

E. B. LYNCH

House Furnisher and
Funeral Director

GREENCASTLE, IND.

12 and 14 North Jackson St.

Telephones 89 and 108

WILLIAMS & DUNCAN

Sanitary Plumbing
Hot Water, Steam and Gas Fitting,
Electric Wiring and Fixtures
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
Phone 650, No. 10 N. Indiana St.

COAL COAL COAL

We are located on Ben Lucans old
lumber yard grounds where we will
handle all kinds of COAL.
(Near Vandalia Station)
We are ready to make you prices on
Block, Anthracite, Nut, Slack
or any kind or quality

We are in business to sell you any
kind of Coal that you may desire and
we can guarantee you the prices.
Give us a call or let us know your
wants.

F. B. Hillis Coal Co.

OSCAR WILLIAMS, Manager
F. B. HILLIS F. SHOPTHUGH

INTERURBAN TIME TABLE.

Lvs Greencastle	Lvs Indianapolis.
6:00 am	6:00 am
7:00 am	7:00 am
8:00 am	8:00 am
9:00 am	9:00 am
10:00 am	10:00 am
11:00 am	11:00 am
12:00 m	12:00 m
1:00 pm	1:00 pm
2:00 pm	2:00 pm
3:00 pm	3:00 pm
4:00 pm	4:00 pm
5:00 pm	5:00 pm
6:00 pm	6:00 pm
7:00 pm	7:00 pm
8:00 pm	8:00 pm
9:00 pm	9:00 pm
11:00 pm	11:30 pm

MONON ROUTE.

Time Card in effect July 22, 1906	North Bound	South Bound
1:25 am	2:13 pm	
9:25 am	8:25 am	
12:33 pm	2:20 pm	
6:52 pm	5:20 pm	
All trains run daily		

J. A. MICHAEL, Agent

W. H. MILLER

Tinner and Practical
Furnace Man

Agt. Peek Williamson Underfeed
Furnaces.
All classes of Tin and Sheet Iron
Work.

Walnut Street, opposite Com-
mercial Hotel

PURE ICE

We are prepared to serve our patrons
with a good quality of manu-
factured ice every day.

CALL PHONE 257

GARDNER BROS.

COME EARLY

While our line of Holiday Gift
Books, Children's Books, Miscellane-
ous Books, and Booklets is complete.

We are prepared to please you.

J. K. LANGDON & CO.

You get results when
you advertise in the Her-
ald.

THE TOSS OF A COIN.

Mathematics of the Turning of
Heads or Tails.

CHANCE AND THEORY CLASH.

If Heads Turn Ten Times in Sequence,
Theory Says the Odds Are Against
Another Head, Yet Chance Says the
Odds on the Next Toss Are Even.

A famous mathematician, Professor
Karl Pearson, once spent the greater
part of his vacation deliberately toss-
ing a shilling and making careful notes
of how it fell. He spun the shilling
25,000 times, and a pupil of his, work-
ing separately, spun a penny 8,200
times and also tested the drawing of
9,000 tickets from a bag.

It may seem strange that a learned
professor should put himself to such an
amount of trouble to demonstrate
what every schoolboy who had ever
tossed a coin already knew. Yet, as a
matter of fact, few really do grasp
the laws which govern such an ap-
parently straightforward matter as the
tossing of a coin. In the words of the
arithmetician, the theory of "runs"—
that is, heads turning up repeatedly
or tails turning up repeatedly—is pre-
cisely as follows:

The chance of a head is one-half; of
two heads following, is one-half multi-
plied by one-half—that is, one-quarter;
of three heads in succession, one-half
multiplied by one-half multiplied by
one-half—that is, one-eighth. Now,
what do you suppose is the chance of
a run of eleven heads? It is safe to
say that not many persons, however
accustomed to tossing coins, have rea-
soned this out. The fact is that one
"run" of eleven heads is on the aver-
age only to be expected in 2,048 sets
of coin tossing.

Although the man in the street may
not have reckoned this, he is always
quite positive that if, say, a coin has
fallen ten times head upward he is
safe to start backing tails. He puts
his money on tails turning up be-
cause, he says, it stands to sense that
the run of heads can't continue. But
does it? At the eleventh toss the head
of the coin is just as big as it ever
was. What mysterious influence can
a past event, the tossing of ten heads,
have on a future one which has no
link with them—namely, the tossing
of the coin the eleventh time? Surely
each toss is an event by itself, as Sir
Hiram Maxim said of a game at ron-
lette at Monte Carlo:

"It is a pure, unadulterated question
of chance, and it is not influenced in
the least by anything which has ever
taken place before or that ever will
take place in the future."
A nasty piece of plain speaking this
for the cranks who had published
schemes for "breaking the bank" and
whose plans depended entirely on the
theory that if one game ended in a
win for "red" the chances against it
ending "red" a second time were less,
a third time less still, and so on.

This of course would be a sound
enough argument provided that you
regard some dozens of games of ron-
lette or tosses of a coin all as one con-
tinuous event. It is quite safe, for in-
stance, to offer beforehand big odds
against a coin turning up heads ten
times running. But in practice the
public house loafer does not do this.
What he does is to bet on each sepa-
rate toss by itself, thus defeating his
own aims. The odds against a coin
turning up heads eleven times are as
has been shown, something like 2,000
to 1. But suppose you only start bet-
ting at the tenth toss. What are the
odds against the eleventh toss again
being a head?

The odds, so far from being 2,000 to
1, are actually 1 to 1! To use an
Irishman, the odds are even—that is
to say, if you split up the eleven tosses
into eleven separate events to be bet
on separately your bets should be
"even money" all the time, however
often heads turn up running. But if
you view the eleven tosses as one con-
tinuous event and you offer a prelimi-
nary bet against the whole eleven re-
sults being heads you will have to
give gigantic odds.

All this goes to prove the absolute
uncertainty of gambling. The great-
est mathematicians of the day cannot
be certain how a coin will fall, so that
the man of merely average abilities
who stakes anything important on the
toss of a coin is allowing that part of
his fortune to pass entirely outside his
control.—Pearson's Weekly.

South Africa's Locusts.

Millions and millions of locusts set-
tle, and millions and millions continue
flying to settle farther on. They have
been settling in myriads for a hundred
miles and more, and yet enough are
left flying to hide the sun. On the
ground nothing can be seen but loc-
usts. So thickly do they pack that
not a square inch of earth or grass is
visible. As you walk through them a
narrow wake is left for a few seconds
in your track where they have flown
out of your way, and as they rise in
thousands before your feet the noise
of their wings is like an electric power
station.—Grand Magazine.

Putting It Mildly.

The flooding of a Yorkshire mine had
a tragic result, and a miner was de-
puted to break the news to a poor wo-
man whose husband had been drown-
ed.

"Does Widow Jones live here?"
"No," was the indignant lady's reply.
"You're a liar!" he said.—London
Tatler.

Never tell your resolution before-
hand.—Selden.

A FOOL QUESTION.

Asked in a Railway Station, It Won a
Caustic Reply.

He stood at the ticket window slowly
unrolling an old fashioned leather bag,
while a dozen men stood behind him,
driven to madness by the shouting of
the gate-men calling their trains. After
he got about a yard and a half of bag
unrolled he suddenly stopped and said
to the ticket clerk:

"Is that clock right?"

"No, sir."

"Tain't?" shouted the startled pas-
senger, stooping down and making a
sudden clutch at a lean and hun-
gry carpetbag. "Tain't right? Well,
what 'n the name o' common sense do
ye have it stuck up there for, then?"

"To fool people," calmly replied the
clerk. "That's what we're here for—to
fool people and misdirect them."

"Great Scott!" said the passenger,
hurriedly rolling up his bag. "I've
missed my train. I'll report you, I
will!"

"Won't do any good. It's the compa-
ny's orders. They pay a man to go
round every morning to mix and muddle
up all the clocks, so that not one of
them will be right and no two of them
alike."

The passenger gasped twice or thrice,
but could not say anything. The ticket
clerk went on:

"It's the superintendent's idea. He is
fond of fun, enjoys a joke, and it
does him good to see a man jump about
and hear him jaw when he buys a
ticket and then finds his train has been
gone two hours."

"Which way is this clock wrong?"
the passenger asked in despairing ac-
cents—"fast or slow?"

"Don't know. That's part of the fun
not to let anybody in the building know
anything about the right time. All I
know is that it's about ninety minutes
wrong one way or the other."

With a hollow groan the passenger
grabbed his bag and made a rush for
the door, upsetting any man who got
in his way. In about two minutes he
came back, crestfallen and meek, and
took his place at the end of the line.
When once more he walked up to the
window he said, as he named his sta-
tion and bought his ticket like a sane
man:

"What made you talk to me like you
did?"

"What made you ask questions like
a fool?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

PLEASANT JAILS.

The Way Prisoners in Montenegro Are
Treated.

When I paid a visit to the Cetinje
jail I found that all the prisoners were
out for a walk. For two hours every
morning and again for two hours in
the afternoon they are allowed to wan-
der about on the green before the pris-
on. There is nothing, indeed, but their
own sense of honor to prevent their
going farther afield unless they be
murderers, in which case they wear
chains. The authorities provide them
with housing, of course, and with
clothes—not uniform—also with a fire
at which to cook their food, and they
give them fourpence a day each to
buy it. The prisoners cater for them-
selves. Two of them go to the market
every morning to buy provisions for
the day. They are not required to work
unless they choose, and they are classi-
fied not according to the seriousness
of their offense, but according to their
standard of life and general behavior.
If a man of education and refinement
is sent to prison, care is taken to lodge
him, so far as possible, in a room
where the other occupants belong to
his own rank in life. I found on one
bed a beautiful counterpane and a pil-
low covered with delicate embroidery.
"Yes, poor fellow, that's his wife's
handiwork," the governor of the jail
remarked casually as we passed. In
one prison life was made so easy and
pleasant that on leaving it I ventured
to remark that to be there was no pun-
ishment, it seemed to me.

"No punishment!" the official who
was with me exclaimed in surprise.
"But think of the disgrace of being
here. Is not that in itself punishment
enough?"

I had and still have doubts on the
subject, for I had just seen a cheery
old fellow who, although the time for
which he was sentenced had expired,
stoutly refused to quit the prison.—
Edith Sellers in Fortnightly Review.

White Africans.

The Berbers, who, although African,
are as white as Europeans, are the
oldest white race on record, says an
explorer. They are supposed to have
come from the south of Europe in an-
cient days, the Dundee Advertiser
says, and, although their language and
customs are entirely different from
ours and their religion Mohammedan,
they are probably closely akin by de-
scent. Blue eyes and fair hair are
not at all uncommon among the Ber-
bers, and many of them have rosy
cheeks and features so like our own
that were they dressed in British fas-
hion they would easily pass as natives
of the British Isles.

Equality.

Uncle—Hello! Dot got a new doll?
Little Miss Dot—Hush, uncle; don't
speak too loud! She is not one of my
own, but belonged to Millie Simpson,
who was cruel to her and abandoned her,
so I have 'dopted her, but I don't want
her to know, because I mean to make
no difference between her and my own
dollies.—London Tit-Bits.

What It Was.

"These deceitful women are so ridi-
culous!" said Miss Passay. "As for me,
I was never afraid to tell what my
age was."

"No woman," replied Miss Wise,
"ever minds telling what her age was."
—London Answers.

WALKING A CHALK LINE.

[Original.]

Jaqueline was not twenty-two when
she was appointed manager of the
household of a widower with two sons.
Before entering on her duties he said
to her:

"It is to be expected that both my
boys will fall in love with you. Nei-
ther has a cent in the world except
what I give him. It behooves you,
therefore, if you are to retain your
position to walk a chalk line. Do you
understand?"

"I do."

Six months later the younger boy,
Alex, said to her:

"You are trifling?"

"Trifling with whom?"

"Me."

Jaqueline laughed.

"Yesterday you were very sweet to
me; this morning I saw you sitting in
the window seat with Tom, and it
looked to me as if he were holding
your hand."

"I love your brother."

"You confess it?"

"Yes, and I love you, too, Alex. Do
we not make one family? Since I came
in here as housekeeper, after your
mother's death, I have striven to make
your home as happy as possible. You
and Tom, instead of thwarting me by
making love to me, should treat me
with proper reserve. You must re-
member that, living under the same
roof with two such susceptible boys, I
must walk a chalk line."

"I am willing you should do so pro-
vided you walk that line with me."

"With you? And what would you
have me do with Tom?"

"Oh, Tom is not as much in love as
I am. He'll get over it."

"Come, come, cease this absurdity. I
am three years your senior and am
just Tom's age. By this silly contest
you'll spoil everything."

"Well, if you insist upon walking a
chalk line, as you call it, you'll find
you'll have to walk it with some one,
and I could never bear to see you walk
it with any one but me."

"Go away and behave yourself."

Alex went away and instead of "be-
having himself" went straight to Tom.
They had been loving brothers until
the appearance of Jaqueline, since
when they had been growing in en-
mity. The two were sparring for a
fight. Tom opened fire.

"You have been spooning with Jaque-
line."

"Suppose I have. What's that to
you?"

"Oh, nothing. If Jaqueline cares for
the attention of a mere boy scarcely
out of his teens."

"Huh, you are not so old as she your-
self!"

"I am but ten days her junior. Her
birthday comes on the 14th, mine on
the 24th. Besides, I am past twenty-
one and a man. You are still a boy."

Alex could not brook his brother's
superior manner. Alex's age, or, rather,
his youth, was a sore point with
him, and Tom's holding it up before
him was like shaking a red rag before
a mad bull.

"I wish you to understand," he said,
"that I am old enough to know my
own mind, and, take warning, I will
have no more interference from you."

"You should consider the position in
which Jaqueline is placed. Jaqueline,
you know, in this household, admired,
I admit, by me and beset by you, must
walk a chalk line."

"So she has been talking about that
chalk line to you, has she? I told her
that if she must walk it I am the only
man she shall walk it with."

"You mean the only boy. Women
don't need to walk chalk lines with
boys."

"I'll tell you what I'll do with you,"
said Alex, glancing at his brother.

"I'll fight you over a chalk line."

"Do you suppose I would strike my
little brother?"

This was pure bluff, for Tom was
but five feet five and slender, while
Alex was five feet ten and muscular.

"The reason I proposed to fight you
over a line," sneered Alex, "is to give
you a chance to get out of the way.
You would have the advantage of my
not being able to follow you up."

Alex ran off for a piece of chalk,
which he found in the billiard room,
and, coming back with it, removing the
rugs, drew a straight line on the floor;
then, taking position, he dared his
brother to stand up and face him.

Tom was loath to do so, both fearing
to have Jaqueline catch him in so un-
dignified a position as fistfighting with
her youthful lover and knowing that
Alex was the better man. However,
after Alex had sneered at him, called
him coward and threatened to trounce
him anyway if he didn't stand up and
fight like a man he concluded to give
the boy a chance to work off his wrath.

So, taking position on one side of the
line, he began to parry the blows that
rained from the other. While the two
young men were in the thickest of the
fray the portiere was suddenly drawn
back, and their father and Jaqueline
stood in the doorway, an amused ex-
pression on the face of each.

"Boys," said the father, "stop this
nonsense. Jaqueline has told me of the
persistence of both of you. She has
told you that her position here between
two such fiery lovers could only be
maintained by her walking a chalk
line." Both boys groaned.

"You have insisted on her walking
that line with some one, and she has
concluded to walk it with me. Cease
this ridiculous struggle and give your
new mother that is to be a kiss."

Tom went to Jaqueline and, taking
her hand, raised it respectfully to his
lips. Alex, who was full of emotion
and very youthful in his feelings,
threw his arms around her.

ELINOR T. BOYD.

Banner Skating Rink Open each Afternoon and Night

SKATING HOURS: Afternoon, 2:00 to 5:00; nights, 7:30 to 10:00

ADMISSION: Gentlemen 10c; Ladies free.

Skates 15 cents.

ERNEST WRIGHT

FRED GLORE

Can You Beat It?

ALL the News, ALL the Time, for

1 Cent a Day

Telephone the HERALD office and
have the paper delivered at your door.

PHONE 65

A Tender Steak

Makes the most delicious meal in
the world, and the place to get it is

Haspel's Meat Market

"Our Meat Market" has a well estab-
lished and enviable reputation for
cleanliness, the good quality
of its meat and for
square dealings.

Northwest Corner Public Square

FRED LUCAS

DEALER IN

Real Estate, Insurance
and Coal

No. 21 S. Ind. St., Greencastle, Ind.
Phone 255.

A HANDSHAKE.

Story of a Parting Clasp by One Who
Observed It.

They had been talking about vari-
ous ways of shaking hands and had
pretty well gone over the ground cov-
ered by all the philosophic writings on
handshakes when one of the men in
the group said:

"The most expressive handshake I
ever saw was given by one man to
another. There was no tie of kinship
between them.

"Each was about forty. Both were
in perfect health. One had the pros-
pects of many years of life. The other
was to die within a minute, and the
man whose hand he held was to kill
him.

"It seemed to me then that I could
read the meaning of the handshake
given by the man about to die to the
man about to kill him. It seemed to
say: 'You are a good man, and I like
you. I thank you for many acts of
kindness and especially for this friend-
ly grasp.'

"Then, with a gently lingering cling,
he let the other man's hand slip from
his own. There was a volume of mean-
ing in that motion.

"It seemed to say that there were
the morrow's sunrise and many more
for the man whose hand he was re-
leasing, but for him a few moments
more of life, and then— It seemed to
say that there was an age of human
companionship in every instant during
which the two hands touched.

"It seemed to say that when the
clasp was broken he was forever cut
off from the living and was as one
dead. And many other things it seem-
ed to say that I cannot translate into
words.

"Within a few seconds one of the
men gave the signal that ended the
life of the other.

"It was a case," the story teller con-
tinued, "of the hanging of a man in
Connecticut for murder. While under
the influence of liquor with other men
he had dealt one of them a blow that
resulted in his death.

"The condemned man was not by
nature or inclination a criminal. He
had never been arrested before he was
taken into custody for murder.

"The sheriff, who shook hands with
him on the gallows just before the
drop fell, had a genuine liking for
him. He offered the condemned man
the usual merciful portion of liquor
before the execution, but the man re-
fused it.

"By the way, I have seen several
persons hanged, and I think this man
was the only one I ever saw go to the
scaffold without being 'doped' with
liquor, and he was the steadiest in
nerve of them all. His only betrayal
of weakness, if it was such, was his
noticeable clinging to the sheriff's
hand before releasing it."—Washington
Post.

Try some of that home made
mince-meat at Broadstreet's grocery.
It is clean and so good.

Warden's

Home-Made

BREAD

New England
Bakery

EAST SIDE SQUARE
Greencastle, Ind.

Phone 333

Greencastle
ICE