

## PERSONAL POINTERS

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

Mrs. A. J. Knapp has returned to South Bend.

Dolyn and Ina Kessler visited in Rochester last week.

Mrs. Shirley of Forest Park, Ill., is visiting Mrs. Charity Stahl.

Russell Stahl and Louis Dillon left Monday for Perdue university.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hand and Russell Saine are at the state fair.

Dr. and Mrs. Norris leave next Sunday on a week's vacation in Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Sickman visited Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Calbeck over Sunday at Ligonier.

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Cromley and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hayes left in the latter's car Saturday for a four days' trip into Illinois.

Mrs. Herbert Labounty and family of Logansport are spending the week with Mrs. Labounty's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Wagoner.

Rev. H. A. Davis and his friend Rev. Clyde Pierce, of Martinsville, Ind., left Culver Tuesday to attend the College of Theology at Boston, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hall of Chicago have rented rooms over the Citizen office. Mrs. Hall is a daughter of Mr. DeMonte, who lives near Monterey.

Roy Porter went to Des Moines to begin a three years' course in osteopathy at the institution in which Hiram Woodward, son-in-law of George Garn, is preparing himself for practice.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Crabb and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Easterday went to Syracuse Sunday in Mr. Crabb's car and visited Mr. and Mrs. Hettinger who are doing a prosperous baking business there.

Mr. and Mrs. Bottimer of Chicago came down Friday to visit the Howards and Hinshaws. Mr. Bottimer returned Monday, but Mrs. Bottimer was attacked by sciatica rheumatism and is still here.

Culver friends have received the announcement of the marriage on Aug. 26 of W. P. Bland to Miss Hardestey of Greencastle. Mr. and Mrs. Bland are now keeping house in Globe, Ariz., where Mr. Bland is assistant superintendent of schools at a salary of \$1,800.

Clifford Waite, employed by Roberts, the plumber, was called to Aldine on Monday by the critical condition of his father who suffered a stroke of paralysis about ten days ago, and who is not expected to live. Clifford Waite is a son-in-law of S. E. Wise of Hibbard.

The Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette says that "O. P. Smith, long prominent in Indiana labor circles, and popular with a host of friends in Fort Wayne, arrived here last night from Maxinkuckee, where he has been taking the sand cure, to spend Labor day. This is the fourth Labor day Mr. Smith has spent here, the three previous times he appearing as the principal speaker." Mr. Smith is one of the biggest boosters Lake Maxinkuckee has. He takes every opportunity to make known its attractions to his friends throughout Indiana.

### Soldiers' Reunion.

The reunion of the 73d Ind. Vol. association on Wednesday and Thursday of this week is in progress. The town readers of the Citizen who get their paper on Wednesday evening are reminded of the campfire at the M. E. church on Wednesday evening at 7:30. It will be an interesting event.

The first frost last year appeared Sept. 12.

### The Outland Buildings.

O. V. Outland, the owner of a considerable strip of land adjoining the Morris plat, is making quite extensive improvements. They include a bungalow, a log cottage and a garage. The bungalow is 30x36 with five rooms below and a large unpartitioned attic. The log cottage is a novelty, two stories high, and contains seven or eight rooms. The garage is 18x24, with room for three cars. A. A. Keen has the bungalow contract. The other buildings are being put up by day work.

## KALEY FAMILY HAVE REUNION

The Kaley family held its second reunion Sept. 7 at Bass lake. The day was an ideal one and everybody had a good time. There were 73 relatives and 63 of their friends present. One of the pleasant features was when Wm. Myers went after his grandfather, Reuben Kaley, with his automobile. With Reuben Kaley was his sister, Mary Simons of Red Cloud, Neb., whom he had not seen since they parted in Pennsylvania 70 years ago. When Mr. Myers arrived with Mr. Kaley, Mrs. Simons, Thomas J. Kaley, Mrs. Simons, Thomas J. and Samuel Kaley he was met by Jacob Hoff and Joseph Castleman and stopped until Jacob Myers and others arranged the crowd in two lines opposite each other. Then Mr. Myers was ordered to drive between the lines and stop under a large U S flag. Then the crowd cheered the old pioneer of the Kaley family. After this many pleasant greetings and a general good time was had until they were all called to partake of a sumptuous dinner which had been prepared under a large tent and to which all did justice.

After dinner the crowd was called to order by John Kaley and officers were elected for the next reunion which will be held at Bass lake, Ind., in 1915 on Labor day. The old officers were re-elected as follows: John Kaley, president; Wm. Myers, vice-president; Samuel A. Kaley, secretary and treasurer. Talks were given by Jacob E. Myers, Tom J. Kaley, Jacob Hoff, Albert Wolfram, Peter Keller, Jacob Zechiel, Mrs. Jacob Zechiel, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Zechiel, Mat Hepner, Mr. Lydecker, John Wolfram, Wm. Hoff, Claude Newman, Sarah Myers and others. After which everybody had a general good time and we believe all were benefited by becoming better acquainted. SAMUEL A. KALEY, Secretary.

### Death of Mrs. Bok.

Mrs. Helen Bok, formerly Mrs. Thinner, died in Fond du Lac, Wis., last week after undergoing an operation. Mrs. Bok's daughter resides in Fond du Lac. Mrs. Bok has been a familiar figure around Culver for many years. She and her husband have been gardeners on a large scale, and Mrs. Bok has supplied the families in town with fresh vegetables and fruits from her wagon almost daily for many seasons. Her kindly manner made everybody her friend, and her death will be sincerely regretted by a wide circle of friends.

### The Paving.

The curbing on both sides of the street from the depot to the top of Bunker hill has been completed, and the last stretch of paving is in hand. The grading from Lake View avenue to the top of Bunker hill will be completed today, and the pavers will begin at the top of the hill and work toward the depot. It looks as if Mr. Kelleher and his superintendent, Harry Harris, will be able to finish the work by Sept. 20.

Do not let us hereafter speak irreverentially of the humble Bologna.

## LAKE SIDE GLEANINGS

### Some Interesting Items Concerning the Summer Colony at Lake Maxinkuckee.

#### ON THE EAST SIDE.

Jack Hann spent a few days in Chicago.

Mrs. Edward of Chicago is visiting Mrs. Ottis Hann.

Major Bates drove to Indianapolis to attend the state fair.

Mr. and Mrs. William Meyers returned yesterday to Terre Haute.

Miss Helen Stimson goes to Terre Haute to spend the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stimson of Memphis, Tenn., are the guests of the Stimsons.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Knefler motored to Chicago Monday for a few days' stay.

The Glosbrenner family closed the Wigwam and left for Indianapolis yesterday.

Julian Bobbs returned to Indianapolis Monday after having visited Mrs. Knefler.

Miss Dorothy Barnaby will be the guest of Miss Carolyn Coffin the last of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Rice will close the Peirce-Ward cottage and return home Friday.

Mrs. A. J. Murdock closes her cottage today and returns to her home in Logansport.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bobbs spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Knefler.

Mrs. Murphy and Miss Florence Coffin were visitors of their cousin, C. E. Coffin, over Sunday.

Dr. Henry D. Jump and wife of Philadelphia, who have been visiting the Irwins, left Sunday.

On Monday Mrs. T. G. Mueller will close her cottage for the season and return to Indianapolis.

W. B. Steele and family left for Terre Haute Tuesday after spending the summer at their cottage.

Paul Fouts, who has been visiting the Rices at the Peirce-Ward cottage, returned home Tuesday.

The family of T. J. Molls, who were the occupants of Dr. Norris' cottage this season, return to Indianapolis Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lanning and Mr. and Mrs. Sisely of Chicago were over Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Deggendorf.

Mr. and Mrs. Demas Deming will leave Tuesday for their home in Terre Haute after closing the cottage for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. George Vonnegut returned to Indianapolis in their car on Saturday, having finished their stay at the lake.

Mrs. M. A. Edwards of Peru, Mrs. Raymond of San Francisco and Wesley Farms of Peru are the guests at the Edwards cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry, Miss Ruth Perry and Mr. and Mrs. Cothe made a few days' automobile trip to Milwaukee the first of the week.

Blythe and Thomas Hendricks have arrived at the cottage to stay with their mother, Mrs. John Hendricks, during the remainder of the season.

C. E. Coffin goes to Indianapolis today and will return Saturday. On Monday he leaves for Hood River, Ore., to visit his brother, Clarence E. Coffin.

At the Bide-a-Wee: Mrs. D. A. Barnes, M. B. Olmsted, Evanston, Ill.; George Olmsted, Dr. Albert, H. Tiegler, wife and children, Chicago; Wm. and L. Zeller, Brazil; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Stoner, Indianapolis; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Darll, Terre Haute.

#### ON LONG POINT.

The E. W. Johnsons have gone back to Terre Haute.

The A. C. Routh family returned to Logansport Monday.

Frank Miller closed his cottage Monday and returned to Terre Haute.

Mrs. C. H. Shaffer and family are again at the cottage to remain until late fall.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Springer closed their cottage on Wednesday and returned to Terre Haute.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Duenweg have returned to their home in Terre Haute after closing their cottage.

Mrs. F. A. Seeberger, son and daughter, returned to Terre Haute Saturday after spending a few days at the cottage.

E. Bragg and C. Blacker and families of Monticello, Ill., are occupying the Webster-Folrath cottage for the remainder of the week.

C. W. Traut and family are occupying their cottage for a couple of weeks. Last week the family entertained Mrs. Arthur and daughter Mary of Logansport.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pile and Mrs. C. K. Plank are occupying the Plank cottage for the rest of the week. The cottage entertained the following from Rochester at a house party during the week end: Mr. and Mrs. Guy Belding, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Barr, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Brow.

The following are members of a ten-day house party at the Dohlen cottage, Acorn Heights: Fay Fisher, Ruth Heppie, Mildred Cann, all of Logansport; Eleanor Hegewald of New Albany, Edith Seeberger of Terre Haute, Ivan and Glen Fisher, Chas. Davis, Edwin Fagnay, Earl Sweet, Roy Haasfurdar, Logansport. The party is chaperoned by Mrs. Fisher and will return home Saturday.

### Illness of Captain Crook.

Captain Oliver Crook is confined to his bed by a stroke of paralysis which overcame him gradually Saturday night. He complained of feeling unwell before retiring, but the nature of his illness was not revealed until morning. The paralysis affects chiefly his left arm. Reports of his condition have been exaggerated. He has at no time been unconscious nor unable to talk rationally, and as the paralysis is not extending, but is, in fact, gradually diminishing, there is every reason, Dr. Wiseman says, to expect his restoration to his usual health. Captain Crook's large circle of friends will be greatly relieved to know that the case does not present any alarming symptoms.

### In Behalf of Jefferies.

The following petition has been circulated in Argos:

We the undersigned citizens of Marshall county, Indiana, being desirous of having the matter of the killing of Clyde Jefferies legally investigated and the person, or persons, responsible for his death prosecuted, do hereby promise and agree with each other to pay the sum set opposite our several names for the purpose of raising a fund to procure evidence and to pay for legal assistance, said sum to be paid to a committee of three persons to be selected by us, within ten days from the 25th day of August, 1914.

Jefferies is the young man killed by Deputy Game Warden Holloway.

### Culver City Club.

The C. C. club meets Thursday with Mrs. Buttner.

We have never had so vivid a realization of what is meant by the "family skeleton" as since the present style of clinging skirts came into vogue.

### Editor Endorses Good Roads.

Having witnessed the building of improved roads in seven different townships, no one of them anywhere near so well able to stand the expense as is German, the writer is able to state that the roads in no case of which he knows worked serious hardship to any tax payer, and that the feeling in each of the seven townships after the roads were built was one of satisfaction. Even those who opposed their construction became good road advocates after using them a while.—Bremen Enquirer.

## ENDS OWN LIFE BY PISTOL SHOT

On Monday morning, at about 6:45 o'clock, Lewis E. Rector, son of Mrs. Sarah A. Rector of Maxinkuckee, shot himself with suicidal intent and died instantly.

Mr. Rector went from the hotel to his mother's cottage and upon his appearance, in answer to her question, responded that he was "feeling fine." "Breakfast is almost ready," Mrs. Rector said, and her son replied, "All right, I'll be ready." He then passed into the bedroom, closing the door, sat upon the edge of the bed, placed his revolver to the right side of his head and fired the fatal shot.

Neither Mrs. Rector nor Maria Norris, her assistant, heard the shot, and learned of the tragedy only when Mrs. Rector went into the room to summon her son to breakfast.

Mr. Rector's act was undoubtedly due to an unbalanced mental condition which has been evident since he arrived here about seven weeks ago to recuperate from an automobile accident in which one of his business partners was killed in Minneapolis, another sustained broken limbs, and he himself suffered severe contusions of the head which sent him to the hospital. His financial affairs, too, have assumed unwonted importance to him since the accident, and he has made the remark to different members of the family that he was "down and out and better dead than alive."

Lewis E. was the son of Lewis and Sarah A. Rector and was born at Maxinkuckee Sept. 21, 1864. In 1887 he married Retta Haynes of Jonesboro, Ind. Mrs. Rector died at the Rector hotel and was buried at Poplar Grove. There are no children. Mr. Rector has been accustomed to handling large enterprises. He was a contractor for the gas pipe lines through the Indiana gas belt, was the purchaser of the Ferris wheel at the Chicago world's fair, owned the moving picture machine which photographed the great Fitzsimmons Corbett fight, and has been engaged in other important business ventures. He has, since his 16th year, been a traveler and has been all over the world.

The funeral was held at the Rector hotel on Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Vermillion officiating, assisted by Rev. Whittaker. Samuel Rector, a brother, and Dow Rector, a nephew, both of Indianapolis, were the only relatives from a distance who were present. The burial was at Poplar Grove.

### W. C. T. U.

The W. C. T. U. will meet Friday at 2:30 with Mrs. W. G. Zechiel. Program: Song; report of officers and superintendents; "Bringing in the Sheaves"; review of year's work, by local president; election of officers; election of delegates to state convention; close with Psalm 90:17. Leader, Mrs. Annie Medbourn.

### Methodist Ladies' Aid.

The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church will meet Sept. 16 with Mrs. Howard, an all day meeting.

## THE WEEK IN CULVER

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

—Born, Sept. 9, to Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Heiser, a girl.

—Born, Sept. 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Haywood, a boy.

—Born, Sept. 3, to Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Buckbeister, a girl.

—About 50 electric irons have been bought by the housekeepers of Culver.

—Rector's is the first store to hang out a big electric lamp over the front door.

—The Lake View closes this week. Manager Shorb reports a prosperous season.

—The Vandalia railroad has placed the Lake View property and Vandalia park on the market.

—The election in German township to establish a 27-mile system of roads was carried by a majority of 137 in a vote of 589.

—Chas. Eaton is having the Main street house which he bought of A. M. Roberts some time ago for \$1,200 wired. Mr. Roberts expects to build.

—The Knox and Winamac Lincoln Chautauqs each closed the season with small balances in the treasury. Bremen was on the Red-path circuit and also has a small sum to the good.

—Captain Eisenhard and Major Glascock on Monday found a giant puffball on J. L. Mosher's farm. The fungus is on display in Slatery's window. It measures 4 feet 7 inches in circumference, weighs 15 pounds and fills a bushel basket. It is said to be the largest specimen of this edible variety of mushroom found in this vicinity in recent years.

—Ezra Hawkins has sold his 79-acre farm 4 miles west of town to William Hinkle of Culver for \$8,000 cash. Mr. Hawkins reserved all the crops, including between 4,000 and 5,000 bushels of onions, except one-half of two-fifths of the corn. Elzy Hawkins, who has been running the farm, will move to the Carrie Hawk farm which Ezra Hawkins rented a year ago for five years.

### Long Journeys With the Auto.

For the last few weeks autos from many sections of the country have been seen in this section. They were not all from the cities, either, for many of them were farm people making distant journeys to visit relatives and friends. It is the one time of the year that farmers are at leisure to take such a vacation. Soon it will be plowing and wheat sowing and time for the various other activities that come at this season on the farms.

Only good roads could tempt anyone to make a long journey with the auto, but with good roads and weather it is so far ahead of railway travel that having once tried it the temptation is to go again.

### Hard Roads the Bug-a-Boo.

Hard roads are the bug-a-boo that frightens the land owner both in the city and out, but a few miles of permanent road have overcome the most serious objection where it has been tried. The added burden of tax was the only thing taken into consideration, the enhanced value of the land has been overlooked. These things are to be placed over against every other objection: the enhanced value of the lands, the satisfaction of always being able to travel in a satisfactory manner, and, not the least, the public spirit that does not weigh dollars against a needed public improvement.

H. E. Adams is in a Marion hospital for treatment.

One Year, in advance.....\$1.00  
Six Months, in advance..... .50  
Three Months, in advance..... .25

ADVERTISING

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

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

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

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

Jones John Jan 14

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

CULVER, INDIANA, SEPT 10, 1914.

The republicans of the 13th district have nominated A. J. Hickey, a Laporte lawyer, for congress.

Cardinal Giacomo Della Chiesa, archbishop of Bologna, Italy, was last week elected pope and takes the title of Benedict IV.

Infantile paralysis caused three deaths during the month of August in South Bend. Medical authority claims it to be one of the most alarming of contagious diseases.

Instead of levying war taxes, it would be more in keeping with the judgment of the people if congress would try a little paring down of some of the wasteful appropriations and extravagant expenses of the government.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg says that by imperial order the city of St Petersburg, capital of the Russian empire since 1712, will henceforth be known as Petrograd. This change eliminates the Teuton termination of the name by which the city has been known since it was founded by Peter the Great in 1703.

More wheat will be sowed in this country this fall than ever before, without much doubt. The warring people of Europe must be fed largely from outside. With reasonable certainty the export demand for our wheat will be strong next year and the price high. Germany, which usually grows 95 per cent of the food of her people, will grow little so long as the war continues, and the same is true of the other nations involved. So it looks like prudent management for American farmers to raise as much wheat as possible.—Bremen Enquirer.

The time has come for great things. These are days big with destiny for the United States, as for the other nations of the world. A little wisdom, a little courage, a little self-forgetful devotion may under God turn that destiny this way or that.

Great hearts, great natures, will respond. Even little men will rejoice to be stimulated and guided and set an heroic example. Parties will fare well enough without nursing if the men who make them up and the men who lead them forget themselves to serve a cause and set a great people forward on the path of liberty and peace.—Woodrow Wilson.

Many of us who do not understand the complicated machinery of the Roman Catholic church and are accustomed to having our religion administered to us in simple direct methods, are hopelessly confused when we read that the new pope's full title is Benedict IV, Pope Bishop of Rome and successor of St. Peter, Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church, Patriarch of the West, Primate of Italy, Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Roman Province, Sovereign of the Temporal Dominion of the Holy Roman Church. Also that he has been secretary of the nunciature in Spain, substitute of the secretariat, adviser to the holy office, papal nuncio, archbishop of Bologna, monsignor, one of the minutanti, secretary of the cypher, and finally cardinal.

POKEHEIMER'S TALES

Dis iss der last ledder vot I will write. I got to go away, bud I dinks I should dell you vone or two more tings—somedings about a spineless cactus vot I puy, and somedings vot I dinks about der Panamas canal ditch.

Der spineless cactus vot I puy vas nodd. I puy id because a magazine dell dere iss lodts uf monies in dem, but py cholly I know dere iss more monies away from dem. Vell, I puy two hundredt tollar, vonce, und plandt der seed out pehindt der barn. Mine vife she say dey come up nicelyt so I haff neder looked at dem. But vone day ven I go to fill up a hole in der top uf mine barn I fall off, und der dam cactus be right vere I fall. Ach, himmel! such a fallings. I dinks me vot I land in a bee circus ven all nf der bees are standing on dere heads. Vell, pooty quick I sookseeded to pull mine pants away from mine pody und ven I am able to leaf der house agin I cut me down all mine spineless cactus. Dere shure iss lots of monies in dem—fer der feller vot sells der seed.

Und now, mister editur, pefore I go away I vants me to haff you make der governmentings pe careless mit dis Panama canal for vitch ve pay so many monies. Somedimes I fear me dose two oceans will get togedder und make an awful muss. Der newspapers say der government half put locks on dem to keep dem from coming against each odder, budt some day some vone iss going to fergid to lock der gates, und dere's going to pe a lot uf drouble und no United States.

Onion Buyers are Shy.

There are not as many onion buyers in the country as usual this season, and only a few producers have received bona fide offers for their crop. W. L. Bradbury and Chas. H. Harness were down East last week inspecting crop conditions, and they bring back a report that is far from encouraging us to high prices. Mr. Bradbury says that in his opinion onions will sell at around 40 cents a bushel or possibly less. He says the crop in California, Ohio, and New York is large, and that Western onions are selling in the South at \$1.25 per hundred, freight paid. It is possible a change in climatic conditions may force prices up. The war, it seems, should also have some effect in boosting the price of onions the same as grain and meat.—Knox Republican.

Real Estate Transfers.

S Thomas to M Fouts, part sec 30, Polk, \$700.  
Pauline Wilhelm to J Steinke, pt sec 31, Polk, \$1470.  
Susan Harrison et al to Ind. Bank and Trust Co., gdn Matilda Brunk, pt outlot 5, Toner's addn., Culver, \$50.  
Mary Abair to Arthur Woolley, 2a in nwq sec 13, Union, \$350.  
Heirs C Lotz to Legrand Lotz and Mina Steele, part sec 27, Polk, \$1.

Noble.



"So you got in this condition trying to keep a bad boy from hitting a good little boy? Who was the good little boy?"  
"Er-me."

Money to Loan.

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

For Sale.

Second hand furniture and a hard coal stove. Mrs. A. Hayes.

SCALING PEAKS HE LIVES ON RAISINS

Veteran Mountain Climber Finds Light Diet Best For His Arduous Labors

THRIVES AT HIS NOVEL TRADE

Outdoor Life Keeps His Health Good While He Coins His Rich Experiences—He is Author of "Wild Life in the Rockies."

Estes Park, Colo.—Climbing Pike's Peak 300 times is enough to give Enos Mills the right to be called the champion mountain climber of America. His ups and downs of life, however, are not limited to crawling up and sliding down Pike's Peak, for he has ascended 50 other mountain peaks, including the Alps and Chilkoot Pass, as well as lofty peaks of Colorado.

Some of his climbing is done for pleasure, but for two years he climbed as an occupation in the winter. He was employed by the State to make reports on the amount of snow on the mountains, this information being desired so that persons depending on irrigation could calculate on the water supply for the coming season.

During these two years Mills traveled about 8,000 miles along the top of the Rocky Mountains and whenever caught in a storm he had to stay wherever he was until it subsided, because to struggle through a blinding storm on the mountains means taking a chance on stepping off a cliff.

It is needless to say that this life has brought every muscle in the mountain climber's body to the highest state of development. His physical condition is the envy of athletes and makes the invalids who come to Colorado wonder at the wide range between their own condition and that of this slight built man who has hardened his muscles by mountain climbing.

Mills does not climb any mountains simply for the fun of it, for the distinction, but to make observations of forestry and animal life at high altitudes. He is the author of "Wild Life in the Rockies," a book with a successful sale both in the United States and England. His next book will be on the forestry of the Rockies.

From his experience other mountain climbers have learned something about the proper diet for high altitudes and that to be comfortable on a trip to the top of a mountain peak and back, one should eat as little as will suffice.

Mills carries a pocketful of raisins when he is on a climbing expedition and when he thinks he is hungry he eats a raisin and forgets his longing for food.

Climbing to the summit of a snow clad range in mid-winter on a diet of raisins is rather too strenuous to appeal to the amateur, particularly with the chance of getting caught in a blizzard, but Mills has been taking these chances right along, and although he sometimes comes home very hungry he does not seem to be any the worse for his hard journeys and light rations.

Most of his trips have been taken where there are no trails and personal safety required sharp attention, step by step, to see that the chosen route did not lead over the edge of a cliff. For that reason the day's journey must end as soon as the light grew dim and as soon as a storm filled the air with snow the only safe course was to dig out a shelter in a snow bank and sit down until the sky cleared.

"The most difficult climb I ever made was down the east precipice of Long's Peak," said Mills. "This has been termed the most hazardous descent in America. There are 3,000 feet of almost perpendicular cliff on the east side of the mountain. One day I started down, with an ice ax and a camera. After scrambling down to the first ledge, I had to keep on, as it was impossible to return. The perils increased as I descended. I was bombarded by avalanches, and had to balance my way across slippery patches of ice. The final effort was 1,800 feet of coasting which brought me in safety to Chasm Lake. After that I confined my climbing to places where the wealth of scene was sufficient reward. Conquering crags and descending precipices just for the doing of it is folly. My adventure was foolhardy—but it was worth the cost."

School to Have Inclined Planes.

Stockton, Cal.—In plans for the reconstruction of the Jackson school approved by the board of education, the distinctive feature of the proposed building will be eliminated in favor of an inclined plane of 15 per cent grade.

The plane will be covered with a rubber preparation to prevent the children from slipping. Tests have shown that the plane will empty a school building twice as fast as the ordinary stairway.

Find Booze Piped into Salem Jail.

Salem, Ohio—Jail officials have discovered that liquor has been piped into the calaboose. Two friends of prisoners poured the liquid into a drain pipe and the latter caught it with cups.

A Fool And His Money.



"There goes Algy—he's just lost a lot of money."  
"How?"  
"Oh, he simply had it."—Illustrated Btts.

Veterinary Surgeon.

Dr. W. U. Gordon, the academy veterinarian, can give part of his time to outside calls. Tel. office 238; residence, 8. e3t4

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

Wanted to Buy—A good driving horse. Harry Menser. 2t

Ft. Wayne Fair

SPECIAL TRAIN

VIA THE

NICKEL PLATE ROAD

SEPTEMBER 17

Leaves HIBBARD 6:32 a. m. and 8:31 a. m. 85c Round Trip.

Returning train leaves Ft. Wayne 7:00 p. m. same day.

Get full information of ticket agent or write F. P. Parnin, D. P. A., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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

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Trustee's Notice.

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

DRAWN WIRE  
TUNGSTEN  
LAMPS

EFFICIENT--DURABLE  
ECONOMICAL

Culver Cash Hardware

The Best Place  
TO BUY YOUR

School Books and  
School Supplies

SLATTERY'S DRUG STORE  
THE NYAL STORE

HOME of QUALITY GROCERIES

There is a place, a season and a reason for everything

This is the place for every seasonable thing in groceries.

And there's a reason why we sell them—THE QUALITY.



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# LONDON TOWN IN WAR TIME

Ernest Zechiel Writes of Present Conditions in the English Metropolis.

The following letter to Willard Zechiel from his brother Ernest, Culver's accomplished pianist, will interest not only his many friends, but every reader of the Citizen:

London, Aug. 25—\* \* \* Came to room and board in a Swiss house. Have a large pleasant room. Have hired a grand piano and am hard at it all day although I haven't decided definitely about the teacher I want. Shall begin lessons next week, however—if I see fit to remain. I am very much alarmed at the war situation. I believe the English have far more to fear nationally from the Germans than they seem to think. The feeling between the English and Germans (of which there are five or six here in the house) is terribly bitter and hostile, and I believe in case of a German invasion the 50,000 German-British here in London would rise to a man, and being native to the city could work incalculable damage. They are guarded very closely, deprived of all arms and conveyances, yet every day traitors and spies are arrested. One had a scheme under way to poison the whole city water supply. The subways, which run like a net beneath the city and environs, are closed occasionally on suspicion of plots.

My living expenses are more than they would have been in Germany [Ernest was on his way to Germany when the war broke out] and more than they would have been in peaceable times here, yet are quite low. I get a big 18x18 room with gas, bath privileges, attendance, breakfast and late dinner for 22s per week; that is \$5.50. I shall have to pay extra for heat and lunch. There is almost no other system in London, I find. But it is very warm all winter, the city never knowing ice and seldom snow. My piano costs me 25s (\$6.25) per month—about half the usual price; but I put up a big professional bluff and got a bargain.

Am down town occasionally. I have done the British Museum and National Galleries. Oh, how I wish you and everyone had them as handy as I. It is so inspiring to be near the wonderful things you have read about and never expected to see—the 4000 B. C. mummies and tombs, the clay tablets from Nineveh and Babylon, the Greek frescoes and mosaics, the famous Rosetti stone and all those paintings we have seen so often in prints. It was such a surprise, the color in them! I guess I must have expected to see just sepia and white. Went to vespers in Westminster Abbey Sunday. The majesty and size and stillness were a revelation. And I wish you could have heard the audience sing "God Save the King!" You hear it everywhere, of course, now—in theaters, concerts, on the streets—everywhere; but in that great church it was over-awing, it was so earnest. After the recession and the benediction there was quiet like the tomb for a minute. Then the people rose as a single body and with an outburst that fairly took the breath from you they sang—

"Send him all glorious,  
O'er all victorious;  
God save the king!"

There were old men on canes straining their throats, boys shouting it heartily, women in black veils with tears on their cheeks, (there were no young men to speak of)—and thereby hung the grim desperation. You see it was the day the big battle opened.

I have gone several times to the Queen's Hall orchestral concerts. It is about the caliber of the Thomas orchestra of Chicago, but they have more soloists and cheaper prices. The ground floor is an open promenade where smoking is allowed and men and women who wish a gay time, and musicians

who wish to hear and have not much money may get a place for 1s (25 cents).

I have taken only 12 kodak pictures, most of those on board the steamer. While I was among the wonderful Scotch hills and lochs I didn't dare carry a kodak for fear of arrest. In Edinburgh, when I went to Holyrood and its mountain (the place of Mary, Queen of Scots,) I ventured to take it. On entering I was told by the guards that I was not permitted to use it. I did, however, take a snap or two from behind my hat and wasn't detected.

It is wise to make no friends in a new place until you find the people you want. I haven't found them yet. You see I dropped in here at night, knowing not a soul nor the name of a single hotel. I have been faring well, however, and always wonder at my getting along with so little waste of direction and worry. I have a little plan in mind which I hope will put me in friendly touch with some good musical people down town. Then I will be less on my own resources. London, with its fogs and long nights, would be intolerable unless you were rather more than comfortably situated.

### The Plymouth Chautauqua.

The Commercial club feels that it wants a better indorsement than it had this last year; in other words, it does not want to be obliged to go out and hawk the Chautauqua tickets on the street and cajole the public into buying them. It wants the public to be interested to such a degree that they will promptly take the tickets for which they subscribed. This was not done the past year, and up to three days before the Chautauqua opened it looked as if the Commercial club would be "in the hole" for about \$50 or more. As it came out, the club is ahead \$75, but it does not care to make a like effort again for \$75.—Plymouth Democrat.

There are others who share the feeling of the Plymouth Commercial club. Still it remains a fact that any enterprise of this sort cannot succeed without work. People must be cajoled, coaxed and bowed down to if anything of this sort is carried through. It is, of course, humiliating to "meet up" with the people who think they are conferring an eternal favor on a committee by buying a ticket or two, when every member of that committee is giving not only his time but twice or ten times as money as the buyers of the tickets; but this the way in which all public movements are made successful. There are plenty of people who can't understand how anybody can take an interest in a matter involving the public good; to these people there must be a "graft" in it somewhere. They know they wouldn't do anything for the public without being paid for it, and they can't conceive of anybody else doing so.

### Built by the Farmers.

Montgomery Ward & Co. of Chicago have recently built in Kansas City what is said to be the largest building west of the Mississippi river. It contains a little over 22 acres of floor space, cost more than \$1,500,000, is of solid concrete and can not burn, has 47,000 panes of glass in its windows, 35 miles of electrical wiring, 14 miles of iron pipes, a cold storage plant which will hold the contents of fifty cars, a hospital and operating room with physician and nurses always on hand, and will employ 3,000 men and women.

### Too Personal Question.

A lady entered a railway station not a hundred miles from Edinburgh the other day, and said she wanted a ticket for London. The pale-looking clerk asked:—"Single?" "It ain't any of your business," she replied. "I might have been married a dozen times if I'd felt like providin' for some poor shiftless wreck of a man like you."

### Teams Wanted.

For gravel road work on No. 2. Apply to S. C. Thurman, Culver.

Lost—Norfolk knit jacket, on golf course, East side. Return to Citizen office. Reward. s10t2

Lost—License No. 299 Ind. Notify H. Sweet, Royal Center, Ind. Reward. s10w2

### POPLAR GROVE.

Edna Myers spent Sunday in South Bend.

Helen Rector was an over Sunday guest of Naomi Walker.

The Ladies' Aid will meet with Mrs. C. L. Allerding Thursday afternoon.

A good many Odd Fellows and their families attended the picnic at Plymouth Labor day.

Marguerite Reish of Leiters Ford is the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Caroline Snider.

Howard Mikesell and family, Harry Adamson, Roy Wickizer, and Ed South and wife spent Tuesday at the state fair.

Mrs. Mary Kreighbaum, daughter Effie and nephew of Plymouth went to Hinkley, Ill., Monday for a visit with Fred Kreighbaum.

Ruth London and her cousin, Susette Stevens of Hammond, are spending the week with the former's parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm. London.

Roy Wickizer received a painful cut Friday as the result of his left hand coming in contact with the corn knife while in the act of placing a bundle in the shock.

This has been a red letter week for family gatherings. Mr. and Mrs. Adam Dinsmore attended the Wilson reunion at Logansport Sunday; the Howard Mikesells attended the Mikesell reunion at Logansport on the same day; the Hissong reunion was held at the home of Ora Price; the Myers families attended the Kaley reunion at Bass lake Labor day, where a sister of Reuben Kaley from Nebraska, whom he had not seen for 70 years, added much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

### DELONG.

Leslie E. Wolfe, Correspondent.

T. A. Pacey was a Rochester caller Friday.

Ray Patsel is a street car conductor at South Bend.

Harley Moore is the manager of Jordan lunch room now.

Clarence Jordan of South Bend visited Delong friends Sunday.

Mrs. A. D. Toner Jr. and Worth Toner were Chicago visitors Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Walters of Rochester visited Delong relatives last week.

J. C. Bunnell of South Bend visited friends and relatives here last week.

Harvey Wolf and Fred Overmeyer were Rochester visitors Saturday night.

Willie Sargent of Muncie, who has been visiting the Pacey, went to South Bend to be a guest of Miss Gertrude Bunnell.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin McIntire have a new girl baby at their home. Mrs. McIntire is seriously ill with hemorrhage of the lungs and her recovery is doubtful.

On Saturday, David Castleman, while preparing the school house for the opening of school next week, fell off a step ladder and nearly broke his arm.

### MOUNT HOPE

Miss Ethel Edgington, Correspondent.

James Hay and Mrs. Elizabeth King left Friday for Diverson, Ill., to attend the Hay reunion.

Mrs. Isaac Thompson was called to Laporte Saturday by the illness of her daughter, Mrs. Jay Boyce.

Wm. Starkey and family, who have been visiting the former's parents for a few weeks, returned to Mulberry last week.

Lorraine and Gertrude Fisher, Fredona Rinehart, Ethel Edgington, George Speyer, Omer Reichard, Guy Davis and Alva Thompson autoed to Rochester Sunday to attend the band concert.

Mrs. Jesse Hobson and son Stephen, Rev. Charles Stoddard, Tyman Shanahan and Mrs. Elmer Bogg and son Cary of Marion took supper with Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Edgington Thursday evening.

### Card of Thanks.

We take this method of giving expression to our thanks and appreciation for the sympathy and kindly acts of our many friends during our late affliction.

SARAH A. RECTOR AND FAMILY.

Old newspapers at the Citizen

### MAXINKUCKEE

Mrs. G. M. Woolley, Correspondent.

Naomi Walker spent part of last week with Helen Rector.

Julia Cline from Culver spent a few days with East side friends.

Jessie, Nellie and May Whittaker returned to their home Thursday.

Elva Savage is staying with her sister, Mrs. Overmyer, and helping in the store.

George Woolley left Friday for Rushville, Neb., to visit his daughter for awhile.

Florence South went to Chicago to spend a few days with her uncle, Harry Hissong.

Mr. Edinger and family spent a part of last week with Mrs. Edinger's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Stevens.

Miss Sylvia Thompson will have for her guest on Wednesday and Thursday Mrs. G. T. Bigley of Chicago.

Mrs. Bessie Schumacher entertained her Sunday school class at dinner Sunday and in the afternoon took them around the lake in Capt. Finney's launch.

Sunday visitors: Harrison Baker and family at Jay Bartlett's; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Woolley at Trux's; Mrs. Ida Woolley at Rev. Norris'; Mr. and Mrs. John Whitaker at Ernest Benedict's; Walter Listenberg in Hibbard; Catherine Woolley with the South children; Elsie Woolley, Forest Benedict, Robert Woolley, Jessie Whitaker and Byron Spangler at Mable Schumacher's.

The annual reunion was held at Lake Manitou Sunday at Medicine Lodge cottage. Those present from Lake Maxinkuckee were Messrs. and Mesdames Frank Parker, Brad Krouse and family, R. L. Babcock and daughter Gail, F. Thompson, Dow Rector, Geo. Garver and Geo. Spangler; Mrs. P. R. McLane, Mrs. and Miss English; Arthur Parker, Peter Spangler. From Argos: Mr. and Mrs. Dunn Parker, Howard Hommas and family. From Rochester: Mrs. I. L. Babcock and family, Mrs. Hannah Wiley, Rob Wiley and family. The big feature of the day was the long table laden with good things, and the happy crowd of 41 did full justice to it.

### WASHINGTON

Eva Jones, Correspondent.

Theo. McFarland attended the Kankakee fair last week.

Ada Geddes of Knox is visiting her father, Scott Geddes.

B. D. Krouse and family attended a picnic at Manitou lake Sunday.

Dorothy Crabb is visiting her grandmother in Kewanna for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Krieg went to the Warner reunion at Winamac Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmore of South Bend are spending a few days at Levi Krieg's.

Frances Osborn is spending a week with her cousins, Wendell and Jack Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kline visited over Sunday in Chicago with their daughter, Mrs. Earl Brown.

R. C. McFarland and sons Nye and Dewey, Ethel Newcomb and Mary Jones were week end visitors in Kentland.

The president of the Washington Ladies' Aid society requests all the members to be present at the home of Cora Flagg, Sept. 16.

Sunday visitors: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pentius of Sligo, Mr. and Mrs. George Vanschoick and Geo. Crabb and family at Alvin Jones'; Nellie Miller with Anna Kline.

Clean.



The Buyer—I'll get you to wash the fish.  
Fish Dealer—They don't need it, sir. I got 'em out of the water.

### NEWS OF LOCAL CHURCHES

#### EVANGELICAL.

Sunday school, 9:30; preaching by the pastor, 10:30, subject, "The Earthly Life of Jesus;" at 7 p. m. the Y. P. A. will meet with the Christian Endeavorers at the Reformed church; no services in the evening because of the union services at the Christian church; prayer meeting Wednesday evening. J. E. Young, Pastor.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Attention, Methodists and friends! Thursday night at 7:30 is the hour for midweek prayer meeting. Friday night at 8 o'clock a congregational meeting for the entire membership of the church and congregation will be held in the interest of the financial part of our work for the coming conference year which begins Oct. 1. Music by the orchestra and choir. Addresses by Rev. W. F. Switzer of Plymouth, W. O. Osborn and others. At this time we wish to make clear to the congregation the financial needs of the church for the coming year and to adopt a plan of maintenance that will prove a benefit rather than a burden to everyone concerned. Refreshments will be served by the ladies of the church. There will be no charge, but a free will offering will be taken up to defray expenses incurred in presenting our plans to the people. Everyone will be made welcome. The only services held in this church on Sunday will be the Sunday school at 10, and the Junior Epworth league at 2:30. The Epworth league will join with the Y.P.S.C.E. and Y.P.A. at the basement of the Reformed church at 7 and the union service of worship will be held in the Christian church at 8. Rev. S. C. Norris will deliver the sermon. Let us get together in this closing service of the series of union meetings which have been held for the past seven weeks. It would be much better if there was true spirit of unity existing among us to an even greater extent than at present.

#### POPLAR GROVE

Sunday school at 10, followed by morning worship conducted by the pastor at 11. There will be but two more Sunday services held in this church before annual conference. Tuesday evening is the time for our first annual church supper. The ladies are arranging to have supper for the community at 7 o'clock which will be followed by an hour or more of music and addresses pertaining to the goal we expect to reach during the coming year. No charge for the supper but a free will offering to pay expenses will be asked. Everyone welcome.  
J. F. Kenrich, Pastor.

### HIBBARD

Mrs. E. J. Reed, Correspondent.

Mae Snapp is visiting in Monticello.

Jake Landis is helping Crump in the livery barn.

Mrs. H. Parker of Plymouth visited the Reeds Thursday.

The Clemenses and Shrefflers spent Sunday at the lake.

The Will Lowrys were over Sunday guests of the Will Keplers of Winamac.

Ray Scott and wife were visiting in the neighborhood of Donaldson over Sunday.

The Martin Lowrys entertained company from Nebraska and Chicago a few days last week.

Next Monday evening, Sept. 14, Rev. Mitchell of Lucerne will give an illustrated sermon at the Hibbard church.

Dola Schrock, who has been working in Michigan City, is at home visiting her parents before starting for California.

Glen Reed, Neal and Lewis Lichtenberger and Mel Frisinger started for the onion fields of Starke county Sunday.

#### Notice of Election.

There will be an election of a parsonage trustee at the regular service of the Zion Reformed church on Sunday, Sept. 20, 1914, at 3 p. m.

REV. A. J. MICHAEL, Pastor.

#### For Sale at a Bargain.

Ten-hoe Hoosier drill. Culver Cash Hardware.



Why is a bootblack like the sun? Because he does the most shining on bright days.

Our shop shines every day, Because we keep it clean! We figure that's the only way A meat shop should be seen. We want your trade, but this we know— To secure it, we the goods must show. Here the best you'll always find— The cleanly, tender, wholesome kind.

### Culver Meat Market

THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHES	<b>MITCHELL &amp; STABENOW</b>	FURNISHINGS HATS AND SHOES
CULVER : : INDIANA		

## Boys' School Suits

Brand new autumn styles bought "before the war" and not affected by war prices.

**Boys' Norfolks, in a large variety of patterns and styles, \$2.00 to \$7.00**

A complete stock of fall Blouses, military collar style, **50 cents**

New fall Caps, a desirable line, **50 cents**

XTRAGOOD

# THE MYSTERIOUS MONOGRAM

A Baffling Mystery Story  
By HOWARD P. ROCKEY

## SYNOPSIS

**CHAPTER 1**—On the day after a dinner at the Grill Club at which was announced his engagement to Grace Marston, Lord Harcourt is informed of the murder of one of his guests, Captain Townshend. Harcourt was the last man seen with Townshend and his valet finds a strangely monogrammed dagger in his pocket and blood stains on his clothes. Harcourt's mind is a blank on the subject.

**CHAPTER 2**—Harcourt determines to leave no stone unturned to find the murderer, or to accept penalty himself if guilty. At meeting of Governors of Grill Club, question of innocence or guilt is put to all who attended dinner. Harcourt admits he doesn't know. Suspicion points to an Indian prince Kirshin Kandwahar, who attended dinner.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE MONOGRAM APPEARS.

The stir that followed Harcourt's amazing announcement was tremendous. He was intensely popular among the men who had heard his statement, and, while they laughed at his affectations and foppish mannerisms, all of them admired the sterling qualities that lay behind the artificial surface of the man. Harcourt's popularity was not that of wealth or position. He was regarded with genuine affection by everyone who had opportunity to know him well, and, in spite of the strong evidence that seemed to point to his guilt, not one of them for a moment suspected that he could possibly have killed Townshend.

Excitedly they gathered about him, each seeking for some explanation of the strange declaration that had fallen among them like a thunderbolt. It was, of course, known that he had been the last man seen in the room with the murdered man, and the fact that he was not then himself was generally known, yet they found it quite impossible to believe for a moment that he could be the guilty man. "Jack, are you dreaming or drunk?" Sir Harry Farndale demanded. "Neither, Harry," said Harcourt. "I'm merely paying the penalty of indulging in the great family weakness. As you know, the Harcourts have all been too fond of liquor, and centuries of overindulgence have had their effect on me."

"I don't understand." "I simply mean that I'm afraid liquor has made me disgrace the family name." "Lord Harcourt you are nervous—upset," said the Duke, kindly. "You surely do not realize what you are saying, and cannot mean it if you do. I advise you to go home and rest for the remainder of the day. The thing is bound to clear itself up before long."

"I hope so," said Harcourt earnestly. "I only wish I could feel sanguine about it." "Just a moment, gentlemen," said the duke warningly. "Please remember our agreement not to repeat anything that has been said in this room or to comment upon what took place here. We are all understood on the subject?"

There was a murmur in the affirmative, and the little throng began to issue from the room. Sir Thomas Marston was at Harcourt's side. The old soldier was pale and haggard. The strain of the affair had told upon him, not only because of his regard for his prospective son-in-law, but because of the effect the whole occurrence would be bound to have upon his daughter—Harcourt's fiancée.

"Will you come home with me now?" he asked, slipping his arm through Harcourt's. "Grace is very anxious to see you." "Not yet," Harcourt answered slowly. "Come upstairs with me, I want to have a little talk with you before I go to her. I promised to come at 5 if I could arrange it."

Leaving the others the two men ascended the stairs and entered a deserted card room. Marston closed the door and touched the electric button in the wall.

"Try a drink, Jack. It will brace you up," the major advised. Harcourt shook his head. "Not now," he said. "I want to think clearly—and I never can when I get the stuff in me."

"Well I'm for a big one," Sir Thomas announced. "This thing has me all ragged!"

"I don't wonder," Harcourt said. "I'd give anything in the world if my engagement hadn't been announced. The whole business is bad enough in any event, but it is a crime that Grace's name should be hauled through the papers in connection with it."

"Don't think of that side of it, Jack," said Sir Thomas. "It is unpleasant, naturally, and it will be a great strain for her to bear, but it does not affect our regard for you in any way, and if she were your wife now it would be all the harder for her."

"But the engagement must be broken," Harcourt said firmly. "Impossible!"

"Why impossible?" asked Harcourt. "Because it would then look as though we were giving you up—as if we had lost faith in you. Jack, if you ever needed the friendship and support of those who care for you it is now. You have worked yourself up needlessly over this. We were all fond of Towney—he was a good soldier and a lovable fellow—but that is no reason why we should lose our heads."

"I only wish I hadn't lost mine last night!" Harcourt broke in.

"Nonsense!" Sir Thomas broke in. "You take a foolish view of it. Suppose you were intoxicated—is that any reason why you should do anything like this?"

"I can't believe it—yet—"

"Yet nothing!" said Sir Thomas impatiently. "Do you carry stilettoes about with you like an anarchist or an Italian bandit?"

"I had one last night," said Harcourt. Sir Thomas looked at him in amazement. "You—that the devil were you carrying a knife for?"

"I wish I knew—in fact, I didn't know I had it until this morning—but I had right enough, and there was blood on my clothing, too."

"Jack!" "Now, do you wonder why I said what I did in the governor's room?"

Sir Thomas was silent for a moment. "I begin to understand," he said. "But at that you are acting like a crazy man. Perhaps you entered the room after poor Towney was killed and picked up the thing—not realizing what you were doing."

Harcourt shook his head. "It would be difficult to convince a jury of the fact—if it were true." "But this has not been mentioned—to anyone?" Sir Thomas asked.

"Only my valet and Dickey Carrington know anything of it," Harcourt said. "Then see that no one else does know," Sir Thomas advised. "You'd better engage counsel at once and tell him the whole story."

"No," said Harcourt. "I shall do nothing of the kind. Of course I am not going to deliberately slip my head into the noose by telling what is unnecessary, but, on the other hand, I do not intend to evade the consequences of my act—if this act was mine!"

"Do as you like," said Sir Thomas. "But if you will not consider yourself you at least owe something to Grace. Do you realize that it would break her heart if anything happened to you as a result of this?"

"Yes. And it would kill her if she ever learned—when it is too late—that I am a murderer!"

Sir Thomas shuddered and drained his brandy and soda. "Don't talk like that," he said, shaking his head. "It's rank nonsense, but it gives me the horrors!"

"That is why I feel it best to break the engagement until I have cleared my name," said Harcourt.

"Not with my consent," Sir Thomas told him firmly.

"But do you realize that until this is cleared up—if it continues much longer—the suspense, the uncertainty of it all, will make a mental wreck of me?"

"It will if you persist in entertaining such absurd notions," Sir Thomas agreed.

"You don't understand," Harcourt objected. "If I only knew the truth I could stand it. Knowing myself guilty—if I had what might seem good reason—I might even attempt to free myself of suspicion. As it is there is bound to be a rotten mess, and I shall see to it that I don't think I am a coward, but I don't know how long I can stand it, and I certainly do not intend to drag the woman I love into the mire of such publicity."

"Jack," said Sir Thomas, and there were traces of tears in the old man's eyes, "please don't think that I do not appreciate the spirit that prompts you to say all this. I admire and honor you for it. But I believe in you thoroughly—even though you cannot believe in yourself. Grace feels as I do. Go to her and talk the whole thing over, but promise me that you will not insist upon anything she does not wish."

Harcourt stood undecided for a time. Then he looked up and smiled. "I'll do it," he said. And the two men clasped hands.

In the doorway, Sir Thomas paused a moment. "Jack," he said quietly, "I have just thought of something that should have occurred to me before. You had another object in asking for that roll call—an object other than the mere feeling that you ought to tell us all your own feelings. Am I right?"

"Yes," said Harcourt. "Do you want to tell me that reason?"

"No. I was wrong." "You suspected someone?"

"I had an idea—a mere notion. I wanted to be sure."

"And now you are sure?" "Not altogether—but I am almost convinced that my suspicion was a mistake." Half way down the stairs they encountered Inspector MacBee.

"Ah, Lord Harcourt," he said pleasantly, "I was just looking for you."

"I am entirely at your service," said Harcourt, pausing beside the detective.

"I was also on my way to look at the smoke room where—the affair of last night occurred. I was wondering if it would interest you to accompany me."

Harcourt was conscious of the keen scrutiny of the inspector. He thought, too, that he understood the man's purpose. He had heard of the famous "Third degree," through which prisoners are often put by the police, and he was firmly convinced that MacBee hoped that he might betray some sign of guilt if brought to the scene of the crime.

"Certainly, I will go," Harcourt consented quickly. His tone betrayed none of the repugnance he felt at entering the room, nor did his manner betray the slightest hesitation. "I assume that you have no objection to Major Marston's accompanying us."

"None whatever," said MacBee. "I shall be glad to have him. Often an old soldier sees things that escape even us Scotland Yard men."

Turning, they passed back to the smoke room, and MacBee unlocked the door, standing aside for them to pass.

The place was in the same disorder in which it had been discovered when the body was found. The chairs were placed just as they had been, the carpet was marked with ashes here and there, and the trays on the table were full of burnt-out cigars and cigarettes.

Without being directed to it, Harcourt and Marston at once glanced at the big chair by the table where the body had been found. Against the dark leather of the seat was a great stain of darker hue, mute evidence of the gruesome object that had last occupied it.

"I have made a most thorough examination," MacBee said, as he closed the door behind them. "As far as I have been able to discover, there is not the slightest clue remaining—no fingerprints, no lost belongings—nothing. Frankly, it is the most perplexing situation I have ever faced."

"You have arrived at no conclusion," Major Marston asked.

"None. I was wondering, Lord Harcourt, if you could recall anything that took place in this room immediately before you left it."

"Nothing," said Harcourt, in a low voice.

"Sometimes the return to a scene of this sort suggests things that had slipped the memory—that remain in the mind even though the brain was not conscious of those impressions at the time they were absorbed." MacBee looked fixedly at Harcourt as he spoke, but his steady gaze was unswerving.

"It is all a blank to me," Harcourt went on. "I could not tell you a single thing that happened after the close of the dinner to save my life." He paused and smiled at the suggestion of his words dawned upon him. "Nor am I forgetting for the same purpose," he added lightly.

"I am convinced of that, my lord," said MacBee.

Then the detective began walking about the room, apparently looking carefully here and there, but in reality watching Harcourt closely. Once he stopped and glanced up quickly as Harcourt leaned over the table and

gazed curiously into an ash tray.

"Curious monograms some of these chaps have on their cigarettes," Harcourt observed as he picked up and examined a half consumed paper of tobacco. Then he carelessly tossed the thing into the fireplace and moved away, not even MacBee suspecting the shock the finding of that monogrammed cigarette had given him.

But to Harcourt the insignia was full of meaning. It was only with the greatest effort that he preserved his composure, and in that moment his habitual calmness and lack of emotion stood him in good stead.

It was a curious monogram that suggested to him none of its possible significance—a strange device unlike anything Harcourt had ever seen.

Yet, in an instant the thing burned itself into his brain. It was the same sign he had noticed carved into the ivory hilt of the dagger Ferguson had discovered that morning in the pocket of his greatcoat.

## CHAPTER IV.

### FURTHER DOUBTS.

From the club, Harcourt rode quickly to the Marston house in his brougham. Sir Thomas had remained at the club with MacBee, and Harcourt was glad that he had done so, for he was trying as best he might to associate the monogrammed cigarette with the dagger locked up safely in his own room.

Here, of course, was a clue. It would be a comparatively simple matter to discover which of his guests carried cigarettes so marked, yet it seemed unlikely that a man who thus openly carried such a marking would use, to commit murder, a knife so easily identifiable.

His reflections were cut short, however, as the motor drove up before Grace's home, and he walked quickly up the steps to be admitted by Bajhab, the old Sepoy servant Major Marston had brought back with him from India.

Harcourt smiled at the Indian in his quaint native costume, and with a salaam, Bajhab led him to the library, saying his mistress would be there in a moment. Over the mantle was a group of scimitars and queer eastern weapons Sir Thomas had collected during his term of foreign service, and Harcourt stared at them fascinated. He had often seen and examined the swords, but this afternoon they made him shudder, for the mere sight of them suggested what he would have given anything to forget.

At the sound of a footstep behind him he turned and saw Grace. She was simply dressed, and there were traces of weeping in her great blue eyes, but she came forward eagerly with a smile on her face and both hands extended in happy greeting.

"It has been such a long day," she said. "I thought you would never come."

"I could not get away any sooner," Harcourt explained. "There has been a great deal to do."

"And is there any news? Have they found the—"

She paused, hesitating to speak the word.

"Nothing yet," Harcourt said. "Sit down here. I have something I want to say to you."

"Something in his tone frightened her and she looked anxiously into his face.

"There is nothing wrong—nothing that concerns us?" she asked nervously.

"Yes, something that concerns us very much. I suppose you are familiar with the details of this affair?"

"Father has told me, and I have read all the newspapers," she said.

"You know then that I was the last man seen with poor Towney?"

"Yes."

"Then I want you to try to understand what I am going to say, and to realize what it costs me to say it. You know the old weakness of the Harcourts—the one thing that made you hesitate—"

"Oh, Jack!" she cried with an expression of pain. "You haven't—"

"Yes, dear," he said, taking her hand in his. "Last night—for the first time since I gave you my promise not to touch it—I drank too much. You remember, I told you a long time ago that I had become frightened at the effect liquor was beginning to have on me, the absolute loss of mental faculty—the failure to recall a single happening while I was under the influence of it? That is what happened last night."

"Then you don't remember having talked with Towney?"

"No," said Harcourt looking away from her. "I remember nothing."

"Then you cannot help the police—"

Harcourt turned and looked into her eyes. He saw that she did not realize the significance of what he had said. It was a difficult thing to explain to her, yet he knew he must do it and do it then.

"Can't you see what the result is, dear? The fact that I do not remember—and other things, of which I cannot even tell you—make me wonder if—"

She seemed to divine his meaning and looked at him in terror.

"You—you can't mean—"

"I do mean—just that. It is possible—I may have been the man!"

With a start of terror she drew back for a moment. Then with a laugh she leaned forward and seized both his hands. "Jack, you dear old silly! How can you say such a thing? Are you serious or are you merely trying to frighten me?"

"I only wish I were," he said tenderly. "I wonder if a man was ever placed in such a position before? I don't believe I did it—I can't think so—but until I can know certainly, I want you to release me from our engagement."

"Jack!"

"Surely you appreciate how I feel about it."

"Do you mean that you don't care for me?" she asked.

"You know better than that," he answered feelingly. "I am not a man of emotion. Perhaps I have been a cold lover for it is not my nature to be demonstrative—but you know that, and I think you know, too, that I care for you more than any other woman in the world. It is because I do care that I am not willing to marry you, or even to be engaged to you until I can clear myself of this terrible suspicion."

"Don't talk like that—please!" she pleaded. "Father believes in you—everyone believes in you—and even if they all did not, I do. If you are in trouble, if you are to be subjected to an ordeal, it is the time that you most need those who love you. I will not release you, and I want to be by your side through it all. If it were possible."

"I want to know where this came from!"

She shrugged her shoulders. "You are too utterly silly!"

"You mean you won't tell me?"

"Jack!"

"You know—you know you do! I want you to say now what caller at this house smokes cigarettes monogrammed like this!" His eyes flashed and he faced her coldly.

"I have said that I do not know. To my knowledge, no one has been smoking in this room."

"Someone has been here this afternoon" Harcourt said accusingly. "It is not possible that you do not know who it was."

"What difference can it make anyway?"

"A great deal."

"Then by all means ask father—call in the servants—ask them," she said sarcastically.

"You will tell me yourself!" he said determinedly.

For a moment she looked at him in perplexity. Then the corners of her mouth twitched and she broke into a smile. "I really believe you're jealous!"

"If that cigarette means what I believe it does, I should be more than jealous!" he told her angrily.

"You mean that you doubt my word—that you do not trust me?" she asked, unable to understand his attitude.

"If you think so—yes. All I want is an answer to my question."

"And you have had that," she retorted hotly.

"Then there is nothing more to say!" he snapped. "Good afternoon."

She caught his arm restrainingly. "Surely after all that I have said—when I have believed in you in spite of all that might make me doubt—you are not going to let a little thing like this make you doubt me?"

"I have at least been frank," said Harcourt. "I have admitted my fault. You refuse to tell me what you must

know is a thing of importance. If you did not know what hangs upon it you could have no reason for concealing the name of the man who left the thing here."

"Suppose I have been smoking myself?" she suggested.

He looked at her keenly. "YOU—smoking that cigarette!" he exclaimed. "Impossible—yet, if you were—"

Without finishing he went out, and leaving the house, hurriedly entered his brougham.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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