

WOMEN'S WOES

Paris Women Are Finding Relief at Last

It does seem that women have more than a fair share of the aches and pains that afflict humanity; they must "keep up," must attend to duties in spite of constant aching backs, or headaches, dizzy spells, bearing-down pains; they must stoop over, when stoop means torture. They must walk and bend and work with racking pains and many aches from kidney ills. Keeping the kidneys well has spared thousands of women much misery. Read of a remedy for kidneys only, that is endorsed by people you know.

Mrs. J. R. Moore, 133 E. Eighth street, Paris, says: "I was in bad shape with my kidneys and I was weak and miserable. I often had to let my housework go undone and I got so dizzy, black specks came before my eyes. My feet and ankles swelled. I doctored for a time but got no relief until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. My health was greatly improved in a short time and two boxes cured me. It is a pleasure for me to recommend Doan's."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Moore had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

LONGEVITY IN THE HILLS

The recent death of "Uncle John" Shell, who claimed to be 134 years old, in Leslie county, stresses the claim of the Kentucky mountains to longevity. The mountain patriarch may not have attained the extraordinary age he claimed, but there seems ample warrant for the belief that he was well over the century mark.

The case of "Uncle John" but emphasizes the fact that the mountains of Kentucky always have been associated with longevity and this has been featured in every Federal census report. Being close to nature and leading the simple life seems to make for the lengthening of the span of earthly existence and, like the rest of his people, "Uncle John" attributed his life to his habits and environment.

Centenarians are not uncommon in the mountains, but it is only when one approaches anything like the span reached by the Leslie county patriarch that public attention is attracted to what ordinarily passes unnoticed in a section where great age is more often not a mark of senility and decrepitude. Five living generations in one family is a rarity, but it is encountered in the highlands of Kentucky and four generations of a family hardly attracts notice.

"RUNNYMEADE" MAY BE LEASED

A special dispatch from Lexington to the Cincinnati Enquirer contained the following regarding "Runnymede Farm," the beautiful country estate near Paris, former home of the late Col. E. F. Clay:

"Brutus J. Clay, master of the famous 'Runnymede Farm,' near Paris, announces that he will either lease this place or take a number of thoroughbred stallions and mares the coming year. Runnymede, for years owned by Col. E. F. Clay, farmer and President of the State Racing Commission, one of the most widely-known breeders in America, is the home of imp. Billet, Hindoo, Sir Dixon and imp. Star Shoof (until 1912), and the birthplace of Runnymede (imp. Billet), Barnes, Miss Woodford, Raeland, Hanover, Sir Dixon, Belvidere, Sallie McClelland, The Butterflies, Blues, Ben Brush, Kilmarnock, Running Water, Kentucky Beau, Ocean Bound and many other noted race horses."

SECONDARY COLLEGES IN KENTUCKY

There are 19 secondary colleges in Kentucky. They are Millersburg College, Millersburg; Kentucky College for Women, Danville; Bethel Woman's College, Hopkinsville; Hamilton College, Lexington; Sayre College, Lexington; St. Xavier's College, Louisville; Kentucky Military Institute, Lyndon; Asbury College, Wilmore; Union College, Russellville; Sue Bennet Memorial School, London; St. Mary's College, St. Mary's; St. Joseph's College, Pikeville; Ogden College, Bowling Green; Cumberland College, Williamsburg; Margaret College, Versailles; and Kentucky Female Orphan School, Midway.

Matter of Application.
By dint of doing a little, or even a very little, every day, there is no lover of poetry and beauty who in the course of a few months might not be as deep as a bee in some of the sweetest flowers of other languages.—Leigh Hunt.

Georgia judge rules a nation is a deadly weapon. Can you guess if he is married or single.

REAL HOBO IS FRIEND OF WORK

Denver Dutchy Declares That Wanderers Bear Brunt of Many Heavy Tasks.

BEMOANS THE DEAR OLD DAYS

Old Thoroughbred Tramp Has Passed and Profession Has Petered Out—Only in Comics Do You See Tried and True Tramp.

Seattle, Wash.—Where are the tramps of yesterday?—those aptly dubbed "knights of the road," who, in halcyon days, were a common sight along stretches of railroad right-of-ways, throughout the country. Shiftless, happy-go-lucky fellows they were—readily identified as "wandering Willies," or members of the roving mendicant fraternity, by their makeshift hats, unkempt and usually unwashed stubble beards, ill-fitting patched trousers, nondescript coats, battered and tattered oversized shoes, but, best of all, by the tools of their "trade," a tin can and bandana handkerchief bundle which they carried on the end of a short stick over the shoulders.

"Alas, poor Dusty Rhodes! I knew him well, Horatio!" moaned Denver Dutchy, a more or less retired veteran of the road, as he gently closed a grimy paper-bound edition of Emerson's Essays, which he had been reading for diversion while "beating it a division," several weeks ago in a box car from Pueblo to Denver, Colo., over the Colorado & Southern railroad. His traveling companion and confidante of the last three days, the reporter, a mere novice, whose experience as a hobo consisted of a trifling 23,000 miles covered at intervals during a period of four years, had asked for reminiscences of the old days when "box cars were box cars, and men were men," stirred by fond memories of the past, was visibly affected.

Bemoans Dear Old Days.

"Ah, will those dear days ever come again," he said almost sadly, shifting his weight as the train took a sharp curve and rumbled into a long, dark tunnel in the mountain side. When daylight again showed through the open door Dutchy continued: "I think not. The old thoroughbred tramp has passed, and the profession has petered out. Only in the comics do you see the tried and true tramp of yesterday."

"Tramp life is a different life now from what it was ten years ago. And what makes it different is this: The old-time tramp was on the road to do as little work as possible. When he needed a stake to hold him over the winter in the North there were plenty of jobs in almost any town where he could put in a few days' work and come clear with enough money to live for a few weeks. On the road he could always tackle a woodpile for some 'kind lady' and get fed. Then, again, the jungles in every town were 'always full of 'bos' who had plenty of food they had bummed or had bought."

"Getting was easy in those days," Dutchy went on. "But now! There are several million men on the road—tramps and bums all—but they're not on the road because they want to be. Unemployment has put them there. Homeless, penniless and sometimes friendless, they are beating it from one town to another looking for work."

Few Realize Hardships.

"People in the city with jobs don't know what a hobo is up against. For that matter few of them know what a hobo, in the true sense of the word, is. They don't know that a real hobo is a traveling workman who does some of the hardest and poorest paid labor in the United States. Who harvests the great grain crops of the Middle West each year? Hobos who drift in from all over the country harvest it. They also build the railroads, irrigation projects and other construction jobs; cut the timber in the often-lousy logging camps, harvest the ice crops, work in mines and oil fields, and perform other work that lasts for only a short time and which only the drifters will tackle. A hobo will only bum when he is down and out and can't work out a meal."

Denver Dutchy said many other things. Subsequent investigation finds that he is correct. The hobo is a worker.

Conditions on the road are pitiful. In parts of the country where the unemployment situation is not critical the life is not so hard, but in portions where it is, as in the entire Southwest, many hobos are leading a life that is really worse than that of a hunted animal. Railroad detectives and special agents chase them off trains and out of railroad yards and the local police order them out of towns or arrest them for vagrancy.

Drastic Laws Against Them.

Many states, especially Texas, have drastic laws under which a man must serve from one to eleven months on road chain gangs if found guilty of vagrancy. This punishment has made many men bitter against the police and citizens of many cities, and agitators and agents of several radical organizations are using this fact as an argument toward enlisting hobos to their various causes. In the North-west posted at nearly every important freight division point, are representatives of the I. W. W. who solicit and often succeed in enrolling hobos for "red cards" on the strength of this argument alone. They hold the ter-

eral administration responsible in a large measure for national unemployment.

"Here's a land of plenty," they say. "You, a human being must wander through it starving, cold and tired with no place to lay your head. An alley cat or stray dog is better off than you are."

Few people realize what segregation of these two or three million idle men would mean. If there were not these hobos swarming in hordes over the railroads in every section of the Union, the unemployed permanent residents of most of the cities and towns would have less chance of getting positions. The city man should be thankful that there are hobos in times when work is plentiful.

Outlook Bad for 1922.

The outlook for 1922 is unfavorable, especially for the winter. With so many mines and mills shut down, and with the harvest season and construction jobs nearly over, it will not be long before several hundred thousand hobos will again have to "hit the road." Most old-timers predict a winter that will be worse than last year, one that brought much suffering.

Jails will have to be thrown open and winter quarters provided as well as bread lines formed.

Hobos everywhere advise youngsters not to try to beat their way anywhere at present, especially riding "blind baggage" on passenger trains. Mail guards have shot and killed so many suspects that it is unsafe.

Besides these hardships, there are more severe ones that tax a man's endurance to the utmost.

In some towns throughout the nation the restaurants and homes have been pestered so much by hungry men seeking work that several men have actually starved to death in them.—Ted Seelman in the Chicago Daily News.

LARGEST RADIO VACUUM TUBE



Dr. Irving Langmuir, assistant director of the research laboratory of the General Electric company, inspecting one of his new 20 kw. radio vacuum tubes, the largest ever made. This is the tube Marconi predicted would revolutionize wireless by replacing the gigantic alternators now used in transoceanic radio.

In his right hand Doctor Langmuir is holding a 20-I radiotone, the tube so widely used by amateurs with receiving sets. This shows the comparative size of the new tube.

AGED TREE IS BLOWN DOWN

"Lookout," Largest Cypress in State of Florida, Was 49 Feet in Circumference.

Moore Haven, Fla.—The "lookout tree," a cypress believed to have been the largest in Florida and which had stood for ages near the shore of Lake Okechobee, a short distance from the settlement of Belle Glade, has been blown down. It was 49 feet in circumference.

At the base was an artificial mound of sand believed to have been carried there from the lake shore by mound builders, who once were inhabitants of the territory. The Indians or prehistoric people buried many of their dead in the mound, for numerous specimens of human bones have been recovered from it. One of the most interesting of these was a wristbone encircled by a crude handcuff, a recent discovery.

INDIANS WILL GET \$2,500,000

United States Offers Sum to Potawatamies in Canada Waiving Rights to Wisconsin Land.

London, Ont.—A. G. Chisholm, solicitor for a number of Indian tribes in western Ontario, announced that at a recent conference in Ottawa with Indian department officials he had been informed that the American government would pay \$2,500,000 to the Potawatami Indians who are resident in Canada in payment for certain rights they once held in what is now Wisconsin.

Mr. Chisholm said tribal members in the United States are now being paid off and notification has been served on the British ambassador at Washington that the money soon would be available for the Potawatami Indians in the dominion.

Never Absent Nor Late.

York, Pa.—From the time she began school, at the age of six years, until the day of her graduation this spring from Millersville Normal school, Mary E. Fetrow of Lewisberry was never absent. Her unusual record shows she never was tardy nor ever excused from any part of any day's work in her school career. She was at her desk 2,700 days and spent 16,200 hours at her studies in the schoolroom.

LANCASTER MAN MAKES FINE PIPES

Garrard county has a unique factory in which the machinery consists of only a pocket knife and the material used an ordinary corn cob. And yet this "factory" is always taxed far beyond its capacity, for its output is known almost throughout the wide world. Sam Hurt corn cob pipes are seen in the halls of the United States Senate, in the offices of some of the most prominent financiers on Wall street and has customers in almost every State in the Union.

The only tools used by Mr. Hurt in the manufacture of his pipes are his pocket knife and a small iron rod, which he uses for burning out the hole for the stem. With these implements and a good stock of corn cobs Mr. Hurt is able to turn out enough pipes to yield him a nice income, but not anything like able to supply the ever-increasing demand for his pipes.

This pipe was probably brought into national prominence by the famous Garrard county fox hunters; these gentlemen, the Walker brothers in particular, would use nothing but the original "Sam Hurt Pipe," and they always smoked one when attending their national reunions, and almost every fox hunter throughout the country is now Mr. Hurt's customer.

Mr. Hurt's pipe sells for an average of 50 cents each, ranging from that price to as high as \$5 each. These pipes may seem high, but every pipe is hand-made, and will outlast an ordinary briar, and is considered by smokers to be the sweetest, best smoking pipe obtainable.

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RED TAPE CAUSES 6,000 MILE ROUND TRIP

Again red tape has clashed with human kindness in the administration of the "quota" immigration laws.

And red tape has triumphed—with a triple result:

One: The young wife of a Belgian resident of Chicago, who has filed his declaration to become an American citizen, is being forced to make an extra 6,000-mile trip to Europe in order to gain admittance to the United States for her eight-year-old son. The woman herself is admissible, having lived for some time at Chicago with her husband before she returned to Europe. But the child cannot be admitted until another month's quota rolls around.

Two: The husband, already crushed by the ruin of war in Belgium and struggling for a new start in America, is forced to bear the expense of the extra 6,000-mile trip to postpone the reunion with wife and child on which his heart was set.

Three: Official Washington is aroused. Whatever their attitude on the merits of the "quota" immigration laws may be, legislators are preparing to demand that their enforcement be tempered by reason and kindness and that more emphasis be laid on the spirit of the regulations than on their letter.

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THE BOURBON NEWS.

First Known Use of Ink.
The bureau of standards says that the earliest use of liquid which can be described as ink is found in the remnants of ancient Egyptian civilizations, and the date was probably about 2500 B. C. Chinese or Indian ink is known to have been in existence about this time. These inks were black and their base was carbon. Probably gum, oil or varnish was mixed with it.

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