

WEEKLY REPUBLICAN—1897.  
DAILY PUBLIC LEDGER—1899.



Most every girl has two fellows—one that she likes and one that spends his money freely.

W. L. Petty, the Lexington tobacco expert says Lexington sales this year should total 100,000,000 pounds.

### DOING THEIR DUTY

SCORES OF MAYSVILLE READERS ARE LEARNING THE DUTY OF THE KIDNEYS

To filter the blood is the kidneys' duty. When they fail to do this the kidneys are weak.

Backache and other kidney ills may follow. Help the kidneys do their work.

Use Doan's Kidney Pills—the tested kidney remedy.

Proof of their worth in the following:

A. Sorine, Locksmith, Aberdeen, O., says: "My experience with Doan's Kidney Pills leads me to recommend them for cases of backache and weak kidneys. The action of my kidneys was irregular and the kidney secretions contained sediment. I had backache and when stooping it was difficult for me to straighten. Colds always settled on my kidneys. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they stopped the trouble and my kidneys became strong."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

### THE PASTIME

This Afternoon and Tonight

The Love Trust

The Maid of the Rocks

On the Border Line

JUST RECEIVED, A CARLOAD OF NEW

## Iowa Timothy Seed!

Quality and Price Right.

J. C. EVERETT & CO.

## GLYCERINE SOAP!

Just arrived, a big lot of the famous

Harmony Rose Glycerine Soap  
Violet Glycerine Soap

2 Large Transparent Cakes 25c

TRY IT. YOU'LL USE NO OTHER.

Thos. J. Chenoweth, DRUGGIST

Cor. Second and Sutton Sts.

Maysville, Ky. Telephone No. 200.

THE Rexall STORE.

## Why Mastic Paint?

### BECAUSE

FIRST—It's pure—every atom of it—real paint manufactured from the finest raw material obtainable.

SECOND—It is made of pure white lead, re-inforced with zinc oxide in the correct proportion, and pure linseed oil. Will outwear, two to one, any straight lead or hand-mixed paint.

THIRD—Warranted to contain no adulteration. The formula appears on every can. Guaranteed to give satisfaction.

FOURTH—Being full-bodied and machine ground, less MASTIC is required to paint a given surface than any other kind of paint or lead and oil. A SAVING OF MANY DOLLARS TO THE OWNER OF THE BUILDING.

FIFTH—In time to come, when painting is again desirable, a surface previously coated with MASTIC remains in perfect condition for repainting.

Specify MASTIC PAINT for your home and secure a beautiful hard, enamel-like finish that will resist best the smoke and gases of the city, the hot sun and severe weather exposure. MASTIC Outside Gloss White is the very whitest house paint made. MASTIC Paint does not discolor and go flat like sog lead in oil, nor peel and crack like the cheap ready mixed paint.

Manufactured by Peaslee-Gaulbert Co. LOUISVILLE, KY.

FOR SALE BY

Ryder Paint Store



"THE KIND THAT LASTS"

## FROM LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

### Rodney Ruminates on the Most Overworked Word in Our Language, "Progressive"

### He Also Dissertates on Prosperity and the Obliviousness of the Unthinking Democratic Voter

Special Correspondence Public Ledger.

It is a fallacious as well as a pernicious theory that in order to be progressive we must pull down, break up, or destroy something.

Progress, while a principle of growth, while it means in its literal sense an advance, a step or steps forward, does not per se imply that it shall leave obliteration and a wreck behind it.

Progress imports also a betterment, a condition of improvement upon, in, around and over the road it has traveled.

Progressive being the participle of progress, to go forward, expresses movement forward without implying any point gained. It signifies present action towards a particular object yet to be attained. A progressive party, therefore, means a party which proposes to do, and is in the act of doing something which has not as yet been done.

Now that is the proposition of the present so-called Progressive or "Bull Moose" party. They are playing the future.

Theodore, R. K. says so. Everybody is going to get some. Is going to—please take note. They haven't got it yet, but it's coming to them like that other goes or think.

Does anybody seriously doubt, that as a whole nation, the American people are prosperous, or that our prosperity is progressive that is, going forward?

How are we going to measure the proportion or fix a standard by which to judge the prosperity of a country, or show the contrary? What palpable sign, or physical evidence are we going to go by in order to reach an affirmative or a negative conclusion?

In the first place, what do we mean by

Prosperity? The term being relative, we must, therefore distinguish it from its correlative terms, such as welfare and well-being. Prosperity is welfare when considered as the successful issue of conduct in the acquisition of material goods coupled with that estimation and consideration arising from their possession. Success and progress are involved in the idea of prosperity, but the term welfare is personal in its application, while well-being denotes a collective prosperity as the welfare of an individual and the well-being of a community.

Welfare denotes a sufficiency of material things; well-being is broader and more comprehensive. It denotes that the entire system is healthy; that the whole nature, moral and physical is sound. Therefore, we mean by the term prosperity that the body politic, the masses as a whole, are undergoing and enjoying a state of well-being in its broadest and most significant sense; materially and morally, if they only realized it.

Is this so? If we desire to confirm the truth, if I may use such an anomalous term, we must close our ears, but open our eyes.

Error in political economy percolates into our minds from that which we hear rather than from that which we see. We are deceived by sound, rather than by sight. For instance: we have heard of and continuously the ubiquitous and irrepressible demagogue shouting his political slogan—"This is the richest country on G-a-w-d-s green earth, my fellow citizens, but alas! this vast aggregation of wealth is controlled and owned by a few to the great and irreparable wrong and injury of the many. It is a shame on modern civilization that all this wealth is in the pockets of the predatory rich, while the instruments who brought about this vast accumulation of capital, the laboring man has none of it." Oh! You've heard the cues, time and again, and probably gone home suffering with the hollyhock from your suggestive sympathy. Our ears take in that sort of vocal dissonance continually. Our auditory nerve catches the vibrations of discordant sound and conveys the sensation to the brain, and the brain formulates an opinion based upon the sensation thus produced. A false note conveyed to the ear engenders an erroneous opinion in the judicial brain.

Now in this case our auditory nerves have been shocked by an assertion which is partly true, but which, in the abstract, is really false. Let us analyze the ideal hypothesis upon which this "Shame on modern civilization" is predicated and see: look at it with unbiased and dispassionate eyes.

In the first place we find that the broad assertion, to-wit, that the "instruments" which have brought about this vast aggregation of wealth, the laboring man, have none of it, is not true.

In the second place, it is indisputable that vast capital is confined to the few as distinguished from the many. If that were not so as well as quite logical, one of two most extraordinary conditions of things would ensue and produce a paradoxical phenomenon in the history of social and political economy. There would either be no such thing as vast capital, or, on the other hand, everybody would be a capitalist, and the values attached to that which constitutes capital money would be correspondingly lessened and lowered. If everybody had all the money they desired, vast capital would disappear.

There is only a certain amount of that medium we call money in circulation in the world. If it was equally distributed per capita

there would be none of the so-called "predatory rich," neither would there be any of the "down-trodden poor" and an Utopian state of existence will have been reached, and the race of civilized man may shout, selah!

But, in such a state there would be no demand for the laboring man—there's the rub! Since labor is the legitimate offspring of necessity, as distinguished from mere need, which relates directly to the urgency of the demand, and indirectly to the absence of supply. Need is negative, whereas necessity has a positive and compelling force. The remedial solution of necessity is either a sufficiency on hand to relieve it; as in the case of the rich, or, effort, work, labor, to secure that sufficiency, as represented by the indigent.

Conceding as a cardinal verity that vast capital is confined to the few, then let us see—no hear—whether or not the laboring machine which produces wealth is really in that deplorable condition denunciated by our demagogue?

I find by banking statistics (and by the way, THE PUBLIC LEDGER of September 13th cites the same fact) that the total deposits in the Postal Savings Banks on September 1st, 1912, amount approximately to \$23,200,000. Pretty good showing for the short period that Postal Savings Banks have been in existence, eh? Do you imagine that any of the "predatory rich" have been salting down a part of their "vast capital" in these institutions? Guess again, Heine!

Savings Banks are the infallible steam gauges which indicate the dynamic energy of the boilers and engines which propel the great ship of state. They represent the steam alone—without which the vessel would not budge; or else drift with the tides and become the playthings of the winds.

They are always conspicuously placed in plain view. The storage passenger may look at them as well as the traveler in the first cabin. They are accurate. They seldom lie.

Let us look at the steam gauges. The Postal Savings Bank is only one of such steam gauges. There are others, all mind you, organized and instituted under a Republican regime, and built up and fostered by a protective tariff.

A few days ago, Mr. John J. Pulley of the Emigrants Industrial Savings Bank of New York (significant title that!) in an address before the American Bankers' Association, produced statistics which revealed the fact that the deposits in the various savings banks of this country aggregated the enormous sum of \$1,250,000,000, the depositors of the same numbering 9,800,000, or one-tenth of our entire population. Who constitutes this one-tenth? The "bloated bond holders"? Not "Uncle Trusty." Not John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, J. P. Morgan? Not! Not! Then it must be that equipping grub worm—the laboring man, who is piling up all these billions of dollars right here under the noses of walking, talking delegates of an oppressed and down-trodden constituency.

Mr. Pulley's statistics reveal another fact, which constitutes several crumbs for mulling, and that is, that 80% of that \$1,250,000,000 was deposited in banks East of the State of Ohio and North of the Mason and Dixon lines. That don't listen good to me. What does it mean? Does it indicate that the Northern and Eastern states, possessing as they do, a preponderance of the foreign citizenship of the country, find in them this remarkable and unreasonable percentage in the way of money savers? It looks like it to a man up a tree.

Now let us suppose that as many as 50% of our population was as equally provident, and thrifty as the enumerated 1%, what would be the mathematical and pecuniary result. Simply that the savings banks would bulge with \$21,250,000,000 instead of \$4,250,000,000—a sum that staggers the calculating intellect and strains the power of multiplication and addition. Think of one-half of our entire population having a per capita of something like \$473 70, and then suggest some utilitarian plan of economic adjustments and monetary equilibrium. The Lark of the coin and currency of the United States would be in the sayings banks and as a potential factor would be about as profitable as the one talent which the wicked and slothful servant hid in a hole.

The value of money is measured by the prices of commodities; money only acts on these prices by being brought into circulation. Therefore, if the money which is added to the national stock is not used in this way, prices will remain unaffected. "All money hoarded is money withdrawn from circulation and increases the total amount needed," says John Stewart Mill.

There is nothing that is so acutely sensitive as the almighty dollar, unless it be the nervous and excitable gentleman who is forever chasing it. The dollar undergoes all the barometrical fluctuations. It has the dull sound of metal under depression, but rings true and clear under the stimulation of activity. Its energy wanes as a purchasing power when the market is sluggish, but its potentiality as a buying medium is enhanced when the market is brisk.

What's the matter with our money? It is sound and it buys just as much as it always did, if we only realized it. The trouble is we merely want and expect it to buy more, without really knowing why. We think we need more and expect the same amount should go as an equivalent for the same amount we used to get for it, as well as the additional amount, compatible with our imaginary necessities.

To sum it all up in a nutshell (though why "nutshell" instead of clamshell I never could see) the trouble is traceable to some other independent source. Now what is it?

The whole civilized world is dissatisfied with existing conditions without knowing why it is out of humor.

"Now thought," instead of the simple life "old-time religion."

Impetuosity in an aeroplane piloted by experiment, in lieu of advancement by safer vehicles guided by precedent.

We are endeavoring the exacerbations of a venous distemper and an irritation of the smooth surfaces—the nerve centers.

As a nation we are trying to throw off a nightmare caused by the indigestion of a jobster and terrapin appetite and a hog and hominy purse.

We'll do it. All we need is a punch in the nose and a kick in the slats.

It is interesting as well as edifying to note how promptly and effectually Professor Woodrow Wilson answers and finally disposes of every assignable cause advanced by anybody and everybody for every real or imaginary evil that afflicts the body politic.

Being very much of a highbrow, Grandpa Wilson not only appreciates the value and significance of words and phrases, but he is also a convert to that creed which declares "Brevity is the soul of wit." With complaisant assurance he rises to the occasion, as well as to the condition which confronts us, and with an academic erudition, waives aside all arguments, statistics and assignable causes, and giving vent to the inspiration of profound conviction, he solves the whole problem in one word—"Rate!"

Well, maybe it is rate. Who knows? The latest possibilities for unadulterated candor in a rat has never yet been scientifically and systematically cat-alogued. Hence the Professor's rat-locution should not meet with too general peritage until his solution of the perplexing problem has been successfully refuted or ratified.

But what the remedy is Dr. Wilson fails to tell us. Having diagnosed the disease, he should have prescribed the cure. Perhaps later on he may spring his coup de tat and tell us we must get real busy, elect him President, and give him a whack at the Cat Trust.

What a ripe ban Woodrow has on him, to be sure.

I discussed this grave situation with a very intelligent "Wep" the other day and found him exceedingly well informed and lucid on the subject. He said:

"Sacramento, bulletoeba, maceironi, bologna, spaghetti, corpa, tobacco—wow! All I make up do pesant I lose on do dam banana."

And that is about as much as any of us know about it. ROONEY.



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Now Located at the Southwest Corner of Bank and Second Streets, Maysville, Ky.

Is now ready for business, with a corps of efficient architects, engineers, etc., with competent workmanship, best of materials, and will contract to build from the very smallest to the greatest all-fireproof buildings.

S. B. CHUNN, Manager.

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Modern Plumbing, Steam and Hot Water Heating!

High quality of Gas Work a Specialty. Handle Only the Best of material. Dealer in Brass Valves and Fittings, Gas Stoves and Ranges, All Sizes of Sewer Pipe.

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## Buy Your Coal Now

While prices are down and the supply is full. DON'T WAIT UNTIL COLD WEATHER. Strikes at the mines will make the supply short and high prices will result. WE HAVE 100,000 bushels in our yards. BUY NOW.

Kanawha and Pomeroy Coals Chestnut Coke for Furnaces

## G. W. McDaniel and Co.

OFFICES PLUM STREET and POPLAR STREET.

## COLORED FAIR, MAYSVILLE, KY.

It is for all, whites as well as the colored people. First annual Colored Fair at League Baseball Park, in the Sixth Ward of Maysville, Ky., on

September 26, 27, 28!

Many special attractions. The three big days for people of Northeastern Kentucky. Grounds on street car line.

## BRADFORD & YOUNG, MANAGERS.

## FALL FOOTWEAR!

An immense purchase of new Fall Footwear will be placed on sale now for the first time. Our expert buyers, famed for their knowledge of leather, material and their invaluable experience gained by close contact with the manufacturers, as well as with the consumer, have assembled the most beautiful display of Fall Footwear in the history of this organization.

Do you want to be correctly shod at just one-half price? Then take advantage of this opening sale.

Infant's Button Shoes, wedge heel, sizes 3 to 6.....	49c	Boys', Youths' and Little Gents' box calf high grade school Shoes.....	\$1.24
Children's Shoes, button and blucher, sizes 5 to 8.....	74c	Boys' Gun Metal and Patent Leather Shoes, button or blucher, \$2.50 values.....	\$1.49
Boys' and Youths' Box Calf Bluchers, sizes 12 to 5 1/2.....	99c	Misses' High Top Button Shoes, in vici kid and patent leather, \$2.50 values.....	\$1.49
Ladies' Fine Shoes, patent leather and gun metal, in button and bluchers, \$2.50 values.....	\$1.49	Ladies' gun metal, Tan and Patent Leather Button, \$3 values.....	\$1.99
Ladies' Fine Shoes, button and blucher, \$2 values.....	\$1.24	Ladies' Extra Fine Shoes, in tan, velvet, gun metal and patent leather.....	
Men's Gun Metal Bluchers, \$2.50 values.....	\$1.49	One lot Men's Working Shoes, tan and black, \$2.50 values.....	\$1.69
Men's Fine Shoes, in patent leather and gun metal, button and bluchers, \$3 values.....	\$1.99	Men's Extra Fine Shoes, in patent leather, tan and gun metal, button and blucher.....	

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