

EVENING : CAPITAL : NEWS

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FLIGHT OF TIME.

Old Father Time keeps up his gait, unwearyed, never stopping. Soon we must get our checkbooks straight and do our Christmas shopping. There's such a string of yesterdays! And each one had its sorrows, and Time goes hustling down the ways to bring some choice tomorrows. We oftentimes deplore his flight, as we are growing older; but Father Time's all right, all right, his scythe upon his shoulder! If Time stood still we'd never quit to waiting places wending; and every grief and every fit would never have an ending. If some one treats me ill today, gives me a deal that's rotten, Time gently soothes my wrath away—next week it's all forgotten. When I against misfortunes buck, and troubles with me linger, Time says, "I'll show you better luck," and leads me by the finger. Time is the healer and the hope when all is done and spoken, and he provides the only hope that heals the heart that's broken. The gall and bitterness of life, the tears of vain endeavor, the acrimony and the strife, Time wipes away forever. Then let us not fret trouble wall, but patiently endure it; though all the other healers fail, Time certainly will cure it.

Over Me

Copyright, 1912 by George Matthew Adams.

THE "BUTTING IN" OF MR. HAINES.

The linking of Mr. Haines with Senator Borah by the Republican state central committee has been done for the purpose of losing support for the senator. It was done without his consent and without his knowledge and was continued after both the committee and Mr. Haines, himself, knew that it was not the desire of Senator Borah, whose wish was that he be allowed to conduct his own campaign, just as senatorial candidates have been permitted to do by the Republicans ever since statehood.

In no other campaign can an instance be pointed out where the nominee of the party for governor and a candidate for United States senator have been sent to campaign together by the state committee. In this instance it has been done because both the committee and Mr. Haines realize the weakness of the gubernatorial candidate. While it is a tribute to the strength of the senatorial candidate, still the friends of that candidate are justified in resenting the unnecessary and unjust burden imposed upon him by the committee.

The manner in which the trick was turned makes the act all the more worthy of condemnation and arouses all the more the resentment of the friends of the senator. The meetings advertised, were advertised as Borah meetings and the senator was given not the slightest hint, as we are given to understand, that any one else was expected to appear with him and to share the time allotted to him.

The purpose of the trick is made evident when it is understood that even before Senator Borah himself knew that Haines had been sent off trailing along trying to gain a little standing for himself and his own candidacy through reflected greatness of the man whom he was thrusting himself upon, reports had been sent out and had been published in the Taft press of the state that they were campaigning together.

As matter of fact, they are not campaigning together. Mr. Borah is campaigning and Mr. Haines is trying to make up a few of his own many evident and admitted deficiencies, by crowding and forcing himself into company where he has never been extended invitation.

Borah can stand the imposition, but how about Haines? How can he square his conduct in this matter with the dignity of the position he seeks? How can he expect that such conduct will appeal to the people of the state, or cause them to believe he is capable to fill the position of governor of the state?

It is impossible. No man with so little pride, or so little self-respect, to say nothing of a man who admits that he possesses so little ability that he cannot make his own campaign of the state, should be elected governor. He may be fitted to be a bookkeeper for a real estate firm and may be qualified to fill out insurance policy blanks, but he is not of gubernatorial material.

THE CASE OF SENATOR HAIGHT.

The Capital News as a friend of Senator Borah and as an advocate of his re-election, is not satisfied with the pledge that comes from the Republican candidates for the legislature in Cassia county. The pledge made is merely a resolution adopted by the county central committee, as

AN APPEAL TO PATRIOTIC AMERICANS

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we understand it, and not by the legislative candidates themselves. We have no means of knowing whether those candidates feel bound by this resolution or not; they may feel so bound and, again, they may not.

The candidate for state senator from that county is Senator Haight. The record of the senator in the legislature of the state is no guaranty that he is a friend of the common people and it is only from friends of the common people that Senator Borah can feel any assurance of re-election. Moreover, Senator Haight is quoted by men in high position of authority in the Republican organization as saying that if elected, he would not vote for Senator Borah unless the senator should come out in support of Taft for president. Now, Borah has proof that convinces him absolutely that Taft stole his nomination—that he secured it dishonestly and through fraud. As an honest man himself, and as a patriot loving his country even more than he loves the machinery that constitutes his party, especially when such machinery is in such corrupt hands as it is now, Senator Borah cannot and will not come out for Taft, hence cannot and will not fulfill the conditions said to have been laid down by Senator Haight.

Now, as a friend of Senator Borah we demand to know from Senator Haight personally—not satisfied with having it said by some one not known to have authority to bind him—whether or not, if elected, he will vote for the re-election of Senator Borah. We want to know this unconditionally except the condition of the death or declination of candidacy by Senator Borah, and we feel that we have a right to know; that the people of the state have a right to know and that the people of Cassia county have a right to know.

We believe that if Senator Haight gives his personal pledge to support Borah, he will keep that pledge. We also believe that unless he does give such a pledge, he will not vote for Borah when the real test comes.

WHY DOES IT NOT ANSWER?

The Statesman evades the questions submitted to it. There is no occasion for evasion because evasion in this case means a negative answer and will be so construed by the people.

The Capital News has no hesitancy and has never had hesitancy in stating its position. Its readers always know where it stands. In this campaign it is well known that it is supporting Senator Borah for re-election to the United States senate. Because of that support, it is supporting the Republican legislative tickets, not alone in Ada county, but in every other county of the state where they come out squarely and fairly in pledges to support Borah.

In view of the open attacks made by the Statesman upon the Republican legislative ticket in this county and in view of its evident hostile attitude toward Senator Borah, we have demanded to know from that paper whether or not it desires and will work for the re-election of Senator Borah and whether it will support the Republican legislative ticket in Ada county.

It has refused to answer either of these questions in a fair, open and frank manner, but in a manner to strengthen the belief that it does not intend to give such support.

Now, the people have a right to know so that they may give the statements and the publications in the Statesman the weight they deserve in view of its position.

Again, to the Statesman: Do you desire the re-election of Senator Borah to the United States senate and will you work toward that end from now until a senator shall be elected, and will you support the Republican legislative ticket in Ada county, each candidate of which ticket has signed a personal pledge to vote for Senator Borah?

The Evening Chit-Chat

By Ruth Cameron.

HERE is a man in our town who is outrageously overbearing and disagreeable to the most patient little wife that ever lived. People who know them both often say: "How can he be so disagreeable when she is so good? If she were sharp or cross, that would be another thing, but she is such an angel, I can't understand it." It seems to me that the very thing that puzzles them is a partial explanation of the trouble.

Why shouldn't he be overbearing when she is always ready to lie down and let him walk over her? Why shouldn't he be disagreeable since he can always relieve his feelings that way without any fear of a comeback? I am inclined to think that if she were sharp and cross occasionally, he'd be a little more careful how he picked on her. But if she is always an angel, why shouldn't he be a devil of unlivableness when he feels like it? Angels make devils sometimes, I think, and goodness and badness are complementary to a greater degree than we realize.

If you will look about you, you will see that the world is full of people who are cross and folks who let people be cross to them; children who are disorderly and mothers who patiently pick up after them; husbands who are overbearing and wives who are under-splitted; wives who are outrageously extravagant and husbands who indulge them; folks who are eternally selfish and other folks who help them to be so by their self effacement.

Now, do these sufferers deserve as much pity as they usually receive, so long as they help maintain the cause of their sufferings? Probably most of them would tell you that nothing they could do would have any effect on the offenders. I think they are mistaken.

I think a great many of these people who impose on others in one way or another could be treated by homeopathic treatment. Homeopathic, I mean, as far as concerns the character of the

dose, not its size. That is: they should be given doses of their own medicine. Once upon a time there was a girl who was very disorderly and untidy about her room. Her mother fretted and fumed but patiently picked up after her, and the girl grew worse instead of better. Finally she married a man who not only did not pick up after her, but who was extremely disorderly himself. The result of this dose of her own medicine was that she acquired the lacking bump of order.

Again, a woman who was naturally ultra easy going married a man who was some degree more so. In this case the cure was even more speedy.

Now wasn't it too bad that the housemates of these people didn't apply this treatment years before?

Of course, there are many chronic and aggravated cases of unlivableness that even the homeopathic treatment won't cure, but I am sure that it would always help.

BIDS WANTED.

Bids are wanted by the Inter-Mountain Fair Ass'n. for whitewashing the buildings, decorating the buildings, furnishing tents. Please apply to the secretary, Wm. Krull, corner of 10th and Idaho Sts.

Acquiesced.

(From Judge) Charlie—"The doctor says I have a tobacco heart."

Madge—"I knew it all along, dear. You always cared more for your old pipe than you did for me."

Wedding and three letter Monogram Stationery, Visiting and "At Home" cards at Capital News Job Rooms, Artistic Printers.

If your watch does not run right, let us repair it. You will be satisfied. CON W. HESSE, Jeweler.

One Way.

Pipeleigh—"Do you know how to judge a good cigar?" Miss Peachy—"Yes, indeed! By the man who smokes it!"

Birthday Calendar



If This Is Your Birthday.

Some unexpected good fortune will come to you by way of a friend. Your affairs will prosper and your earnest endeavors will be rewarded. These born today will have good dispositions. Their lovable qualities will gain them many friends who will help them to advance.

PRESS COMMENT

Trust Contributions to Politics.

Did you ever notice that, in the list of "awful" trusts represented by the ultra-Republican supporting Roosevelt, the Standard Oil, the Beef Trust, the Tobacco Trust and the Smelter Trust are not found? The Standard Oil, "dissolved" by President Taft, cleared \$300,000,000 in the market and income value of its holdings by that legal dissolution; the Tobacco Trust, also "dissolved" and reorganized by President Taft and his federal court, cleared only a little less by this dreadful prosecution. And the Beef Trust only hopes that its present poignant prosecution will bring an order and a court plan for its "dissolution," and add a hundred millions to its value. And Senator Guggenheim of the unprosecuted Smelter Trust sits heavily upon the mining development of the west, and is as "regular" a Republican as Penrose, or Quay, or Barnes, or Root, or any of them.

It is certainly true that for many years big interests have contributed heavily to the Republican campaign fund. They have done this for 39 years. It is to be doubted if ever until this year, and possibly not now, they ever had an immunity contract. Having a majority vote, they always nominated eastern men whose training made them see through the interests' eyes. And they have seldom or never neglected to have a hedging bet laid with the Democrats; which was such unbelievable luck in Cleveland's time. Everybody knows that the national campaigns have been run this way; that the Republicans got the most because they were the strongest and so the best bet. Roosevelt has never denied that these big interests contributed to the party funds; though when he had a case pending against Standard Oil he ordered that no subscriptions be received from them; and not even Penrose, their agent, has dared to say that he promised immunity. These big interests have been the financial mainstay of the Republican party; but the people believed that the general welfare made the capitalist and the laborer and the farmer want and need the same thing. It would have gone on the same way indefinitely, but for the accident of Roosevelt as president, and the marvelous awakening of public conscience in the last eight years.

The Republican national platforms of 1904, and again in 1908, lauded Roosevelt as no other American has been lauded. In 1908, they knew everything they now know of the "crime of 1904"; but they piled it on thicker than ever. In 1908, no later than six weeks ago, a Republican state convention eulogized by name the Roosevelt administration.

As a matter of fact, Roosevelt deserved these endorsements; he was far bigger and better than his party associates. Starting in with the incipit of the vicious old system, and with the party leaders a unit for the spoils system, and with the public as lethargic as a chloroformed dog, he has made them all awake. The sportsman class has not changed; the biggest beneficiaries of the old regime still have their Penroses, Guggenheims, Archbalds to lead. They have been proving, for the purpose of electing Taft over Roosevelt, that the Republican party is a professional "fence," a porch-climber, a pickpocket, a thief that stole for hire, and then robbed its employer; by innumerable state and national conventions the party ratified all the acts of the leaders who did these crimes—so be a man and vote for the party of glorious history!

The lying picture set before the nation by the Taft press is enough to make almost every one but a hypocrite or thief to vote against this Republican party of unutterable history. Fortunately the people know them to be lies, or half-truths which are more despicable than all-lies; and a few honest men will still vote the Republican national ticket despite its lying, character-assassin leaders. But this plan of campaign is making Roosevelt and Wilson and Debs votes by the million; either of which is a distinct gain, if one must believe that this utterly vile trash that falsely damns its own party history and all its leaders whom it has indorsed, for a momentary advantage, is the Republican party of today.

But none of this poison brigade's work need keep any one from voting the Republican ticket in Idaho. Man for man, it is the best in the field; record for record, it deserves to win; and with Borah and French and Smith for its national representatives, it would be business suicide or bankruptcy to vote any other ticket.

His Idea.

(From Judge) An old colored minister, preaching of hell, pictured it as a region of ice and snow. When asked his reason for the misrepresentation, he replied, "Why, if I wuz to say hell wuz hot, some of dem rheumatic niggers would want to go dar the very fust frost!"

The Evening Story

Facing Death For Love

By ARTHUR W. BREWSTER

There is an island in the Pacific ocean which produces tropical fruit in abundance, and ships stop there to take it away and leave its equivalent in money or in such goods as the natives require. But the islanders will not consent to any mingling with the whites and are especially jealous of their women. Death is the penalty to any woman who receives a white man for a lover or a husband.

One day an American ship named the Mary Boyle stopped at the island with a cargo of miscellaneous goods which she unloaded and took on in its place such fruits as the place produced. The crew of the Mary Boyle were permitted to remain ashore during the day, but at evening they were required to go aboard the ship.

The captain of the Mary Boyle had warned his sailors to have nothing to do with the women on the island, telling them that they would not only endanger their lives, but bring certain death on any woman to whom they made love. The warning was not necessary with regard to the women, as a whole, who were many of them hideous. Even the girls were not gifted with what a white man would consider beauty. There was, however, one exception. While the shore force was unloading on the beach several girls came down to bathe. They went into the water and sported like dolphins. One of them who swam about, her long black hair trailing behind her, was as graceful as a swan. The sun glistened on some brass bracelets she wore on her arm and sparkled on a stone that was fixed just above her forehead to a ribbon bound around her head.

In contrast with this dusky maiden was one of the sailors whose eye she caught, Jack Cogan by name, with light hair and blue eyes. He followed her with his gaze so fixedly wherever she swam that the mate in charge of the party noticed his attraction, and to nip it in the bud gruffly ordered him to attend to his work.

When the girls were tired of swimming they went ashore, passing near the sailors at work, and the dark beauty, glancing at Jack, saw him gazing at her rapturously. Love is like gunpowder that only a spark is required to explode. The girl saw not only what to her was exquisite manly beauty in the fair young sailor, but the love light in his eyes. She passed on with her companions, but the damage had been done. One exchange of glances brought about that which was ready to brave death.

A week later, when the Mary Boyle was about ready to get up her anchor and sail away, the captain, in order to make sure that all the crew were aboard, ordered the boatswain to call the roll. When he came to the name of Cogan there was no reply. The captain's brow lowered. He shrank from leaving any of his men behind and feared that Jack had in some way become involved, so that it would be impossible to extricate him. Night was coming on when no white man was permitted to be on the island. If Jack was found there he would be killed. Yet the captain dare not violate the custom of the islanders by sending a crew ashore to bring him aboard. The only course to pursue was to wait till morning.

Dawn was breaking when the watch reported that a canoe with a white man and a native woman in it was leaving the shore. The captain ran up on deck, and seizing a glass brought it to bear on the couple in the boat. The wind was high and blowing on shore, giving rise to a line of breakers, but the occupants of the canoe, by dexterous paddling, the woman in the bow evidently taking the lead, had managed to ride the foamy crests and get beyond them into unbroken water. At the moment the captain took the glass a number of natives ran from the wood above the beach and began hurling spears and stones at the couple in the boat.

It was clear to those on board the Mary Boyle that Love was playing one of his reckless pranks. These two young fools were braving almost certain death that they might possess each other.

The men ashore, seeing that they were powerless to reach the fugitives with their weapons, rushed up the beach to an inlet where was moored a canoe large enough to hold half a dozen of them, and, getting aboard, started in pursuit. Six paddles were far more effective than two, especially when one of the latter was handled by a girl. But she was both strong and skillful. Indeed, it was on her, rather than her lover, who was inexperienced in canoeing, that the race depended.

All the world loves a lover, and the crew of the Mary Boyle, without waiting for the captain's order, lowered a boat and pulled to the rescue. The fugitives saw them and took heart. It was a question whether the sailors or the islanders would reach them first. If the islanders, the fate of the girl was sealed, for they would kill her immediately.

The pursuing boat was near the sleeping couple. The girl's father was about to hurl a spear at her when a six pound shot from the Mary Boyle struck the canoe he was in and in the panic that ensued rolled it over. That ended the struggle. The fugitives were taken aboard, the anchor raised, and the ship sailed away.

As to the future life of the young couple there is no record.

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