

PERSONAL POINTERS

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

Julia Moss spent several days last week at Winona Lake. Dr. Clyde Walter of Tulsa, Okl., is here on his annual two weeks' vacation. Miss Ata Moss of Sedalia is a visitor this week with the Moss family in Culver. Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Culver, with E. R. Culver Jr. and Gene, are at present in London. Miss Olive Johnson of Iron Mountain, Mich., is visiting Miss Rose Moss this week. Mrs. H. E. Adams and son Carl attended the Bruce reunion at Lake Bruce last week. Prof. and Mrs. T. E. Williams of East Chicago were guests of Miss Julia Moss Sunday. Mrs. Sarah Ball of Rochester spent Saturday and Sunday with her sister, Mrs. John Henderson. Mr. and Mrs. John Castor of Shelby, Ohio, are guests of their sister-in-law, Mrs. Catherine Cline. Mrs. John Collins of Wolcott, Ind., has been the guest this week of her daughter, Mrs. J. F. Kenrich. Mrs. George Garn has gone to Fremont, O., to attend the Overmyer reunion and will remain for two weeks. Abraham French and his sister, Mrs. David Heminger, visited over Sunday with relatives in Grass Creek. Mrs. Oscar McPherson of Mentone has returned home after spending a few days with Mrs. John Henderson. Carl Morris and wife are newcomers at Cottage Grove Place, the guests of Mrs. Oliver Crook, Mr. Morris' mother. Deane Walker is home from his special studies in Angola and is getting ready for the coming year's work in the Culver school. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Rockhill and daughter of Loda, Ill., are visiting in this neighborhood this week and will attend a family reunion at Et-na Green. Mrs. M. Denson and daughter Gladys and Miss Hattie Stewart have returned to Brazil, Ind., after spending their vacation at Cottage Grove Place. H. E. Adams and grandson Oren Sautter have gone to Rochester on a short visit to Mrs. Milo Smith. Ray Smith is also visiting the Smiths in Rochester. Mrs. Jesse Long and her son George with his wife and two children, all of Chicago, were visitors last week at G. R. Howard's. Mrs. Long is Mrs. Howard's sister. Mrs. Slattery has been entertaining her sister, Mrs. Watson, and a friend, Miss Abby, both of Chicago, and her nephew, Archibald Smoke, of Minnesota, during the past week. Mrs. Charles Osgood and daughters Charlene and Phyllis, and Mrs. Pauline Schaefer and children, all of Marion, are visiting with Captain and Mrs. Crook at Cottage Grove Place. Mrs. Osgood is a daughter of the captain's. F. F. Wolfe of Grand Junction, Col., brother of Dan, John and Tim Wolfe and Mrs. Kate Edwards, is here with his son on a two weeks' visit—his first return to Culver in 14 years. Mr. Wolfe is on a passenger run on the Denver & Rio Grande between Grand Junction and Salida, and crosses the divide each trip. O. P. Smith, who has been at Capt. Crook's all season in quest of health, shows great improvement. Mr. Smith, who is enthusiastic about Culver as a health resort, has been invited by the la-

bor organizations of Fort Wayne to be the guest of honor at the Labor day celebration to be held in that city Sept. 7. Herbert Labounty of Logansport spent Saturday and Sunday with Culver relatives. Mrs. Ida Unser and daughter Alta of Green Springs, Ohio, and Mrs. Medbourn and Bess were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Meredith Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Chester Zechiel left for Indianapolis on Wednesday, carrying with them the best wishes of their host of friends in Culver. They will go to housekeeping this week in a pretty, new bungalow at 4960 Broadway. W. H. Cullen of Greencastle, deputy county clerk of Marshall county many years ago, was here this week on his annual visit to Mr. and Mrs. Riggins. Loreen Riggins accompanied Mr. Cullen home to stay a week or two, visiting on the way in Logansport and Monticello. J. J. Kelleher of Frankfort and I. G. Poston of Martinsville were here last Thursday on business. Mr. Kelleher is the contractor who built several blocks of brick street on South Market this summer and moved the work along so smoothly and rapidly that he was done and gone before people got on to his curves. He is now doing the same kind of work at Culver. Mr. Poston makes the "knobstone" paving brick that Mr. Kelleher uses—said to be second to none. He says he is the pioneer paving brick manufacturer in Indiana, having been in the business since 1892.—Winamac Democrat.

News Always News.

This query often comes to every newspaper, says the Kewanee, Ill., Star-Courier: "Why is it that this or that organization gets so much space in the paper, when the work we are doing is only mentioned now and then?" The answer is generally easy. It is efficient press agent work and nothing else. There is no favoritism. The people in charge of the work of some organizations know news and they are not afraid to see that it gets into the newspaper. They know the value of publicity. Others shrink back at the sight of a reporter, and they wouldn't think of calling up the newspaper office and telling that they know of things of public interest. Yet they wonder why other organizations are getting publicity. It is true of churches, of lodges, of civic organizations, of clubs, and it is true of people, of individuals. News is always news and a newspaper is printed to give the news. No one will think you immodest if you call up the office and tell us what you know.

Obituary.

Elisabeth Miller was born in Grithorpe, England, Feb. 24, 1844, and died at her home near Burr Oak, Aug. 21, 1914, aged 70 years, 5 months and 10 days. She was married in England to James Lowther Nov. 25, 1868. To this union seven children were born. The father with four children survive—William L. Lowther and Anna Sickler of Burr Oak, Kate Chenoweth of Rankin, Ill., and Alice Thomas of Monon, Ind., who paid the last tribute of respect to one who had helped fill their lives with sweetness and tenderness, and who so many times has spoken approving, cheering words to brighten and cheer them in weary troubled hours. Mrs. Lowther's father was a minister of the M. E. church, and she united with that denomination in childhood, and she passed into the Great Beyond as she had lived, in perfect peace. Funeral services were conducted in the church at Burr Oak by Rev. J. F. Kenrich last Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment in Burr Oak cemetery.

KILLS IN SELF DEFENSE

Deputy Game Warden C. P. Holloway of Plymouth Shoots Clyde Jeffries When Arrest is Resisted.

Exaggerated and unsupported reports regarding the Saturday night shooting at the Yellow river, nearly 3 miles northeast of Hibbard, were circulated here all day Sunday. The following details, given by the Democrat, recite the facts: Charles P. Holloway of this city, deputy game and fish warden, on Saturday evening at about 6 o'clock, shot and killed Clyde Jeffries, 24 years old, whose home was with his parents at Argos. The tragedy occurred near the Shoemaker bridge. Deputy Wardens Holloway and Stoneburner, the latter from Warsaw, were patrolling the river and discovered men in a boat fishing with a tram net. One warden was on one side of the river, and the other the opposite side. Warden Stoneburner called to the men and asked what they were doing, and Holloway crept up to the edge of the bank to within 12 or 15 feet of the boat. The men in the boat were Jeffrey and William Sands, the latter 68 years old. Holloway called out, "Consider yourselves under arrest," and ordered them to come ashore. According to a witness at the inquest Holloway held his revolver in his hand as he gave the order. To this demand the men made no answer, but Jeffrey, according to Sauda's testimony, made a move toward his hip pocket. With the holloway called: "Don't take your gun out of your pocket!" Just as he said these words, Jeffrey drew his revolver and fired. Holloway felt the quick pressure of air and heard the whizz of the bullet as it nearly grazed his ear. Jeffrey still stood upright in the boat with his revolver pointed at the warden. At that instant Holloway fired and missed. Jeffrey said nothing, but pulled trigger. The cap snapped, but the gun did not go off. At this, Holloway fired again and the ball struck Jeffrey in the breast, near the heart, and he fell down in the boat and expired almost immediately. When they realized what had been done, Stoneburner said to Holloway, "You had better take care of this man as soon as possible." Holloway rowed the boat to shore and let out Sands who went with Stoneburner while Holloway rowed the boat with the dead man up to the Shoemaker bridge and there left the body with the two men while he took their rig and drove to a farm house and phoned to Sheriff Falconer what he had done and asked him to get the proper officers and come there at once. The body was taken to Plymouth where a great crowd remained in front of the undertaker's until after midnight. In the absence of Coroner Kizer of Inwood, who is unable to fulfill his duties by reason of sickness, Justice Shakes was appointed coroner and a partial hearing was held Sunday morning. Sands was examined, and it was upon his testimony that a reversal of feeling over town came about. Sands verified the statement of Holloway that the shooting was done in self-defense. He gave the account of the shooting substantially as it is given above. Warden Holloway was seen Sunday morning and asked to be excused from making any statement, saying, "It's had enough, anyway, without saying anything more about it." He referred to the testimony that would be given as the proper place to get the facts. Mr.

Holloway feels very keenly the result of the unfortunate affair and is suffering great mental anguish. He feels, however, that he took the only course left for the preservation of his life. The gun that was turned over as being the one Jeffries used had a six cartridge chamber with one cartridge shot. Holloway's gun showed two cartridges fired. Acting Coroner Shakes rendered a verdict of justifiable homicide, the shot being fired in self defense. That the verdict of the coroner was not satisfactory is revealed by the fact, as stated by the Republican, that Prosecutor McKesson has filed a suit in circuit court charging C. P. Holloway with manslaughter in the killing of Clyde Jeffries. Martindale & Martindale have entered their appearance for Holloway. The complaint reads: "James Falconbury swears on oath that Clarence P. Holloway did unlawfully, feloniously, purposely and voluntarily upon sudden heat, but without malice, strike, beat and mortally wound Clyde Jeffries by shooting at his body with a revolver loaded with gunpowder and from which wound Clyde Jeffries died," etc. Holloway has given bond in the sum of \$1,000 for appearance.

Clever Culver Crews.

Culver, Aug. 25.—The big race of the national naval militia regatta for the Josephthal perpetual challenge cup held today was won by Culver from the Illinois, New York and Ohio naval battalions. The Indiana cadets took the lead from the start and steadily increased it throughout the 2-mile course, so that they finished with a lead of five boat lengths. The Indiana organization thus holds for the second year the trophy cup which they first won at the Put-in-Bay regatta last year. The junior, or chippy, race preceded the big race, with only the crews of the Indiana and New York battalions competing. This the Culver cadets won easily with a lead of about ten boat lengths over a mile course. A trophy cup for this event was offered by Culver.

Death of Mr. Nutt.

J. F. Nutt passed away Wednesday morning between 7 and 8 o'clock. He went to the hospital in South Bend two weeks ago last Monday for an operation, and his condition was altogether encouraging for a time. About a week ago, however, a relapse occurred and he has been steadily growing weaker. Mrs. Nutt was with him until Wednesday morning when she returned to Culver, leaving a son with Mr. Nutt. Undertaker Easterday went to South Bend on Wednesday noon to take charge of the body and bring it to Culver whence it will be taken this morning (Thursday) to Kewanee for burial. Mr. Nutt was about 74 years old.

Latest from the Front

On Wednesday morning the situation stands like this: Japan has declared war on Germany and is expected to take the same action against Austria, having a "grievance" against that country. The allied forces in Belgium and the Germans are engaged along a battle front 250 miles in length. The Germans are slowly pushing their way toward France. On the other hand, Russia is making gains against Germany on the latter's eastern frontier. The Austrians have been heavy losers in their fighting with the Servians.

School Notes.

School opens in Culver Sept. 14. Some changes in the course of study and many improvements for the coming year are being made. Complete apparatus for the new course in manual training and domestic science is being installed, and teachers with special training in these subjects have been employed. Miss Moss will have charge of the domestic science and all girls in the 7th and 8th grades and first year of high school will be required to carry this subject. Girls of these grades are requested to furnish themselves with white caps and aprons, patterns for which may be had from Miss Moss any time before school opens. Kindly have yours ready for the first day. Look over carefully the new course of study for the high school. Where electives are allowed confer with your parents or some teacher and be prepared to make your choice the first day. Pupils preparing to enter any particular college should obtain the entrance requirements of such college and shape their high school course to meet those requirements. All students are kindly requested to be provided with texts as far as possible the first day. The following course of study for the high school has been formally adopted by the board for the coming year: FIRST YEAR. Subject. Credit. Text (state adopt) English 1 unit Moody, Lovett and Boynton Latin or zoo. 1 unit D'Ooge, D'v np'rt Algebra 1 unit Wells & Hart Agriclt. (boys) 1 unit Warren D. Sci. (girls) 1 unit SECOND YEAR. English 1 unit Moody, L & B Algebra half Wells & Hart Latin 1 unit D'Ooge Geometry half Wentworth & Smith An. His., Bot. 1 unit Webster, Bergin & Caldwell THIRD YEAR. English 1 unit Geometry 1 unit Wentworth & S An.or.Eng.His. 1 unit Webster's Anc't Phys.G. or Lat. 1 unit Dryer, Vir. or Cic FOURTH YEAR. English 1 unit U. S. History 1 unit James & Sanford Physics 1 unit Millikan & Gale Bkkeep. Arith. 1 unit Benton Drawing Music and spelling will be required throughout the four years.

September.

September days again are here, reminding us another year is slipping by as years will do, despite the fact that Gwen and Sue are just as far from Hymen's call as either were this time last fall. The kids, too, wear faces sad, for almost every lass and lad must now give up vacation days and figure all the different ways of having fun upon the sly and not attract the teacher's eye. And we who've worked the blessed year regret to see the end draw near, for, while we know not where it went, we haven't saved a bloomin' cent. To the older heads who have lived through forty or more Septembers, the month's memories are filled with thrills—and chills. Forty years ago, anyone who couldn't have a chill every other day in September was truly out of style and a peculiar character. We then used to find a comfortable seat astride a red-hot stove about 9 o'clock every other morning and sit there, trying to keep from freezing to death until noon. After dinner we changed our position. The afternoons were spent in the refrigerator, where we reposed with a chunk of ice at one end, a palm leaf fan at the other, and even then felt that we might burst into flames at any moment. The younger generation has no idea of what it has missed since science has eradicated September's chills and fevers. The sun comes later every morn that each of autumn's days is born, and, too, with haste he fades away and shortens every autumn day. With shorter days the clouds arise and throw their shadows from the skies; we feel a chill upon the breeze and note the fading summer trees; Dame Nature's robe grows sadder, sere, reminding us Jack Frost is near.

THE WEEK IN CULVER

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

—George Garn is repainting his house. —Born, Aug. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Cole, route 16, a boy. —The Plymouth and Knox Chautauques are being held this week. —Lewis Hatten, son of Simon Hatten, was taken to South Bend Sunday to be operated on for appendicitis. —Sam Easterday says that "Pap" Brown is one of very few who grow up and find their boyhood nickname exactly appropriate. —Sunday evening's rain storm covered this neighborhood thoroughly. Added to what fell on the Wednesday preceding it did a great deal of good. —The governor has appointed C. W. Newman one of the delegates from Marshall county to the Farmers' national congress to be held Fort Worth, Tex., Oct. 17. —The lawn social at S. J. Lenon's Thursday night, given by the young men's and young women's classes of the M. E. Sunday school, was very successful in every way. The Boy Scout band of Logansport added much to the occasion by their presence. The net proceeds were about \$20 which will be added to the organ fund. —In pursuance of the new law the Culver school board has voted to expend about \$400 for manual training and domestic science equipment. Benches and tools to employ 17 or 18 boys, and tables and utensils for an equal number or girls will be furnished. Miss Rose Moss, the new domestic science teacher, will go to South Bend this week to select the equipment for her department. School Superintendent Returns. Mrs. Edison McLaughlin, nee Lenora Taylor, arrived in Culver last week from Wendell, Idaho, and is busy with the details of the public school work for the coming year. Miss Taylor was married on June 11 to Edison McLaughlin, a successful ranchman. The attachment between them had existed for several years, and when the conditions seemed to call for a decisive answer Miss Taylor, with characteristic promptness, settled the proposition, packed her trunks, bought her railroad ticket and met Mr. McLaughlin in Idaho. Since their marriage the honeymoon has been spent camping in the canyons, hunting, fishing, riding and overseeing affairs on Mr. McLaughlin's ranch. This ideal life, to a farm-bred woman, was cheerfully given up for the greater part of a year by the bride to make good her contract with the Culver school board. The earnestness with which she has taken hold of the work of the schools for the coming year is one of the manifestations of a character which Mrs. McLaughlin's friends have learned to admire and appreciate. A Grand Success. The first annual picnic of the Gleaners, held in the Vandavia park last Friday, was a grand success. It is estimated that 1,000 persons were in attendance. The address by Mr. Stillson of Michigan was a fine one. The Culver band furnished the music. A long program of games with prizes to the winners was carried out. A drawing was held which resulted in Edgar Shaw of Culver getting a \$90 buggy, and Ezra Hawkins of Culver getting a \$25 feed grinder. The expenses of the picnic were all met by donations from the merchants in Knox, Plymouth, Burr Oak and Culver.

THE MYSTERIOUS MONOGRAM

by HOWARD P. ROCKEY

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CHAPTER I

A SHOCK UPON AWAKENING

Restlessly, Mr. Carrington paced up and down the luxurious library of Lord Harcourt's mansion on Grosvenor square. He smoked incessantly and looked anxiously at his watch every few minutes. Occasionally he paused before the window to watch the traffic in the street below, and then turned to resume his nervous pacing.

Nearly half an hour later, when Carrington's patience was nearly exhausted, Lord Harcourt appeared in the doorway, his tall figure wrapped in a dressing gown of startling hue and his head bandaged in a damp towel. With a half-stifled yawn he lifted his monocle to his eye and stared lazily at the figure before him.

"Dick," he asked slowly. "Why the deuce don't you sit down and compose yourself?"

"Compose myself!" Carrington almost shouted. "My nerves—"

"Dick, you haven't any nerves. If you had you wouldn't rush about like this. Moreover, if you had the slightest consideration for me, you would not insist upon seeing me at the unearthly hour of eleven o'clock, when you know I never arise before noon."

With a gesture of annoyance, Carrington tossed his cigarette into the fireplace and unfolded a copy of the Times. "Have you seen this?" he asked.

"Certainly not." Do you suppose I read in my sleep?"

"Don't be funny, Jack. Something serious has happened."

"Really?" drawled Harcourt. "Have a drink, Dicky?"

With a shake of his head Carrington declined. "What time did you leave the club last night?" he demanded.

"I'm sure I don't know," Harcourt replied. "If you're really very curious I'll ask Fergus. Why the curiosity?"

"Because, some time between one o'clock last night and daylight this morning, George Townshend was stabbed to death in the smoking room of the Grill club."

With a glass half raised to his lips, Harcourt paused. "Murdered!" he said. "How annoying. Did they disturb the furniture?"

"Don't be a fool, Jack! Are you made of stone or are you really as brainless as people say you are?" Harcourt shrugged. "I've wondered myself—sometimes," he said.

"But surely you realize what this means?" Carrington went on hastily. "Townshend was a guest at your dinner. This morning the servants found him with a knife wound deep in his breast—quite dead—sitting up in a chair as though he had fallen asleep there. His eyes were wide open, though, and when the man went over to awaken him, he saw what had happened, and they say there was the most terrible look on Townshend's features."

Slowly Harcourt drained his glass. "Now who the devil do you suppose would want to murder Towney?" he asked wonderingly. "Everybody liked him. Even I did and I can't bear most people."

"That's just what I want to talk to you about," Carrington answered. "Kandwar—the Indian, you know—was with him for quite a little while, but he went away at 1 o'clock. He has said that he believes you were with Towney then."

"I—with Towney?" Harcourt repeated, incredulously. "Lord, I don't know—I may have been."

"Surely, Jack, you must remember. Can't you see—"

"Of course I see, Dicky," Harcourt interrupted. "I know I have the reputation of being an idiot, and that because I don't go about with my emotions upon my sleeve I'm a sort of human automaton; but even my warped intelligence is sufficient to grasp what this means. Surely, though, Dicky, no one can seriously imagine that I did it? What possible motive could I have for stabbing anybody? Every one knows I'm a most peaceable person, and I really liked Towney tremendously."

"Of course you didn't do it, Jack, and such an idea will never occur to any one who knows you, but the fact that you don't remember where you were and can't explain what you did last night, is going to make things decidedly awkward. The police are bound to question you. Why, even the papers are full of nasty insinuations. Just listen to this."

Dropping into a chair before the window Carrington unfolded a newspaper and read: "The murder is believed to have been committed some time following the dinner given in a private room of the club by Lord Harcourt last evening. The affair was given to only a few of Lord Harcourt's intimate friends in honor of the announcement of his engagement to Miss Grace Marston, daughter of Major Sir Thomas Marston, K. C. B., and who is considered one of the most beautiful young women in London. Captain George Townshend, the murdered man, was a guest at the dinner, and with several other gentlemen lingered in the smoke room after its conclusion. When seen at his apartments after the discovery of the body, His Highness Prince Kirshin Kandwar, of Delhi and Madras, now visiting here, told Inspector MacBee, of Scotland Yard, that he had talked with Captain Townshend shortly before his departure from the club at 1 o'clock this morning. At that time the prince said he believes the murdered man was conversing with his host, Lord Harcourt. The gentlemen who attended the dinner say that nothing occurred during the evening to arouse their suspicions, and no motive can as yet be assigned for the crime."

For a time Harcourt sat staring into the fire, pulling at his moustache. "What do you make of it?" Carrington asked.

"I don't know what to say, Dicky. I must have made a perfect fool of myself, for I honestly can't remember a single thing that happened after we left the table. The whole thing is positively uncanny and the notoriety is going to be unbearable. I don't see why an affair that takes place in a gentlemen's club can't be settled quietly among its members without being dragged through all the newspapers. I could stand it myself, but it's simply beyond the pale that it should come just after the announcement of my engagement so that Grace has to be dragged into the infernal mess!"

"It is indeed," Carrington agreed, "but there's no help for it. The whole thing seems almost unbelievable, but it is undoubtedly a clear case of murder, and we'll all have to bear the annoyance of the inquiries. Unless one of the servants did it, Towney was killed by a member of the club, for no outsider could have gained access to that room."

"That is true," said Harcourt. "And does it also occur to you that last night no one was in that part of the house except my guests?"

"Jove! I hadn't thought of that!" Carrington exclaimed. "It is true, though. I can't think of any one there who could have had the slightest cause to dislike Towney, nor of any one who could be guilty of such a thing under any circumstances. Why, with the exception of Cornish and Kandwar, all the fellows there have known Towney since boyhood, and I don't believe that Cornish ever saw him before. He's only been in England a few days, hasn't he?"

"Perhaps you can't understand what I mean," Harcourt explained "but there's a damned unpleasant feeling that I can't seem to shake off. I don't think I'm a coward although I've never had any opportunity to prove that I'm not until now. I can't quite figure out how a man would feel if he had deliberately committed a crime and feared that he would be found out, but I can readily believe that the thought that one might have done such a thing, and not be sure of it, could drive one mad!"

"Jack!" Carrington broke in. "Don't talk like that! You're simply upset. Take a drink and brace up before this fool mood knocks you out entirely. It is simply impossible that you could have killed Towney and you know it. I know it, and so does every man who was there last night. And, what's more, every man of us will stand by you no matter what happens—remember that."

"Thanks, Dicky," said Harcourt with a smile. "I appreciate that, and it's handsome of you to say it. Honestly, if the thing wasn't so serious it would be a joke. It is funny, the idea of the Earl of Harcourt being a murderer—a sort of Jekyll and Hyde transformation from an idle and worthless young aristocrat into a murderous demon!"

The telephone rang and Harcourt turned to answer it. "Be careful what you say to anyone," Carrington cautioned. "Don't worry," Harcourt assured him. "This is a private wire that only my most intimate friends use." He took off the receiver and his expression softened as he began to talk. Carrington watched him with a look of pity, and guessing who the caller was, turned away into the alcove out of earshot.

For several minutes Harcourt listened. Then he began to speak into the phone in reassuring tones. "You really mustn't be alarmed," he said quite cheerfully. "Everything is all right, and we'll soon have things straightened out. What? Nervous? Of course not—did you ever know me to be nervous? I'm sorry more than sorry that your name has been mixed up in the affair, but there's not the slightest reason for anxiety."

He was listening again, and a smile crossed his features, but he shook his head as the sound came over the wire. "It will keep me busy most of the day, of course," he answered. "I'm afraid I can't come until after five—but if you'll be at home, then, I'll try to call. Yes—good-bye."

As he hung up, Carrington turned

towards him. "How's she taking it?" he asked.

"Like a little trooper!" said Harcourt. "She's just as brave and loyal as she can be!"

"You're a lucky dog Jack."

"I know it—or that I was one," said Harcourt slowly. "But our engagement must be broken—at once. I can't marry her with a thing like this hanging over my head."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JUST LIKE HIM.

The Bookkeeper Was Lost For Words to Express His Feelings.

In a banking office in New Orleans is an aged bookkeeper who began his connection with the business the day it was established.

As the years went by, the proprietor, who had started with little, but was extremely "close," amassed an enormous fortune. The bookkeeper piled up but a small amount of savings.

At last the twenty-fifth anniversary of the firm and of the bookkeeper's service came along. He remembered it, but thought no one else would. To his surprise, the proprietor spoke of it at once.

"Williams," he said, "do you know what day this is?"

"Our twenty-fifth anniversary, sir."

"It is, indeed, Williams. And now I have thought fit to commemorate the event, and I have put in this envelope for you a small gift to express my appreciation of your faithful service."

The bookkeeper, his hopes raised high, took the envelope from his employer and opened it. The "token" was a photograph of the employer.

"Well?" demanded the donor as the other hesitated. "What did you want to say about it?"

"It's just like you!" murmured the bookkeeper. "It's just like you!"

—New Orleans Picayune.

Domestic Amenities.



"I dreamed last night that you were nagging me for a new fall hat."

"So that's why you were growling in your sleep?"—Washington Herald.

More Than Merely Discreet.

There is a Chicago lawyer who, his colleagues aver, has a positive genius for malapropos suggestion to his witnesses on the stand, says Harper's Weekly.

Recently this lawyer was counsel in a suit for divorce, wherein he was examining a woman who had taken the stand in behalf of the plaintiff.

"Now, madam," began the attorney, who is always saying the wrong thing, "repeat the slanderous statements made by the defendant on this occasion."

"Oh, they are unfit for any respectable person to hear!" gasped the witness.

"Then, madam," said the attorney, coaxingly, "suppose you just whisper them to his honor the judge."

Measure for Measure.

"And the name is to be—" asked the suave minister as he approached the font with the precious armful of fat and flounces.

"Augustus Phillip Ferdinand Codrington Chesterfield Livingstons Snooks."

"Dear, dear!" Turning to the sexton: "A little more water, Mr. Perkins, if you please."—London Tit-Bits.

Too Personal.



Hixon—I ain't going to have that doctor any more. He gets too personal—he signs all his prescriptions "Kurem, M.D."

Dixon—What's wrong with that?

Hixon—Wrong! Don't "M.D." stand for money due?

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