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♦ are liberal for expense of loan.
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♦ friends as out of the city com-
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PHONE 82

THE RULE OF THREE.

A Superstition of the Men Who Build the Skyscrapers.

These airy crews are a generous crowd, says Ernest Poole, writing in Everybody's Magazine of men who work on skyscrapers. They earn high pay. When working full time they make \$27 a week, and, like their rough brothers out on the plains, they are quick to give of their earnings. On Saturday afternoons when they line up at the pay window the Sisters of Charity are always there, and quarters and dimes jingle merrily into their little boxes.

Behind this generous giving is a superstitious belief that amid risks like these it is well to propitiate fate all you can, for fate is relentless old machine, and when once its wheels begin grinding no power on earth can stop them. The "rule of three" is centuries old. You may hear of it out on the ocean, in the steel mills, in the railroad camps and down in the mines. And you find it up here on the jobs in the skies.

"Believe it?" said an old foreman. "You bet they believe it."

"Do you?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "all I can say is this: It may be a spell or it may be because the way of the whole crew is expecting it. But, anyhow, when two accidents come close together you can be sure that the third ain't very far off."

BUYING CHAIRS BY SIGHT.

Few Folks Ever Think to Try Them by Sitting In Them.

"I went with some folks the other day," the man said, "to buy a couple of chairs. We went to a furniture store and looked over what they had to offer.

"There were just ordinary chairs for a bedroom, so that it wasn't a very momentous purchase. The folks I was with looked at the cloth on the chairs and asked questions about the wood and how the chairs would wear. Then they bought the chairs and ordered them sent home.

"What struck me as peculiar about the transaction was that never once did either of the two persons with whom I was think of sitting down in the chairs to see whether or not they were comfortable. I dropped into a furniture store not long afterward and asked a salesman about it, and I wasn't surprised to learn that very few persons buying chairs ever seem to think about testing them by sitting in them.

"Except in the case of rockers, that is. Few persons can resist the temptation to take a few preliminary rocks in a prospective purchase."—New York Sun.

Learned by Experience.

"I always make it a point," said the man with a wort on his nose, a couple of cross eyes and a hair lip, but otherwise possessing a perfectly good face, "to say polite and complimentary things to the ladies. It does me no harm, and I notice it always gives them a lot of pleasure. My motto is to scatter sunshine provided it costs no money as I journey along."

"I used to do that, too," said the man whose set of neglected whiskers were calling plaintively for the lawn mower, "but I have been broken of the habit. No more sunshine radiating from these quarters."

"And what cured you?" asked the other.

"A couple of breach of promise suits."

Yes, It Was True.

"Is it true that you threw something at Mike that caused the swelling over his eye?" the squire inquired of a little woman.

"Yis, sor, I did," said the woman, catching her breath, "but I never mint to hurt him, an' well he knows it. We'd just come home from me cousin's weddin', an' I was feelin' kinder soft to Mike, an' I up an' axed him if he loved me as much as he did the day we was married, an'-an', yer am, he was so slow answerin' that I up wid the mop an' dung it at him! If we poor women don't have love our hearts jest breaks inside us us!"

Following are the personnel involved in the case

Plaintiffs, Scully and Brooks. Defendants, Taylor and Appleman. Attorneys for State, Clippinger, Foster Riddick, Lytle, McLean, D. W. Bryant.

Attorneys for defense, Paul Riddick, Tribley, J. T. Clark, Lambert, Clyde Randal, Wilson.

Clerk of Court, Montgomery.

Sheriff, Cannon.

Witnesses, LeVan, Manuel, Krackhardt, Raaf, Walker, Pelsma, Bachelder, Russell, Gore, Jordan, Schladerman, H. W. Bryant.

Physician, O'Hair.

Jurors, Mangun, Reat, Wright, Henderson, Scott, Pyke, Sheik, Raum Bristle, Boardman, Lucas, Randle.

No Encouragement.

Mrs. Short—Oh, dear, I do wish we were rich! Just think of the good we could do if we only had lots of money! Mr. Short—True, my dear, but we can do a great deal of good in a quiet way now. Mrs. Short—Yes, of course, but no one will ever hear of it.

His Excuse.

Diggs—You believe that whisky is good for a cold, don't you? Swiggs—Yes, but how did you know? Diggs—Oh, I've noticed that you nearly always have a cold.—Chicago News.

Repetition.

Husband (entering house with bag of chestnuts)—I brought home some more chestnuts, dear. Wife (wearily, without glancing up)—I'm listening. Judge.

The face of a wife shows what her husband is; the shirt of the husband shows what his wife is.—Servian Proverb.

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MONON TIME CARD

In effect Sunday, June 14, 1908.

NORTH BOUND

4 Chicago Express 1:23 am

6 Chicago Mall 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

All trains run daily.

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LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Harry Cochran of Lafayette is in the city.

C. E. Cooper was in Terre Haute yesterday.

H. Carville of Cincinnati is in the city today.

Dennis Curran of Coatesville was in town today.

Ed Lynch is in Indianapolis on business today.

Mrs. H. B. Longden went to Greenwood yesterday.

W. E. Varley of Amo was here today on business.

Miss Maud Crose has returned from Bainbridge.

Amos Neier and wife have gone to Mulinville, Kansas.

W. H. Tuttle of Clinton Falls is spending the day here.

Milt Brown of Bainbridge is spending the day here.

Chauncy Cooper was a southbound passenger this morning.

Mrs. Frank Donner is in Indianapolis for a few days' visit.

John G. Dunbar went to Indianapolis yesterday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. McCammack are spending the day in Cloverdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Charley Barnaby entertain the Dinner Club tonight.

Mrs. Frank Donner saw Maud Adams at English's last evening.

Miss Nettie V. Swanson has returned from a visit with her parents.

Mrs. Jennie Green and father of Promise City, Iowa, is here visiting friends.

Lillian Anderson has returned to her home in Anderson after visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Felt of Terre Haute are visiting friends and relatives in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. James Vermillion were in Indianapolis last night to see Maud Adams.

Miss Fern Cammack, of New Castle, Ind., is visiting her uncle, J. O. Cammack, and family.

Tom Gordon of Indianapolis is spending a few days with his sister Mrs. Elijah Grantham.

Mrs. H. Glazebrook and O. Z. Bridges will attend the meeting of Eastern Star at Fillmore tonight.

T. E. Evans, Dr. A. E. Ayler and J. L. Randal attended Scottish Rite meeting in Indianapolis yesterday.

Capt. Anna E. Strohl, of the State Salvation Army, was here today soliciting funds. She left this afternoon for Danville.

James S. Gordon who is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Elijah Grantham, went to Bainbridge this morning to visit for a few days.

The Model Clothing Store has already begun to take its holiday attire. The front of the store was today decorated with laurel. It presents a most pleasing appearance.

Mrs. W. G. Burnett, who has been here visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charley Smith, left today for Springfield, where she will visit before returning to her home in Anderson. Mrs. Burnett formerly lived here.

Mid-week prayer meeting at the Baptist Church tonight at 7:30. Subject, "Trifles." Luke 9:57-62. Miss Vermillion leader. Full attendance is requested. Nothing will arrest Christian development more effectually than non-prayer meeting habit.

Theodore Crawley went north at noon.

Dr. Zaring spent yesterday in Indiana.

Miss Maggie Helton of Fern, was here today.

Mrs. Charles Crooks is visiting in Crawfordsville.

Mrs. C. C. Gillen and son have returned from Roachdale.

Miss Frank Douglas of Brazil was here today on business.

Mrs. Ralph Cummins of Brazil is spending the day here.

Miss Bernice Keifer has returned from a visit in Terre Haute.

Miss Ethel Moreland of Barnard is the guest of Myrtle Ragsdale this afternoon.

Mrs. A. Browning and daughter of Fillmore were here shopping today.

Mrs. S. F. Douglas and son, Stanley of Brazil, were in the city today.

Mrs. Dr. Lammers and daughter, Leila Claire, were in Indianapolis yesterday.

Charles Mercur has returned from Shelbyville where he attended a meeting of embalmers.

Doc Hodgers was called to Terre Haute last evening by the serious condition of his mother.

Newton Buzenbark of New Market who has been visiting Sigma Chi brothers went to Roachdale today.

Misses Kate and Emma Gibbons of Mattoon, Ills., were here for a few hours with friends en route to Bloomington to visit.

Mrs. Mary Detrick, Misses Mamie and Sallie Tucker, Mrs. T. B. Farmer, Mrs. J. P. Bryan, members of Beechwood Club met at the home of P. W. McMurry east of town.

Word has been received that Professor and Mrs. Charlton Andrews, well known here, now of the Valley City State Normal School of North Dakota, are planning to conduct a small party through seven countries of Europe the coming summer. Professor Andrews has been twice abroad and is familiar with the territory the tour will cover. Several prominent North Dakotans have already signified their intention of joining the party. An invitation is extended to those interested to correspond with Professor Andrews.

SHORTHAND FOR I. U.

An interesting addition has been made to the Indiana University in the form of Miss Jessie Little's shorthand school which is being moved from the rooms on South Walnut Street to the basement of Maxwell Hall—the law building. Two rooms in the basement of the new addition to the law building have been turned over to Miss Little's school.

From now on it will be possible for University students to take courses in shorthand and typewriting. The course will be in connection with the course in commercial book-keeping in the Economics department, now in charge of Prof. U. H. Smith. It is considered a boon by the law students as many of them are desirous of knowing shorthand.

Why not? Because horseradish somehow or other has the effect of weakening the lip muscles. I don't know why. I only know the fact. A horn blower can't eat horseradish and blow his horn, and you'll never find a horn blower eating it."

Engraved cards at the Herald Office.

Do You Love Your SWEETHEART?

We presume you do and we are sure your Sweetheart loves pure candy. This you will find nice and fresh at

BADGER & COOK

CONFEDERATE FLAGS.

The Stars and Bars and Then the Red Battleflag.

The first Confederate flag was the stars and bars, a blue field and three stripes, one white and two red, and on the blue field seven white stars in a circle, a star for each state that up to that time had seceded. In battle, however, it was seen that this banner bore altogether too close a resemblance to the stars and stripes, and thus there came into use the Confederate battleflag, the origin of which seems to have been as follows:

This is the statement of General William L. Cabell: "When the Confederate army commanded by General Beauregard and the Federal army confronted each other at Manassas, it was seen that the Confederate flag and the stars and stripes looked at a distance so much alike that it was hard to distinguish one from the other. General Beauregard, thinking that serious mistakes might be made in recognizing our troops, after the battle of July 18, at Blackburn Ford, ordered that a small badge should be worn on the left shoulder by our troops and, as I was chief quartermaster, ordered me to purchase a large amount of red flannel and to distribute it to each regiment."

This Confederate battleflag was adopted in September, 1861, and was designed by Generals Johnston and Beauregard. Red was its color, with a blue St. Andrew's cross reaching from corner to corner and white stars on the cross representing the different southern states. The women of the south made these flags by hundreds out of their red and blue silk dresses.

Miss Constance Cary, who afterward became Mrs. Burton Harrison, the well known novelist, was one of the three southern girls who made the first three battleflags. — Magazine of American History.

The English Salesman's Woes.

The English salesman at the glove counter of the department store was a model of industry, politeness, skill. "You see," he said to a doorwalker. "It is such a pleasure, after the life of the London shops, to work in a republic, to work where you are treated like a man."

"In my London shop I was treated like a thief. The doormen, every time I went in or out, felt me all over with their hands. If they struck a big lump, such as two handkerchiefs, on me, their faces would light, and I'd have to bring the lump out for inspection. These doormen even had the right to make you strip. They used the right often if they disliked you, and in embarrassment you revealed to them cruel eyes your torn, cheap underwear, and so forth."

"If you bought a new suit, you were an object of suspicion, and the house detective shadowed you. If you took a girl to the theater or a music hall you'd find a house detective at your elbow, and for a month afterward you'd be stripped and searched every day or so."

"All 48s, mind you, for about \$6 a week!" — Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hard on the Lips.

The cornet player contented himself with lemon for his oysters.

"I'd love a little horseradish as well," he said. "I'm passionately fond of horseradish. But I, in common with all horn blowers, must not touch the appetizing root."

"Why not? Because horseradish somehow or other has the effect of weakening the lip muscles. I don't know why. I only know the fact. A horn blower can't eat horseradish and blow his horn, and you'll never find a horn blower eating it."

Engraved cards at the Herald Office.

Hunting a Homemaker.

By LULU JOHNSON.

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A mere toddler of a boy stood on the bank above the railroad track. In his hand was a stone. Aiming blindly, he tossed the stone upon the track, and it smacked against the gleaming rail.

In less than forty-eight hours that stone, tossed by a baby hand, had turned Wall street and the money market of the country into a panic.

The single track of the little western road afforded rough traveling. Not many of the travelers aboard that particular train even noticed the somewhat harder jolt when the car wheel struck the stone.

But Gilbert Fairbairn, smoking a "good night" cigar as he leaned alone against the railing of the observation car's platform, felt the jar—and then felt nothing more.

And it was two weeks before Wall street learned that Fairbairn, the one man who could have stopped the panic, had been found beside the tracks and removed to a farmhouse on the quarter section nearest the road.

For ten days he had been unconscious, and for two days or more he had been in no condition to be left alone. There was but one inmate of that farmhouse besides himself, and she had been too busy nursing him to make the trip to the nearest town to report that he had been found.

As soon as his whereabouts had been discovered the lonesome little town was overrun with people. Grave and learned physicians from the east were hurried westward on special trains and a regiment of nurses attended them, but Fairbairn waved them all away.

"After our boy was born—that was the second year we were here—he went back east and took a name that was neither his nor mine to show his father that he was able to work for the woman he loved. I am married to your son, Mr. Fairbairn. I guess you've forgotten that Gregory married Martha Bodington. From what Gregory told me, you called me everything but my right name at that last interview."

"Perhaps I did," was the shame-faced reply. "I guess I did not know what I was saying, and I'm certain that I didn't know the sort of a girl I was talking about."

"We'll forget that now," offered Martha. "Let the past be forgotten for the sake of the boy."

"But Gregory?" asked Fairbairn.

"There," Martha pointed out over the prairie, where the secretary was to be seen riding across the section with the look of frank admiration.

"And Wilson is Gregory? You mean to say I didn't know my own boy when I hired him?" asked Fairbairn, with a chuckle.

"To think that all the time he has been here I've been fretting because I feared that you might learn to love him. And all that time you were married to him. I'm rather glad, my dear, that I made my second marriage by proxy, so long as you will make a home for Greg and the boy and me."

"I was so afraid that you would recognize Greg," said Martha as she regarded the tall figure of the secretary with a look of frank admiration.

"He assumed an excellent disguise," reminded Fairbairn. "I never thought to find my son a worker, my dear. That's another thing I have to thank you for," and Fairbairn sighed with relief. He had found a home while retaining his domestic independence, and the son for whom his heart cried out was restored to him again.

Changes in Boston.

In 1636 one of the suburbs of Boston was Newe Towne, which in 1638 was changed to Cambridge and as the seat of Harvard university has an international reputation today. Since the early lines were fixed Cambridge obtained by annexation a part of Charlestown, but has ceded land to the towns of Waltham, Brighton, Watertown, Belmont and West Cambridge, the latter now known as Arling.

The Boston of 1630, called Tri-Mountain, was very different from the Boston of today. Its area was not extensive, although it included the larger portion of Quincy, out of which the town of Braintree was made at a later period. The first annexations to Boston were Noddles Island (East Boston) and the territory now covered by Chelsea.

"That's the way to talk to those sharks," he declared. "I have a headache, and Suggden gives me something to make it worse. Then he doctors me for the new 'disease' and sends in a bill a yard long. This is the time I fooled him."

"I am glad that you were not moved," said the woman softly. "I think that the excitement would have been bad for you."

"It is not the trip I was dreading," admitted Fairbairn frankly. "I like it here, and I want to stay a little while. My secretary will stay over in town and bring my important mail every day, and the two nurses will relieve you of the watchful nights."

"If you want anything else, buy it or hire it or something. Wilson will give you what money I need. Wilson is a fine fellow," he added. "He came into my office this fall as a clerk, and I took a fancy to him and made him my confidential man. He took to the job as though he had known me and my affairs since he was born."

"It must be very nice to have some one to do your work the way you want it done," she said softly. "I am glad that you are so pleased with him."

"I'm pleased with him," said Fairbairn meaningly, "so long as you are not too well pleased with him. You won't be pleased with him?" he pleaded.

"No more than I am now," she promised, and with that Fairbairn was content. He was convinced that money was omnipotent and that even here on the prairie it could purchase the love of the little woman who had made him so comfortable.

Fairbairn was in love with his newly found home comforts rather than with the woman herself, but this he did not know, although, when there was no

longer any pretext for prolonging the stay, he spoke bravely enough.

"I need you very much," he said earnestly. "I have a house that covers half a square in the most expensive residential district in New York. I have three yachts, something like a dozen automobiles and all that sort of thing, but I have no home. Not since I was a boy have I realized what home was like. My wife was no homemaker, and when she died I never dared repeat the experiment with the women in the set I lived in. You are different. For years I have been hungry. Don't you think that you can come and make it for me?"

The little woman paused for a moment and scanned the face of the multimillionaire as earnestly as though she had not devoted weeks in that pursuit.

There was no ardent affection in tone or look. Fairbairn discussed the matter with as much feeling as though he was discussing the making of some railroad deal with his fellow magnates. He was not the young lover, but the elderly widower in need of a homemaker.

The girl—she was little more than that—nodded her head in an affirmative.

"I'll make the home for you, but not as your wife. I am not a widow, you see!"

"I am married," continued the girl hurriedly. "I married when I was on the stage. I married a boy who never had had a home, and I made one for him—out here where nothing matters. He was home hungry. I knew that I would spoil all his chances if I married him. I also knew that he would spoil his own chances if I didn't, so I married him.

"After our boy was born—that was the second year we were here—he went back east and took a name that was neither his nor mine to show his father that he was able to work for the woman he loved. I am married to your son, Mr. Fairbairn. I guess you've forgotten that Gregory married Martha Bodington. From what Gregory told me, you called me everything but my right name at that last interview."

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