

Frankfort Weekly News

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INCORPORATED.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce J. CAMPBELL CAMPBELL, of Scott county, as a candidate for Congress, subject to the Democratic convention, September 3.

We are authorized to announce W. P. KIMBALL, of Fayette county, as a candidate for re-election to Congress from the 7th Congressional District, subject to the action of the Democratic Convention, September 3.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.

The News is authorized to announce R. C. Heath as a candidate for county judge of Franklin county, subject to the action of the Democratic party. 7-2tf.

The Denver convention should be a convention of harmony with concessions made to all factions but no compromise with dishonor, as Marse Henry would say. The platform can not please everybody, naturally and it would be a weak and futile thing if it could. They tell a story of a distinguished United States Senator, who was extremely cautious. He would not express an opinion on any subject, positively. One day, at a club, a crowd of Representatives and Senators were discussing this trait and a bet was made. It had rained in Washington for two days and when this Senator came in he was asked:

"Senator, do you think it will quit raining?"

"Well," he replied, deliberately, "It always has."

The Democrats do not want that kind of a platform. They want a platform that will take a positive and decisive stand, and which will let the people know "where they are at." There must be no trimming and beating about, but the platform must also conform to the various feelings of the Democrats. The maker of such a platform is to have a lively job on his hands. He is to have the same sort of task as was once dealt out to a newspaper man.

"Go up there and call them names, show that they are crooked and thieves and selling out, but don't make them mad."

That is what the writer of the Denver platform has to do. He may be able to do it. At any rate the Democrats have a good chance to land the election this year.

Frankfort is on a boom again as is shown by the directory which has just been issued. This shows the population to be nearly 14,000 and this does not include some two hundred or more persons who live beyond the city limits but do business in Frankfort. Frankfort is the best town of its size in Kentucky, beyond all question and in a few years, now that the capital question is settled for all time, the town will be a city. If one doubts that Frankfort is a live town or that nobody lives here one has only to go into town at night and one will find the streets as crowded as they are in Louisville. And then, too, Frankfort is getting so big that everybody does not know everybody else. The sign of a small town is when the entire population knows everybody. In a small town in Pennsylvania a stranger asked a native how many people lived there. The native began counting them on the fingers of his left hand and that is the way one would have done in Frankfort some years ago, now it is different. Go to one of the numerous moving pictures shows any evening and one will find a crowd and a crowd that is not personally known to all those present. Frankfort is growing fast and there is no reason why it should not grow faster.

The Democrats of Kentucky should do as the Republicans have already done; establish a permanent headquarters in Louisville from which the campaign could be conducted, not for two or three months in the year but for twelve months in the year. The result of the last election was due largely to the headquarters which the Republicans had in Louisville. The fight to carry an election must be waged all the time. It will not do to jump in during the last few weeks before the election and then attempt to perfect an organization. The organization must be kept up all the time and the committee should be in touch with every precinct all the time. It would be expensive but the money could be raised easily and with a compact organization the Democrats would have things their own way in Kentucky.

Gov. Willson is within his rights in being sore because of the misconception placed on the interview which was published in the Cincinnati Enquirer. He has been credited with saying that a majority of the tobacco growers are negroes and ignorant and lawless. What he actually said, as the article itself will prove, was that the laborers were negroes and lawless. He meant the men actually employed in the field, not the owners of the land. The Governor is having his troubles these days but a Governor always does and it is to be expected.

When has a man pardoned so many men as were pardoned by Gov. Cox and not aroused criticism? None of the pardons caused any protest and the course of the Acting Governor was warmly approved by everybody. The prison officials and guards all say that he did exactly right in every instance and the convicts have something to look forward to and some incentive for good behavior, knowing that their pardon does not depend on political pull.

We are sorry to see Gov. Cox leave Frankfort and go back to his home in Maysville. He is always welcome in Frankfort and everybody here is glad to see him in the executive chair.

James N. Kehoe has announced for Congress in the Ninth district and if the Democrats nominate him he will win. He is the kind of a man Kentucky needs in the National Congress.

The Pessimist Erstwhile The Optimist By A. R. D.

This column has changed. No more Optimist. The Optimist has become a pessimist; a "rantankerous," perverse, disagreeable, peevish and cross pessimist. Almost a cynic. The dictionary says a cynic is a person with a snarling disposition. This is a good definition. It fits this case exactly. Perhaps, once having snarled a good long time and having been very vicious and perverse, the spell will leave and things will once more assume the rosy hue which Frankfort people should see in life. But until then this column is not going under any false colors. It is not going to fly the stars and stripes and play the "Star Spangled Banner" until it has reached its unsuspecting victim and then run up the black flag of piracy. No false pretenses. If you read this it is your own fault. You saw the caption, put there as a warning, and if you don't like pessimism then you had no business tackling a column that is obviously and patently cross. One of the typesetters said to The Optimist, the other day:

"Look here, it seems to me that column of yours is not rightly named. You do too much kicking for an optimist."

Perhaps he was right. Printers sometimes are. So the change. Now that it is a pessimist column the author is going to run riot for a while and cut and slash right and left, like a Malay run amuck, until his frenzy is over, then he will again become a gentle, inoffensive optimist, preaching patience.

One thing against which The Pessimist rails is convention. That is what

Kagin Bros.' Mammoth Mid-Summer Remnant Sale

Begins today. This is going to be the Greatest Bargain Event that has happened in Frankfort for many days. So it will be worth your coming. It is our custom, after each season, to clean up all Remnants, Short Lengths, Soiled Ends, Broken Lots and all Odds and Ends to constantly keep our stock new and fresh, so, beginning Today, we have gathered together hundreds of—

REMNANTS AND SOILED ENDS, SUCH AS SILKS, DRESS GOODS, WHITE SHIRT WAIST GOODS, GINGHAMS, PERSALES, TABLE LINEN, SHEETING COTTON, CALICOS, EMBROIDERIES, LACES, RIBBON, ETC.

In addition to the Remnants, we will offer some great inducements from our regular stock, as follows:

3 1-2c

For Pretty Lawns in dots and stripes. Worth 5 and 7½c per yard.

5c

For yard wide Unbleached Cotton, worth 6½c per yd.

6 1-2c

For Extra Nice Soft Finish Bleached Cotton, worth 10c per yard.

7 1-2c

For White India Linen, good Sheer Quality, worth 10c.

Kagin & Bros

makes him a pessimist. He is told he must do thus and so because somebody, somewhere, set a standard that way and, purely in an arbitrary fashion, said it must be done that way. And the world goes on obeying, not daring to defy. Things are done, not because they are essentially right, or because it would be wrong not to do them, but because custom says that they should be done. One's acts may be wrong per se, or wrong because they are forbidden. The latter are not wrong except that somebody, with the power, says that they are wrong. There is nothing in the acts themselves that is wrong, but custom or the lawmaking body steps in and says that it is wrong.

For instance, there is nothing wrong about a man's wearing green trousers, red shoes and a purple shirt. He commits no wrong, except, perhaps, to offend the esthetic taste of those not savage. Yet, if a man, thus clad, should walk down the street, he would

FOURTH COUNT IN PIANO CONTEST AT M'CLURE'S.

Miss Edna Marshall	6392
Miss Matta Gaines	5905
Baptist Sunday School	5754
Miss Lillian Hinnau	5449
City School	4914
B. P. O. Elks	3396
Miss Ellie Scott	1605
Miss Henrietta Eales	1643
Miss Virginia Hoge	1580
Miss Della Bonnell	1285
Miss Ella Wash	997
Salvation Army	782
Miss Rose Sutterlin	552
Country Club	540
Miss Irena Johnson	510
Miss Louisa Thomas	407

And a number of scattered votes for others not high enough up in the race to publish yet. Next count next Thursday. A coupon with every 5c cash purchase and every payment on account. Ask for coupons and vote for your favorite. The contest is just started and is going to be a lively one.

R. K. McCLURE & SONS. INCORPORATED.

attract a great deal of attention and his friends would reason with him or commit him to an insane asylum. Yet why? If a man wants to wear that combination, why not let him? How does he offend? If he likes that sort of thing he is certainly injuring no one by wearing it. That is an extreme case. Yet, if you want to test it, wear a bright red necktie. About half the persons one meets will comment on the necktie. Why? What difference can it make to any one else whether you wear a blue or a black or a red necktie? And whose business is it but your own?

Convention lays down certain rules for action and you must subscribe to them or be put down as a freak. And yet, they say we live in a free country and are free agents. That is the greatest mistake in the world. We are tied hand and foot by convention and by fear of what the crowd will say. Let a man deviate from the usual and he is as the rogue elephant—an outcast. Every person who is a member of society receives from that association certain privileges and in return gives up certain rights and privileges. This is as it should be. We cannot be selfish and think only of ourselves, or society, in the broader sense of that word, would disintegrate. The more civilized we become the fewer privileges we have. A man in the city is more restricted than that same man in the country. In the country, he may spit where he pleases, if he does please, but in the city he is told that it is harmful and he must not; furthermore, he is forced to abstain. In the city he has paved streets, trained police to protect him and his property, and firemen to guard his house, but he loses many rights that he would have in the country. This is all well enough. But where he transgresses no law or interferes with no one else, he should be allowed to do as he pleases and would do as he pleases but for lack of moral courage. Mark Twain wore a solid suit of white clothes, because he liked white clothes and because they suited

him better. The public allowed him to do it because he was a celebrity, but the white clothes were worth columns of space to Mr. Clemens. Everybody commented on his white clothes. Being a strong man, he resisted and continued to wear his white clothes, but most men would have fled to the usual hot apparel. Another man likes cooked tomatoes excessively sweet. There is no reason why he should not eat them that way if he wants to. The sugar is not begrudged him, but somebody at the table always comments on the quantity of sugar he uses on the tomatoes. He must be cast-iron and deaf or eat tomatoes as other people eat them, or not eat them at all, merely because other people like them less sweet.

The Pessimist is a non-conformist. So far as he is able, without transgressing other persons' rights, he does as he pleases, and he expects to continue, regardless of being called queer, a freak, old and cranky, a fossil, and selfish. For instance, there is a crowd. The crowd does not talk to him, or of things which interest him, but the talk flows along in lines that are purely personal and interesting only to those involved. Which is all right and proper. The others want to talk that way, and there is no reason why they should not, being in the majority. The Pessimist leaves the crowd and goes to his room, where he enjoys life reading a good story. He is dubbed unsociable and a freak. He is neither. He is merely a human being who refuses to be bored or to bore others. That is all it amounts to. He is not missed nor mourned, and why should he not be allowed his own way?

Down in Louisville they have a skating rink for negroes. It is, or was, located over a drugstore. One night, when it first opened, a large and excessively fat negro woman, weighing some 350 pounds, went to the rink and put on a pair of skates. She had never tried it before and had taken only a few steps when he sat down, invol-

untarily and with abruptness. In the drugstore beneath they thought there had been an earthquake. Bottles fell off the shelves and the doors and windows rattled. Some half a dozen strong men hoisted the woman to her feet and started her off again. She sat again, with a thud like the sudden lying down of an elephant. After the third fall, the Brooklyn negro who was acting as manager of the rink, went up to the woman and said:

"Look here, lady, you'll have to take them skates off. You can't skate here."

"You go 'way from yere, nigger, I've paid twenty-five cents fer dese skates, an' I got es much right es anybody to skate here."

"I knows dat, lady," replied the manager, who was polite, but firm. "I knows dat, lady, but you ain't doin' this buildin' no good."

In a crowd the other night they were talking about the misuse of words and grammar, and giving illustrations of ungrammatical sentences, when one member of the crowd took the prize, with the following sentence, which he said a man in his town had perpetrated, shortly after acting as a volunteer fireman, when a residence was destroyed:

"I fit the fire until I was plumb wore out, but when they turned those hose on me I think was what done it."

Delay in commencing treatment for a slight irregularity that could have been cured quickly by Foley's Kidney Remedy may result in a serious kidney disease. Foley's Kidney Remedy builds up the worn out tissues and strengthens these organs. Commence taking it today. For sale by all druggists.

Good printing isn't a very hard thing to obtain, if one goes after it in the right manner. Select a man with a reputation for producing good printing, give him sufficient time to execute a neat job, and pay him a liberal price for his work. If you will follow these directions, we are sure you will get the result you desire. We have boasted that we did more fine and down-to-date work than all our competitors.