

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Rice net frames, 25c. The Vogue. Roll-top desk for sale.—A. I. Myers. Use the public library. You support it.

A. M. DeFrance has been quite sick this week. He is now some better. Snappy new hats at \$3.95 and \$2.95 at The Vogue Saturday and Monday.

The Guild of St. David's Episcopal church met yesterday with Mrs. Will Maxey.

Judge F. A. Hagelin was in the city Thursday attending to professional business.

Read the One-Cent Sale ad. Sale starts next Thursday at the Botkin-Harmon Drug store.

Automobile Insurance—Fire theft, collision, property damage, public and employer's liability.—A. I. Myers. 331

The Ladies' Aid society of the M. E. church met at the home of Mrs. T. A. Walters Wednesday. Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Elhart and Mrs. Stauber assisted as hostesses.

Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Myers took their daughter, Eugene Elizabeth, to Boise Sunday. Little Miss Myers had adenoids removed. She has fully recovered from the operation.

Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Andrews will leave the first of the month for Mt. Home where they will make their future home. Mr. Andrews has accepted a position with a lumber company of that city.

One cent is the smallest coin made by the United States, but it will have a purchasing value of One Dollar at the One-Cent Sale at the busy Botkin-Harmon store next week. Read their ad elsewhere in this issue.

J. M. Greenfield this week received the sad news of the death of his grandfather, John Mason, of the Eastern Shore, Maryland. Mr. Mason was a very unusual man and retained the full force of his character until the end.

On Saturday, April 22, the ladies of St. David's Guild will give a ready-to-wear garment and cooked food sale in the store room recently vacated by Frank Weaver, on Kimball. Tea will be served in the course of the afternoon.

Miss M. Delle Lloyd arrived this week to take charge of the suit department of the Caldwell Dry Goods company. Miss Lloyd is thoroughly experienced in this line and will undoubtedly be of great assistance to the ladies of the city who patronize this enterprising store.

Ted Boulware, well known in the city, underwent an operation Wednesday morning in Boise for the removal of a cataract from his eye. Drs. Gue and Nourse performed the operation, which was entirely successful. Mr. Boulware will be at St. Luke's hospital for a week or 10 days yet.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Forward club held Tuesday afternoon at their club rooms in the Carnegie Library, the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. L. W. Botkin; recording secretary, Mrs. B. M. Holt; treasurer, Mrs. T. S. Jackson; financial secretary, Mrs. S. J. Vanhyning; and auditor, Mrs. H. H. Hayman. Plans for the entertainment of the District Federation of Women's clubs, which meets here May 15, were discussed. About 700 women are associated with this federation.

Get acquainted with the city library at the Book Rally next Monday night. Bring a book. Buy a book.

Snappy new hats at \$3.95 and \$2.95 at The Vogue Saturday and Monday.

COUNTY PROVIDES AMPLE AMOUNT OF ASSISTANCE

All Democratic Legal Talent of County Employed on Tax Cases.

H. A. Griffiths, Democratic county attorney, assisted by Eustace & Groome, Democrats H. E. Wallace, Democrat, Curtis Hayden, Democrat, and J. J. Plowhead, Progressive, has brought suit against delinquent taxpayers of Canyon county. Mr. T. E. Buckner is not employed, but this may be owing to the recent split in the Democratic party.

In the name of L. C. Knowlton, as county auditor, 43 suits were filed in district court late Tuesday against delinquent taxpayers of Canyon county. Under the new state law Tuesday was the last day on which suits could be filed against those who have not yet paid 1913 taxes. As practically all present and previous owners of each tract of land are named as defendants, a list of those named in the complaints cannot be given without doing injustice to innocent parties.

The commissioners have not yet finished consideration of March claims. It was currently supposed that Auditor Van Deusen's report would be turned in to the county board at this session, but statements made at the courthouse yesterday indicate that the report will not be ready.

FACE THE FACTS!

Weeks Talks About Our Navy and National Defense.

Inslets on Military, Commercial, Financial and Industrial Preparedness—Let Us Be Ready for Peace as Well as War.

By JAMES B. MORROW, in the Philadelphia Record.

ONE of the weekers, save John Wingate, the senator and the Massachusetts candidate for president—toiling as they all did among the granite humps of New Hampshire—was ever noted for his accumulation of cash or property.

They were farmers mostly, beginning with Leonard Weeks, who, emigrating from England in 1656, became the head and source of the family. Agriculture sternly practiced among the embedded rocks and irremovable boulders taught them to be resourceful and to keep at least one eye open to opportunity.

So William D., the father of the senator, was a probate judge, and once essayed to be a manufacturer. With the co-operation of neighbors, likewise alert and adventurous, he started a factory at Lancaster for making starch from potatoes.

"I will never forget the look on my father's face," Captain Weeks told me, "when, on a Sunday morning, just as we were leaving church, we saw men and boys running down the street and heard them crying: 'The starch factory is burning.'"



Captain John Wingate Weeks.

"There was no insurance—the policy had lapsed—and the fire swept away all of my father's means and put a burdensome mortgage on his farm, two and a half miles in the country."

If there had been a navy of a respectable size in 1851 John Wingate Weeks would now be a captain instead of a senator. Nor would he ever have become a banker and thus have set at naught all the traditions of the Weeks family for self-respecting, capable and wholesome poverty.

And yet a psychological analysis of inherited traits might show that the senator comes naturally by his talents for public affairs and finance. Any inquiry into his personality must include the Wingates, the chief of whom, John, an Englishman, emigrated to New Hampshire in 1660.

The Weekses and the Wingates intermarried during the second American generation—the Weekses to continue as farmers, with an excursion into potato starch, as has been recorded, but the Wingates to become soldiers, preachers and statesmen. Paine Wingate, for example, the great-grandson of John, was a member of the Continental congress and later a senator from New Hampshire.

A Big Man Physically.

John Wingate Weeks of Massachusetts, in his name, therefore, goes back to the middle of the seventeenth century. Perhaps his gifts are equally as ancient. Wherever they originated, he has made good use of them. He is well-to-do—but has less money, perhaps, than is often represented—and Republicans in Massachusetts have notified the country that he is their candidate for president. If he is nominated at Chicago in June, the main reason will have been that he is a business man. His candidacy, then, will be something entirely new in national politics.

In his measurements, Captain Weeks is a large man. A reasonable guess at his weight would be 250 pounds. His stature, perhaps, is five feet and eleven inches. His eyes are gray and his manner is frank and hearty. While at the naval academy he could slowly raise a 112-pound dumbbell above his head with his right hand. Then, kneeling with one leg, he could slowly raise an 87-pound dumbbell with his left hand. More than that he could lower his hands to his shoulders and slowly and simultaneously put both dumbbells above his head the second time.

A muscular youth, he was recommended by his principal to the "prudent committee" that called at the academy in Lancaster on a hunt of a teacher for their district school. The school was then closed—a group of the large boys having carried the teacher into the road, slammed him down in the dirt and warned him never to return.

"Lick 'em and lick 'em good," the prudent committee said. "We'll back you up if you do."

"The third day," Captain Weeks told me, "a big, red-faced boy took his pen in hand and laboriously began to write a letter; that is, he was seemingly engaged in writing a letter; as a matter of fact, he was showing off before the school and experimenting with the new teacher. When

ordered to put his pen and paper away, he smiled around the room at the pupils, who had stopped working, and then resumed his writing.

"I took him by the collar, dragged him out of his seat and gave him a thorough whipping. He turned out to be the son of the chairman of the prudent committee. The old man never spoke to me again, not even when I met him in the road, he riding in a buggy and I walking to or from my work."

Went to Sea for Two Years.

On his graduation at the Annapolis Naval Academy, young John Wingate Weeks went to sea for a cruise of two years. Seventy men were in his class, but there was room for only 10 of them in the navy. The navy itself consisted of but five steam vessels classed as first-rates, and they were obsolete and unfit for active duty. George Barnett, his room-mate, went into the Marine Corps and is now a major general and the commandant of that branch of the naval service.

In Florida, where he had been engaged as a surveyor on a railroad, the late Midshipman Weeks learned that an old firm in Boston was going out of business. One of the partners had died and another had become blind. Henry Hornblower, a son of one of the partners, and the youthful Mr. Weeks bought the business, the latter borrowing the money with which to begin his career as a banker and broker.

Hornblower acted for the firm on the floor of the Boston Stock Exchange. Weeks kept the books and waited on the customers as they appeared. In a few years the two young men had offices all over New England and in cities as far away as Chicago.

"I got my first valuable business idea from a famous New England dressmaker," Captain Weeks said to the writer of this article. "A friend who came to spend the night at our house was talking to Mrs. Weeks while I was reading a newspaper. I heard her say that she had bought a dress in Boston, and that soon after, on returning to the store, the proprietor, noticing her at the counter, asked if she had purchased the dress she was wearing at his establishment. On learning that she had, he said:

"It is not right. Please give your name and address to the clerk and we shall correct the matter at once."

A Story of Great Value.

"But," the woman replied, "the dress is satisfactory to me. Whatever is wrong is so small that it is not worth mentioning."

"Small to you, madam," the man answered, "but very large to us."

"And do you know," the woman told Mrs. Weeks, "the dress was not only taken back, but it was kept and I was given a new one."

"I repeated the story to my partner next day," Captain Weeks said, "and from that time onward we tried to please our customers before we thought of ourselves and the probable profits we could make in our transactions."

Three years ago, following at once his election to the upper House of Congress, Captain Weeks sold out to his partners and disposed of every interest that might be thought, even indirectly, to influence his judgment as a lawmaker. It is said in New England that he has always been very careful about his reputation as a business man. An anecdote told of him in State street, the Wall street of Boston, shows how his sensitiveness to public opinion on one occasion proved highly profitable to his partner and himself.

A run on a bank in which Captain Weeks was a director, though he owned but \$900 of the stock, threatened, so he feared, to injure his standing in the community. He spent a day and a night at the bank, pledged two-thirds of all the property he and his partner owned for the payment of the bank's debts and put through a re-habilitating plan under which the shareholders were assessed 50 per cent. on their holdings. The bank was saved, but some of the frightened shareholders sold out. Their interests were promptly bought by Captain Weeks. The bank prospered and later was combined with other large banks. Boston financiers say that Mr. Hornblower and Mr. Weeks ultimately made \$250,000 on the stock which they purchased when the bank seemed to be on the verge of ruin.

When I asked Captain Weeks about the matter, he said: "I was a young man and couldn't afford to be a director in a bank that had closed its doors in the faces of its depositors, many of whom were poor and most of whom were small merchants and wage-earners."

"How," I asked him, inasmuch as he was a sailor himself once, and is now on terms of intimacy with many high officers, "would you describe the navy of the United States?"

"At the outbreak of the war in Europe," he answered, "our navy, in my opinion, was the second best in existence. Authorities for whom I have great respect did not agree with me. They ranked our navy third or fourth—some giving France second place and some believing Germany was stronger at sea than ourselves."

"I still think that in ships alone we were the equal of France or Germany and much the superior of Japan. Our officers are the ablest in the world; our crews are the most intelligent; no nation gives its officers the training that is given to the naval officers of the United States. And the men in our ships, coming from farms and villages in large part, are the finest morally and physically afloat."

"In my days, back in 1850, let us say, the sailor on shore leave who returned to his ship sober was keelhauled or otherwise punished by his mates. All that has changed. Intoxicated sailors are seen no more on the streets. Our men are sober, serious and capable. When an estimate of any navy is made, the personnel, as well as the ships, must be considered."

Lessons of the War.

"So I had thought that only Great Britain excelled us as a naval power, at the outbreak of the war in Europe. Since the war started, France and Germany have been building ships. Our rank just now, therefore, is uncertain. But we have a good navy. Still, it should be much larger."

"Has the war taught the world any naval lessons?"

"A great many. It has shown the value of aeroplanes, which are now known as the eyes of the fleet. They are very necessary as scouts. Leaving the deck of a vessel, they can easily locate the enemy and are therefore of the greatest possible use in the events that occur before a battle."

"The submarines, too, it has been learned, are of a real and practical service. All officers think they have become a permanent addition to every navy, but there is some disagreement as to their general utility. Can a swarm of submarines, for instance, go to sea, meet a fleet and destroy it? The question cannot be answered until such an attempt has been made and either failed or succeeded."

"I asked one of the highest military authorities in the country if 1,000 submarines, along with mines, could safeguard the United States against invasion—the mines to blow up the enemies' ships off shore, if any happened to get that near, the submarines having met the rest and destroyed them before they came within striking distance of our coasts. The answer was that such a measure of protection, an invasion of the United States would, to say the least, be made very difficult."

"To see, no one can tell as yet what part the submarines will take in the wars of the future. Their uses are slowly being developed, and we cannot know what they are capable of doing until the French or British fleet meets the fleet of Emperor William."

"Also, it has been learned that battle cruisers are required to bring a navy up to its highest efficiency. Cruisers formerly were used as scouts and to hunt down and destroy the merchant ships of an enemy. They were swift, but not heavy enough to take a place in the battle line when large vessels were engaged."

A Sea Battle First.

"The modern cruiser, however, can fight, being covered with armor and armed with large guns. Steaming 30 knots an hour, it can run all around a fleet of dreadnaughts and pump shells into them from a long distance and from any angle. Our navy must have battle cruisers, besides a great many submarines and aeroplanes, if we mean to be in a position where we can protect ourselves against injury, insult or dishonor."

"It should be always remembered," Captain Weeks went on to say, "that our navy will be our first line of defense. American ships will meet foreign ships before there is a battle on shore. If the United States goes to war with any nation in Europe or Asia, the fleets of the two countries will fight for the supremacy of the sea."

"No invading army will set out for America until it is safe from attack by our fleet. So long as our fleet is afloat, no army will venture to start for our shores. Moving troops from one country to another is an immense undertaking even when it is safe to do so."

"Four hundred large ships, for example, would be required to transport an army of 250,000 men from Japan to the United States. Armies traveling by water have to carry their own artillery, ammunition and horses. Japan would not send 400 large troop ships out into the Pacific unless its fleet had fought and defeated our fleet. Nor would Germany or any other country in Europe attempt an invasion of the United States so long as our fleet, decks cleared, was waiting in the Atlantic."

"Looking to the East, I can see no probable danger that is likely to occur in the near future, unless the allies are thoroughly beaten by Germany, or unless Germany is thoroughly beaten by the allies. If the war is practically a draw at the end, the quarrels of all the great nations to maintain an equilibrium of power will keep them entirely engaged for some time with their own affairs."

"Do you believe that a trade war against this country will follow the restoration of peace in Europe?"

"Such a war will come—there is no doubt of it. Loaded with debt, burdened with taxation, Europe will turn with energy and ferocity to the works of peace. The factories in Europe, except in Belgium, Poland and Northern France, have not been shut down nor burned. Indeed, new ones have been built. Industrially, save in the places I have named, Europe is better situated now than when the war began."

Facts to Be Faced.

"Things have been speeded up in Great Britain, Germany and France. The factories, old ones and new ones, are running. They will be running after the armies at the front have been sent home, but instead of making cannon and ammunition, as at present, they will be operated night and day in the production of goods for the American markets."

All Americans, no matter whether they call themselves Democrats or Republicans, ought to have courage enough and wisdom enough to face the fact that Europe is going to take possession of the markets in this country if we do not defend ourselves. You speak of an invasion by soldiers. There can also be an invasion with products."

I favor all kinds of defenses—military, commercial, financial and industrial. And right here at home I think some of us need defense against fallacious ideas. For instance: This is a great business nation and yet we hear many suggestions that business be taken out of the ownership and management which have developed it."

"The Western Railroad of France the operating charges went up 50 per cent. in three years. More than 5,000 new men were employed—no workers on the tracks, engineers, conductors or brakemen, but clerks, porters and other little politicians, places for whom were found around the general offices and at the stations."

Government ownership in the United States would add 1,700,000 men to our office-holding class, and congress would fix their salaries. Freight rates, I am sure, would be higher than at present, and consumers—the men who work—would be lessers and not gainers."

DEMOCRATS DECLARE THEY KNOW WHO KNIFED THEM

(Boise Statesman)

The anti-machine Democrats in Canyon county are thumbing the edge of the knife that was thrust into their political vitals last Saturday. They know whose hand wielded the weapon and they are exceeding wrath.

"The most high-handed piece of politics I have ever encountered," is the way Attorney W. F. O'Conner describes the Democratic county convention in Caldwell at which the paltry machine minority attempted to trample the "will of the people." But, like truth crushed to earth, the majority will arise in their might, so they declare, and smite the machine, tonneau, tire, and transmission.

"Prior to the meeting called by Chairman Buckner," said Mr. O'Conner, "we were given to understand that the bosses were putting the screws on and unless they got the delegation C. W. Whiffin would probably lose the appointment as surveyor general. Buckner told me the day before the meeting that proxies would be recognized."

The Pie Line.

There are 25 precincts in Canyon county. The Elder-Pence-Nugent machine controls eight and the personnel of the eight is significant. They are: T. E. Buckner, trustee of the Idaho state sanitarium, appointed by the governor.

Cash Nichols, son of the sheriff of Gem county, appointed by the governor.

Guy Graham, state horticultural inspector, appointed by the governor.

Postmaster Bowman of Payette, appointed by Elder.

A. W. McNeil, an ex-employee of the Panama-Pacific commission, appointed by the governor.

C. W. Whiffin, aspirant for the office of surveyor general, a slice of Elder pie.

Harry Whiffin, brother of Aspirant C. W. Whiffin.

Joe Bird, road overseer.

They Know Now.

In his wrath Mr. O'Conner says that "every good Democrat in this county and state should use every honorable effort to extirpate the pernicious influence and activities of the office holders and office seekers, who show whenever occasion offers that they are in politics wholly and solely for their own aggrandizement."

The anti-machine Democrats say they are guilty of but one crime, that of trying to live up to the governor's slogan, "Let the people rule," which they took seriously.

CARD OF THANKS.

We desire to thank the many friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us during the sickness and after the death of our daughter and wife.

H. D. MILLER.

A. R. MILLER.

Rice net frames, 25c. The Vogue.

New Equipment

Perfect Service

Cleaning Dyeing and Repairing

I announce the opening of my new quarters, 120 South Kimball Avenue, next door to Bungalow Theatre.

The New Hoffman Steam Pressing Machine enables me to give you instant, as well as The Best service obtainable anywhere.

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