

A CLOUDY DAY.

The sky is dark, the rain is streaming, the breezes shake despairing moans, and by the window I sit dreaming and pondering on dead men's bones. It's hard to write my silly verses on such a dark and gloomy day; I'd rather think of shrouds and hearse and sextons shoveling the clay. My grandma says: "Don't sit rapturing! Don't think about the grisly dead! Behind the clouds the sun is shining, as Milton or some fellow said." That's just the way it always chances when I in comfort mourn and brood; some optimist around me prances and springs a sunshine platitude. Your optimist goes round demanding that smiles be long and sighs be brief; it's past some people's understanding that there's a wholesome joy in grief. I'm happiest when I'm saddest, I'm at my best when feeling punk, and I exult when storms are maddest, the elements upon a drunk. The sunshine grows so stale and weary when it's delivered weeks on end! How comforting the heavens dreary that like a pall above us bend! So let me sit here by the casement, and groan in peace and weep and sigh, and watch the waters flood the basement, and see the funerals go by!

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ROMANCE OF WORDS.

From time to time there have appeared scholarly books on studies of words. All of these have been interesting and illuminative to those who would know whence our language of many tongues has come. The latest of these books, admirable in its comprehensive brevity, bears the title "The Romance of Words." The first edition appeared in March of this year, the second in June. The author is Professor Weekley, of the modern language department at University college, Nottingham, England.

The author notes that no dictionary can keep up with the growth of a language and that the new English dictionary had done the letter C before the cinematograph arrived, but got the word in under the letter K. In our language the word factories are now working overtime, and in the United States we are dazed by the work of such producers as George Ade. The best that the lexicographer can do is to wait and see whether these words "make good" with the public. As late as 1888 the word appendicitis was considered too rare and obscure for insertion in dictionaries. The word sabotage, in process of naturalization from the French, looks as though it may stay. It is a derivative of "saboter," to shirk work or do inferior work. It comes from sabot, a wooden shoe. To carry the history of the word sabotage up to the very present, which Professor Weekley does not do, the use of the word was developed in a strike of women workers in a factory in France, where the operatives took off their wooden shoes, or sabots, during some labor trouble, and put them into the machinery, with the result that much valuable property was destroyed. The term is thus used to describe the violence that accompanies labor strikes.

The other day in the telegraphic columns of the News it was given out that one of the candidates for the presidency was "heckled" by persons in the audience asking questions. The word heckle is first recorded in England in its political sense in 1880. In Scotland, however, it is old in this sense, so that it is an example of a dialect word that has risen late in life. In middle England it takes form in the word "hatchell," in the sense of "teasing" hemp or flax. The word tease in its earlier sense meant to pluck or pull to pieces, hence the word tease for the thistle used by wool carders. The author states that he never heard of a "week-end" till he paid a visit to Lancashire in 1883. Now it has invaded the whole island and is current in the newspaper society columns in America. The slang, "an old geezer," though quite modern in sound, harks back to the middle ages, where it has the French forms guiser and guisard—mummer. Mascot comes from a Provencal word meaning sorcerer and dates from Audran's operetta "La Mascotte," first produced in 1880. The word "jingo" first appears in conjurer's jargon of the seventeenth century. It has been conjectured to represent the Basque word "jinko," meaning God, picked up by sailors, and if this be the case it is probably the only pure Basque word in English. In 1878, when war between England and Russia seemed imminent, a London music hall singer aroused great audiences with—

We don't want to fight, but by jingo, if we do, We've got the ships, we've got the men, We've got the money, too.

So the name jingo came to be applied to that ultra-patriotic section of the population which, in war time, attends to the shouting. For jingoism we have in French Chauvinism and Chauvin is the name of a real Napoleonic veteran introduced into Scribe's play, "Le Soldat L'abbaye." While America has adopted many English words of modern coinage, Great Britain has in turn adopted a number from this country. Among these is the word "caucus" first applied in 1878 by Lord Beaconsfield. Professor Weekley says: "In eighteenth century American it means meeting or discussion. It is probably connected with a North American Indian (Algonquin) word meaning counsellor, in etymology supported by that of 'powwow,' a palaver or confab, the Algonquin for a medicine man. With these words may be mentioned Tammany, now used of a corrupt political body, but in the eighteenth century, of a society named after the patron saint of Pennsylvania. The original Tammany was an Indian chief with whom William Penn negotiated for grants of land about the end of the seventeenth century."

It is also to be noted that "boss" is in English a comparatively modern Americanism. Like many other American words, it belongs to the Dutch settlers who

founded New Amsterdam (New York). It is Dutch "baas" master, and has twice crossed the Atlantic, first from Holland to America, then from America to England.

The Evening Chit-Chat

By Ruth Cameron.

ONCE upon a time a Married Lady with a Perfectly Good Husband and Three Remarkable Children met a Long Lost Friend of her Girlhood in a Tea room.

Now the Friend of her Girlhood was still a Spinster, or, as she preferred to call it, a Bachelor Girl. Instead of a Perfectly Good Husband and Three Remarkable Children she had a Vocation. She painted Miniatures on ivory and she lived in a Studio with another Bachelor Girl and Three Angora Cats.

Now after these Two Friends had fallen upon each other's necks in true Friend-of-one's-Girlhood style, they drew off and began to talk as fast as they could.

For awhile each one asked questions about the other's Special Interests and Pretended to listen to the answer, but before very long they began to act more Natural, and this is the way the dialogue ran:

The Married Lady: "My dear, you must come and see me. We have the dearest little house on Rose street. It has eight rooms and two baths, and the cunningest little yard for the babies to play in!"

Girlhood Friend: "Is that so? I wish I had a yard for my cats, but I have to give them their airing on the roof."

The Married Lady: "Is that so? Ruth has a little kitten. I wish you could see her play with it. She's too cunning for anything."

Girlhood Friend: "Yes, dear. I know she must be. I've been painting some pictures of children lately. They are rather hard subjects, but Mrs. L. thought I did wonders with her little girl. You probably know Mrs. L., the suffrage leader?"

The Married Lady: "No, dear, I never heard of her. Speaking of pictures, I think Gretchen is going to have artistic talent. She draws the nicest pictures on her slate. You can almost

guess what they are meant for without her telling you."

Girlhood Friend: "How nice! My dear, I met the stunningest man the other day. Just the type you used to love, dark hair and grey eyes and thin. And so interesting!"

The Married Lady: "How nice! Do you know my husband has grown quite fat. I tell him I shall have to get another cook if this one has that effect on him. We have the best cook in town I do believe. We got her at R's employment bureau."

Girlhood Friend: "Did you really? As I was saying, that man is one of the most interesting people I ever met. He is a journalist and he knows the nicest people. He promised to have a tea in his studio and invite some of them to meet me."

The Married Lady: "Did he really? I used to go to a lot of teas, myself, but I can't now—I have the babies. You know Gretchen is rather sickly. She is only five and has had the measles, the mumps, whooping cough and scarlet fever already."

At this juncture the Girlhood Friend remembered an appointment, and they kissed each other good-bye Adoringly and promised to meet again Soon.

That night the Married Lady told her Perfectly Good Husband that she had met her Girlhood Friend. "And she paints pictures and goes around with Bohemian people," she said. "And she can't talk of anything else. I never saw anyone so self-centered."

That night the Bachelor Girl told the Other Bachelor Girl that she had met her Married Lady Friend. "And all she could talk about was her husband and her babies, just like all the rest. Strange how narrow married women get!"

And do you know, neither the Bachelor Girl nor the Married Lady ever suspected that she was the least bit funny.

Trapped.

His conscience hurt And he was sad; He never would flirt Again, egad!

The reason why? Oh, can't you guess With soulful sigh The maid said "Yes."

An Extravagant Wife.

Rastus had been looking blue for the last week and his employer did not know what was the matter.

"Rastus," said his employer, "What is the matter with you? Why have you been looking so blue? Are you sick?"

"No, sah," said Rastus, "Tee not sick. It's my wife. She's so 'travagant. She's always wantin money. She wants a dolla' den she wants another dolla', and so it goes."

"Well, Rastus, what does she do with all of this money?"

"To tell the truth, boss, I ain't give her none yet."—National Monthly.

How Did She?

When the telephone was first brought into the rural districts of Indiana, John's sister went to a neighbor who had a message to telephone. When she got home, John asked her: "How did you climb the pole?"—National Monthly.

Just as Well.

"I'm feeling well today, my mind is at ease and my business is good."

"Why are you going around telling people that?"

"Well, we always put up a holler when things go wrong. Why shouldn't we occasionally admit that things are going right?"

Birthday Calendar



If This is Your Birthday

Good fortune and social success await you. Avoid prejudice and favoritism and keep friendly with all, if possible. Be especially careful in writing.

Those born today will have sensitive nerves and should not be allowed too much noise and excitement when very young. Periods of complete rest and quiet will strengthen them. Their lives will be eventful and happy.

That Boy.

The mother heard a great commotion as of cyclones mixed up with battering rams, and she hurried upstairs to discover what was the matter. There she found Tommy sitting in the middle of the floor with a broad smile on his face.

"Oh, mamma," said he delightedly, "I've looked grandpa and Uncle George in the cupboard, and when they get a little angrier I am going to play Daniel in the Lion's den."

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INVESTIGATION OF DESTRUCTION OF MAIL BOXES ON HALLOWE'EN

Postoffice officials are hard on the trail of the boys who tore down the rural mail boxes along several of the routes out of the city last Halloween night.

Reports have come into the postoffice here from all of the routes that several of the mail boxes are gone, others have been torn from the posts, and still others have been dented and defaced by a fusillade of rocks that struck them on the big night of fun.

The postoffice department believes the destruction of the boxes was the work of small boys and it has started an investigation into the authorship of the mischief. It is probable that several small boys will face Judge Dietrich on the charge of destruction of government property and that their parents will have to pay a fine of from \$50 to \$100 for the fun the children had that night.

The law under which the government protects its mail boxes is a severe one and provides for a \$1000 fine and an imprisonment in a federal penitentiary for not more than three years, or both. It is probable that the postoffice inspector, P. L. Nell, will begin work at once to determine who were responsible for the defacing of the government property.

The boys in each of the neighborhoods where the work was done will be questioned by the inspector and he will make every effort to find out which ones are guilty. If these boys are brought into court it will be the first case that the government has had of the kind in many years. Heretofore, in spite of the license that is usually granted on Halloween night, the mail boxes have escaped the general attack and the government officials declare they intend to see that the boxes are always exempt from the hostilities of even small boys.

If your watch does not run right, let us repair it. You will be satisfied. CON W. HESSE, Jeweler. Adv.

The Evening Story

A DOG'S REVENGE

By EDWIN C. MOORE

There is a ring on my telephone. I go to the telephone and take down the receiver. I hear sounds as of a scuffle and words distinct from the instrument—"Oh, my God!"—the growl of a dog, then his bark.

I have heard that bark for years and know it well. It comes from Bruin, the Robinson's dog. There are many sounds—confused, unintelligible except so far as they indicate strife—Bruin's barking, a man's harsh voice and shrieks. A door is slammed and all is quiet.

I drop the receiver, run downstairs, catch up a pitchfork as I pass the barn and hurry down the hill. I try to go up the slope, but I can't do it. Nevertheless when I reach the red farmhouse I vault the fence and go through the wide open door into the hall. I hear the whining of a dog, follow it and open a bedroom door. Mrs. Robinson is lying on the floor gasping. Bruin is bleeding from many cuts. Nevertheless he rejoices at the arrival of succor, wagging his tail, jumping up on me and running back and forth between me and his mistress.

The first thing to do is to bring a doctor. I find the telephone receiver lying on a table beside the instrument. I call up the central office and for a physician from the town over the hill to the southward, then lifted Mrs. Robinson from the bed, then call on the neighbors for help. It is fully twenty minutes before the first one arrives. Thank heavens, it is a woman! A few minutes later a man comes. I wait no longer. I am burning with a thirst to strike the perpetrator of this outrage. I do not stop to learn if property has been taken by which I may identify him.

"Fool!" I exclaim. "You should have killed the dog. Come, Bru!"

Going downstairs three steps at a time, I turn in at the barn, put a bridle on a horse and, not waiting to saddle him, with the pitchfork as my only weapon, sally forth. Bru has gone on with his nose to the ground. He's not a bloodhound, but is a hunter, and that is nearly as good. I question if the man has twenty minutes' start.

On the way Bru raised his head and gave a low growl, but lowered his nose again and on overtaking a man walking passed him without notice. The man looked at me curiously. Then it occurred to me that I must be a caricature of a knight errant, without saddle and a pitchfork instead of a lance.

Bru ran, I trotting a little beside him. Having noticed the blood he had lost, I wondered how he had the strength to go on. I feared he would give out before we could overtake the fugitive. He smelt revenge as well as the villain, and doubtless this kept him up. If ever a dog had the instinct that a man may feel for vengeance it was Bru.

Presently he left the road and, crawling through a fence, entered a thicket. I could not follow mounted, so throwing the reins over a post I proceeded on foot. I believed that we were nearing the end, for the man would not go far through the tangled underwood. He had doubtless gone in there to hide.

A growl from Bru and the sound of breaking bushes, both where he was and ahead of him. Beating aside the brush I strained every muscle to get on. I was not far behind the dog and the dog was not far behind a sound of breaking underbrush. He was giving sharp, quick barks. He burst into an open space, I after him.

A man on the other side of the opening had turned and was leveling a pistol at the dog. But Bru, giving furious leaps, was a hard mark to hit. The first ball did not touch him, and there was no time for another. Bru sprang for the man's throat. With his left hand he attempted to push off the dog, with the other he was trying to draw a knife. He had got it out and was about to make a lunge at the dog's body, just under the fumes, when I, who am more expert with a pitchfork than any other weapon, caught his arm between the two prongs. This gave Bru full swing, and he buried his teeth in the man's neck. Both rolled over on the ground and the knife fell from the man's grip.

"Take him off!"

The pistol as well as the knife was on the ground and, being handy with my own weapon, I thought I might risk relieving the man of Bru. But I mistook my ability to do so. I called to the dog without producing any effect, then began to belabor him with the handle of the pitchfork—all to no purpose. While I had heard his mistress' screams he had seen her in the villain's clutches. My desire was to human revenge—the dog's that of the brute, sharpened by a brute's blind love. I could not bring myself to exercise all my power in belaboring him, and so ordinary blows would avail. I tried to pull him off, but he clung tenaciously. At last the man must have decided, for he lay still. Then Bru suddenly heeled over.

I sat up a shiver, but it was unnecessary. Bruin, passing on the road behind the cattle and came up on the combat ended.

Mrs. Robinson, Bru and the world be sweeter recovered, but it would have been better for the best if the dog had killed him. For he is living a life unknown to create misdeeds.

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BEFORE AND AFTER.

