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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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THE JOURNEY.

A little work, a little sweating, a few brief, flying years; a little joy, a little fretting, some smiles and then some tears; a little resting in the shadow, a struggle to the height, a futile search for El Dorado, and then we say Good Night. Some mulling in the strife and clangor, some years of doubt and debt, some words we spoke in foolish anger that we would fain forget; some cheery words we said unthinking, that made a sad heart light; the banquet, with its feast and drinking—and then we say Good Night. Some questioning of creeds and theories, and judgment of the dead, while God, who never sleeps or wears, is watching overhead; some little laughing and some sighing, some sorrow, some delight; a little music for the dying, and then we say Good Night.

Over Moon

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AN APPEAL TO THE GOOD WOMEN OF IDAHO.

The Capital News has not gone into the private lives, the moral standing and fitness of the candidates; it has not sought to delve into the closets of men's lives and drag out the skeletons hidden there, but the good women of Boise know, and doubtless many good women elsewhere have been apprised that woman suffrage is on trial in the selection of a governor in this election as it has never been tried and tested since women have had the right to vote in Idaho.

These women know that a blush of shame would mantle their cheeks were they to acknowledge publicly that they would be proud to cast their votes a certain way in this election. They know they could not conscientiously make such a statement for they know that their duty points them another way.

It may not be essential to consider the private morals of a man in considering his adaptability to the performance of a high political duty, but it is certainly essential under woman suffrage at any rate that men be not placed in high official duty whose life and private conduct may at any moment become common gossip among the sons and daughters of the women who cast the ballot.

We especially appeal to the Christian women who number thousands in southeastern Idaho, who appear about to vote as the representatives of special interest and corporate wealth would have them vote, rather than as Christian women careful of the good name of the state and of their sons and daughters would most certainly vote.

Thousands of these women may not, like the women of Boise and communities nearby, know the truth, but there are hundreds of them who doubtless have been given to understand and these hundreds can make still other hundreds know, and they can refrain from bringing discredit upon the votes of good and pure women.

Perhaps we ought to come out and speak more frankly, but we have delayed doing so until the closing hours of the campaign when no opportunity for defense would be offered, and even if we ought have done so before, we are bound not to do so now. But that does not prevent an appeal to the women who do know; who have been informed and who know what their duty as good women is in such a case. These women should not let questions of political policy, of political advantage, or appeal for special interest, stand in the way of their doing their duty as citizens of a state, or of their voting as women ought to vote in such a case.

THE FRIENDS OF BORAH MUST PROTECT BORAH.

If the friends of Senator Borah but appreciated one-half the importance to him of having none but the most friendly of governors in the gubernatorial chair when the legislature meets to consider the election of two United States senators next January, there would not be an earnest, genuine friend of the senator but would cast his vote for G. H. Martin on next Tuesday.

Do the friends of Borah know that it is proposed, through a combine of the reactionary Republican members of the legislature and the reactionary Democratic members who may be elected, to throw the election to two reactionary men for United States senators?

Do they know that this very thing may happen unless there is a strong devoted friend of Borah sitting in the governor's office ready and prepared to use the great power of that position to prevent such a thing being done?

They know that Governor Hawley would not prevent such an alliance if he were governor—not at any rate, if it were proposed to make him one of the senators to be elected, the Democratic senator of the combine, for that is the only reason Hawley is running for governor right now. He does not want to be governor again, he wants to go to the United States senate, and the death of Senator Heyburn makes a combination of representatives of the special interests possible so as to accomplish the ambition of Mr. Hawley.

The friends of Senator Borah know that John M. Haines would not be the man who could use his official position for the honor, integrity and benefit of the state should necessity demand it. Even granting that he would willingly do so if he could, he could not do so if he would. He is not strong enough. Moreover, it needs no argument to Borah's friends here to convince them that the men who would stand back of John M. Haines and command him if he were elected, are the enemies of Senator Borah.

Let those who heard John M. Haines attempt to make speeches during the campaign, or rather, attempt to read the speeches prepared before hand, judge for themselves whether he is a strong man or not. Let them judge for

themselves whether he is a man who, under such a crisis and under such a pressure that would be brought to bear upon him by those who have been closest to him and with whom he is in the utmost harmony on all things, judge whether or not down in their hearts they believe John M. Haines would or could call before him insurgent or recalcitrant members of the legislature about to perpetuate such an act of perfidy and dishonor and whip them into line. They know he is not the man.

Now compare with him the man Martin. Know, in the comparison, that he is heart and soul in sympathy with Borah and know that it is the friends of Borah who have been and are the friends of Martin, and then say in your hearts that you know that in such an emergency he is the man to have at hand to appeal to.

Senator Borah himself knows that what we say is true. True, Senator Borah, being a candidate upon the Republican ticket could not say so, and no friend of Martin has ever asked him to say so. All the friends of Martin have had to do is to consider the facts and those facts convince them what is the welfare of Borah.

The warm, personal friends of Borah, those who have always stood by him and who stand by him now, are supporters of Martin wherever they know Haines and appreciate the predicament should Hawley be elected and that satisfies the friends of Martin.

Does it satisfy the friends of Borah who threaten to vote for Haines or Hawley? If it does, then they raise question of their own friendship, for even those supporters of Taft, who are good friends and supporters of Borah, many of them realize the importance of the situation and will vote for Martin.

COUNTY CANDIDATES TO SUPPORT.

The Capital News earnestly recommends the following county candidates:

State Senator—S. D. Fairchild, Republican.

Representatives—

Frank M. Gardner, Republican.

Charles F. Koelsch, Republican.

H. A. Lawson, Republican.

T. H. McDermott, Republican.

Charles D. Storey, Republican.

Sheriff—James M. Roberts, Republican.

For School Superintendent—Anna Keogh, Democrat.

Assessor—William Kincaid, Republican.

Commissioners—

First District—William Howell, Republican.

Second District—George T. Kinzer, Democrat.

Third District—William M. Briggs, Republican.

The above ticket, with the exception of the candidate for sheriff, has the indorsement also of the Taxpayers' league. That league has not indorsed any candidate for sheriff. Mr. Roberts has made a good record and we believe in the merit system to the extent that we believe Mr. Roberts should be returned to the office.

It is necessary to vote for the Republican legislative ticket in order to secure the election of Senator Borah. It is a bad constitutional provision that makes it necessary to vote that way but these men are pledged to support the change proposed in that constitution, so that it is the very best that can be done, and we hope no friend of Borah will let this unjust constitutional provision stand in the way of their voting for Borah which can only be done by voting for these candidates.

The people of the country precincts where all the duties of county superintendent of school must be performed beg that the city voters permit them to have Miss Keogh for school superintendent. Miss Keogh is abundantly qualified for the position and that being true, we believe in granting the request of the people most interested and therefore urge all readers of the Capital News to support Miss Keogh.

George T. Kinzer is one of the best men in Ada county. He also is the choice of the country voters and will make an excellent county commissioner who will force a reduction in the tremendous tax burden now afflicting the state and threatening its prosperity. He should be elected.

The Sunday Chit-Chat

By Ruth Cameron.

IN A recent interview, Madame Melba asserts that she can cook as well as sing, and that she should not think of permitting her daughter to marry any man, rich or poor, until she possessed a thorough knowledge of the culinary art. "Busy woman as I am," she continued, "I always take time to superintend the ordering of every dinner in my home." There is much food for thought in this statement of the famous prima donna.

A few years ago our girls were reared with the idea that cooking was a common, vulgar thing, beneath the notice of any one not obliged to do their own work. Now, thanks to the wide-spread movement for "pure food" and "good housekeeping" methods, the cooking schools are filled to overflowing with prospective brides and young matrons all eager to learn how to do everything in cooking and serving in the very nicest and most artful way possible.

Every girl who gets married should possess a knowledge of cooking. Without it, it is manifestly unfair to expect a man to risk his health and happiness in her hands. He would not think of entering a cheap restaurant and eating the poorly cooked pies and biscuits served there, but too often in his own home he will put up with anything that his wife provides and ask no questions as to the ingredients thereof.

I know a young woman, who, sad to relate, will often come home from a card party, and having partaken of the good things at her hostess', will not think it worth while to get up a hot dinner just for "hubby" alone. Any cold left-overs that she happens to find in the refrigerator or pantry are thought good enough to give him, with the result that the poor man often goes to his office next day with a headache, feeling grouchy and out of sorts—the sign posts all pointing to a

fine case of chronic indigestion, or dyspepsia later on. To me it seems a downright insult to offer a hungry, tired man such "dope."

We expect a man to become a master of his trade or profession before he contemplates matrimony; so should a woman be thoroughly equipped in what is to be for the most part her life work—that of home making. Cooking, as one of the higher arts, has already been added to the courses of study in many of the public schools of our towns and cities, as well as at numerous boarding schools.

Probably at no very distant day Bryn Mawr, Vassar and Wellesley will see the importance of teaching the principles of hygienic and palatable cooking to its students. The development of this talent is quite as likely to be conducive to a happy domestic life as the ability to speak French fluently or the reading of Homer's Iliad in the original.

We look at cooking as hard drudgery, whereas it is really one of the greatest arts in the world. For a woman to be able to broil a juicy beefsteak, make a good cup of coffee or concoct an appetizing salad, is worth all the painting of amateur landscape dashes or running French seams in the world.

Until we look at cooking in its true light as the most important element in the maintenance of health and welfare of a household, so long will it be shunned and avoided as distasteful, menial work. To be able to prepare and serve a dainty, appetizing meal correctly is as much of an accomplishment as being able to run high C trills. The making of a perfect loaf of bread should give as much pleasure as a writing of a story or creation of a poem. Were cooking regarded with the same honor in this country as in the home of its origin, France, we should have the famed chefs and admirable cuisine in which that race excels.

GIRLS' NAMES

What They Mean—Famous People That Bore the Name—The Name in History, Literature, Etc. (Copyright, 1911, by Henry W. Fischer)

ALBERTINE—(No. 65).

The meaning of Albertine is "all bright." The Pyrus Japonica is the name's emblem and Fairy Fire is sentiment.

The husband of Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort Albert I, first made both the male and female name popular in England, and gradually they came across to us.

Whether or not Alberta be identified with the older form Ethelberta is an undecided question. The German equivalent, Adelberta, certainly supports the suggestion.

Albert is a comely French form of the name Auberto, another, pronounced

(Obort).

Another outlandish form is Reklam, once the name of a famous blind king of Hungary.

While the pages of history are honey-combed with famous Alberts, especially in German speaking countries, of Alberts and Albertines we have records neither in religion nor in art or literature.

As stated, it is a young name with us and its momentary absence from the hall of fame should be an inducement to girls named Alberta and Albertine to help make the name famous.

Next name: Lina, Eleanor, No. 66; Clara, No. 67; Gladys, Claudia, No. 68

Opportunities for Christian Men in the Brotherhood Movement

By G. G. Haley, Pastor of Immanuel Methodist Church

Is the Brotherhood movement anything more than a mere idea? This is a question asked by many honest men, inside and outside the church, is it not a useless wheel added to the already complicated machinery of the church? Has it a definite program which does not conflict with departments already organized?

To many, in times past, the church seemed organized mainly for women and children, but that time has passed. We live in an era of "big business," of big deals. Give a man a man's job

and he will work at it. Heretofore men have looked upon the work of the church as best suited to the sisters. Today the church is the biggest business institution on the planet. Its assets are greater than the greatest trust; though these assets are used for humanity unselfishly. The Standard Oil trust has branches in a few countries, but the church in every country under the sun.

Goodness does not spell inefficiency. Christian men banded together in brotherhoods are blasting that fallacy. Jesus Christ was a manly man. The gospel needs application, not adaptation. The teachings of the Man of Galilee adapts itself. We need only to interpret it in terms of action. The world today cares little for what we say, but much for what we do. They will not come to hear the gospel spoken, but will pause to see it lived. We must carry it to them in our daily life. The gospel needs to be declared by word and life, but while not neglecting the former we must emphasize the latter.

We must work for social and economic betterment. As someone has said, do all we can to make it as easy as possible for men to be good and as difficult as possible to do wrong.

The entrance of Christian men into politics does not mean the church itself. This is world wide. But the men of the church have a duty within the church which must not be neglected. The Brotherhood movement has meant an aroused interest on the part of men in the services of the church. Two-thirds of the chapters of the Methodist Brotherhood have men's Bible classes in the Sunday school, either directly or indirectly under their direction. And why not? The Bible is the foundation—head of truth, and the "truth shall make you free."

The problem of holding the boy in the Sunday school is at the same time being largely solved by the example set by the men. A brotherhood is Christ's kingdom of brotherly men.

Hard-hearted.

(From Judge)

"What would you do if you discovered a family living in squalor?" "Let 'em squall!" replied the pessimist.

The Love Cure.

(From Judge)

"Her parents sent her to Europe in the hope that she would get over her infatuation for young Flubdub." "An easier way would be for them to let her marry him."

The Sunday Story

All Through a Nickel

By F. A. MITCHEL

It seemed to me it was a blaze of glory that passed me.

Coming to a cross street, she stood waiting for a trolley car. I waited directly behind her, and when she entered it I entered too. She dropped into a seat, opened a portemonnaie and poked among cards, samples and other things, first carelessly, then eagerly and finally despairingly.

"Two," I said, holding out my ten cent piece to the conductor.

So unconscious was she of my very presence that she supposed I was with another and paying the fare for both. She told the conductor that she had spent all her money unknowingly and if he would stop the car she would get out. The conductor looked at my dime.

"How many?" he asked.

"Two," said I.

"Where's the other one?"

"Two," I repeated doggedly.

An idea struck him suddenly. If I were fool enough to permit him to ring up two fares he need not bother about the lady's deficiency—his accounts would come out square. But the lady was not so obtuse.

"Thank you very much," she said.

"Kindly give me an address where I can pay the debt."

"There is no debt. A nickel especially thus invested is not worthy of consideration."

"It is not the nickel; it is the principle."

"There are principles and principles. It is a principle that a gentleman who acts so as to require a lady to communicate with him should send her instead of permitting her to send to him. It is your right to insist on payment of the loan, but it is my part as a gentleman to send for the nickel."

It was evident that her mind was not used to considering such trivial matters. I could understand her solving a mathematical problem, writing a book, criticizing a work of art, but not catching the true inwardness of my argument. She puzzled over it for a few moments, then said:

"You are inclined to sophistry. Instead of permitting me to get rid of an obligation you would impose upon me another."

"Not at all. It is I who am incurring these obligations."

"How so?" She brought those two wonderful eyes of hers to bear on me.

"First by permitting a stranger to spend (temporarily) in your behalf a coin—only one-twentieth in value of what he would offer a waiter as a tip—you are conferring on him a very great honor, besides a pleasure. In the second place, if you permit him to send for the amount of the loan, thus waiving your right to send it to him yourself, you honor him still more, and he has the exquisite pleasure of having saved you trouble."

A faint smile dawned upon her lips.

"I have certainly derived pleasure from your ingenuity," she said, after brief thought, "which is another obligation under which you have placed me. But your argument falls to pieces like the wonderful one-hoss shay that broke down all at once. I admit that your motives are unimpeachable, but notwithstanding the brilliancy of your logic there remains the bare fact that you have conferred a favor on a stranger and refuse to permit that stranger to discharge the obligation."

"Ah, but I have not declined to accept a favor at the hands of the stranger?"

She smiled again, this time more amused than before.

"So much ingenuity, so much gallantry," she said, "so delicately expressed must needs gain your point for you."

Inserting her gloved thumb and finger into her portemonnaie she drew out a card and hesitated. I handed her a pencil. She wrote her address on the card and handed both card and pencil to me.

"Thank you very much," I said.

I realized that the time for me to make my exit had come, and, turning to look out through the window, pressed the button, and when the car stopped, raising my hat deferentially to the lady, I left the car.

So far, so good. I thought over our brief dialogue and could not think of anything I had said that would look like forcing an acquaintance. And yet, though I had not intended to force an acquaintance, I had intended to leave no stone unturned to bring one about. I had succeeded in learning the lady's name and address, but how could I proceed further without indelicacy or even presumption?

A little thought showed me that I held the key to the situation. I had no difficulty in learning who the lady was. After I had discovered this I hunted for a mutual acquaintance. I found one who chided me by informing me that the object of my admiration came of the best of stock intellectually and otherwise, and I was not given much encouragement to hope that I could aspire even to an acquaintance. However, I was accorded an introduction and received graciously. Eventually I gained more than the lady herself, who is now my wife. I have often asked her how it was that I won her, and she gives me the invariable reply:

"By your unblushing assurance."

"But there was nothing indelicate about it, was there?"

"Nothing. It was the delicacy of a Meibhistopheles."



BY WINNER IN PITTSBURGH POST