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FROGS ATTEND UNIVERSITY

Two Legged Ones and the Real Live Kind.

A large box of real live frogs was received at Indiana University this week. It seems that the students are so interested in politics and foot ball that the professors can't teach them to any advantage until after November 3rd, so we suppose they are going to try and instruct the "jumpers" to play a new kind of leap frog or train them to operate the Telephone type setting machine so the present employees can have a chance to attend the fair and talk about our new federal ("nit") building, or the lowering of the court house yard so they can keep their eye on the officers to see that they don't carry off any of the hitch rack souvenirs.

McMillens' Mill Hot Air Cor.

By Wireless Telephone.

Cal. Storms started to work here a week ago Thursday.

The Bull-dog also hopes to grow his winter feathers in time for the next cold wave.

Mr. J. Baker has been absent for some time on account of the serious illness of his mother.

Ye skillet hangs forlornly on the wall, the recent rain not being able to hatch a full crop of mushrooms.

Doug. Watts arrived last week to take a job on the planer. He says he feels awfully sleered and nervous.

Mr. J. McDowell, our master mechanic was away for a day last week endeavoring to swap a treacherous mule.

Some members of the (Bill) Wm. Dust's family, and a few friends called on him this afternoon out seeing the sights.

Mrs. J. Forney now ably presides over the table at the boarding house. So far we are all in the seventh heaven of the Gourmand's Bliss.

This Hot Air Dope was squeezed out of our fond readers glims last week, as Ralph Carter needed the furnace for his own special blow out.

Your esteemed correspondent hopes to weather the present finicky spell of weather, which is darned hard on a man who blooms to profusion in any sort of Hot Air Blast.

We received a fine new typewriter for our office this week. It contains all the new fangled arrangements, and will do most anything but talk, or vote for Bryan, or be ordered around by Roosevelt like Taft.

Some conscienceless scoundrel ran off with the whip from the buggy of Mr. J. W. Farris, the other day. And he has offered a reward of \$5 for the arrest and conviction of the guilty one. This is a bona fide offer. Ladies here is a chance to add to the autumn hat fund in your family.

Here is a problem in Rhetoric, if you take the T out of Taft and drop in a d he would be daft, wouldn't he? Well he is. But suppose you juggle Bryans

name and leave off the n, and put the a before the y, and you would have "bray" very symbolical of the democratic mule, and otherwise.

There was a house warming and a hop at Mr. A. Meats Saturday night. Space forbids the rest. Any lady desiring to know who were there, and which lady wore the best dress, can easily find out by calling up the Society Editor of this paper any evening after 5 p. m.

Felix Lantz, our blacksmith, has purchased the old Allen Brassfield place. This consists of 39 acres, one house with two windows, one billie goat, two cows, one calf and a heavy old horse. He expects to still make his living at public works. As he will use the above as a summer resort.

Carter was over here last week telling us that he was a candidate for some office. We want to say that we will support him from the word go. We don't get any pay for saying this, although we wanted a rake off, he would not give it. Consequently we have to give it gratis for nothing.

We understand that there is friction on the Democratic National Committee. The reason as reported to us by our regular channels is that there is fierce jealousy on account of not having had the Democrat National Convention at Smithville instead of Denver. We understand that that place is the chief cause of terror to the Republicans, as they are as friendly as a woman with a rat, and they are afraid that Taft will bolt for the Democratic party provided Bryan gives him a job as Private Secretary.

Mr. T. O'Donnell is in the throes of an Hysterical Headache. Mr. Frank Cunningham is bothered with the Chills of Weather Headache. Mr. W. Johnson has recovered from an attack of Neuralgic Headache. Wylie Swigler is suffering with a "brain storm." Mr. J. Rager also suffers in his insides from eating too much. The Bull-dog moons around looking love sick. All in all this is a fine opening for a Peruna agency. Ye gods wouldn't a patent medicine fiend be in his glory here?

Can't tell us that Telapathy won't work. We tried it on Manager Carter last week. We concentrated our thoughts on him, and made him think that it was time for him to come over and collect for the phone rent and long distance tolls. And we were rewarded by seeing him over here the next morning. (We got our idea from the Ladies Home Journal.) We don't recommend any such experiments to the other patrons of the Monroe County Telephone Co. We are going to try it the other way next month, and see if Carter will stay away. If this works we will be prepared to sell patent rights on the thing.

We will close now by offering the following gem, which was copied outright and verbatim from a post card addressed and written by R— to a little girl over in Cincinnati, Ind. He can read this if he wants to, as we cannot have it copyrighted. It's too good.

"Dear persimmon pudin—Widows is the thing for these hills, I am not trying to fool you, I mean it all, white child, speak the truth. Your sparkling eyes is my turtle duv. Around my heart your memry lingers, like lasses stickin to my fingers.

Everybody should go to the Big Fair and Carnival Thursday and Friday. Plenty of amusement in the way of free shows and good horse racing.