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HIGH TREASON.

Oh, often, as I dance and sing and gambol up and down, I wish this country had a king, with sceptre, throne and crown. A monarch, when he takes his throne, is settled there for life; he lets the campaign graft alone, the whooping and the strife. The stately monarch ne'er appears on platforms here and there, the dust of travel in his ears, and cinders in his hair. He isn't called on to defend his course to unwashed dubs, antagonists he doesn't send to Ananias Clubs. He doesn't make the welkin throb, but in his throne room sits and learns the fine points of his job, while others throw the fits. Serene, remote, he does his stunt, attends his kingly grind; no noisy grand stand is in front, no bleachers are behind. He doesn't have to promise things he knows he cannot do; he plugs along like other kings, his pledges mighty few. He doesn't have to knuckle down to please this clique or that; he simply wears his derby crown and knows just where he's at. But we, who have a brand new chief elected each four years, are always plunged in noise and grief and rancor to our ears. When business gets to running straight, and quiet falls on men, we dig up some fool candidate, and rip things up again.

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FOR THE STATESMAN TO ANSWER.

Once more to the Statesman: Will not the Moores, the Cunninghams, the Clintons, the Johnsons, the Fletchers and the Grunbaums, representing in Boise the lead trust, the timber syndicate, the wool trust, the liquor interests and the Oregon Short Line in Idaho permit you to come out in the open and fight? Do they really insist that you must conduct a bushwhacking campaign whereby you must stab in the dark one of your oldest friends, a man whom you have so often praised and lauded? Does not your manhood revolt at such a method of fighting an old associate who has been so close to you.

Now, if you dare to do it, tell us your answer to this question:

Do you really desire the re-election of Senator Borah to the United States senate and will you work to that end by supporting the Republican legislative ticket in Ada county as it now stands personally pledged to vote for Senator Borah?

JUST BY WAY OF ILLUSTRATION.

Suppose, for instance, That your electric light company should refuse or neglect to give you good service, should charge you exorbitant prices, should refuse to connect up with your house without an unreasonable contract, or should otherwise give you just cause for complaint.

What are you going to do about it? Of that your telephone company should give you indifferent service, should fail half the time or more to give you any service at all, should take your money and refuse to install a telephone for months afterwards and then laugh at you because you complained.

What could you do about it? That your water company should give you impure water, or none at all much of the time, or should charge you for connections which the courts have already decided they should pay themselves or should charge you more for service than is right and proper.

What would you do about it? Or that your railroad should charge too high rates upon every article you use as well as upon every article you sell and should thereby make more money out of you than the courts say is legitimate for them to take from you, or suppose they fail to give you the service you are entitled to receive, or make rates that discriminate against you, your property and your community in favor of some other community and should take your wealth to build up a great city in another state to reduce taxation in that state at your expense, and then suppose that same railroad should dictate your politics and the politics of your state and should sneer at you for your very protest.

What could you do about it? Go into court for your rights? Yes, that is one way. But now, candidly, how many of you are able to go into court and buck a great corporation like one of these even if you know you are right and even if you know the law and the courts would be with you? It costs money to go through court. Your lawyer's fees alone would be more than your light or telephone bill, or the bill for connecting up water mains or more than your individual loss because of railroad discrimination. So while the courts would give you relief, that remedy is impractical so far as most of us are concerned.

What can you do about it? The Progressive party of Idaho promises a speedy and simple remedy and it is the only party that does promise one and it is the only party that will ever give you a remedy, too, unless the others are scared into it.

You know that most of you could not educate your children even in the simple rudiments of education, if you had to bear all the expense yourselves. Few of you could employ teachers in your families, provide school rooms and bear the other expenses. That is recognized and has been for so many years that most of us have ceased thinking about it. So what is done? Why, the state steps in and does for you what it is manifestly impossible for you to do. It employs the teachers and furnishes the school houses and pays for all other expenses and makes everybody pay a reasonable proportion. The result is that the burden is comparatively light on any one.

Now, that is just what the Progressive party promises to do with these other difficult questions. It proposes to

let the state do it for you. If your telephone company doesn't treat you white, the state will make it do it. If your electric light company holds you up, the state will make it stop the robbery. If your water company wants to charge you for doing what the courts have said it should do itself, you won't have to hire a lawyer and fight, but the state will do it for you.

The authority of the state to do these things and many others of a similar nature would be placed in a public utilities commission. If you think such a state organization would be a good thing for you and your neighbors, support the Progressive state ticket whose candidates are the only ones pledged to give it to you.

EVIDENCES OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

Much as they were convinced that the people were with them in the Progressive movement, the leaders in that movement have been simply overwhelmed with recent evidence of the sympathies of the people. Their nomination certificates were circulated in all counties of the state. To date returns have been received from enough of them to show that in the various counties and in perhaps three hundred precincts in all parts of the state the petitions were presented to no less than 2500 voters who did not vote at the July primaries and that no less than 95 per cent of this number showed, not merely a willingness to sign the certificates, but an actual eagerness to do so.

Now, what does this mean? In the July primaries there were, in round numbers, 50,000 votes cast, this being approximately divided evenly between the four candidates, Hawley, Haines, Cragstone and Morrison, each receiving a small number more than 12,000 votes. There are, in round numbers approximately 45,000 or 50,000 voters in the state who did not vote at the July primaries. If the ratio discovered by the canvass made in seeking signatures to the nomination petitions should hold good among all these voters, the Progressive state ticket would receive 43,700 or 47,500 votes from that source alone, which will be sufficient this fall to elect that ticket.

It may be expecting entirely too much to believe that this ratio would hold good throughout, but it is certainly not expecting enough to believe that the Progressive state ticket will receive more than one-half the stay-at-home vote of the primary election. As matter of fact it was largely because of dissatisfaction with the lack of progressiveness among the candidates that caused much of this stay-at-home vote. This would give the Progressive candidates 25,000 votes from that source, while the other 25,000 would be divided more or less equally between Haines and Hawley. It seems to be a certainty that the candidate who receives 35,000 to 40,000 votes will be elected, so that the Progressive candidates need to attract no more than 10,000 to 15,000 votes from the 50,000 cast at the primaries to win out with a good plurality. More than half that number will be received for that ticket in Ada and Canyon counties alone while considerably more than half the number will come from among the voters of the north who voted for Cragstone and Morrison in the July primaries.

Two remarkable things stand out in connection with the nomination certificates filed with the secretary of state and that is the number of women signing the petitions and the number of ordinary citizens—laborers, small property owners and others of that class. The signatures show that they were made by men and women not much accustomed to signing their names. In other words, they show that the great rank and file of the people is in sympathy with the Progressive movement and want an opportunity to vote for men who are willing to stand out for doctrines that are more progressive than have been given in the past and who are not satisfied with the declaration that they are progressive only as the record of one or the other of the old parties has shown itself progressive.

If the women, the laborers, the clerks, the small merchants and small property owners are with us, we shall not fear the great corporations and the privilege-seeking special interests and their hosts of paid and hope-to-be-paid retainers.

The Evening Chit-Chat

By Ruth Cameron.

Be able to be alone." —Sir Thomas Browne.

Are you good company for yourself?

A young woman in the course of a vacation trip was left alone for a few days in a strange city where she did not know a single person. When the friends for whom she was waiting joined her, they were loud in their expressions of sympathy for the terrible boredom she must have suffered.

The young woman opened her eyes in amazement. "Why, I had a lovely time," she said.

"What did you do?"

"Well, I went shopping and then went out to the park and looked at the animals. Then I walked up and down the avenue and watched the people, and thought about them and what they were doing. Altogether, the time just flew by."

"And you weren't lonely?"

"Not a bit," said the young woman frankly. "I suppose I could have made friends with some of the women at the house, but, do you know, I didn't really care to. I guess," she concluded with a smile, "that I'm pretty good company for myself."

Wasn't she a lucky woman, or more likely, a wise one?

"Be able to be alone," says Sir Thomas Browne, thereby recognizing that the ability to be content with only one's self for company is something which can and ought to be cultivated.

There are a great many people to whom there is no prospect more terrifying than that of a few hours with only their own selves for company. To escape that terrible catastrophe, they

will make friends with the most fearful bore or read the most stupid story.

I wonder if they realize, when they do that, what a commentary they are making on their own boreness?

If such people are marooned a few hours, not only without human companionship, but even without a book of magazine with which to screen their own stupidity from themselves, they are fairly frantic. "The surest way of not having any thoughts of your own," someone has said, "is taking up a book every time you have nothing to do."

In these days of cheap and copious reading matter, that is exactly what three-fourths of us do.

Is it any wonder, then, that most of us do seem to be rather short on thoughts of our own and not very successful as companions for ourselves?

Could you enjoy just watching a crowd of people pass by?

Could you be happy alone in a strange city?

Could you enjoy a long walk in the country by yourself?

In short, are you "able to be alone?"

PRESS COMMENT

Senator Borah and Republicanism. (Richfield Recorder)

Every citizen of Idaho should read Senator Borah's Meridian address, setting forth his views of national politics.

It is a masterpiece. To some little-souled men it is not "regular;" to

Birthday Calendar



If This is Your Birthday Be especially considerate of those above you in position, giving them no excuse for using their power against you. You will make a journey or make some change which will benefit you. Those born today will be quick and alert and will start out in life with bright prospects. To great a scattering of forces will sometimes cause their failure.

some alarmists on either side, it is not explicit enough for their present political party name. But to the great mass of sober, independent voters, who want a MAN and not a dancing puppet worked by a string, it is one of the strongest, most satisfactory, most helpfully revolutionary political documents since Lincoln wrote the emancipation proclamation.

Pretty strong praise? Yes, but true. For 40 years, both the great political parties have been largely what a few powerful leaders declared them to be. To follow their lead, was "regular;" to declare one's own rights after the leaders had spoken, was treason. There is not on record anywhere else, the inevitable protest of any really great man against this intellectual slavery within one's party.

No man, though he steal a thousand delegates and make it unanimous, has a right to say that he is the party. The Recorder has vehemently challenged the snobbish belief that in the will or the favor of a few powerful political leaders, lies the real wish of the Republican—or the Democratic—party; both of them made up of sovereign American citizens, without king or lord among them. But the Recorder wasn't a United States senator, going before the people on a partisan election. There have been many who revolt, by going to other parties; none who go directly to the people for approval. There have been broken-hearted quitters; there have been solemn, sepulchral oysters who said nothing, whatever they may have thought.

But there have been no Martin Luthers, defying the sellers of papal indulgences though revering the church; no political John Wesley's standing out alone against a form-ridden ritual hateful to the individual conscience. Borah's speech is the plain American citizen's first war: against privilege masquerading as patriotism, against personal arrogance that steals the people's rule.

What would you have—an intellectual slave? The senate has been cursed with the Clarks and Guggenheims and the Standard Oil Baileys and the Burtons and an unutterable list of "regulars"—so "regular" that a perfect rectangle would look wobbly and zig-zag in comparison. Men to whom a theft or a betrayal was a virtue, did it but bear the party name put there by one powerful boss. Would you have a moral leper, flaunting the shameful badge of a man whom he in his heart knew was wearing stolen honors? Or a mental derelict, doubting the evidence of his own eyes and saying, that what he thought a crime was after all a credit, and shifting the matter of conscience over on to "the party, as the Jew bosses? Or do the other side expect him to leave the party of his expect of his splendid manhood, as a play-villain would force a maiden to desert home or lover to save life or honor? He does not wish to leave the Republican party where he has done all his great work—would you have him forswear himself to another party? Would you have a senator who would sit up like a trained bear with a brass collar around his neck, and beg for an office at the hands of a few political peanut vendors?

NO! The people of Idaho want a man, not a slave, not a parrot, not a criminal, not a hypocrite, to represent them. A man to whom theft is repugnant, whether it be stealing the Idaho farmer's market through reciprocity, or the Idaho homesteader's life through harsh laws, or the Idaho state lands through ill-applied conservation, or the beneficiaries of a thousand thefts. Senator Borah has a right to his opinion on the presidency; when he says that the "Chicago convention was stolen for Taft, he can never again be an honest man and support the theft. The man who steals for you, will steal from you;" and no honest friend could wish him to prove so mean a thief as to beg for office at the price of honor.

The Recorder does not know, or care, who Borah supports for president. It is enough to know that he is a national figure for his senatorial ability, integrity, and sanity; that he got his power from the people, and that he is the strongest people's advocate the west has ever sent; that he will neither steal, nor lie, nor beg, nor turn traitor to refuse to wear any man's badge; that, disbelieving in a score of the principal acts and in the honesty of the nomination of the president, he is able to see that to endorse the man is to dishonorably endorse his acts; that he has made more good legislation than any man ever sent from the west; and that the people KNOW it. The effort to make him wear a servile livery will fail; for he will welcome defeat rather than degradation.

It is for Idaho, to honor herself by again choosing a real man; or to degrade herself by a shameful "regularity."

Vote only for the legislators who pledge to vote in the legislature for Borah for senator. Dentist, Dr. Carpenter, Idaho bldg. 17

The Evening Story

THE MAN WHO WAS PEART

By M. QUAD Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.

The old possum hunter of the Tennessee mountains was sixty years old, but was so strong and hale and hearty that I knew he must have been a wonderfully tough man in his younger days. I tried several times to draw him out, and one evening as we sat his side, with his god wife on the other side of the fireplace, he began: "When I got married I thought I was just the peartest thing on the face of the airth. I could outjump, outtholler and outfight anything I cum across on these yere mountains. I had never been licked by b'ar or man, and I any critter was shoutin' when I hove in sight he shet up mighty sudden. Yes, I was the hull thing, and it kinder makes me lonesome to think back to them days."

"To the times when you was makin' a fule of yo'self!" said Mrs. White without raising her eyes from her knitting. "Arter I had got married," continued Zeb, with a wink at me, "I thought to steady down, but folks wouldn't let me. If I didn't have a fuss with somebody about so often they talked that I was losin' my sand. Mind yo', I didn't go howlin' around like a ragin' hon lookin' fur trouble, but the critters who were achin' fur lickin's cum to me. I had to tackle six different men right yere to home in one week."

"And you was glad to do it!" said Mrs. White. "Waal, I was no man to run for the bresh when a man cum along and sed he was most dead for want of a whoopin'. I took it to be a kinder way to turn to and give him what he wanted. One night in the summer, as I had just got to sleep, a yellin' starts up about a half a mile away. It was a noise betwixt the roarin' of a lion and the growlin' of a bulldog, and as it drawed nigher the old woman sot up and asked: "Zeb White, but what in the name of all cressan is that?"

"It's a bulgin' got off the railroad tracks and makin' its way across the kentry," says I. "It's nuthin' of the kind," says she. "It's Gabriel soundin' his trumpet for the judgment day!" "We was both mistaken, however. The noise came nigher and nigher, and bimbeys we made out that it was a man. He had come to lick me. He had come fifty miles. It was a moon-light night, and I got up and looked out the winder at him. The sight made my hair curl. He was high seven feet high and as broad as a barn. He was as big as a giant in a sideshow. When he saw my head at the winder he gives a roar that goes echoin' over the mounting and says: "Come down, Zeb White!"

"I hadn't got no furse with you," says I. "But come down and oblige me and make me feel that life is worth livin'!" "I'll come down," says I, and notwithstanding the old woman lung on to me with tears and said I'd be killed I went down. "Ar' this Zeb White?" he asks in a purrin' voice. "It ar'."

"Then I am the thankfulest man in all Tennessee! Zeb, I'm goin' to squash yo' all to squash!" "I made up my mind that I was a dead coon," continued Zeb, "but would of the best I could. We squared off and went at it, and in about two minutes I was a surprised man. "So was the stranger. He was nuthin' but a windbag. He was as fabby as a goose and as soft as wax, and I believe I could have licked him with one hand tied behind me. It was over in five minutes, and he was hollerin' for mercy. When I let him up he said: "Zeb, it was squar' and fair, and I hain't no complaint to make. Did you ever see a circus?"

"I never did." "Then go down to Bristol on Wednesday and see one. That's all sorts of animals, and one is called an elephant. He kin lick you in two minutes." "Me'n the old woman had a deal of curiosity about that elephant, as we had never seen one, and so we got ready and went to town. The circus and the elephant was ther, along with a heap of other things. We pays our money and goes in, and I says to the feller inside: "What's that critter they calls the elephant, if you please?"

"He p'int the way, and we go over and look at him. He was the biggest livin' thing I ever saw, but after lookin' him over I says to the old woman: "I reckon he's achin' to be walloped, and I reckon I'm the critter to do it." "She begs and pleads with me not to try it on. She p'int out the fact that he's bigger'n our new shed and that I don't stand no show, but I puffed with her. The stranger had put me on my mettle." "And how did it end?" I asked as Zeb made a long pause and Mrs. White giggled in her throat. "Waal, was I when I come to my senses again, ma?" he asked. "Right yere to home." "And how many days had passed?" "Five." "And how long did I haft to lay a-bed?" "Six weeks, but you was poorly for three months." "That's all, stranger," said Zeb as he turned to me and then refilled his pipe for another smoke.

IDAHO PROGRESSIVE TICKET.

- For President—Theodore Roosevelt of New York. For Vice President—Miram 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. M. Skeels of Shoshone county.

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