

EVENING CAPITAL NEWS

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BOISE, IDAHO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1912.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

The poor downtrodden granger of whom we used to hear, has been a blooming stranger for many a golden year.

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TWO IDEAS OF IDAHO PROSPERITY.

Idaho has several great industries that are menaced today by proposed changes in the policies of national government.

These industries—wool, livestock, mining, timber—have been built up partially because of natural advantages surrounding them in this state but to a greater extent because they have been protected from the competition of countries where laborers are akin to slaves and many homes are hovels.

The morning paper in the above has struck the keynote of the present campaign. Aside from one small error, which we shall take for granted as an oversight, the morning supporter of Taft and Taft Republicanism, has stated fully and completely one side—the Taft side—of the campaign.

Wool, sheep, mining, timber and sugar is the correct list. They represent the "special interests" of Idaho. "THEIR prosperity," argues the morning paper, "means prosperity in the homes and on the farms and in the business houses. Stagnation for THEM means stagnation for all. Ruin for THEM means blackness for all."

It is a dismal wail for continuation of favors to the special interests, but it represents absolutely the views upon governmental policies of the Statesmans, the Penroses, the Lorimers, the Guggenheims, the Rockefellers, the Weyerhausers, the Havemeyers. There can be nothing but second hand prosperity for the people. It is "The Interests" with them and aside from "The Interests" there is nothing.

These special interests have grown immensely rich; they have acquired millions of dollars in profits; their owners and stockholders revel in wealth; they are acquiring other millions of dollars' worth of property out of the profits, yet they must be "protected," and without such "protection" there can be no prosperity for others "in the homes and on the farms and in the business houses."

That represents the ideas of that class of economists, if some of such people can be dignified as economists. Prosperity, according to their ideas, begins with the rich, the powerful and the mighty and sifts down through to the people, like the crumbs that Lazarus ate from the rich man's table. The table represents prosperity to the interests and the crumbs represent the prosperity that reaches the people. IT IS THEIR IDEA THAT THERE WILL NOT BE ANY CRUMBS FOR THE PEOPLE UNLESS THE TABLE IS LAVISHLY FURNISHED.

The other class of economists holds that true prosperity begins with the people and flows upward like the sap in the healthy sapling or the productive fruit tree bringing first the spring blossoms and finally the delicious fruit for all, the poor as well as the rich, and the lowly as well as the mighty.

This is why we say the morning paper has struck the keynote of this campaign. IT believes in legislating special privilege for the wool trust, the timber syndicates,

AN APPEAL TO PATRIOTIC AMERICANS

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the number combine and the sugar trust, holding that only indirectly through these powerful corporate combines can second hand prosperity reach the people.

WE believe that the people themselves should be considered first of all; that every man and every industry, so far as possible, shall be placed upon an exact and equal footing. We want the wool growers, the mine owners, the timber syndicates and the sugar magnates to prosper, BUT WE WANT THEM TO PROSPER JUST IN PROPORTION AS ALL THE REST OF THE PEOPLE PROSPER. We want their special privileges taken from them, unless they can show that they pass those special privileges on through the pay envelopes of their employes to the whole people, not stopping them in the vaults of their own banks to be loaned back to the people to whom they rightfully belong at robber interest rates. We believe, moreover, that the farmer in Idaho, who is not mentioned in the great class of Idaho industries upon which the Statesman bases its plea for support for Taft, occupies a position in any prosperity scheme for Idaho, just as important as does the woolen trust magnate of New England, the multi-millionaire mine owner of Spokane, the sugar magnate of San Francisco or New York, or the wealthy timber baron of Minnesota and Wisconsin, the Rockefellers, the Guggenheims and the rest of them. AS MATTER OF FACT, WE HOLD THAT THE FARMER OF IDAHO IS A BIGGER MAN AND A MORE POTENT INFLUENCE IN OUR PROSPERITY THAN ALL OF THESE COMBINED. In addition to the farmer, there is the common laborer, the skilled laborer and all wage earners, the professional man, the small merchant and the clerks who stand behind the counters. These we believe are worthy of consideration equally with the wool, the mine, the sugar factory and the privately owned forest.

Our class of economists demand legislation for the benefit of all these people—the masses—and a rule for them and by them as against rule of the special interests for their own further enrichment.

Let those who stand with the morning paper support Taft and Haines, a pair fitly chosen to serve the will and purposes of the special interests named; let those who stand with us support Roosevelt and Martin, another pair fitly chosen to represent those for whom we herein declare our allegiance.

Won't Senator Borah please, please say over the list of the 78 delegates for the benefit of the morning paper? The poor little thing knows them already, but like other spoiled children, it likes to "have papa say it." Please, senator, appease the child!

The Evening Chit-Chat

By Ruth Cameron.

MOTHER has written to ask me to say something on the harmfulness of kissing games at young people's parties.

I didn't realize that forfeits such as measuring so many yards of ribbon, and picking cherries, and games like "On the Green Carpet" and clap-in-and-clap-out and the most flagrant of all "post office" were still in vogue in young people's parties.

But if they are I am certainly delighted to engage in any crusade against them.

But in one point I disagree with my correspondent. She thinks that the little girl of, say, six or eight or ten should be forbidden to kiss her little boy friends on the ground of morality.

If I had a little girl of that age I shouldn't want to awaken sex consciousness in her by such a prohibition. I should want her to feel exactly the same towards her little boy friends as towards the girls.

There is a little story in one of our periodicals which I want to quote here because it illustrates my feelings on this subject so aptly.

A little girl had been left in the nursery by herself and her brother arrived to find the door closed. The following conversation took place: "I want to tum in, Cissie." "You tant tum in, Tom." "Why tant I?" "Cause I'm in my nightie gown and nurse says little boys musn't see little girls in their nightie gowns."

After an astonished and reflective silence on Tom's side of the door the miniature Eve announced triumphantly, "You tant tum in now, Tom. I tooked it off!"

"That's just the kind of a little girl I'd like to have. And I'd try my best to prolong that innocence as long as possible."

My objection to kissing games among little children would be founded simply on my objection to all promiscuous kissing as unhygienic and as a cheapening of something which should be a sign of unusual affection.

As I have said before in these columns, I don't like promiscuous kissing, even among girls. I think the hand-clasp is a much better form of greeting.

THE FICKLE FAN



Birthday Calendar

If This is Your Birthday.



Strict attention to your employment and a careful regard for your health should occupy all of your time. If in employ be careful of what you say. You will form friendships which you will highly value.

Those born today are liable to misfortune and need careful training in childhood. They will often have literary ability and if this is not properly exercised it may degenerate into clever but unkind criticism of others.

Letters From the People

Borah's Answer. Evening Capital News: I wish to make a statement of my reasons for interrupting Senator Borah in his opening campaign address at Meridian to ask the question, Do you believe that Mr. Taft was honestly and honorably nominated at the Chicago convention?

This question has been discussed daily in my office ever since the Chicago convention by my Democratic, Republican and Progressive friends as to whether Senator Borah would care to answer the question or not. He not only answered my question but he answered it in such a high minded way that there can be no doubt in any fair minded person or voter's mind in the state of Idaho but that Mr. Taft's nomination was a shame and a disgrace to our state and nation.

Now, friends and others, be honest with yourselves and fair to your children and neighbors. If you are you will register your votes in such a way as to return our distinguished senator to the United States senate, where we all know he rightly belongs. In doing this we will help to vote for and elect a Republican legislative ticket, and at that I want you all to know that I am a Bull Mooseer.

N. H. CARTER.

Boise, Sept. 17, 1912.

The kiss should mean something more than that. But when it's a question of kissing games among young people in their teens and twenties, there isn't anything you can say against this practice that I won't agree to.

A kiss—especially on the lips—should be a seal of affection. It should mean: "I love you."

When it is used lightly as a form of amusement in kissing games, or a form of sensual pleasure in the game of hearts, it is cruelly cheapened.

The girl who has given such kisses has lost something she can never get back.

I am sorry for her.

The man who OUGHT TO OWN IT will come around and look over your property soon after you commence to advertise it in the Capital News.

It's There All Right.

Cityite—You advertised that there was a fine stream of water on your farm.

Farmer—Well, so there is. Cityite—I don't see it. Farmer—You will if you work the pump handle a few seconds.

The Evening Story

ONLY THIS AND NEXT WEEK THIS VISIT TO SEE

THE TURNING POINT

By M. QUAD

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"Are we much of a town?" repeated Uncle Jed as he removed his hat and scratched the back of his head and looked up and down Swan Creek's only business street.

"No, stranger, I can't stay as we are, but there's a good reason for it. This burg was just a-booming when a preacher headed it for its downfall and thought he was doing a wondrous good thing.

"It was twenty years ago and there were more liars in any other town in America, when one of the churches changed its pastor and got a high stepper. One day as I met him on the street he stops me to ask:

"Brother Hopkins, can you tell me why it is that about thirty of our leading citizens gather at the postoffice every week day evening of the year?"

"Well, it is the Liars' club. It meets there every evening except Sunday and would meet then if the postoffice was kept open."

"Let me understand this thing," says the good man. "Do you mean that these citizens knowingly falsify?"

"Certainly!"

"But why?"

"So as to be at the head of the class. There's Uncle Hesekiah Davis. He was once chased by a rattlesnake. There was only one snake when he first told of it, but now he has got the number up to thirteen and is still gaining. There's Deacon Spooner. He had a brother—

"But you don't mean that Deacon Spooner lies?"

"You may judge for yourself. He had a brother who went west and was chased by Indians. After telling the story three or four times a week for ten years the deacon has got it that he was run for seven miles and shot through the calf of the leg.

"Can't you come down tonight?" I asked. Josiah Flintheart is due to tell his. He always tells his lie Tuesday night. His hired man found a tramp in the barn years ago, but Josiah makes out that it was he who found two robbers under the bed in the house and captured both of them. Our Liars' club is going over to Dobbs Ferry some day soon to hold a lying match with the liars of that place."

"The good man went away with a stern look on his face, and it was not long before we heard from him. He called us up one by one and said that the club had to be broken up forthwith, and two evenings later Deacon Spooner announced the solemn fact from the postoffice steps. Two days later Ebenezer Jackson came back to town after a visit to Troy. He heard of the calamity at once, and he stood upon a barrel and said:

"In the name of Liberty I protest. I have just returned from Troy with a new lot of lies about Troy laundries, and I propose to get them off or perish in the attempt. I respect ministers of the gospel as much as the next man, but they can't gag me. Let the club meet as usual tonight and hear my new stock of lies."

"But the club didn't. The ex-members wouldn't even listen to Ebenezer as individuals.

"Ebenezer had a wife and three children. In about a week, without saying a word to anybody, the house was shut up and the family were gone. They were away for a week. When they returned they moved about among other families more than ever before, and four or five days later there was a scare. Ebenezer came down with the measles. His wife had some sort of epidemic, one of the children had whooping cough, another had chicken-pox and the third had the itch.

"Uncle Jed knew where these things could be picked up," replied Ebenezer when charged with bringing them back to town on purpose, "and so I thought I would make old Swan Creek lively for a little while. When a fellow can't go down to the postoffice of an evening and swap a few gentle lies with other liars he must find amusement in some other direction."

"No one living in Swan Creek that summer will ever forget it. The disease took hold of old and young, and we had to send for extra doctors and nurses. No one died, but for a month the place was like a graveyard. According to the doctors, the minister who was responsible for this state of affairs had measles, epidemic and whooping cough all at once, and it was when he was the sickest that he sent for Deacon Spooner, who could just crawl around, and suggested that the club be resurrected, but the suggestion could not be carried out for lack of liars. All the rest of them were on their backs.

"In time everybody got well and business picked up again, but the club was never re-established, and the town has never fully recovered from the blow of its dissolution. Nearly all the male inhabitants come down to the postoffice of an evening to get their mail, and they sit around and whittle and look at one another in a longing way.

"Sometimes a tin peddler or a parlor organ man staying in the town over night and not posted on its past history will start out to tell a whooping lie to interest others, but there is never any comment or applause. His story falls flat, and he rises up, brushes the dust and whittlings off and scuttles away saying to himself:

"Well, by thunder, if this isn't the dumbest town I ever struck in all my travels!"

Dr. C.D. Pons

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