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WHY WE'RE HERE.

We were placed upon this planet for a purpose high and strong; 'tis a pity that we cannot grasp it as we go along. This big globe to us was given by the gods, who doubtless thought that by noble motives driven, we'd make it a beauty spot. But the gods took down and scan it from the stars whereon they sit, saying, "They have filled that planet with one big connoisseur fit!" For instead of kindly helping one another as we wend, we keep up a wretched yelping, a contention without end. To increase our worldly thriving, to increase our stock of dough, all our days we're grimly striving, the sharp commercial god; and the less grow cold and bitter 'neath the sharp commercial god; and the less successful either we but jostle from the road. Calloused by the sordid grind most every heart in time is chilled; "let the devil take the hindmost," is our motto, hourly thrilled. Now as in the days of yore most selfish longings fill each mind, and the devil gets the foremost just as well as those behind. We were placed upon this planet for a life serene and broad, and we cannot rightly man it till our arctic souls are thawed.

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Over Moore

FOR THE STATESMAN TO ANSWER.

The morning paper is still quibbling and still fails to answer the questions that all the people are interested in, except by implication which leads to the belief that the answer, if made at all, would be in the negative.

Once more to the Statesman: Do you desire the reelection of Senator Borah to the United States senate and will you support him from now until a senator shall be elected and toward that end will you support the Republican legislative ticket of Ada county as it now stands personally pledged to vote for Senator Borah?

Let us have your answer so that the people may know where to place you and may understand what your purposes and motives are. Your answer in this respect depends upon you and you alone and not upon anybody else except those who dictate to you and you can avoid having attention directed to them by answering the question for yourself.

THAT REFORMATION WITHIN THE PARTY.

Those Republicans who have still lingered in the hope that a reformation of the party can be brought about, or that progressive principles can be engrafted upon that party by working from within, are almost daily being furnished with evidence of the futility of their hopes.

A meeting of the national committee of the party has just been held at which by formal vote, under the new powers given that committee of self-perpetuation and of censorship over the minds and consciences of the people, all remaining members of this supreme authority in the modern Republican party, who held progressive views and who hoped to secure their adoption through reformation within the Republican party, were formally expelled, wholly and solely because of the progressive views held by them and by their people.

In nearly every case the removal was made in cases where the people of the states affected have, by formal vote by great majority, voted to sustain progressive ideas but to do it within the party organization.

The national committeeman from California, from Kansas, and from Nebraska were removed, although in neither state have the Republicans left the Republican party, but in all of them have determined to remain within the party, retaining the party name, and to work out the reforms they believe in within the Republican party. The national committee, however, this supreme power and self-perpetuating machine of modern Republicanism, has formally read them out of the party and taken away from them their right of representation by removing from the national committee the men chosen by the Republicans of that state and by the appointment of other men selected by the national committee.

Here in Idaho Senator Borah has declared his belief in the ability of the progressive members of that party to advance the principles and policies they believe in within the party, but we all know what effort has been made to read him out of the party, and we all know it would have been done long ago except for the anxiety of so many of the reactionary element to continue their hold upon the public seat and had they not realized that to do so would mean the inevitable defeat of every candidate upon that party's ticket.

Although formal reading of the senator out of the party because of the views he holds has not as yet been undertaken, still we all know that those who are the Republican party, de facto, as the lawyers say, those who constitute all that is really left of it, save only a bare skeleton of a membership besides, has really read him out of the party.

We all know that those who really constitute the Republican party of Ada county, for illustration, as that party is defined and maintained by the national committee, have read out of that party their legislative ticket because the candidates upon that ticket, for the most part, hold to progressive views and are remaining within the party solely in the hope that they may be able to bring the party to their views, and not because their views are in accord with the present announced principles of the party.

An organization has been, or is being, effected by those who are real Republicans for the avowed purpose of making fealty to Taft, the beneficiary of the most dastardly theft ever committed against the elective franchise in a

free country, save, possibly the actual theft of the presidency for Hayes in 1876, the sole test of loyalty to party and for the purpose of combining the votes of all these Republicans so as to whip out of the party those very candidates and other persons who hope to effect a reformation within the party, which they propose to do by effecting the defeat at the polls of all candidates holding progressive views.

We have no quarrel with Senator Borah because he cannot as yet see that he has undertaken an impossibility, neither have we any quarrel with any other candidates or members of the Republican party, but that does not restrain us from pointing out to them their mistake, nor does it restrain us from urging patriotic, honest and loyal members of the old Republican party when it was in its honest and most glorious days, to give up the vain hope of accomplishing the impossible and come over while there is time to accomplish results, and help to defeat, bag and baggage, the enemies of Republican principles, of the people and of the government.

If the old Republican name can be retained at all, it can best be retained by defeat of all reactionary candidates, not Taft alone, but Haines, Taylor, Smith, Gifford, Peterson and all of them, by the election of well known, avowed, outspoken progressives like Martin, Borah, French, Smock, Boyd, Badley, Miles, Barclay and Skeels.

Such an act would show most unmistakably the progressive sentiment of the people of Idaho and it would still leave the way open to reform the Republican party from within at the next primary election, which can be more certainly and more easily done following such a defeat of the reactionary element in control of that party now and the consequent discouragement of those agents of special privilege and corporate wealth, than can possibly be hoped for by sustaining and encouraging them by voting for and electing to office the candidates they have picked out to thrust upon the people.

WHERE IS THE HOPE OF RELIEF?

For ten years the Republicans in an unbroken line of succession had possession of the entire machinery of government in the state and likewise in most of the counties of the state. The tax burden doubled, then trebled and finally more than quadrupled and the people's groans afforded them no relief.

Two years ago they resolved upon a change in the state government in the hope of relief. In return the burdens of the farmers and other small property owners of the state multiplied many fold even though the taxes of the rich and of the special interest classes were likewise increased but in a lesser degree until many farmers and other small property owners were driven to the necessity of actually borrowing the money with which to pay taxes, their farms and other property not returning sufficient revenue to pay the taxes alone.

The present year offers no relief. Conditions have become such in the state that to own property actually increases one's liabilities to the extent of a considerable proportion of the tax assessed. Many a man last year, could not have paid his tax bill and his irrigation water bill except for the fortunate circumstance that he had an income from another source than the property taxed. Many other men in the state will be compelled to do likewise this year.

Will it afford the voter any consolation to take with him to the polls his tax receipt if he should resolve at the same time to vote into power again either of the old parties through the monstrous tax bills presented to him for payment?

Would it not be more sane and more sensible for him to try an entirely new deal—to vote for men committed squarely and unequivocally to such changes in the laws as will give the taxpayers more power to regulate the expense of city, county and state government?

The Progressive state candidates are committed not alone to a more economical administration of public affairs, but they are committed to the principle of returning governmental affairs to the people. They are committed to the doctrine of such a readjustment of the revenue laws and their enforcement as will make the rich, the powerful and corporate institutions, the timber companies and the mining trust disclose their hidden wealth that escapes taxation and to bear their proper burden of the necessary expense of government.

Does not such a program appeal to the people? Have the people become so hopeless and so despairing that they do not believe there is any hope for improvement and that, therefore, they may as well continue to vote as they have been voting, or to cease voting at all?

We cannot believe it. We believe, instead, that the people are awake; that men and women will vote this year who have not voted before in years; that they will walk up to the polls and cast a ballot for those officials who promise to give the people the government of which they have been deprived during the last few years by the special interests and by wealthy privilege seekers.

That is why we are supporting the Progressive state ticket this year.

The Evening Chit-Chat

By Ruth Cameron.

If a certain great man very much in the public eye just now, a popular periodical recently used an apt French phrase. It said that he had "les défauts des qualités" which, as the gentle reader has already guessed, means that he had the defects that go naturally with his peculiar qualities. This great man is pre-eminently a "doer," and according to this analysis of his character, he had the precipitancy and indiscretion which are the complementary defects of that character. Now as to whether this particular man has the qualities and defects mentioned, I am not going to try to guess. You see, I've given my solemn word to the editor to keep out of politics. But the reason I've been telling you about him is just this. I want to call your attention to the value of that French phrase. Do you realize that almost all of us

Birthday Calendar



If This Is Your Birthday.

Take no risks, the chances are against you. The best way is to be cautious and use your good judgment on all enterprises. Traveling may be unfortunate for you. Those born today will be enthusiastic workers but will lack executive ability. Unless a good early training gives them the necessary poise they should seek alliance with others, rather than depend on themselves.

have "les défauts des qualités"?

We have, you know. And in judging or blaming or analyzing our family or our friends, and especially, I think, our children, we should certainly take account of this.

And yet how seldom we do!

For instance, a child is quick to learn, eager and impulsive; we praise these qualities. But he is also the inevitable complement, rash and impulsive, and probably quick tempered. We blame him for these tendencies and wonder where on earth they came from. They are nothing but other manifestations of the qualities we praise.

I know a young woman who, all through her childhood and girlhood, was tremendously intense, in her play, her study, her friendships, and all that she felt or did. Her mother undoubtedly knew this and, I think, took pride in it. But when womanhood came, and the same intensity displayed itself in other ways and almost ruined the girl's life, the mother could not see where she got such a passionate disposition. (If the corner of the French phrase will permit I'd like to twist it a bit, and say that we also have the qualities of our defects.)

For instance, a friend of mine supplied a piece of information which a group of people wanted. "How did you ever find that out?" they inquired. "How?" she answered. "Because I wanted to know and asked. That's the way with you people—you laugh at me because I go around asking questions, but you are glad enough to share my knowledge when you want to know something." You see she had the quality of her defect—if you may call curiosity a defect; I don't, but some people do—the fund of knowledge that went with her inquiring mind.

Good and bad are often only two names for different phases of the same thing.

And if you will use this point of view as a key, I think you will find it easier to understand folks' characters, your own included.

PRESS COMMENT

"Regular" Republicans.

(Richfield Recorder) Here are a few questions for "regular" Republicans to answer who talk of bolting the Republican legislative ticket because it is to elect Borah, who they falsely claim is not for Taft, the head of the ticket:

Isn't Borah the best business asset Idaho has? Hasn't he made good?

Wasn't he the Republican choice in the primaries, more than Taft ever was in any convention?

Can any other business man wish to trade Borah for the best Democrat in Idaho?

Can any man pretend to be honest and yet say that, if he votes the ticket strayed in the sole test of Republicanism, he is not a liar or a scoundrel to profess his own regularity and still try to beat Borah, the unanimous party primary choice for the senate?

Show us the honest man who has a shadow of evidence that Borah isn't "regular" in his Republicanism. He can accept even Taft without believing in him or admitting that his platform is perfect or sufficient. The Recorder does that—and it's infinitely more than the Goodings or the Statesman did when they bolted Hastings or Lansdon; or Lansdon or Coates did, when they bolted and defeated Brady; or Sullivan and the thousand others when they voted for silver. Yet every one of these, and a whole newspaper full of others, boast of their own "regularity" in the face of what they have done, and most of them would again bolt Borah for what he never did or thought of doing!

Ninety-nine out of every 100 who censured Borah for saying that he will stick to certain progressive principles beyond Taft or the expressed platform of the Republican party, have cordially damned almost every measure actually passed by the Republican party of Idaho, and blackguarded the party and its members for the primary law, the local option law and others; and now they would defeat Borah for believing there are bad things the Republican party has done or good things it has not done!

In saying that there are good things not expressed in terms of Taft or tariff, Senator Borah expresses the thought and hope of most of the Republican party of Idaho. He accepts these as part of the party—for no party can or should keep pace with its strongest leaders. But it is a crime against their manhood, a crime against the state, for the average "regular" politician to charge Senator Borah or any other man with political defection that is not, and to use treason themselves to prove that the lie is true.

The student of the ads knows the secret of "elastic currency"—for, knowing values, she makes many a dollar do the work of two.

The Evening Story

HUNTING A STILL

By KATHLEEN J. MURDY

It was in the days of illicit distilling in Kentucky. A man riding along a road in the eastern part of that state, reaching a snug farmhouse, drew rein. "I'm looking for a farm to buy," he said. "Do you happen to know of any good bit of land about here with some buildings on it?" "No; I don't," said the woman, who was both young and comely. "There ought to be good farming about here."

"Stranger," said the woman, "you hain't looking for farms. You're a revenue man after stills."

The man was astonished. He had supposed he was playing a very successful game.

"If you'd root out the stills the people about here would go to farming instead of making whisky."

"I can't root out the stills," replied the man, "unless you people help me."

"What kind o' help do you want?" "Information."

"Well, come in and have a snack. Perhaps my husband'll be coming along soon, and he may do something for you."

The revenue man dismounted, led his horse to the stable in the rear and entered the house. He chatted with the woman freely about the illicit distilling, said that it helped the few and wronged the many. A district where it was notorious never prospered. It was under a ban; no credit; no production of crops; no comfort for any one. She appeared to agree with him and when he had finished said:

"Did you ever hear of Joe Comstock's still?" "No, I'm a new man; just put on to this district."

"That's the only one we could get you on to here. If my husband don't come home purty soon I'll tell you all about it."

Her husband didn't come home. She said she supposed he had been delayed. So after supper she said she would tell him where the Comstock still was, and if he liked he could go and clean it out. It was the only one left in that immediate vicinity and most of the people thereabout would be glad to see it shut up. The woman after she had cleaned away the supper dishes sat down beside the stranger and on a piece of paper drew a diagram of the route to Comstock's. It was rather a zigzag course, extending over several miles. The stranger asked if there was no more direct route, and she told him that there was none that could be made plain to one who was not familiar with the country. When it was dark he got out his horse, mounted and, thanking the woman for her hospitality, was about to ride away when she asked:

"You going to take Joe Comstock alone?" "That's just what I'm going to do."

"You're a plucky one."

The man rode away, following the route exactly as it had been laid down by the woman. He was most of the time climbing a mountain side, and, though the distance was but a few miles, he was two hours getting to a point just beyond which he had been told he would find the Comstock still. He was to recognize it by the crossing of two mountain roads, a peculiarly shaped oak tree on the point of one of the angles. From the crossroads he was to pass through an opening between the trees, go over a stone wall, follow a tunnel a short distance down the mountain and he would come upon the still. Leaving the crossroads, he moved on as directed.

He was moving very quietly down the stream when he dislodged a stone that betrayed his approach. He paused, but, hearing nothing, moved forward again. Suddenly he heard the words come out of the darkness, "Hands up!"

He knew that he was on an elevation that showed the sky line beyond him and that doubtless his enemy could see him, while he could not see his enemy. He held his revolver in his hand cocked and, hoping to at least disconcert his opponent, fired into the darkness. The only response was a bitter laugh. It sounded like that of a woman cressed. Then came a voice which sounded distinctly feminine:

"Drop your weapon. I can kill you if I like!"

The revenue man hesitated a moment, then thought it best to do as he had been bidden. Suddenly a bullseye lantern was flashed in his face.

"You're not the coward the other one was to come here and surround the place and kill my Joe. You're a brave one if you are a revenue. I'm Miss Joe Comstock, the woman who sent you here. I knew you were a revenue right off, and since I've been wishing for a chance to get even with you government men I gave you a roundabout way, coming myself straight up the mountains. I intended to kill you, but I couldn't. You're too plucky."

"Well, then, since there is to be no killing, suppose we shake hands and say no more about it."

"You go your way and I go mine. Good night."

The next afternoon the stranger again rode up to the Widow Comstock's house and after a long interview persuaded her to give up a still that she had been running ever since her husband had been killed. There was something persuasive in his makeup, something that took hold of the widow's better side, and instead of hunting stills he hunted for her heart. He captured it in time, and they are now well to do farmers.

IDAHO PROGRESSIVE TICKET.

- For President—Theodore Roosevelt of New York. For Vice President—Hiram W. Johnson of California. For United States Senator—William E. Borah of Ada county. For Congressmen—Burton L. French of Latah county, P. Monroe Smock of Canyon county. For Governor—G. H. Martin of Bonner county. For Lieutenant Governor—T. O. Boyd of Twin Falls county. For Secretary of State—O. V. Badley of Canyon county. For State Auditor—C. C. Miles of Nez Perce county. For State Treasurer—John E. Yates of Ada county. For Attorney General—Adam Barclay of Lincoln county. For State Mine Inspector—F. H. Skeels of Shoshone county.

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