

EVENING : CAPITAL : NEWS

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Published Every Afternoon and Sunday Morning at Boise, Idaho, a City of 35,000 People by THE CAPITAL NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

RICHARD STORY SHERIDAN.

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

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

BOISE, IDAHO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1912.

THE DINNER HORN.

When I was young and full of vim I labored in my father's field, and I have heard it said by him that none a hoe could better wield; beneath my care the pumpkins thrived, tall grew the turnips and the corn; and when the noon hour had arrived, my father blew the dinner horn. Talk of the music of the spheres and all the sounds inspiring men! They would have jarred upon my ears, had they come floating to me then! I've heard great singers caracole through notes of joy and notes of scorn, but nothing ever stirred my soul like father's old tin dinner horn. I've heard the noble organ peal, and thought it heavenly and grand; I've heard march, waltz, Virginia reel, performed by Sousa's bully band; I've heard the great Caruso trot out songs sublime as e'er were born, but nothing ever hit the spot like father's old tin dinner horn. A crank on music, I have sailed, all o'er the world, to hear the best; the masters of all lands have failed to give my yearning spirit rest. When on their instruments they pounce or beat or blow, my soul forlorn but reaches back to hear the sound of father's old tin dinner horn.

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WHERE BORAH'S FRIENDS ARE.

That there is all but open enmity between the Republican state headquarters and Senator Borah and between the Republican state ticket and Senator Borah, is well understood.

The senator's plain, unequivocal declaration that the nomination of Taft was secured by fraud, makes it impossible for the state committee to campaign this state for Taft and for Borah at the same time. They did not dare to accept the challenge put forth by Borah when he invited them to call the committee together and have the only authorized representative of the party in the state determine whether it is Borah who is the Republican or Taft, who had stolen a nomination and who had opposed all the essential things that Borah had advocated, who is the Republican. The state chairman, the state secretary and the executive committee surrendered precipitately and completely. It is true that Secretary Davis gave out a statement in which he said that the state committee had no quarrel with Borah, but in contradiction to this statement stands the fact that Secretary Davis was in company with Chairman Day, when the ultimatum of the Boise bankers and other representatives of special interests and corporate power in this city was conveyed to Borah that unless Borah should come squarely out for Taft these special interests would not contribute the handsome campaign fund promised, and when the demand was made upon Borah to surrender to these proffered contributors.

Besides, Chairman Day has stated to too many people that Borah must come out for Taft in order to receive Republican support to make it possible for him now to say that he is and has been in harmony with the senator.

The article reprinted in these columns from Haines' paper, the Caldwell Tribune, in which it was declared with the sanction of Haines and the state headquarters that it is the duty of Republicans to vote against Borah unless he comes out for Taft shows how unfriendly to the senator the candidate for governor is. As matter of fact, the organization of Taft and Haines clubs shows the alliance there is in the campaign. That alliance is absolutely incompatible with any work for Borah and the state committee and the state candidates do well to recognize it. No one has heard of any proposal to organize Taft and Borah clubs, and no one will hear of any serious effort of that kind. The reason is that such a club would fail of its own absurdity.

An effort has been made to make it appear that the Progressives were the real enemies of Borah, but that effort has been abandoned. No Progressive anywhere in the state can be found who is not for Borah, while Taft men could be found by the thousands who are not for Borah, if it were not for the fact that it is practically impossible any more to find Taft men in such numbers.

The friends of Senator Borah are coming to know, JUST AS THE SENATOR HIMSELF HAS KNOWN FOR SOME TIME, that his friends are found in the alignment for Roosevelt and Martin in this state, WHILE HIS ENEMIES ARE FOUND IN THE ALIGNMENT FOR TAFT AND HAINES.

There is no getting around this position and the quicker all of the senator's friends come to a full realization of this fact, the better it will be for the senator and the better it will fare with what they want to accomplish, namely, the re-election of Senator Borah.

WHERE THE BLAME WILL LIE.

The friends of Taft in Idaho say that the nomination of Roosevelt electors in this state means the loss of the state to Taft. And they are right about it.

The friends of Haines, who are the same as the friends of Taft, say that the nomination of a Progressive state ticket means the defeat of the Republican state ticket in this state. Haines himself says it; the other state candidates say it, and the morning paper has charged it.

And they are right, too. That is exactly true. With presidential electors in the field for Roosevelt, Taft cannot carry Idaho. With a Progressive state ticket in the field, Haines and the other Republican candidates cannot carry the state.

That is the condition and not the theory that confronts the Republicans of this state.

Now, what are they going to do about it? They tell us what a dreadful calamity it will be for Wilson to be elected; they tell us how the state would suffer if Hawley should again carry the state. If this calamity and if this suffering shall come then, the blame will be upon the shoulders of the supporters of Taft and of Haines.

They can prevent the calamity, so far as Idaho can prevent it, by voting for Roosevelt, and they can prevent the suffering by voting for Martin. There is only one of two things going to happen; either Roosevelt will carry the state or Wilson will get it. IF WILSON GETS IT, THE TAFT PEOPLE WHO ARE IN THE MINORITY, AND WHO MAY HOLD THE BALANCE OF POWER, WILL BE TO BLAME. And either Hawley or Martin will be elected governor; there is no chance for Haines at all. IF HAWLEY IS ELECTED IT WILL BE THE FAULT OF THE HAINES PEOPLE WHO WASTE THEIR VOTES ON HAINES OR WHO GIVE THEM DIRECT TO HAWLEY.

Now, the above explains the situation exactly. Those who vote will do so knowing just what the effect of their votes will be.

The Evening Chit-Chat

By Ruth Cameron.

THE lady-who-always-knows-somehow had been cheering us up one rainy day by reading extracts from a letter telling in a most amusing way about a vacation trip which had turned out a complete fiasco. "Isn't she brave to be able to laugh about it?" commented the lady as she folded up the letter. "She only has two weeks to herself in the whole year, you know." "And to think that if she had just gone to the other place she would have met those trends with the automobile and had a wonderful time," commented Molly, the little stenographer lady. "Aren't things always happening like that? It seems to me that this would be a much better world if one could only do everything twice. We are always making mistakes about everything because we are always doing everything for the first time, and we naturally don't know any better. I think it would be fine if we were allowed to do everything twice—everything, I mean, going on vacations, and picking out clothes and getting married and bringing up children and—and everything." "You do have the chance to do everything twice if you want it enough," Molly said to the man-who-thinks. "What do you mean?" asked Molly. "I mean that you can do everything twice if you'll be willing to do it vicariously the first time," said the man-who-thinks. Molly cocked her head thoughtfully, while the wants-to-be-cynic ostentatiously offered her a dictionary. "Did you ever," went on the man-who-thinks, "did you ever yet do one of those foolish things that you have afterwards regretted and wanted to try over again, without having been strongly advised by someone who had traveled that same path not to do it? Now, for instance, just what were you thinking of when you spoke so strongly about wanting to have a second chance?" "Why, I was thinking about that vacation trip and about the blue dress I bought this spring that spotted so."

UNITED THEY STOOD



NEWS ITEM: The progressive and standpat Republicans of Maine agreed upon a truce until after the state election, each faction supporting the ticket. The break came the day after election.

The Evening Story

ONLY THIS AND NEXT WEEK THIS VISIT TO SEE

A Duplicate Disposition

By CARL SARGENT CHASE

"I am engaged," said my friend Bob Turner, "to a girl who seems to have two dispositions. At one time she gives every evidence of character by seriousness, weighing her words before speaking and deciding after mature deliberation. At another time she is ingenuous, childlike, happy-go-lucky and with it all extremely amiable."

"Which of her dispositions do you prefer?" I asked. "I don't know. I confess that a woman who thinks and plans is preferable to one who does not. Nevertheless, an amiable woman is the delight of a household. I wish you would make her acquaintance and tell me which side of her makeup you prefer—just for curiosity, you know."

I was introduced by Bob to Alpha Whitcomb—why her parents named her for the first letter of the Greek alphabet I was at a loss to know—and made a number of calls upon her. As Bob's most intimate friend, I was received with a welcome; but, of course, I didn't tell her that I had been introduced to study her duplicate disposition. What Bob had said of her appeared to be true, though during a call I found that either one of her dispositions was in the ascendant. She was never both during the same visit.

It seemed to me that when she was the serious Miss Whitcomb she looked slightly different from when she was the amiable Miss Whitcomb, but I have known persons to appear like different persons under different emotions. The Whitcomb drawing room where I was received was always dimly lighted by these globe lamps intended to give a subdued artistic hue to everything, and I confess that I found it difficult to even get a satisfactory look at the young lady.

I had not visited Miss Whitcomb many times before I discovered that I preferred her infinitely in her amiable character. I will admit that this may have been due to the fact that when she was in this mood she seemed to assimilate best with my own makeup. At any rate I was always delighted to find her in lighter vein and correspondingly disappointed when she was serious. However, whether it was that she saw that the former disposition suited me best she finally received me as the jolly, frank girl who accorded so well with my own idiosyncrasies.

It was after I had seen her several times in this mood, passing each time an evening with her, that I began to feel that I might be pined in a compromising position toward my friend Bob, her fiancé. It occurred to me that I was falling in love with the girl. My visits must be stopped at once. I had remained away a week when I received a note from her stating that she wished to see me about a matter which was so trivial that I was sure it was a mere excuse to have me call again. I confess I did not have the strength of will to refuse her invitation. I called and met with unmistakable evidences of her favor.

I was frightened. It was evident not only that I had conceived a liking for my friend's fiancée, but that she had conceived a liking for me. What was to be done? I thought the matter over and telephoned Bob that I wished to see him the same evening. When he came I told him that I had studied the double disposition of his fiancée so far as was necessary and was ready to report. I infinitely preferred her when she was the genial, amiable Miss Whitcomb.

"And you have no use for her when she is the steady Miss Whitcomb?" he asked. "I did not say that. I said that I preferred her in her lighter mood."

"Do you think you could love her in that mood?" "What a question! I shouldn't think of loving a girl who belonged to my friend."

"Nonsense; I don't believe there is any man, however honorable, who would give up the woman he loved for his friend simply because that friend had forestalled him."

"Well, what of that when the girl is true to the man she first met?" "She isn't in this case."

I was thunderstruck. Had Miss Whitcomb confessed to her lover that she preferred me to him?

"Bob," I said, "what are you driving at?"

"I introduced you to a girl with two dispositions. I prefer her serious side. You prefer her amiable side. Now, how would it do to divide her between us; I taking the serious girl, you the amiable girl?"

"Have you lost your senses?" Bob burst out laughing. "For heaven's sake!" I exclaimed. "What does all this mean?"

"I will meet you at her home this evening and explain. Be there by 8 o'clock." And without a word more he ran away.

At 8 o'clock I was at the Whitcombs' and found Bob and his fiancée together. She looked at me in that sober fashion that always rather repelled me.

"Now, old man, I wish you to confess that you have got sweet on"—The door opened and another girl, the image of the first, entered. "Miss Beta Whitcomb," Bob finished. "Alpha's twin sister."

Bob says that the delighted, relieved expression on my face will be with him to the end of his days. He and Alpha wishing me to marry her sister, had taken this way of bringing the match about. It succeeded.

Birthday Calendar



If This Is Your Birthday. "Look before you leap" is a good motto for you. Also you are warned not to allow small injuries, real or fancied, to draw your attention away from your main interests.

Those born today will be headstrong and unthinking and will need firm government if they are to become successful. Left to themselves their naturally brilliant talents will waste themselves in quarrelling and criticizing.

always-knows-somehow, "I think there's still another way we can do things twice and correct our mistakes."

"How?" said Molly. "By helping the second generation to do them right," said the lady-who-always-knows-somehow.

"And so when we won't take older folks' advice they feel as if they were making the mistakes right over again," cried Molly. "Why, I never thought of it that way. That's a very serious thought, isn't it?"

"It is," said the man-who-thinks, and even the wants-to-be-cynic admitted guardedly, "It's quite worth thinking about."

Money Tight. Drug Clerk—I've been docked a week's salary for making a mistake and killing a man. Lend me \$5, won't you?

Friendly Policemen—Couldn't possibly. I've just been suspended a week for killing another one.

Friends Expected Her to Die. "I sincerely believe my life was saved in the Fall of 1910 by using Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," writes Mrs. Agnes Booth, Tonawanda, N. Y. "I was taken with diarrhoea followed by an attack of acute indigestion. Power of the pen fails to portray the agonies I endured. My friends expected me to die as I had been unable to get relief for so long a time. This remedy went directly to the seat of the trouble and cured me in a few hours' time. For sale by all Dealers."

She Had Proof. A young wife was in tears a few mornings ago when her mother called. When asked what was the matter she replied that her husband was out late the night before and had been to a drinking party.

"What makes you think he had been to a drinking party?" asked the mother. "He came home," sobbed the young wife, "wearing a phonograph horn for a hat."

DR. HOLVERSON, PHONE 514. S-27

Hook Worm in Central America. The hook worm is ravaging Costa Rica and other Central American countries. It makes the people anaemic and apparently lazy. What the Costa Rican government is doing to eradicate the disease. A wonderful exposition of sanitation which originated in Uncle Sam's work in Porto Rico. See the Frank G. Carpenter Letter of next Sunday's Capital News.

AN APPEAL TO PATRIOTIC AMERICANS

The PROGRESSIVE PARTY is fighting for the people's rights and must be supported by the people. If you have not responded to the PROGRESSIVE PARTY'S appeal for campaign funds, DO IT NOW. Show your loyalty and patriotism toward a Nobler America by sending your donation. Send as much as you can—anything from \$1.00 up.

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HOW THEY DO BUSINESS IN CENTRAL AMERICA

All about the mountain capital of Costa Rica. Its stores and its markets. A country where all transportation is by ox-cart and the markets are the chief stores. See Frank G. Carpenter's letter in next Sunday's Capital News.

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