

EVENING CAPITAL NEWS

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“Buy Now.”

“BUY now,” urges the council of national defense. It is excellent advice, designed to prevent a disastrous slump in business and get more easily and quickly through the uneasy reconstruction period and into the boom times which, almost everybody agrees, lies ahead.

Prices will come down, to be sure, all along the line, if everybody holds off buying long enough. But to stop buying as a deliberate policy for the sake of lowering prices is suicidal. Both experience and economic teaching show the fallacy of it. The trouble is that by the time price levels have been lowered markedly by this drastic process people no longer have the money to buy things even at the reduced prices. The same causes that have lowered prices have lowered their earnings and out into their savings.

Except in special and exceptional cases, there is nothing to be gained by waiting, and much to lose. Buy now will stimulate business and industry. It will keep men and women working. It will hold up wages and salaries and dividends.

If it holds prices at what seems an abnormally high level, that is of minor importance—as long as everybody is making money. There was little real complaint about high prices the last couple of years, because people had the money to pay the prices, and after paying them had more left than usual, as present bank deposits and liberty bond holdings attest.

That condition can be continued, if the public—ultimate consumers and manufacturers and merchants, and all other purchasers of either raw or finished materials—will only have the confidence to “buy now.”

Federal Education Program.

IT USED to be said, truly, that the United States government spent more to improve hogs than it did to improve children and devoted more attention to corn than to citizenship. The situation has been changing rapidly in recent years, as the people and the law-makers get a better perspective. A big step forward is contemplated in a bill now before congress intended to centralize federal authority in a new cabinet position and appropriate \$100,000,000 for the purpose of education and Americanization.

The illiteracy in this country is getting to be an old story, thanks to the eye-opening developments of the selective service. The draft revealed 700,000 male citizens between 21 and 31 who were incapable of understanding what they were asked to fight for and unable to read their own military instructions. That disgrace, of course, must be wiped out. Along the failure of foreign-born residents and citizens to absorb American ideas and ideals.

The process will be tedious and will take money. The \$100,000,000 asked of congress would provide the means to start. It would be used in encouraging the state to provide better school facilities, to employ better teachers, and thus to start making real Americans of the ignorant children and foreigners. Along with the purely intellectual work would go a general effort in the way of recreation and health, for which purpose one-fifth of the appropriation is intended. Incidentally some 80 federal bureaus and boards now engaged in various lines of educational work would be coordinated.

It may be said that the states ought to take care of these matters themselves. So they ought, but there is a “condition, not

a theory” confronting the nation. The quickest way is the best. The federal plan looks good, because it will start things moving.

PUTTING IN THE PUNCH.

By PEPS.

IF THIS H. C. of L. doesn't descend pretty soon it will be a case of survival of the fittest.

MAN struck his wife over the head with a chair and pleaded it was an accident as he hadn't intended to break the chair.

HOW to make cider hard. Let it freeze.

EVEN if we do not get the league of nations, we can't say we didn't get anything out of the war. There's prohibition and the flu.

PHYSICIAN says vinegar or lemon applied to the lips will render the kissing germ harmless. Maybe that's the reason we see so many sour-faced girls nowadays.

THE latest thing is the Garden of Eden party, at which the guests have imitation leaves attached to their gowns and the rooms are given a wild woods effect. Imagine the usual reason for declining: “I haven't a thing to wear.”

“BACK to Broadway in Two Parts.” Movie title. When we left there once we felt as though we were in three parts.

SOMEBODY finds that those tight skirts have some utility after all. They make fine umbrella covers.

WE HAVE an idea that everything would be lovelier if President Wilson would light some place long enough to smoke a corn cob pipe or a 6-cent cigar.

Rippling Rhymes

THE OLD LONGING.

By WALT MASON (Copyright 1919)

No odds how mild the winter is, how modestly the blizzards bliz, we long and yearn for spring; we want to see the flowers in bloom, to see the grass enjoy a boom, and hear the blue jays sing. Sometimes you'll see a winter try to emulate the warm July, or spring the curves of June; but it is winter, after all; the vines hang dead upon the wall, we hear no cat-bird's tune. The skies may be all blue and fair, and warm as milk the genial air, but no one's fooled, I wot; the boughs are naked on the trees; where are the blossoms and the bees, the things that hit the spot? Old winter smiles like blooming May, pretending that he's had his day, and that he's shot his bolt; but still we fear and don't believe; we think he's something up his sleeve, we dread another jolt. Until the land is full of wrens, and lambs and calves and setting hens, our fears shall never cease; and we are longing for the day when winter's really gone away, and spring has brought us peace.

CAMELS USE TOBACCO.

Soldiers from the east are telling some curious stories of camels' love for tobacco. Dromedaries and camels are passionately addicted to the weed, and can be made to do almost anything under its influence.

The driver carries a triangular piece of wood, which is pierced at one point like a cigar holder. This is inserted in the beast's mouth, the cigar being then lit and pressed into the hole.

The camel immediately closes its eyes and puffs away through his mouth and nostrils till the cigar is entirely consumed. It seems to thoroughly enjoy the experience. Furthermore, the nicotine appears to exercise a stimulating and refreshing effect upon the animal, so that though ready, to all appearance, to drop from fatigue before its smoke, it will plod on for many more miles after it.

Umson leaned back in his chair at the dinner table, held a cookie between the thumb and first finger of his right hand, and eyed it closely.

Mrs. Umson looked, but did not smile.

Pinching the cake and moving it up and down as if to carefully ascertain its weight, Umson continued his inspection.

By this time, Mrs. Umson was glowering.

“Well,” she said, “I suppose you are going to poke fun at my cooking again.”

“Far from it,” her husband answered.

“Then what in the world are you doing with that cookie?”

“I was testing its resiliency—”

“Its what?”

“And also taking note of its compactness and strength.”

“Isn't that making fun of it?”

“My dear, you have unwittingly made a great discovery.”

“How's that?”

“This thing may not be much of a success as a cake, but it might make a wonderful substitute for a rubber heel.”

WE HAVE WITH US THIS EVENING.

A school inspector noticed that a terrestrial globe in one of the classrooms was very dusty. “Why, there's dust here an inch thick!” he said, drawing his finger across its surface.

“It's thicker than that, sir,” replied the boy at the top of the class.

“What do you mean?” exclaimed the inspector, glaringly.

“Well, you've got your finger on the Sahara desert.”

Last summer little Johnny paid his first visit to a farm. All his life he had lived in the heart of a great city, and when he suddenly came in sight of a haystack he stopped and gazed earnestly at what appeared to him as a new brand of architecture.

“Say, Mr. Smith,” he remarked to the farmer, pointing to the haystack, why don't they have doors and windows in it?”

“Doors and windows!” smiled the farmer. “That ain't a house, Johnny, that's hay.”

“Don't try to josh me, Mr. Smith!” was the scornful rejoinder of the city boy. “Don't you suppose that I know that hay don't grow in lumps like that?”

WHEN LENT BEGINS

By Juanita Hamel



THE revelry of “the world” comes up to an instant in Time and at that instant, STOPS. The “frivolities of the flesh” are cast away and “the realities of the spirit” are taken on. LENT—what a wonderful bouquet of marvellous events are wrapped in this one

word! What miracles of sacrifice—since the first great sacrifice—was enshrined in their multitude in those four letters. HE who adores HER wonders in which guise she's the more LOVELY—yet these are but two phases of the ONE woman he loves.

MY SOLDIER HUSBAND REVELATIONS of A WIFE

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW PHASE OF THE STRANGE NEWS LILLIAN HAD ABOUT DICKY.

YOU mean?” I stammered, a bit dazed by the possibilities Lillian's question opened before my mind. “I mean that Harry must be the man found unconscious and taken to a German prison, the man in the aviator's uniform concerning whom the German airmen sent over news,” Lillian replied quietly. “The reports of Allen Drake and Maj. Grantland agree that Dicky didn't have the outer garments of his aviation garb when he got back to our lines.”

“But that man had several revolver shots in his body,” I protested, still too bewildered by the theory Lillian was advancing to think clearly. “Surely you don't—”

“Think that Dicky first shot Harry and then deserted him?” Lillian retorted ironically. “No, such a thought hasn't crossed my mind.”

“Keep up Your Courage.” “But how did Harry get into Dicky's uniform?” I queried obstinately, for I didn't share Lillian's conviction. It seemed as absurd a thing as my own former fantastic suspicions concerning Harry Underwood.

“That of course is something about which there is no use speculating until Dicky's letters come,” Lillian returned, and I, who know every infection of her voice, realized that she had caught the hint in my voice, and would tell me nothing more until she had concrete facts back of her theories. “You'll let me know as soon as one comes, won't you dear?”

“How's that?” “This thing may not be much of a success as a cake, but it might make a wonderful substitute for a rubber heel.”

“Doors and windows!” smiled the farmer. “That ain't a house, Johnny, that's hay.”

Secrets of Health and Happiness

How to Treat That Spring Distemper Called “Pink Eye”

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University)

THE eyes of lovers may be red, swollen and inflamed, yet those same eyes tell the tales of anger, reconciliation, entreaty, gratitude, love—and a condition often called “pink eye.”

When you meet a man who has such an inflammation of the eyes do not shake hands with him and then rub your eyes. If you do you are likely to “get it.” Use only individual towels. Avoid using a common towel, for it is in such a manner that “pink eye” spreads. This eye inflammation is not spread through the atmosphere as are other diseases.

Consult Your Doctor. One of the remedies for “pink eye” is a solution for bathing the eyes, but the proper thing to do is to consult a physician. The eyes are not to be trifled with.

Some persons have been inclined to think that this inflammation of the eye follows influenza. It does not. But there is a form of eye trouble which does follow influenza, and which is sometimes dangerous. That is the eye ulcer. Only an expert oculist can be certain when ordinarily inflamed eyes have none of these dangerous eyes.

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WISE WORDS of WISE MEN

At last all things come to be known. He puts up with small annoyances to gain great results.—Latin Proverb. What is another's always pines for its master.—Spanish Proverb. All that is ancient is beautiful.—M. Greek. Applause is the root of abuse.—Japanese Proverb. Assertion is no proof.—German Proverb. A good archer is not known by his arrow but his aim. One may live in a house without being an architect.—Goethe. Architecture is frozen music.—Mrs. De Staël. Argument makes three enemies to one.

In the Evening Is the Best Time to Read

Kansas City, Mo.—Spring weather, wild drivers, is the police deduction. A busy Sunday netted more than 40 speeders and traffic violators.

Rutland, Vt.—Sweet essence of spring. A flask belonging to Post-