

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, LTD. RICHARD STORY SHERIDAN, General Manager. GUY FLENNER, Managing Editor.

The Right Spirit

WITH more than 98 per cent of Boise property owners voting on the question recording themselves in favor of the issuance of \$135,000 bonds to provide a suitable setting for the capitol building, there is opportunity to emphasize the fact that 'the old Boise spirit' is back on the job.

There is no special significance because of the amount of money involved, which is comparatively small, or, for that matter, because of the immediate objective, but the gratifying thing is that there is disclosed a united Boise!

We wonder if our citizens really understand what that means—the people acting as one, for if the election had not been confined to property owners the result would have been the same. The spirit is here among all classes—the upbuilding spirit.

With such a sentiment there is no goal within reason that this city cannot reach, and that statement applies with equal force to the surrounding territory and to all Idaho. The identical spirit of progress pervades all sections—and it spells "a greater Idaho" in reality as well as on the banners.

It is the right spirit, the winning spirit. Co-operation, united action, avoidance of petty differences over non-essentials, submergence of every disturbing element that would create dissension and tear down—with these conditions what may not be accomplished?

Clemenceau Will Rest.

WHEN the peace conference is over, Clemenceau says it is his purpose to retire from active political life and write a book. For 50 years he has given all his powers to the service of his country, and he feels that he needs and has earned a right to rest a little and do what he likes.

Undoubtedly he has earned a rest, but no one who is familiar with his history but will feel a sense of loss if he retires from public activity. His courage and wisdom and his abounding sense of humor make him a figure in a million.

"Perhaps no one will read the book," he says, in his quaint, modest way, "but it is a book that I shall be glad to have written.

He need have no fear that the book will lack readers. It will be a joy unquestionable to read such history as he has been making, with his pungent comments; and though France and the world may lose in one way by his retirement from public life, they will gain in another; for no man is better fitted to write living history than Clemenceau.

Good Seed.

NO FARMER should buy or plant seed which is not labeled fully as to percentage of pure seed in the package, the percentage of germination and the date on which the last germination test was made.

Nearly all the big seed houses have now the facilities for testing seed and are in a position to furnish the farmer the information he needs as to its quality and the prospects of good results for his labors. The wise farmer will insist on this information or refuse the seed. So, too, will the wise gardener.

In the hope of checking the trafficked in poor seed the department of agriculture called the big dealers together and practically all of them agreed to test and label. For a while they kept their promise, but lately reports of unsatisfactory stocks are coming in to the department, and investigation has proved that the agreement is often ignored.

PUTTING IN THE PUNCH.

By PEPS. "GERMAN Tombstone Makers Happy."—Headline. Thasso, all right. Many of them are doughboys. A LIST of the 41 who voted against the bonds would include, we assume, all the enemies Boise has at home.

PEPS. CORSETS are taxed as luxuries. In many cases they could hardly be regarded as comforts.

SOME day the peace conference will adjourn, whereupon a bunch of live news will hop onto the front pages.

"POPULARITY has not turned Charlie Chaplin's head," we read. Nope, his feet.

FATHER is never forgotten on Mother's day. Ask any florist.

HIGH cost of living is closely related to poor roads, we are informed. Quite a difference, we should say. The H. C. of L. is kept up.

SPEAKING of good roads, did you ever bump over the corduroy paving on the other side of the Eighth street bridge?

A SIGN of wealth—buying apples by the box.

AT THAT, red is popular with American women. Millinery, not military.

PERHAPS the word "knockers" will be changed to "forty-oners" in Boise.

ONE FLAG

(Leading article in the May Issue of the Union Labor Advocate, Chicago.)

Organized effort that has been carried on by the patriotic workmen of this country to overthrow the bolshevik and the I. W. W. element is one of the promising signs that American labor is becoming aroused to the menace of the Red propaganda.

At this time, when there is so much unrest and bolshevik disturbance going on in various parts of the world, we cannot refrain from emphasizing the fact that as real, true Americans we should do everything we can to uphold the one flag that stands for righteousness and liberty in the world. We have room for but one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the red flag, which symbolizes all wars against liberty and civilization, just as much as it excludes any foreign flag of a nation to which we are hostile. We have room for but one language here, and that is the English language, for we intend to see that the crucible turns our people out as Americans of American nationality.

In a country with universal man suffrage, and soon to have universal woman suffrage, there can be no justification for revolutionary agitation, and those who indulge in it are prompted by ignorance or malevolence.

There should be a real partnership between labor and capital.

Great armies of industry and reconstruction, building and operating railroads, harnessing rivers, and sending American products into every corner of the world, are little different in organization from the mighty army raised by the United States to fight on fields of France. The highest efficiency is necessary to both.

The energy of war is being put into the pursuits of peace. The country is fundamentally on a sound basis. There is a big demand for everything that we can manufacture and produce. There is ahead of us large business prosperity. We may hasten or retard its progress, depending upon our attitude. If we avail ourselves of the opportunities offered we will succeed. We must be resolute, fair minded, and confident. We must apply the spirit of cooperation whenever practicable. We must have faith in ourselves, in each other, and in our country.

National hates and prejudices, like all other hates and prejudices, are a menace to democracy. The world will not be safe for democracy until the people everywhere are free to be happy and useful and noble. The bonds that will safeguard democracy are the bonds of human sympathy and brotherhood.

This sort of thing is the cure for bolshevism, an argument which gets the better of all I. W. W. agitators.

After all, the matter of getting along in this world with each other is very nearly solved after we know each other's difficulties and how to help eradicate them. J. Ogden Armour expresses it this way: "The greatest need we face today is that of understanding. We have had too much talk about 'masses' and 'classes' and too little recognition of the truth that in the main all men are very much alike; that they are actuated pretty much alike by the desire to live and to get the joys that life should be made to provide. Mother Nature makes no two things exactly alike, and yet she sees it that the man with the hoe is little different from the man of wealth. If we but had a better appreciation of the other fellow's problems it would make for greater content and greater progress."

RIPLING RHYMES.

KEEP OFF. By WALT MASON.

When Gentle Annie beams and smiles, I'd like to roam the forest aisles, far from the madding crowd, but when I'd try that scheme of mine, I find the omnipresent sign, "No Trespassing Allowed." It means ten dollars or ten days to wander in the woodland maze, and hear woodpeckers sing; they've fenced in every glade and glen, and there's no place for weary men to breathe free air, by jing. Sometimes, with other easy marks, I journey to the public parks, to make the slow hours pass; to rest upon the sward I yearn, but there's a sign at every turn, which says, "Keep Off the Grass." I used to fish when I was young, through meadow, cove and dell I swung, and no one called me down; the woods and all the streams were mine, all day I fished with hook and line, and then went back to town. But now if I go forth with bait, I meet some dour, forbidding skate, who cries, "No fishing here;" and if I laugh his rede to scorn, I'm soaked ten dollars in the morn, which makes my fishing dear. Jehovah gave us verdant hills and signing woods and babbling rills, and ponds as clear as glass; but man has fenced things in, we see, and nailed to every post and tree, his sign, "Keep Off the Grass."

Unheralded Heroes of the War

By MARK ANDREWS. How Prio. Aaronson Rescued Eight Wounded Comrades and Then Captured a Machine-Gun Single Handed.

THERE is always an added touch given to heroism when it is found in an act entailing risk of life in aid or defense of some one else. It is the element of unselfishness probably that gives the extra flavor. It was just such heroism that brought the award of the distinguished service cross to Priv. Julius Aaronson, company G, 128th Infantry, of New York city.

In a hot action between the German and American forces near Arment, France, on Oct. 7, just a month before the signing of the armistice, Aaronson's company was suddenly fired upon by enemy machine guns during an advance. The Hun's nest was cleverly concealed, and the hail of bullets which swept the ranks of the oncoming Yankees was entirely unlooked for.

A number of men had dropped dead at the first fire, and many more, seriously wounded, lay on the ground as the sweep of the machine guns continued. By some sort of luck, however, Aaronson found himself weathering the storm. Then came the command to seek shelter, and when it reached the ears of the New York boy it was just as he had stumbled upon a party of eight wounded comrades who had been shot down only a few steps ahead of him.

Aaronson heard the command, take cover, but he heard another command, too. This came from within and it was stronger to him than the orders of his officers, and Aaronson decided to obey it. He stopped short, gathered the wounded men together and unslung his first-aid kit knelt down amid the bullets and began to bind up the wounds of his buddies.

Finally when he had bound up the wounds of the last man, he immediately started in on the second part of his plan. He picked up the most seriously wounded of the men, got him on his back and carried him to the nearest shell hole, then he returned and took a second to the shell, then a third, and so on until he had carried all to the

shelter, and there he stayed with his patients until the sun had been carried sufficiently far west to allow him to get them to a receiving station in the rear. Later on the same day, Aaronson, having become separated from his company, and wounded by a bullet which



He Found Shelter for Them.

pierced his helmet, advanced alone on a machine-gun nest over an open field and captured two of the crew, whom he pressed into service as stretcher bearers carrying American wounded behind the lines.

For this last act of courage Aaronson was awarded the bar to be worn with his distinguished service cross.

My HEART and My HUSBAND

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

How Mrs. Stockbridge Accepted the Situation.

MRS. STOCKBRIDGE'S mouth flew open in uncontrollable amazement as she looked past Miss Holcombe to me.

"Why—why?" she stammered. "You're surely not going to wear that spoiled dress!"

"Who said anything about a spoiled dress?" demanded Miss Holcombe. "Please revolve for the lady, Mrs. Graham."

I turned slowly around, giving my hostess a complete view of the refurbished gown.

"If you were sure that stuff wouldn't come off," she blurted, and then stopped short, flushing hotly at her inadvertent admission.

"It didn't," Miss Holcombe retorted dryly.

"Then how?" she choked a bit on the question. I saw that she was raging with baffled malice, and wondered whether Alice Holcombe was going to tease her in the doing.

I think the same thought came to my friend, for she dropped her drawing, provocative tone, spoke briefly and to the point.

Real Self-Control. "Why, you see, Mrs. Graham happened to have a pair of the goods in her opera bag, but it wasn't until after she had tried on your dress—indeed had started to fix it—that we happened to discover the fact that only one panel of the lining of her bodice was touched by the calcimine. It is a really tiny task at all to replace it with the new goods. Don't you think we did a good job?"

"I believe there were many emotions battling for utterance in Mrs. Stockbridge's soul of which the strongest was probably regret that she had not done a more complete job in the lining of my gown. But to the credit of the calcimine, which rumor attributed to her recent sanatorium sojourn, she crushed them all down, forced her lips to a smile and her voice to courtesy, although both smile and voice were decidedly acid.

"Indeed, you have succeeded admirably," she said, then with a touch of stiffness: Did you get very far with the alteration of my gown, before you found out Mrs. Graham's could be fixed?"

"Nothing that cannot be put back easily," Alice Holcombe replied. "Simply a couple of buttons and cuffs are over tomorrow and put them back."

"You needn't trouble," Mrs. Stockbridge retorted quickly, then stiffly to me: "Shall we go downstairs now?"

The voice of the maid, Christine, interrupted.

"If you please, ma'am, these just came. Mr. Graham says they're with his compliments."

A Happy Transition. She was laden with three florists' boxes. In her surprise Mrs. Stockbridge stepped backward and I signalled to the girl to lay her burden upon the bed. I knew that Dicky had intended providing flowers for his hostess, Miss Holcombe and myself, but in the excitement over my gown and completely forgotten them. Miss Holcombe promptly seized the opportunity to obliterate the incident of the gown.

"Three, count 'em, three!" she exclaimed. "By the by, my thumbs I feel one must be for me. But what have I done to deserve it?"

"Yet unworthy as you are," I mocked, "one is certainly for you. Come, let's open them."

replied. "The rest are for our later pleasure." "I never yet sat through a dinner without some accident happening to my flowers. Now I shan't care. I can just replace them after dinner for the evening reception."

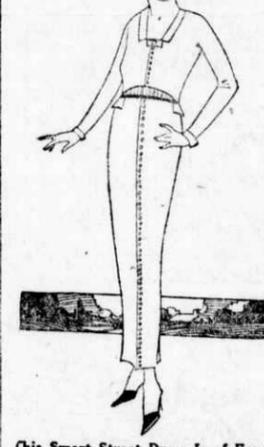
We selected the blossoms we wished, and adjusted them. As we did so, the bell rang.

"Oh, I ought to be downstairs this minute," Mrs. Stockbridge said nervously. "That must be the Prices. Miss Dean came in ten minutes ago."

We followed her down the stairs and into the living-room, where Mr. Stockbridge came forward to greet us. Dicky was also in the room, but it was fully half a minute before he saw us, so engrossed was he in his conversation with Miss Dean.

Today's Fashion

By MME. FRANCES



This Smart Street Dress Is of French Gray Tricotine.

SEVERITY of line distinguishes this smart street dress of French gray tricotine. The waist would be called a basque, were it not for the ellipse which is cut out to show a little vest of white organdie, finely tucked. The smallest of collars and cuffs are made of white organdie laid double.

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WINIFRED BLACK

WRITES ABOUT A Homesick Club. Copyright, 1919, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.



WELL, Telephone Tim, who are you anyway? A disembodied spirit, or what?

Every once in a while when things are stupid, or I am blue, and the world seems rather a dreary old place, here comes a letter from you, and all at once the sun shines and the birds sing and all the little green shoots in the garden begin to grow—and pretend that spring is really here—at last. I do wonder what you look like and who you can be.

You write an awfully nice letter—no one could read one of them and not help liking you—but how do you get so much time and energy to spend on a perfect stranger?

Don't you ever show your real heart to the people you really know—at all?

Somehow I have a notion that the people who live in the house with you don't know you at all.

Worst Sort of Sickness

And there you are a real man with a real heart and a real soul, just dying to talk to somebody about the way the wind used to sound in the telephone wires when you were young and had a head full of dreams and a heart full of hope.

Homesick—well, you certainly know something about that. It's just about the worst kind of sickness there is, isn't it?

And it doesn't make a bit of difference where you are or where you came from or how much better off you seem to be at the present minute than you were back in the place your heart aches for—does it?

I've sat in the smartest cafe in Paris with the place ablaze with lights, and crowded with gay uniforms from every corner of the globe and have been homesick for a little old chrysolite back home—just because a girl with a painted face and dyed hair sang something with a refrain that sounded like "Seeing Nellie Home."

The lights went out, the uniforms faded and there I was, back again in the little home town with youth in my heart and the fragrance of the lilacs drifting in at the window and every pulse in my body keeping time to the queer little old-fashioned song.

Homesick—I've gone back to the old town and been homesick, too. I've sat in a stiff chair in a stiff little parlor and been so homesick for flowers and music, and bright lights and laughter, that I had all I could do not to pack my trunk and fly back to the big town that's the core of my heart's delight.

Invite the Homesick

You're homesick, too, Telephone Tim, don't deny it. What are you homesick for—a home, or just people, or a wide sweep of the western sky, or the clean, prim, beauty of the New England hills?

Homesick—there's a little stretch of meadowland I know, that's blue with fragrant violets this very minute and yellow with cowslips and golden with buttercups, and there's a little wobbly-kneed calf leaning over the fence, big-eyed and wistful, and somewhere in the fields the meadowlark is singing. Oh, heart of mine, to be there again with one I loved so dear, so dear—just for one happy moment!

Never mind, Telephone Tim, I guess we all get homesick once in a while, and your letter gave me a chance to cry a little—and now I feel better.

How Science Cures the Itch or Scabies by Special Baths

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

ANGUISH of the flesh in the disguise of "the itch" has driven thousands of persons "almost out of their skins."

Cooties are not the only things which make you itch and scratch; neither is bile in the blood, jaundice, anaphylaxis, hives, peeling skin or eczema.

The itch may begin in the webs of the fingers and soon spreads as little pustules and water blisters, in which the itch insect burrows, lays eggs and hatches more trouble.

Dr. Paul Dulac of Montbrison in the Loire, France, employs sweat and vapor baths in the treatment of the itch, alias scabies. The skin is first cleansed with soap and water. After the initial scrubbing comes the application for a fairly long time of sulphur ointment, which is followed by a second application of soap and water.

The victim's clothes, underlinen and bedding are thoroughly disinfected. In the more pronounced cases the treatment has to be repeated several times as a result of the existence of pustules and abscesses, regular nests of insects, which it would be dangerous and painful to attack at first.

The appliances for the bath consist of an earthen sauceman, some charcoal and sulphur powder. A good sweat follows the bath, soaping and rubbing down. This can be induced by either dry or moist air. The latter is to be preferred as being less disagreeable to the patient.

Two of the Baths. For the moist vapor procedure, water at 98 deg. Cent. is poured into the bath to a height of about four inches. The bath tub is covered with sheets or newspapers, and over everything a blanket. These are held up by three sticks resting on the edges of the bath. Perspiration begins in a few seconds and is rendered very copious by adding four or five quarts of very hot water. See to it that the coverings are closely applied. The patient's head, of course, is fully exposed.

Ten minutes later the patient is taken out of the bath, wiped and rubbed with a towel. The skin is now clean and the pores are well opened. Black taffeta garters appear in the tiny ties worn at the throat.

Gray silk stockings and black patent leather pumps complete the costume.

Simple and Rapid. At this stage the patient's body is brought into contact with the drug in the shape of sulphurous acid, which is particularly penetrating. With this object in view the procedure is as follows: The patient is seated in the empty bath tub, into which is placed an earthen sauceman containing burning charcoal, on which is thrown a handful of powder of sulphur. The patient is covered as before. Within 15 minutes, 20 at the outside, in order not to irritate the skin the patient quits the bath and goes out of the room. The windows are thrown open, the bath is uncovered, and an hour later the fumes will have cleared away.

The operation, of course, is carried out in a room easy to ventilate, free from any hangings or furniture likely to be damaged by the sulphur fumes. A single sitting, as a rule, suffices to cure even the serious forms of itch, though a second intervention may at times be required. The two sittings must be separated by an interval of several days in order to avoid setting up irritation of the skin and in order to secure adequate perspiration, which is an important detail of the procedure.

A boys' and girls' club in Washoe county, Nevada, is supporting an Armenian orphan by selling fruit and vegetables raised and canned by club members last year.

Information. Punch and Judy shows originated in Italy in the seventeenth century. Portuguese officers and soldiers in France during the war have to the number of about 700 married French girls.

A recent bulletin of the bureau of standards indicates that no treatment of wood after erection can be expected to be an effective fire resistant.

The Siamese strive to have in their houses an even number of windows, doors, rooms and cupboards, for they have a superstition regarding odd numbers.

The government of India conducts two cinchona plantations and a factory in Bengal which in the last three years have produced more than 192,000 pounds of quinine.



Dr. HIRSHBERG

Answers to Health Questions

I. F. Q.—Kindly advise me how to make my hair lighter.

2.—Please tell me how to bleach my skin.

A.—Dip the hair into salt water, peroxide of hydrogen, borax, chloroform or potash or any other bleaching agent. Sunshine exposure is also effective.

2.—The following is an admirable preparation for bleaching and cannot injure the most delicate skin: Glycerine..... 1 ounce Rosewater..... 1 ounce Carbolic acid..... 10 drops Tincture of benzoin..... 10 drops

MRS. J. I. H. Q.—Kindly advise me what to do for freckles.

A.—Commonly, no matter what is used freckles usually return, and if the skin peels it is better to stop the use of all remedies, because more harm may be done than benefit received. As a trial try a little of 1 dram salicylic acid to 1 ounce of alcohol.

W. H. Q.—Kindly advise me what to do for scars.

A.—Scars very often disappear gradually as time elapses by themselves. Massaging them with oils of various kinds, perfumed oils, cocoa butter and the like very often helps. If it is a large scar, a thin skin graft may help it, but as a rule scars gradually shrivel and disappear.

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

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