

## E. B. LYNCH

House Furnisher and  
Funeral Director

GREENCASTLE, IND.

12 and 14 North Jackson St.

Telephones 89 and 108

## WILLIAMS &amp; DUNCAN

Sanitary Plumbing  
Hot Water, Steam and Gas Fitting,  
Electric Wiring and Fixtures  
ALL WORK GUARANTEED  
Phone 650.

## THEY WILL USE NO MONEY

Democratic Candidates Agree That  
No Votes Shall Be Purchased at  
the Primary Election to be Held  
Next Friday—Everything to be  
Open.

## REGARDING MARKING OF BALLOTS

All the Democrats who are out for nomination for county office at the primary election to be held next Friday met Saturday with county chairman and arranged details for the election. Each candidate was assessed for his share of the expense of the election. The following resolutions were passed:

"We the Candidates of Putnam County, Indiana to be voted for at the Democratic primary election in said County and State on January 10, 1908 agree to stand by the following resolutions passed at the Democratic mass meeting, Dec. 21, 1907.

Resolved: that it is the sense of the Democratic party of Putnam county that no money shall be used for the purpose of purchasing votes or other illegal purpose at the primary election to be held January 10, 1908."

David B. Hostetter,  
Daniel C. Brackney,  
Theo. Crawley,  
Jasper N. Miller,  
James H. Hurst,  
H. H. Runyan,  
F. M. Stroube,  
Theodore H. Boes,  
Edward H. Elteljorg,  
Powell S. Brasler,  
R. J. Gillespie,  
E. B. Lynch,  
A. Farmer,  
David J. Skelton,  
G. W. Raines,  
W. M. Moser,  
James E. Houck,  
Alec A. Lane.

The candidates also passed a resolution ordering that any voter who required the preparation of his ballot by the election clerks, should have such service performed in the presence of the entire election board, and also that any candidate not having a representative on the election board shall have the right to have a personal representative present while the count of ballots is going on.

## NOTICE OF DEMOCRAT PRIMARY

Notice is hereby given to the Democratic voters of Putnam county that there will be a primary election held in the different townships of said county on Friday the 10th day of January, 1908 to nominate a candidate for each of the following offices, to-wit: Representative, Treasurer, Sheriff, Coroner, Surveyor, Commissioner 2nd District, and Commissioner for 3rd District. Wm. B. VESTAL, Chairman. JAS. P. HUGHES, Sec.

PURE Manufactured ICE

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

CALL PHONE 257

GARDNER BROS.

COME EARLY

While our line of Holiday Gift Books, Children's Books, Miscellaneous Books, and Booklets is complete. We are prepared to please you.

J. K. LANGDON &amp; CO.

You get results when you advertise in the Herald.

## NOTICE TO COMMITTEEMEN

The City Democratic committee will meet at the office of William Vestal on Tuesday night, Jan. 7. Important business will be transacted and all committeemen are urged to be present.

6t37

A new barrel of sour kraut just arrived at Broadstreet's grocery—Try some.

## 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 tossing a shilling and making careful notes of how it fell. He spun the shilling 25,000 times, and a pupil of his, working separately, spun a penny 8,200 times and also tested the drawing of 9,000 tickets from bags.

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 apparently 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 precisely as follows:

The chance of a head is one-half; of two heads following, is one-half multiplied 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 reasoned this out. The fact is that one "run" of eleven heads is on the average 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 because, 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 roulette 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 roulette or tosses of a coin all as one continuous event. It is quite safe, for instance, 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 separate 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 betting 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 Irishism, 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 combined event and you offer a preliminary bet against the whole eleven results being heads you will have to give gigantic odds.

All this goes to prove the absolute uncertainty of gambling. The greatest 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 settle, 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 locusts. 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. 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 adopted her, but I don't want her to know, because I mean to make no difference between her and my own dolls.—London TR-Bits.

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

Never tell your resolution beforehand.—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 gamblers 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 passenger, stooping down and making a sudden clutch at a lean and hungry 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 company's orders. They pay a man to go round every morning to mix and mind 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 accents—"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 station and bought his ticket like a same 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 wander about on the green before the prison.

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 eat for themselves. 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 classified 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 a beautiful counterpane and a pillow covered with delicate embroidery.

"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 Jacqueline is placed. Jacqueline, 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 so, both fearing to have Jacqueline catch him in so undignified a position as fistfights 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 Jacqueline stood in the doorway, an amused expression on the face of each.

"Boys," said the father, "stop this nonsense. Jacqueline 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 Jacqueline 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.

## WALKING A CHALK LINE.

[Original.]

Jacqueline 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. Neither 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."

Jacqueline 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 remember that, living under the same roof with two such susceptible boys, I must walk a chalk line."

"I am willing you should do so provided 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 "behaving himself" went straight to Tom. They had been loving brothers until the appearance of Jacqueline, since when they had been growing in enmity. The two were spoiling for a fight. Tom opened fire.

"You have been spoiling with Jacqueline."

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

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

"Huh, you are not so old as she yourself!"

"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 Jacqueline is placed. Jacqueline, 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?"

Then, with a gently lingering clasp, he let the other man's