

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.

RICHARD STORY SHERIDAN.

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

Phones—Business Office, 234; Editorial Rooms, 234; Society Editor, 1291-J.

BOISE, IDAHO, MONDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1912.

ANOTHER APPEAL.

Dear Woodrow Wilson: Here I stand, a lightning rod in either hand, impatient to be struck; I told you how I'd bleed and die, but you have sent me no reply—just like my doggone luck! I told you if I had a chance I'd be your minister to France, or ditto to St. James; turn down the patriots who shirked, but don't neglect the ones who worked until they broke their backs! You well may shudder when you think of how you'd be upon the blink had I not toiled and slaved for you throughout the long campaign; I wore out body, boots and brain—and how have you behaved? Long since you got my courteous note; no answer to the same you wrote, but left me here to pine, and all my enemies in town predict that you will turn me down, that I'll get soup for mine. I don't insist on foreign post—though such a snap would suit me most—most any job will do; just any snap beneath the sun to show you've not forgotten one who did so much for you. I am the man who for you yelled when all the other fellows held the fort for Ted or Bill; I am the man who drilled the dubs, and organized the Wilson clubs at Mudville-on-the-Hill.

Over Mamma

Copyright, 1912 by George Matthew Adams.

PRICES CONTINUE TO RISE.

Bradstreet's estimate of the cost of living, which is generally recognized as conservative and reliable, for Dec. 1, 1912, shows that prices today are higher than ever before. The tables present some interesting changes which, if taken by themselves, would give the observer an erroneous impression as to the trend of prices. Some commodities have decreased sharply, but these losses have been more than offset by increases, so that the index number for Dec. 1 works out at \$9.5462. This is a new high point, and, although only a slight advance over the figure for Nov. 1, it shows that for the year an increase of 6.2 per cent has been recorded. As compared with Dec. 1, 1910, the increase is 8.5 per cent. In 1909, the worst year up to the present, the index number approached within 4.6 per cent of the present figure, but in 1907, the difference was 16 per cent.

In November 31 articles were higher, 27 declined and 48 remained unchanged. Among those that increased were: Live sheep, mutton carcasses, milk, eggs, beef, pork, hams, lard, butter, beans, potatoes, leather, textiles, metals, coal, oil and hay. Cereals decreased, as did live hogs, and beef and hog carcasses, but it is significant that although carcasses were lower the retail products were higher. Such articles as cheese, bread, codfish, sugar, peanuts and nails remained unchanged. It might be observed that more items of interest to the consumer are to be found in the table of increase than among either the decreases or those that remained unchanged. A formidable list is contained in the table of increases for the entire year. In this table are: Wheat, flour, live beeves, sheep and hogs, horses, beef, hog and mutton carcasses, milk, beef, pork, bacon, hams, lard, cheese, salt, rice, beans, lemons, raisins and olive oil. Sugar, faithful to fluctuation, went lower, along with codfish. Bread, molasses and peanuts were among the notable articles that stood firm during the year. The yearly index numbers since 1892 are shown as follows:

| | | | |
|------|---------|------|--------|
| 1892 | 57.7589 | 1903 | 7.9364 |
| 1893 | 7.5324 | 1904 | 7.9187 |
| 1894 | 6.6846 | 1905 | 8.0987 |
| 1895 | 6.4346 | 1906 | 8.4176 |
| 1896 | 5.9124 | 1907 | 8.9945 |
| 1897 | 6.1159 | 1908 | 8.6094 |
| 1898 | 6.5713 | 1909 | 8.5153 |
| 1899 | 7.2160 | 1910 | 8.9881 |
| 1900 | 7.8329 | 1911 | 8.7132 |
| 1901 | 7.5746 | 1912 | 9.1867 |
| 1902 | 7.8729 | | |

Our old friends butter and eggs, it might be added, had an important part in keeping up the general level.

MORE LIGHT ON WALL STREET.

A few years ago it was very fashionable to make sport of those who denounced Wall street and "the money devil." We were assured by those who sat near that "synagogue of Satan" that the Stock Exchange served a useful purpose in furnishing a market for securities. But now we learn from men prominent in the street that it is not a fair market. One witness has frankly admitted that short selling is gambling. Another has told us of manipulations by which stocks were elevated or depressed as might best serve the interests of the big operators. Frederick Lewisohn has admitted that it might benefit the investing public if investors "could know how much of a stock listed on the Exchange represents the profit of brokers and intermediaries and how much represents the real price of the property to the vendors." When asked whether he did not know that the United States "is the only country in the civilized world where it is not required to make such information public," Mr. Lewisohn said: "I knew that there was such a law in England. I don't know about other countries." Finally the witness admitted that the investing public is entitled to a price "fixed by fair and open competition in the market, instead of a price fixed by manipulation."

But, as the evidence shows, the public does not get such a price. In other words, the Stock Exchange does not perform the service that it is supposed to perform, and for the performance of which it has been said that it chiefly exists. Possibly even the most hardened defenders of the institution will now agree to the enactment of such a law as that under which the English operate, the effect of which would be to make the Stock Exchange in fact what it is in name—a market in which prices are fairly fixed.

The interesting thing, however, is that when ques-

tioned by the attorney for the Pujo committee, men thoroughly acquainted with the Stock Exchange have admitted that much of the criticism to which it has been subjected is deserved. Even the "money devil" is not wholly a mythical person. Whether he can be exorcised is the question. Certainly the street offers a great field for the reformer.

MR. WILSON ON RIGHTEOUS ANGER.

Since I left the academic walks and came out into the highway I have been astonished at the increased temptation to profanity. Sometimes the dictionary is entirely inefficient to express one's feelings.

I do not care for those dilettante men who never rise to righteous anger and never rise to wholesome enthusiasm, for without enthusiasm there is no progress in the world.

I think perhaps it would be dangerous to bottle up what you sometimes think. These expressions need not be made in public, but there are circumstances—yes, and persons—that make the expression of them necessary.

A lawyer in an impeachment case was defending a judge for using the word "damn" in instructing jurors. The lawyer exemplified by presenting this position:

"If you were fixing a category of fools you would say: First, fools; second, natural born fools, and then where do you go?"—From Governor Wilson's speech before the Southern Society in New York.

The Evening Chit-Chat

By Ruth Cameron.

"EAST or west, home is best."

A woman who had been calling on several of her friends came back into her own home just at dusk, lighted the light, sank into her own particular easy chair, and gazing about the room with evident satisfaction, said to her companion, "I don't see why people can't make their homes more home-like and individual. Now I know my living room didn't cost as much to furnish as most of the rooms we were in this afternoon, but it seems to me that it has more of an atmosphere, more individuality, is more home-like."

Whereupon her companion, while outwardly she gave the measure of assent which courtesy demanded, inwardly wondered what the mistress of the homes which they had been visiting thought about the matter. Somehow she felt sure that each one of these jelled that her home had an individuality and an atmosphere about it which other homes lacked.

And so she fell to musing—not on the folly of self-conceit, for the woman who spoke so naively of the superiority of her home is not at all a self-conceited person—but on that wonderful and beautiful devotion and pride which every normal human being has for the bit of the world he or she calls home.

I used to know a very fine young man for whom, by reason of his brains and ability and his rare personality, the loveliest homes in his town were open.

Nay, more than open—eager. His people were plain folks; their home was old-fashioned and drained to bareness and shabbiness by their struggle to educate their children. One would think that the tremendous contrast between the beautiful homes at which he was such a welcome guest, and his own home, would have been unpleasant to this man. On the contrary, he did not seem to feel any such contrast. He enjoyed his own home thoroughly, brought his friends into it and spent as much time in it as was compatible with his many business and social obligations.

You see, there undoubtedly lay across those shabby chairs and threadbare carpets and faded wall papers that strange, transfiguring glamour which the fact that a place is home has power to cast. That house did not look bare and unattractive to him as it did to others, it just looked like home.

It's a wonderful thing, that glamour, isn't it? It's like the leniency you feel toward your own faults. It's like the light of intelligence in your dog's eyes that flames up to greet you and you alone, and makes you see a half-human friend in him where other people see only a clumsy beast. It's like the beauty you see in your mother, however plain she may be.

Home and mother—they are two of the most beautiful words in the English language and the most beautiful facts in the whole world, aren't they? What would life be without them?

W. N. Clark, manager of a Rochester cannery, is one of these.

Mr. Clark said, among other things, that he sought to have an altar established for the good canneries, and when asked to explain what he meant by "good canneries," he defined them as those institutions where the employees should be permitted to work just as long as he or she desired to work. It also appears from the testimony given before the commission that there are different ways of presenting the Clark view, some of which are less refined and more forcible. One canner said, for example, in answer to a query as to why he did not have seats for the women employed in his establishment that "those women were like horses."

PRESS COMMENT

Where Mr. Roosevelt is Strong.

(Portland Telegram.) They are conducting a statewide investigation by the factory commission in New York, and some of the testimony given before that commission is mighty interesting. Furthermore, interest does not attach wholly to that which is offered by the people who work in the different manufacturing establishments; the proprietors and managers of some of those concerns now and then add a word that is illuminating and worthy to be pondered.

W. N. Clark, manager of a Rochester cannery, is one of these.

Mr. Clark said, among other things, that he sought to have an altar established for the good canneries, and when asked to explain what he meant by "good canneries," he defined them as those institutions where the employees should be permitted to work just as long as he or she desired to work. It also appears from the testimony given before the commission that there are different ways of presenting the Clark view, some of which are less refined and more forcible. One canner said, for example, in answer to a query as to why he did not have seats for the women employed in his establishment that "those women were like horses."

THE SITUATION TODAY



As indicated by developments in Money Trust Investigation.

The Evening Story

A Thanksgiving Surprise

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Birthday Calendar



If This Is Your Birthday.

You are warned against indiscretions of diet and should take general care of your health, for troubles threaten you and strength of body and mind will be necessary. Avoid quarrels and law suits. Those born today will be naturally inconsiderate of others and they will lose many friendships by lacking appreciation of favors granted them. They will have capable minds and high ambition, so that with their faults well understood by their guardians their training will not be difficult, but pampering or indulging them will start them on the path to failure.

Children's Skates for 10c at WHITE CITY RINK Every afternoon during vacation except Sunday and Christmas.

—Stocks and Bonds

See our Ad on the Classified Page today, under "Stocks and Bonds." T. J. Swetham & Co. 919 1/2 Main. Ind. Phone 311-J.

DAN BARNIDGE

Wholesale Liquor House 105 N. 7th St., Phone 1720-J FREE DELIVERY—ALL HIGH GRADE GOODS.

SPECIAL PRICES

On tailor made garments here in Boise. Men's suits \$15 up and ladies' tailoring fine made and best quality; sale only 30 days.

WESTERN TAILORS,

315 North 8th St., Boise, Ida.

Include in your list of Christmas presents a Booklovers' Catalogue. It may be the means of getting them that \$500 in gold—first prize in Booklovers' contest. YOU CAN ENTER NOW.

THE IDAN-HA

BOISE'S LEADING HOTEL

Colonial Dining Room. Rooms \$1.00 to \$3.00. CHAS. GROUT, Mgr.

The OWYHEE

BOISE, IDAHO.

Largest and best Hotel in the State. European plan. Rates \$1.00 per day and up. Excellent cafe service. Prices moderate. Good music. Nothing better at our rates.

LEO J. FALK, Manager.

HOTEL BRISTOL - Boise, Ida.

European, new, clean and modern; hot and cold water and phone in every room. Elevator service and ample rooms. Elegant modern apartment. Rooms 75c per day and up. Special weekly rates. M. PARSONS, Prop.

The Home of Good Meats, Lard, Hams and Bacon at Reasonable Prices. BOISE BUTCHER CO. 811 Idaho St. Phone 59

EVERY WOMAN Is interested when you say groceries—because with good groceries she is able to cook a good meal. Trade with us and you get the best. BOISE MERCANTILE CO. Union Block. Phone 10.

FURNITURE We are prepared to handle Furniture Repairing in all its Branches. PUGH-JENKINS FURNITURE COMPANY, Eleventh and Main.

First National Bank OF IDAHO. Transacts a General Banking Business. Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Miss Edna Chefton, graduate of the School of Domestic Science, presents her compliments to Mrs. Chandler and offers her services as cook for Mrs. Chandler's coming Thanksgiving dinner. There will be no charge, Miss Chefton desiring to do the work for practice and to observe the effect of her different methods of cooking on those for whom she cooks.

This application came while the Chandler family were at breakfast. Mrs. Chandler was a widow with a grown son, Dick; a daughter, sixteen, Alice, and two boys aged respectively twelve and ten, Jim and Fred. She read the note aloud, then threw it down as unworthy of consideration.

"Mamma," Alice spoke up, "let her do it. You know, they're giving us a cooking course at school, and I'm much interested in it. I should love to watch her methods and see how they turn out."

Mrs. Chandler took up the note, read it again and wondered why Miss Chefton had made the application to her. She had never heard of Miss Chefton and did not know how Miss Chefton had heard of her. Alice kept poking at her mother till that lady consented that her daughter should write Miss Chefton telling her what would be provided for the dinner and that if she chose to cook the viands named she was welcome to do so. The Chandlers were poor, and their dinner was to be a simple one.

Miss Chefton replied that the simpler the viands the better opportunity this would give her to show what she could do with a small provision. She added that she would bring a few ingredients which she needed and might not find at the Chandlers, but they would occasion no expense to those she served.

When Miss Chefton appeared she turned out to be so dark complexioned that it was suspected she was a quadroon. Singularly enough, her hair was a fiery red. She was ushered into the kitchen, where she said she would prefer to be left alone, but Alice asked her if she might not watch her, and permission was granted.

Of course there was a turkey, notwithstanding the fact that the price of turkeys had risen to such a height that the family had thought of substituting some cheaper meat. The Chandlers had a little kitchen garden, and there were vegetables in plenty. Alice Chandler watched the professional cook with intense interest, noting the way she put into a dish a bit of flavoring, a pinch of salt or some "extract" she had brought with her and what delicious food she produced. The dishes seemed to grow savory under her hands, and yet she did not appear to take any trouble. She was very good to Alice, telling her what she did this for, and why she did that, and why she didn't let the other thing come to a boil. Indeed, Alice learned more in watching the preparation of that one Thanksgiving dinner than she had learned about cooking up to that time.

Since Miss Chefton had saved them the trouble of cooking their dinner—they kept no servant—besides giving them a delicious one, and since she was equally refined with themselves there was nothing to do but ask her to sit down to the table with them and partake of the meal. She accepted the invitation, but asked for a room in which she might change her cooking uniform for ordinary apparel. This was accorded her, and, taking a suitcase she had brought with her, she went upstairs.

The family were standing about the table when she came down, and the moment she appeared each one of them started and exclaimed:

"Gwen!" Her complexion had changed to a fair one. Her hair had become blond. She stood looking at them with a smile on her lips and a twinkle in her eye. "What a surprise!" exclaimed Mrs. Chandler.

"Where have you been hiding so long?" asked Dick. "I've hunted for you everywhere."

Alice's comment was throwing her arms about the cook's neck. "What did you go away for, Cousin Gwen?" asked the youngest boy.

"Let us eat our dinner," said Gwen, "while it is hot, and when we get to a stopping place I'll tell you."

"It was only yesterday," said Mrs. Chandler, "that I wished you would come back to us for Thanksgiving."

When they reached a stopping place, as Gwen had called it, she laid down her knife and fork and said:

"It was very good of you all to wish me to stay, very nice for Dick to wish me for himself, but you know well how I came to you when father died a bankrupt and there was no one else to take me in. I knew nothing about housekeeping, and if Dick and I married we couldn't afford to keep a servant. In addition to this, living has been rising frightfully. I determined to at least learn how to cook. If I had laid my plan before you you would all have objected. So I just left you without saying what I was going to do. As Edna Chefton I have learned to cook and am earning a good salary as a teacher of cooking."

"So now, Dick, if you want a wife who can snap her fingers at the high priced servant girl I am ready to join you, and I can help us out with an income. We have a lot to be thankful for today, and if many of the girls of refined families would learn to take care of their own domestic more of them could afford to marry."