

EVENING : CAPITAL : NEWS

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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RICHARD STORY SHERIDAN.

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POLITENESS.

The man of perfect manners may on tattered uppers go his way, and he will gain a host of friends as on his toilsome way he wends. But gent who's manners are correct don't need such hardship to expect; they mostly tread on joyous feet along the pave of Easy street. For men of courtesy and grace will find a welcome any place. They are not turned from any door; the merchant wants them in his store; wherever there are high priced snags, there's a demand for gracious chaps who have a stock of winning ways that they have carried all their days. These fellows get the best in life; when one goes forth to seek a wife the luscious damsels fairly scrap to get their talons on that chap. But never yet did pretty girl distress herself to hook a churl. The courteous man finds life a feast, for him the good old world is greased, and when he dies the whole blamed town turns out to see him sodded down. These facts are known the whole world over; you'd think that men whose heads are sore would try to profit by the same, and quit their foolish, grouchy game. Politeness makes your life serene; then why be boorish, ugly, mean? The more you deal in sass and slack, the more the world will hit you back.

Over Moore

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TO STATE CHAIRMAN GEORGE A. DAY.

Will you call up State Land Commissioner George A. Day and make an appointment with him for the purpose of seeing whether, as state chairman of the Republican party, you can get him, as Republican state land commissioner, to account for that \$500 that he drew from the state treasury which he has not accounted for?

TO PROVIDE FOR CONTRACT SYSTEM OF PRISON LABOR.

The proposed constitutional amendment relative to the labor of inmates of the penitentiary, if adopted, will open the doors wide in this state, for the vicious prison contract labor system.

The constitution, as it now stands, says: All labor of convicts confined in the state's prison, shall be done within the prison grounds, except where the work is done on public works under direct control of the state.

It will be seen that this limits the labors of convicts to work that they may do within the prison grounds itself, except the work is done directly under the control of the state and even then it must be done upon public works. Under this provision it is impossible to take the convicts out of the prison to set them to work under the vicious and ancient contract system.

It is proposed now to repeal this constitutional safeguard, and nothing whatever is offered instead of it. If this should be done, the state prison board could make contracts with mining companies, timber companies, canal contractors, irrigation promoters, or any other companies or individuals for the use of this labor in direct competition with free labor in the state, thus not only subjecting the prisoners to the maltreatment, the degradation, the humiliation and the inhumanity of such a system, but they could at any moment be thrown into open competition with any class of free labor in the state.

The proposed amendment must be defeated at any price.

HOW MR. DAY REPLIES.

When State Land Commissioner Day is called upon to make accounting of \$500 of state funds that he received from the state treasury, State Chairman Day replies for him.

And what is his reply? It is an attack upon the Capital News because it sells its advertising space to a political organization which the state chairman does not dare attack because of the very sum of money that the state land commissioner has drawn and has failed to account for.

That is one way of fooling some people. But even at that, it is a very poor way. The only sane and sensible thing we have known the Democrats to do in this campaign is to recognize that the columns of the capital News are the best advertising medium in the state and to hasten to make a contract at a big price for the use of some of it.

That it has done so wrongs no one and it misleads no one, because all the matter appearing in those columns is marked "advertising" and every one who reads it knows that it is the matter of the advertised and not the matter of the Capital News. If the Democrats want to pay good cash for the publication of such poor trash as they have been putting in those columns we can't see that anybody is harmed except the Democratic candidates and that is their lookout and not ours—or maybe it is the lookout of Republican Chairman Day, for aught we know.

It seems never to have entered the head of Mr. Day, who since being Republican state chairman, has doubtless had some contrary experiences with certain newspapers, that there could be a newspaper, such as the Capital News, whose advertising columns and business office are entirely and wholly separated from its editorial columns and editorial office.

Mr. Day was yesterday merely trying to deliver himself of a little cheap rot when he assumed to question the fidelity of the Capital News to Senator Borah because the Democrats in the same columns they had rented from the business office were dishing out some rot against Borah almost as silly as that of Day's.

We shall not give the reasons why it is proper to rent

to an opposing political organ space in a newspaper, but we shall simply state that it is customary to do so, even by papers claiming to be the organs of some political party, which the Capital News does not claim to be, and Mr. Day knows that this is the custom.

THE COMMUNITY OF INTEREST THAT BINDS THEM.

With their hands tied and their mouths sealed to silence because of their entanglements one with the other, the Democrats cowardly and ungallantly attempt to make a political scape goat of the only woman member of the administration, and the Republicans fail to come to her aid, who is the only one among them not tainted with violation of the constitution and disregard of the law.

Hawley, the Democrat, has ignored the constitution, he has disobeyed and violated the laws and he has extravagantly and wrongfully used the public funds for pleasure and other jaunts without the state; Day, the state chairman of the Republican party, has drawn from the public treasury \$500 which he refuses to make legal accounting for; McDougall, Republican attorney general, has expended large sums of the state's funds in violation of the constitution and he has likewise refused to make legal accounting for these sums or to return them to the treasury; Gifford, Republican secretary of state and candidate to succeed himself, has approved the illegal drafts upon the state's funds, and Taylor, Republican auditor, has drawn the warrants by which the moneys were obtained.

Hawley, the Democrat, does not dare to expose and condemn Gifford, or McDougall, or Day, or Taylor, the Republicans, because if he did they would show that he is in the same boat with themselves, and Gifford nor Day nor McDougall nor Taylor, the Republicans, to expose or condemn Hawley, the Democrat, for he knows their record.

So what do these brave men who constitute four out of five members of every board upon which Miss Shepherd, the lone woman who has devoted her energies more successfully than any predecessor to building up her department—the department of education?

Why, they hire advertising space for the purpose of placing the blame upon the woman—for the purpose of making her the scape goat of their political sins!

And there is not a Republican who dares to come to the aid of their associate so wrongfully attacked! THUS DO THEIR SHORTCOMINGS MAKE COWARDS OF THEM ALL!

What shall the people of the state think of this combination of public officialdom whose conduct has so bound them together by ties such that they are forced to this thing?

Is it not an astonishing thing that the record of a Joe Peterson with his flotation of the Medbury irrigation project and his selection of Carey act lands while serving as an assistant attorney general under a chief who must of necessity pass upon his project and his land selections, must be passed up without a word of comment?

Is it not an astonishing thing that the Democrats of Idaho should go through a campaign with a man like Haines at the head of the opposition ticket with a record such as they know him to have, without their ever once saying a single word about such record or without their having in a single word or suggestion attempted to inform the people of the kind of man he is and of his positive and utter unfitness for the position?

Is it not an astonishing thing that the fact has been ignored by the Democratic speakers, the Democratic press and the Democratic candidates and their campaign committee that Gifford, an opposing candidate for secretary of state, has attached his approval to bills against the state, illegal in fact, improper in form and in violation of a plain provision of the constitution?

Is it not an astonishing thing that the Democrats of Idaho should go through a campaign knowing the full facts that Republican State Land Commissioner Day, who is also Republican State Chairman Day, and Republican Attorney General McDougall had each drawn from the state treasury large sums of money improperly and contrary to the requirements of the law and that they have neither made legal showing of how this money was expended nor have they returned it to the state?

Is it not the most astonishing thing of all that these same Democrats, who have ignored so much that is within their knowledge, should WRONGFULLY AND UNGALLANTLY CHARGE A WOMAN, who has but a voting strength of one-fifth of the boards that she sits upon, with being solely responsible for the dereliction of duty of the other four-fifths, all of them able-bodied, strong, virile men?

Taking them at their word, is it not time to clear the state house of four such weaklings? To put in their places men who can answer for themselves and perform their own duties without the ungallant, not to mention the unbrave effort at placing the blame upon a woman, who, at that, is not to blame at all?

But Miss Shepherd is the only member of the entire administration who is unable to make recrimination against those against whom recrimination could be made. That is why they consider it safe to attack a woman. And that is why the Republican state committee and the press it controls remains silent under such attacks.

Having ascertained that their former efforts at disfranchisement of the Progressive people of the state are about to prove abortive notwithstanding the decision of the supreme court in ruling the names of the electors off the ballot, the Republicans are now busy trying to confuse the voters by misleading and false opinions from various subservient county attorneys. Let all Progressives vote as instructed by the state committee and the votes will be counted all right.

Birthday Calendar



If This is Your Birthday.

A quiet, busy year is indicated with progress in an uneventful way. Unusual undertakings are unfavorable. Those born today will have positive natures of the self-assertive kind, and will succeed if under wise influences early in life. The faults to be controlled are haughtiness and a tendency to run to extremes.

Letters From the People

His Time Belongs to People.

Evening Capital News:—It certainly does look as though our governor is after the almighty dollar. What he has done in the past we cannot judge, but we assuredly can weigh the past by his present conduct. I assume that one man has no more rights nor privileges than another and when he makes a contract, takes his oath, and is employed for a certain time at a certain stipulated sum, it is always understood that he is to put in his whole time to the very best advantage and to the best of his ability.

If a carpenter, a plumber, or an engineer is employed at \$2 a day for 10 hours, he is expected to give the full 600 minutes of his time. He gains his reputation by his ability and his determination to earn his money.

Now, why should Mr. Hawley or President Taft or any one else in such positions be entitled to spend time that is not theirs for their own personal benefit? If the job can do without them, why are we taxed to support what we do not need? If there is not enough work to keep all of the office busy, why not root out some of the others and place their work upon the shoulders of the governor? That is the way the monied interests manage their business and treat the laborers of the country.

Because a governor gets a certain sum, is he any better than the man who gets 25c an hour? It is quite likely that if the laboring man had the governor's privileges and advantages, he would be able to command a better price for his labor and skill.

Does the position give him any more right to spend the time for his own benefit as our paid governor has been doing? If he wishes a second term, why won't his past administration force the people, for their own benefit, to place him there again? While Mr. Hawley is governor, he has no more right to spend the time for which we have hired him than he had in spending our money.

C. N. MAW, Boise.

The Evening Chit Chat

By Ruth Cameron.

THE other evening I was calling on a friend of mine who boards, and found her sitting in her room reading by an electric light of no great strength, and placed several feet above her head.

I asked her if reading with a light like that did not try her eyes, and she said, "Yes, it does a little. My landlady told me she had a kerosene reading lamp I might use, but I should have to fill it and take care of it myself. It's too much bother."

It is really startling to me to notice what things we foolish mortals call "too much bother."

Nothing apparently is too important, nothing is too vital, nothing can have too tremendous consequences for us to say serenely in regard to it, "It's too much bother."

I know a woman who is a great sufferer from indigestion. She has consulted a half dozen doctors, she has taken enough medicine to stock a drug store, and still she is steadily drained of efficiency and vitality by this miserable trouble. The last time I saw her she said, "This new doctor told me that if I would take a long walk before breakfast every morning it would help me."

"And didn't it?" I asked. "Well, I tried it a few times," she said, "and I think it was doing me some good, but I have kind of dropped it lately. It's such a bother."

The mother of a very strong-willed baby is now facing her first problem in discipline. The youngster has reached the age when he wants to throw his play things on the floor to see someone pick them up. His mother made a few feeble attempts to teach him that he must not do this, and that if he did the toys would stay on the floor, but the youngster promptly raised a rumpus and his mother soon gave up the struggle and devoted herself to picking up the toys whenever they were thrown overboard. "It's so much easier to do that," she explained when an older woman protested, "I can't fight it out with him every time. It's too much bother."

Another young woman, who had been married just long enough to get into the I've-got-him-so-it-doesn't-matter attitude, was reproached by one of her unmarried friends for not dressing up in the afternoon before her husband came home. "You have some pretty dresses. Why don't you wear them?" said the critic. "And, of course, you know what the lady answered. 'It's too much bother to have good eye-sight.'"

Is it too much bother to be well? Is it too much bother to have obedient children?

Is it too much bother to have a husband who likes to look at you?

The world is full of good things for those who do not find it "too much bother" to take them.

Be one of them.

The Evening Story

HER HALLOWEEN

By F. A. MITCHEL.

Ethel Auchincloss was seventeen years old, an age when girls are fond of fancying what the man whom they shall marry will be like. On Halloween shortly before dark she emerged from her father's farmhouse with a view to going to the river near by to put in operation a little plan of her own to find out something about her future husband. She had some wooden dishes, some tapers and a box of matches.

Ethel knew all the young men in her neighborhood, and it seemed probable that if she married she would be chosen by one of them, for no one else ever came to that region. She did not expect to look into a mirror and see reflected there over her shoulder the face of a stranger. She only hoped to know which of three young men of her acquaintance would ask her to marry him. She had no reason to suppose that any of them would ask her, but in case any one did she wished to know which it was to be.

A new moon stood in the west which she took pains to see—it being the first time—over her right shoulder. In her time these little superstitions counted for more than they do in this realistic age, and she felt quite sure that if she saw the moon over her left shoulder she wouldn't have any luck during the month. Having seen it aright, she passed on over a field, then through a wood and stood on the margin of the river.

Now, it happened that Philip Brooks, a student in a college situated across the state line and distant an hour's journey on a train, had been caught a few weeks before having freshmen and was rusticated at a little town on the river a few miles above where Farmer Auchincloss lived. The sophomore had been studying on this very afternoon and shortly before Ethel had emerged from her home had pulled down the stream in his wherry for exercise and recreation in the gloaming.

The first thing Paul knew he saw a lighted taper passing him. Surprised, he ceased rowing and eyed it, wondering what it meant. He turned his face upstream and saw another lighted taper a dozen yards ahead and another still farther up the river. Then it suddenly occurred to him that it must be Halloween and some girl was trying to find out which of three young men she would marry.

Giving a few back strokes, he dropped down beside the taper that had floated farthest and blew it out, then, not desiring a rival for the unknown maid's favor, picked up the second and the third taper and blew them out at a breath. Then he pulled cautiously on upstream with muffled rowlocks.

Ethel, standing on the brink, saw the first taper go out and remarked to herself, "It isn't Fred." When she saw the two remaining tapers go out at once she exclaimed: "It isn't any of them. I'm to be an old maid." When about to return to her home she glanced up to the sky and saw the new moon just passing out of sight in the west. She appealed to it in the following words that have been familiar to lads and lassies for many years:

"New moon, true moon, tell unto me Who my true lover shall be; The color of his eyes, the color of his hair, The color of the coat that he shall wear The day he marries me."

Not dreaming that any one was near to hear her, she spoke the words in a tone loud enough to be readily heard in the surrounding stillness. What was her surprise to hear a voice coming from out in the river:

"New moon, true moon, tell unto me Who my true love shall be; The color of her eyes, the color of her hair, The color of the dress that she shall wear The night she marries me."

Ethel stood mute till she heard the sound of oars, and in another moment the dark form of a man sitting in a narrow boat appeared. The boat grated on the pebbles at her feet, and the man stepped on shore and said impressively:

"My future bride, I greet you."

It was not so dark, the two being close together, but what they could distinguish each other. There is no greater aid to the imagination than a gloaming, and each pictured the other lordly beautiful. It may be said truthfully that Ethel was fair, and Phil, if he was not good, was at least good looking. He was not lacking in audacity, and, stealing an arm around Ethel's waist, he earnestly imprinted a kiss upon her lips.

No one could ever find out how Ethel Auchincloss met the young collegian, who from Halloween was a frequent visitor at her home. His visits extended over a period of three years, when he was graduated and entered his father's counting room. Then he came to the country and took the farmer's daughter home with him. It would be useless for her husband to try to convince her that the moon had nothing to do with their union, for she maintains stoutly that the moon heard her petition and arranged the whole affair.

Advertisement for Arrow Wing Collars, featuring a logo with a bow and arrow and the text 'NEW INVENTED TIE MAKER', 'ARROW WING COLLARS', 'STRONG WHERE OTHERS ARE WEAK', '2 for 25 cents'.

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