

**BOISE: CAPITAL: NEWS**

**AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER**

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Published Every Afternoon and Sunday Morning at Boise, Idaho, a City of Idaho People by THE CAPITAL NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

ARNOLD STONEY SHERIDAN,

Manager of the Post Office at Boise, Idaho, as Second-class Mail Matter.

Phone—Business Office, 234; Editorial Rooms, 234; Society Editor, 1201-2.

**BOISE, IDAHO, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1912.**

**MOTHER.**

What is home without a mother? Who so well a home can grace? Ah, that sacred name! No other can usurp its honored place! Mother makes the home enchanting, makes it happy—when she's there, when she isn't gallivanting, doing campaign work somewhere. To uplift the land she wishes, politics she'd purify; and there's none to wash the dishes, none at home to make a pie. Willie has a broken smeller—he was fooling with the cow; Lizzie fell into the cellar and she's screaming down there now; little Myrtle calmly scratches all the furniture with wire; baby's playing with the matches, and he'll set the house afire. Little sister, little brother, raise the dickens with their curves. What is home without a mother? It's a place to jar your nerves. Another's at some cheap convention, wearing father's shirt and tie, arguing her firm intention to secure a vote or die. She must have a hand in making laws that suit the female mind, and at home the kids are breaking all the dishes they can find. She will be no longer brooding tyranny that's known no change, and at home poor dad is cooking pruneloes on a smoking range. What is home without a mother? Watch the suffrage ladies hike! When they've won their fight, my brother, you will know just what it's like.

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**BORAH AND THE TAFT NOMINATION.**

When a man of the admitted legal talents and fairness of Senator Borah who sat upon the national committee and heard all the evidence and the arguments declares that Taft's nomination was stolen, there is nothing left for Idaho people to say or to do but to accept his conclusions as absolute fact.

In addition, however, to the declarations of Senator Borah, the people of Idaho have the assurance of Senator St. Clair of Idaho Falls, who served on the credentials committee of the Chicago convention. Senator St. Clair signed, with others, a formal statement and protest declaring that a conspiracy had been formed before the convention met at all to steal the nomination.

Moreover, so far as we have seen, there has not been a single member of the Idaho delegation which represented the state at the national convention, who has ever stated that in his belief Taft fairly and honestly secured the nomination, or who ever denied that such nomination was stolen. Not even Heitman, an original Taft man, nor Hagenbarth, also a man with Taft leanings, nor Fisk, another Taft man, has ever undertaken to say that Taft was honestly nominated or to deny that his nomination was stolen.

Ex-Governor Brady was on the ground during the convention; he talked with national delegates from all portions of the country; he knew the admissions made by the Taft supporters that they were taking such delegates from the anti-Taft columns as were needed to give them the convention for Taft; he doubtless heard them state that their purpose was not to elect Taft but to beat out of the Republican party all those advocates of principles ending to magnify the people and increase their influence in governmental affairs, and thereby to lessen the power and influence of the special interests. Mr. Brady was there, and he has never said to the people of Idaho that Taft was honestly and fairly nominated, or that he was the choice of the delegates elected by the Republicans of the nation to speak for them.

Captain John E. Yates, senator from Ada county, was at that convention; he, too, knows what transpired there. He has never stated a belief that Taft was honestly nominated or a disbelief that such nomination was deliberately and wilfully and fraudulently stolen. In fact Captain Yates knows and believes full well that Taft was not the honest choice of that convention and that he was not honestly nominated and will so declare.

C. C. Cavanah, a man known over the entire state as a devoted, conscientious Republican, was at Chicago and sat a part of the time on the national committee. He has never told the people of Idaho that he ever believed Taft honestly nominated and has never denied that such nomination was stolen.

C. W. Dempster, who came very near receiving enough votes to nominate him for lieutenant governor on the Republican ticket, receiving several thousand more votes than did Haines, the nominee for governor, was at the Chicago convention. Dempster will not tell the people of Idaho that Taft was honestly nominated and he will not

**To Enroll in the Progressive Party**

State Chairman Gipson wants to get in communication with every Progressive voter in Idaho. Many Democrats and Republicans who wish to join have not had the enrollment blank presented to them and for that reason the attached blank is printed. If you believe that the time has come for a third party in American public affairs, fill out this blank and mail it to the Progressive headquarters, Boise, Idaho.

**J. H. GIPSON, State Chairman Progressive Party, Boise, Idaho.**

I hereby enroll as a member of the Progressive Party.

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that nomination. Neither will he deny that such conspiracy was successful only because a corrupt national party machine had the physical power to accomplish the theft and did accomplish it.

Other Idaho citizens of equal or greater prominence and probity with these, all of whom were at the time devoted members of the Republican party, were there and know the facts, and yet not one of them will declare his belief that Taft was honestly nominated or that he was the choice of the delegates elected by the Republicans of the nation in the national convention.

The Republicans of Idaho cannot disregard such an array of authority. They must know and must admit that Taft holds his nomination only by reason of the perpetration of the greatest fraud that can be committed in a free country—by a fraud against the voting franchise itself, whereby the first step was taken in a conspiracy to deprive the people of the power to elect their officials.

Now, what is it the Taft people of Idaho are demanding?

**THEY ARE DEMANDING THAT THE PEOPLE OF THIS STATE SHALL INDORSE THIS THEFT—SHALL GIVE THEIR APPROVAL BY FORMAL VOTE TO THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE BAND OF CONSPIRATORS WHO CONSPIRED TO DEPRIVE THE PEOPLE OF THIS VALUABLE RIGHT—THE ONLY ONE REALLY WORTH MUCH TO THEM GUARANTEED BY THE CONSTITUTION, FOR IF THAT RIGHT BE LOST, THEN ALL RIGHTS WILL SOON BECOME LOST.**

So insistent and so persistent are they in their demands that this shall be done that they are making it a sole test of membership in the Republican party, and they have possession of the necessary machinery to make their demand effective.

So insistent and so persistent is their demand that this conspiracy and this theft be approved as a test of party membership, that they will support not even the nominees of their own party unless they come out openly and publicly in such approval.

How can the Republicans of Idaho in the face of such evidence and in view of such a condition, continue to support the bosses, the machine and the organization that makes such demand? We do not believe they will do so. That is why a new party has been organized and a new ticket placed in the field in this state. It affords a common meeting ground for both Republicans and Democrats who wish better things in the politics of the state—who wish the people to have greater power instead of having that that they have taken from them—who wish effectiveness and efficiency in public administration and who still have hope left of a better day.

The old parties have had their ties, their associations, their hard battles and their won victories. These associations, the animosities, the bitternesses are hard to overcome such that one can pass from one of those old parties to the other. But here is a party—A PROGRESSIVE PARTY—where both can find common ground and where both can begin anew and carry to a successful termination, the fight for the better things, the better officials, the better government, the greater power of the people and the lesser power of special privilege.

It is in this spirit and for this purpose that the Progressive state ticket is nominated in Idaho.

**The Evening Chit-Chat**

By Ruth Cameron.

TWO good friends had quarreled. One, who is of a passionate disposition, completely lost her self-control and said many unkind things.

When the thundercloud of misunderstanding finally passed over and the sunshine of reconciliation began to struggle out again, the quick-tempered woman told her friend she was sorry for her bitter words, and then added cheerfully: "And now you'll forgive me and forget all that I said, won't you?"

Whereupon the other woman answered, "Forgive you? Yes indeed, I'll do that with all my heart, but I cannot promise to forget because that is beyond my power."

The first woman called that an ungracious and relentless attitude.

Do you?

I don't. To me it was simply a truthful answer. Perhaps it might have been kinder for the woman to say that she'd forget all about it and things would be just as they were before, but it probably wouldn't have been true. In one of his essays Stevenson says, "I hate questioners and questions; there are so few that can be spoken to without a lie. Do you forgive me?" Madam and sweetheart, so far as I have gone in life I have never yet been able to discover what forgiveness means. "Is it still the same between us?" Why how can it be? It is eternally different, and yet you are still the friend of my heart." It seems to me she should

have added that other question, "Will you forget all that I have said, or done?" for surely no other question that we foolishly ask each other is quite so impossible to answer without a lie or a very cruel truth.

The woman called her friend relentless. That was not fair. It is not the person who cannot forget that is relentless; it is life itself and the laws of life that are inflexible.

I may be more promise my friend that I will forget anything than I may promise her that a deep cut in my flesh will heal and not leave any scar. I may promise that I will put soothing medicine in the cut and bind it up and keep it from irritation, and do all I can to make it heal without a scar, but I cannot surely promise what will be the result.

Hearts and souls are quite as sensitive as bodies. We would not easily allow ourselves in a flash of temper to scar our friend's body; why, then, be so careless with his heart.

Why? Because we think that such scars can be easily obliterated; because we think we can say, "please forget" and let that end it.

But we cannot.

And the next time you lit the javelin of an unforgettable word to cast into your friend's heart, suppose you remember that. Suppose you stop just one moment before you speak, and say this sentence ever to yourself, "Of the unspoken word I am master, but the spoken word is master of me."

**HOUSEHOLD TALKS**

By Henrietta D. Grauel

When Milton Harland wrote "Common Sense in the Household" in 1878 she devoted a whole chapter to urging, coaxing and imploring her pupils to bevel rather than fry meats. "A fried steak," she told them "was one killed by heat, swimming in grease, a culinary solism, both vulgar and indigestible." No one is ever taught to fry a steak, everyone is advised to use the broiler, not every day there are people

steaks fried than broiled.

First select a steak that will do you credit; there is as much difference in steaks as in faces. A thin steak must dry and shrivel when it is cooked; a perfect steak is cut an inch and a half thick so that when it is cooked it will have a crust an eighth of an inch thick of browned meat with a tender center, rich in the confined steam of the juices. Such a steak as Milton Har-



**A TIMID LITTLE GIRL**

By SUSAN YOUNG PORTER

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

The words were spoken by one of those elegant looking fellows who, after spending some ten thousand a year in college, think the next aristocratic move to be made is ranching. They argue that while business is beneath them and they are too lazy to either study or practice a profession there is something eminently respectable in raising animals or vegetables on their broad acres. Having purchased and stocked a ranch they have their photographs taken in cowboy costume to send to their friends in the east and thereafter consider themselves on the same footing with the lords of British landed estates.

Ned Perkins, the man who spoke the above words, was one of this type. He was riding along with a rifle and a lariat slung to his saddle dressed as a wild westerner on the dramatic stage, when he met a little Mexican girl with very black eyes, a rose in full bloom on each cheek and a pair of buds for lips who looked up at him innocently and, making a courtesy, said:

"Good morning, senon."

Then to his question she replied that she was going to the store a mile down the road to buy a dress.

"You don't need anything pricier than the costume you have on," he said. "That skirt bedecked with gold lace, that jacket adorned with the same material, that Spanish headgear, are exceedingly becoming. If you will get up behind me I will turn about and take you to the store. The distance is too long for you to walk."

She looked at him shyly without reply for some moments, when he dismounted, took her hand, led her to his horse, she raised her little feet, he took it in his hand and lifted her into position behind the saddle. Then, meaning himself, he started for the store.

Perkins liked ranching well enough except for the absence of female companionship. He had no trouble in becoming companionable with little Inez, whose father owned a few cattle, but whose principal business was gambling. There was something unique about the girl, who was sixteen years old, but unduly developed, as are girls who inhabit tropical climates. It did not occur to the young ranchman that there was any harm in passing some of his time in her company, joking with and jollying her to his own infinite amusement.

He invited her to go with him to dances that were held in the neighborhood and noticed that none of the cowboys asked her to dance with them. It was some time before he realized that they regarded her as belonging to him, and none of them would trespass on his domain.

It was then that he began to understand the situation. He did not for any trouble in breaking with the girl—she was such a gentle little soul—but it occurred to him that he might have trouble with her father or one of his brothers. From this moment he did not act the same toward Inez herself. He tried to do so and thought he was succeeding, but any woman can see such a change in a man.

Perkins was becoming tired of ranching, and he did not find that it was likely to pay him. Besides, he was pining for his associations in the east. One day he made up his mind to go back there. He kept his resolution to himself; he did not offer his ranch for sale; he simply determined to leave it when no one would be aware of what he was going to do and not come back. He could sell it without staying there for the purpose.

He formed this resolution not long after he had begun to consider his companionship with the little Mexican girl liable to cause him trouble. Inez appeared no different than she had been. In fact, he doubted if after all his going would make such difference to her. True, no other man was attentive to her. They had all withdrawn when he began to notice her.

The evening before his intended departure—he was to start at 2 o'clock in the morning and ride ten miles to a station, where he would take a train—he was with Inez at 10 o'clock. Neither by word nor deed did she indicate that she suspected a departure. Before starting for his ranch he said some very nice things to her, for his heart smote him; then, holding her hand for a few moments, he dropped it and called for, as he had done often before.

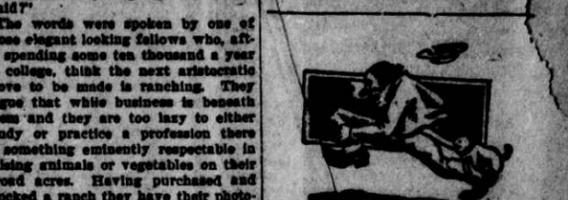
It was his habit to smoke a pipe before going to bed. His favorite pipe was a large mahogany bowl with a cherry stem. Taking the pipe from a rack, he found it filled with fresh tobacco. He was somewhat surprised, but thought that perhaps he had filled it during the day, intending to smoke, but had laid it aside without doing so. Putting the stem in his mouth, he was about to light the tobacco when he remembered that he had not smoked since the noon meal and had not filled it after smoking. Dropping the match, he turned the stems of the pipe out on the table. The top was a layer of tobacco, beneath which was—well, if he had smelt the pipe as it was he would have been blown to atoms.

Without winking for morning he went out into the night and boarded a train at midnight. He never saw the little girl and

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