

## GREENCASTLE HERALD

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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 as 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

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 goodbye 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're 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 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 short, curving path to the big house.

Suddenly, as at high speed she bore around, 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 suitcase 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 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!"

"What are you going to do?" the girl asked something 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—you aren't going to nail that sign up, are you?" questioned the girl, perily 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 sealed 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.

"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.

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?"

He 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 THE JUDGES ARE CHOSEN

PROFESSOR BARNES ALSO ANNOUNCES A NEW SUBJECT.

ORATORS MET AND NAMED MANUSCRIPT CRITICS YES-TERDAY.

## IS PLANNING FOR NEXT TERM HUGHES INCLUDED IN THE LIST

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, William's Kidney Pills will cure you—at druggists, price 50 cents. — William's Manufacturing Company, Cleveland, Ohio. For sale by Badger & Cook. 49

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 hirsute decorations.

He started a Van Dyck. His wife didn't take it—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 brushed 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 primordial 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.

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, as they are anxious for the holidays if Thanksgiving is but two days past.

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?"

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

"Please, sir, the police force."

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## THIS IS THE TIME FOR Fruits and Fresh Vegetables

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## INTERURBAN TIME TABLE.

## EAST BOUND

Lv. G. C.	No.	Train	Lv. T. H.
6:05 am.	6	local...	
7:15 am.	8	local...	5:30 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
12:44 pm.	164	Limited...	11:15 am
1:17 pm.	29	local...	11:30 am
2:15 pm.	22	local...	12:30 pm
3:49 pm.	106	Limited...	2:15 pm
4:17 pm.	28	local...	2:30 pm
5:15 pm.	32	local...	3:30 pm
6:49 pm.	108</		