

EVENING CAPITAL NEWS

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Protect Idaho.

WHEN a member of the I. W. W. drives a piece of iron into a log he entertains no special enmity against the owner of the log. His object is to break the machinery that will be used to saw the log and to that extent cripple the mill. He is against production of any sort. So he engages in sabotage at all times, killing fruit trees as he works for the orchardist, placing dynamite in grain piles, crippling machinery and indulging in other most damnable practices.

He is not concerned with wages or hours, although arguing them to excite his dupes. He is against production and wants it killed off to usher in the I. W. W. millennium—which means a worse hell on earth than Dante's mind devised.

At Jerome, Arizona, the union leaders opposed a strike of miners and urged the men to return to work; but the I. W. W. agitators so inflamed them that they refused.

The result: Mines closed down indefinitely; 6000 men out of work and their families in line for suffering; an innocent bystander population of 20,000 affected seriously.

We had a taste of I. W. Wism in Idaho. The snake showed its head and ran out its tongue and struck. But its head was shortly severed.

The I. W. W. leaders know better than to start up openly in Idaho, so they have collected in other organizations and are fomenting trouble and preparing, during the coming year, which promises heavy production, to engage in a campaign of obstruction and destruction.

There is only one way to handle the situation and that is with force. A constabulary force could do something, but if it operated at home the I. W. W. leaders would oppose it with its friends and themselves keep in the background.

IN OUR OPINION THE SAFEST COURSE FOR THIS PART OF THE STATE WOULD BE TO LOCATE 1000 UNITED STATES SOLDIERS AT BOISE BARRACKS READY AT ALL TIMES TO MEET THESE COWARDLY ASSAULTS ANYWHERE IN THIS TERRITORY, SPEEDILY AND EFFECTIVELY.

Then civil processes and patriotic processes should do its duty to uncover the agitator nests in the organizations that are welcoming the I. W. W. leaders and hold those organizations up to such a degree of public contempt they may no longer operate in this state.

Taxation Without Representation.

THE 375,000 citizens of the District of Columbia are making preparations for a campaign among senators and representatives, and throughout the states to allow them a representative in congress.

It is not generally realized that the people of the national capital furnish a typical example of taxation without representation. Approximately \$8,000,000 is collected from the people of the District of Columbia annually.

That sum is turned into the general fund of the treasury and loses its identity. The rate of taxation is fixed by congress, as are also the appropriation bills to meet the expenses of the local government.

representative in either branch of the congress to speak for its citizens.

Under the constitution congress is given power "to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over such district," so the congress may if it chooses to do so grant to the citizens of the national capital representation on the floor of the house.

All the world and his wife and kiddies will soon be out flivvering again on fine afternoons and evenings. How about those roads?

Rippling Rhymes

By WALT MASON (Copyright 1919) HARBINGERS

Be patient if you freeze your feet while trudging through the slush and sleet; already winter's growing gray, and soon he'll bow and say "Good day!" I see some harbingers around; the grass shows greenish on the ground; a bughouse bird is seen anon cavorting on the frosted lawn. And in the grocer's moral store seed packages are seen once more. When once the grocer digs up seeds, to meet the garden grower's needs, we wot that winter's on the wing, and that we're due to welcome spring. This morning as I went my way, I heard the village marshal say, "This year I'll hark to no excuse—no chickens must be running loose. The owners of all hungry hens must keep the blamed things in their pens, according to the statutes made, and which by all must be obeyed." He says the same thing every year, when winter's billed to disappear, and then forgets it in the spring, when chickens scratch like everything. But it's a harbinger, all right; it indicates that spring's in sight. The marshal makes his yearly bluff, and then farewell to wintry stuff, to foolish storms and silly gales, to biting wind that shrieks and wails. The gentle spring will soon return, for there are harbingers to burn.

THE CRAFTY HUNS.

Thanks to discoveries made by the officials who censor the letters written by Germans living in the region occupied by the American forces, there is likely to be a sudden termination of the foolish talk, so abundant of late, about the fervent affection felt by our soldiers for their new neighbors, and by the new neighbors for our soldiers. Ever to have believed those tales required not only a phenomenal amount of credulity, but an utter ignorance of what human nature is everywhere.

It is not at all necessary for one to consider the Germans abnormally wicked before feeling sure that they have an intense dislike for the humiliation imposed upon them by the presence in their cities and towns of an alien soldiery, billeted in their houses and exercising arbitrary power over all their activities. Nobody could or does help hating to be in such a situation, and nobody, anywhere, ever did or could help transferring the hatred from the situation to those who created it.

It is perfectly natural and quite inevitable, therefore, that in writing letters they thought would be uncensored, the people of Coblenz characterize their new masters as "those detestable Americans," and pray for the day when "the curse of their presence will be removed from us." It would be unreasonable to resent such expressions of emotion as these. The only thing surprising about them—the only thing distinctively German—is that the same people, when face to face with the American invaders, can smile upon them sweetly, talk to them suavely and pretend to be glad they are there. Next will come disproof of the closely related tales about the eagerness of the American soldiers to declare their involuntary and most reluctant hosts a charming and lovable people. Surely not many of our men can be caught by wiles so cheap and obvious. Most of them have memories, and most of them have sense enough to know just why it is that they are treated as welcome guests in a conquered country.

BOLSHEVISM IN THE SENATE.

When the judiciary committee of the United States senate begins its investigation of Bolshevism in the United States it should give immediate consideration to remarks made by Senator Frelinghuysen of New Jersey:

"It is all very well for the president to break the precedents of a century and a third that he may head triumphant processions in foreign capitals, sleep in the chambers of royalty, die off gold plates in the palaces of the modern Caesars, and have his photograph taken standing in line with kings, queens and princesses. Those are interesting and perhaps alluring pictures. But what of the American private who returns to his native shores un-honored and unsung, dismissed from the service, miles away from home, without a dollar in his pocket?"

Such demagoguery is the very warp and woof of Bolshevism. That is the way the Lenines and Trozky talk to the deluded fools in Russia. It is the way Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg talked to the Germans whom they were inciting to a class war. It is the familiar language of the I. W. W. in this country.

What could be more ridiculous than for the senate to engage in a solemn investigation of Bolshevism while senators who invoke the evil spirit of Bolshevism in the senate chamber go unrebuked?

THE CENSORSHIP ABUSE.

The senate misinterpreted public sentiment in this country when it refused to suspend the authority of the postmaster general to exclude from the mails matter that he might hold to be in violation of the terms of the espionage act. The time has passed, if it ever existed, when the granting of such powers could be justified. No emergency today can be alleged as a pretext for continuing it an hour longer. In the hands of Postmaster General Burleson it has been misused in a way that, aside from every other argument, should hasten its repeal.

There is a right way and a wrong way in any circumstances to deal with sedition. The right way is by appealing to the courts, where, on proper hearing, each case can be determined on its merits. The wrong way is by investing any official with arbitrary authority to impose punishment for what he alone may be pleased to regard as an offense against the law. For this gross abuse the senate stands.

WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT The Bubbles of Life

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YESTERDAY the children blew bubbles. Puff, puff; there's a famous fellow. How round he is—big as a marble, big as an apple, big as an orange. Why, he's the King of all the Bubbles! Puff, puff! Be careful, little girl. He is too big for safety, that fellow there. See how he glitters in the sunlight, all purple and silver and roses. Look, he dances on the lip of the pipe as if to wave a gay farewell before he starts out in the world to take care of himself like a brave, up-and-coming young bubble. Puff! There he goes! Who so light and airy as he?

Dip, swirl, swoop! Lie still, old Rover. A breath will make an end to Brave Bubble now. Look, he's on the hearth. There he goes, up the roaring chimney, gay to the last. I'm glad we didn't see what happened to him at the last, aren't you, Little Girl?

"Gone!" cried the Little Boy. "Gone up the wide chimney all alone." And for some strange reason the Little Boy began to cry.

"All alone," he sobbed. "The big bubble is all alone." "Sh-b-b!" said one who played with the children before the dancing fire. "Sh-b-b!" he might hear you and come down again and the fire would blow him out. He is happy up there in the great world where the clouds are—let him be."

And the Little Boy was comforted and fell to blowing wonderful chains of bubbles in the china bowl, where all the beautiful bubbles came from. "Ah!" said one who sat and watched. "Ah! what a pity they don't last, the bubbles! What a shame that they are only bubbles after all no matter how gay or how splendid they are, nothing but bubbles!" And we all looked wise and sorrowful and sighed, and said, "Yes, it was a pity."

They're Only Bubbles

But, do you know, I believe that we were all wrong, quite wrong. Why is it a pity that the bubbles don't last and that they're only bubbles after all?

That's one of the reasons they are so alluring, the pretty, airy, irresponsible things! They live long enough to bring us joy, and what can do more than that?

Your first sweetheart—the boy with the brown eyes—he moved to town after the spring vacation. He brought you the first "Spring Beauties," don't you remember, and he had to fight all the rest of the boys in school for laughing at him and his bouquet.

How brave he was, how gentle! Why, he was the purest, the noblest of all the boys who ever lived. Why, he was the best that God ever made.

Today's Fashion

By MME. FRANCES



This Unusual Gown of Navy Gabardine Is for General Wear.

THERE is nothing smarter than rows and rows of expertly tailored stitching on this trotteur gown of navy blue gabardine, designed for morning and general wear. Perfection of line and detail makes the finished look of this garment very attractive. The U-shaped stitching describes a curve from the shoulder to the yoke effect on the skirt. These curves are worked out with geometrical precision. The deep cuffs follow the same line. The round neck is piped with artillery red broadcloth and the long sleeves are faced with this bit of color. A hat of navy velvet presents something new in the brim of a sailor shape which turns at the back a trifle more than at the front.

INFORMATION

The starfish has the power of restoring lost parts, and there are indications of a new arm having been grown in its entirety.

Motion pictures as a means for "keeping the boy on the farm" are to be tried by some of the agricultural societies in southern New Jersey.

Icelanders date the beginning of their year from "Yule," December 25. They also reckon a person's age by the number of Yules he has seen.

Before the war England imported over 80 per cent of the glass used in that country, but since the importations were stopped she has been able to produce enough for her own needs.

Cambrie was first introduced into England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is said that the first piece imported was presented to the queen to make a ruff for her neck.

Revenues of the United States postal service exceeded expenses by \$9,500,000 in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1918, and by \$5,200,000 in 1917. Total expenses last year were \$355,000,000.

An assistant station master at Paddington, London, took, by means of a number-recording watch, a record of the number of questions asked by the public during a single week. The total was 2188. Some of the questions were extremely foolish.

Niagara falls has been icebound three times. The famous cataract was icebound and the American falls were bare of water for several days in February, 1909. This phenomenon has occurred only twice before, in March, 1848, and again in March, 1903.

at him. How good you wanted to be to be worthy of him. How you wished you had dimples like Mary Smith, or curly hair like Elizabeth Brown, but he liked you best, anyhow, oh, marvel of marvels! Poor boy, he's commonplace enough now. You wouldn't know him if you should meet him. He's a money-grubber now. All the beautiful bubbles have gone up the chimney, far, far out of his sordid life. He doesn't know or care for a thing but making money and saving it, and once he dreamed of being a good man and a great one so you could be proud of him. He wanted to help the sorry and to save the weak. You could see it all in his wonderful eyes. Which way would you rather remember him, as he is now or as he was then in the bubble days?

The girl you swore eternal friendship for in the old days—where is she now? She wrote in your secret album, and you mustn't open it till ten years from the very hour it was written. How ages long it seemed to wait, and when the ten years were up you'd lost the album and couldn't have told positively to save your life whether her eyes were blue or brown. Yet on that day she wrote you could scarcely live twenty-four hours through without seeing her and telling her all the mysterious secrets of your heart.

They said at home, don't you remember, that she was a stupid little thing, and rather selfish, too, but you didn't see it. Do you wish you had? "My husband," said the woman at the party to you the other day, and her eyes fairly melted as she spoke the words, "My husband!" And yet to you and to me he's just an ordinary man, getting a trifle bald and not particularly brilliant. Would you dim the light in that woman's eyes by telling her how he looks to you, that wondrous husband of hers?

Better Than Glass Globes

"My son!" said the middle-aged man on the golf links the other day, and his whole personality seemed to expand. Yet "my son" is the round-shouldered young man with the heavy jaw and the stupid, dull and uninteresting eyes—but he's the core of his father's heart. Would you take him out if you could?

"My fiancee!" breathes the boy home from college for the vacation, and, as a great favor, shows you the photograph of a pleasant little person with small eyes and a silly mouth. What did you say to the boy about that picture? You just gasped as if overcome and almost blinked with the beauty of it, and the boy's heart leaped, and you—

Blowing bubbles again, weren't you? Pretty, gay, graceful bubbles—why not?

Bubbles, bubbles! What should we do without them? I'd rather have the memory of one beautiful, airy bubble to comfort my heart than to hold in my hand a dozen of heavy glass imitations of one, wouldn't you?

LITTLE STORIES OF THE NATIONS

Time's Astonishing Changes in the Groupings of the Earth's Peoples. By Albert Barrett Sayre

How the Various Nations of Europe First Rose into Being. A—We have seen, Charles the Great—or Charlemagne, as the French and other nations call him—ruled over a kingdom that comprised much of western Europe. From Vienna, in the land that we have been accustomed to think of as Austria-Hungary, and much of present-day Germany, the kingdom of Charlemagne included Italy as far south as Naples, the coast of the Mediterranean and all of the land to the Atlantic—except Spain—north to Denmark. It was a tremendous kingdom, including within it the early stirrings of many states that became great nations and have existed until today. But so great an opportunity and a responsibility required a man as strong as Charlemagne. His successors were not strong men, so the kingdom gradually disintegrated. Sometimes the various parts were united for a time, but always they split up again. Each of these kingdoms or duchies chose its own ruler, but as nations they had at this time no regular names. All the different kings called themselves Kings of the Franks, much as in earlier days there were several Roman emperors at one time. Of these various Kings of the Franks there was, however, always one who was emperor. Many held no power over the other kings, but thus the title and the claim to the power of the Emperor of Rome was kept alive to trouble the world. In 844 all the Frankish kingdoms were joined together under the Emperor Charles the Fat. But within three years all his kingdoms agreed to overthrow him, and each chose a king of its own. It was these kingdoms that were now formed which began to show more meaning than any before the real divisions of nations and of languages. From this time the eastern and the western Franks were never again united. The word Francia hereafter held two meanings. The eastern or Teutonic Francia was the old Frankish land in what is now Germany. The western Francia was the land between the Loire and the Seine. Between these divisions lay Lotharingia, part of which still retains the name of Lothringen or Lorraine. It included what is now Belgium. This land had no King of its own, and was the frequent cause of disputes. Thus we see that more than a thousand years ago were sown the seeds of dispute between the Germanic and France over Lotharingia, which extends over to Belgium. All this time in southeastern Gaul the kingdom of Burgundy still went on. Sometimes there was one kingdom and sometimes there were two. In Italy the emperors of the eastern Roman Empire—which still retained its boundaries and was yet to see the height of its power—held the southern part. The northern part of Italy was held by several different kings. Some were crowned emperor, but none gained much power outside of Italy, and some but little real authority within Italy. We have seen how the various nations of modern Europe rose into their first real divisions. And we shall in the next story see how the large nations rose.

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am 20 years old, and not bad looking. But the girls in this town are too afraid to go out with young men, or, at least, they seem to be. I asked one girl of 17, and she said her mother objected. What am I to do? The girl likes me, and I like her very much. Would it be right to get on good terms with her mother and then to ask her?

I have seen other boys' letters answered. I will send the price of the answer if you will answer this. I am honest. I have asked other people for advice. They only laugh at me. LONELY FRED.

LONELY FRED: There's no charge for any service you receive through this column. It is free to every one. It would be unwise to call on this young lady against her mother's wishes. Of course, if you become acquainted with her mother and gain her consent it would be all right. Girls of 17 usually are shy. But you have the right idea. Win her mother's friendship and prove to her that you're the sort of young man she would like to have as a friend of her daughter.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am a girl old enough to know my own mind, but would like your opinion. For some time I've been very fond of a certain lawyer and I think the affection is returned. How can I be sure? He has known me some time, and has been very kind to me, but I'm just a little doubtful whether he is very fond of me, and so, dear Annie Laurie, please tell me what you would do were you in my place. MERRY AND BRIGHT.

MERRY AND BRIGHT: If the young man is serious he will undoubtedly tell you, and it won't be necessary for you to broach the subject. It is much wiser to let the man do the courting. Just wait, my dear.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I know a real nice looking chap, and my best girl friend is crazy to meet him. But when I am with her I never see him, and when I see him I am not with her, and here is where I want your advice. We are school friends; I never would let it be all right to ask him up home some time and ask her to come also? Or if you can think of some other way please tell me. I write away last summer visiting my aunt I met a young man who is

considered wealthy. He paid me much attention while I was there, and after I came home he commenced writing to me. The trouble is he keeps sending me expensive gifts that I do not want to accept, as I have no idea of every marrying him. I have asked him not to, but he keeps right on. What would you advise me to do? I like him as a friend, but that is all, for I think I am far too young to have beaux. My mother is dead. If she were living I could ask her advice. Won't you please advise me. DIMPLES.

DIMPLES: If the person with whom you make your home approves I can see no reason why you couldn't invite these school friends to your home. As for the gifts, write the man, telling him kindly but firmly that you are too young to accept such things. He will understand I am sure. Of course, if he continues, your only course would be to return the next gift.

Annie Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry or subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper, and will reply to them in these columns. Letters to Miss Laurie should be addressed to her, care this office.

MY SOLDIER HUSBAND REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW PHASE OF Why Is Miss Holcombe Startled at What Madge Says?

FOR one long horrified minute of suspense, I thought that a tragedy would halt my rush to the railroad station at Bayview. For from the tonneau of Mr. Stockbridge's machine, where Miss Holcombe and I were seated, it looked as if Mrs. Stockbridge intended to stop her husband's automobile by flinging herself in front of it.

But Kenneth Stockbridge was equal to the situation. With a sudden twist of the steering wheel, he shot past the advancing woman, with only a few inches to spare between her frantic outflung hands and the side of the car. As he did so, he shouted something back at her which sounded like, "Wait for me. I'll be back in a moment," but I couldn't be sure of the words.

There was no mistake, however, about the words that the frenzied woman sang at me as the machine flew past her. I was seated upon the side of the car nearest her, and it was upon me that her eyes were fixed, against me, I quickly realized that her unreasoning frenzy was directed.

"I've caught you, at last, you devil!" she screamed, over and over again, as if determined that I shouldn't miss hearing her. Fortunately there was no one else upon the village street within hearing distance of her voice, and she didn't attempt to run after the machine, which Mr. Stockbridge was now speeding to its utmost limit.

"Tell Her All of the Truth." I did not dare to look at him when we drove up of the station, and I instinctively

felt that he was glad not to be compelled to meet my gaze. I couldn't help, however, hearing a low hurried colloquy between the principal and Miss Holcombe.

"You are going on with her? I think you better," I heard Mr. Stockbridge say in a low voice. "Yes, what shall I say?" "There was a moment's strained silence. Then the principal's voice again, and I think best. I had hoped not to have to explain things, but this unfortunate incident will upset things again. What rotten luck that she should have happened to have been out walking this afternoon of all times!"

"But you will be able to fix it up all right, don't you think?" Miss Holcombe's voice held a hopeful note through its anxiety.

"Oh, I think so, if only because you were with me. What a brick you are, girl!" The exclamation fairly jumped from his lips, as if it were something long repressed, something never meant to be said.

"Never mind that," Miss Holcombe's tone was curt almost to rudeness. "Hurry back now, and do the best you can. I'll take care of Mrs. Graham. Here comes the train now. Good-by." She had taken me by the arm and rushed me across the track to the other side, almost as she finished speaking. And without a word or glance at me, Mr. Stockbridge turned away, climbed into his auto and drove down the street in the direction of the corner where we had met his wife.

In silence, and acquiesced in her choice of a seat far to the rear of the car, where no one could get a seat behind us. There were few persons in the afternoon train, and I saw that we would be able to converse freely without the danger of being overheard.

"Wasn't that Mrs. Stockbridge?" I was in no mood to listen to any explanation of either Mrs. Stockbridge's frenzied actions, or her husband's conduct. On the other hand I guessed that Alice Holcombe would persist in telling me about both in the belief that listening to her would be better for me than brooding over the news concerning Dicky which I had received. And I felt that the courtesy of attention to her story was the least I could do to repay her for her kindness to me.

Therefore I started the conversational ball rolling myself. "Wasn't that Mrs. Stockbridge who dashed out into the road?" I asked in what I tried to make a casual tone, as if the most natural thing in the world to be called at by the wife of one's principal in a public street.

Miss Holcombe looked at me, startled. "Yes," she answered. "Do you know her? I didn't know you had ever seen her." "I never have but once, and that for a few minutes accidentally last fall," I returned. "What is the matter with her?"

"Nothing except the possession of the most diabolical temper and disposition in the known world," Alice Holcombe replied. Her voice fairly dripped contempt and bitterness.