

THE CALDWELL TRIBUNE

Established December 7, 1883.

Sworn Circulation Over 2500.

Published by THE CALDWELL PRINTING CO. Ltd. Tribune Building 811 Main Street

Subscription \$2.00 Per Annum

Advertising Rates on Application.

Entered the Postoffice at Caldwell, Idaho, as second class matter.

THE FLUB DUB OF IT ALL.

James J. Hill recently spoke of the failure of the public schools of the country. He called attention to the fact that the average graduate of the high school was unfitted for anything.

The trouble is that the average school teacher has neither breadth of understanding nor depth of experience. He reads in a magazine that manual training, the teaching of trades, is a great success at Gary, Indiana.

THE GOOD WILL OF RECLAMATION OFFICIALS.

Elsewhere in this issue of The Tribune will be found expressions of good-will from the officials of the United States Reclamation Service.

In order to make good the settler is entitled to three things. They are: a liberal interpretation of the law in order that same rules may be deducted from the law; an extension of ten or twenty years in the time in which he makes payment; and last and more important than all, full justice in ascertaining the cost of the irrigation systems constructed.

THE EYE SEES THOSE THINGS WHICH IT HAS A MIND TO SEE.

The New Freedom in its last issue calls upon Senator James H. Brady to resign his seat in the United States senate. The allegation is made that Senator Brady has violated the letter and the spirit of the direct primary law by the reckless use of money, has deceived the state supreme court and perjured himself in testimony offered in court.

Without the one we would soon forget the other. Mr. Jacob Riis, official announcer for Colonel Roosevelt, announces that the Colonel will be a candidate in 1916. If he does not secure the Republican nomination he will run as an independent.

THE TRICK WAS TURNED.

Last week we were in a sad quandry. We did not know how the escape of the Capital News was to be made. We felt certain that something was about to be done because Richard Story Sheridan, publisher of the independent newspaper called the Capital News, had stated at the recent Bull Moose gathering at Boise, that once again he was the owner of his newspaper.

Senator Brady has filed a new mortgage for \$350,000.00 in favor of the Zion's Savings Bank of Salt Lake. The bonds, stocks and notes of the Capital news are not placed as security for this mortgage.

THE PAY-AS-YOU-GO THEORY.

The resolution adopted by the State Grange favoring the construction of useful rather than scenic, developing rather than advertising, wagon roads will meet with the approbation of all sensible persons.

The Tribune is not advocating any particular one of these bonding schemes referred to. They may be all unbusinesslike.

However the policy of pay-as-you-go for large, much needed public improvements is absolutely devoid of merit. By paying-as-you-go it will require two or three hundred years to get decent public highways.

BANCROFT LEAVES THE OREGON SHORT LINE.

W. H. Bancroft has resigned as vice-president and general manager of the Oregon Short Line. For 17 years he has been at the active head of the railroad. In that time he has seen many changes. Idaho has developed from a straggling sagebrush desert until now it is well on its way to become one of the leading agricultural states in the country.

His successor, E. E. Calvin, is known to the people of Idaho. Mr. Calvin has had a brilliant railway career. Starting as a telegraph operator he has held almost every position in a great railway system.

Mr. Calvin is a builder. It may be that the change signifies renewed activity on the part of the Oregon Short Line. He may have been called back to put through important work which is in view.

The Caldwell News is pleased to recognize the fact that The Tribune is progressive enough to advocate the adoption of the city manager idea. The Tribune is not much on raving and ranting—it's a little short on hullabaloo—but on real practical progress it is usually in the forefront.

Without the one we would soon forget the other. Mr. Jacob Riis, official announcer for Colonel Roosevelt, announces that the Colonel will be a candidate in 1916. If he does not secure the Republican nomination he will run as an independent.

THE OBSERVATORY.

The other day I came across a scrap-book I made in 1860; such books as we have today, made for scraps, were not then in existence.

I find a clipping telling how Herschel V. Johnson, the candidate for vice-president on the "Douglas ticket," had once said in a speech in Philadelphia that "capital should own labor," and then gives an advertisement from a Savannah paper of recent date, as follows:

MECHANICS FOR SALE—

The subscriber has on hand two excellent carpenters, three blacksmiths and one wheelwright, all excellent mechanics in their respective lines, young, strong and healthy, of quiet and peaceable dispositions, and several of them quite pious, all of which will be disposed of at moderate rates.

Think of that in our country only 54 years ago! "Several of them pious!" Perhaps Pennymaker was "pious" too, and some of those who bought them. You carpenters and blacksmiths, think of being bought and sold as cattle. Oh, how reckless we are in the use of language! Every little while we hear some agitator discoursing on the inequalities and hardships of labor (and it is true enough that there are many inequalities and hardships, for I have experienced some of them, yet some agitators will say that) "they are worse than those of African slavery!"

Then here is the report of an interview by a reporter of the New York Herald, with William H. Seward, who was quoted as

"Ridiculing the idea and threats of secession. How are the south to effect disunion? By force of arms? Look at the subject a moment. South Carolina wishes to leave the union. Other southern states may express desire to join her. South Carolina appropriates the large sum of \$50,000 to arm the state for defense. She is without outside defense. The United States government is ready for almost any emergency. South Carolina pays her troops from \$5 to \$8 a month. The United States pays theirs from \$10 to \$20. And much more of the same when he concludes. They may be very brave and determined until they see the enormity of the act they contemplate, when the lights of wisdom and reason, and the dictates of common prudence, will deter them from proceeding to rash extremities. William H. Seward was a wise man, but not a prophet!"

There is a clipping from the St. Louis Express which tells of a former citizen who went to Camden, Ark., and Memphis, Tenn., to establish news depots; and wholly in the way of business received an order for 50 copies of the New York Tribune, and undertook to fill it; but the fact becoming known, he was arrested on a charge of circulating seditious and incendiary documents, was convicted and SENTENCED TO BE HUNG, and was only saved from that fate when hundreds of St. Louis people signed a certificate to his former good character, respectability and loyalty.

Well, well! times have changed! In the early 50s one of the Chambers Brothers, book publishers of Edinburgh, Scotland, made a tour of our country, both north and south; and tells of the excitability he found in the south; that anywhere if anyone questioned the right, wisdom or permanence of slavery it would start a commotion at once and give some amusing examples of the sensitiveness of southern people, and thought they acted much as one might who lived in a powder magazine and saw people careless with fire. And it was hard for those southern people to keep calm when they were in the north, even to New England. My father was a Whig in politics, not believing in slavery, but not sympathizing with the Abolitionists; two of our neighbors were real radical Abolitionists,

and some of the boys for fun hung an effigy of a negro to a tree opposite to their home; two South Carolina men were in Massachusetts to buy their season's stock of shoes, and went for a ride, and passing the home of those Abolitionists happened to see that effigy; my father was raking hay in a meadow near by; he saw them stop and look at the image, begin to gesticulate, then drove up to him and began an excited tirade as to what they would do to him and his kind if they could catch him in the south. That little incident did more to intensify my father's feelings against slavery than anything else. Many instances of that intolerable spirit had been borne patiently by quiet northern people, but when the south did try to secede and fired on the flag, they remembered them and determined to remove the cause before they ended the strife.

That was the time when the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII, was in this country, and I find many clippings about his comings and goings in Canada and the States. He had assisted at the opening of the Victoria bridge over the St. Lawrence at Montreal, which is thus described by an irreverent Yankee newspaper man:

"The royal party ascended the staircase—a crowd of policemen keeping back members of the Provincial government who had voted money for the bridge, and who stood at the bottom of the stairs getting themselves new suits of clothing—that is, if what the Bible says is true, that a man may clothe himself with curses as with a garment. The ceremonies consisted of lowering one of the cap-stones of the western abutment into its place; of driving three bolts into an iron plate; of eating a lunch."

The newspaper man said the Prince in passing the reporters smiled good naturedly and bowed to them, but he pours ridicule on the snobbery of the worshippers of royalty who surrounded him; but if the truth must be told some Bostonians a few days afterwards made as big fools of themselves over the Prince when he visited their city; a friend told me he saw some women invade the hotel room the Prince had occupied, in search of mementoes, and one actually carried off the shaving paper from the waste basket.

STORIES OF THE DAY

NO FILES FOR HIM

The conversation led to surgical operations the other day, and Congressman John H. Small of North Carolina told of the experience of a southern blacksmith.

The blacksmith, who was long on the wisdom of his trade, but short on medical lore, according to the Congressman, sprained his wrist one afternoon and lost no time in hustling to the office of a physician.

"The doctor examined the wrist and then took a small bottle from a shelf, but found it empty.

"James," said he, turning to an assistant, "go upstairs and bring me down a couple of those phials."

"What's that?" exclaimed the patient, suddenly showing large signs of emotion.

"I was merely asking my assistant to bring me down a couple of phials from upstairs," answered the doctor.

"Files!" cried the blacksmith, with a look of determination. "No, you don't, doc! If that hand has got to come off you will use an axe or a saw."—Chicago News.

THE SEA RAN.

"Ah, yes," murmured Miss Screecher, after the first selection at the musicale, "I have had some exciting experiences. Coming over here from New York a terrible storm arose and I had to sing to quiet the passengers. You should have seen the heavy sea running!"

And the big, rude man in the pink necktie, gazed out of the window. "I don't blame the sea," he muttered.—Chicago News.

A MISREADING.

"They who call the new currency bill socialistic misread it altogether. They are like the children in the Sunday school."

The sneaker was Senator Shafroth. He continued: "The superintendent of a Sunday school repeated to the children the text, 'Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt.' "Then the superintendent showed a large picture illustrating this text in bright colors.

"Isn't the picture fine?" he said. "Here is the mother. Here is the child. There's Egypt in the distance. Isn't it fine?"

"The children, however, looked disappointed, and finally a little boy piped out: "Teacher, where's the flea?"—Washington Star.

GETTING IT STRAIGHT.

Knower—After all, it's a true saying that "he laughs best who laughs last."

Wise—Not at all. The really true saying is: "He laughs best whose laugh lasts."—Catholic Standard and Times.

PROVERBS AND PHRASES

Go then merrily to Heaven.—Burton. On their own merits modest men are dumb.—George Colman. The will to do, the soul to dare.—Scott. Minds that have nothing to confer find little to receive.—Wordsworth. A faultless body and a blameless mind.—Homer. Hatred stirreth up strifes; but love covereth all sins.—Proverbs.

LOVE YOUR WORK.

Do not look on your work as a dull duty. If you choose you can make it interesting. Throw your heart into it, master its meaning, trace out the causes and previous history, consider it in all its bearings, think how many even the humblest labor may benefit, and there is scarcely one of our duties which we may not look to with enthusiasm. You will get to love your work, and if you do it with delight you will do it with ease. Even if at first you find this impossible, if for a time it seems mere drudgery, this may be just what you require; it may be good like mountain air to brace up your character.—Lord Avery.

THE WISE SAINT.

De debble see St. Peter sneak into heaven's gate; He holler: 'What's yo' hurry? Wait 'ar, Peter! Wait'

De saint pull in de latchstring, an' holler: "Now you go! I'll sic de houn' dog on you de lustest 'ting you know."

"I speaks you like a ge'man," de debble up an' say, "And yere you shets me out, sah. Fo' shame, to ack dat way!"

"Don' argify," say Peter. "You leads fo'k into sin. Ain't shettin' you out, nohow; I'm shettin' mahse' in."—Herman Da Costa, in Century.

REMORSE.

It is not always our selfish acts, The many thoughtless and unkind things, Nor even the hasty words we speed As the shaft with barbed and cruel stings.

That haunt us longest in after years. 'Tis not for these as a soul unshriven I do my penance and say my beads, And seek the peace of one forgiven, O hand for whose touch I reach in vain! O Spirit into the Silence fled! I grieve for the kind deed left undone, For the loving word I never said. —Anna Spencer Twitthell.



FRIENDS, SCHEMERS, FUN AND EXTRAVAGANCE WILL GET IT UNLESS YOU PUT IT INTO THE BANK. Friends are few. Those so-called fair-weather friends who borrow your money are in the same class with the schemer who tries to get you to invest it in wild-cat enterprises. The temptation to spend your money while you have it in YOUR POKKET is very great. YOUR MONEY is your "best friend". When it is in our bank it is SAFE. No one wants his bank balance to Grow smaller. Make OUR bank YOUR bank We pay 5 per cent interest on savings The Western National Bank UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY