

PERSONAL POINTERS

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

Mary Hinshaw is home from Greentown for a visit with her parents.

Mrs. S. S. Smith and Mrs. H. E. Adams visited Mrs. Everett Osborn Monday.

Miss Cook of the public school is entertaining her mother from Evansville this week.

Miss Chloe Houghton, who has been teaching in Galveston, Ind., is home for the summer.

Venus and Grace Smith of Rochester spent Friday and Saturday with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Adams.

Supt. Bland goes to Laporte tomorrow to act as one of the judges in an inter-county high school oratorical contest. Seventeen schools will be represented.

Major Hervey Bates arrived on Monday from Tucson, Arizona, and opened Manana for the season. With him were his daughters, Mrs. Hervey Bates Jr. of Indianapolis and Mrs. John Perrin of Pasadena.

Helen Joplin and Alberta Armstead spent Thursday night and Friday in Cassopolis, Mich., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Byrd, where they witnessed the marriage of Miss Bertha Byrd to Luther Whitted.

Mrs. Walter Hand was taken to the hospital of the celebrated Drs. Mayo at Rochester, Minn., two weeks ago for an operation for the removal of a goitre. She underwent a partial or experimental operation soon after, and withstood the shock so well that another operation was expected to be made Tuesday or Wednesday of this week. If all goes well with her Mr. Hand will be able to leave her by Saturday.

Junior-Senior Banquet.

The high school class of 1915 were hosts on Monday night to the class of 1914 at a banquet at the Osborn hotel. Besides the members of the two classes honorary guests were Mr. Bland, Miss Taylor, Miss Elston, Miss Cook and Miss Waltzer. The tables were decorated with red carnations, and the combined class colors appeared in decorations in the room. After an appetizing and well-served menu the program of toasts was introduced by Toastmaster Rollin Lane. Each person was assigned the name of a periodical as his subject, and the assignment of names was made with reference to the personality of the speaker. This was a novelty in the way of toast-making and proved decidedly entertaining. Vocal music was rendered by Daisy Easterday, Ruth Speyer and Herman Sayger, and instrumental music by Alice Wiseman and Russell Fisher.

Sermon to Graduates.

The baccalaureate sermon to the high school graduating class, delivered on Sunday evening at the Reformed church by Rev. J. F. Kenrich was eagerly listened to by an audience that filled all available space. The sermon was one of the best delivered here on a similar occasion. It impressed upon the general audience, no less than the members of the class, the supreme importance of forming high ideals which christianity, above all other forms of thought, inspires. Revs. L. W. Bridge and W. A. Walker assisted in the service, the former reading the scripture lesson, and the latter giving the invocation. A chorus of fifteen alumnae of the high school sang a selection.

The Current is Coming.

If all goes well Culver's streets will be lighted by electricity early next week. The work of stringing wire from Plymouth has been completed. Mr. Snoeberger hoped to turn on the current Saturday night, but weather conditions will probably prevent.

FROM THE ACADEMY

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

The cadet athletes scored two more victories Saturday, the ball team winning a fine game from Evanston academy by a score of 7-1, and the track men securing an easy victory over Englewood high school by the one-sided score of 91-31.

In view of Evanston's unbroken record of victories for the season there was a good deal of fear in cadet quarters about the ball contest and Captain Rogers himself took charge of the pitching end of the game this time. His speed and curves did the work, for only two Evanstonians were able to find him for hits. The hitting honors went to Loeb and Eckert. The former lined out one beautiful home run while Eckert counted up two two-baggers and a triple.

In the meet with Englewood, the visitors received first place in only two events, the high jump and the half mile. Culver, on the other hand, not only scored all the other firsts, but took all points in the 50 and 220-yard dashes, the discs and the shot put. The finish in the low hurdles between Fischer and Mills was hotly contested and Fischer managed to break the tape only 6 inches ahead of his rival. In the mile Cherry ran ahead of the field and won with 100 yards to spare, but the real race took place between Skinner of Englewood and Becker of Culver for second. It remained anybody's race until the end when the Englewood lad succeeded in nosing ahead of Becker and got the second place by a foot.

The visit of the government inspector for the annual inspection of the military work of the academy has naturally occupied the foreground during the past week. For the second successive year Captain J. P. Robinson, general staff U. S. A. has been the inspecting officer. He arrived on Saturday evening in time to get the benefit of the usual Saturday evening music in the mess hall. Later that evening he was taken to the Yellow river to inspect the camp where the field scouts were taking a night out under their regulation shelter tents; where the wireless squad under Captain Eisenhard had set up their field outfit and established communication with the school; and where Captain Noble's enthusiastic engineers had thrown a 135-foot pontoon bridge across the river. On Sunday Captain Robinson accompanied the commandant on his regular inspection of quarters, and in the evening witnessed the usual Sunday evening dress parade which was held for the first time this spring on the new sod of the parade ground. Monday gave the inspector a busy day in order to observe so many of the school's military activities. In the forenoon he watched guard-mounting, escort to the color, battalion review and inspection, artillery and cavalry drills; and in the afternoon followed the cadets through a big field maneuver where the entire 400 took part and gave an excellent exhibition of their strategy and tactics. So far as could be observed the entire inspection went through in a satisfactory manner, and it was believed that there was nothing to do more than to strengthen the high opinion which he expressed of the academy in his report last year.

Changes in the Postoffice.

Postmaster Osborn has made a number of changes in the postoffice which will be a convenience to the public as well as to the postoffice force. The box partition has been moved inward 18 inches, giving more lobby room. The money order window occupies the place of the call boxes which have been done away with altogether, and the postmaster's private entrance is where the money order window was. The stamp window has been placed near the general delivery. These changes bring the work of the clerks closer together. The distributing tables of the clerks and carriers have also been rearranged for greater convenience.

A Pilgrimage to Warsaw.

A delegation of twelve of the members of the Neeswaugee council drove through to Warsaw last Thursday to attend the district meeting of the degree of Pocahontas held at that place under the supervision of the Great Pocahontas of the state, Hezba K. Blough, and her associates, Great Winona Mrs. Lula B. Little and Mrs. Pearl Thornburg. After a very beneficial and enjoyable afternoon session, tables were set and about 200 people partook of a most delicious supper. At the evening session, after the reception tendered the great chief, 15 new members were added to the already large membership of the Iroquois council of Warsaw.

Those who attended from Culver were Mrs. Orpha Overmyer, Pocahontas; Mrs. Almack, Winona; Mrs. A. Ralston, keeper of wampum; Mrs. M. Heminger, Mrs. Wm. Miller, Mrs. Elizabeth Riggins, Mrs. Georgia Humbert, Misses Edwina and Eugenia McFarland, Mrs. Lenon, Mrs. Will Cook, Miss Bertha Hawkins.

Struck by Lightning.

The tremendous downpour of rain between 4:30 and 5:30 Monday afternoon was accompanied by a severe electric disturbance which left its blighting marks on several properties. The Exchange bank building was struck at the northeast corner by a thunderbolt. A few bricks were displaced, and Dr. Norris in his office received a shock which dazed him for a few moments. At the academy the smokestack on the site of the old power house was struck.

The most serious damage was at the home of O. A. Gandy. Here the lightning went down the sitting room chimney, knocking down the stovepipe and blowing the sooty contents of chimney, pipe and stove all over the room. The siding of the house was set on fire, but Russell Gandy whipped it out with a wet rug. Rugs and curtains in the sitting room were ruined, the telephone wires in the cellar burned off and the chimney and wall cracked. Mrs. Gandy and the children were in the kitchen, and did not feel any direct effects of the shock. Mr. Gandy has a lightning clause in his insurance policy, and by 9 o'clock the next morning had received a check from Agent W. O. Osborn in satisfactory liquidation of his loss.

The telephone service is considerably disorganized from the effects of the lightning. Most of the 100 instruments served by the East side are either out of commission or impaired, and it will be necessary to send away for the special apparatus with which to locate the exact seat of the trouble. A good many phones on the West side are also damaged. Repairs are being made as rapidly as possible.

Charles Mutschler of Mishawaka is here on a short visit to his mother-in-law, Mrs. George Garn.

Logansport Day at Culver.

The plans for the presentation and dedication of the Logansport gate to the academy on May 20 are now practically complete. Logansport itself is on the qui vive with large committees looking after their end of the day's program and those in charge are talking of an exodus of 4,000 people to Maxinkuckee on that day. At the academy similar committees have been working on a program for the day. The visitors are expected to reach Culver about 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning. They will disembark at the Bogardus crossing and, between two lines of mounted sentries, will proceed to the gate. Here Colonel Gignilliat will welcome them and Governor Ralston will deliver a short address if he is able to be present. Chairman A. G. Jenkins of the old relief committee will make the dedicatory address and Miss Helen Fickle will unveil the gate and christen the tablet with a bottle of water from the Wabash river. On behalf of the academy Mr. E. R. Culver will accept the gate.

Following the ceremonies at the gate the entire crowd will be escorted through its portals to the groves on the campus where they will spread their baskets for a picnic dinner while the official party will be the guests of the academy in the mess hall. After luncheon the main buildings will be open to the visitors until the beginning of the military program. Governor Ralston is then expected to review the battalion and the various miscellaneous drills will be gone through with a sham battle as the concluding feature. Then the crowd may cross some of the engineers' bridges to the lake front to embark for a cutter ride to renew flood memories.

At present Governor Ralston's acceptance is tentative, but he is hoping to be here.

Coming to Culver.

J. W. Riggins was last week at South Bend elected president of the 157th regiment of Spanish-American war veterans, and secured next year's encampment for Culver. This will bring between 200 and 300 visitors, and adequate arrangements will be made to give them a good time during their one day's reunion.

Exchange Properties.

M. H. Foss and Jesse Crabb have exchanged residence properties. Foss' went into the deal at \$2,000, and Crabb's at \$2,800, but Foss retains some of the buildings which he will move off. Out of the barn he will construct a garage to hold three cars.

Re-Elected President.

Earl Zechiel was last week re-elected president of the Sunday school association of St. Joseph classis which embraces territory in Indiana, Michigan and Ohio.

CULVER LANDS TWO FIRSTS IN COUNTY H. S. CONTESTS

Culver returned from the county high school contest at Plymouth Saturday with enough laurels to keep the school spirit at high water mark for another year. Our representatives secured first honors in music and athletic events. Bremen's girl representative was first in oratory. The Culver quartet was composed of Ruth Speyer, Daisy Easterday, Grace Buswell and Eleanor McFarland. Their selection was "Sweet Twilight." In the track meet Culver's entries gathered in 57 points, Argos 33, Plymouth 18, and Bremen 12. Following is the summary:
Discus—Davis, Culver, Baker, Plymouth, Dunnock, Bremen. 196 ft. 1 in.
Running high jump—Dunnock, Joplin, Culver, Mawhorter, Culver. 5 ft 7 in.

THE WEEK IN CULVER

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

—The weather bureau's forecast is for unsettled weather this week.

—Alec Joplin has bought Lester Rockhill's newspaper agency.

—The afternoon Nickel Plate for Chicago now passes Hibbard at 2:03 instead of 2:38.

—Rev. L. W. Bridge will preach the Memorial day sermon on Sunday, May 24, at the Christian church.

—A poor man with an automobile and a row boat can go out and get mushrooms and fresh fish and live as well as though he had money.

—The Plymouth Electric company has signed a contract to furnish electric current for Knox. The Plymouth-Culver wire line will be tapped.

—D. H. Smith is having a cement porch constructed on the south and east sides of his residence. It will be 10 feet wide and will cost around \$250.

—Six dollars a day is good pay for almost any kind of a job, but that is what a party of South Bend fishermen paid a well-known Lake Maxinkuckee guide one day last week.

—Elza Cromley claims the record. He found 164 sponge mushrooms under an apple tree in George Osborn's old orchard northwest of town last Sunday, and all were of good size. No one man should be allowed to find that many mushrooms!

—It was the fault of a treacherous memory that the Citizen did not express the thanks of Mr. and Mrs. Moses Menseur for the assistance rendered by neighbors at the time of the burning of the house on the Menseur place. "Better late than never" in this case.

—Captain Rossow and Lieutenants Rockwood and Wilson have bought the remaining frontage of the Dillon land along Faculty row and will presumably improve it with residences. This is one of the prettiest building spots around Culver, and the property will always be desirable and negotiable.

—Lightning or wind struck a tall poplar tree on the south side of the poolroom building early Monday morning breaking squarely off one of the two main forks about 20 feet above the ground. The fork was carried to one side about two feet and dropped to the ground where it stood perfectly upright alongside the trunk of the tree. The fork was 9 inches in diameter and the cut was as straight as if done with a saw, with but little splintering.

UNION TOWNSHIP GRADUATES RECEIVE THEIR DIPLOMAS

The annual commencement exercises of the Union township schools were held at Crook's hall Friday evening. The class of 24 graduates was large enough to enlist the attendance of an audience of relatives and close friends that filled the hall. The program included music by the M. E. Sunday school orchestra under the direction of William Houghton, invocation by Rev. J. F. Kenrich, presentation of the class by Mr. Easterday, awarding of diplomas by Co. Supt. Steinbach, an address by Rev. Kenrich. The music was excellent, the remarks by Supt. Steinbach were helpful and timely, and the address was a thoughtful review of the opportunities of youth and the responsibility of parents.

Mr. Kenrich said in part that "As the summer time is the productive period of the year, in like manner is youth the productive period of life. The summer is not to be measured by the number of its days so much as by what it produces. The plowing, sowing and cultivating are processes by which the measure of the summer is filled. Youthful conditions must be met if we would fill the measure of youth with the proper results." The speaker suggested three sources from which these conditions may be met, and the more harmoniously and unitedly these forces work the better will we realize the high quality of the product of youth. The state, the parent and the youth are the forces that must work in harmony to bring forth the most desired results. The state is making great outlay for the sake of its youth, because it is realizing more and more that the security of the

future depends upon it. The parent's part is in seeing that the weed seed is being kept out, and this can best be done by more direct association with the youth. He spoke of the parable of the Prodigal Father written by Blake Godfrey, in which it is noted that fathers and mothers sometimes take themselves into a far country of stocks and bonds, clubs and many other things that do not interest boys and girls and finally awaken to the fact that they are wasting splendid opportunities of being chums to their boys and girls. The part of the youth is in falling in line with the good work of the state and the parent and using the forces of their own lives in applying themselves to the course that has been marked out by experts for their guidance. At the close of his address, he gave some very wholesome and timely advice to the class of twenty-four graduates. He admonished them to be industrious, noble in thought and manners, and to not stop short of a high school education and to go farther if it should be possible for them to do so.

The young people who received diplomas entitling them to admission to the high school course were Dewey Scott, Freeda Romig, Eulalia Dickson, Edith Overmyer, Gladys Beard, Ellis Clifton, Goldie Curtis, Ruth Goodman, Darwin Grossman, Everett Krouse, Bernice Frisinger, Harvey Emigh, Edith Werner, Roy Overmyer, Ralph Voreis, Dewey McFarland, Floyd Inks, Florence Hanna, Velma Zechiel, Gerald Vanderweele, Byron Spangler, Fawn Emigh, Earl Shaw and Jeaneave Faulkner.

THE CULVER CITIZEN

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CULVER, INDIANA, MAY 14, 1914.

Obituary.

Michael Baker was born 75 years ago the 9th of next July in Sandusky, Ohio, and died at the home of Oliver Baker in Culver, Ind., March 8, 1914. He spent his early life in his native state and Sept. 5, 1861, in his 21st year, enlisted in Co. F, 49th regiment, Ohio Vol. Inf., to engage in the civil war. He received an honorable discharge December 31, 1863, and re-enlisted the next day in the same company and regiment, receiving a second discharge November 13, 1865, having served 4 years, 2 months and 8 days to defend old glory. During the time of his service in the army he passed through some of the hardest engagements of the war and the records show that he was a true patriot and soldier. He was united in marriage with Lavinia Reed, August 16, 1866. About eight years later they came to Marshall county and settled on the farm 1 1/2 miles northeast of Culver. Ten children were born to them. The first born, Mrs. Clista Lichtenberger, died March 13, 1904. Franklin died Dec. 6, 1909, William March 9, 1896, and Lettie Dec. 1, 1898. Charles Newton, Mrs. Lucy Rhoads, Mrs. Bertha J. Bartlett, Michael E., Oliver R., and Harry Harrison, are surviving children and reside in or near Culver. Mrs. Baker departed this life 9 years ago the 2d of April, since which time Mr. Baker made his home with Oliver and family or they with him. After returning home from the war, he was happily converted to the religion of Jesus Christ. He was one who found delight in the law of the Lord and loved to converse upon biblical subjects with those who were disposed to carry on such conversation with him. Sixteen years ago this fall he with his companion became members of the Culver M. E. church during the pastorate of Rev. F. O. Fraley. It is the testimony of those who were nearest to him that he was a true man. In late years he did not attend public gatherings because of afflictions, but his testimony to his pastor and other friends was that his faith was good and that he was ready to go. He even prayed for death to come and relieve him of the burdens of the flesh, and when death came it was welcome. He is survived by six children, sixteen grandchildren and a host of friends. Funeral services were conducted in the Culver M. E. church May 10, by Rev. J. F. Kenrich, his pastor, assisted by Rev. W. A. Walker, an intimate comrade of the G. A. R. Interment was made in the Burr Oak cemetery.

The Road Tax Levies.

Ordinances were passed last week by the county commissioners fixing the tax levies necessary to pay the Culver and Union township new road bonds. That for Culver was fixed at 82 cents on the \$100 on all taxable property in Culver. The Union township levy for the other ten roads was fixed at 35 cents on the \$100. This levy is laid not only on the property outside of Culver, but on all property in Culver as well, so that the Culver people will have a road tax of \$1.17 on the \$100.

SOME POINTS ON POULTRY

Probably with the single exception of running a newspaper, there is no business in which one can acquire an independent fortune so quickly as by raising poultry. That "there is money in hens" is an aphorism familiar to all, and none realizes its truth more quickly than he who tries it. It's there, for he puts it there. Geometry and trigonometry, algebra and calculus, and all other forms of higher mathematics were devised for the sole use of the ivory domed individual who desired to figure out the ultimate income to be derived from a "setting" hen and fifteen eggs. The erudite party with an over-developed wisdom tooth who once remarked that a sucker was born every



minute might truly have added that each was possessed with the bug of amassing a fortune in the chicken business.

Lest the reader should gain the idea that this article is intended as a diatribe against poultry farming, let us hasten to say that such is not our intention; on the contrary it is our desire to offer helpful hints to embryonic poultry kings. Far be it from us to attempt to dissuade anyone who has made up his mind, after full deliberation on the spur of the moment, to devote his time and energies to revolutionizing this egg business. Besides, nothing can check the mad enthusiasm with which the average individual with the hen fever rushes to put his pet theories into practice. It is only equaled by the "mad" enthusiasm with which he too often abandons the whole affair.

Starting in the poultry business is one of the simplest things in the world. About all that is needed are a few eggs, a hen with a persistent desire to "set," and a place for them. Thereafter you will be kept busy trying to decide between the various makes of sanitary drinking fountains, feed boxes, nests, coops and poultry foods, toilet articles and accessories galore. In a short time the back lot will take on the appearance of a miniature county fair grounds, stocked with junk of every description.

The hen-and-egg method is the oldest and most primitive form of hatching. Up-to-date chicken raisers have nearly all adopted the



A GOOD AND BAD EGG IN ONE PEN.

incubator. This way is strongly recommended to beginners, as there is more work connected with it, and you don't get any more chicks. If you haven't an incubator you can readily improvise one at home. Take the library table, empty the drawer and fill with eggs, place a lamp underneath, and there you are. Don't forget to light the lamp. In a few days open the drawer and remove all eggs that you have any idea won't hatch and

throw away. Repeat this operation every few days until all the eggs have been taken out, then fill up the drawer again with eggs and proceed as before. With a little practice you will be able to tell at a glance if an egg will hatch—in fact, you will become quite expert.

Eggs may be roughly divided into two classes—good and bad. Several methods have been advanced to determine the difference, but the most simple is break the egg and trust to your olfactory organs to decide. This will set at rest all doubts you may entertain as to an egg's freshness and usability.

A little observation will also enable you to distinguish between a "laying" and a "setting" hen. If you find one apparently glued to the nest, surmounting a china nest egg, or a door knob or two, and confidently expecting to become a mother some day, you may make up your mind she is a sitter. You may have to pry her off with a board while you put the necessary number of eggs in the nest, but she will come back, at least long enough to spoil a lot of perfectly good eggs before she leaves them. But with a laying hen it's different again. Generally she leaves the nest with a loud cackling as soon as you approach to within a dozen yards of her and forgets to go back for several days. And you wanted that egg, too.

If you happen to think of it, feed your chickens once in a while. Poultry breeding has developed wonderfully in the last quarter century, but no Doc Tanner variety has as yet been produced. By carefully following the dietary recommendations of the experts, and



NIGHT VISITS TO THE HENNERY ARE UNDESIRABLE.

observing the proper routine in giving them what is required, any ordinarily energetic man can give the necessary care and attention to a dozen or more hens between daylight and dark and still find time to run up to the postoffice and back. But don't consult more than one expert, else your mind will become bewildered in the maze of conflicting advice.

Chickens are partial to green stuffs, and should be allowed a generous supply; however, in the absence of other kinds do not give them paris green.

A well-balanced ration for a hen, whether laying, setting, standing, running or roosting, is as follows: Unequal parts of corn, wheat, oats, stewed prunes, charcoal, buckwheat, dill pickles, bran, middlings, chocolate caramels, meat scraps, ground bone, cod liver oil, alfalfa, potted ham, oyster shell, pate de foi gras, and a demi-tasse. In order to obtain best results this should be given them with great regularity and frequency. It should be served in courses, of course, excepting the grit, which should be fine.

Speaking of grit, all poultry men agree that it should be kept constantly before your fowls. This alone entails careful and painstaking effort. As they wander around the yard considerably, this will keep you busy and active, but do not let them turn their backs upon it. Authorities insist that it must be kept before the hen, and you can't afford to take chances.

Hens, as a rule, are not much given to night prowling, and are likewise opposed to entertaining company after dark. Therefore, do not intrude upon their privacy

after the hour for retiring has arrived. It not only provokes comment by the hens themselves and creates scandal, but is apt to diminish both the egg and broiler



DRESSED CHICKENS.

supply. Nothing peevs a hen quicker than to get out of bed in the middle of the night to entertain a caller.

By a strict adherence to these few simple rules, there is no reason why anyone may not raise poultry fully as easily as though he had not read them at all.

O. A. GANDY.

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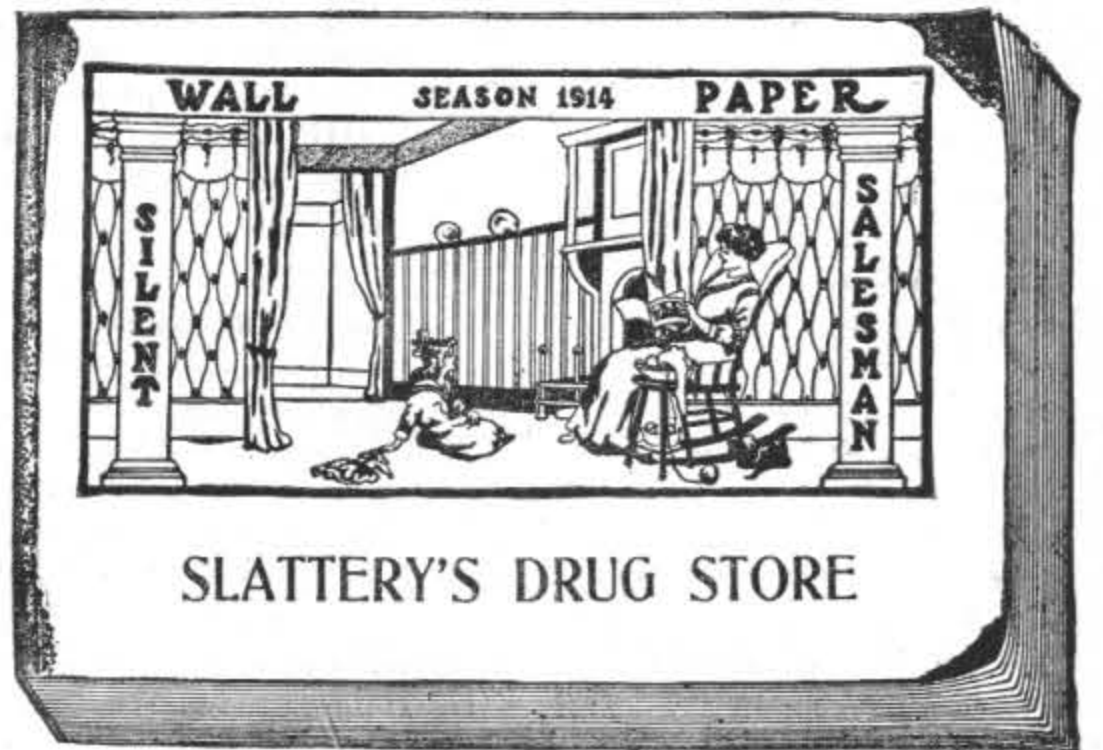
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**CHAPTER III.
Success and Afterwards.**

Etta Romney sat in her little dressing-room when the play was over, so very tired after all she had done that even the congratulations of Mr. Charles Izard failed to give her pleasure.

Unlike the successful actress of our time, she had not yet attracted the attention of the "flower" brigade, as little Dulcie Holmes, one of her friends in the theatre, would call them; and despite her success and the astonishment it had provoked, no baskets of roses decorated her dressing-table, nor were expensive bouquets thrown "negligently" to the various corners of the room. Two red roses in a cheap vase; a bunch of narcissi, which had obviously come from the flower-girls of the Criterion, witnessed her triumph in lonely majesty. Even the redoubtable Mr. Izard, not anticipating the splendor of the evening, had forgotten to "command" a basket for his star. He, good man, had but one word for his surprising fortune. "It's bully," he said.

Etta sat alone, but it was not for many minutes after the curtain fell. Little Dulcie Holmes, the artist's daughter, who had a "walking part" at twenty-four shillings a week, came leaping into the room presently and catching her friend in both arms kissed her rapturously.

"Oh, Etta," she cried ardently, "oh, my dear—they won't go away even now. Can't you hear them calling for you?"

"They are too kind to me," was the quiet response, "and all because I love Derbyshire. Isn't it absurd?—but, of course, I'm very pleased, Dulcie."

"Think of it, dear Etta. Your very first night and Mr. Izard in such a state that he'd give you a hundred a week if you ask him. Of course, you won't play for nothing now, Etta."

"I've never thought of it," said Etta still without apparent emotion and then with a very sweet smile, she asked, "What would you say if I told you that I was about to give up the theatre altogether, Dulcie?"

Dulcie opened her eyes so wide (and they were pretty blue eyes too) that the rest of her piquant face was quite dwarfed by them.

"Give up the theatre. You're joking. Here Lucy—here's Etta talking of giving up the theatre. Now, what do you say to that?"

Lucy Grey, a pretty brunette, whose share in the triumph was the saucy delivery of the momentous line, "Oh, Captain, how could you?" (she playing a maid's part for thirty shillings a week), would not believe that Dulcie could possibly be serious.

"Whatever will the papers say to-morrow?" she exclaimed. "Did you ever think she could do it? I didn't, and I'm not going to say that I did. Why, here's Mr. Izard quite beside himself."

"And he'll be beside Etta just now wanting her to sign a three years' engagement as principal. Now, you take my advice and don't you do it, dear—not unless he'll pay you a hundred a week. That's where girls ruin their prospects, taking on things just when they're excited. If it were me, wouldn't I ask him something! Perhaps he'll play hot and cold—they sometimes do; but your fortune's made, Etta, and I can't think why you take it so quietly. How I should dance and sing if I were you—"

Etta had begun to gather up the heavy tresses of her long black hair by this time; but she did so slowly and deliberately as one whom success had neither surprised nor agitated. Could the two young girls about her have read her thoughts they would have been astonished indeed. Not idly had she asked Dulcie Holmes what people would say if she gave up the theatre entirely. For give it up she must. In one short month her father would return from the Continent. She must be at home by that time, and none must ever know that she had left her home.

"We'll talk it all over in the morning," she said, still smiling—"I want both of you to come and see me to-morrow. We shall have read the papers by that time. Whatever will they say about me?"

"It doesn't matter what they say. Everyone in London will be talking about you before the week's out. All the same, the papers are going to be nice. Lucy's cousin was in the vestibule between the acts and he heard the critics talking. They called you 'immense,' dear. That means bad luck for the play, but everything for you. You just wait until the morning comes."

"I fear I'll have to," said Etta, with a sly look toward them; but just then there came a tap on the door and who should it be but a messenger with the intimation that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Izard expected Miss Etta Romney to supper at the Carlton Hotel as soon as she could conveniently join their party. To the extreme astonishment both of Dulcie Holmes and Lucy Grey,

Etta appeared to be distressed beyond words by this customary invitation.

"Not go," cried Dulcie, almost too amazed to speak; "why, of course you must go. Charles would send soldiers to fetch you if you refused. The star always sups with him on a first night. I never heard of such a thing. She talks of not going, Lucy!"

"That's the excitement," said Lucy wisely. "I should be just the same in her place. She wants a glass of wine. She'll break out crying just now if she doesn't get one."

Their solicitude for Etta was very pretty and really honest. They were too fond of her to be jealous. Women who love loyally welcome their friends' successes; men rarely do. Dulcie and Lucy might say, "what a lucky girl she is!" but they would not have wished her to be less so.

As for Etta herself, the invitation perplexed her to distraction. How if she met some one who knew her at the Carlton. It was very unlikely she thought. Fifteen years passed in a French convent with few English pupils do not admit of many embarrassing acquaintances. The subsequent years, lived chiefly in the park of a mediæval country house rarely open to strangers, were not likely to be more dangerous. Etta knew that discovery might be disastrous to her beyond the ordinary meaning of the term; but her cleverness told her that the risk of it was very small. It was then after eleven o'clock. She remembered that they turned the people out of the Carlton Hotel at half-past twelve.

"Tell Mr. Izard that I will come," she said to the messenger, and then to the girls, "You won't forget to-morrow. Run round early and we'll read the newspapers together. And, dear girls, we'll spend Sunday at Henley, as I promised you."

They kissed her affectionately, promising not to forget. There was not so much pleasure in their lives that they should pass it by when a good fairy approached them. Sharing rooms together, they had as yet discovered upon some fifty odd shillings a week little of the glamour and none of the rewards of theatrical life. For them the theatre was the house of darkening hope, wherein success passed by them every hour crying, "Look at me—how beautiful I am; but not for you." They had believed that the pilgrim's way would be strewn with gold—they discovered it to be paved with promises.

"Of course, we shall come," said Lucy in her matter of fact way; "whatever should we be thinking of if we didn't?"

But Dulcie said:

"I'm going to wear my pink blouse on Sunday and the hat you gave me—didn't I tell you that Harry Lauder would be at Henley? Well, then, he will . . . and, Etta, could you, would you, mind if I—"

Etta laughingly told her that she could not, would not positively mind at all; and then remembering how late it was, she hurried from the theatre and found herself, just as the clocks were striking the quarter-past eleven, in the hall of the Carlton, standing before Mr. Charles Izard and listening but scarcely hearing the shewd compliments which that astute gentleman deigned to shower upon her.

"You've struck it thick, my dear," he was saying. "Get twelve months' experience in my company and you'll make a great actress. I say what I mean. All you want is just what my theatre will teach you—the little tricks of our trade which go right there, though the public doesn't know much of them. Come and have supper now, and we'll talk business in the morning. I shouldn't wonder if the critics spread themselves over this. Don't pay too much attention to them—they dare not quarrel with me."

Mrs. Charles Izard, a frank florid woman, was much less discreet and much more honest.

"Perfectly adorable, my child," she said; "it was joy all the time to me. You couldn't have played it better if you'd have been born in a Duke's house. Wherever you got your manners from, I don't know. Now, really, Charles, don't say it wasn't; don't contradict me, Charles. You know that Miss Romney is going to make a fortune for you; and you're rich enough as it is. Why, child, the man's worth five million dollars if he's worth a penny. And it isn't five years since I was making my own clothes."

The supper room unfortunately put an end to these interesting revelations. Etta followed the loquacious Mrs. Izard as closely as she could, being sure that such a gorgeous apparition (for the lady was dressed from head to foot in scarlet) would divert attention from herself; and, in truth, it did so. A few turned their heads to say, "That's Izard and there's the only woman of his company who fixes her own salary;" but the supper was already in full swing and the people for the most part silent upon their own entertainment or that of their guests. Of the six or seven women who remarked the stately girl in Izard's company, the majority first said, "What a charming gown!" The men rarely noticed her. They had taken their second glasses of champagne by this time and were generally flirting with the women at their own tables. If they said anything, it was just, "What a pretty girl!"

And what were Etta's thoughts as she sat for the first time amid that garish company, typical of one of London's sets, and in some sense of society? Possibly she would have had some difficulty in expressing them. The music excited her, the ceaseless chatter hurt ears long accustomed to silence. In truth, she had tried to de-

fect this scene in her Derbyshire home many times since her father had shut his gates upon the world. But the reality seemed so very different from her dreams; so very artificial, so shallow, so far from splendid. And beneath her disappointment lay the fear that some accident might disclose her identity. How, she asked, if she stood up there and told them all, "My name is not Etta but Evelyn. To-night I am an actress at the Carlton Theatre, but you will know me by and by as an Earl's daughter." Would they not have said that she was a mad woman? Such a confession would have been nothing but the truth, none the less.

She had planned and carried out, most daringly, as wild an escapade as ever had been recorded in the story of that romantic home of hers, to which she must soon return as secretly as she had come. Until this moment her success had been complete. Not a man or woman in all London had turned upon her to say, "You are not Etta Romney but another, the daughter of the one-time Robert Forrester, of whom your cousin's death has made an earl." Living a secluded life in a quiet lodging in Bedford Square, none remarked her presence; none had the curiosity to ask who she was or whence she came. The very daring of her adventure thrilled and delighted her. She would remember it to the end of her life; and when she returned to Derbyshire the stimulus of it would go with her, and permit her to say, "I, too, have known the hour of success, the meaning of applause, the glamour of the world."

These thoughts followed her to the supper room at the Carlton and were accountable for the indifference with which she listened to the praises and the prophecies of that truly great man, Mr. Charles Izard. He, wonderful being, confessed to himself that he could make nothing of the girl and that her stately manners frightened him. When he called her, "my dear," as all women are called in the theatre, the words would sometimes halt upon his lips and he would hurriedly correct them and say, "Miss," instead. The first guess that he had made at her identity would have it that she was a country parson's daughter, or perhaps a relative of the agent or the steward of a Derbyshire estate. Now, however, he found himself of another opinion altogether, and there came to him the uneasy conviction that some great mystery lay behind his good fortune and would stand eventually between him and his hopes.

Now many of Mr. Charles Izard's friends visited his supper-table from time to time, and of these one or two were languid young men in quest of introductions. These stared at Etta, open-mouthed and rudely; but her host made short work of them and they ambled away, seeking whom they might devour elsewhere, but never with any ardor. Supper was almost done, indeed before anyone of sufficient importance to engage the great Charles Izard's attention made his appearance. At last, however, he hailed a stranger with some enthusiasm, and this at a moment when Etta was actually listening to a piteous narrative of Mrs. Charles' domestic achievements.

"Why, Count, what good fortune tossed you out of the blanket? Come and sit right here. You know my wife, of course?"

Mrs. Izard and Etta turned their heads together to see a somewhat pale youth with dark chestnut hair and wonderfully plaintive eyes—a youth whose dark skin and slightly eccentric dress proclaimed him unmistakably to be a foreigner; but one who was quite at home in any society in which he might find himself. The face was pleasing; the manners those of a man who has travelled far and has yet to learn the meaning of the word embarrassment. To Mr. Izard he extended a well-shaped hand upon which a ruby ring shone a little vulgarly, but to Etta he spoke with something of real cordiality in his tone.

"Why, Miss Romney," he exclaimed, his accent betraying a considerable acquaintance with Western America, "why, Miss Romney, we are no strangers surely?"

Etta colored visibly; but fearing a misconception of her momentary confusion, she said to Mrs. Izard:

"The Count and I ran into each other in the Strand the other day. I fear I was very clumsy."

"So little," said the Count, "that never shall I call a cab in London again without remembering my good fortune."

He drew a chair to Etta's side and sat so near to her that even the great man remarked the circumstance.

"That's how I'd like to see 'em sit down in my comedies," he remarked with real feeling. "The young men I meet can't take a chair, let alone fix themselves straight on it. You come along to me, Count, and I'll pay you a hundred dollars a week to be master of ceremonies. Our stage manager used to do stunts on a bicycle. He thinks people should do the same on chairs."

Count Odin looked at the speaker a little contemptuously with the look of a man who never forgets his birth-right or jests about it. To Etta he said with an evident intention of explaining his position:

"Mr. Izard crossed over with me the last time I have come from America. I remember that he had the difficulty with his chair on that occasion." And then he asked her—"Of course you have been across, Miss Romney; you know America, I will be sure?"

Etta answered him with simple candor, that she had travelled but little. "I was educated in a convent. You may imagine what our travels were. Once every year we had a picnic on the Seine at Les Andlacs. That's where I got my knowledge of the

word," she said with a laugh.

"Then your ideas are of the French?" He put it to her with an object she could not divine, though she answered as quickly.

"They are entirely English both in my preferences and my friendships," was her reply, nor could she have told anyone why she put this affront upon him.

"She's going to make friends enough out yonder in the Fall," said Izard, whose quick ear caught the tone of their conversation. "I shall take this company over in September if we play to any money this side. Miss Romney goes with me, and I promise her a good time any way. America's the country for her talent. You've too many played-out actors over here. Most of them think themselves beautiful, and that's why their theatres close up."

He laughed a flattering tribute to his own cleverness, as much as to say—"My theatres never close up." Count Odin on his part smiled a little dryly as though he might yet have something to say to the proposed arrangement.

"Are you looking forward to the journey, Miss Romney?" he asked Etta in a low voice.

"I am not thinking at all about it," she said very truthfully.

"Then perhaps you are looking backward," he suggested, but in such a low tone that even Izard did not hear him.

When Etta turned her startled eyes upon him, he was already addressing some commonplace remark to his hostess, while Mr. Charles Izard amused himself by diligently checking the total of the bill.

"I could keep a steam yacht on what I pay for wine in this hotel," he remarked jovially, addressing himself so directly to the ladies that even his good dame protested.

"My dear Charles," she exclaimed, "you are not suggesting that I have drunk it?"

"Well, I hope some one has," was the affable retort. "Let's go and smoke. It's suffocating in here."

Etta had been greatly alarmed by the Count's remark, though she was very far from believing that it could bear the sinister interpretation which her first alarm had put upon it. This fear of discovery had dogged her steps since she quitted her home to embark upon as wild an adventure as a young girl ever set her hand to; but if discovery came, she reflected, it would not be at the bidding of a foreigner whom she had seen for the first time in her life but a few days ago. Such wisdom permitted her quickly to recover her composure, and she pleaded the lateness of the hour and her own fatigue as the best of reasons for leaving the hotel.

"I am glad you were pleased," she said to Izard, holding out her hand directly they entered the hall. "Of course it has all been very dreadful to me and I'm still in a dream about it. The newspapers will tell me the truth to-morrow, I feel sure of it."

He shook her hand and held it while he answered her.

"Don't you go thinking too much about the newspapers," he said, with a splendid sense of his own importance. "When Charles Izard says that a play's got to go, it's going, my dear, though the great William Shakespeare himself got out of his grave to write it down. You've done very well to-night and you'll do better when you know your way about the stage. Go home and sleep on that, and let the critics spread themselves as much as they please."

As before, when she had first come to the hotel, Mrs. Izard defied the warning glances thrown toward her by the man of business and repeated her honest praise of Etta's performance.

"It's years since I heard such enthusiasm in a theatre," she admitted; "why, Charles was quite beside himself. I do believe you made him cry, my dear."

The mere suggestion that the great man could shed tears under any circumstances whatever appealed irresistibly to Count Odin's sense of humor.

"Put that in the advertisement and you shall have all the town at your theatre. An impresario's tears! They should be gathered in cups of jasper and of gold. But I imagine that they will be," he added gayly before wishing Etta a last good-night.

"We shall meet again," he said to her a little way apart. "I am the true believer in the accident of destiny. Let us say au revoir rather than good-night."

Etta looked him straight in the eyes and said, "Good-night."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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All owners of dogs are hereby notified to call at my office and secure their receipts for their dog tax now due. O. STABENOW, a23w2 Town Treasurer.

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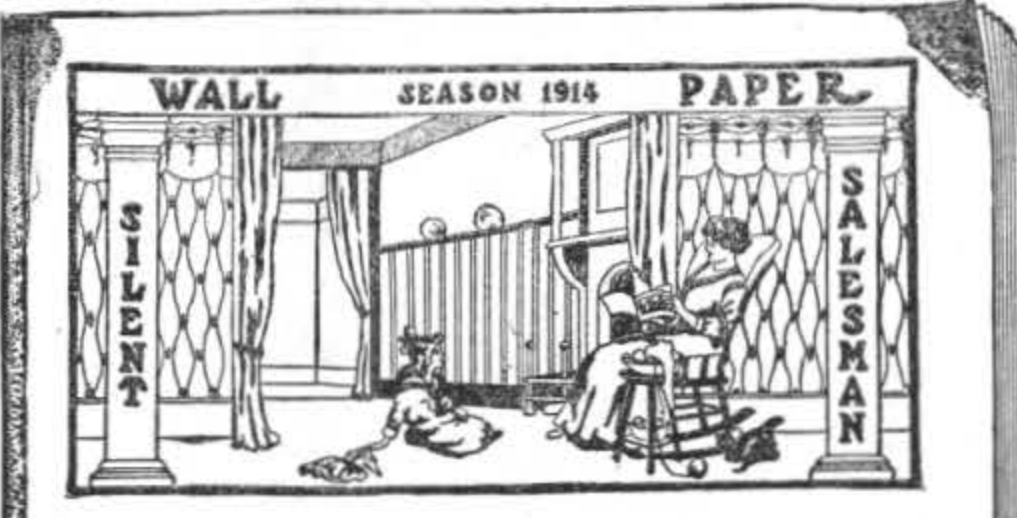


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WALL SEASON 1914 PAPER



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Paints and Wall Papers

New Spring Lines Now in at **Rector's**

For Sale.—Two-story, 10-room house and small barn, Jefferson st. west of hotel. M. H. Foss. tf

Clean-Up Week and Fires.

The Indiana state fire marshal is much interested in the "clean-up week" movement, which is being strongly supported by many mayors of Indiana cities. By setting aside a definite time for removing rubbish and cleaning up buildings, the fire marshal is confident that Indiana cities will reduce fire hazards. He is therefore strongly urging "clean-up weeks" for every city in the state.

"Inspections in the larger cities," says the fire marshal, "show that about ten per cent of all buildings and premises within business districts are endangered by rubbish. Though the residence districts have not been inspected, the proportion, no doubt, is just as large. One of the most effective fire preventatives is clean and tidy premises, both in business houses and in dwellings."

The fire marshal is warning citizens who are cleaning up property to carefully avoid the dangers from burning rubbish. Care should be taken, he advises, that the rubbish be burned at a safe distance from buildings, where flying sparks cannot be carried to inflammable roofs.

More than 129 fires were caused by burning rubbish in the state, during the first eight months of the department's existence, according to the fire marshal. The loss to property owners totaled \$21,000. More than half of these rubbish fires occurred on barn property.

Since many people will be painting houses this spring, the fire marshal is advising everywhere the painting of the shingle roof.

"Paint not only makes shingles more durable," says the fire marshal, "but it acts as a fire preventative as well. By catching hold of the fuzzy splinters, that form on the outer surface of shingles, the paint greatly reduces the likelihood of fire from falling sparks."

Because of the natural accumulation of trash and rubbish throughout the winter months, the fire marshal is strongly in favor of a clean-up season in Indiana every spring.

Fire at Bass Lake.

All but the dancing pavillion of the buildings constituting "White City," at the southeast side of Bass Lake, were destroyed by fire a week ago Saturday when a woods fire swept that section of the country. These buildings were erected several years ago at a heavy cost, but the dream of the promoters for a "White City" at Bass lake never came true. The Erie railroad discontinued its Sunday trains, and then the saloon privileges were taken away, completely putting the place out of business. Recently Prof. Charles E. Cole, principal of the Darwin school of Chicago, leased the buildings and grounds and was preparing to open a sort of a summer industrial school for boys. Mr. Cole had placed considerable equipment in one of the main buildings and had gotten out literature advertising his school which was to open in June. There was no insurance on any of the buildings nor on the school equipment. The loss is estimated to be between \$15,000 and \$18,000.—Starke County Republican.

Look Out For Him.

A Flora paper reports a skin game that was broadly worked in that part of the country, and which may be headed in this direction, if not already here in some respects. About two months ago a photographer went through the country taking snapshots of about everything he saw. Later another fellow came along showing colored enlargements of such pictures and taking orders for them at \$3.98 each. The proofs were fine and sample was elegant. It looked to be really worth the money. When deliveries were made a few days ago the pictures were merely colored daubs worth about 30 cents—and the frame that the sample had been shown in was not included in the price. The order that had been signed left no way of escape from the payment of the \$3.98. But as remarked before people who insist on dealing with strangers have no kick coming when they get stung.

Leiter's Ford Seniors.

The baccalaureate sermon to the senior class at Leiter's Ford Sunday evening was well attended and highly appreciated.

The commencement exercises will be held at the M. E. church at Leiter's Ford next Saturday evening. Mr. Bowser of Indianapolis will give the address and Prof. Davidson's orchestra of Rochester will furnish the music. The following is a list of the graduates: Ethel Edgington, Bertha McClain, Lela Kelley, Ola Shidaker, Esther Miller, Tessa Hetzner, Guy Davis, Guy Freese, Ethel Leiter, Lulu Reinhold, Willis Reish, Alva Summers.

The seniors and their guests were pleasantly entertained at a reception given at the I. O. O. F. hall at Leiter's Ford Friday evening by the junior class who furnished an entertainment that was highly appreciated by all present. After the reception the junior class escorted their guests to the dining room which was very prettily decorated in pink and white. An elaborate six-course dinner was served.

Grow Sunflowers.

Grow sunflowers for the chickens this year, and plant them early. Chickens get more benefit from the sunflower seed during the moult than at any other time. If the sunflowers are put in early enough to ripen in late August and September, the seeds, with good range and some attention from the owner, will bring the hens into the winter in fine shape for laying. Sunflowers will grow if planted late, and possibly will ripen the seed before frost; but it isn't worth while taking the risk of losing food which is both cheap and good by delay in planting. Get the seed early, and put it out in the earliest good corn weather.

Where yards are bare, sunflowers make a good shade. They also make temporary fence posts. Enclose the space you expect to use for half-grown chicks with a border of sunflowers. When ready to confine the chicks, fasten poultry netting to the stalks.—Wallaces' Farmer.

Arbor Day in Argos.

Under the direction of the Argos Improvement club over a hundred thrifty young maples and elms were planted on the premises of Argos citizens, and in their "Outing Field," last Arbor day. The trees were brought from a wood near the town by a committee of the club and sold to such citizens as cared for them at a nominal price, from 25 to 50 cents. This number of good shade trees, well cared for, will add greatly to the good looks of the town, and the Improvement club is to be commended for the practical and effective methods it has taken to beautify Argos.

POPLAR GROVE

Frances Pickerel of Argos was the guest of Edna Myers Friday and Saturday.

Margaret Reish of Leiter's Ford and Lota Curtis called on their grandmother, Mrs. Caroline Snider, Saturday afternoon.

George South and Forest, Walter Fogel, Harry Dinsmore and Clifford Woodridge motored to Rochester Saturday to the track meet.

Mrs. Alma Cowan and Mrs. Ed Woodridge went to Francisville Sunday to see their sister, Mrs. A. Kimmel, who is recovering from a severe attack of gall stones.

The Maxinkuckee Odd Fellows celebrated the 95th anniversary of the order at Poplar Grove Sunday afternoon. Rev. Kenrich delivered an excellent sermon to his lodge brothers. It was a service enjoyed by all.

WASHINGTON

Eva Jones Correspondent.
Mrs. Clyde Havens is visiting her parents at Fulton.

Sunday visitors: B. A. Curtis and family at Mrs. Snyder's; Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Jones at George Crabb's; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Warner, Mr. and Mrs. Harry White and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Kline at John Kline's; Debolt Kline and wife at J. Jones'; E. W. Lon at R. C. McFarland's.

GREEN TOWNSHIP.

Miss Gladys Hittle, Correspondent.
Little Gladys Mechling, who has been quite sick with lung fever, is much improved.

Preaching services at Jordan next Sunday morning and evening by Rev. J. C. Hayes.

The Green township commencement exercises will be held at Jordan church Thursday evening, May 14.

Ross Siple and Blanche Zink were united in marriage Thursday evening by Rev. J. C. Hayes. They will reside on Mr. Siple's farm in Green township.

Sunday visitors: Olive Lake at Marie Warner's; Ethel Newcomb and Grover Shafer at L. D. Personett's; Mary Irwin at Chloe and Hettie Scott's; Trella Thompson at Lois Shaw's.

DELONG.

Leslie E. Wolfe, Correspondent.
J. C. Bunnell has put a new roof on his house.

Frank King of Plymouth was at his farm here Monday.

Clyde Overmyer of Culver visited his parents near Lake Bruce Sunday.

Mrs. Lawson Green of Culver visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Whitacre, last week.

J. O. Blair of Bryan, O., and Mrs. Helen Hazlett of Moran, Ind., visited Mr. and Mrs. Nolan Blair Tuesday.

S. Rarrick, who has been up in Canada for the past month or so building himself a cabin, returned Saturday.

Meade Kingery of Logansport, formerly a barber at Leiter's Ford, was buried the latter part of last week at Rochester.

ROUTE SIXTEEN.

James Shearer is now improving from his recent illness.

Mrs. Buttner and son spent a few days at G. M. Osborn's.

Mr. Clapp is doing Carpenter work for Austin Duckermiller.

Bert Warners have moved to their new home across the Yellow river.

O. R. Jenks will preach at the Church of God Saturday evening and Sunday.

Sunday visitors: Mrs. Grace White and children at Bell Bender's; Harry Allman and family at J. F. Garn's.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Osborn and Stephen Smith and family motored to Laporte Sunday, the guests of Charles Loudon and family. Mrs. Smith remained there with her mother who is very sick.

MOUNT HOPE

Miss Ethel Edgington, Correspondent.
Preaching Sunday morning.

Mrs. H. Norris and Mrs. St. Clair Meredith of Maxinkuckee spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. I. A. Edgington.

Ellsworth Edgington spent Monday and Tuesday in Rochester attending the district meeting of the I. O. O. F. lodge and the celebration of their 95th anniversary.

Sunday visitors: J. W. Rinehart and family at Clarence Fisher's; Mr. and Mrs. Byron Carpenter of near Argos at Isaac Thompson's; Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Edgington and daughter Ethel, and Mrs. W. H. Heeter and son Howard of Delong at Ellsworth Edgington's; Anthony Brugh and wife at Mrs. L. Patel's in Culver.

MAXINKUCKEE

Mrs. G. M. Woolley, Correspondent.
Dow Rector and family were in Argos Sunday.

Mr. Beck, who had his foot broken, is some better.

Mrs. Thomas Whittaker visited Mrs. Daisy South Thursday.

Mrs. R. B. Marks of Indianapolis is visiting her sister, Mrs. Sallie Hissong.

Fred Thompson, who is in Martintville taking treatment for rheumatism, is some better.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Voreis and Frank Voreis and family were guests at Asa South's Tuesday.

Dr. Stevens is spending a few days at Boone Grove, the guest of Guy Stevens and Alva Edinger.

Elsie Woolley attended the Culver high school Thursday with Helen Rector and Helen Van-Schoiak.

Sunday visitors: Alta Benedict with Rev. and Mrs. Whittaker; Mrs. Sallie Hissong with Mrs. Stevens; Arthur and Clarence Woolley with Forrest Benedict.

Lois Johnson of Walkerton, Mr. and Mrs. Finney, Mrs. Lester Miller and children, Mrs. Will Kline and daughter Mildred, Mrs. Ira Faulkner of Culver, Mr. and Mrs. Butcher of Maxinkuckee were visitors at Beck's Saturday.

NEWS OF LOCAL CHURCHES

EVANGELICAL.

Sunday school 10; preaching 11; Y. P. A. meeting 7, topic, Twelve Great Verses, V. The Faith Verse, Heb. 11:1 (consecration meeting), leader, Fern Fessler; preaching 8; prayer meeting Wednesday evening; choir practice Thursday evening. J. E. YOUNG, Pastor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Holy communion with appropriate music by the choir will constitute the special features of our next Sunday morning services to be held immediately after the Sunday school. "Glorious in the Cross" will be the theme of the morning sermon and in the evening we will use for our subject, "The Sleeper Aroused." Rev. M. H. Appleby of South Bend, our district superintendent, will preach and conduct the third quarterly conference Tuesday night, May 5. Do not fail to hear Dr. Appleby's sermon. The hours for evening services will be one half hour later, beginning with next Sunday evening. Regular church attendance is a means by which we keep in mind certain moral duties we owe to God and our fellow men. Then, "lest we forget" Go-To-Church-Sunday.

POPLAR GROVE.

We highly appreciated the splendid attendance at our services last Sunday afternoon. Come again. Next Sunday afternoon, instead of the regular service at the church, we will meet near Maxinkuckee Landing for baptismal service. J. F. Kenrich, Pastor.

OAK GROVE.

Mrs. E. E. Barnes, Correspondent.
Mr. J. S. Bottorff is putting up a poultry house for Ray Bohlen this week.

Mrs. Jane Kinsey and Mrs. Garland spent Friday afternoon at Mrs. Barnes'.

J. S. Bottorff and "Link" Ransbottom and daughter May were in Knox Saturday.

Mr. J. Atha sold his farm last week and moved to his wife's place a few miles from the Grove.

A representative of the Marbaugh hardware firm of Monterey was calling on the people of this district Thursday.

Carl Hartman and wife, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Cook and son Kenneth all of Warsaw motored over and spent Sunday with Mrs. Barnes and daughter, Mrs. Jesse Bottorff.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Bottorff met with an accident Sunday evening while on their way to church at Hibbard breaking the shafts and carriage, also shaking up the occupants pretty badly, through the neglect of Harry Emigh of Ober failing to stop his car when waved down.

Notice to Road Contractors.

State of Indiana, Marshall county, ss. Notice is hereby given that the board of commissioners of Marshall county, Indiana, in the commissioners' room in the city of Plymouth, Indiana, will receive sealed proposals for the improvement of certain highways in Union township and paving one street in the town of Culver, Indiana, by grading, draining and paving said highways and street as set out in the specifications, plans and profiles now on file in the auditor's office in said Marshall county. Said sealed bids or proposals will be received up to the hour of one o'clock p. m. on Thursday, April 30th, 1914, when said bids will be opened and the contract or contracts awarded.

Said highways and street improvements are known as the S. C. Shilling et al. highways and street improvements.

Bids on the street pavement will be accepted separately.

An aggregate bid will be received on ten roads.

Separate bids will be accepted on each of ten roads.

An aggregate bid will be received on roads 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9.

Bids shall be for the completion of the roads and street in accordance with profiles, plans and specifications now on file in the county auditor's office in Marshall county, and shall include all labor and material for said work bid on, and in no case will extra compensation be allowed for any additional work alleged to have been done by the contractors to whom said contracts are awarded.

Each bid shall be accompanied by a personal or surety bond equal to double the amount of the bid filed for the work bid on, to be approved by the board of commissioners of Marshall county, as provided by law relating to gravel road contracts.

An affidavit of non-collusion will be required, and upon failure to file same such proposal or bid will be rejected by the board.

The board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Unclaimed Letter List

List of letters remaining unclaimed for in this office for the week ending April 25:

LADIES.
Miss Margaret B. Giller.
GENTLEMEN.
H. Beal, C. W. Watt, Richard E. Cortes, Ray Scott, Harry O. Meris.

These letters and cards will be sent to the dead letter office May 9, 1914.

JOHN OSBORN, P. M.

NORTH GERMANY

Miss Tressa Edgington, Correspondent
Lorene Fisher spent last week at Grover Malone's.

Dan Johnson of Rochester spent Thursday on his farm here.

Roy Overmyer visited relatives at Fulton Saturday and Sunday. Alvin Hiatt and Willie Overmyer were Rochester visitors Saturday.

Grace Babcock spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jackson.

Ambrose Overmyer and Floyd Babcock were Monterey visitors Wednesday.

Grace Johnson is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wagoner of Rochester. Mr. Wagoner is seriously ill.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wilson at Mrs. Mary Book's in Kewanna; Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Sturgeon and daughter Zella, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walters with Mrs. Mary Edgington; Leannie Wilson and brother Malcolm with Mr. and Mrs. A. Johnson; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Cook with Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Overmyer; J. T. Edgington and daughters Teresa and Florence at W. H. Hiatt's; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Salts at Grover Malone's; the Dan Cooks and Floyd Babcocks at the James Dudgeon's; Mrs. Nancy Hiatt and daughter Estella at Len Brugh's of Leiter's.

CULVER MARKETS

| | |
|-------------------------|-------------|
| Wheat..... | 89 |
| Corn, per bu., new..... | 63 |
| Oats, assorted..... | 40 |
| Rye..... | 58 |
| Clover seed..... | \$6.00 |
| Cow peas..... | \$2 25-2 35 |
| Eggs (fresh)..... | .16 |
| Butter (good)..... | .17 |
| do (common)..... | .12 |
| Fowls..... | .13 |
| Roosters..... | .05 |
| Ducks, old..... | .08 |
| Geese..... | .08 |
| Turkeys..... | .14 |
| Lard..... | .12 1/2 |

Alumni Banquet.

Tickets can be purchased at Porter's restaurant and of George Crossland. Please get them early.

Wanted—Cowpeas seed. A. H. Robbins, Rochester, Ind. a30w3

Notice to Contractors for Letting of Contract for New School Building.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned W. S. Easterday, Trustee of Union township, Marshall county, Indiana, will, on or before Monday, May 18, 1914, at 10 a. m. at the office of the said trustee, Culver, Indiana, receive bids for the building of and material for a new school house to be built in Burr Oak, Marshall county, Indiana.

All to be furnished and performed in accordance with the plans and specifications prepared for said building by A. H. Ellwood & Son, Architects, Elkhart, Indiana, and on file after May first at the said office of said architects and said trustee.

All bids shall be made out on legal forms prescribed by the state and obtainable from the county auditor.

All bids to be accompanied with a certified check for \$200.00. Said check to be made out in favor of the trustee and shall be forfeited in the event such bidder fails to enter into a contract and furnish a satisfactory bond within five days of the awarding of the contract.

Said trustee reserves the right to accept any or reject all bids.

Dated this 22d day of April, 1914.

W. S. EASTERDAY, Trustee.

By Order of the Advisory Board:

A. Drucker Miller,

J. F. Behmer,

Ira J. Faulkner.

a30w3

| | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------|-----------------------|
| THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHES | MITCHELL & STABENOW | FURNISHINGS AND SHOES |
| CULVER : : INDIANA | | |

The first look you get here of the stylish new FITFORM SUITS

you'll appreciate more than ever before what a real service that this store is rendering to the men and young men of this town.

It's really a thing to be thankful for, if you only realized it, that you can step into a place like this and in a few minutes can select, and have fitted, a suit such as these FITFORM clothes are, and at such prices.

We selected this line because it's the sort of merchandise that serves our customers best; what's good for you is good for us.

Special values at \$10 to \$18.

| | | |
|------------------|-----------------|-------------------|
| New Spring Shoes | New Spring Hats | New Spring Shirts |
|------------------|-----------------|-------------------|



FITFORM

KEEPS YOUR HOME FRESH and CLEAN



Duntley Combination Pneumatic Sweeper

THIS Swiftly-Sweeping, Easy-Running DUNTLEY Sweeper cleans without raising dust, and at the same time picks up pins, lint, ravelings, etc., in ONE OPERATION. Its ease makes sweeping a simple task quickly finished. It reaches even the most difficult places, and eliminates the necessity of moving and lifting all heavy furniture.

The Great Labor Saver of the Home—Every home, large or small, can enjoy relief from broom drudgery and protection from the danger of flying dust.

Duntley is the Pioneer of Pneumatic Sweepers—Has the combination of the Pneumatic Suction Nozzle and revolving Brush. Very easily operated and absolutely guaranteed. In buying a Vacuum Cleaner, why not give the "Duntley" a trial in your home at our expense?

Write today for full particulars

AGENTS WANTED
DUNTLEY PNEUMATIC SWEEPER COMPANY
6501 South State Street, CHICAGO



State S. S. Convention.

The state Sunday school convention will be held in Indianapolis June 16-18. This is the 50th or "Golden Jubilee" convention. The speakers are Marion Lawrence, general secretary of the International S. S. association; W. C. Pearce, Mr. Lawrence's associate general secretary; Dr. Franklin McElfresh, superintendent of the educational department of the International association; Dr. Cornelius Woelfkin of New York, one of the greatest preachers in the United States; Prof. R. B. Von Klein Smid, associate superintendent of the Jeffersonville reformatory; and Mrs. M. J. Baldwin, formerly elementary superintendent for the Indiana S. S. association, now of Pennsylvania. The music will be in charge of Prof. E. O. Excell with Prof. Alvin P. Roper at the piano. This assures the greatest convention ever held in Indiana. The officers of the Marshall County S. S. association are planning for a special car for Marshall county's delegation June 16 via the L. E. & W. railroad. Every Sunday school should send at least two delegates to this convention. Requests for information should be addressed to Miss Estella Chase, Plymouth, Galeman Dexter, Bourbon, or O. S. Ellis, Bremen. Those planning to go should notify one of the above named before June 10.

Dandelion Wine.

Now is the time when a number of ladies, especially the older ones, are getting ready to make dandelion wine, a drink which is said to have excellent medicinal and exhilarative qualities and which a few years ago was to be found in almost every home. At the request of several readers, the recipe is given.

Pour one gallon of boiling water over two quarts of yellow dandelion blossoms. Let stand for 24 hours, covered with a plate, then strain through clean cheesecloth and throw away the blossoms. Slice two entire lemons, thin, and add with two pounds of granulated sugar, to the strained dandelion water. Boil the mixture down to three quarts, then strain again and let stand two or three days. Put into clean bottles (with new cork), and set away in a dry, cold, dark place. When making this wine, use clean stone crock or new granite-ware.

DELONG.

Leslie E. Wolfe, Correspondent.

Mrs. Amos Kersey visited at Hibbard Saturday.

Carl Sorage went to Knox and North Judson Tuesday.

Lawrence Houghton and family of Culver visited at J. D. Deck's last week.

Six graduates of Leiter's Ford high school went to Terre Haute Saturday to enter school there.

C. D. Whitacre is taking a short recreation from duty as car inspector here. While repairing a car which he had put jacks under the trucks came back towards him and he suffered a severely bruised leg.

To My Supporters.

I wish hereby to express to each one of my supporters in my recent campaign for election as candidate for office of treasurer, my heartfelt thanks and best wishes for their untiring efforts and loyal zeal in my behalf.

Whilst present defeat is not something to be relished there is still some comfort in the realization that it came after a well contested battle. This result could not have come about without strong and adequate support. Realizing this fact I am most grateful to you all.

The final figures of the primary returns surely indicated one hopeful condition, viz., that time may influence the tide still further. Should this come to pass and there be a further opportunity for our coming together I sincerely hope that all our past relations may continue and also develop into even greater results than the present.

I am, faithfully and gratefully yours,
HARRY LACKEY.

For first-class repairing and alteration see Mikesell & Bergman, phone 155.

HIBBARD

Mrs. E. J. Reed, Correspondent.

H. Snapp had a sick cow Sunday. Will Kline had a dog killed by an automobile Saturday.

Clifford Waite visited his sick father at Aldine Sunday.

Mrs. Martie Albert has been a victim of ivy poison the past week.

Lidgard, a former operator here, moved his goods to Grass Creek last week.

Ladies' Aid will meet at the home of Mrs. H. Snapp Thursday afternoon.

J. L. Mosher and S. E. Wise were at the court house on business Saturday.

Rene Geiselman and family and Mrs. Rosa Scott motored to near Tyner Sunday.

Louis Ruffner, the cheeseman, has gone to Sheffield, O., to make his home with his brothers.

Wm. Bope of Hanna was an over Sunday visitor of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Klapp.

Mrs. Cooper and Nada Livinghouse visited the latter's aunt, Mrs. Evans, near Donaldson, Saturday and Sunday.

The Y. P. A. will have a box social at the Hibbard school house next Saturday evening, and the Ladies' Aid will serve ice cream and cake.

NORTH GERMANY

Miss Tressa Edgington, Correspondent.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Batz, May 15, a 9-pound boy.

Mrs. Charley Salts visited Wednesday with Mrs. Grover Malone.

Clarence Dillon of Rochester is spending a few days at W. Cook's.

Mr. Bunton and family of Leiters spent Wednesday at O. Wills'.

Mrs. I. A. Edgington and daughter Ethel spent Wednesday at F. Batz's.

Mrs. I. Sturgeon and daughter Zella were Rochester visitors last Thursday.

Milo Mossman of Leiters spent Thursday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charley Mossman.

Mrs. C. E. Anderson of Plymouth spent a few days last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walters.

Mrs. Romelia Shafer, Mrs. L. W. Neff and daughter Phyllis of Napanee are visiting the former's sister, Mrs. Mary Edgington.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wilson and son Malcom and Lennie Wilson at Frank Smith's in Rochester; Rev. Kenona at Isaac Sturgeon's; Willie and Nellie Overmyer at Geo. Dudgeon's of Richland Center; Perry Walters and family, Irvin Walters and Tressa Edgington at C. E. Overmyer's in Rochester.

POPULAR GROVE

Walter Fogel visited at Forest South's Sunday.

The farmers are putting forth every effort to finish planting corn this week.

Vera and Vivian Brooke of near Tyner visited relatives here a few days last week.

George South and wife took dinner with Mrs. South's brother, John Romig, Sunday.

Last Sunday Mrs. John Stayton entertained her daughter, Mrs. F. Ault of Rochester, the Russell Lowrys and the Ivan Loudons.

Ezra Woodridge, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett from Tipton and Nellie Bennett from Kokomo attended Edna Woodridge's commencement and made a short visit at her home.

MOUNT HOPE

Miss Ethel Edgington, Correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rinehart attended church at Zion Sunday.

Guy Davis left Saturday to attend the State Normal at Terre Haute.

Roscoe Dice, who has been the guest of Clarence Fisher for the last week, returned to Peru Sunday.

Sunday visitors: David Hissong and Mrs. Jane Hoover of Berthasville and Everett Goodman at G. Cowen's; Willie Cowen and family at John Eicelman's near Rochester; Melvin Wilhelm and family at Sylvester Groves'; W. W. Wilfret and family and Arch Kriehbaum at O. P. Fisher's.

For odorless dry cleaning see Mikesell & Bergman, phone 155.

ROUTE SIXTEEN.

Carl McCreary visited his parents near Sligo over Sunday.

The Vanderweeles entertained several from Chicago Sunday.

Grandpa Osborn spent a few days with his son George last week.

Mrs. Dwight Burkett of Mishawaka spent Friday evening at Fred Joseph's.

O. R. Jenks will hold an over Sunday meeting at the Church of God May 31.

Quite a number took advantage of the fine evening Sunday and were out auto riding.

The Ed Polands motored to Tippecanoe Saturday, the guests of the Andrew Kinseys.

The Church of God Sunday school is practicing for a Children's day entertainment.

The Gleaners will have a public ice cream social in their hall at Burr Oak Saturday evening.

The Austin Drucker-millers, Mrs. Pero, the G. M. Osborns and Mrs. J. J. Cromley drove to Plymouth Saturday afternoon.

Sunday visitors: The Jake Benders and Belle Bender at Walter White's; the Will Hartmans at Z. McCreary's; Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Osborn at B. J. Edwards'.

Problem of the Debutante.

At this time of the year many parents are making arrangements to introduce their daughters in society. The long and costly period of incubation is ended, says the Philadelphia Ledger. The girl has returned from a fashionable "finishing school" or from a tour abroad, and she is now ready—albeit with trepidation—to cross the threshold into the scintillating ballroom and beyond that into a world of pleasure and of pain, of singular follies and sad sincerities, of false friends and true counselors. But what of the immediate process of initiation? Is the present exhausting ordeal, from the autumnal housewarming to the sackcloth of lenten penitence, anything more than a nerve racking, sleep destroying charivari of vulgar ostentation and a hectic, frantic flurry to keep pace with the procession? What useful end is subserved by this mad rout of overlapping gayeties that burns the candle at both ends and reduces a maiden, who should be buoyant and radiant and beautiful in spirit and in health, to a shadow—blase, anemic and lethargic—of her former charming self?

Heroism on the Increase.

The papers lately have teemed with accidents. Catastrophe after catastrophe has shaken the public nerves, and rent open all those great unanswerable questions which from time to time distress the public mind like half-healed wounds. The quiet dwellers by the fireside have been watching fearful sights. Groups of men occupied in their lawful callings have been suddenly overtaken by death before our very eyes. In quick succession the scenes rise before us. They are laid in the depths of the earth. A dramatic demand has been made upon human daring, and it has been satisfied in a measure which makes it difficult to deny that heroism is on the increase. It is extraordinary that it should be so—indeed, it would seem to be almost miraculous. All the perceptible currents of emotion are blowing the other direction. Races depend for their salvation upon their capacity for heroism. Just now the straws are apparently drifting toward destruction. At the same time salvation seems to draw near, coming like a storm against the wind.—London Spectator.

What, for Instance?

The strike of the hens which has resulted in egg prices being boosted to 40 cents a dozen and even higher, has also contributed to the high price of courting in many cities. As is well known, one of the chief allies of the ardent swain is the various drinks served at soda fountains to which he conducts "her" after a tour of the movies. Many of these soft drinks contain eggs. Now many heartless and soulless owners of soft drink establishments have placed signs like these above the soda fountains: "All egg drinks, five cents extra."

The only remedy left is for the young man to talk his companion into desiring a drink not containing eggs.—Indianapolis News.

Something About Sleep.

How much sleep is necessary for a man? The question was raised centuries ago by Montaigne. "Phisians," he wrote, "may consider whether sleep be so necessary that our life must needs depend on it, for we find that Persus, king of Macedon, prisoner at Rome, being kept from sleep, was made to die; but Plinie aleagath that some have lived a long time without any sleep at all. And Herodotus reporteth there are nations where men sleep and wake by halves years. And those that write the life of Epimenides the wise affirm that he slept the continual space of seven and fifty yeares."

A Fellow Feeling.

"Do you feel resentment toward people who do not endorse your opinions?"
"Certainly not," answered Senator Sorghum, "in a year or so I am liable not to endorse them myself."
—Washington Star.

Household

NOVEL BUTTER CUTTER.

Divides Pound Into a Number of Small and Equal Slices.

Among the infinite variety of devices that lighten the housewife's burden and add to the attractiveness of the dinner table is the butter cutter devised by two men in the State of Washington. Nor is this cutter useful in the home alone. In fact, it is probably of more real use in hotels and restaurants, where many pounds of butter have to be cut in a day, and



where an equal portion to every customer is a diplomatic necessity. The apparatus consists of an oblong frame, slightly larger than a pound of butter, with handles at each end. Running through the center of the frame lengthwise is a thin sharp strip of metal, the edges pointing out. At right angles to this, and crossing the frame at close intervals, are other knifelike strips. The device is placed over a pound of butter and pressed down through it, dividing the lump into about two dozen equal squares.

CLEAR UP ALL BAD ODORS.

Nothing Better Than An Onion to Purify Atmosphere.

Everyone knows that an onion has a distinct and unpleasant odor, whether cooked or raw. But everyone does not know that this odor of an onion will draw to it every other disagreeable odor and clear the house atmosphere in a day. The onion can then be thrown away and with it go the disagreeable smells that come about in a house that has been closed for the summer. And this is also a good thing to know: That it will absorb all the odor from fresh paint and turpentine. If the house has been freshly painted and cleaned for the season's occupancy, the people moving into it will be miserable with the smells that come from the walls and floors.

One onion should be cut into small pieces and placed about the room in two or three saucers. Allow an onion to each room and let the saucers remain there over day and night. If every bit of odor hasn't gone in that time put a few fresh pieces in for the next day.

The Home.

Pistache nuts salted in the shell are a dainty addition to the luncheon or dinner menu.

To candy lemon peel boil it in sugar and then expose to the air until the sugar crystallizes.

To make a cake flavored with coffee use strong coffee in place of milk in mixing the batter.

A novelty in a table crumb brush is fashioned after a carpet sweeper. It is made of brass.

The fashion in birthday cakes has whiffled and now one candle for the whole life is the thing.

A piece of asbestos or of leather is excellent to slip between the filling when making iron holders.

By soaking beans, peas, and other dried vegetables thoroughly much fuel will be saved in the cooking.

Warm water should be used with yeast, while with cream of tartar and soda only cold water should be used.

Fried Spinach Pie.

Clean and cook one-half peck of spinach. When cooked chop, but not too fine, beat three eggs, add three tablespoons olive oil, two cupsful of grated bread, one cupful grated cheese then the spinach. Salt and onion sliced very fine should be added after the former ingredients have been mixed, and mix again thoroughly. Parschian cheese is the best to use. Put on a frying pan in olive oil or butter, if preferred and fry until almost cooked, then form into a sort of pie shape and brown on both sides. After one side has been browned, it can be turned over by placing a shallow plate on top and quickly turning it downward, holding both together. This mixture can be used to stuff fowl.

To Clean Tubs.

A piece of steel wool will remove stains or lime deposited by water on tubs, basins, sinks. It will also clean refractory cooking utensils which have been burned. The same piece may be used over and over. A pound of this steel wool, which will last a long time, may be obtained at any paint store for about 40 cents.

Don't Use Feather Duster.

Don't dust your furniture with a feather duster, it only spreads the dust more than ever throughout the house and causes the necessity for laundering the curtains oftener.

NEWS OF LOCAL CHURCHES

EVANGELICAL.

Sunday school 10; preaching 11; Y. P. A. meeting 7; topic, The Christian of Recent Events, Ps. 111:7 (newspaper meeting), leader Mrs. Ira Faulkner; preaching at 8 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening. J. E. Young.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

The Epworth league will hold its annual business meeting in the class room of the church Friday evening at 8 o'clock. All who are in anywise interested in the young people's work of the church are urged to attend. The annual memorial service will be conducted in this church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock under the auspices of the G. A. R. Rev. L. W. Bridge, pastor of the Christian church, will deliver the sermon. We urge the people of the community to be present at this service, thereby showing some religious respect to the veterans of the civil war. The sacrifice they made in our behalf was too great for us to pass this memorial occasion lightly. Evening sermon by pastor at 8 o'clock, subject, "The Righteousness that is Sufficient." Prayer meeting Thursday night. We are following studies in the prophecies of Amos. Come and study the scriptures with us.

POPULAR GROVE.

Preaching by the pastor Sunday p. m. at 3. Midweek services conducted by the pastor every Wednesday night at 8. You are cordially invited to attend any and all of these services if you can.

J. F. Kenrich, Pastor.

Just Received.

Large shipment of up-to-the-minute styles in ladies' hats for Decoration day. The price the lowest of the season. Buy now and save money. Panamas all the rage. Mrs. Hattie Wickizer.

A Typewriter for \$10.

A Bennett typewriter for sale. weighs only 4 1/2 pounds. In leather case. Nearly new. \$5 down and \$1 a week. Can be seen and tested at Citizen office.

Card of Thanks.

We hereby express our gratitude and appreciation for all the kind attentions and the sympathy shown to the family during the illness and at the time of the death of our father, Michael Baker.

MR. AND MRS. OLLIE BAKER.

Convention Postponed.

Owing to the lateness of the season which makes this a busy time for farmers, it has been decided to postpone the county republican convention until Saturday, June 6.

ROBERT HEAD, Chn.

Superior Dry Cleaning.

The new firm of Mikesell & Bergman, successors to Rhoads & Mikesell, is prepared to use the latest methods of odorless dry cleaning, and to press, repair and alter garments. Mr. Bergman is the well-known academy tailor, which is a sufficient guarantee that the work of the new firm will be first-class and up-to-date.

CULVER MARKETS

| | |
|------------------------|-------------|
| Wheat..... | 88 |
| Corn, per bu., new.... | 65 |
| Oats, assorted..... | 40 |
| Rye..... | 57 |
| Clover seed..... | \$6.00 |
| Cow peas..... | \$2.35-2.50 |
| Eggs (fresh)..... | .17 |
| Butter (good)..... | .17 |
| do (common)..... | .12 |
| Fowls..... | .14 |
| Leghorn chickens..... | .10 |
| Roosters..... | .05 |
| Ducks, old..... | .08 |
| Geese..... | .08 |
| Turkeys..... | .14 |
| Lard..... | .12 1/2 |

ATTENTION!

LADIES—Now is the season to get out your last year's summer suits and dresses. Undoubtedly you will find these to need cleaning, pressing or repairing. Nelson the Tailor does this work and will make your last season's wearing apparel look like new by his method of Dry Cleaning.

GENTLEMEN—A little cleaning and pressing makes a great change for the better. Let Nelson put some of your old suits in good order again. Just call up 42-K on the phone. He will call for and deliver work, and his prices and workmanship are right. Give him a trial and he is bound to satisfy and please. Don't forget he also cleans and retrims straw hats.

TELEPHONE 42-K

| | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------|----------------------------|
| THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHES | MITCHELL & STABENOW | FURNISHINGS HATS AND SHOES |
| CULVER :: INDIANA | | |

Try Trading at Our Store

You'll like it, and we should both profit by it, not only financially, but from the standpoint of prestige, quality, association, and the other things that make a business a little more than a purely buying and selling proposition.

We'd like to show our line to you, because we feel that we would be honored with your patronage.

That's the only way that we can accomplish our purpose.

This isn't flattery. It's just a simple business proposition. We want your business, and we feel, we know, that we are entitled to it.

You have some favorite dealer in high-grade clothing. No matter who it is, you are not getting as much—you're not helping yourself as much as you would if you purchased here.

First, last and always, quality, with us, is foremost, and when we say quality we mean materials, style, fit, workmanship and everything that goes to make a perfect garment.

What we are showing will prove beyond doubt that today, more than ever before in Men's and Young Men's Fine Clothes, we lead.

\$10 to \$25

FITFORM



THE LADY EVELYN

A Story of To-Day
By
MAX PEMBERTON.

Author of "The Hundred Days," "Doctor Xavier," "A Gentleman's Gentleman," "A Punian's Wife," Etc.

CHAPTER IX.

The Third Earl of Melbourne.

There is hardly a pleasanter room in all England than the old Chamber of the Tapestries they use as a breakfast room at Melbourne Hall. Situated in the west wing of the great quadrangle, and giving off immediately from the famous long gallery, its tiny latticed casements permit a view which reveals at once all the cultivated beauty of the gardens and the wild woodland scenery of the park beyond, in a vista which never fails to win the admiration of the stranger, as it has won the love of many generations who have inhabited that historic mansion.

It is not a large room, but it tells much of the story of the house, its triumphs, its misfortunes, and its glories. To-day they gave it no nobler name than breakfast room, and therein, at half-past eight every morning, the Earl of Melbourne, more punctual than the clock itself, sat down to breakfast.

Now, here was a man who had been an adventurer all his life, a man of the field, the forest, and the sea; a bluff bearded man, not unrefined in face and feature, but utterly unscrupulous by the disposition of his will to the dignity which accident had thrust upon him, and resenting it every hour that he lived.

"What are we but slaves of our birth?" he would ask his daughter passionately. "Why am I cooped up in this old house when I might be on the deck of a good ship or under canvas in the Alleghany Mountains? You say that nothing forbids my doing it. You know it isn't true. The world would cry out on me if I cut myself adrift. And you yourself would be the first to complain of it. We owe it to society, Evelyn, to make ourselves miserable for the rest of our lives. They call it 'station' in the prayer-book, but the man who wrote that had never shot big game on the Zambesi or he'd have sung to a different tune."

Sometimes when Evelyn protested that society would reward a man differently whatever they did, he would reply a little brutally, that when she found a husband it would be another matter.

"There will be two of you then to stand for the cinquefoil," he observed cynically. "I shall shake the handcuffs off and get back to the East. A man lives in the sunshine. Here he scarcely vegetates. When they inquire, in ten years' time, where the Earl of Melbourne is, you'll send them to the Himalayas to begin with, and there they can ask again. Don't lose time about it, Evelyn. You know that young John Hall is head over ears in love with you."

Evelyn's face would flush at this; and there had been an occasion when she answered him with the amazing intimation that she would sooner marry Williams, the groom, than the young baronet he spoke of. This frightened the old Earl exceedingly. "Her mother's blood runs in her veins," he said to himself. "By heaven, she'd marry a stable-boy if I thwarted her."

Here was the spectre which haunted him continually. He feared to read the story of his own youth and marriage of his daughter. Notwithstanding his jests, his love for her was passionate and dominated every other instinct of his life. "You are all that I have in the world, my little Evelyn," he would confess in gentler moods. He desired her affection in like measure, but had never wholly won it. Perhaps instinctively she understood that some barrier of the past interposed itself between them. Her father's defects of character could not be absolutely hidden from her. She feared she knew not what.

And if this were her normal mood, what of the Evelyn who had gone to London at the bidding of a mad desire; who had become Etta Romney there; who had returned at the dead of night and awaited her father's home-coming with that tremulous expectation which at once could dread exposure and yet delight in the peril of it. When her first alarm had passed and quiet days had led her to believe that she dreamed the story of espionage, Evelyn could await the issue with no little confidence. After all, why should Count Odin betray her, even if he had her secret? He was a man of the world and had nothing to gain by dealing treacherously with a woman. Her father went to London so rarely that she might well deride the danger of his visits. Nothing but a clumsy accident could write that story so that the Earl might read it, she thought. And so she welcomed him home with all her habitual composure, and upon the morning of the second day of July she found herself seated opposite to him in my lady's bower, listening to his stories of Italy and his plans for the summer and the autumn months to come.

"We ought to give some parties, I suppose," he said; "the servants expect it, and we must not disappoint them. Ask all the people who don't

want to come and get rid of them as quickly as you can. I have written to Colchester about the yacht and we ought to get her in commission in August. You always loved the sea, Evelyn, and this will be a change for you. We can put into Trouville and Etretat and see what the Frenchwomen are wearing. I shall steam down to the Mediterranean later on; but that won't be until December. We have the birds to kill first and plenty of them. Of course, I know you wanted to be in London this Spring, and it is not my fault if you did not go. This copper mine in Tuscany is going to make me as rich as Vanderbilt. I could not neglect it just because a lot of fools were driving mail phaetons in Bond Street."

Evelyn smiled a little coldly. "Men do not drive mail phaetons nowadays," she said, "they drive motor-cars. Of course, it is very necessary for us to keep the wolf from the door—we are so poor, father."

The Earl had grown accustomed to remarks such as these, and had become skilful in evading them. He understood perfectly well that Evelyn expressed her own disappointment and that she meant to remind him of his broken promises to take a house in Mayfair for the season and to sacrifice his own pleasures at least for a few brief weeks.

"I am poor enough," he said, "to want all the money I can get. This old place costs a fortune to keep up. I mean to do big things here by and by, and twenty thousand won't be too much when they are done. Besides, it is not money that we men run after, but the gratification of our own vanity in getting it. The claims on this estate are heavy and they have to be met quickly if it is to be cleared. I backed my own opinion about this mine against the biggest house in Germany and I am coming out top all the time. It put fifty thousand a year into my pocket, who'll benefit by it but you? Think of that when you talk about the little crowd of paupers you want to see in London. Money's money. And precious glad some of them would be to see the color of it."

Evelyn did not contradict him. She was too weary of the subject to wish to revive it. Imitating others, whose youth had been one of far from splendid poverty, the Earl permitted money to become the guiding principle of his life in the exact ratio of its acquisition. An exceedingly rich man when he inherited the bankrupt estates of the Melbournes, each year found a warning of his natural generosity, a growth of unaccustomed meanness, and a diligence in the quest of fortunes which the circumstances made almost pathetic. On her part, Evelyn was perfectly well aware that he would give no parties at the Hall this year, would not take her to Trouville, nor visit the Mediterranean in the winter. Each season found its own excuses for delay. The wretched mine in Tuscany was a very godsend when postponements of any kind troubled the Earl for a good excuse.

"I am glad you are going to do something to the Hall," she said evasively; "at least there will be the painters' society to enjoy. After that I suppose I may go to Dieppe, as Aunt Anne wishes. It will be quite a dispensation—under the circumstances." He looked at her rather sharply. "So you went to London after all?" he said. "I thought you meant to put it off?"

"To put it off! That would have been a familiar task. I live to put things off. There is no one in all Derbyshire who has so many excuses to make as I have."

"My dear Evelyn, you know perfectly well why I dislike all this kind of thing."

"Indeed, I know nothing, except that you promised to take me to London and have disappointed me. If there is any reason that keeps us prisoners when others are free, would you not wish me to know of it? I am your daughter, and surely, father, you can speak to me of this."

"My dear little Evelyn," he said, hiding his embarrassment as well as might be, "you are talking the greatest nonsense in the world. If you want to go to London, you shall go to-morrow. Take a house, a flat, an hotel, anything you like—only don't ask me to go with you. I am past all that sort of thing. A city stifles me; the fools I find in it make me angry. If you like them, go and see them. I have been alone enough in my life not to mind very much being alone again."

"The girl came to me from nowhere," he said frankly, "and where she has gone God knows. I gave her a hearing because she wrote me the cleverest letter I have read for many a long day. Her home was in Derbyshire, and this was a Derbyshire play. I saw her act one scene in my theatre and said that she was 'bully.' She had the best send off I can remember. Then comes the night when I am strung up on my own hook. She expresses her trunks and quits. About that I know as much as you do. Her traps were left at St. Pancras station, and a letter says that she has given up the theatre. Well, I don't believe it. A girl who can act like that will never give up the theatre. In one month or six she'll be starring in my plays. She cannot help herself; she's got to do it."

Nothing whets the public's appetite so surely as curiosity; and all London had grown curious about Etta Romney. "Discerning men, who had but half-praised her when she first appeared, hastened to declare that her loss was irreparable. Less responsible journals gave coherent accounts of the whole business, written in the back office by gentlemen who knew nothing whatever about it. The affair, at first but a nine days' wonder, became a standing headline when the editor of a popular newspaper boldly offered a hundred guineas for the discovery of Etta Romney's whereabouts."

Etta read all about this in the brief days that intervened between her own return and her father's. While the woman in her rejoiced at the success she spoke of, the child failed to perceive the danger of this undue publicity or to guard in any way against it. It is true that she had been very much alarmed upon the night she fled from London; but as the weeks went by and neither word nor message reached her from Count Odin, or indeed from any of the friends she had made at the theatre, a new sense of security came to her and compelled her to delight in what appeared to be the final success of her escapade. Surely now her father would remain in ignorance of it to the end, she argued. She believed that it would be so, though whether the Etta Romney within her were really dead, she did not dare to say.

CHAPTER X.

The Accident Upon the Road.

Was Etta Romney dead or would the months recreate her? Evelyn believed that they would. The intolerable ennui of her life at Melbourne festered the atmosphere in which such dreams as hers were born and reared. She had that in her blood which no make-believe could prison. Had the whole truth been told, it would have set her down for a gypsy of gypsies—a true child of the roadside and the caves. But the truth was just the one thing her father hid from her.

"I met your mother at Vienna," he had told her once when an illness had moved him to that affectionate confidence which weakness is apt to provoke. "She was Dora d'Istran, the most beautiful woman in the city and one most run after. You are like her sometimes, Evelyn; you have her eyes and hair, and just such a manner. She understood me as no one else in the world has ever done, not even my little daughter. I married her in the face of my family and never regretted the day. She died when you were eleven months old. I live again through that hour which took her from me every day of my life."

Here was no weak confession. Throughout his life this man had been seeking a good woman's love. Knowing in his heart that he had done things unworthy of it, he sought it yet more ardently for that very reason. One woman, his wife, had understood him and given him of her whole soul generously. Her death left him a miser to others, lavished generous gifts upon Evelyn, his child. "She would love me if she could," he told himself, "but there is a chord in her nature I cannot strike." A keen observer of intuitive faculty would have said that the man's nature, not the woman's, in Evelyn Forrester forbade her to respond to his affection.

Of this Evelyn herself remained quite unconscious. Fret as she might against her father's unjust and inexplicable treatment of her, she would have resented hotly the suggestion that she had not a daughter's love for him. Her very obedience, she thought, must be sufficient witness to that. Though he made a prisoner of her, she rarely uttered a complaint. His varying moods, now of dotting affection, now of irritation and temper, found her patient and silent. When he did a mean thing she shuddered, but rarely spoke of it, because she knew that words would not help her. Her own life had been lived so far apart from his. She wished with all her heart that it had not been so; but she could not justly blame herself for circumstances she was in no way able to control.

This had been her attitude before her great escapade in London; it remained her attitude upon her return to Derbyshire. She met her father each morning at the breakfast table; dined with him in solemn state at night—occasionally received visits from their neighbors, and was some times the guest of the vicar of the parish, a pleasant old Cambridge Don, by name Harry Fillimore. But in the main Evelyn lived alone, in the wild glades of the beautiful park, down by the silent pool of the river—just as she had lived and dreamed in the old days of the longing for the world, its glamour and its glories. And now she had a great secret to take to the green woods with her. Day by day, as some sylph of the thickets, the true Romano child reacted the thrilling scenes of the brief weeks of triumph in London. Her hair wild about her shoulders, her eyes reflecting the dreams, she would crouch by the river's bank and play Narcissus to the reeds.

"It was I, Etta . . . yes, yes . . . just the little Etta looking up from the waters—I went to London—I played at the theatre—they said I was a success—they offered me money—to Etta Romney, just little Etta Romney. And now it's all over. Etta is dead, and Evelyn has come back. I shall never go to London again—I shall die, perhaps, down there among the reeds in the river. Oh, if some one only would love me, some one understand me. And it's for ever in this lonely place—for ever—for ever."

Such regrets were neither hysterical nor unusual. She knew that there was some great void in her life, some desire ungratified, which must haunt her to the end; and this knowledge drove her day by day along those paths of solitude which her father wished her to tread, though never would he have confessed as much. His lavish gifts to her scarcely won a word of thanks. When she rode a horse, it was madly, defying convention, helterskelter across the grass lands like a Mexican flying over the prairie.

"A little madcap," the bland vicar said when he heard of it, "a regular brick of a girl, though who'd believe it when he saw her at her father's dinner table. Why, last night, sir, she sat in the drawing-room just for all the world a paragon of propriety with ten generations of grand dames to her name. I didn't dare to take a second glass of port for fear I should be jocular. And to-day I saw her flying toward Derby in the new car at thirty miles an hour. Away went my straw hat just like a cricket ball. Now, what are you to make of a young lady like that?"

Doctor Phillips, the person addressed upon this occasion, confessed that you might make many things of her. "She could earn a good living at steeplechasing, and I would pay her five pounds a week to be my chauffeur," he said quite seriously, "and please don't forget the ball she drives at golf. Why, vicar, she'd give the pair of us a half. It's no ordinary woman could do that."

They agreed that it could not be, and having discussed the Lady Evelyn at great length were about to sit down to lunch together, individuals aware of their own humility in the face of a superior intellect, when Williams, the groom, came flying over from the Hall and demanded to see the Doctor instantly.

"There's bin a haaccident on the road, sir," he cried breathlessly, "please come over at once—the gentleman's up at the house and the Earl away."

The doctor, wasting no words, set out with a sigh and a backward glance at the inviting table.

The Vicar said: "Thank God—I thought that she had come to grief."

CHAPTER XI.

A Race for Life.

The Vicar declared that he met Evelyn upon the road to Derby, "going like a volcano at thirty miles an hour," but this was a mere figure of speech, for her little car, being of no more than ten horse-power could not possibly accomplish such speeds; nor would the winding roads about the Hall have permitted them to a larger motor. A reckless driver, if reckless were love of the delight of fast travel, Evelyn loved horses too well to frighten them; and rarely did a coachman complain or such wayfarers as she met upon her journey do anything but applaud her. Indeed, Derbyshire had no more enchanting picture than that of this dark-haired girl, superbly gowned, as she sat at the wheel of her crimson car; while Bates, the proud chauffeur, gazed disdainfully, from the dicky behind, upon all the world, as though to say, "You can't beat her." And this was the more noble on Bates' part because Evelyn had twice deposited him in the ditch since the car came home. "The horrid thing will go round the corners so fast" had been her lament after these mishaps. Bates added the pious prayer that he might go round with the car on the next occasion.

Evelyn had been into Derby on the day the Vicar narrated the misfortunes of his straw hat. Having done a little shopping, she set out for the Hall a few minutes after the hour of twelve, by which time the day had turned gloriously fine with a light wind from the east and a bank of white clouds high beneath the azure, which promised welcome interludes of shade. She had a journey of twenty-three miles before her (for Melbourne Hall lies far from the little town of that name and knows it not), and leisure enough in which to do it. Business, she knew not of what nature, had carried her father to London nearly a week ago. She would be alone

until to-morrow, her own faller, she said with a pout, the mistress of hours by which she could profit so little. Her mood, indeed, had become one of cynical indifference, tempered by the reflection that this was the first visit the Earl had paid to London since her escapade. What, she asked, if a word of that story came to his ears even now? The weeks of safety inspired a sense of security which circumstance hardly justified. She paled and trembled when she asked herself what such a passionate man as her father would do if the truth were discovered by him.

Here, truly, was no impulse to the delights of speed or to that recklessness which the Vicar chided. Evelyn drove slowly, her thoughts vagrant and wayward, her attitude that of one who has no pleasure awaiting her at her journey's end. She had traversed over twenty miles of the distance and was just looking out for that well-known landmark, the spire of the village church, when a startled cry from the usually phlegmatic Bates aroused her attention and called upon a self-possession which rarely failed her.

"A horse and carriage—bolting behind us, your ladyship—put her on the fourth—my God, he's coming right on top of us—quick, your ladyship—a horse bolting—"

He stood up in the dicky and waved his arms and continued to cry, "A horse bolting!" as though by repetition alone he would bring her to a sense of danger. Evelyn, upon her part, cast one startled glance behind her and instantly became aware of the situation. For down the road, which sloped slightly toward them, a horse bolted madly in their direction, swinging a light brougham from footpath to footpath and leaving a dense cloud of dust to be a witness to the speed. So mad was the gallop that the frightened beast, seen first at a distance perhaps of six hundred yards, was no more than three hundred yards from them when Evelyn opened the throttle of her car to the full and sent it racing down the incline as it had never raced before. Fifteen, twenty, twenty-five miles an hour the speed indicator registered, and still the car appeared to be gaining speed. Behind, as though in vain pursuit, the thundering sound of hoofs waxed louder; and once or twice in the interludes of sounds, a man's voice could be heard crying to the horse and to those in the car incoherent words in an unknown tongue.

"Let her go for God's sake, your ladyship—let her go—she's coming up—keep to the right—don't mind the corner—we'll do it yet—"

These and many another exclamation fell from Bates' volcanic lips as he clung to the dicky for dear life and tried to drive the mad horse into the hedge by the wild waving of a spasmodic arm. His appeal to her to keep to the right showed that he, at any rate, had not lost his head. Instinctive habit sent the animal flying to the left-hand side of the road as he would naturally be sent by any coachman. Though the brougham lurched wildly, the terrified horse returned to his accustomed place again and again, taking the corners in wide sweeps and increasing his speed with his terror. A great raw bony brute that had been ridden to hounds the previous winter, his gallop was that of a thoroughbred over good grass lands. Even the ten horse-power car could not keep its lead. Evelyn knew that he was overtaking her. The shadow of catastrophe seemed to creep over her very shoulders. "Is he far off now?" she would ask Bates despairingly.

The answer, many times repeated, began to be monotonous. "Keep to the right, milady—don't mind the corner—I'll blow the horn for you—now you're gaining a bit—oh, that's fine—let her go—we'll do it yet, milady."

Evelyn, it may be, realized her own peril less than that of those in the brougham. A man's cry, whatever reading of character might be placed upon it, seemed to her an evidence of grave danger and piteous fear. But for this, her own courage would have almost delighted in the rare sensations of speed and flight and all the doubt of the ultimate issue. Guiding her car with a brave hand, she was conscious of a rushing wind upon her face; of hedges, fields, trees approaching, disappearing, during that ominous race; of a voice speaking to her; of a question many times repeated—

"How will it end? Will they be killed?" And yet the speed of it both excited and sustained her. She swung round the corners as an arm upon a pivot; hugged a difficult path with the skill of an old mechanic, nursed her engine perfectly, was never flurried, never hesitating, never fearful. That which she dreaded was the long incline leading up to the gates of Melbourne Hall. The mad horse would beat the car upon that she thought. The threatened thunder of his hoofs seemed so near to her now. She could hear the man's voice plainly, and the tongue he spoke had a more familiar sound.

The moment was critical enough. A gentle hill lay before her. She knew that a horse galloping blindly would make nothing of it, but that the little car must be slowed down sufficiently to render escape out of the question. Had there been a footpath, she would have mounted it and dared the consequences; but of path there was none. A man in her place might have bethought him of slacking speed gradually and blocking the road to the flying carriage. But Bates, her chauffeur, had never been upon a horse in his life. He thought only of himself and the car.

Losing ground steadily upon the hill, the end of it all seemed at hand, when Evelyn espied the open gate of a bay field upon her right hand; and taking her courage and the wheel in both hands, she just touched the car

with the foot-brake and men swung boldly through the opening. A terrible lurch, a great bump, over wagon ruts and they were at a standstill in grass growing to the height of their axes. The bolting horse meanwhile went by like a shot from a bow straight up the hill which leads to the Hall. A turn of the road hid him from their sight. They heard a loud crash and then all was still.

Evelyn sat, very pale and frightened, and trembling visibly at the thought of that which must have happened on the hillside above them. The engine of her car had stopped as they ran into the field and the impetuous Bates immediately leaped down from the dicky and made wild attempt to restart it.

"There wasn't a driver on the box, milady," he said, as though it were the most natural remark in the world to make.

Evelyn answered by ordering almost angrily to start the engine.

"We must go to them," she said, her heart beating fast as she spoke. "I am sure there has been a dreadful accident. Be quick, Bates! Why are you so foolish? Please start the engine at once."

"I was thinking of you, milady, the man said a little sullenly. "There was two gents in the carriage. You mightn't like to see what somebody will see when they go up there."

"Don't talk nonsense," she said firmly. "I am not a child, Bates. You would make a coward of me. Let us go at once!"

Bates said no more but started the engine at once. Evelyn backed the car from the field and drove slowly up the hill. She was greatly excited and afraid, but her resolution to proceed remained unshaken.

Who had been in the carriage? What harm had befallen him or them? The turn of the road answered her immediately. For there, white and insensible by the side of the shattered brougham, lay Count Odin, the Romanian, and by him there knelt young Felix Horowitz, his friend, ready to tell everyone that the Count was dead. Evelyn, however, knew that he was not dead.

And tragedy, she said, had followed her even to the gates of Melbourne Hall.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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