A GUEST.

## A Big Good Roads Meeting.

The Commercial club of Argos has taken the preliminary step for securing a system of gravel roads in Walnut and Green townships. A banquet was given in Argos on New Year's eve to which all the farmers of the two townships were invited, and nearly 300 responded. The banquet was served in the opera house.

A resolution favoring better roads was unanimously adopted, and speeches were made by a dozen men, including Jap Lake who was a booster in the good roads campaign in Union township.

Committees were appointed for each township to prepare petitions and start the ball rolling.

A time comes in the history of every community when the energetic and ambitious men will insist on making public improvements which will place their community in line with present day demands. This is the law of progress and is as certain to occur as that day follows night, and when this time arrives those who put obstructions in the way are doomed to defeat and disappointment. Marshall county has evidently reached that period in its life. We have no remedy to suggest in behalf of those who oppose these improvements. If they move to another place they are up against the same conditions. They will add to their own peace of mind as well as to their influence as citizens if they accept the situation philosophically.

## In Honor of Cousins.

Misses Rose and Lena Keller entertained about twenty of their friends on Tuesday evening of last week in honor of their cousins, Mary and Josephine Xaver of Plymouth, and Leo Schutz of Fowler.

The evening was spent in games and music. The following were present: Olvena Follmar, Margaret and Elma Fox, Lee Xaver and Lawrence Boyles of Monterey, Ernest Parr, Max Fechner, Clarence Hollett, Herman Sayger, Chester Pettis, John Hoffman and Ernest Cromley of Culver and Miss Pearl Clemens of Hibbard. A three-course luncheon was served.

## The County Commissioners.

The new board of county commissioners organized on Monday, electing George C. Morlock as president. The board consists of Messrs. Morlock, Thayer and Newman, the latter succeeding James Severns.

Adam E. Wise was appointed county attorney, William Fries county poor farm superintendent, Dr. Eidson county physician, and Charles Thompson court house janitor.

## Fire Company Election.

The fire company last Monday night elected the following officers: Chief—J. R. Saine. Assistant Chief—M. H. Foss. Secretary—I. G. Fisher. Treasurer—A. M. Roberts.

## Democratic Call.

For selection of county committee the democrats of Marshall county are hereby called to meet in mass convention in their respective townships on Saturday, Jan. 24, 1914, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day at such places as may hereafter be designated by their respective township chairmen for the purpose of organizing the township organizations and of selecting committeemen for the ensuing two years. Each township is entitled to as many committeemen as they have voting precincts in the township. Said committeemen when so selected are to meet in Plymouth, Indiana, at Clifton's hall on Thursday, Jan. 29, 1914, at 2 p. m. for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization and of transacting such other business as may properly come before it.

L. G. HARLEY, Chairman.  
RUDOLPH V. SHAKES, Secretary.

## A NEW TROLLEY LINE

The People of Culver are Asked to Help Promote  
Another Interurban Traction Project.

Another proposition for an interurban railway has been presented to the people of Culver. The projected line is to run from Indianapolis via Frankfort to Monticello, with one branch up the Tippecanoe to Winamac, Culver and South Bend, and another branch (or more properly the main stem) from Monticello to Valparaiso, Hammond and Chicago. The system is to be completed by a line from Valparaiso to Fort Wayne. The total trackage is approximately 330 miles with a traffic population estimated at something over 1,000 per mile, which is more than 300 in excess of the required amount.

J. A. Shaffer, a civil engineer of Indianapolis, is promoting the project. He has been giving his time, more or less, for five years in working up the proposition, and has made three surveys. In addition he has expended \$30,000 of his own funds in this preliminary work. He has made one trip to Europe where he has secured the backing of a bankers' syndicate in Belgium, England and Scotland who have agreed to finance the proposition to the extent of floating \$500,000 of the bonds and subscribing for such portion of the capital stock as may not be otherwise disposed of.

This is the statement given out by Mr. Shaffer in his talk with a considerable number of our citi-

zens who met him here Friday and Saturday evenings. Mr. Shaffer asks that \$6,000 be raised by the people along the Monticello-South Bend route to defray the expense of the survey, profiles, etc., and as evidence to the financial backers that the people are interested in the proposition. He also asked that a committee be appointed to go to Winamac the first of this week to meet committees appointed at that place and at Pulaski.

The route is to be made as near an air line as possible, regardless of highways, and the right of way has been nearly all secured from Indianapolis to Monticello. Very little difficulty is expected by Mr. Shaffer in getting the right of way donated from Monticello to South Bend.

Mr. Shaffer said that he had not yet been to Bass lake, but that if it could be shown that a line between Bass lake and Culver could be made to pay, his company would build it. He also said that Plymouth was not considered in the Culver-South Bend route. That town will come up under another proposition—inferentially the Valparaiso-Fort Wayne line.

S. C. Shilling was appointed on Saturday night to secure a committee to go to Winamac, but up to this time no one has manifested sufficient interest to accept a place on the committee.

## Work on Court House.

The repairs on the court house are being pushed along rapidly. The gang on the roof worked New Year's day.

The court room is receiving attention. The windows have been shortened up by brick work from the bottom, and inside work can go on now that the gaps are filled. The wainscoting in the court room will be six feet high from the floor.

The men are digging the trench that will carry the pipes for the steam from the heating plant on the jail lot across the street to the new radiators in the court house. This will enable them to remove all the old heating apparatus from the basement and use that space for other purposes.—Republican.

## Higher Tax Rate.

Culver will pay a total tax rate of \$3.59 on the \$100 valuation this year—64 cents more than last year. This increase is distributed among the state, county and corporation taxes, each bearing a share of the increase, as shown herewith:

	1913	1912
State.....	40.10	31.85
County.....	31.90	28.15
Corporation....	2.8740	2.35.00

Total.....\$3.59.00 \$2.95.00

The Union township tax is \$1.49 on the \$100—1 cent lower than last year.

The poll tax for the township is \$2, and for Culver \$3.25—the same as last year.

## Free Delivery in Culver.

By a recent order of the postoffice department persons living in town on the route of the rural carriers may now have their mail delivered free of charge by putting up boxes. Under this arrangement the residents along Main, Scott and North Jefferson streets and in the "Jerusalem" neighborhood can, if they wish, have a morning delivery between 7 and 8 o'clock.

## Culver City Club.

The C. C. club will meet with Miss Myrtle Medbourn on Friday instead of Thursday on account of the Sunday school convention on Thursday.

## His 85th Birthday.

The home of Thomas Houghton was the scene of a family reunion on Sunday in honor of his 85th birthday. The company assembled at midday and remained until about 4 o'clock. During this period a dinner, bountiful and varied, was served, followed by music, visiting and amusements for the youngsters. Four of Mr. Houghton's children were present—Mrs. Samuel Jones, William, Ralph and Chloe. The absent sons were Ed of Plymouth and James of Canada. There were 24 present, including 17 grandchildren and 3 great grandchildren.

Mr. Houghton was born in the Voreis settlement, west of Burr Oak, where he lived until acquiring a fine farm between Culver and Burr Oak to which he added many acres by good management and industry. There he dwelt in peace and plenty, raising an excellent family of boys and girls, until his retirement and removal to Culver about six years ago. We don't know of anyone who more justly deserves and possesses the respect and esteem of his fellow citizens than "Uncle Tommy" Houghton.

## Death of Dan Mahler.

Dan Mahler, a well known and prosperous farmer living north of Delong died Dec. 27 from heart trouble after an illness of long duration. Mr. Mahler was esteemed by a wide circle of friends who will regret to learn of his death. He owned a fine farm of 120 acres north of Delong upon which he has resided for twenty years. He was married about twenty years ago to Clara Ellis and leaves the wife and three children to mourn his death.—Rochester Sun.

—The post and Relief corps held their installation on Saturday. The fine dinner, which has become an established institution at this annual event, was enjoyed by a goodly number. Comrade J. E. Myers was afterward discovered wandering about the streets in a helpless condition from having overestimated his capacity.

## A Mid-Winter Picnic.

The congregation of the Reformed church on New Year's day instituted what is to be an annual event—a gathering of the members and their families for a season of social and business communion. It was designated as a "mid-winter picnic." A complete chicken dinner was served in the basement by the ladies, and a business meeting was held in the afternoon. A constitution and a set of bylaws were adopted for the government of the business functions of the church, and the following church officers were elected: Elder, W. A. Walker; deacon, S. G. Buswell; chorister, Edna Stahl; assistant, Zola Moss; organist, Marie Buswell; assistant, Mrs. Dr. Tallman. The matter of reconstructing the boundaries of the charge by dropping Bruce Lake and Delong was discussed. The congregation here feels that the churches at Culver and Zion are all that one pastor should be required to serve and that the other two churches are now strong enough to support themselves as a separate charge.

After an early lunch served from the remains of the dinner, reinforced with hot coffee, the business session was completed and the meeting adjourned. Everyone felt that not only had the day been a splendid social success, but that as a church function the mid-winter picnic was a decided addition to the church's activities.

## Fined for Insulting a Girl.

Arthur Castleman went to Plymouth Friday evening in Earl Zechiel's automobile, accompanied by Marshal Vanmeter, on information that a man who had insulted his 11-year old daughter Mildred on the train from South Bend was there. The accused man was arrested and fined. Under the influence of liquor he had taken a seat in the car with Mildred, kissed her several times, and tried to induce her to leave the train with him at Plymouth.

## Culver Postal Savings Bank.

Report of the postal savings bank of Culver for the year ending Dec. 31, 1913:

Bal. to cr. dep. Jan. 1, 1913.....\$2703  
Total deposits for year.....5253

Total debits.....\$7956  
Withdrawals, int. included.....\$ 991  
Bonds issued.....2360

Total credits.....\$3351  
Bal. to cr. dep. Jan. 1, 1914.....\$4605

## Matrimonial.

Carl Finney and Blanche M. Cromley were married at the Evangelical parsonage in Culver last Saturday evening, Rev. J. E. Young officiating. Mr. Finney is a farmer, the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Finney of Argos, and the bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cromley, south of town. She is also a pupil in the Culver high school.

## The Hibbard Meetings.

Rev. Tiedt is happy over the success of the revival meetings at Hibbard. These are now in their fifth week and may be continued next week. Up to this time there have been 11 conversions with 4 seekers and many in thoughtful mind. Mr. Tiedt desires to acknowledge the help he has received from Rev. Kenrich of Culver and Rev. Metschel of Lucerne.

## Building Crashes Down.

The four-story double building on South Michigan street, near the Kable 3 cent restaurant corner of Jefferson, in South Bend, suddenly collapsed Saturday afternoon, burying at least seven people in the ruins. Three of the seven were killed, and four were badly hurt but will live. It is feared that two girls, who have been missing since the accident, will be found in the ruins.

A cannon report has been heard as far as 146 miles.

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

—Still writing it 1913?

—All slot machines in Plymouth and South Bend have been ordered out.

—Rev. Michael's \$200 driving horse was shot Monday. It was hopelessly sick.

—The new town board organized on Monday night by electing O. T. Goss president.

—John Hollett has bought Cleve Crabb's house in the Ferrier addition for \$1,400.

—The meeting of the Parent-Teacher club is postponed until next week Friday.

—Winter wheat in this locality is said to be showing the ravages of the Hessian fly.

—John Werner and Wm. Lake have received a registered Poland China male hog from Illinois.

—Mr. and Mrs. Garland Bogardus have a bouncing baby boy at their home, born last Sunday.

—Don't forget the Sunday school convention today (Thursday)—morning, afternoon and evening.

—A 4 inch fall of damp snow, which packed readily, last Sunday brought out the first sleighs of the season.

—The installation of officers of the Masonic lodge on Friday night was followed by "eats" and a general good social time.

—The man who set his watch by the town clock and tried to water his team at the public fountain on New The Citizen will next week print the first installment of a history of Lake Maxinkuckee. It will be different from anything heretofore published.

—N. W. Rector has built himself a private office on a platform over the prescription room in the drug store. He says he'll be out of everybody's way but his own up there.

—An East side girl while in town last Saturday fell heavily on the slippery walk at the bank corner. As she got up the bystanders noticed that her limbs were much swollen.

—Trustee Easterday last week received the December installment of tax money from the county treasurer. The amount was about \$2,200, after taking out \$500 due the county on bridges.

—The township trustees of Marshall county were guests of Supr. Fries of the county farm at dinner on Monday. Trustee Easterday was present and claims that no one excelled him as a "valiant trencherman."

—It was Feb. 5 last year before the ice harvest on Lake Maxinkuckee was fairly started, though the first cut was made Jan. 8. But January was a succession of thaws and freezes, with 15 days on which either rain, snow or sleet fell.

—The Kaley school, southwest of town, is having an enforced vacation this week. Miss Snapp, the teacher, worn out by the continued harassment of two or three bad boys, threw up her job Saturday. A campaign of hickory sprouts is needed in that district—either at school or at home, probably both.

—Culver poultry won recognition at the Hammond show last week. Claude May took 1st premium on White Orpington pullet and 3d on hen. W. H. Dalrymple took 2d on White Plymouth cockerel and 4th on pullet. May says the White Orpington cocks in his park would have been easy winners if he had taken them to the show. The prize-winning birds will be on exhibition at Saine's store next Saturday.



# THE CULVER CITIZEN

ARTHUR B. HOLT, Publisher.

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One Year, in advance.....\$ 50  
Six Months, in advance..... 25  
Three Months, in advance..... 15

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Legal advertising at the rates fixed by law.

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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, 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, INDIANA, JAN. 8, 1914

## About the Currency Bill.

The currency bill is now passed, signed, and is a part of the law of the land. The sensible business men of the country will not want to waste time discussing its theoretical possibilities, but will begin at once to prepare themselves to conduct their business under its provisions.

To the average man or woman who has a bank balance or a check-book there will be no visible changes whatever in the banking system of the country, except such as may possibly appear in the form or typography of the \$5 national bank note. Receiving tellers will go on accepting deposits, paying tellers will cash checks, and presidents, vice-presidents, cashiers, and boards of directors will continue to make loans under the new currency law just as they do today under the national bank act. The daily operations of the national banks will be unmodified; the depositor or borrower will have no new window to go to, no new officer to see, no different kind of a signature to make to his check or his note, and no new formulas or red tape to understand. The man who will feel the immediate difference is the merchant or the manufacturer or the farmer who is a legitimate borrower of money and who has assets or credit which entitle him to borrow money.

There is another type of man who will welcome the operation of the law, and that is the banker of moderate capital in a moderate-sized city or town who knows his customers personally and wishes to take care of their legitimate needs, and who has been prevented from doing so in times of stress under the old national banking act. In 1893, and again in 1907, many of the richest and biggest national banks in the country practically suspended payment—that is to say, were technically bankrupts—because they could not get the bank-note currency necessary to pay their depositors' demands. During those panics practically every bank in New York adopted the rule not to pay out more than a very limited amount in bank notes to any one customer, no matter what the customer's credit and assets were. These banks adopted this rule because they themselves could not get the currency. Under the new law no such currency panic will be possible. A merchant who has tangible assets and unshaken credit may go to his local bank at any time and borrow money on his personal note properly indorsed. If the local bank has not the currency to give him, it may go to the federal reserve bank in its district and, presenting the borrower's note as security, it may get bank notes for him which will circulate all over the country. If the federal reserve bank has not the necessary bank notes, it can go to the United States treasury and get them, provided the original borrower's assets or credit are good.

This is a simple statement, shorn of all technicalities, of the fundamental and important operation of the law in commercial and financial transactions. It will be no easier than before for the man with

poor assets or bad credit to borrow, but it will be immeasurably easier for the man engaged in a legitimate and profitable business to turn his wealth or his credit into a form which will be accepted without question throughout the country. The technical statement of the matter is that at last we have an elastic bank-note currency, the volume of which expands as the number of the trade transactions throughout the country increases and which contracts as the number of nationwide trade transactions decreases.—Outlook.

## Congressman Wants Information.

Congressman Barnhart is desirous of ascertaining the sentiment of the farmers and people generally on two important questions now before congress.

The first is government aid in improving roads. In this there are three concrete propositions before the committee of which he is a member. One is a proposal that government build and control certain main highways across the country—from coast to coast, or big city to big city, etc. Another is a proposal that the government cooperate with the states by furnishing, from year to year, an amount of road fund, to be equaled by the people, for building and maintaining mail route roads. And another is a proposal that the government pay a stipulated amount per mile each year toward the upkeep of mail route roads, if they are constructed according to specifications for first-class roads of their kind. In other words, do the people want a few high class government built roads; or a combination of home made, state and government built and maintained roads; or all mail route roads built to a certain standard by the people and then kept in repair by government aid?

Another question up for consideration is rural credits—government provision to loan farmers money cheaper than they can get it from other sources. One proposal is that the government shall loan money direct on farm mortgages at 3 to 4 per cent; another is that the new banking system shall be so amended as to authorize regional reserve banks to accept farm mortgage securities as government collateral at 3 to 4 per cent interest; and still another is that farmers be permitted to form loan associations among themselves and, as organizations, secure regional bank money at slightly higher rates than the government charges the banks. Which plan would be preferable, or is any plan advisable which encourages farmers to borrow and which does not give others an equal privilege of low interest rates?

## Fires From Kerosene.

Coal oil, used in lamps and stoves, is responsible for probably 250 Indiana fires each year, many of which result in serious injury and death. This is the conclusion of the state fire marshal, following an investigation of the number and nature of all fires caused by kerosene.

In the period May 15 to October 10 there were fifty dwelling house fires caused by the explosion of oil stoves. Fourteen additional fires were caused by carelessness with kerosene.

"Too many times," said the state fire marshal, "haste that is almost criminal is used in starting kitchen fires. A little kindling is piled in the stove, on top of ashes and coals. If the fire does not start at once a can of coal oil is seized and some kerosene poured on. A sudden blaze filling the whole room, or a serious explosion is usually the result."

The coal oil lamp is likewise given as the source of many dwelling house fires. In July alone, eleven fires were reported from kerosene lamps in this state. In many homes where lamps are used, according to the fire marshal, there are children who are either held up to the light or are allowed to play near it. A sudden lurch or even a fall may overturn the lamp, pouring the blazing oil over the children. The fire marshal believes

that many children are injured from lamps in Indiana each year.

In order that the number of accidents resulting from over-turned kerosene lamps may be reduced, the fire marshal has suggested that all lamps used be of metal construction. In this case if the lamp falls it cannot break and the oil will be kept from spreading over the floor. A lamp will not be so easily over-turned, according to the fire marshal, if no part of it is bigger in circumference than the base.

## MAXINKUCKEE

Mrs. G. M. Woolley, Correspondent.

Dow Rector, wife and daughter visited last week with relatives in Argos.

Mrs. Annie Norris ate New Year's dinner with her brother, G. L. Woolley.

Mrs. Wm. Van Schoiack returned Friday from Richmond where she visited her daughter.

Arthur Parker and family have returned home after spending two weeks with the F. M. Parkers and other relatives.

The I. O. O. F. celebrated New Year's eve with an oyster supper for the members and their families and a few invited guests.

Mrs. Lucy Voreis was the guest of her sister, Mrs. John Hacker, Wednesday night and took in the I. O. O. F. oyster supper.

Quite a lot of the young people gathered at the home of George Spangler Wednesday evening to celebrate the son's birthday.

Robt. Woolley and Byron Spangler were in Tiosa Saturday night, the guests of Orville Umbaugh, and took in the play given by home talent.

R. Goss and family and Charles Mutschler of Mishawaka, Mr. His-song of Montana and Mrs. George Garm of Culver spent New Year's at Asa South's.

## OAK GROVE.

Mrs. E. E. Barnes, Correspondent.

J. S. Bottorff called at Gross' on Saturday.

Hazel Mead returned to Plymouth Saturday.

Mr. Gross and son began sawing lumber at their mill Saturday.

The Johnsons and Olsons were guests of the Rebells Thursday.

Mrs. Charles Bishop and son Elza spent Monday at J. Bottorff's. Mrs. Barnes and daughter Lenore spent New Year's with Mrs. Snyder.

Louis Lentz went to his old home in Kosciusko county Wednesday on a visit.

George Wise moved his household goods from South Bend to a place near Ober Thursday.

George Snyder, wife and sons and Hazel Mead spent a very pleasant Friday evening at Barnes'.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. Jonanson and Ray Clark and wife at Rebells; Elza Bishop at Barnes'.

John Sult and family returned to their home near South Bend on Friday, having spent the holidays with the Ferrell family.

## ROUTE SIXTEEN.

Dan Heiser spent Sunday at D. Heiser's.

Danny and Leon Van Noppen returned to their home in Niles Saturday.

Bert Zink, who has been visiting friends and relatives here, returned to Mishawaka Saturday.

J. C. Reeder left Tuesday for the biennial meeting of the A. O. O. G. to be held at Toledo. He goes as a delegate.

The Dunkard meeting did not commence in Burr Oak Saturday night. The minister was sick and did not come.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Drucker Miller and Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Osborn attended the farmers' institute in Plymouth Wednesday.

The A. O. O. G. installed the following officers Saturday evening: Chief gleaner, J. C. Reeder; vice-chief gleaner, G. M. Osborn; secretary and treasurer, Ida M. Osborn; chaplain, Ellen Pero; lecturer, Mrs. J. C. Reeder; conductor, Daniel Heiser; inner guard, Lewis Pero; outer guard, Samuel Heiser.

## 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

## All's Fish, Etc.

The vegetables hurtled upon the stage. Safe in the wings, the star took stock.

"There's a cabbage," he said, "and potatoes and turnips!"

Then stepping boldly to the front, he hissed, "Do your worst!"

This act of bravery won him the tomato for which he had pined.—Punch.

## 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

## SMOKE THE ROSEBUD CIGAR

## Fancy Golden Horn Flour

None Better None So Cheap  
\$2.50 per cwt.



MAKES MORE BREAD  
COSTS LESS MONEY

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Call on J. A. MOLTER & CO.  
PLYMOUTH, IND.

## 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.

# The WONDER Washer

Points of Superiority over all other machines:



It runs easy.  
It is noiseless.  
It has ball bearings.  
It is the most durable.  
It is free from oil and grease.  
It is light—weighs but 28 pounds.  
It will not dry up and go to staves.  
It applies suction for the first time with a rotary motion.  
It will wash any size batch from a single article to as large an amount as any.  
With it you can wash in one-half the time you can with any other.  
No washing compound needed.  
It has as large a capacity as any, although its neatness and compactness makes it look smaller.

It will do more and better work with less labor than any other machine, although it has no heavy and cumbersome castings so objectionable to other washing machines.

## The Culver Cash Hardware

**\$25.00 REWARD**  
FOR A CORN THAT CANNOT BE REMOVED BY  
**SIMCOKE'S CORN REMOVER**  
WITHOUT MAKING THE FOOT SORE  
Sold exclusively by

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  
FANCY... CANNED GOODS MEATS, Etc  
Telephone No. 5 :: CULVER, INDIANA

**GOLDEN SUN** and Chase & Sanborn Teas, Coffees, 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

ESTABLISHED 1893

## W. S. EASTERDAY

Funeral Director

and Embalmer

## PRIVATE AMBULANCE

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# Broadway Jones

From the Play of  
George M. Cohan

By  
EDWARD MARSHALL

With Photographs from Scenes in the Play

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## CHAPTER III.—Continued.

At the chemist's he secured an ounce of bichloride of mercury, which had been fashionable of late among smart suicides. He had no difficulty in obtaining it. This eased him and a further satisfaction grew out of the fact that though it held potentialities as deadly as the automatic gun and cartridges could hold it made a little package, not heavy in the least, and so did not sag the other pocket, where he placed it very carefully.

As he whirled uptown in the runabout he frequently felt of the deadly things.

He liked the feel of neither of them. The revolver was so hard and business-like, the pill bottle like so slippery, so cold and heartless! What an end was this for Broadway Jones!

Again seated in the little study, he solemnly reviewed his life. He saw no points at which he had made very great mistakes, save the important one of thinking that a quarter of a million is a lot of money in New York.

"I've been nothing but a piker," he reflected, "and I've acted like the trade-marked article. I ought to get it in the neck and I am going to get it in the neck."

This unpleasantly reminded him and he caressed the neck wherein he was to get it. Never, in the past, when he had used that slang expression had it really suggested his own neck to him or any other actual neck. Now it made his flesh creep and his blood run cold behind his collar.

"Well, here goes!" he whispered, and took out a pill, afterwards arranging the revolver, which was already loaded.

He held the pill between the fingers of a trembling left hand; gripped in his faltering right he held the weapon. "Here goes!" he said again—and Rankin rapped upon the door.

Hastily he hid the dreadful evidences of his dire intention. "Come in!" he feebly called.

Rankin brought him a pink envelope upon a little silver tray. Rankin was most careful to bring everything upon a tray. Broadway steadfastly maintained that if a drowning man asked Rankin to bring help he would first go to get a tray to take it to him on.

The pink envelope was marked with an elaborate monogram, of which the dominant letter was a "G." It was from her whom he had left so short a time before. Mrs. Gerard, by means of it, implored him to become a member of a theater and supper party for that evening. The note almost was affectionate.

The theater and supper parties were to both occur in Broadway! Ah, Broadway! It would be hard to leave it by the chilly by-path, death, which leads out of the light into the shadows!

It occurred to Broadway Jones that he might decently accept this invitation, even if the crowd which she would have would probably be not quite to his liking. Ah, there were crowds upon the thoroughfare he loved which were so fully to his liking!

And then another plan flashed into his mind. Why not give a farewell supper? No one but himself would know it was a farewell supper—all the rest would think it just the best affair of many fine affairs which Broadway Jones had given. The restaurant which gave it would be paid undoubtedly out of the residue of his estate, and if there wasn't any residue the restaurant could well afford to lose. It had many thousands of his money.

He would make this dinner—no; it would be better to make it a supper—the finest little supper which had yet electrified Broadway. It should sparkle, it should fizz, it should resound with joyful chords and merry laughter; in short that supper should achieve the limit and surpass it. Then would he be more content to go.

He locked the poison and the firearm carefully in a desk drawer. He called Rankin, and, to that staid servant's great delight, made out the list of invitations to the wildest supper he had ever planned; he telephoned to his good friend, the restaurateur. Returning to the study he took the poison and the pistol from the drawer and put them in another. The second drawer had two locks, while the first drawer had but one. He refused again to think about them until after he had given the extraordinary supper.

## CHAPTER IV.

The asphalt glittered with the glare of recent rain, reflecting countless lights of many colors. The sidewalks, crowded with gay theater-goers, were as colorful and animated as the changing figures of a child's kaleidoscope, and he smiled at them. Even the odor of burned gasoline which drowned the perfume of fair women's presence seemed as frankincense and myrrh to him—for this was Broadway, the beloved thoroughfare.

And was it not to be his last night in its glitter, his last hearing of its

medley, his last glimpsing of its nervous gaiety? He smiled—the wan smile of the prisoner who sees his friends and joys in time before he marches to the guillotine.

In the restaurant there was obvious stir when he arrived. There always was a stir in restaurants when he arrived. With a practiced and a clever eye he examined with great care the private dining-room wherein was to be sung the swan-song of his spendthriftiness. It was extremely well arranged, the table was a dazzling sight, the flowers were gorgeous and of all-perfuming fragrance, the colored candle-shades cast a subdued, artistic glow upon the whole. The head waiter himself, his neck encased in sign of office, was in personal control of details, his staff had been well picked from Broadway's favorites among subordinates; a very pretty girl, who smiled at Broadway sweetly, wistfully, as a peasant maid might smile at a crown prince, was ready to accept and check the ladies' wraps, while the small boy in buttons, who was to sort and store the outer garments of the gentlemen, was ready with bright eyes—and itching palms.

The party arrived promptly, coming in a bunch and greeting Broadway variously from the firm and hearty hand-clasp of Bob Wallace, to the merry kiss of Inez Vasquez Marquez, Spanish dancer, born in Keokuk, who would leave early so that she might dance late on the bill at the Spring Garden. There was a flutter with the entrance of Mrs. Gerard, for, as ever, she brought with her her own maid, while her footman waited in the corridor, not for emergencies, but for appearances.

Her once pretty but now age-puckered face had been as thoroughly concealed as possible with various expensive substances which are found in beauty parlors, and her hair was probably the most costly in that part of town that night, and this is saying much, for very costly tresses sometimes deck the fair on Broadway.

The restaurant had wrought evidences of its pride in its allegiance to Broadway's favorite delicacy. A gigantic floral lobster occupied the center of the table, its antennae extended toward the host, one of its claws stretched toward the seat reserved for Mrs. Gerard, the other somewhat less fond of the ladies, for it yearned hungrily toward Bob Wallace's place. At each lady's place were little lobsters, nicely wrought of gold, with jeweled eyes, for each male guest a silver cigarette case had been fashioned into a disconsolate lobster's shape with curled-up tail and drooping claws devoutly folded on its breast.

Broadway was a perfect host. hospitable, easy, reader to listen than declaim, full of admiration for the ladies, full of the perfection of good fellowship for his men guests.

At first he found it difficult to put out of his mind the thought that this would be the last of all his gorgeous nights on Broadway. The notion fought for permanent position in his head that after these wild hours he would be as far from Broadway as that earnest cow-explorer which was credited with having first laid out the street. The thought continually obtruded that this must be to him a funeral, not a festive feast. His hand shook as he raised his glass to the first toast.

Visions of that blue-steel automatic pistol and that bottle with its crimson label floated momentarily before his eyes. Ah, that steel was not the blue of the diaphanous gown which the pretty Winter Garden dancer wore across the table from him; oh, how the red of



Mrs. Gerard.

that red label differed from the red of the red roses! It was not at all the red of the red lobster!

In his dining he had reached that stage where over-stimulated emotion found an outlet in the bitterest self-condemnation which he yet had managed to evolve since the beginning of his self-condemnatory days—that is, since he had been awakened to the realization of the disappearance of his patrimony and the utter hopelessness of everything. He looked at the great decoration in the center of the table and said gravely, so that all might hear, although he was addressing no one but the lobster:

"You may be big, old chap, but I

know a bigger lobster than you ever were."

It happened at that instant that a pause had come in the excited jocularity about him—one of those brief, unexpected silences which never fail at least once in every dinner-party, to reveal to everyone some saying which the sayer wished to have unheard by the majority. Always it is something awkward, inadvertent, stupid or unwholesome which is thus made blatantly the property of everybody's ears. This night it was our young host's confidential statement to the great, red decorative lobster in the center of his dinner table.

There was a chorus of inquiry. If Broadway knew a bigger lobster, who was he, and where?

"Be careful, Broadway! Don't name any friend of ours! We'd get peevish for that is—some—lobster."

"Who is it, Broadway?"

"Name, Broadway; name!" demanded the whole tableful.

Gloomy and dissatisfied with that life which he loathed to quit, yet felt that he could not continue, Broadway rose and bowed. "I'm it!" he answered. "I."

Protests chorused.

"What hard-hearted girl has turned you down, Broadway?" asked the lovely Inez.

"Who is it, Broadway? Who could possibly have the heart or been the fool to do it?"

Mrs. Gerard, his neighbor, bent on him a glance so languishing that he almost had to turn his face away.

"No girl has ever turned me down," he said, endeavoring to be gay. "No girl has ever had a chance to turn me down. I mean—"

Realizing that this did not sound gallant, being instinctively, by nature, a gallant, he would have modified it if he could, but the howl of approbation which arose from all the men, the chorus of mock criticism which arose from all the women, drowned his voice. From all the women except one. That one sat on his right, that woman was a widow and was worth a million.

"No girl could turn you down," she murmured.

Ah, that thought which so repeatedly had festered in his brain! Here were millions which admired him! Here were millions which would pay the debts which had piled up, which would make the bottle with the crimson label and the weapon with the blue-steel barrel quite unnecessary! Here were millions which would solve the last one of his difficulties and for which, if he accepted them, he could offer adequate return in a devotion which should be at once that of a son for an indulgent mother and a near-drowned man for his rescuer! Why not? Why not? Why not marry Mrs. Gerard?

"No girl could turn you down," had been her words.

In the hurly-burly of the questions and the answers, the frolic and the nonsense, he scarcely had an opportunity to speak to her in tender words, but he answered her by scribbling on her menu card:

"Couldn't you?"

He felt certain that she gasped with pleasure.

"Why do you say such things?" she scribbled.

"Because I love you," the unfortunate youth answered.

"I love you, too," she scribbled in reply.

"What sort of game are you two playing there?" demanded Robert Wallace gaily.

"Don't interrupt, Bob," Broadway ordered. "It's a new kind of game of hearts. It's played with menu cards. Shut up!"

He turned again to his delighted, if ancient partner in the novel pastime.

"It can't be true," he scribbled.

"It is true," she wrote.

"Will you marry me?" he scrawled.

With a coy look at him which made him feel a little faint, but without an instant's hesitation, "Yes," she answered.

It was tremendously to the relief of the young host that Bob Wallace, at about this moment, rose and said that he must leave.

It seemed to Broadway that the others mattered less. For Wallace's affection was so genuine that it included an intense desire to hold the man's respect. Sighing with relief he called the major domo to his side as soon as Bob had gone and whispered to him that all glasses must be filled. With the intense alacrity which the youthful spendthrift's orders were everywhere observed along Broadway, this was attended to, and he rose to his feet with all the dignity he could command.

"Friends," he said, "I want to tell you something. I want to tell you of my luck."

"Is it a hard luck story, Broadway?" someone asked.

"Er—yes," said he. "I mean—"

"Jackson!" said a soft voice (perhaps a little cracked) close at his side with something of reproach in it.

"For the lady," he hastily corrected.

"Hard luck for the lady. I'm—I'm going to be married!"

The men shouted, and there were more than one among the ladies who were seriously agitated, their number being co-equivalent to the number who themselves at one time or another had had hopes of winning Broadway and his millions for their very own.

Everywhere about him rose the shout: "Who is she, Broadway? Name! Name!"

He swayed there on his feet, a somewhat sickly smile upon his face, his hand elaborately spilling champagne on his shirt front, a fact of which he was in ignorance and which no one noted for a time. It was Mrs. Gerard who called attention to it by elaborately dabbling at him with her handkerchief.

There were proprietary details even of movement of her hands and some

shrewd wits suspected for an instant, even though they put the wild idea from them as absurd before it gained firm foothold in their minds.

"Who is she, Broadway? Name! Name! Name!" the shouts insisted.

"Guess!" said Broadway strangely.

He felt less worry than he would have felt before he had imbibed the last few glasses of champagne. He had been drinking very busily since the dreadful thought had been put into execution. He had been certain he would need some artificial courage.

It gathered in his soul and helped him fashion an extraordinary smile—vacuous and tremulous, but none the less a smile.

"Viola!" hazarded a reckless youth across the table, and Viola (who was present in the makeup which she had worn from the stage of a near theater, where she had, that evening, acted powerfully the part of a wronged and innocent maidenhood) hoped wildly for an instant. Perhaps Broadway, in his cups, had decided on this most unusual way of asking her the fateful question! She had had high hopes of him. Perhaps—

"No," he answered thickly. "Guess again. Three guesses. It's going to take some brains, I tell you that! Intellect's the only thing'll do it. Whoever guesses right gets a cigar."

There was only one among the ladies present who was not favored by some speculative mind, and that one was the right one.

Guesser after guesser named some of the young and vivid creatures of that almost wholly young and vivid feminine company, none guessed the only faded flower in the gay group. Broadway, never dreaming of the agony which filled the faded flower's much powdered bosom because of the omission of her name, feeling few emotions, really, other than the keen sensation of relief from his financial worries, stood smiling somewhat vacantly, but, on the whole, without much pain, upon the puzzled party.

"Go on, guess with your brains," he genially suggested. "It's mind, not foot-work, that will win the prize."

But none guessed.

Realizing that in this was something like reflection on her fitness for the coveted position of consort to the youth, Mrs. Gerard attracted everyone's attention, presently, by a wonderfully feigned embarrassment as she rose and stood by Broadway's side.

The party gasped, but rose to the occasion as soon as it could get its breath again. It was incredible, and there were those among the guests who were so sure of this that they believed a joke was hidden somewhere in the episode, but the majority were so well trained to Broadway's antics for producing mad extravagance that they simply charged this up as one of them.

A dancer who had been brought up from the cabaret below after one o'clock and closing time had come, sprang lightly to a table, and, to the destruction of the floral lobster and some notably fine glassware, did a gay pas-seul among the wrecks of sanguinary shells and emptied bottles. The head waiter smiled, knowing that whatever might be broken would be charged up in the bill at double value and paid for without question by the sensational spendthrift, to whose own wealth was now linked the extraordinary fortune of the recent John Gerard (wholesale leather) who had made his millions, married a very vital lady of his own ripe years and then died of sheer antiquity, to leave her, triumphant in superior vitality, relict and craving for that gaiety which life with him had not provided.

"Broadway!" breathed the ancient lady with a skillful simulation of embarrassment. "You naughty, naughty boy!"

"Naughty, possibly; but how extremely lucky!" said the wholly unexpected bridegroom-elect without a quiver, much to his own surprise and self-congratulation.

As it broke up the party rioted with joy, very largely alcoholic. Mrs. Gerard's car, when it came up from its hiding place around the corner, was straightway encumbered with the flowers from ladies' corsages, table bouquets and men's boutonnières. One enthusiast thrust in a potted palm, and Mrs. Gerard screamed when she sat on it. Another made a thoughtful contribution of two lobster-claws which, to his astonishment, he had found in his hands as he arrived upon the sidewalk. A lady, being under the impression that the wedding had been celebrated while she briefly napped up at the table, insisted upon throwing one white satin slipper at her whom she believed to be the bride, refusing to accept the theory that Mrs. Gerard was, as yet, only Broadway's fiancée.

"But you can't walk without it," her escort pleaded earnestly.

"I'd limp a year for Broadway," she insisted, missed Mrs. Gerard's cuff by a quarter of an inch and then burst into tears.

Four yellow government notes were placed in circulation in police circles before the long and rangy touring car reached the granite archway which invited entrance ten stories underneath the bachelor apartment in which Rankin waited for him, sleeping, but with one ear open for the riot which frequently attended the home-coming of his master.

The car had scarcely come to a standstill before both eyes were open. And as the eyes appeared from their snug hiding places behind fat lids, his ears achieved astonishment. His master had returned at early hours on previous occasions accompanied by merry friends, but they had never chosen as their happy, matin song, the "Wedding March from Lohengrin."

What could it mean?

Going to the window he craned out, trying to see what was going on upon the sidewalk, but the extending cornice underneath the window made this

quite impossible, although the touring car beyond the curb was visible. This lacked interest, so he hurried to the outer hall, where he stood near the elevator shaft and listened earnestly. Presently, as the group succeeded in getting up the three stairs leading from the sidewalk into the ground floor hall, he caught a word or two of thick, congratulatory talk.

"Sh'ou joy, ol' man," was the most frequent of the crowding, earnest words.

What could it mean? As he heard the elevator door close and the swift swish of the ascending car, Rankin withdrew to the apartment, there to linger, waiting for his master, consumed with carefully mastered curiosity.

Devoured with curiosity he stood waiting as his master entered through the outer door which he considerably had left ajar for him. He had guessed at certain details of his young employer's probable condition and knew that in the midst of just those details Broadway was impatient of latch-keys, bell-ringing or even knuckle-tapping on the door.

The first thing he noted as the unsteady Broadway entered was the fact that his silk hat had been reversed upon his head; the second was that someone evidently had been sitting on his raglan cape while it had been rolled rather carelessly; the third was that his face wore an expression of relief and peace with all the world.

Not so unsteadily that he failed entirely to reach the goal Jackson tacked across the room and found the window. His friendly escort was still evidently in his mind, for from the open window he now waved a genial handkerchief, whispering meanwhile "Night-night," as if the hearty spirit which induced the words would take them to the sidewalk ten score feet below.

Having performed this sacred rite of friendship he regained the center of the room, looked about him as if curiously, and then went unsteadily to the grand piano, upon which he placed his elbow with a nestling search for comfort which seemed to indicate a firm decision to lean against the instrument and go to sleep without delay. This would never do, for when his slumber became deep he would be sure to lose his balance. Rankin saw the deep necessity for rousing him from his intention.

"Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones," he urged, tapping him upon the shoulder.

Jackson looked up, sleepily, as if astonished at the interruption of his slumbers. "Hello," he said good naturedly, "who's there?"

"It's Rankin, sir," said Rankin.



"But See Who's Butler I Am, Sir!"

"Who's Rankin, sir?" The tone was that of tolerant curiosity to learn a total stranger's unimportant identity.

"I'm the butler, sir."

"Butler?"

"Yes, Mr. Jones; the butler."

This seemed to rouse his master and he looked him over with some show of interest. "A butler!" he exclaimed in tones of deep reproach. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? When you were a little boy your mother had great hopes of you—thought you were going to be president of the United States, or something like that."

Rankin bowed impassively; he did not deny it.

"Now," said his employer with the deepest of reproach, you've disappointed everybody. You've turned out to be nothing but a butler. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Rankin was not offended; instead his air was that of triumph. "Ah, but see who's butler I am, sir!" he exclaimed.

"Who's butler are you?" inquired Broadway, apparently with idlest curiosity.

"I'm your butler, sir."

"Oh, you're my butler?" This seemed not to be especially astonishing, though deeply interesting to the master of the house.

"Yes, sir."

Broadway looked at him with a glad smile, then with an earnest and enthusiastic gravity. He warmly shook his hand. "I congratulate you, Rankin. I'm very fond of my butler." His sentiment rose higher and he patted Rankin on the cheek. "I love my little butler. You must come out with me some night, Rankin."

"I should like to, sir," said Rankin truthfully.

Broadway became gay, mysterious. He looked at Rankin slyly and himself essayed to whistle some bars of the wedding march. "I know something you don't know," he cried irrelevantly.

Rankin listened with respect and close attention. His curiosity was almost painful.

But his master did not satisfy it. "Now I'll bid you good-night, Rankin. Nightie, nightie!" Genially he waved

his hand at him, laughed, whistled another bar or two and elaborately made the starboard tack toward the door of his bedroom.

Rankin made no protest; he knew better. "When do you wish to be called, sir?"

"Oh, that's so, I must be called," his master granted after a second's deep and serious thought. Then, in a deep study: "Now, let me see—when do I wish to be called? What day is it, Rankin?"

"It's Thursday, sir."

"Thursday? Well, I tell you what you do, Rankin. You call me on Saturday."

After this entirely unexpected suggestion to the little butler whom he loved, he found a devious course into his bedroom and Rankin, after he had watched the door close, heard the key turn in the lock. He sank into a chair, even his composure utterly destroyed.

In the distance a church-clock chimed. Rankin counted the slow strokes. "Five o'clock in the morning!" he said helplessly.

## CHAPTER V.

Wallace was a mid-morning visitor. He came in briskly, inquiring of the very much puzzled butler for the very elegant apartment's master.

"He's not yet up, sir."

This apparently had not the least deterrent effect on the young caller. He urged his firm athletic frame through the short hall into the dim illumination of the flat's reception room. It was evident enough that he had no intention of departing, simply because the master of the house had not yet risen. Rankin understood that and did not gainsay him. Wallace had his privileges as the best friend of the tenant of the flat.

"Shall I tell him you are here?"

"Yes," said Wallace firmly, "and tell him that I want to see him right away. It's very important. Do you understand?"

Rankin had already read the morning's papers which were lying in a neat pile on the table. He longed for fuller news than theirs.

"Yes, sir." But he hesitated slightly. Broadway was an indulgent master—still, strange things were happening; he was doubtful. "He said he didn't wish to be disturbed till Saturday, sir."

Wallace was not impressed. "That doesn't make any difference. You tell him I want to see him."

"Yes, sir." But the perfect servant still hesitated, filled with curiosity about the previous night. Wallace might enlighten him. "He didn't get home until five o'clock this morning. He attended some big dinner-party, I believe."

"Yes; I was there—I was there! Go on and call him! Tell him I am waiting. I'm going to have a heart to heart talk with that young man."

"Yes, sir," said the butler without hastening, for he saw that Wallace had picked up a paper from the neat pile he had made of all of them upon the table.

"Great Scott!" Wallace cried, dismayed. "Here it is on the front page!"

"I beg pardon, Mr. Wallace, but is it all true, sir?"

"What?"

"The story in the morning papers, sir, about—er—his engagement?"

"I don't know. Someone rang me up and told me of it. It's what brought me here. I want to find out if it's true. I left the dinner at 12:30. The engagement, I am told, was announced shortly after I had left. Were you up when he got home this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he talk of it at all?"

"He—couldn't talk so very much, sir."

"Tipsy?"

Rankin nodded very solemnly. "Stewed, sir."

"Did he come home alone?"

"He came in here alone, but a crowd was serenading him upon the sidewalk for ten minutes after he arrived. It was the wedding march they tried to sing. I couldn't understand why they chose that until I read the morning's papers, sir."

"Well, what do you think of it, Rankin?"

Rankin shrugged his shoulders, but did not reply. His instinctive loyalty to his employer, his perfect knowledge of his own proprieties prevented that.

"Oh, come on," Wallace urged. "You can tell me. Just between us now."

"She's old enough to be his mother, sir," Rankin said with lowered voice.

"She's old enough to be his mother's mother!" Wallace cried explosively. Then, with determination: "Go on and tell him that I want to see him. Hurry up!"

Rankin yielded.

These were the headlines of the item Wallace had perused with such dismay upon the first page of the newspaper: There were columns of it.

"MRS. JAMES GERARD'S ENGAGEMENT."

"The Three Times Widow to Share Her Millions With Broadway's Own Jackson Jones."

"This Announcement, Which Surprised New York, Was Made Last Night at a Dinner-Party Given by the Young Spendthrift in Honor of the Wealthy Widow."

Wallace dropped the paper and looked at it as it lay upon the floor with discontent apparent in his countenance. "That's the biggest laugh New York has had in years," he groaned. "I'd like to—"

Upon a nearby table the telephone buzzed busily. He went to it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Lead in Pencils.

Lead may be melted and when cooled to the solidifying point may be squirted. In this manner lead pipe is made.—Mining World.



