

EVENING CAPITAL NEWS

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Debt Must Be Paid. How?

THERE are two ways in which America can pay its war debts. One way is by taxation. The government merely determines what amount is needed and taxes each citizen accordingly. It is collected automatically. There are no thrills in paying taxes. And money spent in taxes is gone forever.

The other way is by inducing the people to subscribe to bond issues.

By this method the government merely borrows the money from the people on the best security in the world, and pays a mighty attractive rate of interest.

Right now the people of this country are being permitted to decide whether they prefer to pay taxes or subscribe to the Victory Liberty Loan.

Paying taxes will be a matter of dull business routine. The government will establish a fixed tax on certain articles and every time you purchase one of these articles you will pay the arbitrary tax.

Subscribing to a Victory Liberty bond will be vastly different. It will be a splendid and final opportunity to show your allegiance to your country. It will give you a share in the glory that has been earned by our men in service. And, every dollar you lend will be returned, plus interest.

It doesn't matter much, in the end, whether you subscribe out of patriotic or mercenary motives.

The main thing is that you either will subscribe to the Victory loan or the government will raise the money by taxation.

You will pay for a Victory bond whether you buy one or not.

Capital for the Future.

THE importance of having a little capital saved up for use within the next year or two should not be overlooked by the ambitious individual.

Once peace is really consummated, business and financial affairs will swing back to normal very rapidly, but not to stay—they will pass normal on an unprecedented upward flight directly the world realizes that the uncertainties and expenses of war are actually past.

It will take a little time for this realization to crystallize into action, but when it does there will be a resumption in full of all normal industries abandoned or checked. New ventures will be started. A thousand avenues of opportunity will open on every hand to the man provided with capital, though it be but a small amount. His difficulty will be in choosing among opportunities, not in finding them.

The individual who has no such fund provided will do well to start one at once.

It may take courage and foresight and self-denial to arrange the finances with regard to providing capital for use when the time comes, but the time IS coming, and "he who sees the future sure the baffling present can endure."

Our Greatest Cemetery.

THE greatest of American national cemeteries is being established in France, north of Verdun, about midway between St. Mihiel and the Argonne forest, the two places where the American army won its most famous victories. The population of that hero-city is being assembled. There will be 25,000 men, nearly half of all our war-dead, and more than half of those killed in battle.

Our greatest cemetery in this country is Arlington, outside of the national capital, where there are 20,000 men buried, nearly all Civil war veterans. Vicksburg and Nashville come next, with 16,000 each. The Gettysburg burial ground, marking the

greatest of our Civil war battles, has less than 4000.

The original intention was to bring back home the bodies of all the Americans who fell in France. The plan has been changed because the task would be difficult, and because it seems more fit and proper to let them lie where they fell, in the soil they died to defend. Theodore Roosevelt preferred this for his son, and most of the bereaved families seem to prefer it.

The cemetery will be an everlasting reminder to France and a bond between the two nations. It will be a place of pious pilgrimage for millions of Americans. The name is difficult. "Romagne-sous-Mont-faucon" they call it, and about the nearest an American can get to its pronunciation is "Ro-man-soo-mong-fo-song." But inasmuch as it will be a bit of America in France, perhaps they will give it an American name.

PUTTING IN THE PUNCH.

By PEPS.



THE most innocent-looking woman we know is the one who hasn't paid her friend's street car fare and isn't going to.

PRESENTING Peps today in an entirely new pose. This is what is called a line (not lyn) drawing, showing the writer in the act of trying to make ends meet.

PEPS. WINNIE BLACK and Doc. Hirschberg will have to hasten with a new mugograph.

CULLINGS FROM THE BOISE BUGLE

There is a sign in this burg which reads: "Maternity Hospital; No Children Allowed."

A burglar broke into the home of the editor the other night and escaped with his life, but the editor got his watch.

Our proofreader was out to a Dutchess lunch the other night and the next day let it go through "Erisco Flees" instead of "Erisco Follies."

Luke Lambert says this town isn't so slow at that. When he got home the other night the hose was curled up on the front porch and Luke, in alarm, nearly wore a club out on it.

Sam Tibbitts has discovered a substitute for gasoline. It is a mule.

The local agricultural expert says you can't always tell whether they're crickets or folks winding up Ingersolls.

SCIENCE says prunes are nutritious. Science is scooped. There are a lot of things about prunes we could tell it.

ONE of the worst things, though, about prunes is the water girl who lets her hair stutter all over.

EVERYTHING is equalized in this world, declares one philosopher. Guess he's right. Poor man gets his ice in the winter for nothing.

ALSO the rich man, with his twin-six has nothing on the poor man with his six twins.

EVER notice how nice an auto will run until you take out the fellow you want to sell it to?

IN THE spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—instalment plan furniture.

COOTS IN THE CHURCHES.

(New York World)

The offering of many New York church buildings as shelters for families rendered homeless by evictions marks such a crisis in living circumstances as this city has known never before.

While the increase in rentals is general through the city, its effects naturally fall with greatest weight upon the hirers of the most modest flats—the very kind in which present supply is furthest from the number in demand. That the increase involves an ugly measure of profiteering there is ample reason to believe. And the finding out of the unjust landlords, with a subsequent application of whatever legal means may serve to relieve the situation, is a matter both vitally important and exceedingly difficult.

Besides the church, there is the army coming to the rescue with cots and, if they shall be needed, with shelter tents. Such co-operation in relief work will be welcome in the final emergency. But its results can be, of course, purely transient.

RIPPLING RHYMES.

HATING AND WORKING.

By WALT MASON. Copyrighted.

Since you ask me, I'll admit it, that I hate the horrid Hun; I suppose I'll never quit it, till my earthly course is run. But there are some tasks awaiting which demand my earnest care, so I try to do my hating when I have an hour to spare. When I've hoed by growing taters, and the twilight hour is come, then I join the village haters, hating till I'm out of plumb. One must strive to earn his wages ere he feels away his time; to indulge in misfit rages always strikes me as a crime. There's a time to talk of traitors, of the king who lost his crown, so I join the village haters when the fat old sun goes down. Then I've done my daily labors, I have earned three honest bones; I can gossip with my neighbors, talk in loud triumphant tones. All the day I'm busy crating patent churns and things like those, and I leave the stunt of hating till the evening whistle blows. Then you'll see me stand orating loudly by the village dump, telling how I will be hating Huns till Gabriel blows his trump.

A Sheffield (England) firm has converted its war airplane factory into a plant for the manufacture of small scale model locomotives and steam engines, which were formerly imported into Great Britain from Germany to the extent of over \$4,000,000 annually.

CLARA MORRIS Writes About TODAY

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SUFFICIENT unto the day is the evil thereof." See the hands go up! The eyes have it. Now try this:

"Sufficient unto the day is the happiness thereof." See, a few hands rise—a very few—more start, wabble and finally make it—but the rest? Ah, you note the noes are IT this time.

If I hold a brief for "Today," I confess it is self-authorized. If this seems to place me in the Meddlesome Mattie class, let me say I am actuated, not by officious intrusiveness, but by honest love of my kind. For when girl or woman lets daily happiness escape her—just as sand might slip between her clutching little fingers—the prickle of tears is beneath my eyelids, and the hard ache of tears is in my throat.

Life seems to be divided into three parts—today, tomorrow and yesterdays. And through the most precious, the most important part of life, we pass with eyes and thoughts fixed upon the future, with unconscious ingratitude ignoring the joy of today. Then when that wonderful future becomes today—still in the semi-somnambulist state, we each day undervalue the happiness thereof, and live in the past.

Spoiled, petulant, wayward, our women used to be called the "wasteful Americans," but frugality has become the watchword of American homes, and the pride of thrift has taken the place of pride of reckless expenditure. Perhaps this wonderful change may not be confined wholly to material things. Maybe they are more thoughtful than of old, more self-reliant. And with clearer vision they may realize the tragic waste of human happiness in so ignoring the joys of today.

Thought for the future is of course natural and desirable, in a reasonable degree. Appreciation of today does not demand a bovine, stilled or contentment either. Without the divine discontent of youth, the world would come to a standstill.

The Shadow of "Common"

Even the obligatory service we call duty—a word from which some of us shy, as readily as a horse shies from a moving, blowy paper on the highroad—need not cause us to pass, mole-eyed (oh, yes, they have them, little embryonic, rudimentary affairs) and unseeing, beneath the

tremulous glory of the bow He set in the sky, or to heedless of a husband's lover-like gift of violets, or to undervalue the exquisite happiness of those night visits to sleeping babies, whose appealing, helpless loveliness turns the heart to water from very tenderness. Happiness, mark—in days to come one's very soul may yearn for these common joys of today. Oh, that word "common"—it stands throwing its shadow over all the joys of today!

There are so many of us who, in the past, at least, he confused happiness with pleasure, who counted something new, unusual, an agreeable emotion, some gratification, mental or physical, as happiness, without noticing, till too late, how transient these things were. Happiness can maintain itself with little help from novelty.

Just the other day a girl, clever woman friend was dreadfully put out because business was taking her husband to South America and she could not go with him because of the children and her old people.

The Greatest Is Today

"I'd like to know when I am to begin to live!" she fumed. Let me once get these dragging children to the point of taking care of themselves and I shall have a little enjoyment and real life."

My heart went cold in my breast. More than a decade before I had heard another use almost those self-same words, and today he tear-drenched eyes gaze into vacancy, while she recalls those days when she was the providence of her little household, when every face turned to her, as flowers turn to the sun.

"No," she says, "I don't see much of the children; they live their own lives now. Ah, with me it used to be the future, the future and now—now I live in the past."

And yet, sufficient for the day had been the happiness thereof—did some one say "crank"? Well, had little boys said "bald-head," too to one of greatness and power, and if the women I love will live a little more in today, will let me see a rise in their estimate of today's worth, its beauty, its gifts, they may lift up their gay voices and call me my old name, that may come handy. Because, honestly—cross my heart—sufficient to the day is the happiness thereof.

Today, tomorrow, yesterday, and the greatest of these is today.

KITCHEN ECONOMIES

By ISOBEL BRANDS Of the Applesoft Experiment Station

Six Delicious Ways to Make Seasonable Soups.

COLD soups made with fresh fruits are a pleasant change and always welcome even on soggy spring days when no other food seems to attract. A cupful of chilled soup with a cracker, or even a hot soup of refreshing vegetable juices is satisfying, and will tempt the appetite when nothing else will.

Leek Soup. 2 quarts of boiling water. 2 cupfuls of leeks finely cut. 4 cupfuls of diced potatoes. 2 tablespoonfuls of shortening. 1/2 cupful of flour. 2 teaspoonfuls of salt. 1/2 teaspoonful of pepper. 1 quart of milk.

Wash the leeks and cut off the roots. Cut the white part in thin slices. Pare the potatoes and cut in dice. Put them in a bowl of cold water to keep from becoming discolored. Put the shortening, leeks and onion in the soup pot and on the fire. Cook slowly 20 minutes, stirring frequently. Then add the hot water, potatoes and seasoning and cook half an hour longer. Add very hot and put a tablespoonful of diced bread in each plate.

Vegetable Soup. 2 quarts of water. 1 quart of shredded cabbage. 1 pint of sliced potato. 1/2 pint of minced carrot. 1/2 pint of minced turnip. 1/2 pint of minced onion. 2 tomatoes. 1 tablespoonful of minced celery. 2 tablespoonfuls of green pepper. 2 tablespoonfuls of shortening. 1/2 teaspoonful of salt. 1/2 teaspoonful of pepper. 1 leek.

Have the water boiling hard in a steppan and add all the vegetables except the potatoes and tomatoes. Boil rapidly for 15 minutes, then draw back where it will boil gently for one hour. At the end of this time add the other ingredients and cook one hour longer. Have the cover partially off the steppan during the en-

tire cooking. This soup may be varied by using different kinds of vegetables.

Cream of Tomato Soup. 1 can of tomatoes. 1/2 teaspoonful of soda. 1/2 cupful of shortening. 1/2 cupful of flour. 2 teaspoonfuls of salt. 1/2 teaspoonful of pepper. 1 quart of milk.

Cover and stew the tomatoes slowly for one-half hour. Rub through a strainer and add the soda while hot; make a white sauce of the flour and shortening rubbed together and cooked with the milk in a double boiler. Add the strained tomatoes and seasoning.

Puree of Celeries. 1 quart of celeries. 2 tablespoonfuls of shortening. 1 tablespoonful of flour. 1 teaspoonful of salt. 1/2 cupful of stock or cream.

Pare the celeries roots, cut in thin slices and put into cold water. Drain from this water and drop into boiling water and boil 20 minutes. Drain, rinse in cold water, then press through a puree sieve. Put the shortening in a saucepan on the fire. When hot add the flour and stir until smooth and frothy. Then add the strained celeries and cook five minutes, stirring frequently. Add the salt, pepper, stock or cream, and cook five minutes longer. If the puree seems dry, add more cream. Serve very hot.

Lemon Soup. Make a strong hot lemonade, thicken it slightly with cornstarch or arrowroot and serve cold with a bit of preserved ginger or a cherry in each glass. Pineapple and currant and red raspberry soups are made in the same way.

Peach Puree. This can be made by adding a little lemon juice, bitter almond and thickening to fresh or canned peaches, and straining through a sieve. Served cold this makes a refreshing soup.

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I would like to know if you are interested in the affairs of girls of about the age of sixteen. If so, I would like you to tell me if it is proper for girls of that age to dance at public affairs with boys. If three or four girls happen to be out walking is it proper if a few boys should ask to accompany them? Should they accept their company? And if more than one girl means, are too young to accept their company, what would you tell them? Is it right for girls of this age to go to a party alone with a boy and come back with him about 10:30 or 11 o'clock if their parents don't object?

Now, dear Annie Laurie, I know my letter is a little long, but if you don't mind, I'll think you are not interested in girls of my age.

POWDER PUFF.

Interested in the affairs of girls of your age—and of all ages, I want you to believe that I love you, and that your little troubles are never too trivial for me to think about and try to help mend.

Really, my dear girl, I think you're too young to go about at night alone—or even in the daytime with boys. Do your parents approve of it? I don't know just what you mean by public dances, as that might mean anything, but it is safer not to go to parties which are not by invitation. Parties which take you out at night might be better reserved for your company, what is always plenty of time to go to parties, you know, and so little time to be little girls. And once we get past being little girls we'd give almost anything to be back there again. As for the elder girls if I am not right about this.

Horseshoeing is a very ancient practice, and William the Conqueror introduced horsehoes into England. Stirrups were, however, unknown to the ancients, who had posts erected on their roads to enable horsemen to mount.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

What Science Has to Say About Good and Bad Eggs

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University)

THE way to tell a bad egg is not exactly the way you tell poor oysters or poisonous mushrooms. In the case of the egg usually "your nose knows." Just to be sure, however, when an egg is bad and when it is not makes Zeno's problems and the riddle of the Sphinx as easy as Hamlet's "to be or not to be."

Eggs good, bad and indifferent appear differently before a candle. To grade them, however, by sight, smell and taste requires more skill, and is commonly more accurate.

The United States Department of Agriculture has found that nearly one in every eleven eggs contain bacteria which may spoil the egg if it is kept less than ice cold or otherwise preserved.

Eggs with cracked shells are apt to turn bad very much sooner and twice as often.

The shells of eggs ought to be kept clean. The number of spotted eggs increases when the shells are dirty.

Somehow, certain ultra-small germs insinuate themselves into the pores of the egg shells and thus contaminate the eggs.

The number of eggs invaded by bacteria is less in eggs with clean, cracked shells than in those with uncracked shells that are dirty.

The white of a strictly fresh egg is stiff and the yolk stands up firmly. As the egg ages the white becomes thinner and thinner, the yolk flattens, and its membrane becomes weaker.

When a stale egg is opened its membrane often breaks, and when an egg of this nature is dropped in a pan or on a plate the yolk flows into the white. Such a weak egg is "strong" if the information of your olfactory perceptions is correct.

If the yolk, however, seeps almost all through the white, discretion is the better part of valor; for such an egg ought not to be eaten in any form.

When placed before a light, a "really and truly" fresh egg has the yolk placed slightly above the center and running with the length of the egg. It is not clear in outline and moves sluggishly as the egg is turned.

As an egg becomes antiquated the yolk becomes more opaque, and may settle to the lowest part of the shell

Answers to Health Questions

G. M. A. Q.—Kindly advise me how to reduce my weight.

A—You must not get more than eight hours' sleep out of the 24. You must keep the intestines open and active, and get daily outdoor exercise. You should reduce the amount of sugars, starches and oils which are taken into the body. Food laxatives, such as uncooked bran and green vegetables, help in the reducing process. Drink lots of water between times, but do not drink any with your meals. Do not eat any bread, except gluten, and it is better to have this toasted.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and scientific subjects that are of general interest. He cannot undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject was not of general interest, letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address ALL INQUIRIES to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, in care of this office.

My HEART and My HUSBAND Revelations of a Wife

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of

What Madge Did to Keep Dicky from Spoiling the Party.

ALICE HOLCOMBE sprang to her feet, switched out of sight the tell-tale pieces of embroidered crepe before opening the door. To my horror, Dicky stood there.

"I wanted to know," he began, then he caught sight of me standing before the mirror attired in Mrs. Stockbridge's fearful pink gown.

"What then," he began, striding inside. I saw Alice Holcombe noiselessly lock the door again, for which I was most grateful. I did not care for any more of an audience than was necessary while I explained matters to Dicky.

"Will you kindly tell me what this means?" he asked. "You give out your headache, and I've been worrying about you, came up, in fact, to ask if I shouldn't go and get you something, and here I find you tricked out in this awful thing. What's the idea, costume party of the Bohemian taste in art, or what?"

"Do hush, Dicky!" I begged, smiling involuntarily at his characteristic expression, a smile which I saw reflected on Alice Holcombe's face. "I did have a headache—I might as well be pre-variocating asleep as a lamb, I said to myself—but when we came up here we found that my dress had been hung against some calamine, and was spoiled for tonight, so Mrs. Stockbridge kindly offered me one of hers. We're trying to fix it."

I felt a little sense of shame, not so much at deceiving Dicky for a few hours, but at the necessity for so doing. But, alas, I knew his temper. If he should guess that Milly Stockbridge had purposely spoiled my gown there would be an explosion, and I was sure that he would insist upon leaving the house at once. I simply did not dare to tell him, but my face flushed at the quickly hidden look of grave inquiry I saw in Alice Holcombe's eyes.

"And you mean to tell me," Dicky thundered, "that you're planning to wear that—that—"

He fairly stammered in his excitement. "I'll have to, dear. I would far rather wear the skirt to my suit and a blouse."

"I should hope so!" interjected Dicky. "But Mrs. Stockbridge has been so kind about this that I couldn't hurt her feelings."

"Fiddlesticks! Now I can just tell you one thing, you're not coming downstairs in any such looking object tonight. Let's see, what time is it?"—he pulled out his watch. "It's—yes I can make it. Look here," he faced me beligerently, "I'm there an evening gown of yours at home you could get into!"

"Why, yes," I said reluctantly, "there's that blue chiffon—"

"Of pre-war vintage," Dicky smiled. "Well, it can't be helped, it's better than this thing anyway. Now I'll get a taxi and dash over there and get it, and be back here in time for you to put it on if you'll be all ready to get into it the minute I come."

"Oh, the white—"

"All right," I agreed promptly, "if you'll promise one thing, not to hint to the Stockbridges what you're going for. I don't want to upset Mrs. Stockbridge."

"I'll fix that," Dicky promised lightly, and the next moment Alice Holcombe was closing the door after his retreating figure.

"Well!" she said admiringly, "Your husband is an energetic person, isn't he?"

"Very well, then, let's hurry. Keep on that way, so if Milly comes up she won't suspect anything. Luckily there need be no trying on to the other."

We worked with such expedition that long before Dicky returned the white gown hung in the closet with no trace to any eyes but those sharp and experienced as our own that it had been altered. The soiled panel was tucked in the depths of my opera bag with every tell-tale scrap and thread of our sewing. And once more divested of the atrocious pink gown I made a careful toilet for the evening, putting on the white pumps and slippers hose which Milly Dicky arrived just as I had finished, and with an exclaim that I was dressing, Alice Holcombe met him outside the door and took from him the blue gown. But it was the white one into which she assisted me as soon as the door was closed, and when she had finished she held me off at arms' length and looked at me.

"I suppose you know you're the prettiest thing going in that gown!" she said. "Thank you. As my Katie would say, 'you're some shikus yourself!'"

She colored. She was a picture of high bred daintiness in her gown of silver crepe.

"After 25 our one aim is to avoid the whisper, 'Which old tramp is that?'" she retorted bitterly. "Now for Milly."

"Before I could answer we heard Mrs. Stockbridge's voice outside.

"Are you nearly ready, girls?" she called.

Miss Holcombe threw the door open. "All ready," she said. "Come in and see the pleasant surprise we have for you."