

PERSONAL POINTERS

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

Mrs. Ed Wallace is visiting friends in Rochester.

Otto Stahl of Ann Arbor is at home for the summer vacation.

Mrs. O. A. Gandy is spending the week with her parents in South Bend.

Miss Venus Smith of Rochester visited her relations, the Adams, last week.

Garland Bogardus expects to go soon into Northern Wisconsin on a prospecting tour.

Mrs. M. Cook returned to Fort Wayne Monday after a three weeks' visit with Mrs. Riggins.

Forrest Geiselman has gone to Monterey where he has a position in the First National bank.

Irving Goss, wife and children of Kewanee, Ill., were here to visit O. T. Goss and family on Tuesday.

George Peoples is under the doctor's care at Dora, Ind., where he went on a visit to a sister ten days ago.

Ernest Zechiel, teacher of piano in Cornell, Iowa, university, is at home for a visit before taking a trip abroad.

Miss Julia Moss, who has been teaching in East Chicago during the past school year, is at home for the summer.

Mrs. John Gast, wife of a former Culver man, died of diphtheria in Plymouth Sunday. She leaves a seven weeks' old infant.

Otto Stabenow went to Chicago Sunday to be gone until Friday when his family, who have been there for two weeks, will return with him.

Earl Duff, who has been employed by his aunt, Mrs. J. E. Dennie, left Sunday for Valparaiso where he takes up a course in cartooning.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bebee and daughter Ruth of South Bend have returned home from visiting the latter's sister, Mrs. J. E. Dennie, of near Culver.

Mrs. Dr. Parker went to Detroit Friday to be present at the graduation of Miss Rose Moss from the Thomas Normal school. Both will return tomorrow.

O. P. Smith of Logansport is a guest of Capt. Crook. Mr. Smith has been in ill health for a number of years and will spend the summer here in an effort to recuperate his strength.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hunt returned to Sam Crossgrove's Friday. Mr. Hunt has been at Hooper, Neb., visiting relatives, and Mrs.

Hunt has been at Bruce Lake. This week they will leave for their home at Penn's Creek, Pa., stopping for a week in Ohio.

Good things are coming to Culver right along—in spite of the knockers. We have the town clock back, and now comes "Jake" Speyer and his family all the way from New York to settle down among us and help make life more merry. The Speyer family arrived last week Thursday and say that henceforth it is Culver for them. The older son, Walter, remains in New York city where he has a responsible position as order clerk with a big lace importing firm. We are glad to have the Speyers back again.

J. G. Beck, wife and daughter Reba returned to Culver Saturday to spend a week packing their household goods for Coatsville, 4 miles west of Indianapolis, where Mr. Beck has bought an old and prosperous grocery, meat and restaurant business. Coatsville is about as large as Culver, and is on the Vandalia, Big Four and Interurban roads. It is like home to the Becks, Mrs. Beck having been born and raised at Fillmore, only 3 miles distant. Just before the family left, Mrs. Beck found little Dorothy in tears. Dorothy explained that she "didn't want to go back to Culver and have to say goodbye to all those Culver girls again." Her mother appreciated her daughter's feeling and told her she might stay there with "grandma."

Again in Front Rank.

A recent dispatch to the academy authorities announces that the Culver Military academy has again been designated by the government as an "Honor School"—the highest rank recognized by the government in its inspection of military schools. In addition to this official distinction, it is a matter of common knowledge everywhere that Culver Military academy stands only second to West Point in efficiency, equipment and discipline. The school is making history in the future citizenship of the United States, and from president and superintendent down to the humblest employe it is a mark of honor to be connected with such an institution and to have a hand in the shaping of "Young America."

Dental Association.

The dentists of Marshall county have organized an association of which Dr. Buttner of Culver is treasurer, and Dr. Norris is a member of the committee to draft a constitution.

The state society will meet at Culver next August.

Uses the Right Bait.

Word comes from Lake hotel in Yellowstone Park that Sam Lenon gave a trout breakfast to his friends at the hotel last Wednesday. He caught 20 trout in one hour, the smallest weighing 4 pounds.

LAKE SIDE GLEANINGS

Some Interesting Items Concerning the Summer Colony at Lake Maxinkuckee.

ON THE EAST SIDE.

Devon Ellsworth is visiting at the Habns'.

Mr. Wagoner is in Terre Haute for a week.

J. F. Farrington was a visitor in South Bend Sunday.

J. H. Vajen of Indianapolis is occupying his cottage by the lake.

Mrs. Hord, son and daughter visited for a few days in Chicago.

Earl Heller and wife of Chicago spent Sunday at the Heller cottage.

Miss Magee is a guest of Mrs. Snider and Miss Forman at their cottage.

Mr and Mrs. Hughes and daughter Frances are at the lake for the summer.

Ralph Knude of Indianapolis is a guest at the Wheeler cottage for a couple of weeks.

Mr. Gompf and Miss Jeane Morgan of Brazil were guests at the Gompf cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Irwin of Massachusetts are spending the summer at Richard T. Irwin's.

C. C. Perry and family of Indianapolis have taken possession of their cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Hahn entertained Mr. and Mrs. Heiskall and Walter Kipp and family at a house party Sunday.

E. N. Brown, president of the Mexico National railroad, and family are the Ketcham cottage for a short stay.

S. A. Vaughn spent a few days at the lake getting his cottage in readiness for the arrival of the family who will come soon.

J. G. Mueller spent a few days at his cottage before leaving for Lake Wawasee where he will attend the state druggists' convention.

Miss Crawford of the King-Crawford Classical school in Terre Haute stopped with Mrs. Demas Deming while on her way to Canada.

Miss Carol Rice, who is attending the Laselle seminary near Boston will arrive soon at the Peirce-Ward cottage for a summer visit with the H. H. Rices.

Mrs. Clara Warner of Chicago

Matrimonial.

At the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Isabel Ransdell, Wednesday evening occurred the wedding of Miss Mabel Margaret Ransdell and Harold G. Buchanan of Culver. Rev. A. L. Ward performed the ceremony in the presence of a large number of guests, many of whom were from out of town. Miss Ruth Masters of Indianapolis was the bridesmaid and Edward Ebon of Thorntown was the best man. Mrs. R. J. Niquette of Salina, Kas., a sister of the bride, acted as matron of honor. The bride was given away by Ben Ransdell, a brother. The ribbon bearers were cousins of the groom, and there were two ring bearers. The wedding march was played by Miss Mabel Moody. The Ransdell home was profusely and beautifully decorated with roses and ferns. The young couple will be at home to their friends after July 1 in Culver.—Lebanon Paper.

Joint Medical Meeting.

The Marshall County Medical society will be hosts this afternoon to the Starke County Medical society at a joint meeting at the Palmer House. Dr. Parker is on the program for a paper on Cholera Infantum, and Dr. Reed of the academy for an address on "The Fraternal Spirit." A banquet will be served at 6 o'clock.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. A. M. Roberts Friday at 2:30 Topic, Anti Narcotics.

has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Deborah Carson, at Edgewater cottage. Mrs. Carson, accompanied by Mrs. Florence Buchanan, have recently returned to their homes in Indianapolis.

ON LONG POINT.

O. C. Hornung of Terre Haute will spend the week end at Happy Hollow.

W. W. Rankin and family of Cleveland, O., are at Shady Point cottage.

Mr. Springer of Terre Haute spent the week end at the Springer cottage.

The Messrs. Moniger will return this week from Peoria where they have been visiting.

Dr. J. T. Seovell and family of Terre Haute are at the Dr.'s cottage for the summer.

Mrs. Ida Rovell, D. G. Walker of Mentone and Doris Tait of Laketon are at the Rovell cottage for a few weeks.

James I. Barnes and family and Charles H. Barnes of Logansport were week end visitors at the Barnes cottage.

William C. Retz and family motored back to Terre Haute Monday. They will return to the cottage later in the season.

Mr. and Mrs. I. J. Witamyer motored from Muncie Sunday to spend a few weeks with their daughter, Mrs. Witamyer, at Shady Grove.

Mrs. Lloyd McSheehy and daughter and Mrs. Harry McSheehy of Logansport are at Idlewild cottage for a few weeks. J. J. Campbell of Logansport will then take possession for the summer. Harry McSheehy of the Logansport Chronicle was up for Sunday.

O. B. Sailor and family of South Bend and J. E. Hillis of Kokomo are at the Hillis cottage, Happy Thought, for a portion of the season. The cottage on Monday entertained C. P. Sailor and family and George E. Sailor of Kokomo and J. J. Sailor and family of South Bend.

Baseball Dope.

On Sunday a few fans from Culver accompanied the ball team to Leiter's Ford where the Culverites played a team of that place. The game was fairly close all through and the nifty hits and plays of each team held the close attention of the crowd. Our boys were in fine trim and each played a splendid individual game, but they will admit that the Leiter's Ford team had them slightly outclassed at playing together, they being able to carry off the large end of a 7-5 score.

There will be a double game on Sunday at the Culver ball park, north of the school house, between the first team of Culver and Leiter's Ford, and the second team and Plymouth.

Leiter Postmastership.

A report from the civil service commission on the Leiter's Ford postmastership examination gives the following grades made by the five applicants: Oscar Brugh 87.30; "Doc" Hiatt, 85.20; Earl T. See, 83.10; Frank E. Rouch, 77.90; and Dr. B. F. Overmeyer, 75.80. Mr. Brugh having made the highest grade will most likely be appointed postmaster and those who know the young man all say he will make a good one. He is a son of Wilson Brugh, the well known Leiter's Ford merchant, and his high grade in the examination shows him to be well qualified for the position.

We Lose Miss Taylor.

Yes, we lose "Miss Taylor," but she will come back to us as Mrs. Edison McLaughlin.

Miss Taylor left Culver on Saturday, June 6, with only an intimation to her nearest friends that her vacation trip into the far west was more than a school teacher's journey of recreation. These nearest friends, however, entertained a suspicion that underneath Miss Taylor's reticence there was a well-defined plan and purpose. Mrs. McLaughlin's letter of June 11, written from Wendall, Idaho, sets the matter at rest. On that date she married Edison McLaughlin. She will return, however, to Culver about August 15, prepared to carry out her contract to serve as superintendent of the town schools during the ensuing year.

Reconstruction of Charge.

The much desired and worked-for reconstruction of the Culver charge of the Reformed church has at last been accomplished, and after August 12 Culver and Zion will constitute one charge, and Bruce Lake and Delong another. Each of these charges is able to support a preacher and should do so as the administration of the affairs of four churches is too large for one man.

On Tuesday Rev. A. J. Michael entertained Rev. W. W. Foust of Goshen and Henry Heister of Bluffton who were here in the interest of the reconstruction.

The Public Library.

At a meeting of the library committee Tuesday evening it was decided to have Secretary Slatery write to the state librarian for instructions as to the proper method of cataloging and installing the Union township library. It was decided that as many of the committee as possible, and others interested, should attend the 13th district librarians' conference in Plymouth today.

Tootsie-Wootsies Come to Town.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Earl Zechiel, June 20, a boy.

—Born, June 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Ben Hickman, a girl.

—Last Sunday night's rain was a visit from Santa Claus.

—Earl Shaw and Freda Romig have received respectively a suit of clothes and a dress pattern offered by a Plymouth store to the boy and girl in each township who stood highest in their semi-annual school examination averages.

—Bill says that after he gets the drain finished at the south end of town he will make it his business to put in his time on the street looking after the automobiles. "And there are a few parties," he adds, "who are fixing things in fine shape to make a call on Judge Voreis."

GRAVEL ROAD BONDS SOLD BRINGING A GOOD PREMIUM

On Friday C. A. Reeve of Plymouth bought the three series of Union township gravel road bonds amounting to \$73,850.43, paying the county a premium of \$795.

There were six bidders, but two of them failed to accompany their bids with a certified check.

The three series were as follows: For two certain highways, \$9,552.80. For eight highways, \$41,875.63. For brick paving, \$22,058.

For the \$9,552.80 bonds premiums were offered as follows: C. A. Reeve of Plymouth, \$100; Fletcher Am. Bank of Indianapolis, 90; Marshall Co. Trust & Savings Co., 63; E. F. Parr & Co. of Chicago, 38.

For the \$41,875.63 bonds: C. A. Reeve, \$430; Fletcher American Bank, 425; E. Farr & Co., 368.50; Marshall Co. Trust & Savings, 287.

For the \$22,058 bonds: C. A. Reeve, \$265; Fletcher American Bank, 225; E. F. Parr & Co., 189.70; Marshall Co. Trust & Savings, 154.

Campbell & Co., brokers, Indianapolis, offered \$44 for the series.

The Evansville Securities Co. telegraphed: "Will pay par and \$1 per \$1000 premium."

Mr. Reeve gave a certified check for \$3,673.82, security for the taking of the bonds, that sum being 5 per cent of the issue.

The bonds bear 4 1/2 per cent interest and are non-taxable.

Family Reunion.

The Smith-Hittle reunion at Vandalia park Sunday was attended by 106 persons, and in spite of the heat the occasion was a most successful one in point of enjoyment. The officers elected were Geo. W. Smith of Plymouth president; Jasper M. Lake of Green township vice-president; Albert Wilson of South Bend secretary; Nora Hesel of West township treasurer; P. W. Smith of Plymouth corresponding secretary.

THE WEEK IN CULVER

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

—Harold Behmer is driving a new Ford car.

—The season for falling out of cherry trees will be nearly over this week.

—The Plymouth Presbyterian Sunday school will come to the lake today.

—Children's day exercises at the Zion church next Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

—"Generally fair during the remainder of the week," is the government report.

—Now that we have a woman superintendent of schools, will it be proper to call her "Prof.?"

—Contractor Bontrager of Elkhart broke ground Tuesday for the \$6,000 school house at Burr Oak.

—Leroy Hoff has been engaged as a teacher of one of the grades of the public school, probably the sixth.

—The Ladies' Aid are having the Evangelical church auditorium redecorated. With the addition of the electric lights the room will be handsome.

—A Medaryville man has a calf with eight legs. We are duly impressed, yet we have a feeling that if word should come from the East side of a leg with eight calves it would be more interesting.

—The town board is discussing the matter of numbering the lots of the town in anticipation of getting free delivery. With prompt action, it is thought that the service may be started by Sept. 1.

—Harry Poore is responsible for the statement that the three "butcher" shops—Poore's, Smith's and Parr's—will close at noon Saturday, July 4. They will remain open until a late hour Friday night.

—While no official notice has yet been received by the local post-office it is expected that the rural carriers will get a \$50 raise on July 1. This will bring routes 14 and 16 up to \$1130 and route 15 to \$1106 a year.

—Rev. J. F. Kenrich recently had the pleasure of officiating as master of ceremonies at the wedding of his classmate, Rev. O. W. Hankins, Methodist pastor at Leiter's Ford, and Miss Ida Polley, daughter of George W. Polley of that place. It was a home wedding and there was a large number of guests. Mr. Hankins and bride are popular in their home town and neighborhood.

COURT HOUSE IMPROVEMENTS ARE NOW NEARLY COMPLETED

The court house improvements are nearly completed, says the Plymouth Democrat. The marble and tile workers will be through this week; the painters have a little more to do and the plumbers have finished their jobs.

The offices are being cleared of the long accumulated dust and all the floors will be scrubbed. The county officers have placed back their old furniture, which does not make good comparison with the new improvements. The old furniture is being put in place for temporary use and the officials cannot make permanent arrangements until the new furniture arrives. But the boys are glad that the noise and dust has ceased; that material and workmen will not henceforth crowd the rooms and hallways. It has been a long, trying time of over six months, during which time each officer was compelled to move

out into another apartment, and this interfered to a considerable extent with the conduct of business.

Among the good improvements is that of the town clock, which can now be seen to tell the time both day and night.

Noisy Automobiles.

Every newspaper is asked, many times a year, to protest against the noisy automobiles.

Most of the noise is unnecessary, of course. That is why it is so exasperating. An automobile, properly handled by a competent person who is considerate of others, is not a noisy vehicle. It becomes a nuisance only when in the hands of the vainglorious or incompetent.

Much of the annoyance has been suppressed in Culver by the watchfulness of our large and industrious police force. The offenders are chiefly the Sunday visitors.

THE CULVER CITIZEN

ARTHUR B. HOLT, Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 One Year, in advance, \$1.00
 Six Months, in advance, .60
 Three Months, in advance, .35

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

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

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

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

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

CULVER, INDIANA, JUNE 25, 1914.

EXPIRATION NOTICE

IF YOU find this space marked with a blue pencil it means that your subscription expires with this number, and that our contract with you has been filled. If you wish to renew without missing next week's paper, remit promptly.

The income tax is said to be \$25,000,000 short of the treasury estimate. This is another demonstration of the fact that fortunes are overestimated, and also hard to uncover.

"The American people are no more immoral," says the Chicago Public, "and no more criminally minded than the people of other countries. Their disregard for law is due to the fact that the law has invited disrespect. Our cosmopolitan and heterogeneous population contains a large element of people so poor that they feel wrongs not redressed by themselves will not be redressed at all. And this legal suspicion and hopelessness has so permeated society that we have become 'the most lawless of all civilized people.' There is but one way to make our people law abiding: Make the laws just and administer them impartially. Quibbling must cease, technicalities must be brushed aside, and interminable delays must be brought to an end. The poor must stand upon the same footing before the law as the rich; and this fact alone requires that the judgment be speedy, and its execution certain. In a word, the law must be converted from an impotent relic of the past into an efficient agent of the present."

This is the way Tom Fitch, vice-president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, hands it to the unions:

"If you don't like the law, use your votes to change it. But while it is a law, drop the club and the knife and the gun and the bomb and obey the law. If there be a worker who has what you consider to be bad taste and the poor judgment not to belong to a union, you are not obliged to associate with him or greet him with friendliness when you meet. But you are under obligation not to assault or molest him. He may be, in your opinion, a scab, but he has a legal right to be a scab if he chooses. He has a legal right to work for whomsoever he pleases, and for whatever number of hours in each day he pleases. Persuade him to stand by his fellow workmen if you can. That is right. But keep your hands off him. You may be sure that if you attempt violence there will step to the front a deputy U. S. marshal who will say to you with a voice of 75,000,000 people and with the bayonets of an army behind him, 'Let that man pass to his labors.'

"I say to you, gentlemen, and I say it in all seriousness, that if this government is to endure, this thing must stop, for no government can permanently endure that long permits bands of insurrectionists to override the constitutional rights of its citizens, as this body of vampires has been doing."

POKEHEIMER TALES

He Discourses Learnedly Upon the Timely Subject of Automobiles.

(Citizen Special Service.)
 Automobiles is all right for business, but they is no good to respect a man's dignity, py cholly.

Last week I am drifting my new car down der street on, unt so nobody would know dot id iss der first time I haff owned a car, I am drifting mit vun steady handt nnd vun light heart. Purty quvick fife ladies pass me by unt I dake mine handt from der steering veel to say how dee doo mit mioe hat, und der car it chust turn quvick tovords der sidevalk. Ach Himmel, such excitementings! Der ladies screamt unt a perlicemans runs up und he say I was violating der peeces. Py cholly he vas right too. You would dink so if you saw that automobile, alretty. I schmashed into a hitching post unt dore off der whole front face of der machine. Violatin' der peeces! Ach! der vas noddings

but peeces to violate. Anyvay, for vy do we haff hitting posts ven eferybody has autymobeeles?

Some ladies drife autymobeeles aut git along chust finely. I guess id iss because dey is both so stuporn dot dey get along py each other, ain'd it?

Autymobeeles iss alright in pizness as vott I say before. I see by der paper in vhere a autymobeel in Chicago hauled fifteen tons off coal py vun time. I vunder for vy dey didn't take a full load.

Autymobeeles safes lots of lifes. Id safes der lifes of eferypody vot don't get in front of dem, don't id? Und py cholly you got to stay away from behind dem, too, vunce.

Mine uncle's wife she had her vun of dem electric coops, but ven I told her dey vas alright fer oldt bens soldt id und buys her a gadabout, vich iss more to her nature suited.

Real Estate Transfers

Louis Duenweg et al to Catherine Duenweg, qcd to lots in Rochester club ground and lots in secs 21 and 28, Union, \$1.

Phoebe Rockhill to A Holloway, pt sec 33, Tippecanoe, \$8000.

A Holloway to Phoebe Rockhill, pt same sec, \$4000.

F Seiders by heirs to J King, in sec 35, Polk, \$9000.

Wickizer-Bondurant Co. to A J Bottoriff, pt sec 4, Polk, \$6000.

Alice Seibert to A Thompson, in sec 9, Polk, \$3425.

Geo W Smith to J H Shary, in sec 21, Union, \$2500.

A Jones to R Jones, pt sec 33, Green, \$2000.

Q Cram to J Urschel, in sec 14, Walnut, \$3000.

OAK GROVE.

Mrs. E. E. Barnes, Correspondent.
 Mrs. Barnes stayed Sunday night and Monday with Mrs. Ferrell.

Levi Wise of Walkerton is here for a few days with his nephew, George Wise.

We had a big rain Sunday night. It was badly needed, and will save many a field and garden.

Mrs. Louis Davis took her little daughter to a Chicago hospital for treatment. Blood poisoning was feared.

Mrs. Maggie Wise got a new churn last week and is kindly churning this morning (Monday) for her mother and grandmother.

Sunday visitors: Mrs. Stephen Loy at her daughter Mrs. Ferrell's; Geo. Ferrell at his sister Mrs. Geo. Wise's; Mrs. Barnes at Geo. Wise's.

Mrs. A. J. Ferrell went to Ober on account of an accident to Will Ferrell's baby which fell off the porch and was badly hurt. It is some better.

They had a big meeting at Salem on Sunday, after which four were baptized—Mrs. Louis Overmyer and son, Mr. Warns and Miss Lydia Ransbottom.

Notice.

Persons having made pledges toward the dedication of the Hibbard Evangelical church are hereby notified that the first installment, due July 1, 1914, may be paid at the Exchange bank, Culver, or at Reed's store, Hibbard, or to either Rev. J. A. Tiedt, Rev. Philip Haney or me as treasurer.

It will be highly appreciated if persons having pledged sums of \$5 or less would pay them in full, if convenient.

Yours very respectfully,
 GLENN SNAPP.

Did Her Part.

Scene—Neighborhood of Town Hall, Time—5 a. m. A large crowd of fine ladies and gentlemen are coming away from a charity ball. A poor woman stands at the outer door, asking alms. A lady appears, attired in a white satin wrap, and quickly enters her carriage. "Would you be so kind as to give me a trifle? The lady pulls up the window. "Impossible! I have been dancing for you the whole night!"—Judy.

MAXINKUCKEE

Mrs. G. M. Woolley, Correspondent.
 The Spanglers were visitors in South Bend Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Milizer of Delong were Tuesday guests of their daughter, Mrs. R. L. Babcock.

Dr. and Mrs. Stevens have returned after a few days' visit with their daughter, Mrs. Edinger.

Millard and Harry Edinger are spending a few days with their grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. Stevens.

Mesdames Frank Parker, George Garver, Dow Rector and daughter Helen, Hallie Parker and children Dorothy and Frances, Mr. and Mrs. Flowers and Mr. and Mrs. King were Thursday guests of Mrs. Sarah Rector.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Calbert of Wabash, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Dudgeon and daughters Catherine and Ida of Indianapolis, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hissong and Dave Hissong came to the Cunningham funeral and were guests at Asa South's.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. Havens and little daughter Ruth at John Whittaker's; the South children with the Woodridge children; Mrs. Sallie Hissong at Ernest Benedict's; Geo. Brugh, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brugh and children Frances and Albert, and Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Babcock and daughter Gale at Geo. Spangler's; Marie Bigley at Alta Benedict's; Mr. and Mrs. Asa South at J. Whittaker's.

After all, the plain, common every day plug of a man, who pays his debts, is square with everybody and attends pretty closely to his own business, is about the best kind of a citizen. If there were more like him many of the cares and troubles of the world would be smoothed away and disappear.

Notice—Private Sale Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, executor of the estate of Michael Baker, deceased, in accordance with the terms of the last will and testament of the said Michael Baker, will on the 29th day of June, 1914, at 10 a. m. at his office in the Exchange Bank of Culver, Indiana, offer for sale for the best obtainable price the following described real estate situated in Marshall county, Indiana, to-wit:

Commencing at the the north-east corner of the south fifteen (15) acres of lot number two (2), in section sixteen (16), in township thirty-two (32) north, range one (1) east, thence west to the east line of the right-of-way of the Terre Haute & Logansport railroad, thence in a northeasterly direction along the east line of the right-of-way of said railroad to the north line of the south thirty and 60-100 acres of said lot number two (2), thence east to the east line of said lot number two (2), thence south to the place of beginning, containing three and one-half (3.5) acres, more or less.

Said sale to continue from day to day until all property is sold. The terms of said sale to be agreed on at the time the sale is made.
 WILLIAM O. OSBORN,
 m28w5 Executor.

DRS. CLELAND & EAGAN

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS

SOUTH BEND OFFICE—Citizens' Bank Building, 112 West Jefferson Street.
 CULVER OFFICE—Hartzell Residence, One Block East of M. E. Church.

Stop Torture

Lice stop hens laying and check the growth of young birds. You can easily get rid of all lice, mites and vermin with

Pratts Powdered Lice Killer
 5c and 50c and save money. Also the best insecticide for dogs, cats, plants and flowers. Refuse substitutes; insist on Pratts. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back. Get Pratts 100 page Poultry Book.

Sold and Guaranteed by T. E. SLATTERY

BANNER MAZDA LAMPS

10 Watts	30c
15 Watts	30c
20 Watts	30c
25 Watts	30c
40 Watts	30c
60 Watts	40c
100 Watts	70c

We will furnish any kind or size lamp you may need.

Rector's Pharmacy

The Rexall Store

W. S. EASTERDAY

Funeral Director and Embalmer

PRIVATE AMBULANCE

QUICK SERVICE

All Day or Night Calls Receive Prompt Attention

SUMMER OUTINGS VIA THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD

Illustrated booklet containing list of homes for summer boarders at points on the South shore of Lake Erie and other points on the Nickel Plate Road will be mailed free. Address F. P. Parnia, D. P. A., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Harness Shop

I am carrying the largest and best line of Harness and Horse Goods ever brought to Culver.

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

Shoe and Harness Repairing a specialty.

D. H. SMITH, Culver

FARMERS, TAKE NOTICE!

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

HENRY PECHER

Shop on Main Street Phone 138

HOUSEHOLDERS AND BUILDERS

Plumbing Goods Pumps and Hose

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

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5 Per Cent LOANS and Fire Insurance

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

"NYAL'S"

The name NYAL'S has become a synonym for the highest degree of excellence. No other line of standard preparations and sundries has ever approached it for uniform good quality and reasonable price. There is a NYAL preparation for every need—NYAL sundries for every requirement. Because of its uniform excellence and comprehensive assortment the NYAL line stands without a peer. We guarantee every article in the NYAL line to be exactly as represented.

Watch for our window display next Saturday, June 27th

SLATTERY'S DRUG STORE THE NYAL STORE

DON'T WASTE TIME trying to figure out why a black hen lays a white egg, BUT GET THE EGG

Purina Chicken Chowder is the greatest egg-producing feed in the country. Order a 25-cent Checkerboard bag today from

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CULVER CHAUTAUQUA July 17-24

**THE
LADY EVELYN**
—
A Story of To-Day
By
MAX PEMBERTON.

Author of "The Hundred Days," "Doctor Xavie," "A Gentleman's Gentleman," "A Pustian's Wife," Etc.

CHAPTER XX.
Lovers.

Gavin's belief that Evelyn would not make a confidant of him rested largely upon a knowledge of human nature, which the great and successful school of endeavor had revealed to him. Nor was he in any way mistaken. The intimacy of a peril, mutually dared and overcome, brought the man and the woman together as years of social intercourse could not have done. That very night they walked in the Italian Gardens of Melbourne Hall and spoke as freely as brother and sister might have done.

"I like your guest," Gavin began—and he referred to a young solicitor by name Gilbert Ray, who had come down from London by the afternoon train—"I like your guest. The fact that he is losing his hair is a point in his favor. When you think how much the head of a prosperous lawyer must carry, it is a wonder that there is room for any of the commoner emotions at all. Not a month ago, Sir Francis Sutton told me that he could look up half the great people in town, politicians included, by one turn of a little key in his safe. My fingers would be itching all day to open that safe if I were he. Just think of the blessings I should confer upon the halfpenny papers. A Cabinet Minister in the police court. They would leave the war out altogether next day. After all, the world takes nothing very seriously nowadays."

"Not even itself," said Evelyn, almost as one speaking with regret. "We are growing too cynical even to deceive ourselves, and that used to be the most pleasant of all amusements. But I agree with you about Mr. Ray. His face is an honest one. I wonder if it is any drawback to him in his business."

Gavin laughed, wondering perhaps at the flippancy of their talk and their mutual desire to avoid any reference earlier in the day that befell them.

"Honesty is always a drawback in certain professions," Gavin said, as they wandered away from the open windows to the darker shades beneath the yews; "an honest doctor would be in danger of starving, while an honest photographer would certainly go to the workhouse. Mr. Ray, at least, was honest in his desire to get rid of us. His remarks upon the beauty of the evening I found quite superfluous."

"My father is very anxious to talk to him," Evelyn said quickly. "I am sure you have remarked his abstracted manner since you came here. A stranger would notice such things at once. He is not well, and I fear is in great trouble. Mr. Ord. Perhaps he will tell Mr. Ray. I hope sincerely that he will do so."

"Then he has said nothing to you, Lady Evelyn?"

"He has said that which I find great difficulty in understanding. I wish it were otherwise. A woman is never able to estimate a man's danger correctly. There are so many things of which she takes no account."

"When she will not permit a man to help her. I am asking you to tell me the story, you see. It has been in my mind to do so for some hours past. Of course, I have known that there is a story. I should never regret coming to Melbourne Hall if I could be of the slightest use to you, Lady Evelyn. Will you not make me your friend?"

He drew her still farther apart, down to that very bridge he had crossed the night he came to the Hall; that night of weird hallucination and childish phantoms. Standing by the low balustrade (she half-sitting upon it and watching the eddies in the pool below), she spoke of Etta Romney and of a young girl whose dreams had sent her to London.

"I have always delighted to live in a world of my own making," she said frankly. "There are days together when I believe myself to be some one else and act and do that which I believe they would have acted and done. The theatre stood to me for a very heaven of self-deceptions. I read of it in books, dreamed of it in my sleep, tried to picture it as it must be. Oh, yes, I have spoken my own plays aloud beneath the trees of this Park so many days. I was Di Vernon, my Lady Beatrice, Viola, Desdemona, all the young girls you can name in the books. Sometimes I had the idea to run away and hide myself from everyone in that great picture land my visions showed to me. No one here could share my thoughts. My father adored me, but has never understood me. To him, I am the child of the woman he loved beyond anything on earth. He guards me as though some change would come upon me if he ceased his vigilance. Then irony appears and says it is my father who is changing. I have been aware of it ever since Count Odin visited us. These wild men have brought misfortune to our house and God knows where we are drifting. I thought at one time that if I married the Count that would be the end of everything."

"I can believe it no longer. My father is tempted to sacrifice me; but he would regret it all his life if he did so. Can you blame me if I think of London again—seriously and forever?"

Gavin answered her with difficulty. He knew so few of the facts of her story as yet that his common sense warned him to speak guardedly.

"I should be the last to blame you," he said slowly; "but surely there is an alternative? We take a desperate step when other and wiser roads are closed to us. Let me try to understand it better. Count Odin, you say, has some hold upon your father—"

"I did not say so, surely—"

"Then I imagine as much. He has some hold upon your father, obtained by that which happened in Bukharest many years ago. Do you know precisely what his claim is?"

"His father's liberty. The old Cavalier Georges Odin is a prisoner in one of the mines on the borders of the Black Sea. The Count declares that this is my father's work. I cannot tell you if it be true or false. If it is true, I will see that we leave no stone unturned to set Georges Odin free. I wish I could be so sure that his liberty will bring no peril upon my father."

"The men were enemies, then?"

"I have understood as much. They were rivals for my dead mother's hand."

"And your father profited by his enemy's political misfortune?"

"I must believe it, since he is afraid to give this man his liberty."

"A natural fear—in Roumania; not, I think, in England. Will you let me ask how your marriage with the young Count would help your father in his difficulty?"

"I do not know, unless it is assumed that as Georges Odin's daughter-in-law, I should pay the debt my father owes."

"And save him from a purely imaginary danger?"

"Would you think it purely imaginary when you remember the guests we entertain in our Park?"

"The gypsies—could the police say nothing to them? Remember we are living in England, where all the fine sentiments preached in Southern Europe are so many heresies to be laughed at. If a Roumanian were to challenge me to avenge the honor of my ancestors by cutting his throat in the Carpathians, I should put his letter among my curiosities. Vendettas and secret societies and sub absurdities have no place among us outside the theatre. That's why I say that this matter should be dealt with in an English way. If your father has done any man a wrong, he, as an English gentleman, will do his best to put it right. All the rest is merely talk. It should not even be taken into account, and would not, I think, unless there are circumstances of which I know nothing. That is why I speak with reservation. I know so little of your father, and he is one of the most difficult men to know that I have met."

Evelyn shook her head.

"Every man is difficult to know and every woman," he said philosophically; "those who seem most superficial are often the people we understand least. Here am I talking to you as I have never talked to anyone in all my life, and yet you know nothing about me whatever."

"I differ from that entirely."

"Indeed, it is true. If it were not, you would not have asked me why I let them say that I am going to marry Count Odin."

"You let them say it because it is too foolish to contradict."

"Nothing of the kind. I let them say it because my mother would have married his father had her wishes been consulted. Oh, I know that so well. Every day my inheritance speaks to me. I am afraid of him, and yet am drawn toward him. I detest him and yet go to him. Do you wonder that London seems my only way of escape—the theatre where Etta Romney can come to life again and Evelyn be forgotten?"

She spoke with some excitement as she always did when the silent voice within told her again of those triumphs awaiting her upon the stage in London whenever she had the mind to seek them. Gavin thought that he understood her; but her confession troubled him none the less. Almost formal as their conversation had been, there was that in the timbre of their voices, in their steps, their gestures, their looks, which declared the pleasure of their intimacy and would have betrayed the mutual secret to any who might have overheard them. Love, indeed, laughed aside at the prim phrases and the mock sophistries—and none realized this more surely than Gavin.

"I hope it would be as a last resource," said Gavin presently, still thinking of her threat to return to the theatre. "You must not forget that your friends may have something to say in the matter."

"My friends! Who are my friends?" she exclaimed hotly. "The chattering doctor, who is always looking for an excuse to feel my pulse. The vicar, who is so dreadfully afraid of his wife hearing the nonsense he talks to me. Young John Hall, who can speak of nothing else but Yorkshire cricket scores. I have no friends—unless it be the dogs."

Gavin drew a little nearer to her, and confronting her suddenly, he said: "Then here is a new breed of hound and one that will be faithful."

She turned away her head, forgetting that the darkness hid her crimson cheeks from him.

"I must not listen to you—I, who am to be Count Odin's wife," she said.

"You will never be Count Odin's wife," he rejoined. "I forbid it, you have given me the right. Listen to me, Evelyn. The night I came to Melbourne Hall, I heard a voice call-

ing to me as I crossed this very bridge. It was your voice. I looked over and I saw a face down there in the river and it was your face. That night I did not know why Destiny had sent me to this house. But I know it now, and it makes me say to you, 'I love you—I love you, Evelyn, and my love will save you.' When you tell me, it is not yourself speaking but another. I love you, and, before God, I will not rest day or night until I have saved your father and you from this shadow which has come upon your lives. It is yours to give me the right to do so—here and now, the right your heart bids you give me and you will not deny."

He took her hands in both of his and drew her toward him. She resisted him a brief moment; then suddenly, as though disguise were idle, she lifted her lips to his and kissed him.

"From myself," she said; "save me from myself."

CHAPTER XXI.
Zallyon's Son.

Gavin permitted her to escape his arms when he heard the Earl calling to them from the Italian garden above the river. A sense of exultation, of ecstasy no words could measure, possessed him as he watched the slim white-clad figure, here disappearing, there showing itself again between the ramparts of the splendid trees. She was his, henceforth and forever. All her beauty, her charm, her intellect, every grace of speech and manner had passed to his possession.

This stately girl of whom the country-side spoke as of some wondrous divinity, she had promised to become his wife; for him the warm kisses of her lips, the declared secrets of her eloquent eyes, the passionate ardor of her embraces. Yesterday he would have called himself a madman to have dared the meanness of the hopes which now might be regarded with equanimity. To-night he could recall them with that kind incredulity which even attends the first hours of such an avowal as this. What act or purpose of his life had brought him such a reward; why had she deemed him worthy? he asked himself. He was neither a vain man nor a fool. If he contemplated his good fortune with a just trepidation, none the less he believed himself to merit it. She loved him, and henceforth might claim his life. This was the whole lesson of the first brief moments of delight.

Gavin was far too excited to think of returning to the Castle; nor had he any wish to speak to the Earl until his own story presented itself to him in some reasonably plausible shape. Under other circumstances, he could have understood the anger and the impatience which such a declaration might bring upon him; but these he did not expect at Melbourne Hall. Robert Forrester seemed to him rather an aristocrat by accident than by birth. He, himself, would not in any case consider the dignity of his own life and calling as beneath that of one whose ancestors had been the best of London in the days of the Stuarts. He had the right of an honored name, of considerable achievement, and of his youth; and by these he claimed her. Moreover, the secrets of the Hall were now his own; and he understood that the forgotten years stalked as ghosts through the splendid chambers, speaking of passions outlived and of the aftermath to be garnered from their fields. Father and daughter alike were reaping that which had been sown in Bukharest more than twenty years ago. From his just judgment, from her birthright, it lay upon the stranger to save them. Gavin determined to begin his work that very night.

He had lighted a pipe when Evelyn left him, and with this glowing in the darkness, he set out, with no definite purpose in his mind, toward the gypsy encampment down in the hollow by the river. Behind him, Melbourne Hall stood up as a glittering palace of a wonder-world, its windows casting out their brilliant jets to make blacker darkness in the gardens, and many a picture revealed to speak of ancient centuries and the momentous history of the house. Ahead of him lay the moonlit park, the giant yews and elms, the matchless oaks, glades and dells, where from the elves should come unsurpassable avenues and all the beauty of the forest scene. Gavin walked on, however, oblivious of the night or its wonders. He had a vague idea that he might learn something from the rogues and vagebonds who had followed Count Odin to Melbourne Hall; and, with this idea indicating his path, he came presently to the thicket beyond which the encampment lay. There a sound of voices arrested his attention. Plainly, he said, a woman was speaking; and while the surprise of this discovery was still upon him, the music of a violin, weird and echoing, began to accompany the speaker in a song so plaintive that the very spirit of sorrow appeared to breathe in every note of it.

Gavin listened to the music spellbound, and yet a little ashamed of his position. No possible advantage to himself or others would have induced him to play an eavesdropper's part at Melbourne or elsewhere. If he lingered in the shadow of the thicket, it was because the music compelled him and he could not escape its fascinations. When the sound of the voice died away, he turned about to come at the encampment by another road; and then he became aware for the first time that he did not stand there alone. A pair of black eyes, shining like a cat's in the darkness, looked up at him as it were from his very shoulder. Returning their gaze, but not without a quickening pulse and some apprehension of danger, he could, at length, outline the figure of a man, slim and agile, and yet without a certain grace to be perceived even in such a light. That this fellow was

one of the gypsies he had no doubt at all. The clear moonlit night revealed the oval face, the restless eyes, the long, tapering hands of a Romany. Gavin remarked the hands particularly, for one of them was thrust into the bosom of a spotlessly white and clinging shirt—and that hand, he said, covered the hilt of a gypsy's knife. So it was to be a hazardous encounter after all. He understood too well that if he moved so much as a foot, this gypsy would stab him.

"Why do you watch us, sir?"

The English was execrable but the meaning quite plain. Gavin answered as abruptly:

"I am listening to your music."

The gypsy, utterly lost in his attempts to continue in a tongue of which he knew so little, stammered for an instant and then asked curtly: "Do you speak German, sir?"

"Possibly as well as you do; I have been three years in that excellent country."

"Please to tell me who you are, then, and why you come to his Excellency's house?"

Gavin laughed at the impertinence of it. Speaking in fluent German, he said:

"I might very well put that question to you. Shall I say, then, that I am not here to answer your questions. Come, we had better be frank with each other. I may be able to help you."

This was a new idea to the gypsy and one that caused him some perplexity. A little reflection convinced him that the stranger was right.

"Very well," he said, "we will talk about it. Come to my tent and Djala shall make us coffee. Why not be friends? Yes, we might help each other, as you say. Let us talk first and then we can quarrel."

He led the way through a path of the dell, powdering the ground with the golden dust of wild flowers as he went. The encampment had been enlarged considerably since Evelyn discovered it on the gypsies first coming to Moretown. There were no less than seven tents; and the biggest of these, the one to which Gavin's guide now conducted him, had been furnished with lavish generosity. Old silver lamps from the Hall cast a warm, soft light upon the couches and rugs about; there were old tapestries hung against the canvas; tables glittering with silver ornaments; a buffet laden with bottles and silver boxes. But the chief ornament was Djala, a little Hungarian girl, and such a perfect picture of wild beauty that Gavin stared at her amazed.

"Here is Djala," the guide said, with a gesture of his hand toward her. "I am known as Zallyon's son. His Excellency may have spoken of me."

"I know nothing," said Gavin simply. "Permit me to tell the young lady that she has a charming voice. I have never heard music that fascinated me so much."

"It is the music of a nation of musicians, sir. Please to sit down. Djala will serve us cigarettes and coffee."

The girl laughed pleasantly, showing a row of shining white teeth and evidently understanding that a compliment had been paid her by the stranger. When she had served the coffee and cigarettes, she ran away with a coquette's step and they heard her singing outside to the soft accompaniment of a zither. Zallyon's son smoked meanwhile with the contemplative silence of the Oriental; and Gavin, waiting for him, would not be the first to break the truce.

"So you have been in Germany, sir?"

"I was there three years," said Gavin.

"You know Bukharest, it may be?"

"Not at all, though a lady's book was on the point of sending me to the Carpathians."

"You should go and see my country; it is the finest in the world."

"I will take care to do so on the earliest opportunity."

"Make friends with my people and they will be your friends. We never forget, sir. That is why I am here in this English country, because we never forget."

"The best of qualities. . . They tell me that your father was his Excellency's friend in Roumania many years ago."

The gypsy looked at him questioningly.

"It is as you say, sir. They were brothers of the hills. When the houses burned and the women ran from the soldiers, then men said it is Zallyon and the English lord. There was another with them. He is in prison now—he who was my father's friend. Sir, I come to England to give him liberty."

Gavin was greatly interested. He drained the little cup of coffee, and, filling a pipe slowly, he said:

"What forbids your success?"

Zallyon's son looked him straight in the face.

"A lady known to us—she may forbid it, sir."

"You cannot mean the Lady Evelyn?"

"We will not speak of names. You have her confidence. Say to her that when she is false to my friend, Count Odin, I will kill her."

"But that is nonsense. What has she to do with it? Your affair is with the Earl, her father. Why do you speak of her?"

"Because there is only one door by which my father's friend can win his liberty. Let Georges Odin's son marry an Englishwoman and my Government will release him."

"That is your view. Do you forget his Excellency's influence? Why should he not petition the Government at Bukharest for the man's liberty?"

"Because, in that case, his own life would be in danger. We are a people that never forgets. I have told you so. If Georges Odin were at liberty, he would cross the world to find

his enemy. That is our nature. We love and hate as an Eastern people should. The man who does us a wrong must repay, whoever he is. It would be different if the young Count had an English wife. That is why I wish it."

Gavin smiled almost imperceptibly. "It is quite clear that you know little of England," he said. "This language suits your own country very well. Permit me to say that it is ridiculous in ours. If Lord Melbourne had any hand in your friend's imprisonment, which I doubt, he is hardly likely to be influenced by threats. I should say that you are going the wrong way to work. As to the Lady Evelyn, I will tell you that she will never be the wife of one of your countrymen. If you ask a reason, it is a personal one, and before you now. She is going to marry me. It is just as well that we should understand as much at once."

The gypsy heard the news as one who had expected to hear it. He smoked for a little while in silence. Then he said:

"I appreciate the courtesy of your admission. That which I thought it necessary to tell you at first, I must now repeat. . . this lady is the betrothed of my friend, Count Odin. I remain in England as the guardian of his honor. If you are wise, you will leave the house without further warning. My friend is absent, and until he is here I must speak for him. We do not know you and wish you no harm. Let this affair end as it began. You would be foolish to do otherwise."

Gavin heard the threat without any sign of resentment whatever.

"You are talking the language of the Carpathians, not of London," he said, with a new note of determination in his tone. "I will answer you in my English way. I have asked Lady Evelyn to marry me, and she will do so before the year is out. That is final. For the rest, I remind you again that you are not in Bukharest."

He rose, laughing, and offered his hand.

"Good-night," he said. "They will be anxious about me at the Castle."

It was the gypsy's turn to smile.

"I have dealt fairly with you," he said; "for that which is now to come, do not blame me when it comes."

"Too late is often never," replied Gavin lightly; and with that he left him.

The gypsy girl, Djala, had ceased to sing as he quitted the tent and the rest of the encampment was in darkness. But as he crossed the home park, a burly figure upon a black horse loomed up suddenly from the shadows and there was still moonlight enough for him to recognize the Earl.

"He is going to his gypsy friends," Gavin said to himself. "Then he knows that this brigand's son has spoken to me—ah, I wonder!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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

Old newspapers at the Citizen

Hot Weather Goods

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Obituary.

Nancy J. L. Hissong, daughter of John and Elizabeth Hissong, was born in Cass county, Ind., on April 23, 1857. She departed this life June 14, 1914, aged 57 years, 1 month and 21 days. She united with the Poplar Grove M. E. church many years ago, then took her letter and united with a church elsewhere, her friends not knowing just where she held her membership, but she always maintained her acceptance with God and expressed herself as prepared to meet death. She was married to Joseph Dudgeon Feb. 3, 1875. To this union were born three children—Enoch, Lillian and Frank. The two first died in infancy. She leaves her son Frank of Indianapolis, three brothers—Charles, Hamilton and David Hissong—four grandchildren and many other relatives and friends. Funeral services were conducted at Poplar Grove Tuesday afternoon, June 16, by Rev. A. L. Vermillion, as assisted by Rev. T. Whittaker.

Monument Park.

John McFarlin, who is caretaker for the Indian monument grounds at Twin Lakes, has set out fifteen more maple trees and mowed down the grass over the entire lawn. There is now fifty trees in the reservation space, which is as many as purposed to set out. Mr. McFarlin says that the trees in due time will afford ample shade for the park. He does not favor planting any more trees, as they would be too thick. Every year this park is growing into a more beautiful place, and when the various kinds of trees shall become of larger size this park will be one of the most beautiful places in the county. The allowance for the upkeep of the park is so small that it receives only part of the attention it should have. The grass has been cut twice this season.—Plymouth Democrat.

DELONG.

Leslie E. Wolfe, Correspondent.
Bert Young and Schuyler Johnson have new cars.
Fred Smethers has gone to South Bend to work.
Red Men's picnic at Leiter's JuRed Everyone come. on July 4. Everyone come.
All invited to M. E. ice cream social Saturday evening, July 27.
Mrs. Ralph Horgesheimer of Culver visited Mrs. J. O. Ginther Sunday.
Mrs. Mary Folk of Huntington is visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Whitacre, her parents.
A number of republicans from here attended the mass convention in Rochester Saturday.
Mrs. Elijah Bair of Kewanna died Sunday. Her daughter, Mrs. Leslie Shadle, lives here on a farm.
"Scotty" McMillan, a Vandalia local brakeman, going south Friday had a heavy piece of machinery fall on his foot and doubtless it is broken. A message was sent to Kewanna to have a surgeon meet the train there.

HIBBARD

Mrs. E. J. Reed, Correspondent.
Grandma Behmer is quite poorly.
Frank Lowry of Plymouth was on our street Sunday.
The church choir realized \$10 from the ice cream social.
John Kline and wife visited their son-in-law, Ed Clark, Sunday.
Porter Berlin and Mrs. Wise were among the Plymouth visitors Tuesday.
Mrs. Myrtle Sweet has taken a little girl from the Home in Indianapolis to raise.
Tracy Mosher and family announced their safe arrival in Arkansas Wednesday.
Well, the newly married people went to their new home the same evening they were married.
The Whittakers of South Bend were down Saturday evening to visit their relatives, the E. Lowrys.
Clifford Waite, wife and little Jane were at Cooper's Sunday, and the Jake Lichtenbergers at Reed's.
Mrs. Tressa Henry of Niles has been visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Klapp, for several days.

Huckleberries.

My huckleberry marsh will be open for pickers every Monday and Thursday. No water and fine berries. M. Bernhard, near Hibbard. j25w2

Hon. William E. Mason, Who Will Speak at Chautauqua



HON. WILLIAM E. MASON.

SENATOR MASON has served in both branches of the Illinois legislature and in both branches of congress and all of the time during the past thirty-four years has been a recognized power in state and national politics. From the day he entered the legislature on up to his service in the United States senate he has made one continuous fight against grafters, more modernly known as "jackpoters." Mr. Mason makes no claim to oratory, yet the late Speaker Thomas B. Reed stated that the "World's fair was located in the city of Chicago by a ten minutes' speech made by Mason of Illinois," and ex-Congressman Boutell, ex-minister to Switzerland, is authority for stating that the late Senator Hoar of Massachusetts said at a banquet in Washington that the most effective speech he had heard in his twenty-five years' service in the senate was a speech made by Senator Mason.
Senator Mason will appear on the Lincoln Chautauqua program in this city on the afternoon of the fourth day. The prelude will be played by the Royal Black Hussars Band.

MAN WHO MURDERS THE "BLUES" COMING

"A truly cheerful lecture was heard last night by a laughing audience from Mr. Thomas McClary at the Y. M. C. A. The lecturer spoke for two hours on the ministry of mirth and the gospel of cheerfulness and never allowed a dull moment to cloud his uninterrupted flow of humorous yet instructive words," says the Saskatoon Phoenix, 1914.
"The ministry of mirth, said the lecturer, helped to produce good health; beauty aided men and women over the hard places in life and was



the best possible advertisement and business getter. By thinking they were sick, people were doing the very thing to bring on sickness. 'Be cheerful: happiness is a great magnet. People will pay to be made happy, but never a five cent piece will they part with to be made miserable.'
"An atmosphere of friendly good humor radiated from Mr. McClary, and his jokes had a humor all their own in the way they were told. One of the best proofs of insanity is the inability to laugh."
Mr. McClary will appear on the Lincoln Chautauqua program in this city on the first day, afternoon and night. His prelude will be played by the University Players, a seven piece orchestra.

YOU'VE GOT TO SHOW ME SPIRIT

The Price Concert Company gave most excellent satisfaction to an audience of 1,500 who came in the Missouri spirit of "You've got to show me." Before the first number was through the audience turned from critical to enthusiastic, and all went home singing the praises of the Price Concert Company's program. They render a unique, versatile, popular and more than satisfactory program. We want the Price Concert Company for a return date.—Lafayette Bliss, Superintendent Independent School District, Virginia, Minn.
The Price Concert Company will appear on the Lincoln Chautauqua program in this city on the third day, afternoon and evening.

Rivals.
"We were rivals in a love affair."
"And you were the victor?" "No; I married the girl."—Houston Post.

YOUNG CHICAGO VOCALIST COMING

The Moline (Ill.) Dispatch says: "Miss Esther Pearson, the young Chicago vocalist, has a rich, full, dra-



MISS ESTHER PEARSON, SOPRANO
matic voice of wide range and power, colored with feeling and expression."
Miss Pearson will appear in this city on the Lincoln Chautauqua program on the sixth day. She is a member of the National Grand Opera Company, which will sing the preludes to Congressman Fred S. Jackson's addresses.

COLEMAN GREAT PLAYER, SAYS POST-DISPATCH.

Special mention is deserved by Edward Coleman, whose playing received merited applause. The remarkable versatility of the performer was shown in his expert playing of the sweet



voiced flute, the roaring saxophone, the gentle horn, the shrill piccolo and the martial cornet.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
Mr. Coleman is a member of the Conservatory Players, a company of musicians who appear on the opening day of the Lincoln Chautauqua program to be given in this city. The company will appear in preludes afternoon and night.

POPLAR GROVE

Mrs. Caroline Snider is having a new roof put on her barn.
Many people here are attending the Honeywell meetings in Argos.
Mrs. William Lowry visited her sister, Mrs. Ira Grossman, last Friday.
Mrs. William Loudon is quite sick. Her daughter Blanche has come from home to take care of her.
Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson of Michigan visited their nephew, Anthony Smith, last week. They attended the Smith Hittle reunion Sunday.
Mrs. E. Loser and daughter Edna went to Fort Wayne Friday to visit her son Russell who is a pharmacist in one of the Meyers drug stores.
Mrs. Caroline Snider received a message last week that her son-in-law, Adam Reish of Leiter's Ford, had a serious accident. While sawing wood with his son Donald the buzz-saw cut his left hand severely. A doctor was called to dress the wounds, who told Mr. Reish that he will not be able to work for a few weeks.
Iva Scott was married in the M. E. parsonage, Albany, Oregon, to Joseph Hayworth June 20. Miss Scott is a graduate of Plymouth high school and was a successful teacher in Union township. She taught in Montana and Oregon the last year. She will have her home at Harrisburg, Oregon. Her many friends here wish her a happy life in her Western home.

MOUNT HOPE

Miss Ethel Edgington, Correspondent.
Children's day exercises here on Sunday evening.
Mrs. W. H. Heeter spent Monday with her parents.
Dr. E. C. Leininger of Chicago is the guest of Miss M. M. Edgington for a few days.
W. W. Wilfret and family attended a birthday surprise dinner at George Truex's, near Jordan, Sunday.
Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. Ira Kline at Noan Wagoner's; Mr. and Mrs. Byron Carpenter of near Argos at Thompson's; Willie Cowen and family at O'Brien's; Mr. and Mrs. G. Cowen at F. Cowen's; Cliff Cowen and Norman Davis at Goodman's.

Old newspapers, any quantity, at the Citizen office.

NEWS OF LOCAL CHURCHES

EVANGELICAL.

The Sunday school will meet at the church at 9 o'clock and then go to the grove at the south end of the lake where Sunday school will be held, and where the report of the delegate to the state convention will be given. In the afternoon will be the Children's day service. All are invited. At 7 p. m. Y. P. A.; topic, Civic Reforms that Christians Should Promote, Isa. 1:10-20, leader Dessie McGinnis; preaching at 8. If the weather should be rainy Sunday school will be at the church.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Services as follows for the coming week: Sunday school, 10; morning worship, 11; Epworth league, 7; evening worship, 8; prayer and bible study Thursday, 8; choir rehearsal Friday, 8. Reception of members into the church at the morning worship. The Junior league is discontinued until September. The delegates who attended the district convention of the Epworth league will make their report at the league meeting on Sunday evening. We will use the Special Semi-Centennial Anniversary program of the Home Mission and Church Extension society in our next Sunday evening service. Come and hear what the church called Methodist has been doing in the way of establishing the church in the last fifty years. We expect some special music in connection with these services.

POPLAR GROVE.

Sunday school at 10; preaching by the pastor at 3. Come to the afternoon service. It only happens twice a month. The weather may be warm, but next winter it may be too cold to come. The weather is never just right to go to church like it used to be. Better go any way. It may help you to keep out of something hotter.
J. F. Kenrich, Pastor.

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