

THE BOURBON NEWS (Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.)

Published every Tuesday and Friday by WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner SWIFT CHAMP, Editors and Owners

A PLATONIC AFFAIR AT THE SEASIDE

By Douglas Dunne.

Scene—A piazza table by the sea. People—The Boy and the Girl. Time—Afternoon.

THE Girl—Funny that we should meet here! I came in quite by chance. I was going down the Cliff walk. The Boy—Yes, I saw you. The Girl—I thought of you as I passed, but, of course, I couldn't look. The Boy—Odd how things happen. The Girl—We seem to meet so often afterwards—quite by chance. The Boy—It's one of those coincidences—you go by a certain hour every day. The Girl—And you are always there. The Boy—And it seems as though we always have something to say. The Girl—That's why our friendship is so delightful. I get so tired of sentiment!



"LET'S SAY WE ARE ENGAGED."

won't remark it. Why, you have no idea what silly ideas people get sometimes. For instance, they suggest—oh, well, it's too ridiculous! The Boy—What? The Girl—That we are engaged! Just fancy! Ha! ha! The Boy—Ha! ha! But—by Jove—that doesn't seem fair to you! The Girl—Oh, I don't mind it in the least. The Boy—But there may be some other chap that— The Girl—I don't care for anyone in that way! But I never thought that—well, there may be some other girl? The Boy—No—really—I don't like girls as a rule. You are the only one that I can understand. Do you believe in affinities? The Girl—I believe in mental magnetism. When I first met you—it seemed as though we had been destined to be friends! Your face—your smile—your manner were all my ideal of what a man should be! The Boy—And I—when you came into the room—you remember it was at Alice's tea—I said to myself—that is the nicest girl I've ever met! The Girl—I suppose commonplace people would call it— The Boy—Exactly—but it's something more than that. The Girl—You take the other sort of things—there are so many unpleasant things about it—jealousy, for instance. The Boy—We might have mistaken the sentiment and imagined we were in love—if your logical way of talking hadn't made me understand that it was a mental affinity. The Girl—As it is we shall go on—and on—forever, just being good friends. The Boy—But suppose you marry some day—that would spoil everything. I don't suppose your husband would understand— The Girl—I am quite sure your wife would object! Women are funny that way. Very few girls understand mental love affairs. The Boy—Oh, I shall never marry. There's only one girl that I like well enough, and she—

The Girl (quickly)—It isn't Alice, is it? The Boy—Alice! Now, you know better than that. I don't like those mousey-looking girls. She's not my style! The Girl—Alice is a well-meaning girl. How do you like her brother Jack? The Boy—Good enough sort of a fellow— The Girl—He used to call last winter. I thought him rather amusing. He tells such funny stories. The Boy—But light-waisted, don't you think? The Girl—Oh, I prefer a serious man! The Boy—If you should marry, what kind of a chap would you pick out? The Girl—Oh—ha—ha—ha! What an idea! The Boy—But really! You will have to think about it some day. The Girl—I shall never marry. The man I might like—well, he doesn't care for me in that way. The Boy—Doesn't care for you? Well, I like that. He must be a chump. Do I know him? The Girl—He has charming qualities—more so than any man I know! The Boy (moody)—Oh, then, I see—I'm not in it? The Girl (softly)—Well, the e's that girl you care for! After all, a mental love affair may not last any more than the other sort. I suppose I should get jealous—just like any other girl! The Boy—But there is no other girl but you. The Girl—Now, you are beginning to make love. Next thing you'll tell me I'm the only girl you ever— The Boy—I know you've cared for lots of fellows. They accuse you of being something of a flirt—like to play with a chap's heart, and all that. Is it true? The Girl—Not with a man I could respect. The Boy—Oh, hang respect! Could you care for me? The Girl—That way? The Boy—Oh, there's only one way when you get to it— The Girl—How can people tell where they're really— The Boy—Up against it? The Girl—In love! The Boy—Oh, you know all right—when it really happens! The Girl—But people confuse—all sorts of things with love nowadays. Magnetism and mental attraction and— The Boy—Oh, look here—I didn't ask you for a cold-blooded analysis. I want— The Girl—What? The Boy—You! The Girl—Perhaps you only think you do. Wait a few years, and then we will be sure. Then we may meet some other affinities. Some people have two or three, you know. The Boy—Oh, say, if it's a joke to you— The Girl—It's so ordinary to just be in love! A platonic affair is more up to date. The Boy—I want an answer. You can't play with me. I'm no boy! The Girl—Ha, ha, ha! I've heard that somewhere before! The Boy—All right; I'm going. The Girl—No, wait a minute. It's all new to me. The Boy—Well, try to absorb the idea and tell me— The Girl—What? The Boy—Yes. The Girl—It seems so funny— The Boy—Yes, it's much jollier to be engaged. The Girl—But I never thought it would happen like this. The Boy—Neither did I. But have you ever thought what fun it would be to stop all the talk? The Girl—About our being engaged? But how? The Boy—Dead easy. Announce that we really are. The Girl—Do you really care? The Boy—Do I really? Say, does a man talk like this for his health, do you think? The Girl—It's not a bit like a book or a play, is it? The Boy—No, this is the real thing. The Girl—Then we must have been in love from the first? The Boy—Sure. The Girl—Why didn't you tell me before? The Boy—I was afraid you didn't care, and I knew it would break me all up if you didn't. Do you? The Girl—Everything! The Boy—Really? You're not jollying me? The Girl—I've been dying to have you tell me. Ha, ha, ha! The Boy—Honest? Ha, ha, ha! How long? The Girl—Ever since!—St. Louis Republic.

A JAPANESE KINDERGARTEN. An Institution That Is a Picturesque Feature of the Flowery Kingdom. "Yoshien" is the Japanese word for kindergarten, writes Anna Northend Benjamin, in St. Nicholas. No large Japanese city is without one, and the small pupils who attend them are taught exactly what American children are taught in the kindergartens in the United States. But though the instruction, the music and the games are the same, there are many other ways in which the Japanese kindergarten differs from those in other countries. The school building is almost always of Japanese architecture, of one story, the walls of board and plaster, and the roof made with slate-colored tiles. Inside the rooms are much larger than in an ordinary Japanese house, and the floors are covered with straw mats. In winter it is very cold, and the kindergartens are not heated as are ours. Sometimes, in the bitter cold weather, there will be nothing but a brazier—called a hibachi—containing two or three small sticks of charcoal to warm a large room. But the Japanese are used to cold during the winter, and do not understand how we can be comfortable with so much heat in our houses. The children are brought to the school in the morning by their mothers, or by an older sister, or a nursemaid named an amah. Before entering the front door they slip off their high wooden shoes, called geta, and put their feet into straw sandals. There are shelves for the geta at both sides of the entrance, and when they are full the little wooden shoes are laid in a neat row in front of the steps. This looks very strange to the American visitor. When the children go inside to the large room where the circle is marked on the floor, they make a deep bow to each one of the teachers, bending their bodies forward from their waists, head and all, in the most grave and courteous manner. This is the Japanese way of bowing, and a child is taught to do it as soon as he can walk. When, a little later, one of the girls has taken the gifts to distribute among the scholars sitting at the tables, she makes one of these low bows as she delivers the gift to each one, and receives a bow in return. When noon comes the children march into a long room where their lunch or beto boxes are laid out at each one's place, and beside each of these is a pair of chopsticks. Each little lunch box contains several compartments, one on top of the other, and these have been carefully filled by the mother at home, one with snow-white rice, one with some little pieces of meat or pickles to eat with it, and the third with some tiny bits of sponge cake. Tea is made at the school, very weak, and served in small blue bowls at each place. This is without either sugar or milk, for that is the custom in Japan. No meat is complete without this tea. When the signal is given the boxes are opened, and the chopsticks make very rapid excursions to all the eager little mouths. The pretty dress of the children and their courteous manners make the Japanese kindergarten the most picturesque in the world. Every child is dressed in a long kimono of some bright colors, with flowing sleeves. Around the waist is a sash called an obi. Their straight black hair is cut in fantastic ways, like that of the Japanese dolls that belong to some American children. Here are some of the pupils' names: Miss Perfume, Miss Silk Umbrella, Miss Arrow Island, Miss Prune, Miss in the Bamboo, Mr. High Tree, Mr. Mountain, Mr. Long-tail-tiger, Mr. Middle-of-the-field, Mr. Before-the-river and Mr. Three Valleys. Of course these names are all in Japanese, and I have given them translated into English.

A MODERN EDEN. According to This Account Oklahoma Is a Good Place for Poor Folks. There is no need to go to Europe for cheap living while Oklahoma exists, says Helen Churchill Candee, in Atlantic. Distance from the large markets makes it the ideal place for housekeepers with a slender purse. All home-grown foods of a perishable nature can be had for refreshingly low prices. Some of these I quote that I may make heads of eastern families groan with envy. Watermelons, notwithstanding that several hundred freight cars of this juicy fruit roll northward to Kansas City, can be bought at any time from July to cold weather for five cents each, and these of a size and sweetness unsurpassed. Muskmelons, delicious as nectar, are five cents a dozen, although these, too, are sent away liberally in car loads. Spring chickens are 25 cents a pair; sweetbreads, 10 and 15 cents; beef and lamb, 15 cents a pound. Grapes—alas, this luscious crop is nearly given away—one cent a pound for the best. The reason for this humble price attached to so fine a fruit is that the crop matures and is in its prime during the heat of August, and shipment is impossible except in refrigerator cars, which are too expensive. And so the whole population revels in delicious juice. A Sex Difference. Mrs. Cobwigger—When men turn around in the street to look after a woman it shows that she has a pretty face. Cobwigger—That's so, my dear! An' when women turn to look after her it shows that she has a pretty dress.—Puck. Where It Would Not Work. "Johnny, dear, did you try to mind the golden rule in your dealings with your playmates at school to-day?" "Yes'm; till we had recess. You can't use it in football, you know. I'd kill the game dealer's a door nail."—Chicago Tribune.

WINTER CLOTHING. Due Attention Should Be Given to the Important Item of Underwear. Winter weather lingers long after the calendar announces that spring has come, and October is the first month of autumn that reminds us by its keen breezes that summer has gone and the earth will soon be frozen. That the season of cold and snow will begin again. The change from summer to winter clothing, which generally takes place as late as this month, is a less marked one than it formerly was. Furs are now worn in midsummer and diaphanous muslin in midwinter in a way that would have amazed our grandmothers. Yet there is no doubt that we dress better and more hygienically to-day than we ever have. The generations past knew practically nothing of wool underwear. It was not until the beginning of this century and long after Cartwright had applied power to the ordinary loom that an American applied power to the stocking loom and the great underwear factories were started in this country and in England. This stockinet underwear, which to-day is so much a part of everyone's clothing that we forget that our ancestors knew nothing about it, has revolutionized the clothing of mankind since the eighteenth century. The question of comfort in clothing has been settled for winter weather at least, and the well-fitting, aesthetic outer clothing of the present time made possible. Warmly clad in closely fitting garments of wool or merino, we can afford to defy the stoutest breezes of winter and what we wear outside of this underwear depends upon our taste rather than upon our comfort. Coarse homespun linen undergarments were all a nobleman in the eighteenth century could hope to own. A slight inspection of specimens of underclothing from generations gone by tells us how little genuine comfort existed even among wealthy classes, says the New York Tribune. When stockinet underwear was first introduced there was a prejudice against it. Wasp-like waists were still the fashion, and the new underwear increased the bulk of the waist. But to-day, when this fashion is passed and warm underwear is now worn so that it fits the figure and scarcely adds to the apparent size of the waist, there is no shadow of reason left for this objection. Physicians of all creeds and practices unite in commending it, and the majority of people to-day wear an undervest or a complete suit of merino. It has been warmly argued on some of the highest authority that this suit should be pure wool. Delicate persons and all who are afflicted with rheumatism should certainly wear pure wool, on the score of health, but it is not necessary for warm-blooded people to do so. It would be an affliction and not a comfort. Since the world began some foolish people have been trying to find a panacea for all the ills, or a universal material for clothing suited to everyone, and they are about as far from the result to-day as they ever were. People with any independence of thought prefer to use their individual judgment in such matters. Some people find it more comfortable to wear a light undergarment of wool in summer, but there is no reason why others to whom such a garment would be misery should do so. The use of warm undergarments has made it possible to wear working dresses of cotton in the house in winter as well as in summer. The advantage of these is that they can be easily washed and their freshness repeatedly renewed. Girls going away to boarding school now find they need cotton shirt waists more or less the year around, and sheer muslin dresses for the evening. There is no possible risk in wearing such light clothing within doors in steam heated houses. Sensible people long ago discovered that in the fickle weather of summer there were many cool evenings when light wool and fur wraps were comfortable, and thus they came into fashionable use. Our ancestors used no woolen dress goods in hot weather except the sheersheet de beiges and other coarse gauzes, because the light, firm cloths of wool now used in summer were not manufactured. To-day, owing to the vast improvements in weaving wool cloths in the last half century, wool has become the almost universal fabric for summer as well as for winter, and the material for all substantial wear. It is not likely that any other fabric will ever succeed it. Household Management. Days in the household when extra work throws the usual order out when whatever else does or does not get attended to the extra work must be done, call also for good management and planning beforehand. Such dishes as can be easily prepared and will not need watching, or such as can be entirely cooked the previous day and only want reheating, will economize time in the kitchen, and throughout the house the same forethought in regard to the details of work will save much unnecessary friction. While organization may be a gift, the art of management is one that is only acquired by training, and sometimes only after long years of this schooling. The fees paid for its acquirement are oftentimes high, indeed, but as it is one of the crowning features of woman's education, so it is also one of the most noble attributes of the character of those who by "wisdom and honor have eternal life."—Chicago Daily News. Apple and Celery Salad. A delicious salad may be made from apples and celery. First chill them in cold water; after they are diced, mix equal parts of both together, salt to taste and blend thoroughly with mayonnaise dressing. Serve on lettuce leaves and garnish with cherries.—People's Home Journal.

SHOTGUN HUNG FIRE. The Failure of One Southern Mountaineer Who Went "Folks" Hunting. After supper I sat down for a smoke and a talk with a squatter, but in about half an hour he rose up and said: "Waal, stranger, I'll hev to leave you fur an hour or so to visit with the old woman and children." I did not inquire the reason, said the traveler, according to the Chicago Daily News, for his departure, of course, but as he took his gun and walked down the road the wife felt called upon to explain: "He uns jist gwine down thar about a mile to hunt." "I see. Is this the coon season around here?" "Coons? Oh, no! Coonskins hain't wuth shucks this time o' yar." "And the same with possums and woodchucks, I suppose?" "Sartin. No use to kill varmint in the summer." "Any bears around here?" I asked, wondering what the squatter could be hunting. "Reckon not, sah. Hain't nobody seen a b'ar around yere fur many y'ars." "But what kind of game do you have around here that is hunted at night with a gun?" "Only jist folks, sah—jist folks!" "Do you mean that your husband has gone to hunt a human being?" "Yes, sah; that's it. Jim's gone to hunt a man—man named Snicker. Yes, Jim's gone down to the crossroad to hunt Dan Snicker." "But where does Dan Snicker live?" "Bout five miles west. He un bin to town to-day and has to go home by the crossroads. Jim's bin layin' fur him a y'ar." "And he will shoot him as he comes riding along?" "Sartin to! Dan Snicker him popped at Jim once, but didn't hit. Sov over thar in the smudge, stranger, and the pesky 'skeeters won't bite so hard." It was 11 o'clock and I was in bed when Jim returned. The wife sat in the open door smoking her pipe and as the husband turned in from the road she calmly inquired: "Pop him, Jim?" "No, Mandy." "Fur why not?" "Gun hung fire, and he got away." "Shoo! Hev to try ag'in!" "Of co'se. Stranger turned in?" "Yes—come 'long to bed!" TO HOUSEKEEPERS. Suggestions Concerning Various Matters That Come Within Their Province. Feathers may be cleaned and the peculiar odor that sometimes pertains to them removed by washing them in water into which ammonia has been put. It is better to dampen them before taking them out of the ticks, so they will not fly. While still wet, after the cleaning process, pin them or sew them in a bag made of a large sheet and run this on the line where the sun and air can have their way with them in the process of drying and freshening. It may take several days to dry them perfectly. In the meanwhile wash and dry the ticks. Choose for pillows and mattress covers, the light gray and the light brown tickings, rather than the dark blues, etc., says the Detroit Free Press. It is not good style to pile the dinner plates before the carver's place and pass them from thence. A plate should be put at every place. The maid then takes the plate from the carver and hands it to the person, taking the plate at his place back to the carver. If there is no waitress, the full plate is passed and the place plate returned from hand to hand. If soup is served the soup plate is set upon the place-plate. There is, however, no plate under the salad-plate. Correct serving requires a plate at every place except where the table is being cleared for the dessert. The brass picture hangers (hooks) which slip over the picture molding and hold the picture wire sometimes gets badly tarnished. They may be made as bright as new by getting some muriatic acid, putting it in a cup or tumbler, and after stringing the hooks on a cord, dipping them in it for a minute or two. Do not get this acid on hands or clothing. Biscuit and rolls should be allowed to rise one-half longer than bread, because the loaves of the former, being smaller, are more easily penetrated by the heat and the fermentation is more speedily arrested, therefore they do not rise so much in the oven. Make Child's Punishment Fit Offense. The punishment should be proportioned to the offense and grow out of it as a natural consequence. A child who is lazy in the morning and persistently late for breakfast should be deprived, not of a proper amount of food, but of something he particularly likes and might have had if he had been in time, as sugar on the oatmeal, or sirup on the griddle cakes. If he has been promised that he should go for a drive, or a walk, or some expedition, and is not ready at the time for starting he should be left behind. The bitter disappointment will teach him, as nothing else can do as effectually, the value of punctuality. If he is sent on an errand and does not return promptly he should not be allowed to taste the nice things made with the sugar or eggs he was so long in bringing. If his errand were of some other nature he should be made to stay alone in his own room for as long a time as he has kept his mother, or anyone else, waiting.—Ladies' Home Journal. One Way to Destroy Weeds. An old oachelor says the surest way to destroy weeds is to marry a widow.—Chicago Daily News.

BUSINESS EDUCATION. THE LEXINGTON BUSINESS COLLEGE. INCORPORATED. B. B. JONES, Pres. E. G. SPINK, Vice-Pres. THE LEADING PRACTICAL SCHOOL OF THE SOUTH. Bookkeeping • Shorthand • Telegraphy. Courses graded. Short, Practical, Modern. Non-Res. Course for Teachers. No vacation. Chess Board, Club or private. Best Home Study Course—Shorthand or Bookkeeping. Experienced Teachers. Individual Instruction. Three Departments.—All Commercial Branches. Enter Any Time. Open to Both Sexes. Elegant Diploma. POSITIONS: Tuition may be deposited in bank until position is secured. 165 former pupils holding positions in Lexington alone. For "Kata-log" and full particulars, address B. B. JONES, President, LEXINGTON, KY. For particulars concerning HOME STUDY, address Dept. B.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL. LOUISVILLE, KY. PIKE CAMPBELL, Manager. Centrally located. Convenient to business portion of city and all theatres. Only good hotel in Louisville giving \$3 rate. Excellent service. 19.01.3m.

ATTENTION, CITIZENS. Now is the time to bring in your engines, mowers and farm machinery for repairs. Also Mower and binder blades, and don't forget your lawn mowers, gas and oil stoves which I will make as good as new. Gas, steam and water pipe fitting. Steel ranges repaired. All work guaranteed.

NEWBALL'S MACHINE SHOP. Cor. Third and Pleasant St. JOHN CONNELLY, PLUMBER, PARIS, KENTUCKY. Work guaranteed satisfactory. Calls promptly answered. Your work is solicited. Prices, reasonable.

HOTEL REED, LEXINGTON, KY. JAS. CONNOR, Prop. Newly furnished and improved. Service excellent. Rate, \$2 per day. Headquarters for Bourbon people.

THE DIRECT LINE BETWEEN CINCINNATI AND CHICAGO, VIA INDIANAPOLIS AND MONON ROUTE. Connecting at Chicago for the NORTH AND WEST. And at Cincinnati with all roads for SOUTHERN CITIES AND THE Health and Pleasure Resorts of FLORIDA, CALIFORNIA and MEXICO. Four trains weekdays, three Sundays, CINCINNATI and CHICAGO. Cafe Cars, Pullman Compartment, and Standard Sleepers. Any Agent or Representative of the C. H. & D. will be pleased to furnish information, or address, D. G. EDWARDS, Passenger Traffic Manager, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

KIDNEY DISEASES are the most fatal of all diseases. FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is a Guaranteed Remedy or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the best for Kidney and Bladder troubles. PRICE 50c. and \$1.00. CLARKE & KENNY.