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THE NEXT HOLIDAY.

Oh, Christmas Day is past and gone, we saw New Year's depart: and Groundhog Day full soon will dawn, the day that stirs the heart. So let us wear our Christmas grins and do our shopping now, before the groundhog rush begins—the sanest plan, I swear. Oh, Groundhog Day, I sing your praise throughout the busy town, and if the groundhog hears my lays, I hope he'll jot them down. On Groundhog Day we don't suspend our dietary rules, and gobble rich things without end like forty kinds of fools. No indigestion racks our frames when Groundhog Day is past, we do not need the doctor's games, we do not dope or fast. No slippers come by every mail from climes where slippers grew, no cheerful chumps come up and wall, "A groundhog box on you!" No presents on a groundhog tree stir up your deadly ire, no foolish Santa do you be, with whiskers all aflare. Oh, Groundhog Day is safe and sane, a festal day and kind, which doesn't jar your soul or strain your body or your mind. So let us ring the groundhog bell, until the day is o'er, and may the groundhog spirit dwell with us forever more.

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A NEW SUPREME POWER OVER THE PEOPLE.

Louis XI in the fifteenth century ordered all persons, under penalty of death, to observe January 28 of each year as a feast day in honor of Charlemagne when honors due to the saints should be bestowed. In other words, he issued an imperial order that all citizens of his domain should worship Charlemagne as a saint. Although the penalty for refusal to obey the order was death still the only people in France to obey the command were those connected with the university of Paris which had been established by Charlemagne several centuries before.

Likewise the command of the Idaho supreme court to all publishers of newspapers in Idaho to refrain from criticism that shall criticize on pain of imprisonment for contempt, a crime "for which there is no definition save what is contained in the bare name of it," and save as the whim, caprice, venom, or sense of justice of the court at the time punishment shall be meted out may dictate, will deter few publishers in the state from doing their full duty as publishers.

This is not because there is a single newspaper publisher in the state of Idaho who is lacking in respect for American institutions, or who does not recognize the proper lawful division of governmental powers in a government such as ours. Rather they will not be intimidated because of their respect for our government, its institutions and its governmental divisions.

The three divisions of government—the legislative, the executive and the judicial—are, in a way, supreme in their rights each for itself, yet in a higher and safer sense, each has a check upon the other—or rather, before the recent decision in the contempt case, it was believed that each had a check upon the other. The governor is the chief executor of the laws, but those laws must first be enacted by the legislature elected every two years by the people who may instruct and advise them in such legislation and who may, more or less speedily and more or less effectively, punish them for failure to carry out the public will.

Moreover, the courts must pass upon their enactments and shall disapprove any laws not enacted in accordance with the fundamental laws and instructions given to the legislature by the people themselves.

It has been heretofore supposed that the supreme court, the same as the governor and other executive officers, was restrained by the laws enacted by the legislature and that the court was obliged, however little it might like it, to abide by the same laws as the governor, however little he might like it.

In that decision, however, we are advised by a unanimous voice of the supreme court, that that court has an "inherent" power which not even the legislature can abridge, modify or alter and that under this power it may imprison at will and confiscate property limited only by the amount of such property its unfortunate victim may possess.

While the court was divided in opinion as to the amount of punishment to be inflicted and as to the guilt of one of the recent defendants in the case then pending, it was unanimous in claiming this arbitrary and unrestrained power.

It follows that no longer are the three branches of government in this state correlated, one holding a restraint upon the other and serving as a check, one upon the other, but the supreme court, is a supreme branch of the government aside and independent of either of the other branches. If the legislature attempts to interfere with this new power just claimed, the enactments of that legislature will be declared null and void. If the executive, having charge over the militia of the state, should undertake to prevent the court from the exercise of this great function, given neither by the constitution nor the laws of the state, the court could appoint officers of its own sufficient to overpower and imprison the chief executive and his militia, unless by means of a civil war conflict between the two departments of government, the governor and his army could overpower by physical force the court and its army.

It may be argued that this is a remote contingency. So was it a remote contingency that the court would declare that it possesses a power above the constitution and above the plain provisions of the laws enacted by the legislature, but the court, by unanimous opinion, so held. If

the court can punish an alleged libel by summary proceedings under this new-claimed power, why may it not punish any other crime the same way? If libel committed against a justice of the court be contempt, why would not an assault? Or perjury committed in a case which that court has to hear? Or a theft committed whereby that court must hear and pass upon the evidence? Why should there be trials any more for libel, or perjury, or assault or theft or any other crime? Why should not this new power in our state which is above the constitution and above the legislature, hale all alleged culprits before it and like autocrats of all ages, condemn them forthwith without the trial by jury guaranteed by the laws and the constitution of the state for libel and without regard to other constitutional safeguards heretofore supposed to exist in this state?

The Evening Chit-Chat

By Ruth Cameron.

ONE of the two most futile and foolish wastes of energy in the world is to worry over the future; the other is to regret the past. The first is rather more common; the second rather more foolish. For whereas worry might possibly spur one on to action, regret cannot in any way affect the past. Things done are done. The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on, not all your petty nor will shall lure it back to cancel half a line, nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

All of which is just a prelude to the introduction of a medicine which may help anyone afflicted with the disease of regret.

It is the discovery of a friend of mine. She has always been afflicted with a tendency to this vitally sapping disease. Decisions are agony to her because she knows that the moment she has decided either way she will be seized with an attack of her chronic disease. All the advantages of the line of action which she has rejected march themselves before her mind and haunt her like avenging ghosts.

Recently this woman had to make a very important decision. She was to buy a house in which she would probably live many years. She was so fearful that she would do the wrong thing that she became almost hysterical over the matter. The selection finally narrowed down to a choice between two houses. She vacillated between these for about a month, asking everyone's advice and making up her mind three times a day.

When she finally took the fatal leap I was almost afraid to visit her for fear of finding her in a blue funk of regret. But to my surprise, I found her quite serene.

When I asked her if she had felt any regret she actually smiled. "Yes," she said, "I did at first. As soon as the disadvantages began to appear—you know there are always some disadvantages in any house that you don't find out until you actually live in it—I began to wish I had taken the other house, and to think of all its advantages. And then—I don't know how it happened—it suddenly came over me that if I had taken the other house, some unexpected disadvantages would have been sure to appear in that, and of course I shouldn't have known about the disadvantages of this one, and so I should have felt just the same about this house as I do about that one. Since then, every time I have started to regret the other house I've just put my mind right on that fact and you don't know how much it has helped."

Don't you think that's a wise point of view? And not only in regard to selecting a house, but in regard to any decision. Whatever line of action you choose you will find some disadvantages in it, and by contrast the course you didn't choose will appear alluring. But don't be deceived by this. Keep constantly before your mind that there must be disadvantages in the other course which following it would have brought out. They may be less than the present evils but then, again, they may be more. Who knows?

So the next time you find yourself about to have an attack of the regret devils after a decision, try to exercise them with that medicine thought.

Value of Paper in the Home. Not long ago we had an article on the above subject, but touched principally on its use in paper bag cookery. There are so many utensils made from paper, which are of such great value as labor-saving devices, also other uses for paper, that I felt I must not postpone the time any longer telling you about them. There are paper tubes, pails, drinking cups and jelly glasses; also paper lamp and candle shades, plates, napkins, doilies, centerpieces, lunch cloths, table cloths, napkin rings, fancy caps and favors for all festival days of the year, and dust proof paper cases for hanging gowns and suits, shelf paper, both plain and fancy scalloped, and the very latest is a package for travelers or picnickers, containing a paper comb, paper towel, soap and wash cloth, all for 10 cents. Most of our jelly and marmalade was put into the paper jelly glasses this year. In small apartments, where every inch of space counts, it is very important not to have this valuable room taken up with empty jelly glasses. The paper ones may, when emptied, be thrown away, and every housekeeper appreciates this advantage over glass. They are made in all sizes, even to the individual one, and are especially useful when carrying lunch.

For years we have felt sure a dishwasher would be made for home use; thus far they have only been successfully made for hotels and restaurants. Our solution, I believe, will be in paper dishes, to save dish-washing and much of it has come already in paper plates, cups, etc.

Paper towels are here, and too much cannot be said in their favor. We have used them in our lecture room and kitchen where they have been seen and discussed by thousands of housekeepers and superintendents of factories and institutions who, one and all, quickly recognized the sanitary and labor-saving value of the paper towel. How glad we were to say "goodbye" to the roller towels, which I was always trying to have put its clean side (if it had any) to the front. We have found many uses for the paper towel besides drying hands and face, and let me say right here, use the towel as a blotter, and no difficulty will be experienced in taking up the moisture, using a perfectly dry piece for the final drying. Think of what all this will mean for our children in public school and lavatories in all public places, and all business and professional men are very quickly having the paper towels take the place of the linen ones which were never clean. We find many uses for this soft absorbent paper in the kitchen. In frying doughnuts, croquettes, fish, etc., this paper takes up all the grease and leaves whatever has been fried perfectly dry; we spread our cookies fresh and hot from the oven on it to cool, a little piece torn off one corner, is better than a brush for greasing pans when baking; when canning fruit or making jelly, these towels are used to save stains on linen ones, and besides much laundry work. We could go on naming many other uses for this sanitary towel, but the great thing is its use in the home and public places, where disease is so easily carried through the pores of the skin from the common kitchen or public roller towel. Only recently a physician came to our lecture cooking school and said, "We have just discovered our cook has a serious skin disease; can you tell me where we can purchase that paper towel we saw in your kitchen" at the Ideal Home Show? No doubt many in the family had been using the common roller towel, which exposed them to this serious skin disease. Not only have we begun to recognize the value of paper and its uses in the home, but surgeon and physicians tell me they could not get along without the paper towel.

Warming. First Beggar—That guy I just struck is a darn sight more liberal wid his advice than he is wid his money. Second Beggar—What talk did he have? First Beggar—I said I was cold, an' he told me ter go to blazes.—Boston Transcript.

Rainbow Friends. "Lincoln," said a veteran diplomat, "used to compare fair weather friends to the rainbow." "They look fine, and they bend very polite," he would say, "but they're never around when the sun isn't shining."

Claiming Credit. "I, sir," remarked the indignant citizen, "am a taxpayer." "Well," replied the political boss, "you have me to thank. You wouldn't be nearly as much of a taxpayer as you are excepting for my efforts."—Washington Star.

A Healthful Suggestion. "I think a trip to Europe would fix your wife, but maybe I'd better call a consultation. What other doctors would you prefer?" "I would suggest a couple of dress-makers, doc."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

As to Ends. Benham—"When in college I was one of the ends of the football team." Mrs. Benham—"Which end?" Benham—"Left end."

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Homicide. "We cannot consider your story seriously," wrote an editor to an author, "because you have killed your hero in the middle of it." And the author replied, "I killed him early because he made me tired."—Atlanta Constitution.

His Training. "I hear you actually encourage your boy to send poetry to the magazines. Do you want your son to become a poet?" "No; I merely want to get the conceit knocked out of him."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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A BITTER PILL



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Birthday Calendar



If This is Your Birthday Some danger threatens you. When looking for thieves, beware of fire. After a season of annoyance you will make a change or journey that will bring good fortune. Those born today will be generous, brilliant, and attractive, and will gain prestige and money easily. They should learn early the correct values of deeds and words, lest their heads become turned and they become self-conceited and uninteresting.

Heart and Home Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: (1)—Please tell me how to word the invitations to a party I am to give soon. (2)—How many oranges are required to make 1 1/2 gallons of orange sherbet. (3)—What would be appropriate prizes for a boy and for a girl? (4)—For a large party the invitation should be about as follows: Miss Mary Smith asks the pleasure of Miss Bertha Jones' (or Mr. John Blank) presence at a dance, cards, reception or whatever it is to be given at her home at Four Forty-eight Nth street, on Wednesday evening, the 10th, 8 o'clock. (2)—About 2 dozen medium-sized oranges. (3)—A handpainted dish for the girl; a nicely bound book for the boy.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: (1)—I am deeply in love with an old bachelor. He is 23, I am 17. He has another girl off at school and sends her nice things and flowers. What can I do to win his love? (2)—Am I too young to kiss the young man when they call to see me? (3)—Am I too young to marry? (4)—Can you give me the address of a nice boy? (1)—So you want to cut out the other girl? Aren't you ashamed of yourself? (2)—Yes, but I expect you will be silly enough to keep on doing it. (3)—Yes—too young, and too foolish. (4)—I could, but I won't. A nice boy doesn't want to know a girl who is willing to kiss all the young men who call on her, and who wants to win the love of a man who has another girl.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: What do you think of a married woman, middle-aged, being in love with a middle-aged married man? He has children, too. Do you think it any harm if they go to the show together, if they meet and talk? It seems that my life is ruined if I don't see him and I am the most miserable woman in the world. His wife, I think, doesn't like it, but we mean no harm at all. It is such a pleasure to be in his company. I have tried so hard to break off and forget him. It seems it will break my heart. Sometimes I think he doesn't care for any more. Then I am blue. I care for him as I did for the boys when I was a girl. I am living in hope that some day I can call him my own. Should we tell the other husband and wife that we are in love? Ought they to object if we don't make harm out of it? You can't help falling in love. Is it wrong to correspond with each other? ANXIOUS. My dear woman, haven't you any self-control at all? Can't you see the awful wrong you are doing to your own husband, and to the wife and children of that other man? Can't you see that if you really and honestly loved this man, you would do what was best for him, and keep away from him, so that he might have peace with his own family? You have no real love for anybody but yourself. You want only to satisfy your own feelings. So you are making unhappiness for others. A woman who is willing can easily fall in love with anybody. A woman who is true to herself will not even admit that she can feel love in her heart for any man but her husband. If her husband is such a man that she cannot love him, she will, at least, be true to herself and remain decent and clean in her heart. If possible, move away where you will not see this man any more, and make up your mind that you will be a good power in the world; not a bad one.

Joseph Hinchman, now 57, of Merchantville, N. J., has adopted and reared 25 children. A Close Figure. (From Judge). Shimmergate—"Roxmore is the thirteenth man I ever saw. He can make money go farther than anybody I know." Hemmandhaw—"Right you are! I believe that man could lead a double life on twelve dollars a week!" Too Much Knowledge. (From Judge). "I do not think people should get married until they are thoroughly acquainted with each other." "What would you do—abolish matrimony?" Not Hopeless. (From Judge). Bridgroom (proudly)—"Some one has set us a self-playing piano as a wedding gift." Parker—"Well, cheer up, old man! They are not indestructible." 'Tis Hoisum bread, because it is better.—Adv. F-1

The Evening Story

THE WOMAN'S BRIGADE A Story of A. D. 1946 By SUSAN YOUNG PORTER

During the first and second decades of the twentieth century the women of England and America determined to wrest the vote for themselves from selfish men. The principal argument used against them was: "If you are citizens in one respect you must be citizens in all respects. If you are voters you must be soldiers."

The women triumphed. But their securing the vote brought about that which in the beginning they had not intended. Having proved their courage and endurance, they were forced to do military service. The more delicate women could not be induced to go to the polls. This gave the men a majority, and an act was passed by congress requiring military service from women as well as men.

To the surprise of every one, they sprang forward with alacrity. That aggressive spirit which had led many of them to smash windows led them to enlist, and the woman's brigade of the United States army was organized and placed under the command of women officers. The corps had hardly been completed when the anarchic condition of Mexico rendered intervention necessary, and the Mexican war of 1946 was repeated. The woman's brigade was sent with other troops by sea to Vera Cruz and began a rapid march toward the capital.

Almost on the exact ground on which was fought a century before the battle of Buena Vista another fight occurred between the Mexicans and Americans, in which the women took a conspicuous part. But, unfortunately for General Pollywottle, the American commander, it was his first fight with such an auxiliary, and he was utterly ignorant of certain provisions he should have made to guard against contingencies to which they were liable.

In this respect the Mexican commander, Antonio Rodriguez Bustamento, proved greatly the American's superior. The Mexicans were drawn up in line of battle to resist the advance of the Americans, who hurled themselves against their enemy with great vigor. The woman's brigade, being a part of the reserve, stood under arms, impatiently waiting to be led forward. Colonel Amanda Patterson of the First regiment sat her horse superbly, resplendent in a uniform cut and decorated in a fashion that excited the admiration and envy of the whole corps. Major Mildred Portescue rode over to Colonel Patterson to ask her who was her tailor. Colonel Patterson refused to give the information. This led to hot words between the two, in which many of their subordinates joined, and before long their shrill words could be heard above the singing bullets and shrieking shells.

"For heaven's sake," roared the American commander to an aid, "send those women into the fight! Our men can't hear the orders for the din they make, and there'll be a panic. Order their general to lead them against the enemy's left flank and turn it if possible. Should they succeed the battle is won."

General Angelina De Lancy, a young commander of whom much was expected, as soon as she received the order, drawing her sword, swung it over her head. Unfortunately she severed two ostrich feathers worth a hundred dollars, each, and so unerved was she that valuable time was lost. When she recovered from the loss of her treasures she directed her bugler to sound the advance.

Now, General Bustamento, as I have said, had great experience with women, having been married seven times, which is once more than King Henry VIII., and had prepared an expedient for them which, on seeing their line move forward, he put into operation. "What is that the enemy are firing from those mortars?" asked the American commander, raising his glass. "They look like paper shells," remarked his chief of staff.

Great wads of paper rose in the air and, breaking apart, were scattered on the ground over which the woman's brigade was passing. Here and there a soldier in the ranks picked up one and became absorbed in reading something printed and looking at pictures on it. "Great heavens!" cried General Pollywottle, "they are stopping to pick up the papers. The advance is delayed. Precious time is being lost."

Presently an officer from the woman's brigade was seen riding full gallop toward the commander in chief. When she came up she saluted and said:

"General De Lancy directs me to report that the enemy have fired a volley of fashion plates with descriptive articles among the troops. This has checked the advance and she is unable to induce them to advance farther. They are poring over the papers and are insensible even to danger. General De Lancy respectfully suggests that you send another force to turn the enemy's flank."

Words that sounded like a volley from a gatling gun left the general's lips. There were no other troops to send in place of the woman's brigade, and General Bustamento, seeing his advantage, sounded a general advance. The battle was lost. Within ten minutes the American army was in full retreat. The Mexicans passed the woman's brigade, still intent on the fashion plates and cut them off. The corps became disorganized, many of the soldiers marrying Mexicans.