

EVENING : CAPITAL : NEWS

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Published Every Afternoon and Sunday Morning at Boise, Idaho, a City of 25,000 People by THE CAPITAL NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

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Entered at the Post Office at Boise, Idaho, as Second-class Mail Matter.

Phones—Business Office, 234; Editorial Rooms, 234; Society Editor, 1201-J.

BOISE, IDAHO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1912.

ADVANCED WOMEN.

The less a woman's like a man, the more adorable is she; when she forsakes the old time plan she sends a wire-edged pain through me. To mix up in this suffrage game destroys reserve and grace and pride; I've never seen a suffrage dame who wasn't bold and saucy-eyed. Let a man resort to campaign tricks and make the gods throw up their job. I've watched the downfalls of girls who once were radiant and rare, with azure eyes and golden curls and smiles as sunny as their hair. They wore a wreath that never fades—the love of all their fellows here, while they were modest, joyous maids, contented with their proper sphere; but when they filled the air with shrieks, demanding votes and this and that, men passed them up as dizzy freaks who didn't know where they were at. And soon they lost their gracious charms, their once sweet eyes grew bold and hard, their voices hoarse from calls to arms; they looked like yeomen of the guard. And any dame who fills her mind with politics, and makes a din, and tries to work the mannish grind, will soon have lilacs on her chin. The suffrage women, night and morn, still flaunt their banners in the breeze. God help the children yet unborn, if they have mothers such as these!

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REGISTER IF YOU WOULD VOTE.

You cannot vote unless you are registered and you are not registered unless you have placed your name upon the registration list this year. Any registration of two years ago does not count, or any other registration except that of this year.

Tomorrow, Saturday, is the last day for registration. That will be the last opportunity given to prepare to vote next Tuesday.

THE DUTY OF SENATOR BORAH'S FRIENDS.

Senator Borah should be returned to the United States senate where he has made a record of which he may be proud personally and for which the state of Idaho is proud. Mere political differences upon matters of minor importance, should not be taken into consideration. All progressive Democrats know that Borah is more progressive than any Democrat that the special interests now in control of the Democratic party in Idaho will let the Democrats elect even should the legislature be Democratic.

The Days, one of them the state senator who made such a record in the state legislature of opposition to progressive and reform measures though representing the most progressive county in the state, and the other the special and authorized representative of the mining interests of the state, the richest and most active special interest in the past except the Oregon Short Line, absolutely controlled the Democratic platform convention of this year and again absolutely controlled the organization of that party.

One of them is reported to have offered to contribute \$15,000 to the state campaign fund if the reactionaries should be given control of the organization. They were given such control so it is probable the contribution was made good. The other Day is said to have thrown \$25,000 into the campaign in Latah county to keep that county away from Borah.

The only purpose of all this activity and all this expenditure of money, is to secure the election of a reactionary Democrat to the United States senate to succeed Borah, if the Democrats control the legislature, and if the Democrats should control the legislature they will either send a reactionary to the senate or they will send no one. The chances are that with the aid of reactionary Republican votes they would succeed in defeating the progressive element of the party. There is not a progressive Democrat in Idaho but would rather have Borah represent the state than a reactionary Democrat, and many of them would really prefer him to almost any other man of any political faith.

Why, then, should these Democrats run the risk of his defeat by voting for a legislative ticket which would be considered to be under obligation to vote with their party associates even though the reactionary element among them should determine to combine with reactionary Republican members to elect a reactionary of one or the other of these parties?

It is unfortunate that the constitution requires such a sacrifice to be made in order to elect the choice of the people, but it does require it and we may as well face the predicament and make the sacrifice.

Let every progressive vote in Idaho be cast for the Republican legislative ticket for in that way only can the return of Borah to the United States senate be accomplished. Whatever else any may think, or whatever else they may wish, or whatever else they may be told, the only way to vote for Borah is to vote for the Republican candidates for state senator and the Republican candidates for representative.

AN APPEAL TO ROOSEVELT'S FRIENDS IN IDAHO

There is imminent possibility that the election of the next president will be thrown into the national house of representatives.

Roosevelt sentiment has grown at an amazing pace during the last ten days. Prior to that the Taft press attempted to make it appear that the Roosevelt wave was receding and that the Taft wave had started to an ascendancy. The effort failed for the simple reason that it was not true. It was plainly a manufactured effort.

The Roosevelt sentiment, particularly since his attempted assassination, has grown more marvelously than

even his friends had hoped. He will either be elected or the election will be thrown into the national house of representatives, if Taft carries a dozen electoral votes.

In that event each state will cast one vote. Idaho's vote will be just as great and just as effective as the vote of New York.

Idaho's vote will be cast by Congressman French, the present congressman. The congressmen to be elected next Tuesday do not have this duty to perform.

In this regard Congressman French's vote will be just as powerful as the thirty-seven votes of New York. It would be perfectly natural, if this question comes up to Congressman French for a decision upon his preference or of the preference of the people of the state, and not upon a question of judicial decision as in the case of a disputed electoral count, that he would give the preference, all other things being equal, to the sentiment of the majority of his own people cast for candidates holding views most in accord with his own.

Not being a Democrat, it would not be expected of him, in such an event, to cast his vote for Wilson. It would be reasonable, however, to suppose that should the plurality of the votes of Idaho show that Roosevelt is the preference of the people of this state, he would be inclined to cast Idaho's vote for that candidate.

Such a vote might very easily be understood as determining the success or defeat of Roosevelt for the presidency. It therefore behooves every sincere friend and admirer of Colonel Roosevelt in this state to exercise his intelligence and write in the names of the Roosevelt electors. Above all, if they will not do this, or if they cannot do so, it stands them in hand not to cast a vote for Taft. The Taft Republicans of Idaho instigated the suit which resulted in forbidding the printing of the Roosevelt electors upon the official ballot. Their purpose in doing this was to secure for Taft more votes in this state than Roosevelt would get. They never hoped to carry the state for their candidate, but they did hope to force enough Roosevelt electors off the ballot, to give Taft more votes than Roosevelt will get.

Knowing that Taft cannot be elected by the votes of the people, they long ago planned to give him a half dozen or a dozen electoral votes, throw the election into the national house of representatives and there to repeat what they accomplished at the Chicago convention. The attempted disfranchisement of Roosevelt's friends in Idaho was but a move in the great game to accomplish this result.

Will the friends of Colonel Roosevelt show so little loyalty to him as to fall into the trap set by his enemies? This is what they will do, if they fail to write in the names of the Roosevelt electors, or if they should accept the lash of the Taft committee and vote for the Republican electors.

The Hailey Times which was misled into republishing the Statesman story of Martin's connection with James H. McNicholas and which, relying upon the intent and purpose of that publication, wrote a headline over its story directly charging Mr. Martin with complicity with McNicholas as a wildcatter, has done the square thing by publishing an announcement that Mr. Martin's connection with that matter was perfectly honorable and for the purpose of protecting the creditors of McNicholas. The Statesman, however, which was the author of the libelous article, instead of doing the right thing, comes back with a photographic reproduction of the report made by Martin, the purpose of the reproduction being to convey an impression which it is too cowardly to charge directly, knowing what the consequences of such a charge would be. But then the Hailey paper is published in one of those "mere villages," while the Statesman is published in a "big" city.

It ought to appeal even to the Carey act settlers themselves as being unfair, ungentlemanly, unwarranted and ungalant to attempt to place the blame either for action or non-action upon a woman who is only one of a board of five members. If there is one thing more than another that a farmer can pride himself upon it is his disposition to do justice to a woman wrongfully and unjustly accused, and we shall have to study the election returns before we shall believe that the farmers of the North Side Twin Falls tract have voted to adopt the Hawley defense that the blame for unadjusted conditions on that tract rests wholly upon this one woman—a claim set out for purely political purposes and so deceptive that it should cause resentment upon the part of those who are ought to be misled by so thin a subterfuge.

How can it be considered that Mr. Martin could possibly be allied with the railroad and other corporate interests of this state, in view of the evidence that has been so carefully prepared for the people to show that the Northern Pacific Railway company has delved down into the files of their private and confidential correspondence of four years ago to find a letter to be used against him and for the benefit of their man Haines, who was nominated by a direct agent and representative of the Oregon Short Line?

By voting the Republican legislative ticket, you not only insure the return of Senator Borah to the United States senate, but you likewise insure the election of men pledged to a change of the unjust constitutional provision which requires us to vote for a man we do not want in order to get the man we very much do want.

It is a safe bet that 99 per cent of the residents of Sandpoint are better qualified and more competent to run the business of the state of Idaho than is either the editor or publisher of the morning organ—and they live in the big city of Boise.

They are still searching the four corners of the earth to "get something" on Martin. So far they are the ones who have had to "get" whenever they have tried to spring something.

Birthday Calendar



If This Is Your Birthday

Do not change if fairly well satisfied or attempt unfamiliar things on a large scale. Trouble threatens you and those dear to you, and a too wilful course on your part will make matters worse.

Those born today will have positive natures and will run to extremes in their emotions, but with their natural intelligence they are easily taught self-control, so necessary to their success. Unhappy marriages are foretold for their children.

The Evening Chit Chat

By Ruth Cameron.

OBEDIENCE in a child is certainly a splendid quality; more irritating than a mosquito's sting is it to have a disobedient child. And yet there are many ways of exacting obedience that seem to me even worse than putting up with disobedience. Cowing a child is one of these and lying to a child is another.

"The other day I was making a call on a woman of some social standing and presumably of some intelligence and education, when her little son came into the room sucking his thumb.

"Phillip," said my hostess sharply, "take your thumb out of your mouth. If you keep putting it in I shall certainly cut it off."

What do you think of that? Don't you think that mother is paying a pretty high price for her son's obedience.

I do. And yet I know a great many grown people with a belief in their own integrity who seem to think nothing of lying to them about the consequences of their acts or the punishments that will follow.

"If you touch anything on the parlor table I'll tar and feather your hands," is one woman's pleasing threat to her seven-year-old daughter.

"If you don't behave the bugger man that lives in the dark will catch you," has saddled thousands of children with a lifelong fear of darkness.

Lying to children is so unfair. You are their superiors in mentality anyway, and yet you take that further advantage of them. Besides, lying is dangerous. Sooner or later it simply must bring trouble. The child must either believe or disbelieve. If he disbelieves he loses faith in you. If he believes he is likely to get into trouble with your falsehoods as a guide.

I remember a little anecdote in which I delighted when I was a child, largely, I think, because I had a dim notion of its poetic justice. A father, traveling with his son on a train accidentally dropped his hat out of the window. By a quick motion of his hand he caught it. The child was astonished to see the hat reappear and the father told him he had whistled it back again. A few minutes later the boy summoned his father from behind the paper he was reading by announcing, "Oh, father, whistle your hat back again. I've dropped it out the window."

Again, I once knew of a woman who was crossing the Atlantic with two children, a baby of two and a child of six. To hush the baby she repeatedly threatened to throw it out the porthole into the sea if it did not stop crying. On returning to her stateroom after a brief absence, what was her unspeakable horror to find that the older child had carried out her wicked threat.

Lying to children is ticklish business. If you must lie, take someone your mental size. Obedience enforced by threats is not much good, but it's even less desirable when the threats are lies.

Modern Drawing.

(From Judge)

My grandma sits and draws her dainty stitches.

While Uncle Bob draws cartoons by the yard;

My mother draws a frazzled strap across my breeches,

Big Brother Bill draws off the losing card.

My grandpa draws a very modest pension.

Dear daddy draws a wage—which we annex—

Aunt Edith draws a world of male attention,

And Sister Sue draws allmomy checks!

—Z. M. Ingram.

Financially Foolish.

(From Judge)

First official member—"What do you think of the new preacher we tried out yesterday?"

Second official member—"Won't do! We'd never lift the debt with him on the job. Why, yesterday, when there were strangers present, he had them sing 'I'm Glad Salvation's Free,' while the collection was being taken!"

Journalism.

(From Judge)

Young reporter—"These new colleges of journalism will turn out a great number of journalists, don't you think?"

Old reporter—"Sure thing!"

Young reporter—"Some competition in the game, eh?"

Old reporter—"Oh, I guess not!"

Young reporter—"Why?"

Old reporter—"Well, we shall be just as shy of newspapermen as ever."

The Evening Story

A PICTURE FIND

By CORA HATHORNE SYKES

I manifested a taste for art when I was a little boy, taking more comfort in drawing pictures on my slate than doing sums on it. As I grew older I became ambitious to do something better, and asked my father to allow me a few drawing lessons. He refused, saying he would not encourage me in a task that would wreck my future if I gave way to it.

When it became time for me to choose an occupation I wished to become an artist, but my parents made such an ado over the matter that I abandoned the plan and accepted a clerkship in a grocery house. But if I couldn't make pictures I could at least look at pictures. And it so happened that I lived in a metropolis where the best works of art are to be seen. I read the art journals and was on the lookout for any announcements of the changing hands of the great pictures of the world, especially those coming to America.

I made no progress at business. All I did in a business way bored me. It was simple drudgery, and drudgery is incompatible with an artistic temperament. Instead of doing my work I sketched the office boys, the cat, anything that was sketchable. After awhile I was informed by my employers that they had no further need for my services.

My father, after a scene, secured another place for me and on entering upon it I promised to try to do better. But my heart was not in my work, and I have no faith in people being able to do continuously what they take no interest in. If they succeed in doing it they will not do it well. I believe that persons only do well what they like and are fitted to do; that eminently successful persons are successful in doing that which other people cannot do, or do as well.

One day after getting away from the work I hated after business hours I was passing a building that was being torn down. A workman had taken a roll of canvas from an old bricked up chimney and was unrolling it. I stopped and saw him reveal a dirty painting. I stepped up to where he stood and looked over his shoulder. I was astonished to see a work which, though dingy in the extreme, reminded me of the work of one of the great masters who flourished in the latter part of the fifteenth century. I looked in the corner where the name should be, but the dirt was too thick; no name was visible.

"What will you take for your find?" I asked the workman.

"Oh, I don't suppose it is worth anything," he said. "Any loose change you have in your pocket."

"I'm as poor as you are," I said, "but I know some picture dealers, and if you will let me have this one I will see what I can sell it for and divide with you." The man looked me in the face, handed me the painting and returned to work.

"Give me your address," I said.

He did so, and I went away with his find. Instead of taking it directly to picture dealers I carried it to my room, and sitting down before it, looked at it a long while. The more I studied it the more I was impressed with its resemblance to the works of the artist I have referred to. The same evening I went to a library where engravings of many pictures of the old masters were kept in portfolios and familiarized myself anew with the style of this particular artist. The more I looked at his pictures the more I believed that the find was by him. Could it be possible that it had been stolen?

I set the librarian to hunting for a book on stolen pictures, but though he was successful in finding such a book, it contained no reference to the laborer's find. I wished to clean the picture, but did not know how to do so and was afraid to leave it with any picture dealer for the purpose lest the name be uncovered, and if it were as I suspected, the painting's value would be discovered and I be beaten out of it.

One day I told my father that I had left the place he had secured for me and had gone to work in a picture and frame shop. He was in despair about me, and this move capped the climax.

In the shop where I worked I learned to clean pictures. As soon as I became sufficiently expert to clean a picture I took the materials for doing so to my home and got the dirt off the corner where the name of the artist is usually placed. What was my delight to see the name of the artist who I believed had done the work.

Believing the picture to have been stolen I consulted an expert dealer, asking him if he could find a record of one of the artist's pictures having been stolen. He found a book in which the artist had been written up with other painters and a statement that in the early part of the nineteenth century one of his paintings belonging to a nobleman in England had been cut from its frame and taken away.

I succeeded in time in opening a correspondence with the descendants of the owner and sent them a photograph of the painting.

This was before enormous prices were paid for certain paintings, but my correspondents agreed that if the painting was the one they had lost they would pay me \$20,000 for it. It turned out to be the identical picture, and I pocketed \$10,000, giving the finder an equal amount.

I am now a prominent art dealer. My find has since sold for \$50,000.

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