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THE TELEPHONE.

It is indeed a wonderful thing, this modern telephone, that will across the distance bring a speaker's lightest tone. Sometimes I sit and contemplate its weird, surprising plan, and bless the scientist so great who gave this boon to man. And then again I rant and bawl about its many faults, and tear the blamed thing from the wall, and on the pieces wait. Your mirthful lips are stricken dumb, sealed are the fountains of song, when central (busy chewing gum) gets all the numbers wrong. I sometimes wonder what we'd do if we should lose our phones. We'd be a hopeless, helpless crew! We'd fill the world with groans. To get back to our fathers' ways would fill our souls with aches! A message then would take three days, that now a minute takes! And then again it seems to me that life would be more gay if all the tele-phones that be were burned or shipped away. For when in haste I'd use the phone to gossip with my frau, I hear stern central's monotone: "The line is busy now!" It is a nuisance and a boon, a blessing and a curse; perhaps they will improve it soon, perhaps they'll make it worse.

Over Mamma

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THANKSGIVING.

The occasions for thankfulness in this country, in this state and in this city, are too many to admit of enumeration and too manifest to require it. It has been a prosperous year, exceedingly so in view of the reasons usually felt for finding the contrary. Great strides forward have been made along all lines in spite of the fact that this year, as always, forward movements had to be forced amidst great obstacles because of the large numbers who seek to restrain and hold back. This is true in material sense, morally, religiously and politically.

During the year the people of Boise have witnessed the dethroning of the municipal bosses and the discarding of an ancient form of government which gave those bosses every encouragement and the substitution thereof of a government that places the power in the hands of the people instead of in the hands of the political bosses and their corrupt and corrupting backers.

During the year the people have seen such an awakening of the public conscience as the state has never before seen and they can already see the benefits in a changed tone, a humility and a promise of relief that they have never known before to come from political sources.

It is true that the battle has but just begun, but there is every encouragement to be derived from the first skirmish, the result of which has caused the enemy to assume such a conciliatory manner. It might be too much to expect that the war will end with the present peace discussion, but that the enemy is willing even to talk peace upon terms laid down by the people is a great gain.

The world is moving rapidly. Conduct today is regarded scandalous and wicked which only a few years ago was so common as to cause but little comment, while the debaucheries of old are looked upon today as humiliating to the civilization in which we live, when occasional degenerate persons commit them.

We are not perfect and our surrounding conditions are not perfect. That will never be. But our ideals of living and of the conditions to be desired are higher than they ever were before and we are a people that follows its ideals.

THE NORTH AND THE SENATORSHIP.

The Capital News has been much interested in the discussion of the claim of north Idaho newspapers and politicians that that section of the state is entitled to have the successor to the late Senator Heyburn selected from one of the counties of the north.

There has been no discussion or claim that any of the northern counties has a man of superior ability, devotion to the people of the state or higher worth as to entitle him to recognition. Rather by silence upon this point it is to be inferred that a general weakness along this line is admitted and that that is why the claim is made upon geographical lines.

The only claim so far made why the north is entitled to a senator is the fact that the deceased senator happened to claim his home there. Some of us, however, we remember, used to believe that his real home was in Spokane, where he maintained his resident law office. If the argument is good that is now being advanced, why is it not likewise good to reason by analogy that only some one maintaining a law office in Spokane should be elected. Doubtless many men could be found over there filling these requirements, and the contention that this should be done would be just as logical as the other argument.

But why should the seven northern counties make any superior claim to the senatorship than the seven southeastern counties for instance? They form a group just as complete in themselves and just as separated from the rest of the state as do the seven counties of the north?

Or why should the seven northern counties have any better claim to this office than the seven counties of Lemhi, Custer, Blaine, Lincoln, Twin Falls, Elmore and Owyhee? It requires no particular stretch of the imagination to make these seven counties as such a separate political division of the state as the seven northern counties.

If the argument is good that geographical location, rather than brain, experience, ability, sympathy and understanding of the desires of the people, devoted service to the state, development of its resources and other qualifications, should govern in the selection of a senator, why

not also in the selection of a governor, or congressman, justice of the supreme court and other state positions?

And then if the rule is to become established that because a certain section of the state has had an office in the past, let us add to the constitutional qualification for office these others that one congressman shall be a resident of Latah county, another of Twin Falls county, while the secretary of state shall be a resident of Nez Perce county, one justice of the supreme court shall live in Idaho county, another in Blaine county, the state auditor in Bonneville county and the governor, attorney general, state treasurer, superintendent of public instruction, one justice of the supreme court, one United States senator and the mine inspector shall be residents of Ada county. Inasmuch as some constitutional obstacles may interpose, it might be well to stipulate that one United States senator shall be elected from among the justices of the supreme court. That might give assurance that the supreme court would find some way to get around the constitutional obstacles and thus give sanction to the new law.

There is just as much reason in this proposal which would retain the present geographical distribution of the offices, as there is in the proposal to maintain the geographical distribution of the election of senator.



Domestic Science DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY Mrs. Alice Gitchell Kirk

and with pencil and paper write out the grocery order no later than Tuesday, then prepare everything for the above dinner possible on Wednesday.

The grape-fruit can be separated and covered in a bowl in the refrigerator; the turkey roasted and reheated, it is just as good, and in a covered roaster, many things even better. Make cranberry jelly, wash celery and lettuce and wrap in a cloth or put in a pail in cool place; peel, cook and mash potatoes, reheat the next day to add hot milk, butter and salt and one or two eggs, well beaten. Turn into a buttered baking pan and bake in a quick oven 20 minutes or until light and brown. Peel the oranges for salad, ready for slicing. Make the pumpkin pie, the pastry having been made the day previous.

Use the canned pumpkin, as it is just as good as the fresh and is improved by what is called "ripening." With the apples shining and grapes washed and dried, there is little to do at the last but set the table and assemble the dinner, which will taste all the better for mother not spending most of the day cooking it, when it is your pleasure and hers to be thankful together.

Pumpkin Pie.

Materials—Canned pumpkin, one pint; milk, one pint; eggs, two; sugar, three-quarter cup; salt, one teaspoonful; cinnamon, one teaspoonful; ginger, one half teaspoonful; cloves, one quarter teaspoonful.

Utensils—Rolling pin, pastry board flour sifter, sharp knife, colander, egg beater, stew pan, measuring cup, pie pans.

To the pint of pumpkin, add the given ingredients, beating the eggs well. Two or three tablespoonfuls of cream are a great addition. Make plain pastry, fill with the pumpkin mixture and bake in a moderate oven until done, about 45 minutes.

Perforated pie pans are the best for all pies, as they prevent a soft bottom crust.

Seasonable Fruits and Vegetables. Fruits—Cranberries, apples (Oregon, Greenings, Baldwins and Kings), grapefruit, grapes (Malagas, Tokay and English hot house), lemons, oranges, pears.

Vegetables—Beets, cabbage, white and red, cauliflower, celery, horseradish, lettuce, leeks, onions, parsley,

parsnips, red and green peppers, potatoes, white and sweet, salsify, squash, turnips.

Extras—Artichokes, pomegranates, wax beans, brussels sprouts, cucumbers, endive, mushrooms, radishes, spinach, tomatoes.

The Evening Chit Chat

By Ruth Cameron.

ONE of the most frequently misinterpreted words in the English language is one with which three-quarters of us have had reason to be very familiar.

And that word is economy. Economy means thrift. It doesn't mean parsimony; it doesn't mean meanness; above all things it doesn't mean a short-sighted and self-defeating policy of doing without those things which can be most easily dispensed with regardless of consequences.

A neighbor of mine has pretty hard work to make both ends meet. She has three young children in her household and it is not possible for her to leave home for an afternoon without having someone to take her place. Once in a while when the errands which she cannot ask anyone else to do have accumulated, she hires a woman to stay with the children and goes to town. She had just come back from such a trip the other evening when I went over to call and found her stretched out on the couch, pale and evidently completely exhausted.

"Does it tire you much to shop?" I asked. "It isn't the shopping," she said, "but I walked all over town. I had an errand at A's and one at R's," (naming two points over a mile apart), "and walking tires me so."

"Why on earth didn't you take a car?" I asked in wonder. I actually never thought of the economy (?) motive. It seemed too absurd.

"I thought it would be extravagant," she said. "Think of it! She was paying a woman for the time she was using; she knows that if she overdraws her strength, as she often does, she will have to pay a woman to help her with the work; and yet she spent lavishly of both time and strength to save five cents."

Economy, economy, what extravagances are committed in thy name!

Another woman in our neighborhood frequently boasts of the infinitesimal sum on which she contrives to feed her family. She is always criticizing her next-door neighbor's bountiful board as being fearfully extravagant in view of her husband's modest salary.

Her neighbor on being acquainted with these charges retorted, "If she will add the doctor's bills she is always paying for those sickly, anaemic, under-fed children, to her household bills, I guess she will find that it costs her just as much to live as it does me, if not more."

Her neighbor was right. Nor do the doctor's bills alone represent all the cost of this woman's economy. She must also charge up against it the loss of efficiency which these children will probably suffer later from their under-fed childhood.

False economy is as common as poverty.

Real economy is as rare as brains.

False economy is a thankless task.

Real economy is a fine art.

Which do you practice?

Scared.

"Why did the elopement fall through?"

"We had a signal arranged. She told me to come to her window and make a noise like a shotgun."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Why She Left.

(From Judge) Sammy—"I thought that Mrs. Manish was such an ardent suffragette. Why did she leave the meeting the other night when she was billed to make a speech?" Fanny—"Some one sent word that her poodle was sick."

The Evening Story

A Singular Occurrence

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN

Mrs. Elliot Walker came home at 5 o'clock in the afternoon and saw her husband, who had arrived before her, just going into the library. He seemed agitated.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked.

"Nothing."

This was all that passed between them at the time. Mrs. Walker went upstairs, and just as she reached the upper landing she saw a woman's hat sinking below the top step of the rear staircase. Mrs. Walker ran after her, saw her turn toward the front of the house and into the library. The lady ran into the room and saw a well dressed, rather good looking woman standing near her husband.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the astonished wife.

"Well?" said the husband, looking from one woman to the other.

Mrs. Walker was too full for utterance. The stranger cast her eyes on the floor. When the former found her voice she cast a troubled glance at her husband and said in a trembling voice: "Oh, Elliot, to think that I should have been so deceived in you."

"I know no more of this woman than you do," was the reply. "If you doubt me ask her."

The wife turned to the stranger, but spoke no word. Why should she? The woman acknowledged her guilt by her appearance. Her head was bowed; her eyes were glued to the floor.

"For one thing," said Mrs. Walker, "I give her credit. She can't lie as you can."

"My dear"— Mr. Walker regarded his wife with an injured look; then, turning a severe glance upon the woman, he asked:

"What do you mean by this behavior?"

"Elliot," she said without raising her head, "I am lost. My husband must sooner or later know of this, and I shall be an outcast from my home."

"Elliot! You call me by my first name—you, whom I have never seen before—and you admit that you came here to meet me in my wife's absence when I have only been at home a few minutes. This is incomprehensible."

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed the wife. "It is plain enough to me, Elliot. I know your unconquerable assurance. Were this woman as adept in playing a part as you, your game would have worked admirably. As it is you are caught. Would that I could be deceived; then I would not suffer!"

"My dear!"

"Never call me that again! Madam, leave this house at once!"

The intruder, still with bowed head, passed slowly from the room into the hall. The front door closed behind her, and husband and wife were left alone together.

"This is the most remarkable occurrence of my life," said Mr. Walker. "And the most crushing in mine," added the wife.

"I give you my word of honor that I never saw that woman before."

"Do you take me for a fool? Did not the creature admit what you deny?"

For this the husband had no reply. "Leave me," he said, "to regain my equanimity. I am in no condition to think. There must be an explanation if I can but hit upon it. I came home only a few minutes before your arrival, much worried about a matter of business. I have a note coming due tomorrow and no funds with which to meet it. On top of that trouble comes this one."

The wife silently left the room. What was there to be said? The proof against her husband was absolute. His business trouble was an additional misfortune for her as well as for him. Going into another room, she threw herself on a sofa and gave way to immoderate grief, while her husband was walking the floor in the library. After awhile she arose, dried her eyes and went back to the library.

"What is the amount of this note?" she asked.

"Six thousand dollars."

"Though you have ceased to be what you have been to me, you are still my legal husband and I am still peculiarly interested in your affairs. My jewels will bring more than \$6,000. I will go and get them for you."

She went out of the room without having given him a look. Going up to her bedroom, she opened a drawer in which she kept a few ornaments she intended to remove the bulk of her jewels from a safe. Those in the drawer were gone. A sudden idea flashed through her brain. She flew like a swallow down the stairs, ran into the library and threw her arms about her husband's neck.

"Elliot, forgive me!"

"What the dickens?"

"Oh, the blessed relief! How happy I am!"

"Explain, for heaven's sake."

"The jewels are gone."

"The jewels! Gone?"

"Yes; the woman must have taken them. When caught she invented a plan to get away instead of being taken with the jewels on her."

"Well, I'll be hanged! Have you lost all your jewels?"

"No; only a few I kept out of the safe."

"Heaven be praised!"

"My dear," said Mr. Walker, suddenly regaining confidence, "let this be a warning to you. Trust me always."

The thief was never caught, but the note was paid at maturity.

Birthday Calendar



If This Is Your Birthday

With care, the success, which you long for will be yours. It is better to concentrate your attention on a few things than to attempt too many. If you are employed, be especially careful and just in your judgments. Those born today will be talented but will work hard, where others would know how to serve themselves. They will be restless, and will too often change from one occupation to another.

Thanksgiving Music.

(Minna Irving in Leslie's) When the autumn winds are sighing, And the trees are stripped and bare, Then we hear the plaintive gobble Of the turkey on the air, And the golden pumpkin pumping, And the sizzle of the pies When the range is red and roaring, And the smoke ascends the skies.

Listen to the drumsticks beating On a hundred million plates, Sounding taps above the turkeys That have met their proper fates, While the knives and forks together Loud ducts around us play, And the coffee urn is piping For the feast Thanksgiving day.

Cuba Flora Cigar, mild and fine. 1¢

The girls are furnished, at our ball, when the Plumbers and Steam Fitters meet, at the K. of P. hall. Adv. N-28c

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15c a pound

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THE THANKFUL SEASON IS ON

