

PUBLIC LEDGER

SECRET SUNDAY, FOURTH OF JULY, THIRTEEN AND CENTS. CURRAN, Editor and Publisher. LONG TELEPHONE No. 40. OFFICE—PUBLIC LEDGER BUILDING, MAYSVILLE, KY.

IT'S A LONG, LONG, WAY FROM RHODE ISLAND.

Oddly enough, "It's a Long Long Way to Tipperary" was written in the United States. The composer, Mr. Harry Williams, wrote the song in 1912, at Douglas Manor, on Long Island.

GOOD-BYE TO DR. MISFIT.

Judging from the reports in the Louisville dailies there are already sixteen hundred candidates for the Democratic nomination for Governor, and a like number for the other state offices, and if the list is not soon closed there won't be enough voters left to select the ticket.

A MONEYTORIUM.

A tenant was recently haled into court in London for non-payment of rent, and when questioned by the magistrate regarding the matter said: "Your honor, I have not got much money, so I took advantage of the moneytorium."

GET WISE AND CUT IT OUT.

But the inhumanity of it all—the cruelty of red tape and cupidty. The C. & O. railroad to save a few dollars or to forestall a probable damage suit. The Wilson Hospital, supposed to be a charitable institution, because no money was in sight.

NOTHING IN THANK LINE.

The Times thinks it funny that we should thank God for Republican victory, but we venture to say there is not a laboring man nor a merchant in Portsmouth today, not an officeholder, who will stand up and say: "Thank God for Wilson."

A POLITICAL SUGGESTION.

Wouldn't it be a delicate recognition of renewed amity to make Marse Henry director of the mint?—Washington Post.

A STRANGE SIGHT.

John Bull metamorphosed into an ostrich is one of the strangest sights in history.—New York Sun.

Broadly speaking, we find that the difference between the self-made man and the other with aiding and abetting lawlessness in general the former can own one.—Ohio State Journal.

The Congressional Committee of the National Suffrage Association was instructed not to campaign against individual Congressmen without the consent of the State association.

Some trouble is being experienced in raising the \$135,000,000 cotton loan fund. The Boston and Philadelphia bankers still display some reticence at entering into the plan.

The "final word" of one of the candidates in Atchison county was this card: "Forget my Disposition and Remember my Shape."—Kansas City Star.

The world's three big cotton exchanges, New York, New Orleans and Liverpool, will open for unrestricted trading this morning at 10 o'clock.

"Fashionable women are flat busted," says a fashion authority. We know a lot of men who are in the same fix.—Tampa Tribune.

Standing out clear above everything else is the fact that Tammany stubbed its toe on Plain Bill Sulzer.—Rochester Herald.

Cambridge University, within the last few weeks, has contributed two thousand officers to the British army.

Congressional note—Uncle Joe Cannon and Niek Longworth will be among those present next year.

The slogan in Germany is: "Buy a big Krupp gun and help der Faderland."



A LIMB.

Uncle Sol threw aside the letter he was reading and uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"Doggone," he cried, "why can't people be more explicit?"

"What's the matter, pa?" asked Aunt Sue.

"This letter from home," Uncle Sol answered, "says father fell out of the old apple tree and broke a limb."—Youngstown Telegram.

HORSES UP TO DATE.

"Why don't you get an automobile?" "I prefer a horse."

"A horse may die at any time." "Yes, and he may live ten years. And that's a long time to go without changing the model."—Kansas City Journal.

COURTING DISASTER.

"Sir, your daughter has promised to become my wife." "Well, don't come to me for sympathy. You might know something would happen to you—hanging around here five nights in the week."—Houston Post.

LOCAL PRIDE.

Prospective Speaker—"Are the acoustic properties of this hall good?" Janitor—"You bet; darn good for a town of this size."

SHE SCORED.

You threw yourself at my head, Quoth he, I wanted a good soft mark, Said she.

PIRATE'S BOARD.

Passenger—"Were you ever boarded by pirates, captain?" Captain—"Yes. I've stayed at several of these summer hotels."—Judge.

SUCCESS.

"Don't shout for joy when you gits ter de hilltop. Lots or folks hex been dar befo' you, an' come a-rollin' down."—New York Post.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

Which Is Better—Try An Experiment or Profit by a Maysville Citizen's Experience.

Something new is an experiment. Must be proved to be as represented. The statement of a manufacturer is not convincing proof of merit.

But the endorsement of friends is. Now supposing you had a bad back, A lame, weak, or aching one, Would you experiment on it? You will read of many so-called cures.

Endorsed by strangers from faraway places. It's different when the endorsement comes from home. Easy to prove local testimony. Read this Maysville case: M. C. Chisholm, 317 E. Second St., Maysville, Ky., says: "There was a time when my kidneys were badly disordered and I was annoyed by many symptoms of kidney complaint. Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Wood & Son's Drug Store, removed the trouble and my good health since then is evidence of their merit. I have seen many other cases of Doan's Kidney Pills have been cured. My former endorsement still holds good. I am a satisfied customer. Don't simply remedy—get the same that Mr. Chisholm has used. J. W. Milburn Co.,

Under Discipline

Hammond noticed that his wife looked tired one Saturday afternoon when he returned home early from the office. When he spoke of it she admitted that she was pretty well worn out, and when he discovered that she had dropped a tear on the lapel of his coat he insisted that she should take an afternoon off.

"You're worn out taking care of that youngster," he said. "Now, you just trot along to the matinee or anywhere you feel like going, and I'll attend to the offspring. He needs a little masculine discipline, anyway."

Mrs. Hammond demurred on the ground that she didn't want Hammond to devote all his Saturday afternoon to taking care of the baby, but Hammond was determined and eventually had his way.

"You're the dearest thing that ever lived," murmured his wife, as she kissed him goodby. "But I'm afraid you'll be sorry. Baby is so—so effervescent."

"Pooh!" scoffed Hammond. Then he smiled in a superior way. When he returned to the living room Hammond found his son, who was seated on a small stool and looking quite impossibly virtuous, gravely contemplating the landscape from the front window. The situation appeared easy, so Hammond sat down on the chair nearest the infant and pulled out his oldest and smelliest pipe.

"What do you say to having a smoke, old man?" he inquired, jocularly. "Ough!" replied the baby, approvingly. Then he squirmed off his stool and went and stood by his father's side.

"Rather a good stunt, having the feminine element take itself off occasionally, hey?" Hammond inquired pleasantly, as he pushed the tobacco down into his pipe with his little finger. He laid the pipe on the arm of the chair, rose and crossed over to the mantel to get a match.

"Humph!" said the baby in a muffled tone. Hammond turned in time to see him cramming as much of the pipe's stem down his throat as he could conveniently insert there. However, as his father leaped toward him, he gave a chuckle, removed the pipe from his mouth, dexterously shook the contents out of his own clean little cranium, then threw the pipe upon the hearth. The sound made by the amber mouthpiece as it broke against the tiles caused baby to become fairly delirious with joy. Squealing like an ecstatic pig, he ran from the living room back into the dining room.

Hammond set his lips firmly. "Now," he said to himself, "is the time to teach him the rudiments of being a law-abiding citizen."

He followed the baby into the dining room, where he was sitting under the table. Hammond stooped down and spoke sternly to the chuckling miscreant.

"Come out, son," he said. "Son merely hitched himself farther over toward the other side of the table, shaking his head delightedly. He then ran around the room three times, dexterously avoiding the father's outstretched hand every time he passed, then suddenly stopped and threw his arms around his father's knees, shouting joyously.

Hammond disengaged himself and taking his son by the hand led him back into the living room.

"Pick up that pipe, young man," said Hammond, sternly. The baby blinked at him and the corners of his lips curled upward. "I mean it," insisted Hammond. The baby responded with his familiar chuckle and capered cheerfully.

"Very well," said Hammond in a tone of finality. He led his son out into the hall. "Now, will you go back and pick up the pipe?" he inquired, "or will you go into the lavatory and stay for the rest of the afternoon?"

For answer the baby dived into the lavatory and plunged headlong into a pile of pleasantly plump pillows that had been left on the floor to get the sun. Finding this quite soul satisfying, he presently righted himself and beamed upon his progenitor.

"You'll stay here?" asked Hammond. "Very well. You can come out when you're ready to mind daddy."

The baby merely projected himself once more into the mass of feathers. Thereupon Hammond shut the door and went back to the living room. Three-quarters of an hour later he returned and led his son forth to the scene of battle.

"Now," he said, assuming a frown that should have sent terror to the infantile heart, "pick up that pipe."

The small boy looked up into his father's face and the smile faded from his own plump countenance. He dropped his father's hand and got down slowly upon his knees. Once more he glanced up at his father. Seeing no sign of relenting, he put out his hand slowly, picked up the pipe, struggled to his feet and, with remarkably good aim, planted the pipe upon his father's solar plexus. Then, shouting in mirth, he fled.

Choice Locations. "The advertising man has his troubles these days." "As to how?" "Everybody wants space next to pure baseball matter."

THE DIFFERENCE.

Sophomore—There's a lot more in the papers about your college than there is about ours and yet ours has the larger faculty. Junior—Ah, yes; but ours has the largest stadium.

The Managing Editor of the Universe doesn't listen to every petition sent in. But he always answers the plea of the fellow who first does all he can to help himself and then asks for assistance.

TRAFFIC ON THE L. & N. SHOWS BIG INCREASE.

A decided increase in the freight and passenger traffic of the Louisville & Nashville road is evidenced by the number of trains passing through Paris daily.

According to Louisville and Nashville officials the increased freight traffic is due to the large output of the Kentucky coal fields shipments which destined for Cincinnati and other northern markets must necessarily pass through Paris.

The local shops in the South Paris yards are working to the full capacity and a number of trainmen who have been temporarily "laid off" have been called back to duty again.—Paris News.

Let a man prescribe for himself and he will take whisky.

CHILD BORN WITH HARD GOLD

Remarkable Statement of Girl's Mother. How She Suffered Until Six Years Old. How Finally Cured.

Pittsfield, Mass.—"My little girl now six years old was born with a hard cold and very delicate. Every winter she would suffer from croup and poor digestion. Dr. Carrier recommended Vinol and within a week she had improved considerably, and her appetite increased so she wanted things to eat that had disgusted her before.

"On the first bottle she gained one and one-half pounds, and now at the age of six Vinol has made her a solid, healthy, good-natured child, and while sick she was so cross and fretful I grew discouraged and was worn out taking care of her."—Mrs. GEORGE WAGNER, Pittsfield, Mass.

Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic, is a wonderful appetizer, and you can see delicate, ailing children improve day by day under its use. It enriches the blood, builds up the body, making pale, delicate children rugged and rosy.

We ask all parents of weak, sickly, delicate children in this vicinity to try Vinol, with the understanding that if it fails to benefit your little ones, we return your money.

John C. Peor, Druggist, Maysville, Ky.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES

Table with columns for Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, Maysville, Ky. and Middleman Transfer Co. Transfers and General Hauling.

MIDDLEMAN TRANSFER CO.

Transfers and General Hauling. We make a specialty of large contracts. Office and barn East Front Street. Phone 228.

DR. E. Y. HICKS

OSTEOPATH. HOURS—9:30; 12; 1:30; 4. 216 1/2 Court Street. Phone 104.

Saturday, Nov. 21, 's Sale Day at the N. Y. Store. Special in every Department. Present given with your purchase. NEW YORK STORE S. STRAUS, Proprietor. PHONE 571.

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DO YOU KNOW? Do you realize what is great magnet that attracts the shoppers of Mason and adjoining counties to Dan Cohen's? It is not only that all that is new in footwear is shown here first, but at a great price reduction and that absolute satisfaction guarantees every pair. Shop Here Tomorrow and you will understand what real economy is. MEN'S FOOTWEAR BARGAINS. Ladies' rich quality, new style Boots made in cloth and kid tops, high and low heels, in Patent and Gun Metal. Values up to \$3.50. Our price... \$2.49. Ladies' new style Fall Shoes, a great assortment of up-to-date styles in all leathers. \$3 values. Our special... \$1.99. Ladies' Comfort Shoes made of soft kid and rubber heels. \$1.50 values. Our price... 90c. Misses' and Children's Shoes in all leathers, latest style. Worth \$2. Our price... \$1.24. Infant's 7 1/2c Button Shoes. Our special... 49c. Our Work Shoes Can Be Beat. We Save You Money on Every Pair. DAN COHEN INC.