

EVENING: CAPITAL: NEWS

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NO EXORBITANT PROFITS.

WHEN the government acts it is the action of the people. When the people speak it is the government speaking. The service is performed by the administrators, which is often called the government.

When the government enacts a law, therefore, for the protection of any portion of its administrative machinery, it is the people passing the law for the protection of their own property and their own interests.

It is so with the law prohibiting private interests charging exorbitant prices for war necessities required by the people in the present crisis. Under this law the administrators at Washington can fix the price and if there shall be refusal to meet it, the government can take over the plant.

A reasonable price should be paid, and all elements of cost should be taken into account, but in time of war all other considerations may be and should be swept aside in the face of any fixed purpose to hold up the people of the United States for war supplies.

The law provides a means of fixing a price on supplies for those in the army and navy, but it says nothing about the much larger number who are compelled by virtue of circumstances to do their bit amid more peaceful but little less strenuous conditions. Their share is also important, but they cannot draw upon the public treasury.

If the government can, as a war measure, fix the price for food and clothing, as well as for munitions, for a part of itself, could it not make similar provision, if necessary, for all of itself?

This country is still in the throes of terribly high prices. What may not war prices be? There is a sound reason for some of the present prices, but a considerable portion of the constant raise is due to the very kind of manipulation that the government aims at in its law curbing the rapacity of those who deal in administrative supplies, but which does not extend to some who deal in supplies for the general public—who stand as a barrier to the producer and as a curse to the consumer.

With this country a participant in the great war, patriotism should mean something besides an exhibition of enmity for a foreign foe. It should mean a large measure of consideration for the people of the United States—both in and out of the fighting forces. It should operate to prevent exorbitant prices and robber profits.

THE PLEDGE OF FREEDOM'S SONS

By EARL WAYLAND BOWMAN.

The Tyrant foe has flung his hordes across fair Freedom's path—With ruthless sign, with heart unclean, he dares Jehovah's wrath!

He strives against Truth's battlements and scorns all laws of right, He grasps with arrogance supreme, the scepter of his might, He spurs his legions madly on to shackle humankind—

Once more Columbia hears the moans of helpless children slain; Once more God's soil is sorrow drenched with floods of crimson rain; Once more the banner heroes bore, to light a darkened world, Against the blue of heaven's dome for Liberty is hurled!

No just for power or worldly pomp, war-lords vainly crave, No spoil of hearths of brother-men in lands beyond the wave, No pride of strength or boast of arms—nor yet do coward fears, Call forth the sons of Freedom's loins or start our blinding tears—

To blood red stripes and spotless white, to star-remmed field of blue, To Freedom's sign, our country flag, we vow our faith anew— While shroudless dead or virtue wronged for heaven's pity cries, No alien host—nor traitor hand—shall pluck it from the skies!

This oath we take, beside the graves of sires who gave their all, This pledge we make, to God and man, ere Liberty shall fall— To thee our Flag—in Freedom's name—to right of Truth to live, Our hands and hearts, our lives, our all—what e'er we have—we give!

WHATCHAMA COLUMN

PEPS

The congressional kitchen had too few cooks to spoil the broth of American patriotism and duty.

Among the members of the house who voted for Germany are: Mr. Dill, a pickler. Mr. Haughen, who squealed. Mr. Igoe, who won't go. Mr. Little, running true to name. Mr. Woods, who likes the tall timber.

But we can't account for Mr. London! We offset him, however, with our Mr. French.

New tax on beer! We should flurry! May break the country but can't break its spirit.

Observe that Sike Storm has just married. He got tired of being a Sike alone.

RAISINS.

The raisin is a worn-out grape. Its evolution is peculiar. First a bunch of young, full-blooded, ambitious grapes grows itself on a vine. Then it waits for somebody to come along and pick it. Nobody comes. And it waits and waits.

Pretty soon it gets tired of waiting. So it shrivels up and becomes a bunch of raisins. By this time it's pretty sore on the world; and it goes around with its head full of seeds, making itself as unpopular as possible. It gets into fruitcake, mince pie, rice pudding and other places where it can cause trouble.

Fortunately, however, most raisins are caught early in their disgruntled career nowadays, and denatured.

DERBY HATS.

Derby hats are equipped with crowns and brims which may be altered with the seasons, thus giving the advanced male dresser something to have on his mind. Derbies have been in use among men for several generations and occasionally you see one that has been in use even longer. Once acquired the derby habit is hard to shake off. Men have been known to fight it for years without success. Every once in a while a derby fiend comes home to his wife and tells her



that he has at last the courage to reform and she sobs on his shoulder. And then plan to go away somewhere where they are not known—and start over. But of course he slips again. How many of these little tragedies are about us we may never know. Why men should all wear hats alike has never been successfully explained. But as long as they wear hats all alike they will probably wear them.

A slap on the back is worth two on the back.

HOPELESS.

Alas! the wretch that wanders by. With fear upon his face and woe, A pallid cheek, a hollow eye, How sad to see him go.

To see him go in search of what No mortal ere may hope to find And he will only grieve a lot And weaken all his mind.

He wanders on from door to door, He'll never find it in his life, This woe-worn wretch that's looking for A flat to suit his wife!

Uncle Walt Has for You This Evening

PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy is not much good, unless it helps you saw your wood, with patience, year by year; unless it teaches you to bear the weary load of workday care, without a sigh or tear. Philosophers at divers times have handed down a lot of heavy books; they're loaded down with maxims sage, but on their dull and dusty page the tired man seldom looks. Most all the sages who inscribe their wisdom for the human tribe are not in touch with men; at heavy times have handed down a lot of heavy books; they're loaded down with maxims sage, but on their dull and dusty page the tired man seldom looks.



WALT MASON

tasks they have not wrought; at ease they write their germs of thought, in a sequestered den. Philosophy is what we learn, as we our weekly stipends earn, and make the wheels go round; examples set by some good man will teach us more than any plan set forth in books profound. We've learned that honesty is best, that vice will knock us galley west, that industry is wise; we've learned that when a task's on hand, it's wise to work to beat the band, with smiling lips and eyes. We learn these things, and hundreds more, not from the sage's dusty lore, but in our sphere of toil; this is philosophy that aids, that lifts our souls from out the shades, and makes the kettle boil. (Copyright by George Matthew Adams)

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The Business of Living

By MRS. EVA LEONARD.

A CHANGE FROM THE ROUTINE.

"How do you like it?" Eleanor turned and twisted to get a look at herself in every possible angle. "Does it look ready-made?"

"It is very pretty and very becoming." There was genuine pleasure in her husband's tone. "The color is an exact match to your hair." Eleanor's hair was a coppery red and was her chief claim to beauty.

"May I come in?" called a boy's voice through a crack in the door. "Yes, dear," Eleanor turned. The head thrust through the door seemed to consist entirely of red hair and smiles.

"Gee! Mother, I wouldn't know you. What have you done to yourself to make you look so different?" The boy surveyed her admiringly at a proper distance.

"It is the dress, dear. It is a long time since I had a silk dress. Now, Jack, I have the children in bed and you are to be the man of the house. You may sit up till nine tonight. Be sure and phone if anything happens," cautioned the mother.

"Sure thing," Jack was walking with a positive strut, so inflated did he feel over his promotion to responsibility.

"We have the latch key, so everything is locked up. You have your lessons for tomorrow and there is your new magazine that came today. Good-bye, my boy." The father laid a comradely hand on his shoulder as he passed out, and his mother kissed him. He watched them down the steps and then closed the door and tried it to see if it was really locked, exulting in his new responsibilities.

At first Eleanor was inclined to be nervous and worried for fear all would not be well at home, but the pleasure of meeting old friends and the forming new acquaintances soon enabled her to banish these worries and she enjoyed herself to the full. Her face was flushed with pleasure and her eyes were alight.

"Dear girl," thought her husband, "she must get out more. How much it means to her!"

"Now you have demonstrated that you can get away in the evening, we are not going to take no for an answer. You must join this club. We need you, and I know you need us just as much." Mrs. Meldon had followed her guests to the bedroom to visit with them while they put on their wraps.

"I certainly have had a delightful time, and it is a heart-warming to see you all again. I hope we can manage it."

When they were out in the crisp October night Douglas looked lovingly down on her as they walked along in the moonlight.

"Do you know, it seems as if years had fallen away from you tonight. I could not take my eyes off you," Eleanor looked adoringly into his face.

"This makes the evening perfect," she whispered. "Anyway, the best part of an evening away from home is the going home together and talking it all over."

"We must have more of them. I have been to blame to let you stay hunched up in those four walls, your whole mind engrossed with paring down the high cost of living, as it has had to be, God knows, prices mounting as they are. But it shall end, this dull routine. My little



girl shall have something to brighten her life every week."

"You need a change as much or more than I do, for on you falls the heavy burden of the expense. I believe you are right. We will both be better off for a little change. The best part of travel is to make you appreciate your own country better. I have read, and the best part of an evening out is the joy of homecoming."

(To be continued.)

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

OWYHEE—N. B. Bachus, Burrudge; C. E. Magill, New York; J. Lang, Spokane; William Wooding, Pocatello; S. L. Olsen, Salt Lake; J. R. Jacobs, Chicago; A. F. Sadler, Salt Lake; J. W. Hartell, Norwood; M. J. Speeley, Twin Falls; H. L. Woody, Gooding; Mrs. P. Gossett, Nampa; J. W. Howard, Cleveland; C. R. Kerns, Spokane; R. D. Fleek, Denver; D. E. Atwell, Columbus, O.; W. Griggs, Salt Lake; Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Shepherd, Jerome; W. Griffith, New York; G. W. Kemp,

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INTERURBAN TIME TABLE. BOISE VALLEY TRACTION CO. Northern Division. Lv. Boise for Eagle, Star, Middleton and Caldwell— 7:00, 8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M. 1:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00 5:30, 7:00, 9:00, 11:00 p. m.

Questions and Answers. KNEADING NOT NECESSARY. 1. How long will you continue to contribute regularly to this paper? 2. Will your articles be published also in book form? 3. Does any good come from stomach kneading by hand? Answer—1. As long as your editor thinks the people will stand for it. 2. Depends on how much demand, if any, there may be for such a book. 3. No; stomach massage has proved injurious in some cases; in any case there is no efficacy in it.

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YOUR HEALTH By JOHN B. HUBER, A. M., M. D. The Life of all his blood is touched corruptibly.—Shakespeare. Tobacco and the Youth. The most poisonous effects of nicotine and the other principles in tobacco are on the nervous system, as shown by vertigo, tremors, giddiness, leg-weariness; pains in various centres; word and memory blindness; in reason of spinal or brain irritation; and especially such paralysis of the sympathetic system of nerves as produces cold and perspiring extremities and a clammy pallor. Nicotine at first powerfully increases the blood pressure and thus slows the heart; soon this slowing is followed by a rapid pulse because of the paralysis of the heart's nerve ganglia. So come palpitation; irregular pulse; pain around the heart, oftentimes sharp and severe. This latter is called "smoker's angina." Digestion is often impaired. Much saliva is perhaps subconsciously swallowed by smokers who do not spit, and by tobacco chewers; all this causes the boy nausea, vomiting, flatulence, heartburn. And the gastric secretions are diminished, whilst the stomach's muscular tone is impaired. Tobacco induces catarrhs of the nose and throat, certainly in the adolescent. And no catarrh is curable in a smoker. Asthma is not rare in youthful smokers, who become markedly shortwinded. The weed produces by irritation, reddened, even pink eyes—a contagious affection; or the nicotine, slowly and continuously absorbed by the mucous membranes, may induce—has indeed often induced—acute or permanent blindness (amblyopia). Indeed amblyopia has come even from tobacco being applied to a hollow tooth and in a patient who took snuff for ten days to cure a cold. The sexual function is impaired in the tobacco-pollarded, and the sufferers are notably weak-blooded—anaemic. The most injurious way of using tobacco is the cigarette, largely because the fumes are inhaled.