EVENING : CAPITAL : NEWS

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

Published Every Afternoon and Sunday Morning at Boise, Idaho, a City of 30,000 People, by

THE CAPITAL NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED

RICHARD STORY SHERIDAN, General Manager.

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

Phones—Business Office, 234. Editorial Rooms, 259. Society Editor, 1269

AS THEY DO UNTO OTHERS

FOOD has been the big problem of the war in every country engaged in the conflict. It was not so difficult to control the situation in Germany, for the rulers of that country had for years trained the public along lines of food conservation just as they had trained it for military purposes. This training, subtly co-operative in its workings, paved the way for the arbitrary rules laid down by the autocrats at the outset of the war. In Germany the people are strictly rationed and that is the end of it. The market basket is only permitted to hold what the gun dictates. But for the effectiveness of that course, Germany might have been whipped ere this.

In England the policy lies half-way between the compulsion of Germany and the voluntary co-operation in the United States. Compulsory rationing is resorted to in a minimum form, but there is rigid supervision of foodstuffs. Maximum prices have been established and after the first of next year ration cards for sugar will be issued. Under that plan not more than a half a pound of sugar per capita a week will be permitted.

The English food administration aims to safeguard the interests of the consumer, to do away with profiteering and to prevent excessive profits. Each local tradesman is registered and he is stricken off the list and otherwise punished if he violates any of the regulations. In addition to having his shop closed he may be fined up to $500 or given six months in prison or both. Heavier penalties are provided for manufacturers, wholesalers and producers. One farmer was recently fined $12,500. "I propose to make the penalties more severe," is a recent statement of the British food controller.

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Undoubtedly the rule will be extended to meat and flour and possibly to other necessaries.

It all depends upon the demands created by the war. GERMANY MUST BE LICKED! That is the ultimatum of the civilized world. Food enters so largely into the procedure that the governments of the allies will not give more consideration to civilians than to those in the field.

This country is the great storehouse of the world. Today the world depends upon the United States for food. If this country cannot supply it, the supporters of democracy might as well quit and permit the barbarians of Germany to rule the international roost. BUT THEY WILL NOT QUIT. WE MUST SUPPLY THE FOOD. IN ORDER TO DO SO WE MUST NOT WASTE AND, FURTHER, WE MUST FIND SUBSTITUTES, AND USE THEM, FOR FOOD THAT CAN BE SHIPPED ABROAD FOR THE SOLDIERS OF OUR ALLIES AND FOR OUR OWN.

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Of course, that is, perhaps, a threadbare preachment. You have all heard it repeatedly. The Capital News and other newspapers have urged it upon you for weeks. Public speakers have forcefully presented the case. The food administration in a variety of ways has kept the subject before the public. YET WE HAVE A REPORT FROM THE BOISE FOOD PLEDGE COMMITTEE THAT SHOWS THERE ARE PEOPLE HERE WHO REFUSE TO CO-OPERATE, SOME OF THEM WITH VICIOUS MOTIVES—ALL FRIENDS IN DISGUISE OF THE KAISER; APOLOGISTS, UNCONSCIOUSLY IN SOME CASES, FOR THE RAVISHING OF GIRLS AND THE EMASCULATION OF BOYS AND FOR OTHER BARBARITIES SO HORRIFYING, SO SHOCKING AS TO BE ALMOST BARRED FROM EVEN PRIVATE DISCUSSION.

Do those people not realize that their stubbornness and lack of loyalty to this country is inviting upon them and upon all of us bitter food regulations?

If they shall succeed in hampering the government's food policy to a measurable extent, through extension of a bad example and through cunning propaganda, THEY MUST EITHER BE ROUNDED UP AND DISCIPLINED or the whole public may be made to suffer for the folly of some and the treason of others.

We will have done unto us what has been done unto others.

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Force would not be necessary if co-operation were universal, but the few bad apples contaminate to such an extent that it may be necessary, sooner than we think, to invoke drastic remedies.

This paper is of the opinion it would be better to put a foot down on the combined thoughtless, unpatriotic and pro-kaiser crowd than to permit them to visit harsh restrictions upon the entire population.

IN OTHER WORDS, DO IT UNTO THEM AND DO IT QUICKLY!

WHATCHAMA COLUMN

PEPS

"Russia a Near-Democracy,"—Headline. If one wanted to coin a new word a "dear newmockracy" would about fit the case.

—o—

Cheer up! Every dog has its (meatless) day.

—o—

Late reports indicate that Kerensky is putoutski over the way things are going in Russia.

—o—

The standard loaf in this country is the L. W. W.

—o—

We don't want to get mushy or anything like that, but some of those pictures of war nurses almost heads us for the trenches.

—o—

The count who married the Swift girl evidently got in with some swifter ones later on.

—o—

If we had not consulted current history we might have fallen into the error that the Bolsheviki was a Russian equal suffrage movement.

—o—

China is still down on its Japanese.

SOME FAMOUS SPEECHES.

DISAPPOINTMENT my friends.

• • •

MAY NOT come singly but like.

• • •

OLD maids and government.

• • •

CONTROL may approach in.

• • •

BUNCHES. On the other hand.

• • •

IT MAY hit us.

• • •

MULTUM IN parvo like.

• • •

RUSSIA and Italy and so.

• • •

FORTH. But in the language of.

• • •

THAT wise young fellow E. Pick.

• • •

TEETUS ultima ratio regnum.

• • •

WHICH means the king would.

• • •

HAVE the last word if it were.

• • •

NOT FOR THE queen. Or to.

• • •

PUT IT ANOTHER way.

• • •

FORGET it. It is not easy.

• • •

TO TAKE but it is easy to.

• • •

PRESCRIBE. I KNOW for only.

• • •

TODAY which happens to be.

• • •

MY BIRTHDAY I received a.

• • •

JOLT that would discourage a.

• • •

BOOTLEGGER. A friend of.

• • •

MINE who has a small farm.

• • •

WHICH he keeps up by.

• • •

WORKING in town was.

• • •

FATTENING several turkeys one of.

• • •

WHICH was to be.

• • •

DISAPPOINTED for my birthday.

• • •

I WAS full of preparedness.

• • •

AND READY to go over.

• • •

THE TOP. But alas some.

• • •

ALIEN ENEMY last night.

• • •

GLOMMED all the birds. But I shall.

• • •

NOT DESPAIR. Back to the boarding.

• • •

HOUSE trenches for me. I shall be.

• • •

BRAVE though bony. After.

• • •

ALL PERHAPS I had.

• • •

NOT DIETED in vain.

• • •

I THANK you.

SIZING 'EM UP.

Since Eve was a wife and put Adam in
a trance,
Every cutie and beauty
Has tried to make some poor old duffer
dance.
Though shy she seems, she's got a
million schemes,
Of course, you claim that you can beat
her game.
Forget it, boy, you haven't got a
chance.

In Egypt of old Cleopatra was a vamp.
Julius Caesar, to please her,
Forgot his Rome and stuck around her
camp,
If he could fall, the greatest of them
all,
I cannot see a chance for you and me.
Oh, woman, you're the undefeated
champ.

Samson was strong. He pulled lions
right in two.
In a tussel his muscle
Spread sudden desolation, that is true.
One of the girls she clipped off all his
curls
And he quit there. Oh, gentlemen, beware!
Some lady barber's waiting just for
you. A. J. P.

NAMES CONTRIBUTED.

A. Deadman is an undertaker at Negaunee, Mich.

R. Ed Pepper lives at Bucyrus, O., and he sells 'em, too.

Poppendik & Flopper operate a general store at Jackson, Ala.

Miss Pancake is chef of a hotel at Waterloo, Ind.

O. F. Coffinbury is an undertaker at Deadwood, N. D.

TOO MUCH EFFICIENCY

A CLEVER SERIAL STORY.

By E. J. RATH.

Author of "When the Devil Was Sick," "One-Cylinder Sam," etc.

CHAPTER XXII. (Continued.)

Constance's cheeks were flaming.

Be careful to explain that no exaggeration is employed. Describe accurately, impartially. Use frequent illustrations—acts, words, general attitude of resentment toward efforts to improve.

"It's unspeakable!" she exclaimed aloud. "I'll have him publicly whipped from the house—by the servants."

And then:

Second chapter on C—" As She Is." Trace gradual influence of reform. Show how firm insistence on new methods brought results. Note C's willingness to work. Marked change in manner. Happy influence of scientific methods. Point out how type originally represented by C may be transformed under proper direction. Show that dominant mind, working on scientific lines, can always control weaker mind. Even the C type not hopeless. Show effect of rigid discipline, insistence on authority, mental suggestion, et cetera.

Constance flung the manuscript on the table and sprang to her feet. Her hands were clinched and quivering. For an instant she stood irresolute; then stepped swiftly across the room and rang for Horace.

"Find Mr. Hedge and send him here at once!" she commanded.

The butler disappeared hastily, not a little alarmed at the expression in her eyes.

The efficiency man was prompt, and evidently expectant. When he walked briskly into the room he was smiling happily. He knew that, no matter how coy or whimsical the young lady might be, she could not turn off daylight by pressing a button. H. Hedge told himself that the moment was at hand.

He stopped abruptly as he saw her, and there was swift questioning in his look. Constance was pointing with a rigid arm at the manuscript on the desk.

"Did you write that?" she asked grimly.

He followed the direction of her gesture, readily identified the manuscript at a glance, and nodded.

"And you dare even think that you are going to publish it?"

Constance had abandoned all of the carefully plotted campaign. No more stealth now; it was war in the open.

"I've been thinking of that very thing," he answered coolly, with a swift change to his most efficient manner.

"I forbid you!"

"I think you are attempting to reverse our positions, Miss Brooke."

He decided that it would not be fitting, under the circumstances, to say "Connie."

The type of the idle rich surveyed him with a stabbing glance of scorn.

"My father will deal with you," she said in a tense voice.

"Let's not talk about that. It's futile. And please remember that, to all intents and purposes, for the time being, I am your father. And by what authority do you examine my personal papers?"

Constance did not condescend to explain. She eyed him for several seconds from head to feet, and to his credit it must be admitted that he withstood the scrutiny with courage.

Suddenly she burst into laughter; but it was not of the friendly, mirth-provoking kind that invites accompaniment.

"What a fool you are!" she exclaimed.

H. Hedge stiffened visibly, but made no comment.

"And I'm the person who made a fool out of you."

She laughed again harshly.

"Perhaps you'd better explain," he suggested icily.

"I will. That's exeactly what I'm going to do—explain."

She pointed again at the manuscript.

"I'm a 'perfect type,' am I?" she said. "And I have a fairly good brain.' Thank you so much for that, Mr. Hedge. I'm idle and extravagane—or I was. That's the funny part—'was' I'm to have two whole chapters—one before and the other after taking. What a generous amount of space! I'm going to be a terrible lesson to the American public. I suppose, of course, you intend to use my full name?"

She paused to laugh again. The efficiency man remained impassive.

"I'm going to be made famous in a most wonderful book. I'm going to show the 'gradual influence of reform.' Delightful! And you are the reformer—the 'dominant mind.' Even I am not hopeless—it says so in your book. Already I show the effects of 'rigid discipline.' Oh, it's exquisite! Have I really reformed, Mr. Hedge?"

"Until just now you have shown gratifying progress," he answered.

Constance's laughter overcame her again.

"And you believe—that?"

"I—er—had no reason to doubt it."

"You poor, poor creature!"

The efficiency man was mystified and begining to appear uncomfortable. Was it possible he had made a miscalculation? The only thing that was very clear in his mind was an impression of a spirited and attractively angry young woman.

Let me tell you something, Mr. Hedge, and then you will see what a fool you've been. You didn't know I was fighting you all the time, did you? You thought because I was willing to come in here and work that I had surrendered. Oh, it's rich! Just because I'd given up making an open fight, you thought it was all over. Oh, you were so much easier than I thought!"

She regarded him with a pitying smile.

"Why, I was just playing with you—for what I could get out of you!" she exclaimed. "And I got it, too. All sorts of things—hats, and shoes, and gowns, and everything that you'd been saying I couldn't have. And I've made you break your rules a dozen times, until it has become positively monotonous."

A dull red crept into the cheeks of H. Hedge, but Constance was remorseless. The two chapters on the perfect type had proved to be the final turning point. She was burning her bridges now.

"Just played with you," she repeated. "And your whole wonderful system went to smash under it. And you thought you were reforming me! It was so easy to lead you, too. You never even suspected. You were so sure that you wrote it all down, so it could be put in a book. A book! I think I'll write one myself. How would you like to be the hero in my book, Mr. Efficiency Man?"

Hedge made no answer.

"I'll tell you how I 'reformed' H. Hedge—how I reformed him right out of his economy and efficiency. And I'll put all the bills from the shops into an appendix to prove it. It will be a very funy book, I think. Don't you?"

Still he remained silent.

"I think I'll tell about last night, too," she added. "That was the funniest of all.'"

The efficiency man's teeth clicked.

"It is evident that I made a mistake," he said, staring steadily at her.

"You did—a big one,' she declared slowly, throwing aside the raillery in her tone. "Let me tell you, Mr. Hedge, that you haven't reformed anything—particularly me. I'm just as I was at

(Continued on Sport Page.)

Uncle Walt Has for You This Evening

AMBITION.

WHEN I was young I had no doubt that I was destined to be great; I'd distance every other scout, and be the land's chief magistrate. I knew I'd leave a deathless name when I pulled out for t'other shore, and in the world's great hall of fame my chromo'd hang above the door. I thought not of the ways and means, of how I should put up the grass; I only knew that kings and queens would be the people in my class. I jeered at obstacles, forsooth! My upward way I'd bravely keep; for in the golden days of youth the toil of Hercules looks cheap. I sit beneath my vine and tree, and backward look across the years, and all my busted dreams I see, and bellow like a brace of steers. I never reached a dazzling height—what boot the wherefores and the whys? And every time I made a fight, the other fellow got the prize. The prizes of this world increase, but none is added to my store; I've run for justice of the peace three times, and goose eggs were my score. I sit beneath my tree and vine, and see the buoyant youths go by, with golden visions just like mine, with dreams of heights that reach the sky. From me they hear no caterwaul, no dreary wail of wasted beans; for if boys didn't dream at all, they'd be old men while in their teens.

WALL PAPER.

Wall paper is used as an advertising medium in Buenos Aires, Argentina. Manufacturers of cigarettes paper the interiors of small stores without cost, and the advertisement appears as a design on the paper. England formerly supplied the demand, but the paper is now imported from this country.

ANOTHER RETIREMENT

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YOUR HEALTH

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

Nourishment for the body gives strength to the spirit.

Baby's Clothes.

The infant at birth requires practically the same clothing, winter or summer, three flannel bands, to be worn the required length and width, according to the size of the baby. This allows for a band in use, one to be laundered and one for emergency. It is sewed on every day, after baby's bath. Have the needle ready for use in a small cushion especially for the purpose and be sure to replace the needle when finished. If the band is put on in this way we are sure baby is not crying because pins are sticking into him. Three silk and wool (or cotton and wool) shirts, high neck and long sleeves (lighter weight for a summer infant.) Three dozen cotton diapers. Three flannel slips with button and buttonholes on each shoulder. This type of garment prevents unnecessary handling of the child. Six plain muslin slips.

At six months. From the third month on according to the season the child may be put in short clothes. The little slips can be cut short and a few new ones added. Eight in all are sufficient. Three stockingette tight slips, one easily washed every morning. Three flannel petticoats, and stockings to cover the legs, as they have now to be kept very warm. In winter a silk and wool (or cotton and wool) stocking is advisable. A woven band is used instead of the strips of flannel. The shirts are the same, except that if the summer months have arrived the baby needs low necked cotton shirts instead of the woollen ones. The number of diapers the baby requires should now diminish. If his bowels move regularly he will seldom have a soiled napkin.

Questions and Answers

WATER AT MEALS.

How much water should one take at one's meals.

Answer—A glass at least at each meal. At least 6 the 24 hours. No food is ever properly digested that is not well liquified.

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TUBERCULOSIS.

1. I am suffering from lung trouble. Should I wear woolen underwear. 2. Should I use hot or cold baths? 3. How often should one with tuberculosis bathe? 4. Would you advise putting salt in the water and how much would you use? 5. Would the winter spent in the South benefit me any. 6. Is olive oil good in such cases.

Answer—1- Woolens are best in winter time. 2. Tepid baths, gradually reduced to as cool or as cold as you can comfortably endure. 3. Once a day, as we all of us should. 4. Once a week, a pound of salt to the bath, with a good rub down after would be beneficial. 5. Your good family doctor should decide this after a consideration of your individual condition. As a general principle, tuberculosis patients get well more surely in the winter and in the northern altitudes than in warmer climates; there are however exceptional cases, where the reverse obtains. I heartily sympathize with you and I would have sent you detailed information in answer to your questions had you given me a definite address. Please do so as soon as you read this, and I will respond at once. 6. Yes, but cod liver oil is better; and cream as good as either.

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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