

PERSONAL POINTERS

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

Mrs. Nell Goss of Mishawaka is visiting her mother. Mrs. George Garn.

Mrs. Henry Speyer spent the week end canning cherries at Harry Dillon's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Bauer of Bement, Ill., are here on a week's visit to the Hayes family.

Mrs. Esther Guild returns to Florida today after spending a number of months in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Barkett of Mishawaka were guests on Tuesday of Mr. and Mrs. George Garn.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hand went to Howard City, Mich., yesterday. Mrs. Hand will take medical treatment from a specialist.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brooke of Watseka, Ill., have been visiting for the past few days with the family of their son, F. L. Brooke.

Floyd Davis and Leroy and Carrie Hoff attended the home coming picnic at Kewanna last Sunday. There was an attendance of about 500 people.

Mrs. E. T. Robinson and daughter Zetta of Burr Oak went to Kewanna Sunday for a visit with Mrs. Robinson's son who has a restaurant there.

John P. Walter, T. E. Slattery, S. C. Shilling, W. S. Easterday and Mrs. W. O. Osborn attended the conference of 13th district public librarians at Plymouth Friday, and secured valuable pointers for the installation of Culver's public library.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gillespie had the pleasure last Sunday of the company of Mrs. Gillespie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Paul of Gilead and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jones of Plymouth. You ought to have seen Grandpa Paul tending up to the little Gillespie!

Mrs. Frank McLane, Mrs. Ira McLane, Mr. and Mrs. P. R. McLane, and Henry Litzberger motored south of Peru Friday to call on a very sick friend, Mrs. Doretha King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ressler. Mrs. King died on Monday of tubercular peritonitis.

The Chautauqua.

The Chautauqua platform attracts the greatest minds and most splendid personalities of our generation. The audiences are invariably the cream of the community. They may differ in creeds, in politics, in social standards, in business relations, in ideas and ideals, but they are almost universally open minded. They are just that part of the general public which is most receptive to the big questions of current interest.

It is believed by leaders of thought that the Chautauqua movement is yet in its infancy. Over 3,000 programs will be given in various centers this summer. It is an institution destined to be a mighty factor in the future history of our country.

Matrimonial.

The marriage of Harry Young of Akron and Miss Louise Lutes of Wabash took place recently at the home of an uncle in Wabash. After a large wedding they left for Lake Wawasee where they are spending their honeymoon. They will reside in Akron with the parents of the groom. Mr. Young was an electrician in Culver.

Another New Teacher.

Miss Rose Moss has been engaged as domestic science teacher in the Culver school for the coming year. Her salary will be \$50 per month.

State Road System.

A definite movement to obtain better roads throughout Indiana was launched by Governor Ralston when he announced the appointment of a state highway commission to make a study of the road situation and recommend to the general assembly next January such legislation as it considers desirable.

Besides naming five commissioners to act as the executive body, the governor appointed an advisory commission of fifteen members. Every section of the state is represented on the advisory commission. Several of them are farmers, the governor believing that the rural districts especially should be well represented on any body suggesting road legislation.

Three political parties are represented on both the highway commission and the advisory commission. Eleven of the twenty members of the two bodies are democrats, six are republicans and three are progressives.

Cherry Tree Blight.

Within the last two or three weeks we have noticed with dismay the ravages of a worm or slug which fastens itself to the leaf of the cherry tree and eats away all the green substance, leaving only the white and transparent skeleton of the leaf, and in such numbers as to take nearly every leaf on the tree. The slugs are about half an inch long.

A few trees here and there have escaped, but by far the greater majority are disfigured in this way. The fruit of the earlier trees, maturing before the slugs got such a start, is all right, but the later cherries are prematurely ripened before they have reached full size. The Purdue experimenter should get busy and teach us how to begin early next year so as to forestall the destructive work of these slimy looking pests which will soon, if let alone, work irreparable damage to our trees.

Parent-Teacher Club.

The Parent-Teacher club will meet on Friday at 2 o'clock at the school house. Subject, Proper Clothing for Children.

- Underwear, Mrs. Speyer.
- Supporters, Mrs. Ollie Baker.
- Dresses, Mrs. Shilling.
- Aprons, Mrs. O. P. Smith.
- Pockets, Mrs. Bert Ralston.
- Economical Hints in the Clothing of Children, Mrs. A. J. Michael.

There will be no Fourth of July celebration for the town people as was contemplated, as the committees from the churches failed to respond.

GREEN TOWNSHIP.

Miss Mary Erwin, Correspondent.
Preaching at Gilead Sunday evening.

Preaching services at Santa Anna Sunday at 3:30

The youngest son of George Myers is seriously ill, with but little hopes for recovery.

The Honeywell evangelistic meetings closed at Argos Sunday evening with about 325 conversions.

Rev. Wren of Logansport was here last week and preached at Jordan church on Monday evening. He probably will be hired for the coming year.

Sunday visitors: Linton Quiveys at Earl Adams'; L. D. Personette and wife at Wm. Hittle's; Ben Shiremans and Abram Raders of Argos at Elmer Irvin's; Beulah Stevenson with Nova and Mary Irwin.

Culver City Club.

Will hold their regular meeting in connection with their sale, on the Rector Hotel lawn Thursday afternoon, July 2.

Delicatessen Sale.

By the C. C. club on Rector's Hotel lawn Thursday afternoon, July 2.

The new street sprinkler began its welcome rounds Tuesday.

LAKE SIDE GLEANINGS

Some Interesting Items Concerning the Summer Colony at Lake Maxinkuckee.

ON THE EAST SIDE.

Mrs. J. C. Schaf of Indianapolis will open her cottage this week.

Attorney T. J. Molls' family of Indianapolis are occupying Dr. Norris' cottage.

Mrs. Irvin Berndt of Chicago is visiting Mrs. G. C. Dent at the Capron cottage.

Mrs. Ketcham of Indianapolis is visiting her daughter at the Ketcham cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Heywood of Indianapolis are at Hame-wold for the summer.

Mrs. T. A. Stuart and Mrs. O. B. Stuart of Lafayette will visit at Idleden for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Rhodehamel and L. W. Rhodehamel are visiting at Sleepy Hollow.

Mrs. S. Rowland and son of Indianapolis were guests during the past week at Maple Grove House.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Barth and son Richard are the expected guests of the Wheelers at Shady Bluff.

Mrs. George Mannfield and her daughter of Indianapolis are occupying the Buckeye cottage for the summer.

Mrs. James Flanagan of Salem, Ohio, is a guest at Bide-a-wee. Her son James is attending the Summer school.

Jack Hann returned from Indianapolis Sunday after visiting his sister who was recently operated on for appendicitis.

A. E. Schad, one of the lake's most loyal friends, took possession of his cottage this week and will remain until late fall.

Mrs. C. C. Perry and daughter Ruth and Miss Stinson motored to Indianapolis and spent the fore part of the week there.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Fitch are guests at the Ketcham cottage. Lieutenant Fitch is an instructor in the Summer school.

Miss Emily B. Moores of Indianapolis arrived on Saturday for a month's visit with the H. H. Rices at the Peirce-Ward cottage.

Daniel and Alfred Glosbrenner opened the Wigwam Monday and the rest of the family came from Indianapolis yesterday to remain for the summer.

E. O. Washburn and daughter of Cincinnati, Charles Mann and a party of friends from Indianapolis, and Mrs. Kiefer and mother of Indianapolis are this week's guests at Bay View Place.

A. W. Wagoner's son, James Arthur, who will attend Summer school, arrived at the cottage Saturday. Mrs. Sarah Rhoades of Terre Haute is a guest of Mrs. Wagoner.

Mrs. Edward Taylor and children and Miller Ellingham of Indianapolis are at Mrs. Taylor's cottage for the summer. Mrs. William Allen Moore will spend a portion of the season with Mrs. Taylor.

An amateur presentation of "The Modern Way" was given at the home of Alfred Potts on Saturday evening. Those taking parts in the cast were Miss Irma Vonnegut, Miss Sarah Sheerin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Vonnegut, Captain Hunt, and two visiting gentlemen from Indianapolis and Lafayette.

ON LONG POINT.

Harry McSheehy spent Sunday at Idlewild.

Mr. Springer will return from Terre Haute Friday.

Mrs. F. C. Murphy and daughter of Logansport are occupying the Traut cottage for July.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Springer of Terre Haute and Mrs. L. C. Mc-

Alpine are visiting at the Springer cottage.

Mrs. F. A. Seeberger and daughter of Terre Haute are at their cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. I. J. Witamyer have returned to Muncie after a visit with their son at Shady Grove.

Mrs. Rodel and daughter of Terre Haute will arrive July 4 for a two weeks' visit with the Hornungs at Happy Hollow.

Earl W. Shaffer of Chicago, Carl Clawson of Logansport and Charles Humesey of Plymouth were over Sunday visitors at Shaffer's.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Duenweg with Mrs. Smith, a guest, motored from Terre Haute Saturday to occupy Mr. Duenweg's cottage, Idle Ease.

The Webster and Falrath cottage is being occupied for the week by Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Howe and Miss Evelyn Parker of Decatur and Mr. R. S. Thorp of Chicago.

The McSheehys, who were at Idlewild, returned to Logansport. J. J. Campbell and family of Logansport took possession of the cottage Wednesday for the season.

The following were guests at Chadwick's during the past week: Harry Routh and friend of Logansport; Walter Seeberger, Frank Comath and wife, H. E. Bendlig, all of Terre Haute; N. H. Keyser, C. E. Colip, South Bend; H. A. Brutz, New Albany; J. J. Walsh, C. J. Brown and wife, J. E. Killen, E. M. Blasur, E. A. Lawson, Indianapolis; F. D. Lamson, J. B. Bowell and wife, Plymouth; C. R. Michael, A. C. Plank, Walter Duenweg, A. E. Veal and son, Logansport; Charles Medbourn and wife, Myrtle Medbourn, Harry Poore and wife, Culver.

ON THE ASSEMBLY GROUNDS.

Mrs. Claime returned to Lebanon after a visit with Mrs. Jones and daughter.

C. H. Thomas claims the credit of having rid the lake of 29 dog fish. They would weigh, he says, close to 100 pounds.

George Griffin and wife and Dr. F. A. Tucker, wife and daughter of Noblesville are at the Lookout cottage for two weeks.

Base Ball Dope.

The game last Sunday between the Culver second team and the Plymouth Busy Bees ended with a score of 18 to 1, Culver scoring the 18 points. The first team game was canceled as Leiter's Ford failed to appear.

A Barn Raising.

Jasper Lake raised a barn for Lewis Overmyer last week. It was a bank barn, 40x72, and was raised in 3 1/2 hours without an accident. A bountiful dinner was served and Mr. Overmyer treated the boys to cigars and refreshments.

POPLAR GROVE

The Asa Souths dined with their cousin, George South, Sunday.

Mrs. S. M. Snider of Richmond visited Mrs. Caroline Snider last week.

Mrs. Mary Kreighbaum lost a valuable cow last week with milk fever.

The Ladies' Aid will give an ice cream social at the church Thursday night.

Chicken thieves took 269 chickens from Bert Carlisle. Bert would like to meet them.

Mrs. R. E. Wickizer went to Morocco and Lafayette to visit her sister and mother.

Sunday afternoon was cool and pleasant and the people listened to a most excellent sermon by Rev. Kenrich.

Death of Lucretia Joseph.

Lucretia, the 20 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Joseph, living on the Yellow river north-west of Culver, died at 6 o'clock Sunday morning of tubercular meningitis after an illness of two weeks. The funeral was held at Burr Oak Tuesday afternoon. Tubercular meningitis or consumption of the spinal cord, is frequent in children, but rare in adults. Miss Joseph lived in Dr. Norris' family last winter.

Lucretia Erdine Joseph was born August 7, 1894, and died June 28, 1914, aged 19 years, 10 months and 21 days. She leaves to mourn her death father, mother, Grandfather and mother Joseph and two brothers, Dwight Lelland and Allen David, and a host of other relatives and friends. One sister, Gladys Gertrude, has preceded her to a better world.

Sarah Jane Roush of Berrien Springs, Mich., who had been keeping house for Reuben Kaley, died June 30, having been sick only four days. She was about 60 years old. The body was taken to Berrien Springs by her daughter, Mrs. Ida Heim, and sister-in-law, Mrs. D. Mayer, who arrived in time to see her depart this life. They wish to thank the neighbors and friends for kindly assistance.

SAMUEL A. KALEY.

Died in Panama.

Clarence Hobson, a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hobson of DeLong, was operated on for gall stones June 6 and died the 11. He was a steam shovel engineer until recently when he went into the dairying industry. He leaves a wife, two small sons, a mother and father, a brother Stephen, and a sister Mrs. Ellsworth Edgington. His wife, a former resident of Massachusetts, is bringing the body back to New London, Ind., where the funeral will be held July 5. Mrs. Hobson left Panama June 25 and will arrive at New York July 2 or 3. Mr. Hobson was three years in the coast artillery in the U. S. army. He was a Mason. The bereaved relatives wish to thank the people for the kindness extended to them.

Horse Fell Fifteen Feet.

Perry Sarber of near Rutland lost his fine driving horse recently. She was in the upper part of the barn and the back door being open she ran out and fell about 15 feet. She was so badly crippled that she had to be killed.

LIGHTNING DESTROYS U. B. CHURCH AT BURR OAK

On Friday afternoon, about 4 o'clock, during the heavy storm which passed over the northern part of the county, the United Brethren church at Burr Oak was struck by lightning and burned to its foundations.

Witnesses say that it looked as if a ball of fire dropped upon the tower, and almost instantly smoke appeared. The ball of fire and the smoke were seen not only by those in the close vicinity, but by farmers who were hastening in from the fields to escape the storm.

Ladders and buckets were called for, and some water was thus got on the fire in the tower, but the flames broke out all along the ridgepole, showing that the lightning had taken its way the length of the building, and it was soon evident that it would be hopeless to attempt to stop the fire. Within half or three-quarters of an hour the frame building was in ashes.

The church was erected 15 years ago and was valued at \$1,500 to \$2,000. Up to within two years an insurance of \$1,200 has been carried, but it had not been renewed, and the congregation will have to make an entirely new start in the matter of finances. The membership of the church is

THE WEEK IN CULVER

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

—Jess Crabb has recently given his Ford a glistening coat of red paint.

—Sam Buswell's home, which always looks neat, is being made still more attractive by the repainting of the house.

—Hunt, the tea man, has occupied the house vacated by J. G. Beck, and Harold Buchanan has rented the house vacated by W. D. Ralston.

—The second annual summer camp for the poor boys of the city will be opened next Saturday on the VanSchoiack farm, under the auspices of the academy. The boys will come this year from Indianapolis. The first installment of 35 will remain two weeks, to be followed by an equal number for another two weeks.

—In a smash up on South Michigan street, South Bend, Monday afternoon, resulting from a street car failing to respond to the brakes and being struck by a Lake Shore train, Mrs. V. A. Gandy, sister-in-law of O. A. Gandy of Culver, had her collar bone broken. The car was broken to pieces and ten passengers were hurt.

—Culver ladies are well-known as flower lovers, and many homes show evidence of artistic taste in the blooms which beautify lawns and gardens. The tendency toward porch boxes is quite marked this season. The casual stroller about town finds the pleasure of his walk considerably enhanced by the masses of color which brighten the front of scores of homes in all parts of the town.

So Do We.

We admire a public official who has stamina enough to do what he thinks is right regardless of whether or not it will make votes for him. He may not hold the office but one term but the people will always remember him as a man who had the nerve to do what he thought was the right thing while he was there and he will win friends by it in the long run.—Logansport Chronicle.

about 50. Rev. Brock of Donaldson is the pastor. The trustees are Austin Drucker Miller, M. L. Voreis and John Henderson. They are wideawake men and will soon have a movement under way for rebuilding. It is probable that the new church will be constructed of cement blocks.

Sunday school and young people's meeting were held in the school house last Sunday, and services will continue as usual.

It is a singular coincidence that within the short period of four years both of Burr Oak's churches have been destroyed by the same cause.

The storm of Friday afternoon was unusually severe along the north line of the county. S. O. Wright and his hired man were badly hurt when the barn blew down upon them, 4 miles northwest of Plymouth. In Bourbon and vicinity the damage was serious. The farm house of Mathias Kitch was blown to pieces, the barn of S. C. Ferguson was blown away, Charles Wood was hit by a flying tree limb and badly hurt, Dale Becknell had an arm broken by being blown from a building and Mrs. Willard Stine had three ribs broken.

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CULVER, INDIANA, JULY 2, 1914.

PAY OF TRANSLATORS.

Some Foreign Books Turned Into English for From \$25 to \$100.

The industry of translating foreign authors into English has grown amazingly in the last fifteen years. Before that time there was comparatively a small demand by American readers for the writings of foreign authors, except, of course, the famous writers.

Commercialism had little to do with the early translations, most of which were accomplished as a labor of love on the part of certain English literary men.

Now the situation is changed. At the present time nearly every novel of prominence published abroad is printed also in English. Every one that makes a hit is snapped up immediately and thrown upon the American market.

As the quantity of translation from foreign authors increased the quality declined. At first the work was done by men of ability who had a thorough knowledge of the language they were dealing with. Now this branch of literature has become mere drudgery and is confined to writers who work with open dictionary.

From \$25 to \$100 is paid nowadays for the translation of a foreign book. Some of these contain from 300 to 600 pages, and an energetic translator can accomplish his task in a few weeks. Keeping in mind the payment he is to receive, he hustles through the work as rapidly as possible, with the natural result.

As soon as an author makes a hit abroad his works are thrown into type here one after another as quickly as they can be turned into English. The translator and printer alone read them, and in many cases there is no criticism passed upon the execution of the work.

One woman in New York has been known to translate at the rate of eighty typewritten pages a day, and during one week she succeeded in filling a contract calling for the translation of two three hundred page books in French.

Some years ago when Belot's 'Strangers of Paris' made a hit broad, a cheap publishing house in New York began printing the author's other books. A writer who was noted principally for his speed as hired to take the work and he received \$35 for each book he translated. From six to ten days was all that was required to accomplish the translation of a volume.

There are scores of men and women in New York working for \$30 or \$40 a week translating the sensational ranch books of the cheaper sort, here is a continual demand for these novels because they are generally regarded as darning.

Big Sailfish on French Coast.
 A huge sailfish, a fish rarely met with in the Atlantic, has been captured by fishermen off Concarneau and wed to that port. The first measure eight meters long and four feet in circumference and weighs or tons.

The fishermen are greatly disturbed over the presence in the vicinity of the fish's female companion, who followed her captured throughout the whole of the night was being towed to port.—Le Garo.

Indianian Raises Trees for Canes.
 Theodore W. Burkham, a farmer living on a large tract of fertile land at Lawrenceburg Junction, has set several hundred young trees of a peculiar variety and a number of them will be devoted to them. When the trees have obtained sufficient growth they will be sold to be made into umbrella handles and canes.—Lawrenceburg Correspondence Indianapolis News.

Complimenting the Modern Girl.
 The girl of to-day is extremely impatient of compliments which outrun her own estimate of herself. On the other hand she loves to be told she is a good golfer or a fine shot or a good companion. The focus seems to be shifted from her appearances to her capacities, which is a healthy sign.—Gentlewoman.

EGGS BY PARCEL POST

The Department of Agriculture Offers Valuable Suggestions to the Shipper.

Washington, D. C., June 11—That eggs can be marketed successfully by parcel post and that this method frequently secures a better price for the producer and a fresher article for the consumer has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the experts in the U. S. department of agriculture. The department conducted tests that covered a period of five months. At the end of that period it came to the conclusion that the parcel post was of particular value to the man whose flock was too small or who lives too far from the express station to permit him to ship his eggs in the regular commercial case which holds thirty dozen eggs.

In the course of the experiments the department shipped 9,131 eggs in 466 lots. Of these 327 or slightly less than 3.6 per cent were broken, but only 209, or slightly less than 2.8 per cent were absolutely wasted. The others, the broken, could still be used. The percentage of breakage, moreover, will be greatly reduced, it is said, when the employees of the post office become more accustomed to handling such fragile matter.

That the eggs should be properly packed is of course essential. This implies time, care and some expense, and is one reason why no attempt should be made to market by parcel post any but the finest quality of eggs, for they alone will bring remunerative prices. Moreover, if the customer who buys in small lots finds that any considerable portion of his purchases is undesirable or even unattractive in appearance, he will not trouble to ask for deduction on that account; he will simply discontinue his orders. The producer, therefore, must see to it that all the eggs the postman delivers are what he represents them to be.

This can be done by candling them. Candling, "the process of testing eggs by passing light through them so as to reveal the condition of the contents," is omitted by many producers, who rely on care in collecting to eliminate all bad eggs. It is, however, impossible to avoid an occasional accident and candling is therefore advisable as an extra precaution.

If possible only infertile eggs should be sent to market. Fertile eggs deteriorate rapidly in warm weather and are the cause of much loss. A broody hen on the nest or accidental exposure to a high temperature may start incubation and cause the egg to spoil and injure the shipper's reputation. This is also true of spoiled eggs. Eggs should never be washed when intended for high class trade, since the process removes a natural mucilaginous coating and opens the pores of the shell.

The eggs that remain should be carefully packed in a container of corrugated pasteboard, metal or other suitable material. The post office regulations require this container to be so wrapped that nothing can escape from the package and each egg in addition to be wrapped separately in excelsior, cotton or some such material. Any soft paper serves the purpose quite well. As for the container itself, there are many kinds on the market and the department of agriculture investigators have not attempted to decide which is the best. Instead they refer inquirers to the various state experiment stations which have available information on this question.

Ordinarily eggs weigh about 1½ pounds a dozen, which with the additional weight of the wrapping and container, would make a package of a dozen eggs weigh between two and three pounds. The postage on this would be about 7 cents. If another dozen eggs be included in the package the postage would not be more than 9 cents, or 4½ instead of 7 cents a dozen eggs.

To the value of the eggs and the cost of postage must be added the cost of the container and the wrapping. For two dozen eggs this may be estimated at 8 cents. With postage at 9 cents it would, therefore, cost 17 cents to market two dozen eggs, or 8½ cents a dozen. By shipping in ten dozen lots it is estimated that the marketing cost can be reduced to 4 7/8 cents a dozen.

Where the container can be used more than once this cost can of course be somewhat reduced. Large sized containers will stand from two to four trips, smaller ones three to five; so that it will pay the producer to induce his customers to return the containers periodically. The postage for this is, of course, deducted from the bill for the next shipment.

The only drawback to marketing eggs by parcel post appears to be the time and trouble involved in packing them. This is compensated for by the extra price that can always be obtained for products that are absolutely reliable. At bottom, therefore, the shipper's success depends upon the care with which he safeguards the reputation of his products. Satisfied customers will soon build up his business for him. Any postoffice will furnish complete information in regard to regulations and rates.

The results of the U. S. government's investigation of the matter have been published in farmers' bulletin 594 of the department of agriculture, which will be sent free on request.

OAK GROVE.

Mrs. E. E. Barnes, Correspondent.
 Mrs. A. J. Ferrell and E. E. Barnes spent Monday afternoon with Mrs. Kemp.

Stephen Loy was threshing the last of the week. The rain hindered them greatly.

Everybody has been picking cherries for the last week, and there was a bounteous crop.

Corn and cowpeas are doing fine, and those who did not get their planting done made a mistake.

We had an electric storm Friday that did much damage. It tore down a small building on G. Kemp's place.

Mrs. Louis Davis, who took her little girl to a hospital in Chicago last week, has returned and the child is much improved.

Mrs. G. Wise was a visitor in Ober on Tuesday to see her sister-in-law, Mrs. Ethel Ferrell, who is very poorly. The baby who was hurt is gaining slowly.

Mrs. E. E. Barnes took supper with G. Wise and wife Saturday night, then Mrs. Barnes spent the night with Mrs. A. J. Ferrell, and on Sunday Mrs. Ferrell took her over to Ober, from which place Mrs. Barnes will leave for her home in Warsaw.

Real Estate Transfers.

Chas M Walker and wife w d to Henry Hepler w hf of s w q r 21 32 2 Green tp—\$4800.

Wm H Dipert et al w d to Gust Peterson part of s w q r 7 34 1 Polk tp—\$1800.

Enoch L Newcomb and wife w d to Frank Gibbins part of n w q r 33 32 1 Union tp also part of n w q r 31 32 2 Green tp—\$5000.

Chateaubriand's Early Struggles.
 A new discovery has been made about Chateaubriand: nothing less than that he once sold stockings on commission. It was in 1790, when he was still an officer in the royal service. He had a debt of honor, amounting to £200. He wrote to a distant relative, one La Morandais, who manufactured stockings in Switzerland, appealing for help on the ground that he must either pay that debt or blow his brains out.

La Morandais, instead of sending him money, sent him 169 dozen pairs of stockings, offering him a liberal commission if he would sell them among his distinguished friends. He gratefully accepted the offer and succeeded in disposing of the merchandise. There is reason to believe that he managed to plant a good deal of it on the stores department of his own regiment.—Westminster Gazette.

OPIE READ SAYS NO SWEETER VOICE

"There is no sweeter voice on the American platform, which means the platform of the world," says Opie Read. "Lyric and tragic, with depth of purest and most sympathetic emotion, she plays upon the heart as Welsh Ab Thomas played upon the harp. Naturally endowed and cultivated, she steals the sweetest secret of your bosom, warms it into throbbing melody and gives it back to you."



HAZEL FOLSOM-DAGGY.

Hazel Folsom-Daggy will appear with her company on the Lincoln Chautauqua program in this city on the fifth day, afternoon and night. With her are Miss Helen Dodge, violinist; Mr. Carl Lindgren, bass-cantante, and Miss Gertrude Palkinsky, pianist.

Huckleberries.

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

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Big Culver Chautauqua July 17 — July 22

THE LADY EVELYN

A Story of To-Day
By
MAX PEMBERTON.

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

CHAPTER XXII.

A Spy from Bukharest.

It is an English characteristic to deride the Europe code of social ethics and especially those fine heroics which attended the vindication of what is so often mis-called "honor." Whatever else Gavin Ord lacked, sound common sense he had abundantly; and that came to his aid when he returned from the gypsy's tent to the Manor and debated the odd interview which he had so abruptly terminated. These men, he said, were mere braggadoos; but they might be dangerous none the less. Of Count Odin he knew nothing; but his antipathy to all counts was ineradicable, and he had come to number them together as so many impostors, valiants, and bankrupts. This habit of thinking first led him to the supposition that Lord Melbourne, his host, had been the victim of a little band of swindlers and was about to be blackmailed by them as few even of the most unfortunate degenerates are blackmailed, even in this age of accomplished roguery.

"It is a hundred to one old Georges Odin is dead," he argued; "this son of his got the story somehow and came over here to make what he could by it. The Earl has lost his nerve, and his love for Evelyn is betraying him into cowardice. I shall see him and tell him the truth. If they fire off pistols at me, I must take my luck in my hand. There may be a deeper story—if so, I shall find it out when the time comes. I am now to act for Evelyn's sake and think of no consequences which do not concern her. Very well, I will begin to-morrow and the Earl is my first step. He shall hear everything. When he has done so, I shall know what to do."

He slept upon this, but it was a broken sleep whose interludes found him sitting up in bed listening for any sounds in the house, and repeating in spite of himself the gypsy threats. He could not forget that some one had watched him in his sleep when first he came to Melbourne Hall; and this unforgotten figure his imagination showed to him again, telling him that it crossed the room with cat-like steps or breathed upon his face whenever his eyes were closed. His natural courage made nothing of the darkness; but the suggestion of unknown and undisclosed danger became intolerable as the night advanced; and at the very first call of dawn, he drew the curtains back and waited with a child's longing for the day. When this at length broke above the night's mists floating up from the river, Gavin rose and put on his dressing-gown, being quite sure that sleep had, for the time being, deserted him. True, his odd hallucination that some one was in the room with him no longer troubled him; but certain facts disquieted him none the less, and of these, the belief that his wallet and his papers had been ransacked during the night was not the least alarming. He felt sure that he could not be mistaken. A man of method, he remembered clearly how he had placed his papers and in what order he had left them. Whoever had played the spy's part had done so clumsily, forgetting to reclass the wallet and leaving the dressing-table in some disorder. This troubled Gavin less than the knowledge that some one had, after all, watched him while he slept and that his dream had not deceived him. "They take me for a spy from Bukharest," he said, "and he could laugh at the delusion."

It would have been about five o'clock of the morning by this time; a glorious hour, full of the sweet breath of day and of that sense of life and being which is the daydawn's gift. Gavin knew little of the habits of grooms, save that they were the people who were supposed to rise with the sun; but when an hour had passed he went out impatiently to the stables, and there the excellent William found him a "rare old devil of a boss" and one that "came just short of winning the National, to be sure he did." This raw-boned cantankerous brute carried him at a sound gallop twice round the home park; and, greatly refreshed, he returned to the Hall and asked the apologetic Griggs if the Earl were yet down. The answer that "his lordship was awaiting him in the Long Gallery," hardly surprised him. He felt sure that the recognition last night had been mutual.

"Zallony's son has told him," he said; "very well, I will go and ask him to give me Evelyn."

The Earl sat at a little table placed in one of the embrasures of the Gallery. He had aged greatly these last few weeks, and there were lines upon his face that had not been there when Gavin first came to Moretown. A close observer would have said that the habit of sleep had long deserted him. This his eyes betrayed, being glassy in their abstracted gaze and rarely resting upon any object as though to observe it for more than an instant.

band indicated a chair drawn up near the table. The Earl was the first to speak and he did so with averted gaze and in a loud voice which failed to conceal the hesitation of his words.

"I hear of your unfortunate accident for the first time, Mr. Ord," he said slowly. "Let me implore you to run no more risks of the kind. The Belfry Tower is too old to write new histories."

Gavin replied with an immediate admission of that which he owed to Evelyn's bravery.

"But for your daughter, my lord," he said, "I should not be here this morning to speak to you of very grave things. Please do not think me insensible of your kindness if I mention that at once. I have asked Lady Evelyn to be my wife and she has given her consent. Naturally I tell you of this upon the first possible occasion. You know something of my story, or you would not have paid me the compliment of asking me here. I have an assured income of some two thousand a year, and, with your friendship, I should double it in as many years. That is a vulgar statement, but necessary. My father was Lord Justice Ord, as you possibly knew; my dear mother is the daughter of Sir Francis Winton, of Audley Court, Suffolk. These things, I know, must be talked about at such times, so please bear with me. I am sure that Evelyn would wish me to continue in the profession I have chosen, and, with your consent, I shall do so. There is nothing else I can tell you if it is not to say how very deeply I love your daughter and that I believe her love for me is not less."

The Earl heard him without remark. When he had finished he made no immediate response, seeming to lack words rather than decision.

"Mr. Ord," he said at length, "you had every right to speak to Evelyn. I make no complaint of it. But she cannot be your wife, for if she is not already the betrothed of another, there is at least an honorable understanding that she will make no marriage until he has been heard again. This affair must begin and end today. If I am no longer able to ask you to remain my guest here, you will understand my difficulty. I cannot answer you in any other way. For your sake I wish indeed that I could."

Gavin had fully expected this; but it did not disconcert him in any way. The battle which he must wage for Evelyn's sake had but begun. Setting himself in his chair and looking the Earl full in the face, he said:

"Does Lady Evelyn know of this, my lord? Is this the answer she wishes you to give me?"

"In no sense. But I speak as one who consults her interests before all things."

Gavin smiled perceptibly.

"Forgive me, Lord Melbourne," he said; "but all this is so very characteristic of your house and its history. A hundred years ago it would have sounded well enough and I should have called a coach obediently as any gentleman of those days would have felt obliged to do. But we live in the twentieth century, my lord, when men and women have learned the meaning of the word liberty when the desires and schemes of other people—"

"Schemes, Mr. Ord—"

"No other word is possible. You do not desire the marriage for purely selfish reasons. I am not impertinent enough to inquire into them, but Evelyn has told me something, and the rest I deduce from the answer you have just given me. To save yourself, my lord, you would marry your daughter to a scoundrel, who is known for such in his own country and ours; and, when you did it, some false logic would try to tell you that it was for the sake of your home and name; while all the time it is done to save you some inconvenience, some penalty you should in justice pay to the past. I am not so blind that I cannot see the things which are happening all around me. Evelyn's consent to my proposal gives me this right to speak plainly to you, in her interests and my own. Would you not be wiser, my lord, to deal with me as I am dealing with you—to tell me in a word why this stranger can coerce you when an Englishman is answered in a word? I think that you would. I think it would be well if you said, 'Here is a man who wishes to be my friend and will be so regardless of the consequences.'"

The boldness of his utterance found the Earl altogether unalarmed. Under other circumstances he would have rung the bell and ordered a carriage for Mr. Gavin Ord; but the whole problem was too full of perplexities for that. It may be that Lord Melbourne was fully alive both to the truths and falsehoods of his position. He had done a man a great wrong and that man's son had crossed Europe to bid him right the wrong and act justly. How easy would it all have been if Evelyn had loved this son and married him! No story then to delight a scandal-loving multitude; no fear, growing upon weak nerves, that the man who had suffered might avenge his wrong. Yes, Evelyn could save him . . . and here was a stranger who forbade her to do so.

"You speak very freely," he said to Gavin presently. "I will do you the justice to believe that you also speak honestly. If Evelyn has told you anything, it will be that Count Odin is the son of one of my oldest friends."

"I have learned that from two sources," said Gavin. "Will you let me add, my lord, that you are probably speaking of a man who is dead?"

The Earl started and looked up quickly.

"Have you any knowledge of that?"

"None whatever, but I have heard of Count Odin's story."

pose; neither better nor worse—"

"While, for the daughter you love, you would have chosen just such a man. Is that so, my lord?"

Here was a shrewd hit, going straight to the heart of one who, for fifteen long years, had striven to shield his daughter from that which her dead mother's genius had bequeathed to her—the life and passion of the East; the nomad's craving for change and excitement; the gift and tinsel of the theatre. Yes, truly, they had been years of self-sacrifice and of ceaseless vigil to end in this spectre of youth reborn and of vengeance awake.

"Mr. Ord," he said, "I perceive that my story is known to you. Your judgment of me is what the world's judgment would be if half the truth were known—and, remember, it is rarely more than half a truth that the world comes to possess. I am acting, you say, not from a desire to do the best for my daughter, but to shield myself. It may be so, for men are blind enough when their own salvation is at stake. At the same time, there are reasons other than these, and such that you will hardly discover. I believe it is very necessary to Evelyn's happiness that this story shall be hushed up, for the time being at any rate. But I have made no promises to Count Odin other than those you know. If his father is still a prisoner in the mines at Yollaka, then I will do my best to obtain his liberty when I have assurances that such liberty will not be used to my disadvantage or to Evelyn's. I tell you upon my word as an Englishman that I am guiltless of such knowledge. When he fought with me in Bukharest, more than twenty years ago, I met him as a man of honor and nearly paid with my life for the folly. They now assert that my friends laid the complaint which induced the Roumanian Government to arrest him. I do not believe it to be true. Georges Odin, the records say, died in the fortress prison of Krajova nearly ten years ago. Prince Charles' Government arrested him, I admit, on the score of the duel he fought with me; but they had been trying to arrest him for many years, and that was their excuse. Of the rest I know nothing. If he is dead—"

"My lord, have you taken no steps to ascertain the truth of his death?"

"My solicitors are now making all inquiries at Bukharest and Krajova."

"I should have thought that solicitors were scarcely the people to employ."

"Who else is to be trusted with such a story as this?"

"I am, Lord Melbourne."

"You—but you are a stranger to me and my house."

"A stranger who is willing to become a friend. Say that you will put no opposition in my way and I will begin my task at once."

"I appreciate your offer, but must decline it. Acceptance would imply an obligation I am unwilling to recognize."

"I ask for no recognition. To-night, my lord, I leave London for Bukharest. In a month or less I will return to tell you whether Georges Odin is alive or dead."

The Earl stared at him amazed.

"Bring me news of Georges Odin's death," he said, "and you shall marry my daughter."

Gavin rose and offered him his hand.

"I will start directly I have seen the Lady Evelyn," he said.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Bukharest.

"In America, my dear Gavin, they would certainly name you for a very prince of hustlers."

The speaker, a lad of twenty-two years of age, leaned back indolently in his chair and sipped a tiny cup of Turkish coffee with lazy satisfaction. Gifted with brown curly hair, ridiculously blue eyes, and a beardless chin, Cambridge had named him ironically "the Lamb." His name was Arthur Kenyon, and there had been no prettier athlete in all London when he was there, precisely ten days ago.

"Yes," he went on, "you lure me to this place, which might be half a mile at the most from the infernal regions, and promise me a ripping holiday. I come like a sheep to the shearing and what is my reward. Hours of self-contemplation—long musings upon an innocent past, and the thermometer at 112 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. Ye gods, what a thing to be a traveling Englishman!"

They sat in the restaurant of the Hotel Moskova at Bukharest, justly famous, as the English boy had said, for its historic prices and ancient meats, long matured. Gavin Ord, grown a little older since he left Derbyshire some fifteen days ago, had a map of Roumania before him and all his intentions appeared to be concentrated upon this. The restaurant, despite the season of the year, could show a fair array of pretty women in Vienna gowns and of little gold-laced officers who chaperoned them. The heat of the night had become intense and a great block of ice upon a marble pedestal melted visibly as though despairing of the effort to exist. Energy might have been deemed a forgotten art but for the frantic exertions of a typical gypsy band which depended upon the marvels of its presto.

"My dear Arthur," said Gavin at length, folding up his map and lighting a cigarette with the air of one who is thinking of anything but a smoker's pleasure, "I am a beast, certainly. But, then, I am a successful beast."

"Do you mean to say that you have found him?"

"Good Master Indiscretion—I have found the house which Cook built and

"Yes, yes, of course, that ancient and interesting Roman building . . . well, I always wanted to see Roumania, and, of course, we shall do Buda-Pesth going back. By the way, do you notice that acrobat playing the cello over there? Don't turn round yet. He's been watching you ever since we sat down just as though he loved you dearly."

Gavin smoked for a little while without shifting his position in any way. Presently he said:

"I don't know why he should. Unless they watched me from London, which is not improbable, they are hardly likely to know of my arrival yet. When you have drunk your coffee, we'll go and take a turn on the Corso. The cellist certainly likes me. I see what you mean."

Half Bukharest seemed to have flocked to the Corso, or public park, by the time they arrived there. Even the innumerable gaming tables, which are the chief fame of the pretentious city, were deserted upon such a night as this; while the open-air cafes were so many illuminated icehouses thronged by perspiring civilians and equally perspiring soldiers, whose talk began and ended with an anathema upon the heat. Gavin Ord had traveled but little; his one real friend, Arthur Kenyon, had already been half across the world and back; but for both the interests of this strange scene, with its babble of excited tongues, its Hungarians, Servians, Bulgarians, Roumanians, and by no means least numerous, its sallow-faced Turks, were beyond any within their experience.

"No wonder the people at the Ministry tell you to be careful," said Kenyon amiably, as he pointed to a great Bash-Bazouk whose very mustache might have been inflammable. "I would sooner meet a Chinese mandarin than that fellow anywhere. And there are plenty more of the kind, you see. All sorts, shapes and sizes, ready to cut your throat for a golden coin any day you may be wanting the job done."

"All sham, my dear Arthur. Knives made in Birmingham and pistols in Germany! Don't worry your head about them. We start for Okna at seven o'clock to-morrow."

"Oh, you've found out where it is, then?"

"I wanted to tell you before dinner, but these fellows were listening. Cecil Chesny was at the Ministry today and he could not have done more for me. Okna means a stiff ride into the mountains and some hunting when we get there. If the old man, Georges Odin, is alive, he is at Okna. Our task is to persuade him that London is a healthier place—"

"And the son, this man they call the Count, what of him?"

"I can learn little. He has evidently been living on his wits for a long time. He was here a fortnight ago throwing promises to his creditors right and left. The local papers announce his engagement to Lord Melbourne's daughter—they spell it, 'Sir Lord Milbawn,' and declares that he is going up to buy the old Castle at Gravitza. I don't believe he is in Bukharest to-day—if he is, well, I must look out for myself, and you must help to look out for me. The rest depends upon his father. I could go back to England to-night and tell the Earl that Georges Odin was released four years ago from the mines at Prahova, but that would not help me. The Count would go back and blackmail them again on the score of what his friends, the gypsies, meant to do. No, I shall bring the father if he is to be brought, and carry my purchase back to England. That's my plan, Arthur. Time will prove whether it's clever or foolish."

Arthur Kenyon listened as one listens to the tale of an Eastern romance. Gavin had told him the whole story before they left London; but here in Bukharest it seemed so much easier to comprehend, amid a people careless of life and little unacquainted with death. All the gauds of passion, of love, and hatred were known to this mean city. Here, at least, it did not appear difficult to understand how Count Odin, the adventurer, having heard the history of Robert Forrester's youth and of his present wealth, had set out for England determined to profit by his knowledge.

"We have no color in our roguery in London," Arthur said presently. "It's all just one drab tint—the same color as the yellow press that delights in it. Here one begins to understand why the fittest survive. You are a pretty plucky chap, Gavin, or you would not take it so easily—"

"Not for a woman's sake, Arthur?"

"Oh, well, I suppose if one is sufficiently in love, one would hack at Cerberus for a woman's sake. I am less fettered. Here in Bukharest I begin to wonder whether I shall die for the charming Lucy or the equally beautiful Lucinda. You have no doubts. My dear old fellow, I'm afraid you're in deadly earnest."

"So much in earnest, Arthur, that if I cannot go back to make Evelyn my wife, I will never go back at all."

"Eros living in a dirty Roumanian hotel on ancient meats! No, by all the gods. But, tell me, does your friend Chesny think you are unwise to go to Okna?"

"He says I am mad. I told him as much as I had the right to tell. Odin, the son, is a swindler; but his gypsy friends are honest. They believe that an Englishman shut up one of their heroes for twenty years; and if they can find the man who did it, they will kill him. There's the Count's chance. I am going one better by offering to take his father to England to meet the man who wronged him and say that the vendetta is at an end. A mad scheme! Yes, well, possibly, mad schemes are better than the others sometimes, and this may be the par-

We get to Okna, if ever we get there."

"Then you are plainly not an optimist."

"Hush—there's your old friend the cellist, going home it appears. A Epsy to the finger tips, Arthur. Let us talk of the weather!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Highest market price paid at all times for veal, butter, eggs and all kinds of poultry. Phone 5 or 44-2 W. E. Hand

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

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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 Easterday's undertaking rooms, Main street, Culver, Indiana. W. S. EASTERDAY, Trustee.

Old newspapers at the Citizen

Hot Weather Goods

- Quick Meal Gasoline Stoves
- Quick Meal Blue Flame Oil Stoves
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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.

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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

POKEHEIMER TALES

His Whiskers and the Family Cat Get Mixed Up in the Vacuum Cleaner.

Dot vacuum cleaner haf got a determination like a bulldog alretty. Ven in gets holdt off somedings it ledts go right away not yet, by cholly.

Mine wife she say she haf got to haf vone off dese vacuum cleaners, so I go and buy vone. Und while I iss looking down der liddle tube like a gun barrel, she goes und turns on der chauce and away id goes. I dink vot I am in a tornado, yet. Chimiay, dot peesness haf got a strong breath!

Mrs. Pokeheimer she yells me to let go off der tube and hold it by der floor on, yet. Py cholly, anypody vot holdt dot machine by der floor ven der machine gets holdt off him first iss a dandy. Ven I iss looking in der barrel, und der chauce iss turned on, mine viskers iss taken in dot tube like an airship. Und ven a vacuum cleaner iss pulling your viskers you don'd feel like entertaining company, you bet.

I don'd know vot I saidt, but Mrs. Pokeheimer says she knows, und dot it iss enough to get a diforce mit it. But ven she finally did shut off der chauce und der ding schtopped pulling, half off

mine viskers iss gone. I lookedt in der bag off der machine und sure enough, right dere iss my shave.

Mrs. Pokeheimer wants me to holdt der ding down again, und so dot time I lay it down on der floor under der lounge. Und ven der chauce iss turned on dere iss first a noise off collar buttons und hair pins running down dot tube. Und den, ach himmel! dere iss a noise like a African chungle und I know right away dot der oldt cat iss in der vacuum cleaner. I pulled out der machine mit sympathy in mine heart, for mine viskers say how it feels ven a cat gets her tail fastened in dot machine. So I say "Pore pussy," und I tried to help her out. But a cat ain'd got no sense off appreciation und she chubst made more noise as efer und clawed und scratched. Und den I gedt madt and saidt, vell, you can chubst sbtay by dot vacuum cleaner ix der rest off your life for vot all I care, und she did.

Vacuum cleaners iss alright ven you keep a rope aroundt it und keep it tied up vere dere iss no dancher off dere associating mit dings vot you vant to keep.

Adding Improved Machinery.

Bergman & Fisher have recently purchased and are installing a new steam pressing machine which not only greatly facilitates the handling of such work, but is far better than the ordinary way of dry pressing, as the application of live steam restores the original softness and beauty and sterilizes the garment.

In addition to this line they are doing an immense amount of dry cleaning. This trade is coming to them by reason of their absolutely sanitary and careful methods of treating all such work. In this line they have no superior in this part of the state.

DELONG.

Leslie E. Wolfe, Correspondent.
Grover Kline has purchased a new Ford car.

Dee Newhart of South Bend visited friends here last week.

Mrs. Charles Hiatt and children of Crawfordsville visited Mrs. Sarah Monger last week.

Lester McKee and family of Culver visited relatives at Monterey Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Spencer and son Don of South Bend visited Mrs. Harrison Walker near Richland Center Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Lewis McIntire, Miss Florence McIntire and Mrs. J. O. Ginter visited friends at Huntington the latter part of last week.

WASHINGTON

Eva Jones, Correspondent.
Mrs. Walsh of Kokomo is visiting at S. C. Geddes'.

Mrs. Earl Brown came home on Sunday to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Kline.

Mrs. Earl Frederick of South Bend is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Krieg.

Mrs. A. L. Wilson and children returned to South Bend after a ten days' visit with relatives and friends.

Sunday visitors: The John Osborns at Charley Eaton's; the Alva Pipers at Geddes'; the Will Osborns at Marion Jones'; the Ben Curtises at Snyder's.

Friday Superstition.

Is Friday unlucky? Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Washington, Bismarck, Fahrenheit and Spurgeon were born on Friday. Henry VIII gave Cabot his commission which led to the discovery of North America, Columbus actually discovered this continent and the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock on Friday. Once more: The first newspaper "ad" and the first newspaper printed by steam power (The London Times) appeared on a Friday; while the stamp act was repealed in England on the same day of the week. With Charles Dickens Friday was an especial favorite.

People who advertise their woes find plenty more coming.

Godliness does not mean exclusiveness.

Miss Lucile Price



MISS LUCILE PRICE simply charmed the audience. To have heard her alone would have been worth double the price for a ticket. The Price Concert Company will certainly be one of our numbers next season, and they will be more than welcomed back. Certainly no better entertainment has ever been given in Waverly.—Waverly (Va.) Times.

The Price Concert Company will appear on the Lincoln Chautauqua program in this city on the third day, afternoon and evening.

Governor Malcolm R. Patterson

Greater Than William J. Bryan; So Says the Johnson City Staff of Malcolm R. Patterson of Tennessee—On the Chautauqua Platform



THE Johnson City (Miss.) Staff says: "Malcolm R. Patterson, former governor of Tennessee, addressed an audience that taxed the capacity of auditorium, gallery, aisles and classrooms at the Central Baptist Church last night, nearly 1,500 people hearing him. Never has a greater speech been delivered to Johnson City citizens. We are mindful of the fact that Bryan, Clark, Hoss, Gallor, McDowell, Stuart, Taylor, Carmack, Taft and other speakers of national reputation have addressed Johnson City audiences, but Malcolm R. Patterson's effort Sunday night, in our judgment, eclipsed anything we have ever heard, and we have heard them all."

"His bearing was most kingly. In the course of an hour and a half he did not hesitate, he did not falter, but made a speech that would have done honor to—well, if Hill, Yancey and Grady, with their tongues of gold, gave their auditors anything finer the veracious chronicler failed to report it. In our judgment, only one man our American civilization has produced could have equaled it, and he is the late Robert Ingersoll."

Governor Patterson will appear on the Lincoln Chautauqua program in this city on the second day, night only. Maybe you have long wanted to know how great were Ingersoll and Grady? Well, then, hear Patterson, who is the twentieth century edition of them all.

THEY LAUGH AND FEEL PAID FOR IT

That's Experience of Preacher Who Says Things Complimentary About Corwine.

Frederick E. Hopkins, pastor Pilgrim Congregational Church, Chicago, says: "I have heard all of the leading humorists and entertainers during the past twenty-five years, and there is not one of them that could make an audience laugh as much and feel as well repaid as after listening to Tom Corwine. All that he does is original. He imitates nobody. He does not relate a lot of old stories told for years by other people. He is not a crank nor a faultfinder, but a first class Christian gentleman. No committee need have any fear of his not making good or of having to apologize for anything he may do."

Tom Corwine will appear on the Lincoln Chautauqua program in this city the second day, in the afternoon only.

He Did Not Follow It.

One day the famous Dr. Cheyne was summoned to attend Beau Nash, the uncrowned king of Bath. He prescribed for him and the prescription was duly sent to be made up. Next day the physician called to see his patient, and in the course of his examination inquired whether the prescription had been followed. "No, I faith, doctor," replied Nash, languidly. "If I had followed it I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of the bedroom window."

Methodist Ladies' Aid.

The M. E. Ladies' Aid will meet Thursday afternoon, July 9, with Mrs. Arthur Castleman.

Sale bills printed at the Citizen.

A North African Game Bag. Egypt and the Sudan provided a generous and various bag of game for Prince Ludwig Windschgratz and his friends, who returned from a hunting expedition in northern Africa.

The party, numbering five guns, accounted for six lions, two panthers, five elephants, six rhinoceroses, five hippopotami, fifteen buffalos, four giraffes, one zebra, 122 antelopes, fourteen crocodiles, thirty gazelles, two hēnas, four wild dogs, two great apes, and twenty-four wild birds of different varieties.

Prince Windschgratz brought back two live young lions, which he has presented to the Budapest zoological gardens.—Budapest correspondence; Pall Mall Gazette.

CULVER MARKETS

Wheat.....	70
Corn, per bu., new....	70
Oats, assorted.....	40
Rye.....	55
Clover seed.....	\$6.00
Cow peas.....	\$1.50
Eggs (fresh).....	.16
Butter (good).....	.17
do (common).....	.12
Fowls.....	11
Leghorn chickens.....	.08
Roosters.....	.05
Ducks, old.....	.08
Geese.....	.08
Turkeys.....	.14
Lard.....	.12 1/2

NEWS OF LOCAL CHURCHES

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

As summer heat strengthens let us see to it that our devotion and loyalty to the church begins to deepen. There are some that are seldom absent from our services and they are as good and lead as busy lives through the week as any. Such are the ones that help to keep the preacher optimistic. Our subject for the morning sermon next Sunday is Christian Courtesy. Subject for the evening, Pure Patriotism. Epworth league will be led by Roy Porter, subject, Memorial Stones; Individual and National. The treasurer of the board of stewards will make his third quarterly report at the morning service.

POPULAR GROVE.

The pastor will preach on "Our Privileges as Citizens" at 3 p. m. Treasurer's report at this service. Our next midweek service will be held Wednesday evening, July 8. J. F. Kenrich, Pastor.

PROCRUSTINATORS.

Lots of people have to tell what they are going to do or they would have nothing to tell.—Life.



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RIGHT**

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