

PERSONAL POINTERS

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

Mrs. Fred Joseph is suffering from a malarial complaint. Capt. Morris is able to be out after an attack of catarrhal fever.

Lawson Pontius was in South Bend, visiting his parents over Sunday.

Anna Kaley Cathers of Lincoln, Neb., visited Reuben Kaley last week.

Mrs. Fisher and Ray Fisher spent a few days last week in South Bend.

The editor is taking a week's playpell at Janesville and Madison, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Goss are spending a few days with friends in Chicago.

Miss Florence Morris is slowly recovering from an indisposition of several weeks.

The family of Ed. Bergman returned Saturday from a three weeks' absence.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Allen of Chicago are spending the week with the Ollie Bakers.

O. W. Nutt of Carmel, a nephew of J. F. Nutt spent three days last week at Mrs. Nutt's.

Miss Zola Moss leaves Saturday for Frankfort, where she has a desirable position in a store.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Bartlett and Mr. and Mrs. Ollie Baker and son motored to South Bend Friday.

Mrs. Charley Hayes has suffered severely during the past ten days from coming into contact with some poisonous plant.

S. S. Chadwick writes from his new home in Saginaw that he likes his present location, but misses his Culver friends.

Mrs. N. L. Jenkins, wife of the Methodist minister at Hart, Mich., was here last week on a short visit to her sister, Mrs. Rev. Kenrich.

Mrs. Amanda Clark and her daughter, Mrs. Bertha Wright, of Dunkirk, Ind., came today for a visit with Mrs. Clark's sister, Mrs. Dr. Barris.

Mrs. A. B. Long, of Swayzee, Ind., returned to her home Monday, after visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buswell for the past two weeks.

Mrs. Theron Nelson and children of Rugby, S. Dak., are spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Crossland. Mrs. Nelson is Mr. Crossland's niece.

Lieutenant Kelley and his wife, who occupied Mrs. Koontz's house on Main St. last year, are now located in Texas, where Lieutenant Kelley is teaching.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Sickman and Mrs. Alfred Byrd spent Sunday in Chicago with the latter's children, the VanSchoicks, O. E. Byrds and E. M. Browns.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Coar of Bourbon stopped with Mrs. J. F. Nutt from Friday to Saturday. Mr. Coar was on his annual trip to post bills for the Bourbon fair, Mrs. Coar is a cousin of the late Mr. Nutt.

Ramona Slattery and her school friend, Marie Busart of Texas, were at St. Mary's, South Bend, over Sunday. Next Saturday they have planned to go to Chicago. From there Miss Busart will go to her home to stay.

Mrs. C. J. Shumaker of Tupelo, Miss., came Tuesday to assist her mother, Mrs. J. F. Nutt, in the final disposition of her household effects, and to take her back to Mississippi with her. Mrs. Nutt will make her future home with her children and rent her house. Her many friends will be sorry to see her leave Culver.

FISHERS AGAIN IN LIMELIGHT

Troubles of Leiters Ford Family Take On New Angles.

Oliver Fisher, a well-known farmer of near Leiters, who left home several weeks ago in company with his 20-year-old sister-in-law is home again.

Fisher arrived home more than a week ago and after a short time his wife appeared in Rochester, when she instructed her attorney to dismiss the divorce complaint she had filed soon after the couple's disappearance. Things went well at the Fisher home until Thursday when Miss Wilfred, the girl in the case, came to this city and filed a bastardy charge against Fisher. Then on Friday afternoon Constable Joseph Heflefinger of this city went to the Fisher farm, where he found the man in a corn field and at once served him with a warrant, bringing him to Rochester. However, when it was found that the defendant had beat the officers to it by settling with the girl for \$500, he was released.

The next thing to mar the marital happiness of the Fisher household came Saturday afternoon when Mrs. Fisher telephoned Sheriff Copen to come to their farm at once as her husband had threatened he would kill the whole family and she was afraid he would do it. However, she was informed she would have to come to the city and get out a warrant, so the matter was dropped. Up to this time there has been no killing done, according to the officers.—Rochester Sun.

Notice to Parents.

To parents of children attending the public schools: All parents living within the corporation are kindly requested to time the departure of their children for school so that they will not arrive upon the school grounds in the morning before 8:30 o'clock nor later than 8:45. To all children living at inconvenient distances who have to drive to school or come on the train the building will be open at eight.

There are no play grounds provided for the first grade. Parents having children in that department are specially requested to observe the above regulations and also at the noon hour to time their arrival for the afternoon session not earlier than 12:45.

These regulations are for the safety and welfare of your children and the co-operation of the parents with the teachers in this matter will be appreciated. If for any cause children must arrive before these hours will the parent kindly notify the teacher of such necessity.

Complaints have been registered with the faculty about children crossing private property in coming to and going home from school. These are just and well timed. Will the parents kindly co-operate with the school in doing away with such trespass.

Mrs. E. McLaughlin, Supt.

Bakery Changes Hands.

D. R. Wolfe sold his bakery to M. V. Robinson of Kewanna last Monday. Mr. Robinson formerly owned a bakery and restaurant combined in Kewanna. Mr. Wolfe has no definite plans in view for the future, but will go with his wife to Oak Park, Chicago, for a time. Mr. Robinson will bring his family to Culver and occupy the W. E. Hand house where Mr. Wolfe is now living as soon as the latter leaves it.

Cobbling by Electricity.

D. H. Smith has just installed in his shoe-repairing department one of the best electrical buffing and finishing machines made. This modern cobbler sews on a sole, trims it neatly, and then polishes the edges and the bottom of it. The machine, which will permit Mr. Smith to turn out work very rapidly, cost \$400.

MUST REGISTER OCT. 5

Unless You Do So You Will Be Ineligible to Vote at the November Election, Says the Law.

In order to be eligible to vote at the November election every voter in Indiana must first be registered. Former registrations do not count. You must register in your respective voting precinct on Monday, October 5, if you intend to cast a ballot in November. The new law provides for only one compulsory registration period which, this year, will be held on Monday, October 5, the 29th day prior to the election. The new law also provides that the registration board shall remain in session during the next succeeding one of two days, when so requested in writing by ten voters of the precinct, three of whom shall be freeholders. The board must be in session from 6 o'clock a. m. till 9 o'clock p. m., and shall remain in session until it has fully completed its books and done all of the things required by the registration law.

Under the new law the registration board shall be made up of representatives of the two parties casting the highest number of votes in the county. This is different from the general election law which provides that the election board shall be made up of representatives of the two parties casting the highest number of votes in the state. Thus there will be democratic members on all the registration boards, but in some counties the republicans will be represented and in others the progressives. In Marshall county the board will consist of democrats and progressives. Only the democratic and progressive parties will be represented on the election boards in November.

One of the most important sections of the new registration law is the one which provides for the registration of legal voters who are sick or quarantined or are unavoidably absent from the county. All other voters must appear before the board and register in person. This

new section of the law makes the following provisions:

"Any person who will be entitled to vote at such election and who on the day and at the time of such registration is unable to register at such session of said board of registration, by reason of the sickness of himself, or by reason of his unavoidable absence from the county, or by reason of his being quarantined, shall be entitled to register, without appearing before the board of registration, in person, by making a similar application to what would be required of him if he was applying for registration to the board of registration in person, as provided in section nine of this act, and, in addition, he shall state in such application that on the day and at the time of the regular session of the board of registration of his precinct, he is, or will be, unavoidably absent from the county, stating his whereabouts on the day or days of registration, or is sick, or is quarantined, as the case may be, and that thereby and by reason thereof he is prevented from registering in person at said session of board. Such application shall be signed and sworn to by such applicant before an officer authorized to administer oaths and having an official seal; and two freeholders residing in such precinct shall certify on said application that they are acquainted with such applicant, and that he is the person he represents himself to be and that the facts stated in his application are true." Such application shall be delivered to the board by any registered voter of the precinct on the 29th day before the election, being October 5 this year.

Every voter should remember that unless he is properly registered in his precinct on Monday, Oct. 5, he will not be permitted to vote on election day.

A Notable Improvement.

The new sewage system at the academy, which is said to be the most complete, up-to-date plant for the scientific disposal of sewage in the United States, will soon be completed. The system is being constructed under the personal supervision of Captain Noble, who has introduced some effective features of his own invention. The system is said to be adaptable at a comparatively light cost, on a small scale, to the smallest plant, and it is so highly thought of by the Indiana state board of health that the board is preparing a leaflet upon it.

The Latest War Situation.

The twelfth day of the battle of the Aisne, the most terrible contest in the world's history, has come, and the battle still rages with no decisive gains for either side. The German lines for 100 miles are described as a continuation of forts and heavy intrenchments. Artillery exchanges go on day and night and under their cover are sorties of infantry, but neither front has been broken and neither side has been outflanked.

Three British cruisers have been sunk in the North Sea by a submarine attack, and it is reported two of the German submarines making the attack were destroyed.

—Clarence Hollett made a trip through the northwestern corner of Indiana on his motorcycle Sunday. Starting at 5 a. m., he was able to take in Oshkosh, Podunk, Breezeville, Garlicburg, Hen City, Shawtown, Hickory Bush, Hoopole and Ebenezer and on his return his cyclometer registered 256 miles, 5 feet, 3½ inches

Fire! Not Quite.

Last Monday evening the Hayes restaurant was the scene of considerable excitement and what might have been great damage.

Mr. Hayes, after filling the gasoline tank of the coffee percolator, lighted the machine, but the blaze went out. He tried it again and it flared up with a puff. He was then amazed to see blazing gasoline squirting out at the top of the urn in a fine stream as high as the ceiling. Alarmed at this unusual occurrence, with the help of a member of one of the visiting rifle teams who was seated at a table near by, the urn was dragged to the door and thrown into the street. Meantime a fire alarm had been turned in by Dr. Burris, who was in the restaurant when the blaze started, but when the fire company arrived after a very quick run they found nothing to do except to put out the flames on a telephone pole that had caught fire from the burning gasoline. The brilliant glare of the blazing gasoline was very spectacular and brought out a big crowd like magic. Mr. Hayes estimates his loss at about \$125, but at that considers he has had a lucky escape.

Parent-Teacher Club.

There will be a meeting of the Parent-Teacher club at the school-house Friday at 3 p. m. There will be a paper by Mrs. Michael on "Where Parents Fail in the Education of their Children," and one by Mrs. W. O. Osborn on "Importance of Pure Air." Both papers will be followed by a general discussion. All members and all others interested in our school and children are urged to be present.

THE WEEK IN OUR SCHOOLS

Items of Interest Concerning the Faculty and Students.

Under an improved, regulated and restricted order during both classes and study periods, the high school is making a fine headway toward a studious term. Each student has received a clear understanding that he or she is to settle down to business only. All delayed text books have arrived, and with other beitered conveniences, such as additional laboratory equipment, a more elaborate physics apparatus and other new arrangements, the classes are starting fine work, and with the intention of keeping it up until the end.

The old office and library rooms have been transformed into a lunch room and a recitation room, while the office is put into an adjoining recitation room with the library. The senior or physics room has been made a general assembly and study room on account of a lack of seating capacity in the old assembly room.

Fire drills began the first of the week, there were no alarms given but the students were to practice marching down the fire escapes and passing quickly out of the building.

The telephone has been restored to service for the term. The students however will not be compelled to pay for its use this year as the school board agrees to settle that matter.

In the field of athletics not much has been done. A basket ball goal has been erected and the boys practice a little goal shooting. It is rumored that a baseball team will be organized for games until the basket ball season opens in full force. High jumping has been the chief pastime this week.

The various classes have met and elected the following officers who will serve at their class meetings for this term: Senior class—Pres. Wayne Lowry; vice-pres., Naomi Walker; sec. and treas., Daisy Easterday.

Junior class—Pres., Fred Hawkins; vice-pres., Phocian Rhoads; sec., William Teidt; treas., William Hiser.

Sophomore class—Pres., Vernon Easterday; vice-pres., Beulah Buchanan; sec., Mary Bernhard; treas., Forest Alberts.

The annual senior reception to the freshmen held last Friday evening in the basement of the Reformed church proved a very successful and pleasing affair. Those who took part in the festivities of the evening were the members of the four classes of the high school, those of last year's graduating class who were able to be present, and the high school faculty. Well-chosen and planned games and contests formed the entertainment for the evening. Refreshments that were pleasing and satisfactory to all were served, after which talks were made by members of the faculty and of last year's class. The success of this reception speaks well for the social and executive ability of the seniors.

At a meeting of the school board Monday it was decided that the school teams should play no more mid-week games away from Culver and that all Friday work lost by our athletes must be made up.

The new tables for the domestic science work have come and great results are now looked for from this department.

Medbourn Cottage House Party.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Medbourn are entertaining at their lake cottage this week Mr. and Mrs. Will Porter and Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Shilling. Some of the members of this party are experts in the gentle art of angling and their friends will look for some good fish stories on their return to town.

The C. C. club meets Thursday evening with Mrs. Dalrymple.

THE WEEK IN CULVER

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

—John Hollett is now driving a 46-horse power roadster Buick.

—J. L. Scheuerman has been appointed inspector of road No. 3.

—Born, Sept. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Waite of Hibbard, a son.

—Dr. Parker is completing the substructure of the dry dock he recently built for his Ford.

—An improvement in the shape of a large refrigerator has been installed in the Beck grocery.

—The Culver City club cleared about \$24 at their sale held in the Wickizer building last Saturday.

—Fifty citizens of Rochester have signed a contract to get a Redpath Chautauqua for next year.

—Marshal Vanmeter is building a 3-room addition to his home in the south end of town. It is 14x32 and will cost \$325.

—Culver turned out a goodly number of motor-car enthusiasts Sunday to witness the motorcycle races in Plymouth.

—The trial of Julius Carter (colored), for theft at the Bates cottage last summer, is set for next Monday in the circuit court.

—The work of cleaning the gutters and streets in the Zechiel addition is finished and the Ferrier addition is now being cleaned up.

—The Raymond Mikesells moved into their new home in the Medbourn & Dillon addition, and Lloyd Hawkins moved into the one they vacated Saturday.

—New crossings and catch basins are being put in in the south part of town, and the low cross walk on Scott street will be raised by the town this week.

—Ralph Cook is putting up a two-story, 7-room house on the lot recently purchased by him in the Dillon-Medbourn addition. The estimated cost is \$2,000.

—A. L. Porter has prepared for winter by installing a new and very complete furnace in his restaurant. The work was done by John Gast and his son Chester of Plymouth.

—Robert McFarland and Jacob H. Cromley have been drawn as petit jurors for the September term of court from Union township, and Horace Roggs from Green township.

—Ed Wallace, clerk at the Palmer House, moved his family Monday from the Geiselman house on Scott St. to the Zechiel house on Michigan St. recently vacated by Captain Eisenhard.

—The Plymouth sanitarium and hospital, which has been purchased by F. E. Garn of Plymouth and his brother-in-law, Dr. J. H. Boss from Weir City, Kans., will be again opened to the public on Oct. 1.

—J. J. Keeleber & Co., of Frankfort, who have just completed 1½ miles of paving in Culver and are now at work in Argos, were the successful bidders on \$30,000 worth of work in Fulton county, out of Rochester. The Keeleber brand of work seems to be always satisfactory.

—It was a great shock to a Culver business man, last Sunday, to find on entering the fair grounds at Plymouth that a motorcycle race, and not a Chautauqua, was going on. In fact, he was so badly shocked that he did not recover sufficiently to leave the grounds until the races had ended.

—Persons who are making a practice of tormenting Joe Coon, who has the decent manners and brains enough to attend to his own business when let alone, are being watched, and there is just enough righteous indignation and sense of fairness in the watchers to enter a complaint and bring a prosecution

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
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. 24, 1914.

A School Vision.

With the opening of another school year the prediction of the schools of the future, given out by a noted writer after he had studied the workings of a "Better School Commission" last year will be of interest.

The writer mentioned was Herbert Quick, well known to both newspaper and magazine readers. He predicts the passing of the "little red school house." The time will come, he says, when the country children will be taught in large, roomy buildings, as good as those in the cities, if not quite as large, and surrounded by rural beauties.

This school house will not stand alone on a bleak hillside, but will be the center of a little hamlet of buildings. There will be teachers' houses with a few acres of land attached; and none but a skilled farmer will have any chance to get the position—and the farm. The farm will have barns and sheds to suit its size. The teacher will live on it with his family, and, Mr. Quick hopes, will be engaged during good behavior. It will be a life job for the right person.

In this school house will be a kitchen with domestic economy paraphernalia, in which the girls and women of the district will hold high carnival, reviving the ancient glories of American rural cookery and housekeeping. The girls will get credits on their domestic economy course here, and cook and serve luscious repasts when the neighborhood assembles to talk, listen to music, debate questions of the day, or enjoy moving picture shows—or dance.

The moving picture shows will be given for the benefit of the pupils in geography, history, science and art. The children instead of studying books about India, Brazil, and New York city, will visit these places in the movies. They will see how farming is done in China, Japan, and Egypt. They will see bacteria develop before their eyes, and wheat plants and roses. It will be lots of fun, and all to be written up for tomorrow's lesson. This will be a lesson in English as well, so we shall have covered a good deal of educational ground in this evening's gathering of old and young.

And, the author adds, the old folks will not fall behind the children in education as fast as they do now.

Township Nominations.

Walter Ransbottom of Ober secured the republican nomination for trustee of Washington township with great ease at Saturday's convention, defeating W. W. Osborn and Clem Rodgers, his only opponents, on the first ballot. The other nominations made by the convention are as follows: Ira Warter, assessor; Murley Romine, B. F. Flory and Harry Emigh, members of the advisory board; Samuel Humes and N. L. Guernsey, justices of the peace; Oral Crabb and Henry Keiser, constables; Henry Robbins, Albert Svoboda, George Emigh and A. L. Ransbottom, road supervisors.—Knox Democrat.

THE FARMER'S WIFE

A Few Suggestions That May Go a Long Way Toward Making Her Lot a Happier One.

We shall never check the drift of population from country to town, that characterizes all the English speaking races, until it is driven home to us that the farmer, besides live stock of various kinds, and children of various ages, has a wife. Until we make life on the farm satisfying to the farmer's wife, we will labor in vain to check the drift of rural population to the towns and cities.

The farmer's wife is really the best thing on the farm. She works more hours than any laborer in the city or town, more hours than the hardest driven lawyer or doctor. In addition to this, she is the mother of the farmer's children. She really has the biggest place on the farm. Often, when accident or death lays the farmer low, the wife takes hold of the farm and manages it, sometimes succeeding better even than her husband did. If it were not for her thrift, her ability to make a little go a long ways, and to get a large part of the living of the family off the farm in the shape of vegetables, butter and eggs, a good many farmers would have broken up long ago. She is the person on the farm who can least be spared, and the hardest person for whom to find a substitute.

Why should we not make the life of this hard worked farmer's wife as comfortable as possible and farm life for her as satisfactory as possible? There is one thing greatly in our favor in this attempt. She loves her children. She fears the dangers of bad companions to her children. She dreads the foul-mouthed boy, and the foolish or silly and uncouth girl. She knows there is less danger in the country to her brood, for which she would give her life at any time, than in the city. Hence her inclinations naturally lead her to prefer the country. Why should we take advantage of this mother-love by asking her to do things that there is no need of her doing? For example, when the farmer installs a water system on the farm, why should she not have one in the house? When he puts tank heaters in his water tank to take the chill off the water for his live stock, why not have hot and cold water in the house? Why should she churn when it is possible to organize a creamery? Why, after the creamery is organized, should she do her own washing, and often that of hired hands as well, when it is possible to operate a cooperative laundry in connection with the creamery? Why should she wear out her life in a poorly constructed house, where two steps are necessary where one should be enough? Why should she have to go around and pick up after husband and children, when it would be a great deal better for them to pick up after themselves, thus training them to habits of neatness to take into their own homes later on?

Why should not the farmer's wife be encouraged to have her club, her church society? She loves her husband, she loves her boy; but no woman is entirely satisfied unless she has from time to time the companionship of women outside her own immediate family.

If we are to make the home happy and farm life satisfactory and worth while, we must consider the farmer's wife and inquire in what way mere man, naturally stupid, can add to her comfort. No amount of study will ever enable us to do that, because men don't understand women and women's ways of looking at things. "Himself" (to use an Irish term) will simply have to ask "herself," and let "herself" tell "himself" what "herself" wants. Then let "himself" proceed to do it.

Give the farmer's wife a chance to go to church. There are five times (at least) as many religious germs per cubic centimeter in her

system as in the system of the farmer. Give her an opportunity to develop her religious instinct naturally. We sometimes fear that some farmers buy automobiles before they are quite ready to; but when they tell us they are buying one for the sake of the wife, we give up at once and say: "Buy two." The field of human vision in the country is measured by an hour's journey by whatever means of travel may be available. It was very limited when we had to walk, not over two or three miles. When we got a good trotting horse, it stretched out to ten miles. The automobile has extended it to twenty. There is nothing else that tends to remove the isolation of the farmer's wife as the automobile does then wisely used. When simply used to go to town, that use becomes an abuse where a trip is unnecessary; but if used to get acquainted with the country and its people, to enable the farmer's wife to attend her club, her church and church society, then it becomes a blessing.

Let the farmer remember that he has on his farm not merely grain and live stock, but a wife, and that she is the most valuable asset on the place.—Wallaces' Farmer.

Rural Route Under Contract.

The plan to let out rural service by contract to the lowest bidder has again been brought before the senate postoffice committee by Postmaster Burleson. The plan calls for the advertising of bids for the performance of the work now done by the rural mail carriers, and the granting of the contract to the lowest bidder.

The plan is strongly opposed by the National Rural Carriers' association. Such a plan, it is said, would greatly reduce the quality of service now enjoyed by rural office patrons, but the postmaster general's sole idea seems to be to operate the system at the lowest possible cost, regardless of the quality of service. The system would undoubtedly cost the government less, and the plea of economy is made on account of the European war.

Wanted 'Em Back.



The Barber—Some hair restorer, sir?
Man in Chair—Yes, if it'll restore the hairs you've just rubbed off.

A Doubtful Compliment.

A clergyman was about to leave his church one evening when he encountered an old lady examining the carving on the font. Finding her desirous of seeing the beauties of the church, he volunteered to show her over, and the flustered old lady, much gratified at this unexpected offer of a personally-conducted tour, shyly accepted it. By-and-by they came to a handsome tablet on the right of the pulpit. "This," explained the good man, "is a memorial tablet erected to the memory of the late vicar."
"There, now! Ain't it beautiful?" exclaimed the admiring old lady, still flustered and anxious to please. "And I'm sure, sir, I hope it won't be long afore we see one erected to you on t'other side."

A very matter-of-fact parson called to see a neighbor, an elderly woman, who had been ailing for some time. "And how do you find yourself today, Janet?" was the greeting. "Ah, Martha, I'm very bad. This cold, damp weather'll be the end of me. I'll be dead woman before very long."
"Hoots, toots, woman. You've been saying that any time these last twenty years. I've no patience with you. I'll tell you what it is. You want firmness of mind. Fix a day for your dying—and stick to it."

PORPOISES IN AQUARIUM

The Only Ones in Captivity, Having Been Shipped From Cape Hatteras to New York.

New York—Nine porpoises have been placed in the big center pool of the aquarium, and are the only living porpoises in confinement. They were caught off Cape Hatteras, N. C., at the one porpoise fishery the American coasts boast. After their confinement for three days in the narrow crates, they took wildly to the water and raised a tempest in the big pool, rolling and spouting and swimming incessantly.

Four times in the past the director of the aquarium, has tried to keep a live porpoise, but none of his captives has lived more than a few months, as each of them died from the effects of injuries received in transit. Joseph K. Nye, of New Bedford, Mass., who owns the fishery at Cape Hatteras offered to supply Dr. Thompson with the porpoises on the beach as soon as they were caught, and the New York Zoological Association paid the expenses of getting them to the city.

The pool in the center of the building, which is thirty feet in diameter and five feet deep, was selected as their home. In it were fifteen large fish, several 300-pound groupers, a number of bird drum fish and one sturgeon six feet long. The aquarium attendants, with nets, poles and hooks, spent three thrilling hours catching these fish and transferring them in safety to other pools.

The porpoises arrived, two in a crate. The smallest of them is five feet long and the largest eight feet. In weight they range from 200 to 400 pounds. Thus, although small porpoises, they are of considerable size, and it was no easy work for a dozen hands to get them from their crates to the pool. Swimming, rolling and rising to spout side by side almost simultaneously, they soon created a splashing and flying of waves and spray that will not stop as long as the porpoises live.

CUPID AIDED BY PHONOGRAPH.

But Letter Answering Girl's Note Comes Too Late.

West Orange, N. J.—A proposal of marriage from a widower with eleven children has been received by Miss Jessie Cosgrove, who was formerly employed in the phonograph record works here.

A few years ago, for a joke, Miss Cosgrove wrote a note on a piece of paper which she inserted in a record of "Where the River Shannon Flows." There was a large demand for these records in Ireland and Miss Cosgrove, who is soon to be married, received the proposal from Dennis O'Flinn of West Meath, Ireland, who wants a good mother for his eleven children.

FINDS EIGHT SKELETONS.

Discovery Made by Iowa Farmer Recalls the Bender Murders.
Sidney, Iowa—While Sam Godsey, living near Folsom in Mills county, was spading the ground near the rear of his home, he uncovered eight human skeletons. It is said that a boarding house was conducted on the place forty years ago. The finding of the skeletons recalls the work of the notorious Bender family in Southern Kansas, about forty years ago. The Benders murdered people whom they had given lodging for the night. They suddenly disappeared and an investigation resulted in the gruesome find of fifteen or more bodies, buried on the premises.

Money in Sheep Raising.

Every farmer who has any grazing land can profitably raise some sheep. Hilly pasture land is in abundance in many sections—hills that have not been cleared of their timber—and there are millions of acres of such land which will afford good browsing for sheep or Angora goats.

Easy Fumigation.

Dried lemon peel sprinkled over coals will destroy any disagreeable odor about the house.

OUR NEW LOCATION

I have moved my shop to the Pecher building, just across the street from my old location, and am now prepared to supply all your wants in my lines. Firstclass work at fair prices always has been and always will be my aim. Come in and see me.

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

ESTABLISHED 1893

W. S. EASTERDAY
Funeral Director and Embalmer

PRIVATE AMBULANCE
QUICK SERVICE

All Day or Night Calls Receive Prompt Attention

FACTS ABOUT AMERICAN STEEL FENCE POSTS

QUALITY—Made of suitable high class steel, heavily coated with zinc inside and outside.
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SERVICE—The American steel posts will give much more and better service than can be expected of wood posts, because every American post is just like every other American post, and you get the benefit of every post in the fence from year to year, while wood posts burn, rot and decay from the start.
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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 Kandwahr, who attended dinner.

CHAPTER 3—During an interview with Inspector MacBee, of Scotland Yard, Harcourt finds in the room where murder was committed a half burnt cigarette bearing a monogram like that on dagger. He determines to find out who smokes these cigarettes.

CHAPTER 4—Harcourt offers to release Miss Marston from her engagement, until the mystery of Townshend's murder is solved. She refuses to desert him in his trouble. In the reception room of the Marston home he again comes across The Mysterious Monogram, and by refusing to answer questions Grace innocently leads Harcourt to believe that she is in some way connected with the crime.

CHAPTER 5—The police find Dodson, doorman of the Grill Club, strangled to death, at the bottom of the fire escape leading from the room in which Townshend was killed. Clutched in his hand is the sheath of a dagger bearing the mysterious monogram and the initials "K. K."

CHAPTER 6—At a reception in the home of Cornish, an American millionaire, Harcourt meets Grace in the conservatory. Near her he again finds the monogram. She refuses to answer questions and he declares engagement is at an end. He destroys monogram and determines to protect Grace.

CHAPTER VII

AN INTERRUPTED VISIT

Fergus was in the hallway when Harcourt entered his house.

"Anything for me?" he asked giving the man his hat and cloak.

"Nothing my lord."

"Very well, then, Fergus. Go to bed. I shall not need you. My luggage is packed I suppose?"

"Yes, my lord."

"We leave at eleven from Victoria station. Good night."

He walked slowly up the stairs and back to his study. He knew there would be no sleep for him and he wanted to think alone—to arrive, if possible, at some conclusion that would define for him his future course of action.

On the threshold of the room he paused, pushing open the half closed door. There was a faint glow by the big mahogany writing table, and Harcourt fancied that he heard a noise in the far corner of the room. The light he had seen faded away quickly and as he listened all was still. Without a word he touched the electric switch, and as the globes illumined the room he gave an exclamation of surprise.

Bending over the filing cabinet was the figure of a man in evening dress. The man's face was half turned toward Harcourt and as the lights flashed on he gave a little cry of angry surprise. It was Kirshin Kandwahr. A drawer of the cabinet had been forced open, and the prince held in his hand the knife Harcourt had locked up in it.

"You may not believe what I am saying," Kandwahr said, observing the other's doubtful look, "yet I assure you that it is true. How this knife—my gift—came to be the instrument of his death, or whose hand struck the blow, is almost as great a mystery to me as it is to you."

"Do you really expect anyone to credit such a story, Kandwahr?"

"No to be perfectly frank, I am only too well aware of its seeming improbability—yet I can say no more."

"Perhaps you imagine that I am the guilty man?" Harcourt suggested.

"Under the circumstances such a belief would be quite as reasonable as your unreasoning suspicion of me."

"Granted," said Harcourt. "I myself admitted as much in your presence this morning."

"And you made a mistake in doing so," Kandwahr returned. "I do not know just what your object was. Perhaps you think you may have been guilty. If so, I may say quite positively that I am sure you are not Townshend's murderer."

"Thank you," said Harcourt mockingly.

"You are still suspicious of me," Kandwahr went on. "You all are, I can see that readily. Perhaps you are right in feeling as you do. I am a stranger, an Indian, and the ways of my people are strange. You do not understand us, and consequently, you believe us capable of anything. You are making a terrible mistake in trying to fasten this crime upon me. What I know I shall keep locked in my brain. I cannot help you—but I warn you—do not attempt to place suspicion on me."

His eyes flashed and the savage in him arose to the surface as he spoke. For a moment the two men gazed at each other in silence, then Kandwahr calmly slipped the knife into his pocket and moved slowly towards the door.

"As I told you a few minutes ago, I am going now—by the front door. I shall take the knife with me, and before I sleep tonight it will be where it can do no more harm—to you, to me, or to any other unfortunate man."

"You believe that the disappearance

of this knife protects us?" Harcourt asked.

"To a great extent, yes. The police will never be able to fasten the crime upon you. Without the knife they cannot produce evidence against me. The dagger, therefore, is a source of danger to both of us, for its discovery will implicate you as well as me. In that event I might be obliged, for self protection, to tell where I found it."

"Would you also mention just how it came into my possession?" Harcourt asked with a smile.

"Not being a seer—even though I am an Indian—I should be unable to throw any light upon the subject," said Kandwahr. "I can only add that I do not intend to be accused of this crime myself, for, whether you believe me or not, I am innocent of it."

"Kandwahr," said Harcourt, "you know far more about this than you are willing to tell. You seem overconfident of my safety, as well as of your own. Does your determination to remain silent go so far that you would let an innocent man pay the penalty for a crime he did not commit?"

The Indian did not answer at once. Then he spoke in a low tone, as though he feared that someone other than Harcourt might catch his words.

"When I see an innocent man in danger I shall tell what I know," he said solemnly. "Until then my lips are sealed."

He stood by the door now, waiting. "Will you see me out as I suggest?"

For a moment Harcourt hesitated. What part had this man played in the events of the past twenty-four hours—what did he know of the mysterious monogram that had haunted Harcourt ever since his first discovery of the knife the Indian had come to steal. He knew that Kandwahr could tell him what he wished to know—if he would. But he realized that any questioning would be in vain and his own position in the matter forbade his trying to force the information he sought.

"It will probably be better that my servants should not know of your having been here," Harcourt said. "I will go down with you myself."

Kandwahr bowed and walked out. Silently Harcourt followed him down the stairs and himself let him out at the main entrance of the house. Without even a word of farewell, the great door closed behind the Indian, and Harcourt, more puzzled than ever, returned to his study.

CHAPTER VIII

A SUSPECT ARRESTED.

Alone on the steps outside, Kandwahr waited while he heard Harcourt set the chain within. The trees in the park shaded the house from the glare of the arc light at the corner, and he stood in the sheltering darkness for a moment, looking cautiously up and down the now deserted street.

Then he slipped quickly down the steps and hurried off at a rapid pace.

Once he looked back and saw no one, but when he had passed along a little way, a figure emerged from the shadows of a doorway opposite and followed slowly, halting now and then behind convenient shelters, lest Kandwahr should turn again and observe him.

Kandwahr, hastening his footsteps now, quickly turned the corner, and the man who followed hurried after him. The fog was growing thicker, and the chance of discovery growing less and less, the pursuer came closer in the fear that Kandwahr might elude him in the gray mist.

There were but few persons abroad, and those who passed glanced suspiciously at the figure in evening clothes, with his iniveness wrapped tightly about him, hurrying silently along through the haze. Now the jingle of a hansom bell came faintly to Kandwahr's ears, and once the horn of a taxicab warned him just in time to avoid the thing that suddenly loomed up out of the fog at a street crossing.

Still the man behind him—now only a few paces away—came stealthily on, never risking for a moment any chance of losing sight of the Indian. But he made no effort to overtake him, his object apparently being to discover Kandwahr's destination.

At last Kandwahr came to the river and walked briskly along the embankment. The toll of a bell rang out loudly through the stillness, and he paused to look over the river wall. It was black and chill below, and he shivered as he thought of being enveloped in the water's depths.

For a moment he stood leaning against the masonry. Then he drew the dagger from the folds of his cloak and looked at it for a moment. His arm shot up and the long, slender blade flashed wickedly in the faint light of a nearby lamp. With a smile, Kandwahr drew back his arm to throw it out over the dark, dirty water as it flowed quickly by.

As he did so a muttered sentence in a strange language escaped him, but before he could hurl away the knife a strong hand gripped his arm. With a deft twist, his wrist was turned back, and the blade dropped from his fingers, clattering upon the stone pavement at his feet.

With a snarl he turned his head, and looked into the determined eyes of a thick set man in a plaid mackintosh, a man of unusual strength whose grip still held him a prisoner.

"Not so fast, your highness," said the man with a grin. "I think MacBee will like to have that knife."

"Who are you?" Kandwahr demanded, his gaze turning from the weapon on the pavement to the face of the stranger.

"Barney is the name," the man replied. "And Scotland Yard the address. I think you'd better be coming there with me now, sir."

"You mean that I am under arrest?"

"I'm afraid so, sir. If you'll just step along a short distance I think I can find a night hawk with a cab, sir."

Still holding fast to Kandwahr's wrist, Barney stooped down and picked up the dagger.

"You needn't break my wrist bones," said Kandwahr with a grimace. "I shan't attempt to run away."

"Thank you, sir," said the detective. "I hope we won't have to detain you long, sir."

"I hope not, I am sure," Kandwahr agreed. "And may I ask why I am being taken there at all?"

"You may, sir, but I won't promise to answer. I happened to see you leaving Lord Harcourt's house, sir, and curiosity to know what you were going to do overcame me. When I saw you about to throw this beautiful little toy into the Thames, I just couldn't resist the temptation to ask you to come along with me and explain it all to MacBee. I knew he'd be interested in knowing why you didn't want it any more."

Barney smiled knowingly, and hailed a passing cabman who whipped up sharply when he heard the directions and caught sight of the detective's familiar countenance.

During the ride Kandwahr discreetly remained silent, and the detective was not disposed to be communicative. Half way to their destination Kandwahr produced his cigarette case, apologized for having but one cigarette, and lit it after several attempts in the stiff breeze that was now blowing. He only took a few puffs of it, however, and then threw it out of the cab with a sigh of relief. He had remembered just in time that the monogram of his cigarettes, and that on the hilt of the dagger in Barney's pocket were the same.

MacBee was in his office when they arrived. Fully dressed he sat by a small table with a reading lamp, smoking his pipe with evident enjoyment, as he sat staring silently at the ceiling.

He looked toward the door as the two men entered and smiled when he saw Kandwahr. Then he turned an inquiring glance at Barney.

"He has the dagger, sir," said Barney, saluting his superior. "I found him about to throw it into the river."

MacBee took the knife from the detective and examined it carefully. From his pocket he took the sheath that had been found in Dodson's grasp, and fitted the long blade into it. With a smile of satisfaction he compared the workmanship on the hilt and blade with that of the leather case, and then, with a low whistle, looked straight at Kandwahr. "This is your knife," he said accusingly.

"It is," was the frank and rather surprising reply.

"I thought so from the first," MacBee said. "The initials seemed familiar."

"They are mine," Kandwahr said without hesitation. "I gave the knife to Capt. Townshend before Lord Harcourt's dinner last evening."

"Indeed," said MacBee. "Did anyone see you give it to him?"

"No—we were alone."

MacBee looked at his closely for a moment, but the Indian never moved a muscle under the scrutiny. Then MacBee turned to Barney. "I thought you were watching Lord Harcourt's house?" he said.

"I was. Prince Kandwahr left there shortly after 2 o'clock, and walked straight to the embankment."

With a look of surprise MacBee swung abruptly around and faced Kandwahr. "What were you doing in Grosvenor Square?" he asked sharply.

"Talking with Lord Harcourt," Kandwahr answered simply.

"I beg pardon, sir," Barney interrupted, "but I watched the house since midnight and I did not see the prince go in. Lord Harcourt returned in his car about half-past one—alone."

"What time did you arrive there?" MacBee asked Kandwahr.

"Some time before. I waited for Lord Harcourt to return."

"But you were at Mr. Cornish's reception. Did you not see Lord Harcourt there?"

"No. I left before he arrived."

"I am quite aware of that—or of the fact that you left shortly after he arrived," said MacBee slowly. "At 1 o'clock I received a telephone call from one of my men saying that you had just entered Lord Harcourt's house by the window of his study overlooking the park. He is still waiting for you to come out. It might have been interesting if he had gone in after you, but I thought it best not to have him do so."

With a smile, the inspector paused to relight his pipe, looking curiously across the bowl at Kandwahr, while the match flickered over the fragrant tobacco.

"I trust your man will not weary from waiting," Kandwahr said with a grin. "Your theatricals are quite interesting, Mr. MacBee. It quite reminds me of a crime play. As it happens, however, you overstepped the mark this time. Lord Harcourt himself showed me out by the front door at about the hour this gentleman mentioned."

"Indeed," said MacBee. "But, may I ask why you use this peculiar mode of entrance to his lordships' residence?"

"Perhaps he would care to explain to you himself," Kandwahr suggested.

MacBee did not answer. For a few moments he puffed great clouds of smoke into the air and then put down his pipe. "You may go, Barney," he said and the detective left the room.

"Now, Prince Kandwahr," MacBee resumed. "I am going to be frank with

you. This is, beyond question, the knife that caused the death of Capt. Townshend. You have admitted that it is yours—or that it was yours, shall we say? You must realize the position in which this places you. I am ready to listen to anything you may have to say, but I warn you that any statements you make will be used against you."

Kandwahr took the chair the inspector indicated, and calmly returned MacBee's steady gaze.

"As I told you I gave this dagger to Captain Townshend before going to the Grill club," Kandwahr repeated coolly. "When its sheath was found today I was naturally somewhat upset least its discovery bring me unpleasantly into the affair. I had reason to believe that Lord Harcourt had the knife, and I went to his house this evening to satisfy myself of that fact."

"What reason had you for thinking that Lord Harcourt might have it?"

"It was not found with its sheath, and Harcourt was the last man seen with the murdered man."

"And when Lord Harcourt returned this evening you asked him for it?"

"I did not."

"And yet you have it?"

"It was locked in the drawer of his filing cabinet, which I forced."

"Quite remarkable," said MacBee. "Apparently, in your opinion, Lord Harcourt is the murderer, and in your anxiety least the discovery of your knife in his possession should point the finger of suspicion at you, you went to his house to recover it?"

"Exactly."

"Would not the finding of the knife in Lord Harcourt's house require some explanation on his part?"

"Doubtless. If it were discovered. But I preferred that the weapon be placed beyond all possibility of discovery."

"Surely your highness does not consider me a child?" said MacBee. "Kandwahr, you went to Lord Harcourt's house to leave that dagger there, in order that its ultimate discovery by my men might be used as evidence against him."

"Your powers of reasoning overpower me, Mr. Inspector," Kandwahr said in mock admiration.

"Do they?" said MacBee. "Look here, Kandwahr, I am perfectly aware of the fact that there is a great deal more to this business than we have as yet discussed. I know that you left the Grill club last evening before the murder was committed, but unfortunately I do not know where you went when you did leave there, nor do I know that you did not return."

"But for his fortunate accident, the doorman might have been able to enlighten you," Kandwahr said smiling.

"As it is, the other servants should have known of it if I had returned to the club."

"Unless you returned by means of the window," MacBee observed. "The murderer whoever he was, undoubtedly entered and left by that way. Within a few hours I shall have some interesting intelligence from Madras. Meanwhile, permit me to say that I have never had the pleasure of hearing of Prince Kandwahr before this affair came to my attention."

"The Indian shrugged his shoulders, dismissing the statement as one of little interest or importance.

"Furthermore," MacBee went on, "I shall be obliged to detain you here for an indefinite period—in spite of the annoyance the fact may cause you."

"You mean that I am charged with this murder?"

"I mean that you will be detained here."

"And you do not intend to arrest, or at least examine, Harcourt to learn whether or not what I have told you is true?"

"If you will pardon me, I have not said what I mean to do or not to do. If you have nothing more to say concerning yourself, I shall bid you good night." And he touched the bell at his elbow.

A man in uniform entered. "Show Prince Kandwahr to his quarters," MacBee directed and without further words, began refilling his pipe.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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MacBee did not answer. For a few moments he puffed great clouds of smoke into the air and then put down his pipe. "You may go, Barney," he said and the detective left the room.

"Now, Prince Kandwahr," MacBee resumed. "I am going to be frank with

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Quietly Harcourt closed the door behind him and then stepped slowly forward.

"Good evening, your highness," he said with mock courtesy.

The Indian smiled, and his white teeth gleamed beneath his silken moustache.

"Good evening, milord," he returned with a little bow.

"You pay unexpected visits," Harcourt observed. "May I ask how you reached this room?"

With a wave of his hand, Kandwahr indicated the open window.

"Indeed," said Harcourt. "This is the second time I have had occasion to note that method of entrance—or exit."

Kandwahr smiled again, and it was evident that Harcourt's reference was not unknown to him. "You are most observing," he replied in his soft, purring voice.

"Had I known that toy was yours," Harcourt continued with a glance at the knife Kandwahr held, I should—"

"Doubtless have mentioned the fact