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A VOICE FROM GERMANY

MAJOR HOFFE, of the German general staff, is either a grossly ignorant man, and so unfit for his position, or he is lying to the German people. The latter theory is the more reasonable, since the German spies all over the world have kept the general staff informed of most of what is being done in and by this country. In a recent statement published in a Bremen paper he speaks of our small military resources at the beginning of the war, and insists that we shall be able to make no showing before next spring. That we had much to do no one can deny, but it is also true that we are beginning to do it. Major Hoffe makes a great deal of the difficulties of transport, which, of course, are many, though they are being overcome.

But it is in his deductions that the American people will be specially interested. He says:

The fighting value of the American troops is not great, probably equal to that of the Rumanians, and there certainly will be fewer of them than of Rumanians. So Germany will have an easy task. In fact, it is doubtful whether the Americans will risk the venture of sending an army to Europe at all.

If the major insists on being deceived, that is his privilege. He must, however, know that we already have an army in France—he probably knows its exact size, which is more than the American people do. That it will be, and is being increased, all the world knows. As to the fighting qualities of the American troops the world—including the German general staff—is pretty well informed. The "easy task" which Major Hoffe promises Germany in dealing with the American army is very much like the other "easy tasks" that have been set for her since the beginning of the war. There was to be no difficulty in beating "degenerate" France. Nor was there any fear of "Britain's contemptible little army." It is the same old story. It apparently takes a bitter experience to open the eyes of the Germans to disagreeable truth. They are in for more enlightenment. But the government is pursuing the old policy of keeping the people in ignorance, and trying to make them believe that victory is certain.

LOYAL GERMAN-AMERICANS

WHEN the world comes finally to pass judgment on the German-Americans in this war, against the record of the meddlesome, disloyal pro-Russians must be pitted the words of others whose attitude has not received like publicity. The government committee on public information has gathered and had printed in a pamphlet the expressed sentiments of a number of prominent German-Americans. In it appear some of the wisest and most ringing words yet spoken in America on the war issues. Says the first contributor, C. Kotzenabe:

For twenty-five years Germany has shown dislike for the United States—the Samoa affair, the Hong Kong contempts, the Manila bay incident, the unguarded words of the Kaiser himself, and, lastly, the Haitian controversy in 1914. . . . and it has not been from mere commercial or diplomatic friction. It is because their ideals of government are absolutely opposite. One or the other must go down. . . . The mailed fist has been shaken under our noses before. If Prussianism triumphs in this war the fiat will continue to shake. . . . Let us make war upon Germany . . . with our whole heart and all our strength.

There is no equivocation here or suggestion of divided allegiance, and there is understanding of the profound truth that our differences with Germany lie deeper than her violations of international law at our expense and rest in the fundamental opposition of ideals of government.

Says Otto Kahn, another contributor to the pamphlet:

Would life be tolerable if the power of Prussianism, run mad and murderous, held the world by the throat, if the primacy of the earth belonged to a government steeped in the doctrines of a barbarous past and supported by a ruling caste, which preaches the deification of sheer might, which despises liberty, hates democracy and would destroy both if it could?

These are words worthy of a German of 1848. There are others in the pamphlet, equally as unequivocal and ringing, by other German-Americans. The government does well to bring them together to remind us that when the record of the war comes to be written we shall have German-Americans to be proud of as well as others of whom we have had cause to be ashamed.

WHATCHAMA COLUMN

THE D-L-MON LANDLORD.

There is a man in this town And he is wondrous wise, He certainly has got it on A lot of other guys. For, while his tenants shiver And suffer from the storm He sits in his own flat downstairs All cozylike and warm. For when he built the place, you see, He made his own flat best With radiators twice as long As any of the rest.

In China they have a simple but effective cure for dandruff. They chop off the heads.

From Webster's dictionary: "CHAUFFEUR (Sho-fer) n. (Fr. Stoker) Hist. Brigands in bands who, about 1793, pillaged, burned and killed in parts of France; so called from their practice of burning the feet of their victims to make them reveal the hiding place of their money, etc."

Still, some people believe Webster doesn't know his business.

The cost of living is not so altitudinous as it was. It is coming down. Listen to this and be glad: There has been a drop of \$2000 an ounce in radium.

Those who are thinking of laying in a winter's supply of radium in their cellars will find no better time.

Personally, we don't need any. The last piece of radium we had, weighing several pounds, we threw at one of the neighbor's cats and we haven't had any around the house since.

Persia is paying its ex-shah \$100,000 a year to stay out of the country. I would be willing to stay out of Persia for less than that.

AN EASTERN PSYCHOLOGIST SAYS HARD LUCK IS A DISEASE, AND MIGHTY CONTAGIOUS JUST NOW.

A prohibition advocate in a lecture says that every pint of whisky a man drinks shortens his life by eleven hours. Oh, pip! We have a friend out in Washington Heights who takes it that way, and if every pint he has consumed had shorted out his life eleven hours, we have figured out in black and white that he would have died nine years before he was born.

WE'RE ONLY POOR, WEAK MORTALS AFTER ALL.

"I would not wear those pantallettes," said modest Gertrude Pease. And then she hurried out and bought a skirt up to her knees.

"I wouldn't wear a purple tie," said William Henry Burt. And then he straightway went and bought a green and yellow shirt.

WHO AM I?

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world. I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege guns. I am more deadly than bullets, shrapnel, poison gas or dynamite. I spare no one and find my victims among the rich and poor alike. I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage-earners every year. I bring sickness, degradation, disgrace and death.

I am an insidious foe and seldom fight in the daylight. I destroy, I crush and maim. I take all and give nothing.

I am singing my swan song. They have got my number. Who am I? You know. I am Boozie.

RELIC OF THE DARK AGES.

In Syracuse the other day we discovered what must be the oldest sign in the United States. It reads: REGULAR DINNER, 15 CENTS. The building is not occupied now.

Uncle Walt Has for You This Evening

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

SOMEWHERE in France I would like to be fighting, putting in ticks for the land of the free; oh, it is woman's work, scribbling and writing, when there is scuffling across the blue sea! But I am fat and my whiskers are hoary, and they won't give me the least little chance; other men must harvest the laurels and glory, somewhere in France, somewhere in France. When the war's over the boys will be telling, telling of valorous feats they performed; stories of marching and shooting and shelling, barricades taken and cities they stormed. I must be silent; I can't tell a story, I cannot boast of a dauntless advance; I am too fat to be gathering glory, somewhere in France, somewhere in France. Danger appeals to me, deeply I love it, but I must stick to my rusty old tyre; oh, slender soldier, your fortune I covet, here in my slippers, my feet at the fire! Gladly I'd go to the field red and gory, gladly I'd flourish the shotgun or lance; fat men however, are barred from all glory, somewhere in France, somewhere in France. (Copyright 1917 by George Matthew Adams)

Through an intensive campaign by a crew of trained theft workers, a Detroit savings bank within a few weeks obtained 7500 new depositors, and another bank recently celebrated its first birthday by putting 5000 new names on its books.

During the seven months that the New York school of instruction for street cleaners has been in existence it has trained and turned out for active service 183 sweepers, 148 drivers, 30 chauffeurs (twenty of whom are tractor drivers) and one crane-man.

TOO MUCH EFFICIENCY

A CLEVER SERIAL STORY. By B. J. HATE. Author of "When the Devil Was Sick," "One-Cylinder Sam," etc.

CHAPTER XVI. The Elopement.

CONSTANCE arose early. It was scarcely seven o'clock, but there was a strategic reason for the unusual hour. Constance was going away; she was about to quit the shelter of the Brooke roof-tree for that of another, and it was essential that the efficiency man should be unaware of the fact until it had been accomplished.

Constance was going to be married. Yes, to Tommy Treadwell, of course. He was her refuge in time of tribulation and despair.

"It makes no difference," mused Constance as she dressed hastily, "that I don't love Tommy. He understands. He knows I like and admire him, and he's going to be satisfied with that. I think he's almost heroic to marry a girl that he knows doesn't love him. But I can't exist here. And I must—yes, must—find a new home for Billy and Alice. Tommy has promised to take both of them until father returns. I suppose it will get into the papers, but—Oh, anything is better than this!"

Tommy was to call early, for Constance did not propose to face H. Hedge at breakfast. She had seen the last of him, she fervently hoped. That is, she thought she hoped. Yet it was curious and disconcerting that the image of the efficiency man kept impinging upon her mental vision.

"If he would only stop being efficient," she said aloud, viewing her dark-blue traveling-costume in the mirror. Then she found herself flushing. "Well, suppose he did stop. What then?"

She packed a grip, carefully yet swiftly; later she would send for the rest of her wardrobe. As she did so, she kept shaking her head emphatically.

"I must think of nobody but Tommy," she said. "It's not fair to think about anybody else."

The breakfast gong had not sounded when Constance made a final survey of herself, seized a big muff, picked up the grip, and moved briskly to the door of her room. At the threshold she paused long enough to look up and down the hall. She did not want to meet either Billy or Alice; she would telephone them after it was all over. The hall was empty of life, so Constance stepped out and headed for the rear staircase.

One flight she descended rapidly, which carried her as far as the main floor, and then she began to follow more cautiously the second flight, which was poorly lighted and had two sharp turns. At the first turn she paused abruptly. She heard footstep in the semiglow below. Somebody was coming up the stairs.

Constance peered over the balustrade and held her breath. A servant she did not mind. But it was not a servant—it was H. Hedge. Her first impulse told her to turn and run; but the time was too short and the grip too heavy.

"Face it!" she told herself with quick resolve. But she did not want to face the efficiency man with the grip, so she tried to hold the latter behind her skirts. It was an awkward maneuver. The grip hammered at her heels as she resumed descent of the staircase. Then it slipped from her fingers. An instant later it struck her in the hollow of a knee. Constance staggered, awayed, and pitched forward, uttering a sharp cry.

She came to halt half a dozen steps below. Tightly gripped around her waist was one arm of the efficiency man; the other was clinging desperately to the rail. Both of Constance's feet were around his neck. She could maintain a balance. With a gasping intake of his breath he presently achieved it. The grip shot past them, rounded a turn, and landed noisily on the floor of the basement hall.

"You servants are tremendously careless," growled H. Hedge as he settled Constance back on her feet.

"I'm not a servant!" she snapped, instantly regretting the disclosure.

He twisted his head to peer into her face. Their eyes were not six inches apart in the half light.

Good Night Stories

POLLY'S WHIZZEN-POOF.

"Every night, just after the sun goes down, he comes out from his cave in the mountains and sits at the edge of the road," explained Polly.

Dotty and David huddled closer to her on the step.

"Did you ever see him?" asked Dotty, her voice filled with wonder.

"Sure!" replied Polly. "And one night when it was very, very dark he came and sat down right there, away up the road. All I could see was his great, big, red eye, blinking and winking at me like a beautiful big ruby."

"You're not afraid of anything, are you, Polly?" exclaimed David.

"Polly shook her head. "Whizzen-poofs won't hurt you. They're sent out to warn folks that there's danger ahead. You know Whizzen-poofs only have one eye and it's so bright you can't see where his tail and head begin. All you see is just one great, big red eye, winking and blinking at you from away down the road," said Polly.

"I'd like to see a Whizzen-poof, all right," laughed David. "I wouldn't be afraid of him."

UNCLE SAM—"ISN'T HE THE AMBITIOUS LITTLE CUSS?"



right," laughed David. "I wouldn't be afraid of him."

"Then you want to watch this road, for he's likely to come out 'most any evening," replied Polly.

That night after the lights were out, and David was quite asleep, he softly stole out of bed and climbed on a chair to look out of the window. Away up the road—right where Polly had pointed—there winked and blinked a tiny red eye.



"It's Good I Brought My Poppun."

David decided it must be a baby Whizzen-poof. He thought what a great thing it would be to capture a baby Whizzen-poof and have it all for his own! So, taking his popgun, David stole out of the house and quickly ran down the road. The tiny red eye began to grow larger and larger as David neared its hiding place.

"It's not a baby Whizzen-poof, so it's a good thing I brought my popgun," said David to himself and he stopped to load in the cork. "Course it won't hurt him, but I'll scare him, all right! Then I'll tie a string around his neck and take him home with me," laughed David.

"David, David!" shouted a voice behind him and David turned and saw Polly dragging Dotty by the hand, running up the road toward him.

"Where in the world are you going?" cried Polly as she caught up with David. David pointed to the big, red eye.

"I'm going to capture that Whizzen-poof," he replied. Dotty held tightly to Polly's hand, and then she burst out laughing.

"He knows me, so you both close your eyes and don't open them until I say 'Ready,'" laughed Polly, and she led the children right up to the big, red eye.

"Ready!" cried Polly, and the two children opened their eyes.

There in front of them stood a great pile of logs, and at one end hung a lantern with a red chimney.

"They always put a red light on things like that, so folks won't run into them after dark. That's my Whizzen-poof!"

David and Dotty sat down and had a good laugh over Polly's Whizzen-poof with the great red eye. Then Polly took David and Dotty home and once more tucked them in bed.

THE ORIGIN OF FAMOUS SAYINGS

LORD BYRON, 1788-1824. I only know we loved in vain; I only feel—farewell! farewell! —Farewell.

With just enough of learning to misquote.—English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour.—Child Harold's Pilgrimage.

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YOUR HEALTH

By JOHN B. HUBER, A. M., M. D.

Feeding From XII. to XV. Months.

After the twelfth month, in well babies, much freer feeding is required. The following are permissible articles, from which the mother will select suitable meals, up to the fifteenth month. Five meals daily are right.

7 A.M. Cornmeal, barley, rice or wheat jelly, one or two tablespoonfuls in 8 or 10 ounces of milk. (The jelly is made by cooking the cereal for four hours the day before it is wanted and strained through a colander.) Stale bread and butter or wheatworth biscuit, 9 A.M. The juice of one-half orange. 11 A.M. Scraped rare beef, one to two teaspoonfuls mixed with an equal quantity of bread and moistened with beef-juice. Or a soft-boiled egg mixed with stale breadcrumbs; a piece of zwieback, and a half pint of milk. (Scraped rare beef is best obtained from round steak, cut thick and broiled over a brisk fire sufficiently to sear the outside. The steak is then split with a sharp knife and the pulp scraped from the fibre. 2.30 P.M. Beef, chicken or mutton broth with rice or stale bread broken into the broth. Six ounces of milk, if wanted. Stale bread and butter or zwieback and butter. Many children at the above age will take and digest apple sauce and prune pulp; when these are given milk should be omitted. 7 P.M., two tablespoonfuls of cereal jelly in eight ounces of milk; a piece of zwieback and butter. Stale bread and butter or Huntley & Palmers' akfast biscuit. 10 P.M. A tablespoonful of cereal jelly in 8 or 10 ounces of milk.

PEDIUOLI CAPITIS.

My daughter goes to school, and she got her head full of lice. I have tried everything I could to get rid of them.

Answer—I have already given the information; but this is a good time to repeat it. The above is highbrow for the very frequent malady you mention. Certainly no child having it should be permitted to attend school until it has been entirely removed. Cut the hair very short, not necessarily a crop. In girls the hair will grow all the glossier and abundantly from the cutting. Then three bed-times running hand soak the hair and scalp with tincture of larkspur, which the druggist will supply; and during both night and day have the child wear an oiled skin cap such as women wear at bathing. Fourth day give the child a vigorous shampoo with the tincture of green soap. After each wash, if necessary, renew this and smart and feel as if they would treat.

Questions and Answers. PAIN IN THE HEELS.

I am 55. In the last 2 months my feet have bothered me. They burn a week, if necessary, renew this and smart and feel as if they would treat.

Dr. Huber will answer all signed letters pertaining to health. If your question is of general interest it will be answered through these columns; if not it will be answered personally if stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Huber will not prescribe for individual cases or make diagnoses. Address Dr. John B. Huber, care of this newspaper.

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IN THE EVENING IS BEST TIME TO READ.