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NORTH BOUND
4 Chicago Express 1:23 am
6 Chicago Mail 12:33 pm
10 F. Lick & Laf. Acco. 9:32 am
12 Bloom. & Laf. Acco. 4:45 pm
SOUTH BOUND
3 Louisville Express 2:13 am
5 Louisville Express 2:21 pm
9 French Lick Acco. 5:21 pm
11 Bloomington Acco. 8:03 am
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A Girl and A Garden.

By Frank H. Williams.
Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"I could love you," said the pretty neighbor, and then she the man impetuously reached for her she added quickly, "for your garden!"
The man's face fell.
"Now, I call that downright mean," declared the man vigorously. "You're a nice, pretty neighbor. Here I've been courting you and making love to you for months, and now I find that it's not me, but my garden, that's made an impression. I'll sell the garden," he added roughly.
The pretty neighbor clasped her hands in real distress.
"Oh, don't!" she cried. "You don't really mean that! Think how long it's been in your family! Think how much care your mother and your grandmother and your great-grandmother spent on all these dear flowers!"
"Time I was selling it!" growled the man. "I'll get an old factory, a bakery or something of that sort here!"
"Oh, oh!" cried the pretty neighbor. "I mean it!" cried the man. "I'll start right away!"
Wholly distressed, the pretty neighbor, her hands tightly clinched, watched the man as he went down one of the paths toward a gay little summer house.
She was standing near a wall, beside a little fountain, and all about her the garden was a bower of beauty. Vistas between the trees radiated from the spot where she stood. Birds sang in the trees. She could hardly realize that



"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?" THE GIRL ASKED.

the big, hurrying city was just on the other side of the wall.
From the summer house she saw the man come out. In one hand he carried a big white board, in the other a bucket of paint and a brush. When he reached the pretty neighbor he placed the board against the wall and with-out a word took up the brush.
"What are you going to do?" the girl asked somewhat tremulously.
"Paint," answered the man laconically.

With fascinated eyes the girl watched him as the letters grew under his brush. Across the top of the board he painted in big brutal letters the words, "For Sale."

The pretty neighbor caught her breath as the cruel sentence, flaring red, stared at her from the board. Underneath these words the man worked industriously for a little time.

While he worked the girl gazed back at the garden with tear dimmed eyes. When he had finished the man gave a little sigh of satisfaction. The girl looked at the sign again and gasped. "For Sale," it read. "This Garden, Suitable For a Factory. Apply Within to Martin Connor."

"You—aren't going to nail that sign up, are you?" questioned the girl, perturbedly close to tears.

"Sure!" ejaculated the man.

The man picked up the sign, holding it awkwardly to save his clothes from paint, and, with the bucket and brush in the other hand, again went toward the gay little summer house. He whistled as he went, but the girl, who followed, with difficulty stifled her sobs.

At the summer house the man deposited his painting utensils and secured hammer and nails. Still whistling, he led the way through a secluded little iron gate to the street.

Once outside, the man carefully nailed the sign to the wall. When the work was finished he stepped back a bit to admire it. The girl, who had watched the proceedings, cried out at this.

"You're perfectly horrid!" she cried. "I hate you!"

Then the pretty neighbor, frantically dabbing at her eyes with an absurd little handkerchief, ran across the street to her own home.

When the pretty neighbor awoke the next morning she could not think at first what sorrow was near her. Then it came to her in a jump. The garden was to be sold! She shuddered as she thought of the heartless sign and decided that she would never, never look at it again.
A moment later she was at the win-

dow, peering out at the garden wall opposite. Her heart gave a little bound as the blank face of the wall met her gaze. The sign was gone.
It was a very merry pretty neighbor that hailed Martin shortly after.
"Ho," cried the pretty neighbor, boldly walking through the little iron gate into the garden—"ho, I knew you didn't mean to sell your garden! You thought you'd scare me into loving you!"

The man, who had been weeding, looked up at her. He wore an old broad brimmed straw hat that in some undefinable way made him seem even more strikingly handsome than ever.

"You're wrong," he declared slowly. "It's sold!"

"What?" cried the pretty neighbor in consternation.

"Yes," replied the man.

"And some one's going to put up a horrid, grimy factory here?" wailed the pretty neighbor.

"Perhaps," said the man listlessly. "I'm glad you came over," he went on. "I was afraid I'd have to go without saying goodby to you."

"Goodby?" asked the girl, her face a picture of surprise and dismay.

"Yes," the man went on, "I'm going away. My train leaves at noon. You may never see me again."

"Why—why are you going?" stammered the pretty neighbor very woefully.

The man looked up at her quickly. "There's nothing for me to stay here for," he replied without animation, evidently not finding what he hoped in the girl's face.

"I'm sorry," said the girl finally.

She extended her hand. In silence he shook it. Slowly she went toward the gate. When she was almost there the man called to her.

"I'm a brute," he declared contritely, "for letting you think for a minute that I'd ever really let a factory be erected here. Since you love the garden so you've a right to know that the man who has bought it is your father. He will not disturb it for some time—not for the present at least."

"Oh," cried the girl. For a moment her face was radiant, then suddenly it went sad again.

"Wouldn't you—won't you come back some time and visit my father's garden?" she asked.

"No, I'll not come back," the man replied. "It—it would hurt too much. Goodby."

"Goodby," repeated the girl and slowly went through the little iron gate, across the street to her home.

Several times during the next hour she looked at the clock and involuntarily sighed. The morning was going very fast, it seemed. Faster and faster the time flew on toward noon. Presently it was 10:30, then 10:45 and then 11 o'clock.

When the morning reached this point the pretty neighbor was suddenly galvanized into action.

"Good gracious!" she cried, jumping from the chair where she had been endeavoring to read a book. "Good gracious, he may be gone, and I haven't found out where he is going!"

Without more ado the pretty neighbor raced out of the house and across the street to the little iron gate. The gate was locked! Wildly she tore around the wall to the great front gate. Through this she ran up the shady, curving path to the big house.

Suddenly, as at high speed she bore around a particularly sharp curve, she plumped right into the arms of the man. The latter, when he saw that it was the pretty neighbor, dropped the suit case he had been carrying and drew her closely to him.

"Dear, dear sweetheart," he cried, "I simply can't leave you! I can't do it!"

He hugged her so tightly that she fairly gasped for breath. However, the pretty neighbor had enough breath left to gasp a reply—a very faint reply.

"Don't go," she said, burrowing her head into his coat. "Don't go. It's not your garden I want. It's not your garden I'm in love with. It's you!"

Jones' Van Dyck.

People told Jones that his youth was against him—he looked too young. If he wanted to rise rapidly in his profession he would have to grow a few hair-sutural decorations.

He started a Van Dyck. His wife watched its growth critically. She didn't take to it—said she married a young man, not a professor. The whiskers grew and grew, and hubby looked more and more like a pirate. Wife tried to talk him out of them, but he insisted they were an actual necessity in his profession.

One morning Jones woke up with his chin feeling moist and sticky. He rubbed his hand over his face foliage and found it wet. Then he opened his eyes and saw his wife standing over him with a bottle of peroxide in her hand. Filled with alarm, he jumped out of bed and over to the mirror. Already the stuff that makes blonds to order had done its work. That primeval growth was red, yellow and maize, even as the growing corn. Jones had to wipe the dust off his razor and remove the chin weeds.

"I suppose you think you've done something pretty smart," he observed to Mrs. Jones grudgingly as he removed another bunch. "You've ruined my profession, that's what you've done."

"Rather smooth shaven competency," averred his wife sweetly, "than whiskered luxury."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Moving Force.

A teacher after giving some lessons on physical force asked, "Now, boys, can any of you tell me what force it is that moves people along the street?"

It was greatly surprised and the class highly amused at receiving from one of the boys the unexpected answer:

"Please, sir, the police force."

DEPAUW NEWS

MAKES CHANGE IN COURSES

PROFESSOR BARNES ALSO ANNOUNCES A NEW SUBJECT.

IS PLANNING FOR NEXT TERM

Professor Barnes has made several changes in his department for the next term. One of his old courses has been revised and a new course has been added.

Course two in English Composition, which is required of all freshmen, is open to upper classmen who make special arrangement with the head of the department. The course treats of narrative and descriptive writing, and is required of all students who take course five in the spring term, a course in advanced short story writing. This work in composition will be given by lectures and giving conferences.

Professor Barnes will lecture to his class two hours a week. The class will be broken up into small groups and each group will meet two hours a week for conferences and informal discussion of themes. A few of these conferences will be in charge of the Professor while the rest will be under the care of Miss Love.

A new course in the "Theories of Prose Style" will also be given next term. It is a new course open only to advanced students and required of all who are majoring in the department. It is given by a combination of lectures and seminar assignments. The class will probably meet on Monday and Thursday afternoons of each week. The sessions will be two hours long.

BAKER ACCEPTS DEBATE

KANSAS SCHOOL AGREES TO MEET DEPAUW IN ARGUMENT.

DEPAUW TO HAVE TWO TEAMS

Baker University has accepted a debate with DePauw. The Baker Orange had the following to say in yesterday's edition:

"If DePauw will sign a two years' agreement we will debate with that school this year." That was the decision reached by the Debate Council at their meeting last Tuesday afternoon. The Indiana Methodists are enthusiastic over the prospects of a western trip. They are planning on sending but one team. It will debate with Cornell at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, and two nights later will meet Baker at Baldwin."

Both Baker and Cornell have good reputations in debating, and the men who make the western trip will have very strong team to face in both contests. The same question submitted to Albion has been submitted to these two colleges. Neither school has as yet indicated which side of the question it prefers to support.

Have you neglected your kidneys? Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your kidneys and bladder? Have you pains in loins, side, back, groins and bladder? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? Too frequent a desire to pass urine? If so, Williams' Kidney Pills will cure you—at druggists, price 50 cents.—Williams' Manufacturing Company, Cleveland, Ohio. For sale by Badger & Cook.

Schedule Not Announced.

The schedule for final examination week has not yet been arranged, but it is certain that the work will close on Wednesday, December 23. The faculty will soon take up the matter of examinations, and arrange the order of classes, the float probably coming on the 19th.

Many of the students have been making inquiries concerning the schedule, for they are anxious for the holidays if Thanksgiving is but two days past.

A pill in time that will save nine is Rings Little Liver Pill. For biliousness, sick headache, constipation. They do not gripe. Price 25c. Sold by Badger & Cook.

THE JUDGES ARE CHOSEN

ORATORS MET AND NAMED MANUSCRIPT CRITICS YESTERDAY.

HUGHES INCLUDED IN THE LIST

The men who have signed up for the oratorical contest met in Plato Hall yesterday and chose the judges for manuscript. The men selected were Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes, of San Francisco, Professor E. H. Peck of the faculty of Columbia University and Professor Trueblood head of the department of oratory of Michigan University. The alternates named were Professors Clark of Northwestern University and Barnes of Cornell College and Doctor Dorchester, pastor of Christian Church, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

All the orations must be in the hands of Clyde Randel the secretary of the oratorical association by noon of Monday, December 8. Each contestant must hand in three typewritten copies of his oration and they must be signed by a fictitious name.

The contest will be held on December 18. DePauw is almost the last one to hold the local contest in this state association. The orators are all working hard on their orations and the contest gives promise of being an exceedingly good one.

FIRST BASKETBALL

PRACTICE IS HELD

Coch Brown Runs Men Through Series of Passes and Goal Throws.

The first varsity basketball practice was held in the gym Monday afternoon. About sixteen men reported for work, most of whom have been practicing for some time. The coach ran the men through some fast floor passing and goal shooting and then dismissed them. As no scrimmage work was given it was impossible to get much of a line on the material, but both Captain Grady and the Coach were well satisfied with the apparent quality if not with the quantity of such men as were out.

Mixed Metaphor.

The late Mr. Ritchie when chancellor of the exchequer once asserted that "the question of moisture in tobacco is a thorny subject and has long been a bone of contention." His immediate successor in office, Austen Chamberlain, remarked at the Liberal Union club's dinner that the harvest which the present government had sown was already coming home to roost.

Sir William Hart-Dyke has two conspicuous "howlers" to his credit—the description of James Lowther as having gone to the very top of the tree and landed a big fish and the comforting assurance that his government had got rid of the barbed wire entanglements and was now in smooth water. Among other political examples of mixed metaphor are the prediction ascribed to a labor member that if we give the house of lords rope enough they will soon fill up the cup of their filigree and an Irish member's complaint that a certain government department is iron bound in red tape.—London Standard.

Colds contracted at this season of the year are quickly relieved with Bees Laxative Cough Syrup. Its laxative quality rids the worn system of the cold. Pleasant to take. Best for children for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. For sale by Badger & Cook.

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Writing and Playwriting.

Just note in passing the advantage of the novelist. A fiction writer can have as beautiful a heroine in his book as he likes, and she can't get out. She can be more beautiful than any heroine ever was before. If you don't believe it he will tell you so again for several pages, along with what she is thinking and what she did and where she was day before yesterday, for he is under no necessity to finish in three hours to enable the commuters to catch their trains—they can read his story or the train. And in addition to all her other qualities described she can have an indescribable something. Now, in leading lady can have that. If she had the press agent would lose his job.—Collier's Weekly.

INTERURBAN TIME TABLE.

EAST BOUND			
Lv. G. C.	No.	Train	Lv. T. H.
6:05 am.	6	local	5:30 am
7:15 am.	8	local	6:30 am
8:15 am.	10	local	6:30 am
9:40 am.	102	Limited	8:15 am
10:17 am.	14	local	8:30 am
11:15 am.	16	local	9:30 am
12:40 pm.	164	Limited	11:15 am
1:17 pm.	20	local	11:30 am
2:15 pm.	22	local	12:30 pm
3:40 pm.	106	Limited	2:15 pm
4:17 pm.	28	local	2:30 pm
5:15 pm.	32	local	3:30 pm
6:40 pm.	108	Limited	5:15 pm
7:17 pm.	36	local	5:30 pm
8:15 pm.	12	local	6:30 pm
9:17 pm.	16	local	7:30 pm
11:15 pm.	50	local	9:30 pm
12:15 am.	52	local	10:30 pm

WEST BOUND

Lv. G. C.	No.	Train	Lv. Indp.
5:42 am.	7	local	5:00 am
6:42 am.	9	local	6:00 am
7:42 am.	11	local	7:00 am
8:42 am.	15	local	7:00 am
9:35 am.	101	Limited	8:15 am
10:42 am.	17	local	9:00 am
11:42 am.	21	local	10:00 am
12:35 pm.	103	Limited	11:15 am
1:42 pm.	27	local	11:00 am
2:42 pm.	31	local	1:00 pm
3:35 pm.	105	Limited	2:15 pm
4:42 pm.	37	local	3:00 pm
5:42 pm.	41	local	4:00 pm
6:35 pm.	107	Limited	5:15 pm
7:42 pm.	47	local	6:00 pm
8:35 pm.	109	Limited	7:15 pm
10:42 pm.	51	local	9:00 pm
11:02 pm.	53	local	11:30 pm

RUPERT BARTLEY, Agt.

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\$1.50 Roses \$1.00
\$1.00 Roses 75 Cents
Carnations 50c doz.
Chrysanthemums 10c each

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30 days' treatment for \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
For Sale by Badger & Cook.

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are better equipped for success than those that have only an abundance of money. Their future is more secure. THE WINONA TECHNICAL INSTITUTE TRADE SCHOOLS give boys a mastery of the following trades: Foundry, Printing, Lithography, Tile Setting, Painting, Machine Trades, Engineering Practice, Pharmacy, Chemistry, Brick-laying and Carpentry. Ask us about our plan under which you can pay for your training after securing a good position.
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