

SUNDAY : CAPITAL : NEWS

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

Published Every Sunday Morning at Boise, Idaho, a City of 30,000 People, by THE CAPITAL NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

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Entered at the Post Office at Boise, Idaho, as Second-class Mail Matter. Phone—Business Office, 234; Editorial Rooms, 252; Society Editor, 1269.

Social Service and Spirituality

It probably could be proved that never before in the history of the world was there as much charity and philanthropy, never as high a moral standard as today. Yet those who make this claim usually agree that there has been a decline in spirituality. And the conclusion is that if humanity has advanced, as it unquestionably has, as spirituality has waned, that element in human life is much less important than it is sometimes supposed to be.

The motive is not in all cases a desire to increase social power by reclaiming the vicious, and helping and strengthening the weak. That is a part, and a very important part of the program of modern charity. It is perhaps the only basis on which taxation of the public for relief work can be justified. But there are many men who give liberally from a profound sense of duty, and because they love their neighbors as themselves.

If increased efficiency were all that was sought for, we might win it—as some have indeed advised—by killing off the weak and defective, or allowing them to die. There is, therefore, another idea than the service of society lying back of what is today known as social service. While the inspiration is not always directly Christian, there is much of the Christian spirit in it.

The world is full of men who are willing and glad to help others even at the cost of personal sacrifice to themselves. There is no shrinking even from martyrdom. There are many to whom, even though they would not admit it, "life is more than meat," and "the body than raiment."

What is surprising is that in these days there should be any one to question this truth. Of many a man it can be said, as of the thane of Cawdor:

As one that had been studied in his death, he died To throw away the dearest thing he owed As 'twere a careless trifle.

Perhaps we have a wrong conception of spirituality, thinking of it as mere pietism or religiosity. Yet even so, there was a real power in it. Nothing could be narrower or more faulty than the Puritan idea of life, and yet the men who held it were deeply conscious of a relationship with a higher power with which it was possible for them to co-operate.

On the third day of this present month fell the triple anniversary of the death of Cromwell, and of his two great victories of Dunbar and Worcester. "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered"—such was his battle prayer. There was a consciousness of the divine presence. It was Cromwell who said that men of religion were needed to stand against "the gentlemen of honor." These same men of religion swept in triumph, as Macaulay says, over fortifications declared to be impregnable by the greatest soldiers of France. It was in this spirit that the Ironsides fought.

Take the other extreme—that of monasticism. Here again there were excesses at which we smile today. One can readily enough see how a noble ideal was perverted, and how the spiritual became the persecutors. But the fact that a principle has been abused—or is abused today—is no reason for disowning it.

To deny the spiritual in life is to assert that man is merely an animal, quite without soul, and even without mind.

Review of Books

"THE HIGH HEART." What father doesn't want, doesn't hope, and what he does want, does. Such is the leitmotiv, so to speak, of "The High Heart," the new novel by Basil King. Father is J. Howard Brokenshire, millionaire and domestic dictator. He is the high hand. The high heart, inferentially that of courage, and an eager desire to do the right thing, belongs to Alexandria Adare, intimately called Alix. It is Mrs. Jim Rossiter, daughter of the mighty J. Howard, who is quoted above, and she speaks in her boudoir at Newport.

In exact point, "The High Heart" is the love story of Alix Adare. That young woman is presumed to tell it in her own words; to show how and why she thinks she loves Hugh Brokenshire; to describe how, inwardly quaking, she outwardly defies the tyrant J. Howard; to make plain the passionate dereliction of the second son, Brokenshire, a lovely young person, dowered forcefully from true love to true money worship; to chronicle the idiosyncrasies of a custom to the graduated interventions of handsome young Larry Strangways. Frankly, we think somebody else should have told Miss Adare's story. We are sure that in the words put to her pen by Mr. King she does not give us quite the impression of frank, free and fetching yet modest young womanhood which is the desire of her creator. Treated in the third person, she might avoid suggestions of a self-consciousness, perhaps not quite of an egotism, which in her first-person manner we find inescapable. Alix is Canadian and proud of it. Hugh is a dependent who will never grow up, but does not so see himself.

WHATCHAMA COLUMN

PEPS

We can all get along with less sugar. Life itself is sweet enough.

Some folks are not giving a cent toward the war, excepting the accent of their captious criticism.

There is only one party who peevish more than the Kaiser, and that is the prodigious and pestiferous patriot who is willing to do anything for his country except fight or buy a liberty bond.

Champagne goes up \$5 a case whole sale. Ish ga bubble!

INTERNATIONALISM.

Oh, Rabindranath Tagore, are you on the other shore? Have you cashed your psychic checks? Will we hear from you no more? Where's your old poetic fad? Has it gone plumb to the bad? Voice of India, draw nigh, in your turban, wide and high, in your lavender nightshirt and your sandals, tell us why, things have taken such a slump, why they've fallen with a bump that has crushed the cutie cult, which amazed the common chump. Must we sound the dismal dirge for that brand of cosmic urge which you poetized upon with a varicolored sidurge? To the ordinary gink it was beautiful to think of the brotherhood of flesh till war put it on the blink. Oh, Rabindranath Tagore, with your mysterious galore, do not use the raven's stuff; do not murmur "Nevermore."

SOME FAMOUS SPEECHES.

- THIS is a protest.
MY countrymen. A young
LADY with a pair of those.
LONG Ivory Jabbers was.
STANDING in a crowded car.
GOING TO the bar and also.
TO HER knitting on a green.
THINGUMBOP for (deleted by the.
CENSOR) when the car gave a.
LURCH and the splendid.
RIGHT EAR of a young man.
WHO HAD just been drafted was.
RUIINED for life. When the car.
LURCHED some more she.
PUNCTURED the military.
AGE of another young.
MAN. He was too young to.
GO BECAUSE he said O.
MAMMA. If the young.
WOMEN keep on knitting.
IN PUBLIC places.
WHO will be left to.
MAKE THE world.
SAFE for democracy.
OR NEARLY so.
I THANK you.

CHUMP SLOGAN NO. 5,983.

Sign in a bank in the west: "God blesses families who eat potatoes with the skins on." And we used to chuckle quietly at the Kaiser for saying "Gott mit uns."

Brokenshire is as we have said. The struggle of these three and the off-side and inside play of the subject family make a story highly interesting where it progresses, but more than a trifle discouraging where it dwindles into long conversational interludes.

Mr. King has supplied to "The High Heart" a conclusion, called a postscript, carrying the skilfully placed appeal of a war situation in which Alix has need of all her courage and her love.

"WOLF-LURE."

Agnes and Egerton Castle's latest novel, "Wolf-Lure" is typical of their pen, with all the rich coloring and romantic glamor one associates with these writers. The time is 1815, just after Waterloo; the scene a wild and picturesque region of Central France, and the narrator a young Englishman of remote French lineage, one Charles de Quercy, with a head full of dreams and poetic imaginings.

Charles meets with an accident and is taken into the house of a French noble of the ancient regime. One of the best bits in the book is a description of a dinner at this house, when the faded old marquises and counts gather and, wholly oblivious of the present, try to recreate the atmosphere that France has discarded forever.

But the book is not all ballroom or banquet hall. There is an abundance of adventure, of violence and of hair-breadth escapes. There is also a very fetching heroine, a sort of French Di Vernon, who is beloved by a wild young Frenchman as strong and as reckless as Richard the Lion-Hearted. Diana loves him, too, and she in turn is loved by young De Quercy, who, however, does not win her, although he is much better and much more attractive than the Frenchman.

It was an artistic mistake not to have made the Englishman the victor, as the book would then have had a far greater appeal. Nevertheless the romance is extremely well written and is one of the best works of the Castles.

Too Much Efficiency

By E. J. RATH. Author of "When the Devil Was Sick," "One-Cylinder Sam," "The Man with the 44-Chest," etc.

"I'll guarantee to take an old-fashioned business, put it on its feet, and increase its earning capacity in a year," was what the Efficiency Expert said with pardonable pride. "I know one thing you can't reform," retorted his well-pleased customer; "the business of running an American household!" Whereat the Expert, after a blank moment, took him up and—you have here the result. Likewise one of the best stories that E. J. Rath has ever written, which is saying a great deal.—The Editor.

CHAPTER I. The Expert.

John W. Brooke, manufacturer of machine tools, drills, pumps, saws, files, and other matters of hardware, sat up straight in an uncompromising chair and watched the mysterious maneuvers of a small electric juggernaut. The juggernaut went its way along a narrow steel track, which turned corners not only sidewise but up and down. The track skirted the wall for the most part, but occasionally took a short jaunt across the ceiling. There was one point at which it disappeared from the room, through a hole in the wall.

The juggernaut had a habit of stopping at desks, dropping papers on them, picking other papers up, dropping the other papers somewhere else, and eternally going about its business in an awesomely silent and precise manner. It was mechanically uncanny.

"What the blazes is it?" demanded John W. Brooke.

President Sherwood, of the Economy and Efficiency corporation, Limited, glanced up from his desk and smiled at the juggernaut, which at that instant vanished through its hole like a startled prairie dog.

"Office-boy," said Mr. Sherwood. "New-fangled business, eh?" observed Mr. Brooke, staring in fascination at the hole in the wall.

"Oh, certainly."

"Bet it cost you a lot of money."

"One thousand three hundred and twenty-six dollars and forty-eight cents," said Mr. Sherwood briskly, as he blotted a paper and placed it in the jaws of a steel contrivance, from which presently the office-boy reemerged. "But for maintenance—well, between eight and nine cents a day. Does the work of three ordinary boys; never gets sick; never assesses the stenographer; never goes to a ball game; never went to his grandmother's funeral."

"Some boy," sighed Mr. Brooke, whose establishment knew none of its kind. "Saves you something, I suppose?"

"Wouldn't have it if it didn't. Saved its cost of installation in a year and a half, and is now several hundred dollars ahead of the game. Never took a vacation yet, nor asked for one. Saves time, money and sorrow."

Mr. Brooke, who was also the president of a corporation, nodded his head solemnly, indicating that there was no use of arguing the matter.

"How much is my bill?" he asked. "Twenty-two thousand dollars," replied Mr. Sherwood promptly. "Here it is."

"Ouch!"

"Ten per cent of what we've saved you on a year's operating cost. Is that much?"

"No; not when you look at it that way, I suppose."

"You admit the saving, don't you?"

"Got to."

Everybody in the hardware factory over which John W. Brooke presided had to admit it. The things that the Economy and Efficiency corporation did to that establishment were amazing. The task had been one of several months in performance, and it had been thorough in results.

It did not always appear to be important—but it was. For instance, when the E. and E. folks discovered that one of Mr. Brooke's files, in the process of making, traveled 823 yards, passed through 12 machines, turned 78 corners, and consumed a total of 68 minutes to make the trip, they said, "All wrong." When they got through with that file it was a domesticated instrument. It traveled but 322 yards, went through only 7 machines, turned 27 corners, and did the whole journey in 31 minutes and 22 seconds. The file was just as good in every way as its slow-moving predecessor, for it sold for just as much money and it cost a cent and a half less. John W. Brooke made an appalling number of files.

What E. and E. did to the file it did to almost everything in the Brooke establishment except the office-boys; and Mr. Brooke was somewhat seriously contemplating their downfall, as he watched the silent electric youth remove a handful of letters from the desk of the brunette with the pink cheeks and convey them to the desk of Mr. Sherwood, with a directness and singleness of purpose that merited loud acclaim.

Mr. Brooke had been a doubter when the Economy and Efficiency folks, inspecting his imposing factory, nonchalantly offered to save him over two hundred thousand dollars a year. In fact, he had laughed scornfully, as he himself had builded the John W. Brooke Hardware and Machine Tool company, and he thought he ought to know something about his infant industry. But when E. and E. got through Brooke admitted that he was wrong. His baby had ailments of which he never dreamed. The diagnosis made it appear to be a very sick child. He was worried about it.

In his anxiety to see his industrial offspring cured of its troubles and thereby assured of a green old age, Mr. Brooke permitted the E. and E. business surgeons to operate and medicate. Somehow they managed to do it without bringing about a strike, a fire, or an earthquake, to the end that John W. Brooke made more hardware and more money, without reducing the cost to the consumer one red cent—which would have been impossible any-

FORGET YOUR LITTLE ROW AND GET IN THE BIG FIGHT OVER THERE



how, because nobody ever saw a really red cent.

"I'm converted," admitted Mr. Brooke, as he examined the bill. "I've hit the trail. I'll have a check sent this afternoon. I didn't know you knew so much about the hardware business."

"Hardware!" echoed President Sherwood. "Man dear, we don't confine ourselves to hardware. It's our business to know all there is to know about any business, or if we don't know it to find it out. We haven't failed yet. I'll guarantee to take any old-fashioned business like yours, put it on its feet, and increase its earning capacity in a year."

Mr. Brooke winced at the description of his infant, but made no comment.

"Why, do you realize what we saved the international people on lead pencils? We saved 'em two-fifths of a cent per gross in manufacturing cost!"

"Is that all?" ventured Mr. Brooke in a rash moment.

"All?" Mr. Sherwood's amazement was blighted on his face. "All?" he choked for a moment. "Why, do you know what two-fifths of a cent a gross means to them?"

Mr. Brooke shook his head and awaited the worst with fortitude.

"Merely \$68,682.45 a year!" said Mr. Sherwood, without even glancing at a memorandum.

"I'll take your word for it," murmured Mr. Brooke humbly. Then he brightened and there was a glimmer in his eye. "But I have an idea I can name one thing you can't reform."

"Name it!"

The hardware king glanced at the E. and E. potentate with a suspicion of malicious delight and paused in a tantalizing way.

"Give it a name!" demanded Mr. Sherwood impatiently.

"Did you ever try to reform the business of running an American household?"

The question was simple, direct, and apparently innocent; yet it had the effect of plunging the E. and E. president into profound thought. At first he became stolid, preoccupied, and puzzled by turns.

And then, after a full minute of silence, his face lighted with an expression of bravado and defiance. He leaned forward in his chair, shot a glance of challenge into the eyes of the hardware magnate, pounded a fist on the desk, and registered enthusiasm.

"Easy!" he cried. "Easy as a soft hat!"

Mr. Brooke smiled benignantly and sympathetically.

"Ever do it?" he asked. "No; but what difference does that make?"

"Married?" asked Mr. Brooke. "No. But—"

"And yet you say you know everything about anything," interrupted Brooke in a tone of pity.

The president of the E. and E. corporation tilted his chin aggressively and poised a finger under the nose of his caller.

"Running a household is a business, isn't it?" he demanded.

"It's not even a recreation," muttered the hardware king. "I imagine, if you run it at all, it's a gift."

"Just pay the bills; that's all."

Mr. Sherwood gasped and turned pale.

"It's unbelievable!" he exclaimed. "A man runs a household and he doesn't even know what it costs! Rotten business! What does it produce?"

"Worry."

"Can you sell that?"

"Can't give it away," sighed Mr. Brooke.

"Amazing!" blurted the E. and E. man. "Never dreamed of such a thing in my life. Why, it's criminal! It's an offense against law and order. Who runs this household of yours?"

"Everybody in it. Connie, mostly; and the servants some."

"Who's Connie?"

"My daughter Constance."

"And there's no system? No accounting?"

"No system I ever discovered, except handing me the bills and telling me to look pleasant."

"And you've never even tried to get at the cost?"

"Oh, I started adding up the check-stubs once, but I got scared," said Mr. Brooke sheepishly. "I had too many other things to think about."

The E. and E. president leaned back in his chair and regarded his caller with pity.

"Worst case I ever heard of," he commented with a shake of his head. "Fierce! What do you propose to do about it?"

"I wasn't figuring to do anything about it. What can I?"

"Everything. You can't go on forever this way. Why, it'll ruin your character if it doesn't bust your bank account. You've simply got to stop it."

Mr. Brooke made a helpless gesture and recorded a mental note of regret that he had introduced the subject.

"Well, I haven't time to bother about it now. I've got to go away on a trip. Although it does worry me about leaving the youngsters. I'm a widower, you see. Connie is supposed to be the boss home, but—well, it all comes pretty high. I suppose I'll have to stand it."

President Sherwood glared indignantly.

"Stand nothing!" he declared. "When are you going away?"

"I'd get away this afternoon if I could. It's a sudden trip."

"For how long?"

"Haven't figured exactly. I can tell you in a few minutes."

"Never mind now. We'll get to that later. Do you want this household of yours managed while you're away?"

Mr. Brooke looked doubtful.

declared Mr. Sherwood, pounding his desk. "They can be applied to any desk. This corporation employs experts in every line. I've got a man who can teach a hen how to save time, and money laying an egg. Now, what, I say I can do anything when it comes to applying scientific business principles. I'll admit that I never did run a household. Just for that very reason, I want to. I'll do it cheap. I'll make you a low rate. I'll guarantee you results—big results."

"Don't tease me," chided Mr. Brooke. "I'm serious. You've just suggested a field to me that opens wonderful possibilities. Why, I'd almost take the job for nothing; I would, except that it would violate the principles of efficient management."

Mr. Brooke pondered briefly.

"I've a good mind to talk to Connie about it," he said.

"Don't!"

"What do you mean?"

"Don't talk to anybody about it except me. If you get to talking you won't do it. Decide now! The golden chance is right here. You're going away. Fine! That clears the decks for my man, Mr. Brooke, if you'll give my company full authority in this matter, when you return I'll guarantee to turn over to you a household so thoroughly efficient that it'll pay you money to run it. You'll be able to capitalize it and sell the stock."

The hardware magnate hesitated.

"I'm very fond of my children. I guess I'm indulgent," he confessed.

"Indulgent? Does it help your child to be indulgent toward it? You should be kind, of course; reasonable, affectionate, and all that. But indulgence is another thing. How much better if you did not have to be indulgent; how much more satisfactory to have an efficient, economical child who does not need to be indulged?"

"Big talk," observed Mr. Brooke, shaking his head.

"Big talk means big results with me. This company never fails. It can't, because it simply applies right principles in the right way. What we do is really very simple—when you know how."

"While I wouldn't expect too much," said the hardware man slowly. "It would be a great comfort for me to know, seeing that I'm going away, that things would be in charge of somebody who—"

"I see we are going to do business," interrupted Mr. Sherwood.

"Oh, I didn't say so. But I was just thinking—"

Mr. Brooke faltered and looked guilty.

"We'll get this on paper at once," said the E. and E. president.

He pushed three buttons on the edge of his desk. One operated a silent signal in front of the stenographer with the dark hair and pink cheeks. She arose quietly and approached with book in hand. The second button caused the immediate appearance of a clerk carrying a set of legal papers. The third button actuated the electric office-boy, who shot noiselessly into the room and came to a stop at Mr. Sherwood's elbow. Mr. Brooke viewed the swift mobilization of forces with a feeling that he was about to take one of the momentous steps of life.

(To be continued.)

TO DECIDE THE BET.

"What's the matter with this mule's shoes?" asked the village blacksmith. "I put them on the day before yesterday, and they look all right to me."

"Never mind how they look!" replied the soldier. "You just take them shoes off an' put on other ones. Me and Private Sprigs will stand the expense."

"What has Sprigs to do with it?"

"We've got a bet on how many times you can fall with that mule's feet before you gets laid out."