

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

Frank Rector of Pendleton is here this week.

Will Moore of Akron is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Zechiel.

Mrs. Anna Stahl is visiting her brother, John Wolfram, in Hamlet a week or so.

Herman Sayger came home from Indianapolis Tuesday to remain the rest of the summer.

Mrs. Frances Keim and daughter of South Bend were Sunday guests of Captain Crook.

Misses Edith and Goldie Myers have returned to Elwood after a week's vacation at the lake.

Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Zechiel and child of Stoutsville, O., are here on a vacation visit to their relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. Zechiel spent Sunday in Valparaiso visiting a daughter and went from there to Hammond for a few days' visit.

James Fritz, who lived with his sister, Mrs. S. J. Lenon, during the past year, left Wednesday for an indefinite visit in Stantonburg, N. C.

Miss Mary Bailey of South Bend and Miss Helen Sullivan of Logansport are spending their summer vacations at Cottage Grove Place.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Terhorst and daughter Clara returned Tuesday to Terre Haute after spending a week at the lake at the D. A. Bradley hotel.

Nathan Thompson, who has been living with his son on the East side, has gone to his granddaughter's, Mrs. Harvey McFeely, where he expects to make his future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. A. Duddleson returned Sunday after spending last week in Corydon visiting Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Miller and son. They have lots of fruit and the corn is looking fine.

Ernest Zechiel landed in Glasgow, Scotland, Monday. Of course all chances of his going into Germany for study are ended, and he will probably return home after visiting Scotland and England.

Mrs. E. C. Church and son, accompanied by Mrs. Phillips, of Binghamton, N. Y., came to Culver Saturday for a short visit. They will also visit in other portions of the state. Mr. Church will also be here Monday.

O. A. Bennett, a superintendent for the Union News Co., was in Culver last week looking after the business of the depot stands. Considering the fact that there are no excursions this summer the stands are doing better than he expected.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hunsley, Hollis Mattix and family of Hanna, Ind., Charles O'Connell and wife of Argos, Mrs. P. Allman of

Peru, and Simon Mattix and daughter of Culver took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Harvey McFeely Sunday.

Mrs. Earhart and son of Omaha are visiting Mrs. Earhart's cousin, Mrs. H. E. Adams, this week. Mrs. Adams entertained last week Henry Stamm of Greenville, Pa., her uncle, and John Overmyer, her brother, and his family from Kewanee.

Miss Klopfenstein, daughter of a former pastor of the Reformed church, came Monday for a visit of several weeks among her many friends in Culver. Since Mr. Klopfenstein's death shortly after leaving Culver seven years ago, the family have lived on a farm near Canton, O.

Misses Helen and Nina Osgood, granddaughters of Capt. Crook, came Sunday from Marion with a party of young friends and are located at Pleasant Grove Place. In the party are Misses Helen and Hazel Young, and Ruby Barley, and Messrs. Chas. Whiteman, Roscoe Rosenbarger and Ellsworth Stone, all of Marion.

County Sunday Schools.

The semi-annual council of the Marshall County Sunday School association will be held in Plymouth Aug. 17.

Morning conferences of the various organized departments of Sunday school work will be held in various churches.

The afternoon general assembly will be held in the U. B. church. State Supt. of Teacher Training Albertson will give an address.

The annual teacher training reunion and supper will be held at 6 o'clock in the Christian tabernacle.

Good Year for Rattlers.

Hugh Gaffey, who lives 1 1/2 miles north of Gifford, claims to be the champion rattlesnake killer of Jasper county. He has killed 26 of the reptiles on his farm this season, most of which he killed while at work in the fields. He had some narrow escapes from being struck by the poisonous reptiles. He was in town yesterday showing a pill box of rattles. Owing to the dry season, more rattlers have been seen in that section this year than ever before.—Jasper County Democrat.

—The impression prevails that the past July was considerably warmer than July of last year. The record, however, kept by the Citizen, shows that the average temperature at 1 p. m. during the past month was 84 1-6, while in July 1913 it was 84 1-10. In July of this year there were six days when rain fell in Culver, and in July of last year nine days.

—Relative to the Plymouth Republican's statement that the progressive nominations in Polk township and the republican county nominations are invalid because the candidates failed to file a bill of expenses, the Democrat quotes the attorney general as saying that a failure to do so does not invalidate nominations, but renders the delinquents liable to prosecution.

SALE OF THE CHADWICK HOTEL

The biggest real estate deal negotiated in this section for a long time was the sale last Monday of the Chadwick hotel property to W. E. and J. L. Spittler of Saginaw county, Mich. The consideration was \$30,000. The hotel and all the Long Point lots belonging to S. S. Chadwick are included in the transfer. Mr. Chadwick takes as payment 400 acres of fine land, with two sets of buildings, lying 9 miles west of Saginaw, Mich.

The Spittler brothers get possession Sept. 5. They expect to continue the hotel business, and contemplate the erection of another building for sanitarium purposes to be managed by a son of J. L. Spittler who is a physician.

Mr. Chadwick has owned and

operated the hotel since 1900 and has made it a popular resort and a profitable business enterprise. J. L. Spittler, whom Mr. Chadwick has introduced to a number of our people, seems to be the sort of a man who will maintain the reputation of the house and be liked by its patrons. Mr. Chadwick will not leave Culver at present. In fact, he intimates that his newly-purchased land is on the market.

Annual Bazar.

The annual bazar of the C. C. club will be held on the Rector hotel lawn, on Thursday afternoon Aug. 6, opening at 1 o'clock. Useful and ornamental handmade work, and palatable delicacies in the pastry line.

WAR HAS BEGUN!

Armies of Six Nations Have Taken Field in the
Greatest Conflict the World Has Known.

The long-dreaded, but long-looked-for upheaval in Europe has come.

Austria and Serbia have been fighting for two weeks.

Germany on Saturday declared war on Russia, and on Sunday, without a declaration of war, started a force of 100,000 men into France.

At 11 o'clock Tuesday night England declared war on Germany, the latter having rejected England's demand that the neutrality of Belgium should be respected.

Italy, allied with Austria-Hungary and Germany, proclaims her neutrality, but is arming and mobilizing her army and navy.

All the smaller nations of Europe are placing themselves upon a war footing as a measure of self-protection.

Most of the large trans-Atlantic lines have withdrawn their sailings from both sides of the Atlantic, and 150,000 American tourists will find difficulty in getting home. To add to their embarrassment checks and paper money are universally rejected by hotels, shopkeepers and transportation lines, and banks will not honor drafts. However, steps are being taken in the United States to send gold to the leading capitals to meet this emergency.

It will be a mighty struggle—Russia against Germany and Austria, and Germany against Russia, England, France and Serbia. If fought to a finish it means the disruption of monarchies and a change in the geography of Europe.

The whole business seems to us on this side of the water unnecessary—at least unjustifiable. Serbia (the professed cause of the contention) was willing to meet Austria's demand for apology, but Austria was too anxious get Servian territory and refused to continue to treat with Serbia. Germany made a peremptory demand on Russia to stop mobilizing troops on Germany's frontier, which Russia ignored, whereupon Emperor William, anxiously ready and waiting, promptly issued the order to advance. Ancient hatreds and a desire to test out great military establishments are really at the bottom of the war craze. Germany has been "spoiling for a fight" for years notwithstanding Emperor William's peace talk; and Russia, certain of France's and England's support, was ready for an excuse to play the game.

It looks as if Germany was in for a tremendous thrashing.

Wednesday morning's papers report that French warships have sunk one German cruiser and captured two off Algeria.

CORN AND SPUDS
IN NEED OF RAIN

Generally speaking the country around Culver is more favored than many other sections of the state, and on the whole has reason to be thankful that the damage from the hot dry weather is no worse. Wheat was a fairly good yield—a little below the average—and oats are weighing out light, but of good quality. Clover was a short crop. Corn has suffered great damage, especially the early planting. In some sections not over a third of a crop is looked for. Late potatoes must have rain soon to prevent a failure. Cowpeas are the big crop. The hot dry weather seems to have been only a stimulant to this wonderful plant. The price will be considerably lower this year, however.

Young Man in Trouble.

Del Warner, painter and decorator, is in jail at Lebanon charged with stealing a horse and buggy from that place and taking it into Illinois where he was arrested. Warner left Culver a few weeks ago and went to Chicago. During his three or four months' residence here he was industrious and of good habits. He had a room in W. E. Hand's house and had always expressed a desire for a horse and buggy. It is believed that he must have yielded to a sudden impulse while under the influence of liquor.

Brakeman Injured.

Charley Emerick, brakeman on the north-bound local, was knocked off a box car by the water spout at the depot last Friday and badly injured. He was taken to Logansport and is reported to be in a serious condition.

—Daughters of Ruth class of the M. E. Sunday school met at the Vandalia park Tuesday afternoon for a social time. Refreshments were served.

FATALLY INJURED
BY FALLING TREE

An employee of the Plymouth Electric Co., named Bryan, engaged in running the Knox line, was probably fatally injured Wednesday morning a few miles north of Ober, in Starke county. He was caught beneath a tree which had been felled in the path of the line, and had both legs and back broken and head and chest crushed. Dr. Oyer of Ober and a doctor from Knox were hastily summoned, but could do but little for the unfortunate man. His parents live at Pierceton and have been summoned. Bryan assisted in the work of running the line from Plymouth to and around Culver.

Three Farm Sales.

The Keen agency last week closed two sales. One was the Elza Hawkins farm of 80 acres near Ober to Mr. Pickering of Chicago, and the other was the Robert Henderson 40 north of Rutland to Mr. Dean of Chicago. The prices are not given out.

Miner E. Morehouse has sold a finely-improved 40-acre farm 4 miles west of Culver to Garland Bogardus for \$4,400. The buyer takes possession in the fall.

The Street Work.

Scott street is plowed up as far as the depot and the scrapers are not far behind. From the depot to the top of Bunker Hill the street will not be torn up until the paving is completed to the depot. The brick has been shipped and will be here today. Then the laying of the sand bed and the work of the brick-layers will start.

—Charley Alderfer, the showman, has been through Ohio and Indiana since taking the road in the spring. "Business with me has been good, and I have no complaint. This talk of hard times is mostly repeating what you've heard someone else say."

Teach Them Thrift.

A system of school savings banks ought to be adopted in every state. It may strike some folks as a trivial matter, but it spells big possibilities for the children. Habits of thrift, almost unconsciously acquired in youth have been the foundation on which most successful American business men have built.

The novelty of saving first appeals to the child. Later he learns how accumulation transforms the mite into the millions. Along with this, he comes to understand his duty to his own future. He realizes why men "put by something for a rainy day." And having required the saving habit, he is pretty likely intelligently to plan for the period when responsibility will be thrown on his shoulders.

Thrift isn't a habit that is readily acquired late in life. Men who have to save after having formed extravagant habits, do so grudgingly and find saving a source of unhappiness. If they do not fail altogether their thrift usually takes the form of stinginess and mean self denial. The miser is usually a person who has cultivated nothing but a money-hoarding passion after the passing of his best days. There is no connection between thrift and miserly practices. They are as far apart as thrift and profligacy.

Teaching a child to conserve his pennies will not make a miser of him. On the other hand, it will endow him with a sense of ownership and of responsibility. No better instruction than that attending the cultivation of thrifty habits can be devised.

From Will Smith.

Los Angeles, July 27—I am getting along nicely in the railway mail service. Have a permanent run now between Los Angeles and San Diego. Los Angeles is growing by bounds, although times are considered hard, the cause of which is claimed by some to be the policy of the present administration. The citrus fruit and sugar beet market is very weak, bringing a hardship upon the agriculturalists of California. You often speak about boosting for your own town,—the people of Los Angeles are noted for it. Some time I will write you a letter for publication.

WM. SMITH.

Matrimonial.

Captain Oliver Crook was married last Tuesday to Mrs. M. B. Morris, a popular lady of Logansport. They were married in St. Joseph, Mich. After the ceremony the couple left for a short honeymoon visit in Chicago and other points of interest. They will be "at home" at Cottage Grove Place about Aug. 10.

—Since July 1 money orders may be paid at any office in the United States if presented within 30 days from the date of issue provided they are issued at any post-office in continental United States excepting Alaska and drawn upon the same class of offices.

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

—The weather man forecasts another dry week.

—The ball game with Rochester was canceled Sunday just as the boys were ready to leave in autos.

—It has been so long since we have heard a lawn mower that we have forgotten the sound thereof.

—Didn't somebody or other in Culver sometime or other say something or other about a public library?

—S. C. Shilling has recently sold Ford cars to George Overmyer, Dick McFarland, Howard Mike-sell and A. E. Low.

—Crabb & Menser have sold their engine and dynamo and will use the Electric Light company's current in their theater.

—The examination for postoffice clerk has been postponed from Aug. 8 to Aug. 22, on account of there being no applicants.

—Onions will perhaps start at from 40 to 50 cents per bushel. The western crop is not large but the crop in this part of the country is good.

—A splendid full-page article on Lake Maxinkuckee appeared in last Sunday's South Bend News-Times. It was the work of Miss Eliuor Wolf, who is a writer of unusual charm.

—Comrade Jim Mosher took occasion to remark while in the Citizen office last Saturday that he hoped the old saying "the rain falls on the just and the unjust" would prove true, for we just need it.

—The Boy Scouts of Logansport, about 200 strong, will be here next week accompanied by Commander L. O. Wetzel. The boys will have their band of 40 pieces with them and will pitch their tents in the Vandalia park.

—Four years ago a dozen or more country buggies were parked on the livery stable lot every Sunday; now, a dozen or more automobiles are lined up along the curb adjoining the depot park, and only two or three buggies are seen at the stable.

—A farmer who was compelled to back up and go around the block on finding Main street torn up by the pavers, was heard to say that if the business men couldn't keep the streets open while they were closed he would never again come to Culver to trade.

—Charley Hayes has repainted his residence in its former pretty yellow and white colors, and one of his tenement houses is greatly improved by changing it from gray to brown and white. Dr. Norris, too, has made his home more attractive by repainting the house white. John Hawk is having his home just west of town fitted with a new covering of white.

LITTLE CHILD TERRIBLY BURNED

Lily, the 7-year old daughter of Arthur Sturgeon, lies in a critical condition as the result of burns received on Tuesday afternoon. She and her two brothers, one considerably older, were playing on the porch with torches made of cattails soaked in kerosene. From one of the torches Lily's clothing caught fire. Albert Stahl, from the open door of his shop near by, looked up just in time to see the accident, and ran to her aid. With a blanket he smothered the flames, but the little girl's clothing was pretty well burned off. Nearly a third of the surface of her body was scorched, the worst burns being on the lower part of her back, her abdomen and around the thighs inside and outside. Mrs. Sturgeon

was down town at the time, and a neighbor found her and informed her of the accident. Doctors were telephoned for. Dr. Wiseman arrived soon, followed by Dr. Stevens who has charge of the case.

Town Property Sold.

Ralph Smith, the barber, has sold to J. C. Reeder his house and lot in the Ferrier addition for \$1,750, and has bought Reeder's 40 acre farm in West township for \$2,500.

Pastry Sale and Ice Cream.

The Woman's Missionary and Aid Society of the Reformed church will hold a pastry sale in the basement of the church on Friday afternoon, Aug. 7. Ice cream and cake will be served during afternoon and evening.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year, in advance \$1.00
Six Months, in advance75
Three Months, in advance50

ADVERTISING

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

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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 Jan14

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

CULVER, INDIANA, AUGUST 6, 1914

Pay of Chautauqua Talent.

The recent marvelous development of this movement has opened a large field of opportunity to "talent," especially to musicians. The salaries of the musicians on the Chautauquas are equal to those ordinarily paid to theatrical talent, aside from the stars. The minimum is said to be \$30 a week and railroad expenses, while a large proportion receive a much higher salary.

Among the lecturers, Mr. Bryan receives the first \$250 and one-half of all the single admissions over \$500. Vice President Marshall's fee is \$300. Senator LaFollette also receives \$300 per lecture. Lecturers who are engaged by the year receive from \$3,000 to \$15,000 for both lyceum and Chautauqua work, the exact amount depending upon their fame and drawing power. It is estimated that nearly \$14,000,000 is annually spent for lyceum and Chautauqua talent.

Approximately 2,200 men are annually employed as Chautauqua superintendents, electricians, property men, head ushers and ticket sellers throughout the entire country. Nearly 500 are employed as advance men and more than 1,600 as talent. The college boys who comprise the tent crews receive from \$17 to \$20 a week, their railroad fare and nightly lodging.—Review of Reviews.

Street Blows Up.

The intense hot weather of the past few days has been playing havoc with some cement sidewalks and some street paving. On East Center street the heat of last Thursday, which was reported from various quarters as being 104 in the shade, caused the street to heave up and let loose with a loud explosion that shattered bricks for quite a few feet. Also the sidewalk along the Keller lots on the same street heaved up and broke some blocks and on North Main street two blocks of the walk rose in the air like an inverted "A", and remained that way.—Bourbon News-Mirror.

What Dimes Will Do.

Land is cheap. For easy figuring let us say it is worth \$160 an acre. A square rod, then, is worth only \$1, and 10 cents' worth will be a little more than 27 square feet, or a little farm slightly more than five feet on a side. How often a boy will waste a dime and think nothing of it. For a dime he can buy land enough to hold a flower bed, four hills of clover or a peach tree! The boy who can save a dime can become rich. Make a dime look like a tiny farm. The boy who learns to save a dime and to know values will some day come into his own.—Breeders Gazette.

Nominations Invalid.

The Plymouth Republican says that the nominations of progressive candidates in Polk township have been voided by the failure of the candidates to file their statement of expenses, and that another convention will have to be called. The Republican also states that all the republican candidates on the county ticket have likewise failed to file their statements.

A SIX MONTHS' SAILING TRIP

A lady friend of Mrs. Citizen, who has made the ocean trip from Seattle to England and thence to the United States on a monster sailing vessel as the guest of the captains wife, has written an interesting account of the novel experience which may interest the readers of this paper. She says:

This has been a glorious trip. On the whole, considering the length of passage, we have had fine weather. We have had some sharp squalls and two weeks of heavy seas, and one big gale.

I must first tell you something about our great ship. She is 312 feet long inside. Our cargo is valued at \$133,000. It consists of 88,846 sacks of barley, which is 205,376 bushels. Her four main masts are each 180 feet high and the main yard is 94 feet across, and when dressed carries 7,000 yards of sail. She is 21 feet below the water. She carries 30 sails in all, and she is 45 feet wide.

When we left Seattle it was four days before we could get out of the harbor, it was so stormy, and it was more or less stormy until after we passed Cape Horn. I soon got so I could sight a squall as quickly as anyone. I was on deck one day in the tropics when a black squall was coming, and I stayed to see it. First the sky is all black down on the horizon.

Then the white caps begin to come in on little waves which increase in size as the wind blows harder. Then you see the far horizon turning gray and coming toward you and the rain beating the water smooth. I stood with my arm through a porthole in the chart house watching it come and braced for the wind. A whistle called all hands on deck. Mates and captain were shouting orders. By this time we were pitching into a head sea. Then the squall struck. The rain beat down like hail. It closed my eyes and I couldn't open them. The captain helped me to the lee side and with my arm through another porthole I watched the squall pass. By this time the waves were mountains. When we pitched forward it was awful to see what was ahead of us. The waves looked as high as our masts. Sometimes we took on a sea; oftener we rose to it. It was magnificent, but it was awful, and when the storm passed and the excitement was over I found myself sobbing. We had one terrible gale passing Cape Horn where we had to use oil on the water and heave to. We did not undress for two nights. One night I thought I heard something adrift in the bathroom and went to see. The ship pitched and threw me against the toilet, the sharp edge of which struck the center of my kneecap. The result was I was laid up for two weeks and am only walking a little now.

Well, it is June 10 and we have had another terrible storm and high seas. We were within 150 miles of port (Falmouth, Eng.) but we had to heave to and are now drifting the other way.

I cannot tell you all the marvels of our wonderful trip. The sunsets alone were worth it. The flying fish and whales sported around the ship and we caught four man-eating sharks. How the sailors hate them and cut and hack them up! We also harpooned a big porpoise. The oil from the head is very valuable. Of course we have caught edible fish. We took two pigs to sea with us and are just finishing the last one. We also have 24 hens which have furnished us with fresh eggs.

The time has passed very rapidly. I have done lots of sewing. We play auction bridge in the evening, or Captain Mallett reads aloud while we sew or paint. The captain and his wife are charming, well-read people, built on a generous plan, each weighing about 200 pounds.

Old newspapers, any quantity, at the Citizen office.

FROM THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

With two new records and with 33 points in the state events Culver swimmers returned from the big meet at Broad Ripple park, Indianapolis, on last Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. The records were made by Olmstead, who plunged 68.6 feet for a new Central A. A. U. record, and by Roberts, who raced over the 100-yard course in 1 min. 4 sec. for a new state record in that event.

Lieutenant J. H. Ingram, U. S. N., has reported for duty and is actively engaged in coaching the racing boat crews. The prospects for a successful regatta on Aug. 24 and 25 are very bright and the competing crews are in strict training for the event. Lieutenant Ingram is not satisfied that he has the best material in the school trying for places in the boats, and urges all men who are interested and have real navy spirit to prove it by reporting to him as candidates for the different crews. Three crews will be required, a senior cutter crew, a junior cutter crew, and a dinghy crew. All out, navy!

On August 8 the largest aquatic meet of the year will be held here. All the schools and colleges of the North Central Athletic association will be represented and lively competitions for the prizes are anticipated. With such aquatic stars as mentioned above Culver should have little trouble in keeping a goodly number of the honors at home.

Captain Rossow is making preparations for a personally conducted horseback tour through the Yellowstone National Park, and Jackson Hole country, to begin Aug. 27. This trip will be of about three weeks' duration. Arrangements are being made to accommodate between twenty and thirty fellows, from both the Winter and Summerschools.

The party will rendezvous at Chicago and proceed to Cody, Wyoming, by rail. At Cody the party will be met by automobiles and taken to Home Lodge, from which point the horseback trip will begin.

It will be through the most interesting and picturesque parts of the Park and Jackson Hole country, and ought to prove of great benefit and interest to lovers of life in camp and saddle.

A trip similar to this was conducted by Captain Rossow in 1909, and it proved a great success.

NEWS OF LOCAL CHURCHES

EVANGELICAL.

Sunday school, 9:30; preaching and communion service, 10:30, by Rev. Metzner; at 7 Y. P. A. in a union service with Epworth league and Christian Endeavor, subject, "Who is Free?" St. John 8:31-36, leader, Arthur Zechiel; union services, 8 p. m., sermon by Rev. J. F. Kenrich. The second quarterly meeting for Culver station Aug. 7-9; preaching on Friday evening and conference; preaching also on Saturday evening and on Sunday morning by Rev. Metzner; prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

The musical entertainment given by the Berry Quartette last Wednesday was very pleasing to all who were in attendance. The Epworth league wishes to thank the patronage for their help in making the affair a success. Services next Sunday morning as follows: Sunday school at 10; morning worship at 11, conducted by Rev. S. C. Norris of Maxinkuckee. The Epworth league will meet with the Young People's alliance for devotional services in the Evangelical church at the usual hour.

POPULAR GROVE.

Sunday school at 10; morning worship and holy communion at 11. We hope that it will be possible for all the membership and friends to be present.

J. F. Kenrich, Pastor.

Notice.

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

Money to Loan.

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

HICKORY BUSH HAPPENINGS

Prof. Gideon Foote, the renowned veterinary surgeon and tango specialist of N.York, is holding daily seances at Buddinger's terpsichorean institute.

Lafe Simpson had a narrow escape from drowning while fishing at the river last Sunday, and only the remarkable presence of mind of Jim Peters, who was with the party, saved him from a watery grave. The boat from which they were fishing in some manner capsized. While the others easily reached the bank Lafe, who could not swim and was totally unused to water, was going down for the last time when Jim Peters, on regaining the shore, seized the only remaining bottle of beer and prepared to down it. It is presumed that this act became vividly impressed upon the almost unconscious mind of the struggling man, for with a superhuman effort he annihilated the intervening space and wrenched the bottle from Jim Peters before he had a chance to swallow a drop of its contents. A remarkable circumstance in connection with the affair is that several discolorations on Lafe's face and neck that have always been considered birthmarks, have entirely disappeared.

A controversy which has been raging for a week, and which threatened the peace and dignity of our community, has just been amicably settled. A number of our citizens who attended the Chautauqua at Culver and heard Mr. Mason's address got into a dispute regarding his identity. Doc Dope insisted that he was the Mason who perfected the glass fruit jar, Jim Bassett was sure it was the man who invented the Mason and Dixon line, while Luke Baster insisted that both were wrong and that this Mason was the gentleman who started a big secret society. After a week of argument, in which most of our townspeople took sides with one or another of the principals to the controversy, it was agreed to submit the question to the editor of the "Repeal of Reason." His reply has just been received and shows that all have been wrong, for the editor states that Mr. Mason is the man who writes the paragraph jingles that appear in the newspapers. All bets are off.

MAXINKUCKEE

Mrs. G. M. Woolley, Correspondent.
Pearl Wright of Tiosa is visiting with relatives in Culver.

Irene South spent a few days with her cousin, Forest South.

Mrs. Sue Loudon and children are visiting her father for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Mitchell of Michigan are visiting at Carol Schumacher's.

Alice Babcock of Rochester is visiting with her brother, R. L. Babcock, and other relatives and friends at Culver.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Richardson and little daughter Josephine of Hammond are visiting relatives and friends at Maxinkuckee.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Perkins and children of Fort Wayne are visiting with the families of G. L. Woolley and Rev. S. C. Norris.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. Don Smith and Pearl Wright took Sunday dinner with George Andrews. Rosco Smith took Sunday dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Stevens. Jessie and Mary Whittaker took Sunday dinner at Woolleys. Nellie Whittaker took Sunday dinner with Irene and Florence South. Elsie Woolley and Byron Spangler spent Sunday with Mabel Schumacher. John Whittaker took dinner with his father and mother, Rev. and Mrs. Whittaker.

Real Ladies.

This bunch of gypsies was engaged in a battle with another tribe at Goshen about a month ago in which one lady of the number was killed.—Winamac Republican.

The idea is held in the above that the young lady was drunk.—Rochester Republican.

Hot Weather Goods

- Quick Meal Gasoline Stoves
- Quick Meal Blue Flame Oil Stoves
- Refrigerators
- Ice Cream Freezers
- Rubber Hose
- Lawn Sprinklers
- Lawn Mowers
- Screen Doors
- Window Screens

The Culver Cash Hardware

There is nothing sold that is "just as good" as **NYAL'S** 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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A HIGH GRADE
VARNISH AND STAIN COMBINED
IS

JAP-A-LAC comprises a complete line of interior finishes, providing for every requirement of the housewife who wishes to keep her furniture, floors and interior woodwork in spick and span condition. JAP-A-LAC is made in Natural (clear) and in Transparent and Enamel colors. JAP-A-LAC is so easy to use that it is a pleasure to use it. It comes in all sizes from 15c cans up. Ask about it in our paint department.

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THE LADY EVELYN

A Story of To-Day

By
MAX PEMBERTON.

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

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

Kenyon said not a word; and now the old man struck at him with his stick wildly and blindly, in a paroxysm of anger. One heavy blow fell upon Gavin's shoulder and he stepped back with an oath; but the young man's temper could not brook the new insult and he flung himself heavily upon the Chevalier and they fell to the ground together.

"Arthur—for God's sake!" cried Gavin.

"It's all right, Gavin; I won't hurt him, but I must have that stick."

He staggered to his feet, the blue-gown in his hand; but the blind man did not move. Fearing he knew not what, dreading the sudden apparition of the gypsies who spied upon their every movement, Gavin snatched a log from the fire, and, stooping, he held it up that he might look upon the old man's face.

"He is dead," he said.

Arthur did not speak. The log blazed and crackled and ebbed and darkened and still the two men did not move. Without, in the courtyard, not a sound could be heard. The House of Setchevo might have been a tomb of the living.

But the Englishmen knew that it concealed their hidden enemies and that the dawn would bring them to the room to avenge the man who had been their patron and their friend.

CHAPTER XXX.

There is No News of Gavin Ord.

London, which loves a duchess or even personages of slightly less degree, when it discovers them in the arena where all the world may stretch out a finger to touch the noble pedestals, this London liked the story of the Lady Evelyn and flocked to the Carlton Theatre to see her and to criticize. The great Charles Izard, who measured all human greatness by the box-office, did not hesitate to declare that business to the extent of nineteen hundred pounds a week spoke more eloquently than any critic and he would add triumphantly, "Why, I discovered her, and she makes the rest of them look like thirty cents." By this time he implied a general inferiority of other actresses who were not filling their theatres to the extent of nineteen hundred pounds a week; and, regardless of the plain fact that mere curiosity had become his best friend, he continued to declare that he was the greatest and the wisest of men and that Etta Romney would have been a dismal failure under other management.

Evelyn certainly was a great success. No dinner party failed to discuss her charm or to admit it. You heard of her every day in theatrical clubs; a common question when people met was, "Have you seen Etta Romney?" Returning to their first judgments, the critics recanted nothing, though more than one really discerning writer perceived a change in her. The splendid Watley, with some nice asides upon Sophocles, Plautus, Judic, and Voltaire, admitted a difference.

"This is not the Di Vernon of the Spring," he wrote; "here is a newer conception, something of Rejane, a voice of sincerity matured; introspective comedy and the drama of pathos."

The "Daily Shuffler," in plainer terms, said:

"Miss Romney does not let herself go—she appears to take poor Di's troubles too greatly to heart. We confess to certain watery tributes to her touching earnestness scintillating upon our manly cornea . . . but we would remind this charming young actress that we go to the theatre to laugh as well as to cry . . . and she has forgotten that. Perhaps the November fogs have something to do with it. She came to us in the Spring . . . and with the Spring her lightness of heart may be given back to her. One of her audience, at least, hopes that it will be so."

No one was more conscious of this change than Evelyn herself. That wild, almost uncontrollable passion of art, had left her. She liked to think that she had conquered it, and became a new Etta, for the sake of a man who loved her and had saved her from herself. Here she was, lauded to the skies by critical London; asked to every house, fawned upon, coveted, proclaimed a success beyond knowledge; and yet as far from knowing the secret of such success as ever she had been in all her life. Anxiety for Gavin's safety attended every hour of her busy day. Confident at first that his dogged perseverance, his stubborn resolution, and his manifest prudence would be weapons enough for the work he had to do in Roumania, she had paid but little heed to his silence; for that she understood to be a wild country and one which would not expedite his letters. When he ceased to write, she said that he would have gone to the mountains. A longer spell of silence and the first whisper of her alarms began to make itself heard. How if he could not

write to her because of accident or illness or even conspiracy? Terrified by the phantoms of imagination which now crowded upon her, she compelled her father to warn the Ministry at Bukharest, the Foreign Office, the Consulate. The letters were answered by promises as meaningless as they were futile. Gavin's few relatives in England bestirred themselves with little result—while Bukharest answered that the Englishmen had crossed the mountains into Serbia and that nothing further of them was known.

So Evelyn had come to London to save the man she loved, if her new independence and her love might save him. She cared no longer that her father should know of this determination; for she doubted both his will to help her and the honesty of the declaration that he would do so. In truth, Robert Forrester had been unable to give battle to those forces which the years and his own youth had raged against him. To one who had loved the wild life of an adventurer, who had sown tares in many lands, the harvest time of age could support no pretentious dignity nor long maintain those greater ambitions which had momentarily attended his succession to the earldom.

He sank beneath the mental burdens; became an old man when he should still have been in his prime; could utter but a smile assent to every rogue who tricked him. Deep down in his heart lay hunger for the old life. An evil cynicism laughed at the restraints which place and power put upon him.

"Better a night on the hills with Zallony," he could tell himself, "than a life's dominion in the realms of social fatuity." It would have been so easy for him had Evelyn married Georges Odin's son. What it might have meant to her he had hardly considered.

And yet possibly his love for Evelyn was the truest emotion of his life. When her letter reached him and he could bring himself to understand it, the blow fell with a stunning force which seemed to shatter every remaining idol of his life. His beloved daughter! The mistress of his house! Capering about upon a stage for the guineas of a man he, Robert Forrester, could have bought up twenty times over. Here was a debacle beyond any he had imagined. The humiliation of it, the cruelty of it—more than that, the malice of her destiny! Was she not Dora d'Istran's daughter, and had not this blood of rebellion run in her veins since her childhood? What else could he have looked for, he asked himself . . . and in the same breath he set the logic of it aside and sat down to write to her.

It was a pitiful letter, full of the tenderest expressions and the bitterest reproach:

"Do you owe nothing to my name?" he asked her, and in the same sentence could protest his love for her. "I am an old man and am alone and must look to the newspapers for news of the daughter who is all to me. Is this fame so much above a father's affection, then; so dear a thing that his home must be a home no longer because of it? The people say you are a great actress; some day you will ask yourself, Evelyn, if it was worth being that to wound one who has had no greater desire than the happiness of his only child."

Just in such a strain had he delivered himself at home, and now as then, the words earned but a cold response. "There is some secret of my father's life which is hidden from me," Evelyn said. What it could be, why it should affect her, she knew not. When he spoke of his failing health, the letter found her more sympathetic. She would have gone to him at any cost had she understood that he was really ill; but the general terms he used seemed to imply no immediate necessity . . . and was there not Gavin to be considered?

Indeed, this priceless gift of love now influenced every act and deed of her life. She counted the hours which should bring her news of Gavin, worshipped her own image of him upon the stage at night; wrestled unceasingly with the voices which would speak of the Etta Romney which had been; the child of passionate dreamings and of an Eastern heritage no longer.

And her prayer was this, for Gavin's safety and her own salvation in his love.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The House at Hampstead.

Evelyn had played Di Vernon's part for thirty nights exactly, when just as she was going on the stage, on the evening of the thirty-first day, a call-boy put a telegram into her hand and she had scarcely opened it when she discovered that it was from her father.

"I am passing through London upon my way to Paris," it said; "perhaps I shall be in the theatre. If not, come to me afterwards to De Kyser's Hotel. I will engage a room for you there."

She told the boy that there was no answer to the message and immediately passed to the garden scene she had played so often and always with such sweetness and light. The thought that her father might be in the house excited her strangely. Difficult as it is for a player upon the stage to identify those in the stalls, she peered intently, nevertheless, at the serried ranks before her and was conscious of a sense of disappointment when her search was vain. A second thought suggested that her father might be hidden by the curtains of a private box; and with this in her mind she found herself playing, not, as it were, to an audience of strangers, but to one who loved her and had never understood her. Surely her father would read something of her own story, of her loyalty to her old home, and the depth of feeling which had sent her

from it when he listened to Di Vernon and her sweet sincerity. This was her hope, though she knew not whether the Earl were present or no. To her anxious questions during the entractes, old Jacobs, the stage-door keeper, declared that no one "hadn't come round from the front not since he'd drunk his supper beer"—a vague answer, inasmuch as the beer in question made its appearance at six o'clock and continued to do so at short intervals until eleven.

She must suffer her curiosity, therefore; and take what profit of it she might. When the play was over and no news came from the front, she concluded with a natural regret that her father had not been present; and she was just wondering how she would get to De Kyser's Hotel and exactly where it might be when old Jacobs himself, unable to find a messenger, came round to tell her that a carriage stood at the door ready for her . . . and that it was a "nobby one" to boot.

"She's footlights enough for a ballet," the old man said, with the patronizing air of one who did not keep motor cars and thought very little of those who did. "He says he comes from your father, but I shouldn't wonder if it were from Buckingham Palace. Will you go, Miss, or shall I say something civil to him?"

Evelyn hastened to say that she would go; and, putting on her furs, she went out to the carriage. This was waiting in the Haymarket, and the driver appeared to be quite a boy, an open-faced, honest-looking lad, who told her frankly that he was not to take her to De Kyser's Hotel, but to a house at Hampstead where the Earl expected her.

"There's a Mr. Fillmore there, Miss," he said. "I think he's a clergyman. They said you would know, and it would be all right for you to stop the night. The gentlemen are going away early in the morning, I believe—at least I heard the butler saying so."

It was rather startling, but Evelyn suspected nothing. That old chatter-box, the Vicar of Moretown, had relatives at Hampstead, she knew, and nothing would be more natural than that he should have accompanied her father to town. None the less, it was annoying to have to go as she was; and nothing but the Earl's known intention to travel abroad almost immediately induced her to consent.

"Could you bring me back to-night if I wished?" she asked the lad.

He answered: "Oh, certainly, Miss. I'm up half the night carrying ladies about sometimes."

She entered the carriage without further parley and they drove swiftly through Regent Street and Portland Place. Her desire to meet her father betrayed her unconquered affection for him. She would tell him frankly that she would not return to him until she went as Gavin Ord's wife; and that her life from this time would be devoted to discovering the result of Gavin's journey and the reasons which kept him in Roumania. This would not be to say that he had ever dealt ungenerously with her; far from it, the whole of his immense fortune had ever been at her command; but the advantages which his money conferred upon her entailed corresponding duties; and she did not believe that her love for Gavin permitted her to live under the roof which also sheltered Georges Odin's son. For these reasons she had left her home; and to justify herself by them she now went to Hampstead at her father's bidding.

There was much gray mist in the lowlands by Regent's Park; and although the night became clearer as they climbed the height to Hampstead, it remained dark and moonless, and rarely permitted Evelyn to say where she was or how far they had driven. In no way concerned but very tired, she closed her eyes and listened dreamily to the rolling sound of wheels upon the wet road, telling herself that life was truly one swift journey with the echo of the worldly wheels ever rolling in human ears and saying "onward to an unknown goal; whether you will or no; desiring to rest or zealous; still shall this coach of destiny hurry you on by the houses of childhood, of love, and of death, to that kingdom of mystery which all must enter." How happy had she been if Gavin were beside her and they journeyed together to some haven of their desires, while all the past should be written out and that peace of understanding be truly found. Vain dream, sweet illusion—a voice called her from it, the rush of cold air upon her face awakened her. They had arrived at their destination and their journey was done.

Plainly an old house. Evelyn starting up from her dream, perceived an old-fashioned stone porch with clematis thick upon it, an open door showing a brightly lighted hall within and a blazing welcome warmth from an open grate beyond. To the footman who helped her from the carriage she addressed a brief question.

"Is my father, is Mr. Fillmore here?" she asked.

The man bent his head; she understood him to be a foreigner; and, impatient to know, she entered the hall and the great doors were immediately closed behind her.

"This way if you would please, ladyship," the footman continued in such execrable English that she would have laughed at it upon any other occasion. "The gentlemen were here." He opened a door upon the right-hand side of the hall and she found herself in a small paneled boudoir; so perfect in its scheme of decoration, so cozy, so warm, that she asked no longer why her father had come to Hampstead.

"Please tell the Earl that I am here," she said—and remembered as she said it that the Vicar's relatives had been spoken of at Moretown as

very prodigies of riches. The footman in answer to her, nodded his head as foreigners will; and venturing no more English phrases he left her alone.

How cold she was! And what a picture of a room! The Japanese panelling delighted her. The hangings in green silk delighted her. What inexpressibly luxurious chairs! And books everywhere, books in English, in French, in Italian—novels, biographies, picture-books. Did a fire ever roar up a chimney with such a pleasant sound. The warmth made the blood tingle in her veins; she bathed in it, stooped to it, caressed it with hands outspread to the blaze. And this was her occupation when she heard the door open behind her; and leaping up, said, "Dear father—I am so glad."

"My dear lady, your father has not yet arrived."

She stood transfixed, realizing her situation and the peril of it in one swift instant. Count Odin, the man she had fled from; Count Odin, whose very name she had tried to forget, he was her host then. Not for a moment would she deceive herself with the consideration of other possibilities or likely accidents. She had been lured to the house by a trick, and the intentions of those who brought her there could not but be evil. So much she understood, and in understanding found her courage.

"My father is not here," she repeated after him, guarding her self-control and standing before him defiantly.

He answered her almost with humility.

"No, he is not yet come, I am sorry to say. It is not my fault. His reasons are his own . . . and, Lady Evelyn, there are many who will say that he is right."

She looked at him amazed.

"Did you ask me here to justify myself?" she exclaimed, the blood running to her cheeks and her flashing eyes. "Am I to answer, then, to you? I will believe such an impertinence when I hear it." And turning from him to the fire, she said, "How little you could ever know of any Englishwoman. To dare to bring me here—to think that I should be afraid of you!"

He smiled at her contempt and came a little nearer to her.

"I never thought that," he said slowly. "I never accused you of want of courage, Lady Evelyn. Perhaps I am guilty of an impertinence. You shall tell me when you have heard my news—the news I bring you from Roumania."

Evelyn turned about in spite of herself and looked him full in the face.

"The news from Roumania!"

"Certainly, news of your friend, Mr. Gavin Ord."

The plot had been well contrived, and it did not fail. Curiosity, nay, fear almost, proved stronger than Evelyn's alarm or any thought of her own safety. Vainly she tried to suppress her emotion; while the man, for his part, followed every movement of her graceful figure with eyes that devoured its contour.

"Well?" she cried, her heart beating wildly, her hands clinched. What hours of anxiety, of dread, of passionate regret that one word recalled to her.

The Count drew a chair near the fire and motioned to her to sit. She obeyed him with a docility which did not surprise him. He held the master cards and would play them one by one.

"Well," he said lightly enough, "to begin with, your friend is still in Roumania."

"Am I unaware of that?" she exclaimed.

"Of course, you would not be. He is still in Roumania and a prisoner."

"A prisoner—why should he be a prisoner?"

"Because, dear lady, he is my father's enemy."

She realized what it meant and sat resting her bowed head upon her little hands.

"I will go to Roumania; I will see him," she said presently.

Odin smiled again at that.

"It would be a hazardous journey, and I fear an unprofitable one," said he.

"It can be no less profitable than the silent friendship of those who should speak. For we are talking in parables," she said quickly, "and for once I believe that you are telling me the truth."

"A flattering admission. I will do my best to be worthy of it. Let us continue the story as we began. Your friend is a prisoner in the house of my friends. They will release him upon the day I command them to do so—not an hour before. They are my servants, Lady Evelyn—and in the Carpathians to obey is the only commandment known to them. Should I say to them 'this man must not return to England,' then he would never return. I think you can understand that. It rests with me to save your friend's life or to . . . but we are a long way from coming to that yet."

Evelyn trembled but she did not speak. The plain issue of that duel of sex could not be hidden from her. She was in the house of a man who had brought her there by a trick; a scoundrel and an adventurer, and she was alone. The price of Gavin Ord's liberty was the surrender of her honor. She understood and was silent, and the man knew that she understood.

"We are a long way from that," he continued, with a new note in his voice which spoke chiefly of his passion for her. "I hope that we shall never come to it. When I first saw you in London, Lady Evelyn, I said that there should never be another woman for me, I will never marry. Yes, I love you, and I am of a nation

that learns from its childhood how women should be loved. Consent to be my wife and I will live for nothing else but your happiness. Your English friend shall win his liberty tomorrow; your father shall be my father's friend. I will live where you wish to live, serve you faithfully, have no thoughts but those you wish me to have. Evelyn—that is what I would first say to you to-night—that I love you—that you must love me—that I cannot live without you."

He bent over her and tried to touch her hand. She did not doubt that she had become, as he said, the great hope of his life. And just as she had said in Derbyshire, "Etta Romney would marry him," so now for an instant did the same voice speak to her to tell her the truths of such a passion as this and to put the spell of its great temptation upon her. Then, white and trembling, the true Evelyn spoke.

"Count Odin," she said, "I love another man. I must answer you once and forever—this cannot be; it is impossible."

He heard her patiently, did not yet threaten her, and, indeed, continued to be such a lover as he had declared the men of his nation to be.

"I believe nothing of the kind. This man has appeared before you as a hero. He goes like a new Don Quixote to tilt against the windmills of his folly. You do not love such a man—and he—he knows nothing of what love is."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I do love him," she said very calmly. "I love him, and I shall marry him."

"When he returns from Roumania?"

"When he returns, or when I go to him there."

He laughed now at her earnestness.

"We will go together, you and I," he said. "We will start for Paris to-morrow. It is a stage upon our journey. I sent for you so—to go to Paris with me to-morrow. Of course, your father goes. He will tell you so when he comes here. He goes with us, and is pleased to be out of England. Why should he not be? Here is all the town gaping at his daughter. That pains him. I, too, dislike it, for I do not wish the world to call my wife an actress. No, Lady Evelyn, we shall prevent it—your father and I. In France, you will forget all this. The day will come when you will know that we have been your friends."

He would have had it appear that he spoke with sincerity and earnestness; but Evelyn heard little of that which he said. The deed-laid plot never for a moment deceived her. She knew that her father was in no way concerned in it; she understood that she had been brought to the house by a subterfuge and that courage alone would save her.

"Count Odin," she said as she rose and faced him, "when my father wishes me to go to Paris he will tell me so. Your threats I treat with contempt. You are one of those men whose part in life is to be woman's enemy. I know you now, and am not even afraid of you. Let me leave this house quietly and I will forget that I ever came here. Compel me to stay and I will find a way to the nearest police station in spite of you. That is my answer. I have nothing further to say."

He listened to her as though he had expected just such an answer as this. "Dear lady," he said with provoking insolence, "do you know that it is one o'clock and that we are nearly five miles from Charing Cross?"

"It would make no difference to me if we were fifty."

"But your father is coming here—"

"That is not true."

"Come, you compel me to be angry. Understand that I have no intention whatever of letting you go. If you persist, I must speak more frankly."

"A new experience. Stand aside, please. I am going to leave this house."

He laughed brutally.

"Go to your English friend. I will telegraph that you are coming. Go to him—if he is still alive, dear lady."

She shuddered but did not flinch.

"I will tell the story where all the world may read it to-morrow."

"To-morrow—to-morrow, how far off is to-morrow sometimes. Beware of to-morrow, Lady Evelyn."

He drew aside and opened the door for her; and she, wondering greatly at his apparent compliance, put her furs about her shoulders. Just for one instant she stopped and with a woman's instinct would have bargained with him for Gavin's life.

"Give me your word of honor that no harm shall happen to Mr. Ord and I will be silent," she said.

He crossed the room and looked closely into her face.

"We will speak of that to-morrow—when your father comes," he said.

The words perplexed her. She hesitated but had nothing more to say. Outside in the hall, the fire still burned brightly in the open grate, and the gas lamps were lighted. Not a sound could be heard; no human being appeared to inhabit that remote and lonely tenement. Trembling with excitement and afraid, she knew not of what, Evelyn had reached the front door and was stooping to unbolt it when a pair of strong arms were clasped suddenly about her and a heavy cloak thrown over her head. Taken utterly by surprise, overwhelmed by terror of the circumstance, she felt herself lifted from her feet and carried swiftly from the hall. All her strength could not fling those strong arms from her nor put aside the cloak which stifled her cries. Inanimate, afraid as she had never been in all her life, she lay almost senseless in the man's arms and let him do as he would with her.

For she knew that she was Odin's prisoner, and that no act or will of hers could save her from the plot so subtly contrived.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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LAKE SIDE GLEANINGS

Some Interesting Items Concerning the Summer Colony at Lake Maxinkuckee.

ON THE EAST SIDE.

Donald Trom spent the week end with Mr. Hann.

George Flesch of Piqua, Ohio, is visiting Stewart Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wheeler spent last week in Indianapolis.

W. K. Stewart is spending the week end at the Vonnegut cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Birge have returned from their visit in Evans-ton.

Mrs. Mitchell and daughter Mary are visiting at the Gompf cot-tage.

George Armstrong of Terre Haute visited with Alvin Reiman last week.

Miss Beulah Leininger of Akron is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Po-nader.

Mrs. Ed Reincke and son are spending the week at the Deggen-dorf cottage.

Mr. Boehmer of Indianapolis was the weekend guest at the Glos-brenner cottage.

Mrs. F. W. and Miss Jessica Wood are guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Mansfield.

E. A. Ellsworth and Miss Ada Ellsworth of Lafayette have ar-rived at Idledon.

Professor Woodbury of Purdue spent the week with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Vonnegut.

Mrs. Alonzo Chapman and two sons of Indianapolis are guests at the Floreas cottage.

Mrs. H. C. Sooy of Milwaukee is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Baw-din at Green Gables.

Mrs. Raymond Raddle and fam-ily of Kokomo visited last week with Mrs. D. C. Jenkins.

Miss Helen Stimson and her guest, Miss Beggs, visited for a few days in Terre Haute.

Misses Emy and Gertrude Zobel of Terre Haute are visiting Marie Reiman at the Capron cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. George Vonnegut will occupy Mrs. Bernard Von-negut's cottage during August.

Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Wallin of Grand Rapids spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Heywood.

Mr. and Mrs. Emerson and two daughters of Indianapolis will oc-cupy Sleepy Hollow during August.

Mrs. W. B. English has returned to Indianapolis after a two weeks' visit with Mr. and Harry Wheeler.

Ralph Luncke and Mrs. Helen Brandon of Indianapolis visited Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Kneifer last week.

Miss Gertrude Wilmington has returned to Indianapolis after a two weeks vacation at VanSchoi-ack's.

Mrs. Arnetta Vance of Jackson-ville, Florida, spent the first of the week at Manana as the guest of Major Bates.

Gus Coburn, who has been spending a couple of weeks with the Mansfields, has returned to Indianapolis.

W. I. Pierce and daughter Ma-riam of Warsaw spent the week end at Willowdale with Mr. and Mrs. Deggendorf.

The Sailor brothers of South Bend and Kokomo, who were oc-cupying the Rhodehamal cottage, Sleepy Hollow, left Monday.

Mrs. J. D. Kennedy and son of Kokomo and Mrs. Amanda Smith of Peru are the guests of Mrs. D. C. Jenkins at the Rice cottage.

Mrs. Charles Ferguson, Mrs. B. Castle and Misses Jennie and Flo-ra Uhl have returned to Logans-port after a ten-day outing at the J. P. Ferguson cottage.

Dr. Irvine delivered an interest-ing talk along the line of the war situation in Europe to a number of the cottagers at the home of Mrs. Holliday last Monday after-noon.

At the Bay View: B. Lewis and family and Carol Hadley and fam-ily of Indianapolis, Mrs. Heller and daughter and Gilbert January of Memphis, Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Lincoln, Chas. Mode and

family and Geo. Baker and family of Indianapolis, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Mitchell of Noblesville.

Miss Dorothy Baldwin, who has been spending the week with Miss Farrington at the Carson cottage, has left for Douglas, Michigan, where she will spend the remainder of the season.

Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Davis and children of Columbus, Ohio, are at the Hazledine cottage, Palo Al-to, for August. Mr. and Mrs. H. S. McLeod of Delphos, O., are also guests of the Hazledines.

Mrs. J. H. Barnhart, Mrs. Henry Barnhart and Mrs. Harry Moore of Logansport and Mrs. E. T. Bath-en and Master Gaylord Wilcox of Lincoln, Neb., were the weekend guests of Mrs. F. M. Harwood at the Haws.

ON LONG POINT.

F. C. Murphy and family have returned to Logansport.

Charles H. Barnes and family have returned to Logansport.

Miss Nellie Pence of Logansport is visiting the James J. Barnes family.

J. H. Ewart has returned to Westfield, Ill., after visiting a week at the Knapp cottage.

Mrs. Smith Morris is spending the week at Shady Cove with the family of J. H. Witamyer.

Ed Hank of Logansport spent a few days at Idlewild as the guest of Bud and Miss Naomi Campbell.

Miss Clara Conrath and Frank Kluck of St. Louis are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Conrath at the Shaffer cottage.

Mrs. Mintie Holman and chil-dren, Earl and Nina, took posses-sion of their cottage, the Earl, for the remainder of the season.

Carr Goldsmith accompanied by Willard Childs of Terre Haute is at A-shan-tee for a short visit with the family of F. C. Goldsmith.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Warvel, Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Masters and Mr. and Mrs. Frank McGayghey of Lo-gansport are the occupants of the Traut cottage for two weeks.

Mrs. Harry Keller and daughter Elizabeth and Mr. and Mrs. H. Messersmith of Logansport; Mrs. Wade and children of Chicago, and P. J. Richard of Plymouth were guests last week of F. L. Keller.

At Chadwick's: W. L. Flagg, H. J. Pierce and wife, Virginia Pierce, J. H. Weinstein and wife, Elizabeth Hunter, Martin Wein-stein, W. E. Bindy and wife, Hugh Robbins, Mrs. Horsby, of Terre Haute; F. H. Fenderan and wife of Brazil; W. Hilderbrand and wife of South Bend; Mrs. Starward of Chicago; R. F. Garrett, son and wife, A. O. Boyd and wife, W. W. Boyd of Michigan City; F. L. Bridg-es and wife, R. E. Grinstead and wife of Indianapolis; Mr. Chadmas, George W. Cooper, E. F. Gannott of Chicago.

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ON THE ASSEMBLY GROUNDS.

J. W. Park and family have re-turned to South Bend.

Mr. Gullickstad returned from a week's business trip to New York City.

George Davis and family of El-wood, Ind., are visiting the George Fear family.

Mrs. W. H. Kennedy and daugh-ter and Will Kennedy of Chicago are the guests at Oak Ridge.

J. H. Behmer and family, ac-companied by their guest, Miss Agnes Burkett of Logansport, are at the Calane cottage for a ten-day stay.

Dan Rodkey and wife, Sam Rod-key, wife and son, John Oyler and wife, Albert Rodkey and Dot Mor-riam of near Burlington, were the occupants last week of the Rodkey cottage.

Maud Briles, Mary and Goldie Peirson and Glen Conett of Indi-anapolis, Minerva Mitchell and Ada Carry of Robinson, Ill., were guests last week of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Thomas.

Of Interest to Women.

Never use a brush when clean-ing silk goods. Wipe carefully with a piece of velvet.

To clean window glass use warm water and borax, no soap. Wipe dry and polish with newspaper.

When pressing woolen goods cover with a sheet of brown paper in place of cloth. No lint will be the result.

To remove jelly from glass put glass for two or three minutes in warm water. The jelly will slip easily from the glass and be per-fect in shape.

If you put ordinary blueing in the water for cleaning windows, you will find they will be polished much more quickly and will retain their brilliancy much longer.

If kerosene and hot water be put into a sprinkling pot, and all outhouses and places where flies breed and increase in thousands be sprinkled carefully with the mixture occasionally during the summer months, the eggs will be destroyed and the household be spared an intolerable nuisance of real danger.

Blocks of camphor in corners of damp rooms will effectually banish damp in a very short time, even when fires have proved ineffectual. They should be simply laid on paper, or on the bare shelves of a damp room or linen closet. The blocks gradually decrease in size, and when they finally disappear should be replaced until the pur-pose is served.

Culver's Crack Swimmers.

The junior Culver swimmers at Indianapolis repeated the work of the seniors and ran away with 36 of the possible 45 points. Freddy Gignilliat captured the junior and juvenile diving. This lad is dis-tinguishing himself in athletics. The Indianapolis Star, comment-ing on his performance in the swimming meet, says:

One of the features of the after-noon was the work of Fred Gignil-liat, a 14 year old boy, in the junior and juvenile events. Young Gignilliat won the junior and ju-venile fancy diving events and his work was the center of great inter-est. He competed against boys much older and is certainly one of the cleverest little swimmers in the state. Besides being a swimmer, the youngster is a crack tennis player, having played into the third round in the recent tri-state tennis tournament. He is the son of Col-onel Gignilliat, the head of the Culver Military academy.

POPLAR GROVE.

Louis Kepler of Winamac visit-ed relatives in this neighborhood last week.

Mrs. Mary Hissong and her daughter dined with her niece, Mrs. C. L. Allerding, Tuesday.

Edna Loser was in Argos last week taking care of her aunt and grandmother who were ill.

Hot wind and drouth have ruined the corn and potato crops. The garden and flowers are very dejected. We hope for rain in time to save the cowpeas.

The W. G. Browns, Mrs. Loser, Mrs. George South, Mrs. Pontius, Mrs. Mary Berlin and Mrs. Thom-as Berlin called to see Mrs. Caro-line Snider last week.

Sunday visitors: The Russell Lowrys, Chloe Scott and Lester Smith with the J. H. Davises; For-est South with his cousin, Hetty Scott; Charles MacMahon and wife from Athens and Clint Strom and family from Harris Station at Mrs. John Stayton's; Effie Kreigbaum at home.

Some Good Hogs.

Forest Knepper sold the largest bunch of hogs in Etna Green this week that has ever been sold there at one time by one man. There were 89 of them of his own feed-ing and mostly his own raising, and they weighed 16,330 pounds and brought \$1,469.70.—Bourbon News-Mirror.

Gleaners' Picnic.

The Gleaners of this section will hold a picnic at Vandalia park on Friday, Aug. 21. There will be good speaking and an abundance of amusements. All arbors are in- vited. Come and spend a happy day with us. Committee.

For Sale.

Large gasoline range, suitable for hotel or boarding house. H. Pecher.

NONE OF HER BUSINESS

"MY LANDS, BUT them stairs take the tucker out of a person!" gasped the woman from the first floor as she impinged heavily on a kitchen chair. "I don't see how you folks stand it, climbing up and down. I couldn't. But then you and your husband both is kinda slight built, so I s'pose you don't feel it the way I do, being fleshy, as you might say. I see the express-man bringing up a trunk a while ago. Was you expecting company, not that it's any of my business?"

"No, I didn't think you was. I says to Mrs. Bullen, I says, when the trunk went up, 'This ain't the time o' year for visitors,' I says. 'Not from the country, anyway. It's the time for visiting. Mrs. Deakin, across the court, went to her folks out Des Plaines way last week and she's going to be gone a month, so the janitor says. Mr. Deakin's supposed to sleep in the flat, but there ain't been no light nor no sounds of him as I've heard since she went. If he does come home, he comes mighty late and goes mighty early, and he ain't taking no milk in. It ain't none of my business, but I'd like to slip in and put a couple of bread pans in his bed and see if they ain't there three weeks from now. You take them men that wears black string ties and sideburns and they ain't always safe to leave alone. Not that it's any of my business where he is nights."

"I see about a dozen empty beer bottles on the window sill below as I came up. The window was raised a couple of inches and there was beer plain enough, and there wasn't none there yesterday morning because I took notice. If it was one or two bot-tles, I wouldn't think nothing of it, but when people that claim to be refined gets away with a dozen at a sit-ting I've got my opinion of them. I don't say nothing, because it ain't my affair as long as they don't jar down the plaster from my ceilings; but, believe me, some of these times there's going to be roughhouse, as Mr. Pryor says, and the first thing you know, we'll have a patrol wagon backing up to the curb and that will be a nice thing."

"It does beat all how people are, doesn't it? I got a surprise this morning. Leastways it wasn't a sur-prise because I'd been kinda looking for it. Them Merriams next door. You know I told M. Pryor when they moved in that their furniture was in- stalment. There wasn't no name on the van, but when you see everything brand, spick-and-span new and brass bedsteads and mission furniture and pictures and kitchen dishes all coming in together, you can't tell me, not if it's ever so. And a collector regularly every month that ain't papers or laundry or the gas. Of course, if folks want to buy on installment, it's their business, it ain't mine, but, as I say to Mr. Pryor, 'Give me my own sticks that's bought and paid for if the varnish is scratched and rubbed. When I lay down at night I want it to be in a bed that I know ain't going to be took from under me before I wake, and that's just exactly what's going to happen to the Merriams. I happened to be looking out of my kitchen win-dow when that collector called and it wasn't the first time either in the last week. Well, she hadn't got the money for him and he was real ugly. I couldn't hear what she said because she was talking low, but he says to her, 'I ain't got nothing to do with that,' he says. 'You tell your husband he's gotta come across by noon to-morrow or he'll have some costs to pay as well.' I felt like butting in, as Mr. Pryor says, and pushing a mop in his big mouth, but it wasn't none of my business."

"And will you please tell me how that lodger of Mrs. Atkins's pays her board and room and a lunch down town out of her wages and then has enough to buy real lace trimmed longere and silk stockings? Better days she may have seen, but when it comes to a full clothes-line of nothing but, as close as pins will pin 'em, it looks to me mighty—well, of course, it ain't my business. I told Mrs. At-kins so. 'It ain't none o' my business, ma'am,' I says. 'She could hang pink tights out on the line if she had the face to, as far as I'm concerned, but if it was me rooming her'—. May be you saw them? No? Well, I guess I'm naturally kinda observing. I see a lot of things that I don't talk about, too. I tell Mr. Pryor I've got enough things of my own to look after, dear knows without poking into other folks' business, but I was bound I'd know about that trunk going up to you because I didn't know but what you might be a-going out of town or having visitors or your husband get-ting back. I see the postman putting a letter in your box that looked like it was from him but—well, don't mind me if you've got to dress, I just thought I'd see if I could borrow the fill of a cup of coffee from you till the grocery man got around. Where did you say you was going? Shop- ping? What was you going to buy? Not that it's any of my business."

Wealth of Frankfort.

Frankfort probably shares with Amsterdam eminence as being the wealthiest city in the world per cap-ita. There is an immense invest-ment fund in this city garnered through the centuries. Frankfort has long been one of the great money markets of Europe and banking in Germany centred here until recent years, the great Frankfort private banking houses leading and being as-sisted in their operations by such uses as Mendelssohns and Bleich-roeders in Berlin and the Oppen- heims in Hanover.—Daily Consular and Trade Reports.

For Sale.

12x28 66-ton Saginaw silo, com-plete with roof. Been used one year. Price right. E. A. Strong Jr., R. R. 15.

Lost—One set Riddo-skid tire chains between Culver and Bide-a-Wee. Return to M. H. Foss, Main street. Reward.

DELONG.

Leslie E. Wolfe, Correspondent

Kewanna is now a dry town.

Some large eels are being caught in Old Tip.

Mrs. Wm Thomas was a Ply-mouth visitor Friday.

Wm. O'Keefe of Plymouth was a Sunday caller here.

Carl Sorehager was a business caller to Monterey Monday.

Edith Plantz of South Bend visited relatives here Sunday.

James Kline and family of Hibbard were visitors here Satur-day.

Mrs. Wm. Robinson of Hunting-ton visited the Davis Kaleys here last week.

May Hand and Otho Poffen-barger of Converse have been mar-ried for quite a while.

Mrs. Lewis Johnson of Brewster, Minn., and Mrs. F. M. Kline went to Yonkers, N. Y., to visit Mrs. Charles Cornell.

Three more crates of homing pigeons were liberated here Sun-day morning at 8 o'clock. They soon got their course and were on their way to Mishawaka.

LeRoy Hodge of Richland Center and Miss Maude Deck of this place were married at Rochester Saturday. They have the best wishes of their many friends.

MOUNT HOPE

Miss Ethel Edgington, Correspondent.

Rev. Havens will deliver his farewell sermon Sunday morn-ing.

Ruby Saltz entertained her Sunday school class at dinner Sun-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Noah Wagoner are the proud parents of a baby girl.

Wm Starkey and family of Mulberry are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Starkey, for a few weeks.

Miss M. M. Edgington of Chi-cago was called home Monday by the serious illness of her grand-mother, Mrs. Mary Edgington.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Thompson with Mr. and Mrs. Byron Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hay at James Hay's; Fredona Reinhart with Gertrude and Loraine Fisher.

GREEN TOWNSHIP.

Miss Mary Irwin, Correspondent.

Mrs. John Wagoner remains in a critical condition.

Ronald Quivey is suffering with an attack of tonsillitis.

Rev. Tocoma will preach at Jordan next Sunday evening.

Sunday visitors: John Butler and family at J. C. Shaw's; Rev. A. L. Vermillion and family, Mrs. Scott and children and Mary Spell-man at T. J. Bell's; T. W. Irwin and Arley Jones with their wives at Elmer Irwin's; the Olin Wagon-ers at John Wagoner's.

Old newspapers, any quantity, at the Citizen office.

To Water Users.

Water consumers are hereby no-tified that sprinkling must be re-stricted to the hours of 5 to 7 in the morning and 6 to 8 in the even-ing. This is necessary to guard against the danger of low pressure in case of fire.

Further notice is given that aft-er Sept. 1 the cost of tapping the main will be \$3 instead of \$7.

CULVER WATER CO.

Elevator Notice.

After Aug. 11 the undersigned will occupy the elevator and will pay the highest market price for grain, cowpeas, etc. Hawkins & Co.

To the Public.

I wish to announce that I will do manicuring at my home, 2d house south of Evan. church. Ber-tha Hawkins. a574

CULVER MARKETS

Wheat.....	80
Corn, per bu., new....	75
Oats, assorted.....	34
Rye.....	60
Clover seed.....	—
Cow peas.....	—
Eggs (fresh).....	.18
Butter (good).....	.17
do (common).....	.12
Spring chickens.....	14@17
Fowls.....	.11
Leghorn chickens.....	.08
Roosters.....	.05
Ducks, old.....	.08
Geese.....	.08
Turkeys.....	.14
Lard.....	.12½

Removal

I have moved my shop to the Pecher building, just across the street from my old location, and am now prepared to supply all your wants in my lines.

Firstclass work at fair prices always has been and always will be my aim.

Come in and see me.

S SMITH'S (The Original) SHOE & HARNESS SHOP (North of Hardware)

Post Cards

All Views now

1 Cent Each

The most complete as-sortment in the town --anything you want.

Some extra big bar-gains in Cameras to reduce our stock.

Rector's Pharmacy

The Rexall Store

THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHES	MITCHELL & STABENOW	FURNISH-INGS HATS AND SHOES
CULVER :: INDIANA		

ANY MAN'S SUIT

ALSO ANY YOUNG MAN'S SUIT
From Our Large and Varied Stock

AT 20 PER CENT OFF

Including Black and Blue—None Reserved

The opportunity is now afforded you to choose any suit you desire in our entire stock at 20% off the al-ready low marked price. The selection consists of this season's latest styles. This great offer is for the purpose of clearing every suit possible before in-ventory. Come early and have the first pick.

Every suit now \$5.00 less 20%	\$4.00
Every suit now \$7.50 less 20%	\$6.00
Every suit now \$10.00 less 20%	\$8.00
Every suit now \$15.00 less 20%	\$12.00
Every suit now \$20.00 less 20%	\$16.00