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THE CANDIDATES.

Oh, William and Woodrow and Ted! How tired they must be of the noise, of painting geography red, and handing out Facts to the boys! How tired they must be of suspense, of rumors and rorbacks and rot, debating the whiteness of whence, and also the thingness of what! How weary and sick are they all, expounding to thickheaded goats why they're for or forinist the recall, and why they are rustling for votes. Oh, Willie and Teddy and Wood, whose colors are nailed to the mast! No matter which one's to the good when votes have been counted at last, there's nothing but trouble in store, there's nothing but grief and despair, there's nothing but walking the floor and thinking up words fit to swear! I wonder why people will strain and break their suspenders to get a job that will drive them insane with worry and woe and regret. The honors don't pay for the grief! I'd rather go fishing, I swear, than live in the White House as chief, with trouble enthroned on my brow. Oh, Woody and Teddy and Bill! When the sounds of the conflict subside, and the roar of the captains is still, and the tail is thrown in with the hide, then cut out political strife, the uproar, confusion and noise, retire from the strenuous life, and live like the rest of the boys.

Over Moore

JUST "A MERE VILLAGE" RESIDENT.

The morning paper sneeringly refers to the fact that G. H. Martin, Progressive candidate for governor, resides at Sandpoint, "a mere village," or "another small place," and it wonders how any man with sufficient business intelligence to obtain a place in the executive department of the state can be expected to come from such small places. It is true that Sandpoint has no more than a population of some 3000 and that Spencer, Iowa, where Mr. Martin formerly resided, had no more than about 3500 population, but we had never before considered the phase of society which utterly condemns people living in such places, or which discredits their abilities merely from that fact.

Perhaps it is because of the belief on the part of the Republican party, as expressed through the morning organ, that men chosen from such "mere villages" are unfitted for public duty that six of the nine candidates upon the Republican state ticket are residents of Boise. That party, evidently, in its desire to give the residents of the "mere villages" and "other small places" a thorough, good administration, deliberately set about to select two-thirds of their candidates from Boise, presumably the only place, because of its size, capable of furnishing competent "business" men and women!

The Democrats, too, selected the other candidate for governor that the morning paper is supporting, Mr. Hawley, from this same "large" city, and that, therefore, must be accepted by the residents of the "mere villages" the morning paper sneers at, as indicating his abilities likewise, just as the residence of Mr. Martin in such "mere village" unfits him. "Between the two," scoffingly declares the morning organ representing the dictation of the Johnsons, the Clintons, the Cunninghams, the Fletchers, the Grunbaums and the trust and special corporate interests they stand for, in speaking of Mr. Martin's residence in these two "villages," "he has gained the wide experience that befits him to handle the affairs of a multi-million corporation like Idaho!"

The exclamation point at the end of that quotation is that of the morning paper and not ours.

We wonder that this great guardian of the people, this organ which has such special belief in the efficacy only of those who have handled the large funds of great corporations and special interests, this advocate of the belief in the qualifications and competency only of those who dwell within the walls of the great cities and which therefore, has nothing but contempt for those whose lot in life is cast in the country or in despised "mere villages" or "another small place"—we wonder, we say, that this very brilliant defender of special privilege and of urban superiority over rural residents, has not thought to apply this argument against Thomas R. Marshall, Democratic nominee for vice president, who for the last 40 years has lived in "a mere village," which even now has a population less than either of these despised places of residence of Mr. Martin.

Mr. Marshall has been governor of the insignificant little state of Indiana and it is actually said he has been a good governor, too, and he is now a candidate of a great party for the vice presidency of this nation with its latent possibilities of becoming its president, and yet his home for something like 40 years has been in "a mere village" of less than 3000 population.

What a crushing blow that is to the Democratic national candidates. Wire the news to Hilles and to Taft, quick!

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Sam Blythe, expert political writer for the Saturday Evening Post, has completed the series of political articles in that journal written after personal investigation in all the states except the southern ones generally admitted to be Democratic.

The conclusion he reaches, made at the end of a series of articles covering the different states or groups of states, is summarized as follows:

"Summing it all up, this campaign presents one certainty, one probability, and one possibility. The certainty is this: Mr. Taft cannot be re-elected. The probability is this: Mr. Wilson is likely to be elected. The possibility is this: Mr. Roosevelt may carry enough states to throw the election into the congress. Then, in addition to all this, there is one other phase. There may be a

landslide. If there is a landslide it will be a Roosevelt landslide and the colonel will be the next president of the United States."

We do not believe there is an intelligent person in the United States who comes in contact with all classes of people in such a way that he can ascertain their sentiments and what they are thinking, or who reads the newspapers and magazines of the country and uses his brains, but will admit that probably Mr. Blythe has the situation correctly summarized.

The Taft advocate who makes the claim that there is any chance for the re-election of the president knows that he is making such claim for some other reason than that of informing the people of the truth. The chances are that he is making it in the hope that enough votes may be held in line for Taft to prevent the Republican party from falling from the first party in the nation to the third party.

The Roosevelt man who claims that Roosevelt will be elected knows that he is basing such a declaration upon the hope or belief that there is, or will be, a landslide for Roosevelt.

Just as matters now stand the Wilson man has the best of it in forecasting his belief, and the Taft man has no justification or standing whatever, for there is nothing more certain than that Taft will place the Republican party in the ranks of third party organizations.

Mr. Blythe admits that the Roosevelt people have some reason for their hope, or belief, that there will be a landslide for their candidate. He admits seeing signs of it everywhere, but he refrains from acknowledging it as a political certainty merely because, as he quaintly puts it, it is not indicated so far as the politics of the situation shows. By that he means that inasmuch as the normal Democratic strength is very little less than the normal former Republican strength, and inasmuch as the normal former Republican strength is divided, it does not seem politically likely that either faction of the badly divided party can win.

But he claims and admits all through his articles, what everybody knows to be a fact, that there is no general, perceptible, visible drift toward Taft, while there is such a general, perceptible, visible drift toward Roosevelt. The only thing Mr. Blythe cannot determine, is whether or not that drift toward Roosevelt is going to be so general, so pronounced and so effective as to formulate a landslide which will sweep him into office.

We believe there is abundant indication that this is just what will happen.

But that is not the point we wish to make in this article. Mr. Blythe in his last article, as we have just mentioned, states that it is a certainty that Mr. Taft cannot be re-elected. In another of his articles—the one before the last—he said:

The old Republican party seems to be dead. It will in all likelihood, be buried in November. In its stead there will be found the nuclei of two parties, one radical and one conservative. So surely as the Democrats get into power next March—if they do get in—so surely will that party, after the first election of victory and the first distribution of the patronage and the first flush of power, begin to split just as the Republican party began to split under Taft.

Now, here is the point in all this. The formation of these two new parties has actually begun. One, the radical party, is called the Progressive; the other, the conservative party, is called the Democratic. The coming election will be fought and won squarely upon this alignment. Those who remain with the old Republican party and who vote with it, will do so merely because they can thus better serve the new conservative party to which they expect hereafter to belong. Those who vote with the Progressive party now, will get into the movement in its formative period, will have the greatest possible influence in shaping its policies and will be in line with future certain success whether the party shall win at this time or not.

The best possible way to serve it and the state and country in Idaho at this time, is to line up on election day and elect the entire Progressive state ticket thus putting Idaho to the forefront in this new alignment of parties, this new nation-wide movement which is as sure to sweep the country as the sun is sure of rising on election morning.

UNUTTERABLE CONTEMPT FOR DWELLERS OUTSIDE THE GREAT CITY OF BOISE.

Mr. Martin, candidate of the Third Term party for governor of Idaho, by request of a very few people—300 or something like that—has not been in Idaho so very long. He used to live in the little town of Spencer, Iowa, a mere village. He now lives in Sandpoint, Idaho, another small place. Between the two he has gained the wide experience that befits him to handle the affairs of a multi-million corporation like Idaho!

Idaho Daily Statesman of Boise, organ and spokesman for the special and corporate interests of the state. In the issue of Friday, Oct. 25, 1912.

The Evening Chit-Chat

DO YOU exist for your house or does your house exist for you? The other day I went to call on a woman who has just moved into a beautiful new house. She has been planning and working for the change many years and it is indeed a handsome building. "But I do not have any trouble to keep from breaking the tenth commandment in my thoughts of her. Indeed no. On the contrary I am sorry for her. For she is so obsessed by her worship of that house that she exists to serve it instead of subserving it to her pleasure and comfort, and making a real home of it. Let me give you a few illustrations. The bathroom in her new house—I refuse to call it a home—is exquisite. It is all white and blue and the fixtures are copper. Now to keep these fixtures bright, their owner says, takes her exactly one hour and a half three times a week. That's four hours and a half a week. And yet my friend said regretfully, "Some lovely people called on us when we first came, but I simply haven't had time to return their call." Again, there is a brand new gas range in the kitchen. It has every convenience of attachment that modern ingenuity can devise and was absolutely spotless. My friend is a notable housekeeper, but the immaculateness of this was wonderful even for her and I said so. "Well, you see," she explained, "I hardly use it all because I hate to get it mudded up. I have my old range down cellar and I do most of my cooking there." And yet my hostess told me she didn't know

"CASCARETS" FOR SICK HEADACHE

Bilious, Throbbing Headache Means Bowels Are Clogged and Liver Stagnant.

You're bilious, you have a throbbing sensation in your head, a bad taste in your mouth, your eyes burn, your skin is yellow, with dark rings under your eyes; your lips are parched. No wonder you feel ugly, mean and ill-tempered. Your system is full of bile not properly passed off, and what you need is a cleaning up inside. Don't continue being a bilious nuisance to yourself and those who love you, and don't resort to harsh physics that irritate and injure. Remember that most disorders of the stomach, liver and intestines can be quickly cured by morning with gentle, thorough - Cascarets—they work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from your druggist will keep your liver and bowels clean; stomach sweet and your head clear for months. Children love to take Cascarets, because they taste good and never gripe or sicken.—Adv.

Birthday Calendar



If This Is Your Birthday You will take some journey with disappointment at the end of it, and some loss of money is indicated. It will be better for you to immediately interest yourself in something else, for your powerful influence those around you, and a disturbed appearance on your part will only increase the trouble.

Those born today will be of unsettled disposition, and some will appear to have two natures, which are opposite. They should not be trained with the crowd, but their talents and faults should be carefully considered. Under a teacher of fine judgment these children will often develop wonderful creative genius. Untrained, they will become whimsical and purposeless.

When she had been so tired as this fall. She thought it was the bad weather. It was a very warm day when I called, and yet not a window in any of the chambers was open. "We haven't had the windows open any more than we could possibly help this summer," she explained. "You know that lets in the dust and this white woodwork soils so easily."

It is a good thing to have beautiful possessions, but it is not a good thing to be possessed by them. Perhaps you think I have been telling of an exaggerated case. An extreme case, I grant you, but not an exaggerated one, for every word is true. Houses are meant for homes, not fetishes. They are meant to live in, not to be enslaved by. Few women make such slaves of themselves as this one, but many in greater or less degree put the home above those who live in it. Do you?

A HAPPY CHILD IN A FEW HOURS

When Cross, Sick, Feverish, Tongue Coated or Bilious Give Delicious "Syrup of Figs."

Mother! look at the tongue! see if it is coated. If your child is listless, drooping, isn't sleeping well, is restless, doesn't eat heartily or is cross, irritable, out of sorts with everybody, stomach sour, feverish, breath bad; has stomach ache, diarrhoea, sore throat or is full of cold, it means the little ones' stomach, liver and 30 feet of bowels are filled with poisons and clogged up waste and need a gentle thorough cleansing at once.

Give a teaspoonful of Syrup of Figs, and in a few hours the foul, decaying, constipated matter, undigested food and sour bile will gently move on and out of its little bowels without nausea, gripping or weakness, and you will surely have a well and smiling child shortly. With Syrup of Figs you are not drugging your children, being composed entirely of luscious figs, senna and aromatics it cannot be harmful, besides they dearly love its delicious taste.

Mothers should always keep Syrup of Figs handy. It is the only stomach, liver and bowel cleanser and regulator needed—a little given today will save a sick child tomorrow. Full directions for children of all ages and for grownups plainly printed on the package. Ask your druggist for the full name, "Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna," prepared by the California Fig Syrup Co. This is the delicious tasting, genuine old reliable. Refuse anything else offered. Adv.

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The Evening Story

A Well Played Game

By ALFRED W. STOWELL

"Some is continually findin' fault with Providence," said Abner Sleek to the party sitting around the stove in the center of Jones' store. "They don't reckon that the Lord takes care o' his own, no matter whether they're good or bad, honest or tricky, wise or foolish. What 'ud the sharpers do if it wa'n't for the suckers, I'd like to know? Speakin' o' sharpers, the purliest game I ever knew of was played in Calumet when I lived thar. The feller that played it wa'n't a real sharpener neither, and considerin' the circumstances some thort he was justified in the doin' of it."

"Jack Ketcham was his name, and he was as likely a chap as you ever seen. He had fine blue eyes and a plensin' way with him just calculated to ketch the girls. He wa'n't much account—at least at that time. Them girl ketchers never are; they get the girls by their appearance. Well, as I was a-sayin', Jack Ketcham instead o' tyin' up to a girl who was free—and there was plenty o' 'em—had to tackle Amanda Jenkins, who was engaged to an old feller, Simeon Ruggles, a bachelor fifty year old, but woth \$5,000 if he was woth a cent. Amanda's father wanted her to marry Ruggles to git the five thousand, and Amanda allowed she would, but when Ketcham come along she changed her mind and allowed she'd rather marry Ketch. But how could she, seein' that he hadn't nothin' but the clothes on his back? Her father could 'a' set 'im up if he had wanted to, but he wouldn't."

"One day old Jenkins was walkin' along the main street of the town when he seen a young man standin' lookin' at sumpin' particular. Jenkins stopped and watched the feller, who kept his eyes in the same direction right along. Blimey he says to him: "'What 'r' lookin' at, young man?" "Ife had to ax him twict before he got his attention. Then he started, looked at Jenkins kind o' queer and said: "'I wouldn't 'a' believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes.' "Seen what?" "Why, that wooden Indian down there in front o' that cigar store."

"'What's the matter with him?" "He puffs smoke out o' that wooden cigar in his mouth." "Bosh!" "Bosh yourself. I sees him doin' it!" "When?" "Just now. He'll do it ag'in, I reckon."

"See here, young feller, if the fool killer comes along he'll get you shore." "Who're you to talk to me that a-way?" says 't'other. "I reckon I know what I see with my own eyes." "I've got you any money?" "No, but I mought git some if I tried right hard."

"Well, you go git it and I'll cover it that a wooden Indian don't smoke." "Oh, you wouldn't pay if you lost." "I'll put up the money." "Supposin' I raise sumpin to bet with, where'll I find you?" "Jenkins gave him his address, and the next mornin' the young man come to him with three \$1,000 bills. "Phew!" says Jenkins. "Where did you get 'em?"

"My grandmother give 'em to me to set up a store with." "And you're fool enough to lose 'em instead o' settin' up the store?" "I ain't a-goin' to lose 'em. I seen that wooden Indian smoke, and when a feller onct gits the habit fixed on him he can't stop. He'll be smokin' ag'in. All we have to do is to be thar to see him doin' it."

"Jenkins was just mean enough to take advantage of the boy, and they called in a man by the name o' Becker, and they put up the money on a bet that the Indian would be seen smokin' within a week by three witnesses besides themselves."

"One day the youngster rushed into Jenkins' house kind o' wild and holered: "'He's smokin'! Come quick before he stops!" "Jenkins got up and follered the feller who met a man, and then another man, and still another, takin' all three of 'em with him to the corner opposite the cigar store, and the hull lot of 'em stood lookin' at the wooden Indian."

"What you bring us here for? axed one on 'em, turnin' away mad. "Jest you wait a minute. I seen him smokin', but he's stopped. He'll be at it!" "At that moment the Indian commenced blowin' a cloud from his mouth to beat the band. Jenkins looked at him bewildered. Jist then the stakeholder come along, and there was nothin' for it but to turn over Jenkins' \$3,000 to the other feller."

"Jenkins went to the cigar store, pulled down the Indian and found a rubber tube leadin' from the mouth into the store and the cigar holder and full o' tobacco. A man inside had done the smokin'. Jenkins made a big fuss and swore he'd have the swindler juggled, but he couldn't, because he'd stopped. "The next day the stakeholder called on Jenkins and explained that his money would be returned if he'd give his daughter to the winner."

"Then it come out that the winner was Jack Ketcham and Amanda was in the game. Jenkins was so mortified at bein' made a laughin' stock that in order to keep his neighbors' good opinion he gave his daughter the money he had lost for a weddin' present."

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