

EVENING : CAPITAL : NEWS

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HAY FEVER.

"Oh, I would amputate my head, if I possessed a cleaver or tomahawk or handsaw," said the victim of hay fever. His nose was colored so the boys mistook it for a beacon; profanely he kept up a noise that scared the village deacon. "I am so weak," he sadly sighed, "that I can scarcely totter; my face is though it had been fried, my eyes are running water. And every place I go I hear the politicians storming; they're pointing out the evils here, and things that need reforming. I've heard of many public woes, but I have heard no duffer suggest a remedy for those who from hay fever suffer. The remedy's as plain as day, and might be used tomorrow: for congress should abolish hay, and thus relieve our sorrow. If government were managed right, we'd all be hale and hearty. Hay fever victims! Let's unite and start the Big Sneeze party!" Alas, our poor old government! It always needs a licking! There'll always be much discontent, protesting, roaring, kicking. Until the last soreheaded man his native sod is under, let government do what it can, it's bound to catch blue thunder.

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FOR THE STATESMAN TO ANSWER.

Still to the Statesman: Do you desire the return of Senator Borah to the United States senate and to that end will you support the Republican legislative ticket in Ada county as that ticket now stands, pledged to vote for Borah?

You know, as well as we know, that there are many voters who believe that you are really opposed to Senator Borah and the legislative ticket in this county but that you do not dare to say so because of your fear of public sentiment here, and that on the contrary you do not dare to say openly and frankly that you do desire his re-election and will support him and the Republican legislative ticket. BECAUSE CERTAIN WELL-UNDERSTOOD AND POWERFUL INTERESTS IN THIS CITY WILL NOT PERMIT YOU TO DO SO.

Are we right about it, or will you come out and tell us which way you stand, IF YOU DARE to take any open position at all?

A WORTHY OFFICIAL ACT.

Secretary of State Gifford is entitled to great commendation for his determination not to deprive a large number of the people of the state of an opportunity to vote for a ticket of their choice. Mr. Gifford is a candidate to succeed himself upon the Republican ticket. He knew that the filing of the Progressive party ticket meant at least grave danger of his defeat.

It is true that his refusal to accept the nomination certificates might have been construed to his detriment in the campaign, but he could have defended himself behind the advice given him by the attorney general and, perhaps, would not have suffered much from that reason, but he did not do so. He refused to take the doubtful action which would have deprived the people of their rights, but he resolved all doubt in their favor.

It takes a big man to do that under the circumstances and Mr. Gifford did it. Whatever the result of the election contest Mr. Gifford has established his worth as a public official. It is too bad that he has cast his fortunes, or that they have been cast, in political company that is not as good as he is and that cannot be accepted.

EFFORTS TO STAMPEDE VOTERS FAIL.

A close observer of the present campaign can certainly find some sources for amusement. Take for illustration the second effort of Chairman Hilles—or is it the third?—to announce the turning of the tide toward Taft.

About ten days or two weeks ago formal announcement was made that the Roosevelt wave had reached its crest and was receding and a Taft wave was on the way. The announcement fell flat for the reason that the Roosevelt wave kept growing in volume and power so that it was plainly and manifestly impossible to make any impression upon the people.

On Sunday of this week Chairman Hilles reached Chicago and the occasion was seized upon to send out the announcement another time that the Roosevelt wave had reached its crest and was receding while all voters were turning to Taft. "The Taft sentiment among manufacturers, storekeepers and tradespeople generally is unmistakable and outspoken," says Hilles.

Then every little Jim Crow Taft organ in the country took up the cry. "Taft sentiment is growing," they echoed. But like former attempts this effort will fail, simply because the people know that it is not true. Immediately following the dishonest Chicago convention the same people declared that there would be nobody at the Roosevelt convention except Roosevelt himself, but it was the most largely attended and most enthusiastic convention ever held. Then the announcement was made that nobody would take up with the movement which was nothing but a sorehead bolter's movement, but the people everywhere shouted for Roosevelt. For a time, the people seemed to be sort of paralyzed in this state. They knew what they wanted but there were no leaders and nobody to direct them and they began to wonder if, after all, they would not be compelled to accept the same old Hobson's choice between the two old parties, but soon leaders, inexperienced in politics but zealous and earnest just the same,

sprang up, and about the time the Republican papers were declaring that Roosevelt sentiment was waning they realized all at once that right here in Idaho it must be recognized as a certainty that Roosevelt will carry the state.

Then they began to declare there was no demand for a state ticket in this state but that a ticket with Roosevelt electors was all that would be necessary or advisable in the state.

But petitions were sent out and the woods and valleys, ranges and farms were found filled with people who had not voted at the primaries anxious and willing to certify the demand for a state ticket. Thus it comes about that at this very next effort to show that the progressive sentiment of the state and nation has worked itself out, these same Republican newspapers have awakened to a realization that there is even a stronger demand for Progressive state ticket in Idaho than there was for a Progressive electoral ticket and that Haines and the balance of the Republican state ticket have no more show of winning in Idaho than has Taft.

We wonder when these old Rip Van Winkle Republicans will wake up and ascertain that a century or so has slipped ahead of them?

DISCREDITABLE METHODS.

Unprincipled campaign methods entirely fitting the advocacy of a man whose nomination was stolen have apparently been adopted by some one connected with the Republican campaign in this state. In a number of the newspapers of the state during the past week has appeared a quotation accredited to the Capital News which places this newspaper in the attitude of declaring unworthy motives back of the organization of the Progressive party in this state. The quoted part is a portion of an argument editorially in this paper which was refuted in the latter portion of the editorial, so that a portion of the article which, taken as a whole, constituted a complete defense of the Progressive party in Idaho, has been put to the use of making it appear to the people of the state that the Capital News said directly the contrary of what it did say. The quotation must have been sent out from Republican headquarters, else it would not have appeared simultaneously in so many of the weekly papers of the state.

The Capital News was similarly misused during the primary campaign when an article purporting to be from this paper was printed extensively throughout the state praising and supporting Addison T. Smith for congress, when as matter of fact the Capital News never at any time spoke favorably of his candidacy. In that instance we are constrained to believe that Mr. Smith himself was imposed upon and adopted the supposed quotation and credit from some other newspaper that had wrongfully used it.

We can conceive of no excuse for the present misquotation of this paper other than a desire deliberately to distort its utterances and thereby to deceive the people. If this be not the case we trust we shall have no occasion for future complaint.

In Hon. John M. Haines the people of Idaho will find a man who possesses in a marked degree three most estimable qualities, whether they be found in a man or in an executive officer. First, he is genial and approachable; second, he is honest and conscientious; third, he is able and straightforward.—Caldwell Tribune.

Three estimable qualities, certainly, but what unexpected company they are placed in!

The Evening Chit-Chat

By Ruth Cameron.

A LITTLE girl, perhaps eight or nine years old, came skipping out on the veranda of the hotel where I was staying this summer, and exchanged greetings with a man who stood looking out across the mountains. "Good morning," said the little girl, "how do you do this morning?" "Why good morning," said the man, turning towards her with evident pleasure. "I'm fine as silk, thank you. I'm trying to make up my mind whether it's going to rain or clear off. What do you think?"

The youngster took a look at the clouds and with youthful optimism promptly decided that it was going to clear off, then she put her hand in his and still chatting sociably, they walked down the veranda. Just as they passed out of ear-shot I had a shock; I heard the little girl call the big man papa. "Why was that a shock?" "Because they had been talking together with so much evident pleasure, so much sociability, that it had never occurred to me that father and daughter could be their relationship. I had fancied the man was a hotel acquaintance or possibly an uncle."

Nor was this an unaccountable mistake of mine. I am sure you would have been deceived in just the same way. For if you will take notice, I think you will find that you seldom hear members of the same family talking to each other with the same sociability, the same courtesy, the same interest with which they would talk to outsiders. A little boy I used to know once gave a most naive proof of this fact. He had taken a deep interest in two of his mother's guests, and after they had gone, he asked his mother what relation to each other they were. She told him that they were husband and wife. "Are you sure?" he asked. "Of course," she said, much astonished at his doubts. "Why?" "Well," answered the youngster, "I didn't think they could be, because even when you were out of the room they talked a lot to each other just like—why just like friends."

There is no doubt whatever that 99 people out of 100 have a totally different tone of voice and manner for their family from that which they use for their friends. Notice when some member of your family goes from the family circle to the telephone—surely a whole jar of honey has been suddenly upset into her voice—there is such an astonishing change in it. Or mark how differently father speaks to mother and the maid when something is wrong in the household economy. Not that he prefers the maid to mother—it is simply because the maid is an outsider and, therefore, entitled to a decently pleasant voice and a measure of courtesy, even when fault must be found. Now, of course, I realize that it is not either possible or desirable to treat one's family exactly as one does outsiders. I admit that there are forms and artificialities in our intercourse with strangers which it would be absurd to carry into the home. But I do think that most of us might treat our house-mates more "like friends," as the little boy said, without being uncomfortably formal. We say that home is the one place where we can be our real selves. Surely that cannot mean anything but our best selves.

PRESS COMMENT

Senator Borah's Politics and His Prospects. (Lawton Tribune)

Considering that Senator Borah is between two fires, that he is upon the horns of a dilemma and must steer his course between Scylla and Charybdis, etc., etc., it must be admitted that he has made the best of an embarrassing situation and taken an attitude that is logical, sensible and forceful. Unfortunately, that is not all that is required of the man in politics. He must also serve the party, even at the cost of other considerations. We say he "must" advisedly. He must do so for good reasons and for others not so good. The "party" is not composed of men all of one mind, of one interest, of one quality, but they are all agreed on the one point only, that of holding together great masses of people along general lines of policy, but in which each must sacrifice or subordinate something in order to enable the whole to be levied. At this juncture, however, there is so much disagreement on general lines that the "party" is well nigh disrupted and alienated from the popular sympathies. Those charged with man-

Birthday Calendar



If This Is Your Birthday. Some thoughtless person will cause you annoyance and some trouble connected with money is in store for you. Think well before committing yourself in speech or writing. Those born today will have a talent for story-telling, which, if not wisely guided, will manifest itself in untruthfulness and general dishonesty. This responsibility of parents to these children is great.

ageral duties, or who are thick and thin party men, are therefore more concerned than ever to procure a certain party regularity, at least from those who seek and who receive party preferment. Therefore Senator Borah still has a rocky road to travel, from a party standpoint, however much his pleasing, clear-cut and resolute declaration of purpose and of plan may appeal to the general public. The attitude of Senator Borah towards his party, or of his party towards him, is not, broadly speaking, any of the Tribune's business, but his attitude towards the state, and the state's toward him, is, Senator Borah has served the state creditably and well. He has brought honor upon himself and upon his constituency in the national senate. He has been industrious, painstaking, loyal and sympathetic concerning matters of policy and of individual interest on the part of the state's citizens as affected at Washington. The state has had a great asset and a tower of strength in Senator Borah in the national councils. His removal from the sphere where he has been so useful and so distinguished would be a distinct loss, and yet such loss is by no means an improbability. The party rupture does not explain all the jeopardy in which Senator Borah is placed. Local factionalism, animosities over sumptuary questions, county division alignments and similar contentions are entering into the legislative situation very extensively this year, and in which the state's representation at Washington plays little or no part. Of course, if the state goes Democratic, or if the legislature is Democratic, a Democrat will logically be elected to the senate. But if Senator Borah is simply jockeyed out of the election over mere inter-party quibbling and quarreling, and some weak or unknown politician given the position now filled with such signal ability and success, the state's prestige will suffer an eclipse that will do little credit to its politics or its discretion. The Tribune has not infrequently criticized and condemned specific acts and alignments of Senator Borah, as it has of other public men whether of its own party or of some other party, but that does not alter the fact that Mr. Borah's record in its entirety measures up to the best of them for one term of service, that he has given the state the best there was in him, that he has won his honors in the open field by his own personal merit, and that he has done nothing to require his forfeiture of the confidence and support of the people of the state. We believe the public at large feels that way, too, and that it will regret and resent any politics that seeks to sacrifice him on a question of discipline, that, from the larger standpoint, should be far more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Not So Bad. A young lawyer who has recently hung out his shingle was retained by a criminal with \$5 and a poor defense. "Well, you got a case, son," said the proud father. "Yes, dad." "And what advice did you give your client?" "After listening to his story I collected what money he had and advised him to retain a more experienced lawyer."

A Pacemaker. "You have taken your son into business with you?" "Yes," replied Mr. Growcher. "But you seem to work harder than ever."

Evanescence. A floweret in May and a blossom in June. A bird lightly poised as it utters a tune. A kiss from the south wind at dusk and at dawn. A leaf turned to crimson—and summer is gone!

Budding Humorist. "Jinx's daughter bids fair to become a humorist." "That so?"

"Yes, I was visiting there last night and I told her she had her mother's voice and her father's features, and she asked me if I thought suicide a sin."

Read the Capital News and get today's news today.

The Evening Story

ROLLING GOLD PIECES

By TERENCE J. OTOOLE

"Mike, ye poor divil, why don't ye go to Ameriky?" The words were spoken by a country squire in Tipperary county, Ireland, to Mike Doolan, one of his poorest tenants.

"What would I go there for?" inquired Mike. "Why, man, don't ye know that in that country the gold pieces are rollin' around everywhere?" Mike scratched his head. "Well," he said presently, "if that's so I'll go. Lind me the money for the voyage and as soon as I get to Ameriky I'll pick up enough gold pieces rollin' around to stink back the loan." The squire laughed. "Mike," he said more seriously, "all as smart a man as you needs is a chance. I'll pay the passage of ye and Bridget and the kids, and ye needn't send it back at all."

Mike accepted the offer and went to America. The squire heard nothing from him and had forgotten him when one morning while sitting at his desk writing he looked up and saw a man dressed in a fur coat and with a solitaire diamond stickpin in his scarf standing looking down on him. "What can I do for you, sir?" asked the squire.

"Nothing. You done it long ago." He pulled a wallet from his pocket, counted out a number of gold pieces and laid them on the desk.

"What's that?" asked the squire. "Didn't ye hind it to me to take me to Ameriky? And didn't ye tell me I'd find gold pieces rollin' around there? Well, I did. I tem back to return the loan."

"You don't mean to say that you're Mike Doolan?" "I do."

"And found gold pieces rolling around to Ameriky?" "I did that same."

"Tut, Mike, ye're fannin'. Sit down and tell me how ye got rich." Mike took a chair and told his story. "Ye remember, sir, that me trade was a mason. Well, as soon as I got to Ameriky I got a job and went to work. I didn't see any gold pieces rollin' around, but I thought me time for that hadn't come yet. I found a shanty on a road near a city and used to go in every day to work."

"Well, one evenin' I was walkin' home covered with mortar when a ragged, dirty lookin' fella stopped me and says, says he: "Are ye a mason?"

"Faith I am," says I. "If ye'll let me blindfold ye I'll give ye a job."

"For how much pay?" "Somethin' more valuable than money."

"Go on." "He blindfolded me and led me along for awhile. I counted my steps. Thin he turned me to the right and went on, I beginnin' to count me steps agin. Then he led to the right, I still countin' till he stopped, and turned me round and round and took me into a house and down into the cellar. He showed me a little room about 6 by 9, with no door to it. All there was in it was a coffin shaped box. Brick and mortar was handy, and the seedy man told me to wall up the openin'."

I done it and put one o' the bricks—the fifth from the floor on me left—a little furdur in than the rest, so I'd know it again.

"When finished the seedy man blindfolded me again and took me around and, leaving me, says: "Staid till ye hear a shot, then take off the bandage and ye'll find the pay for the job at your feet."

"When I hears the shot I took off the bandage, and there at me feet was me pay shure enough. It was a paper with writin' on it: 'Only a fool works for nothin'!'"

"I went home and wrote down the figures of me steps, and of a Sunday I blindfolded meself and went over the ground, countin' me steps. I found a house standin' above with nobody in it, and in the cellar I knowed me job by the brick out of place. Me curiosity bein' satisfied, I thought no more about it, but long after, when me lease expired, I remembered this house and rented it."

"Like a fool, I told Bridget that there was a corpse in the cellar, and she wouldn't let me rest till I'd pulled down the brick wall I'd put up and taken the coffin out. While we was carryin' it somethin' dropped on the cellar floor."

"Mike," says Bridget, 'look at the yellow boys rollin' on the floor.'" "Sure, me toime's come," I says. "The squire was right. The coffin was full of 'em."

"I bunted for the man that had beaten me out of the pay for me job and found that he was a miser. I concluded to take me pay out of the box and give him the rent when he come home. I bought all the property round about, and they built a railroad through it, and I'm rich."

The squire sat with eyes and mouth wide open till Mike had finished, then burst into a laugh. "But suppose the miser returns?" he suggested.

"What do I care? The gold I found in the coffin is nothin' to what I made speculatin'. But I reckon he's dead, or he wouldn't leave his money so long. Like enough he put it in there to be gone on a journey, and I don't think he'll come back."

And he never did.

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 Smook 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 Baralay of Lincoln county. For State Mine Inspector—F. H. Skeels of Shoshone county.

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