

EVENING CAPITAL NEWS

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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Don't Lay Down.

THIS is the time for action in all parts of Idaho. It is necessary to have action if this state is to hold its place in the northwestern sisterhood. Other states are taking the fullest advantage of the reconstruction period. Idaho is in a fast, competitive race. The state was never so distanced and never will be, if the people here come to realize the importance of "carrying on."

They cannot rest on their laurels. They cannot lay down. Investment is looking westward. Already it has gained a favorable impression of Idaho because of our stability and sound progressiveness.

Past performances are all in our favor; but we must maintain the record, keep up the pace.

There never was a time in the history of the state when the prospects for investment, the installation of large new industries and the expansion of those we have was more bright. It is mostly up to our people to lend the encouragement of their own efforts in local improvement—wherever there is advancement at home acts as a magnet on both investment and immigration.

We have roads to build, homes and public buildings to construct, home production to foster. The more steadfast we are with this upbuilding program the more attention we will attract on the outside.

This program, carried out, means greater production, more wealth brought to the state, values increased and stabilized, assurance of continued prosperity.

THE MAN WHO BLOWS UP

(New York World.)

There is reason to believe that the praise so lavishly given to Ole Hanson, mayor of Seattle, for his recent energetic stand in support of law and order has resulted in a dangerous increase of temperature on his part. According to his latest utterance, nobody else is withstanding the forces of revolution and anarchy with sufficient fortitude, and "the government is on the wrong track in starting conferences instead of cemeteries in dealing with the W. W." What he wants is not meeting places but hanging places.

One of the surest ways to judge the character of a man accurately is to note the effect upon him of prosperity or adversity, of applause or blame. Condemning Hanson and conference as weak and vacillating, Mr. Hanson, in spite of his previous good record, places himself on a level with the I. W. W.'s, who, if they loaded the all bags with bombs, probably thought they were going to advance their cause by starting cemeteries in various parts of the country.

In a time of disorder and peril Ole Hanson was self-assessed. It was his coolness that commended him to the public. Under the high pressure of sudden fame he developed a degree of heat that, exhibited in Seattle in February, might have brought about riot and bloodshed on a vast scale. We are sorry that he has blown up.

GO TO THE 'BAT'

(Pocatello Tribune)

We all call it reclamation. It is. The word has a definite and distinctive meaning to western people, particularly those people living in areas that have been reconquered through the process of irrigation. Back east they don't know so much about it. For that reason a bunch of perfectly logical, earnest and thoughtful natives got together and are in the business of acquainting the natives with what we have in the shop. We talk of reclamation at here. Back in the central states they discuss rivers and harbors. One is as vital as the other, the interest being localized to marked degree.

Reclamation might mean anything from the process of rehabilitating a bungalow to putting new tires on an old car. But to the westerner it attaches to the reclaiming waste lands, the converting of barren spaces into homelands and productiveness, the upbuilding of raw wilds, and the establishment of citizenship on those areas where the coyote yelped or the dusky mother crooned to her babe of the desert.

In other words, utilizing the water sources to bring a new area into fertility—to make two blades of grass grow where none grew before. In this work the Idaho Reclamation service has engaged. It wants, and needs, the earnest effort of every citizen of Idaho. The project is to back a hundred million appropriation, loan, revolving fund, or whatever one pleases to call it. But, in any event, to secure federal aid at the point that water may be diverted and turned into channels for the restoration and cultivation of vacant lands. The association has operated on the basis that every individual should be interested to the extent of a dollar. It is. He shouldn't have to be approached. Others hold the members of the project should contribute at least ten dollars. Perhaps that is a quicker action, but the

fellow who contributes ten dollars is virtually in the position of paying for nine other individuals. The money works out all right, but the interest doesn't. Solid moral support is the thing needed. Divided, Pocatello's 20,000 people could not get anywhere for the greatest town in the northwest. United, the city goes right ahead. The same situation is true of the state, and we are all for the state.

It hasn't been many years since the Twin Falls flats were harbors for jackrabbits. The tract now numbers several prosperous and advancing communities and a great area of valuable cultivated property. In this connection Major Fred R. Reed, executive head of the Reclamation association, has watched every foot of the development. He pioneered the tract when even a cow looked like a crowd. Now the section has grown into a wonderful country, and all due to irrigation.

Idaho needs a great deal more of this development. The federal government must help. Major Reed and his good aides know what to do to bring the wastes north and west of Pocatello in full bearing. Back him up in the great work, and don't wait to be asked. New people, new homes and new enterprises will rapidly follow the opening of new lands. We all know that, and this is the psychological moment to forge ahead. Exert every effort to secure the financial help needed from the government, and give every assistance to the Reclamation association in going to the bat for this highly important and helpful Idaho proposition.

PUTTING IN THE PUNCH.

By PEPS.

"PEACE Nerves." Wonder if that's what ails the party who sells us butter and eggs? Anyhow, it's some kind of a nerve.

IF Henry Ford really needs the notoriety, to say nothing about the money, he might sue all the newspapers that said he was helping auto-cramp by trying to prevent the United States putting a cramp in Germany's scheme to rule the world.

IN GERMANY some people are staying with the chancellor and others with the coal cellar.

BARBERS oppose 7 o'clock closing law. Do they want to lower or razor?

O PROMISE ME!

(Sung by a soldier.)

O promise me, O do not say me nay! I'm growing thinner with each passing day. Around my eyes great rings do now appear. I'm paler, poorer, than I was last year. Please do not leave me out—don't turn me down—I only ask the job back that's my own; The job I sacrificed for liberty— O promise me, O promise me!

WE cannot escape the thought that President Wilson is not trying to prevent the third party move in the G. O. P.

NEW Boise school building to be named "Roosevelt." Kiddies no doubt hope that the "big stick" will not go with it.

WONDER if the next presidential campaign will develop a "he-kept-us-out-of-peace" slogan?

SOME school girls wear flashy clothes and others are good in their studies.

BUGS; OVER THERE AND OVER HERE

War over, a soldier with ticket for home looked back on the carnage and woe. "One bad thing we had to contend with," he said, "wherever in Flanders we'd roam, was the cootie, gosh darn it, the many legged cootie—had to go home to make him go."

Home again, same soldier, on job with a cheer, hears big noise: the red flagger show. "The worst thing we had to contend with," he said, "was mild to the bugs I find here—the Bolshevik cootie, the flaming mouthed brute—he'll gas us if we don't make him go."

CONSULAR report shows large amount of paint shipped out of this country. We assume this does not include nose paint.

AND they have put a luxury tax on trousers. Always regarded them as quite a necessity.

SOME folks are not so prominent as they think. Never have a cigar or hotel named after them or get a bomb.

NOTICE that new revenue law exempts bromo-seltzer. Might as well have put a tax on it, too. No use for it any more.

WE HAVE a hunch that the foreman, who left out picture out, is in cahoots with Winnie and Doc.

RIPLING RHYMES.

YESTERDAYS

By WALT MASON. Copyrighted.

The bright and golden yesterdays are pleasant to remember, when we leg-weary mortal jays have reached life's bleak December. I like to think of goodly acts, and struggle to recall them; I gloat and linger o'er the facts, and nurse and overhaul them. Alas, my goodly deeds are few, and, dreaming in my shanty, I blush to bring them into view, their numbers are so scanty. I envy much the ancient gent whose memories don't grind him, who gazes back, with calm content, on well spent days behind him. Age has no terrors for that scout, his memory's a treasure; not failing sight or itch or gout can mar his tranquil pleasure. To one who's spent his young years in vain and wanton folly, age is a time of sighs and tears, remorse and melancholy. It's sad to see a hoary guy in sorrow wade and founder, because of sins in days gone by, when he was quite a rouser. When one is old such things come back, and haunt his recollection, and so he moons around his shack, the symbol of dejection. There's nothing like a well spent life to make its sunset cheery, when one has toiled through all its strife, and evening finds him weary.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

How Surgery Now Remoulds an Ugly Nose to True Beauty

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

A GOOD face, symmetrically formed, is a fine letter of recommendation. This truth might be a great discouragement to men and women with noses out of joint, with hooked, bent, humped, turned or parrot noses, were it not for the new cosmetic surgery.

It is now possible, thanks to the development and progress of the "rhinologist," as the nose surgeon is called, to reshape the most deformed nose into one perfectly chiselled.

Indeed, some of these surgeons have sculptors as counsellors and advisers. The most unsightly humps, the worst snub or deflection can be turned into an ideal nose under a local anesthetic without the formation of a scar.

The entire operation is done with the subject seated comfortably. The instruments are made to do their work from the inside of the nostrils. Thus no cut or mark is made on the face.

A Delicate Operation.

Cocaine in the strength of 10 per cent. is used to deaden all pain. Ether is not needed.

To rid the skin and membranes of all danger of matter, pus, poison, inflammation, before the cutting is done, disinfectants and antiseptics are washed, sprayed and scrubbed into the parts. Several coats of the 10 per cent. cocaine and adrenalin are applied over the membranes to prevent bleeding as well as to eliminate all possible soreness.

An entirely painless and bloodless operation follows. The keen knife is guided under the lining membrane of the nostril and the membrane is peeled and dried loose from the nasal bone.

This is repeated on each side of the nose. An exquisitely polished instrument called an "elevator" is then passed through the incision between the cheek bone and the bone detaches and lifts the soft tissues of the nose and also a part of the cheek from the bone, so that it will be possible to move the soft tissues in any direction desired. If the fabric is not detached properly, the skin over the nose wrinkles, simply because the elasticity of the skin is not sufficient to adapt itself to so small an area. It is in this delicate operation that the surgeon detaches the bone without any wrinkles.

After the soft or movable tissue of the nose is separated from its root down to its tip, the features can be moulded into the ideal proportions. A fine saw always working from within saws away the bony excrescence from the bridge of the nose. This leaves a small excrescence of cartilage, which the surgeon deftly snips off with a pair of sterilized, germ-free scissors.

When the excrescence on the nose has been completely removed and trimmed down to the desired shape, the surgeon peels the skin down over the remodelled foundation in the position and form desired.

A straight nose, following the Greek ideal of beauty, is usually sought by the operation. Many women, however, of the petite, delicate type of beauty, prefer a nose slightly depressed at the bridge, producing the pert, retroussé effect.

Many Changes Possible.

Sometimes there is a nose somewhat too long, a condition usually fatal to feminine beauty. This can be corrected at the same time as the previously described operation. Always operating within the nose, the surgeon cuts out a triangular piece of cartilage including the lining membrane near the tip. The size of the piece removed depends, of course, upon the type of nose desired. Some women are quite willing to have a nose of normal length, while others are ardently desirous of having the retrograde effect and, therefore, prefer the feature a trifle short.

The surgeon is very careful not to remove too large a piece, as the nostrils are not to be too much shortened, a condition that would be difficult to correct.

In order to avoid this danger, the surgeon removes the cartilage piece-



DR. HIRSHBERG

meal. During this stage of the operation he presses the tip of the nose up the amount of cartilage to be removed. When the proper amount of cartilage has been removed the tip of the nose is raised and kept in place by stitches. The nose is held in its newly fixed position by means of nasal splints until the parts have healed. This usually takes two or three weeks. At this stage of the operation a moderate degree of swelling will be observed, but gradually recede and within a few weeks more will have disappeared entirely.

Answers to Health Questions

W. D. T. Q.—Kindly advise me what to do for gray hair on my neck and ankles.

A—Henna leaves..... 1 ounce Boiling water..... 1 quart Place the henna leaves in the boiling water and let it stand all night. In the morning, strain and beat to the boiling point. Add two ounces of henna powder, stir and strain. Brush this into the clean hair. It is harmless and very effective. Cocos butter helps to make the neck and ankles feathery.

READER OF THE STAR. A—If you will send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query repeated I will be glad to answer your questions.

MRS. M. P. Q.—Kindly tell me of a good hair shampoo.

A—For a cleansing and soothing scalp wash I know of nothing better than this: Steep a pound of rosemary twigs in boiling water for 12 hours. Strain the liquor and add to it a half-ounce of Jamaica rum.

MR. B. Q.—Kindly advise me what to do for constipation.

A—Take a glassful of water every hour on the hour, two glassfuls before meals, charcoal tablets, milk of magnesia, cast prunes, raisins, apples, figs, dates, oranges and other fruits at night and between meals. Slightly warmed—not boiled—milk, whole wheat, bran biscuits, oatmeal and vigorous massage of the abdomen should cure constipation. Keep your intestines open and active.

MRS. H. D. S. Q.—How long will typhoid vaccine last?

A—Typhoid vaccine will last from three to five years.

Dr. Hirshberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He cannot always 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.

ODD FACTS

Most spiders have poison fangs, but few are dangerous to human beings.

Only one-third of the world's population uses bread as a daily food.

What seems indispensable to one nation for a good sleep another considers the surest means of driving away repose. Europeans require, as a rule, a soft pillow, while the Jap stretches himself on his mat and puts a square wooden block under his head, upon which he rests quite comfortably. To the Chinaman his bed is a very important affair. It is low and often adorned with precious carvings, but it never occurs to him that anything could be more comfortable than pleated mats. While the people of northern countries cannot sleep unless they have sufficient space to stretch themselves at full length, the natives of the tropics are often satisfied with a hammock. The inhabitant of Russia Minor loves to sleep on his hot stove, from which, on awakening half-roasted in the morning he will immediately plunge into cold water so as to re-establish his physical equilibrium. The Lapp crawls into a sack made of reindeer skins. While the Hindu, who likewise uses a sack, though an airy and light one, does so for the purpose of protecting himself against the mosquitoes, not against cold.

INFORMATION

Whales are to be hunted from airplanes.

Chile produces 1,800,000 tons of nitrate of soda a year.

Anthracite culm, slush or silt contains approximately 70 per cent of combustible material.

There is a shortage of salt in Japan. The deficit this year will be about \$93,330,000 pounds.

While a western Maryland train was in motion in the vicinity of Confluence, Pa., thieves stole an automobile from a box car.

The La Loure from the St. Mau-

WINIFRED BLACK

WRITES ABOUT A Glorious Charioteer

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Winifred Black

"O H, what a darling day!" cried the meadow-lark from his seat on the fence that runs around the open field.

"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" Yes, that was a bluejay calling—and one of the neighbors came and stood at the gate and said that she had counted six robins in the last half-hour.

The people next door were raking up the dead leaves in the garden, and from every point in the compass came the smell of burning fires—yes, it was spring—at last.

Sweet spring, all dressed in green with wild flowers in her hair, shy, flusive, beckoning, lovely spring—and the house needed cleaning, and somebody really ought to take the books out of the bookcase in the hall and dust them and put them back again in the right order, not with "Without Benefit of Clergy" elbowing Jane Austen, and the "Outcasts of Poker Flat" left cheek by jowl with "Little Women," as some careless hand had left them, but set properly along, volume by volume, as they belong—like a nice set of proper ideas correctly catalogued.

The curtains upstairs are in a dreadful state all at once—they looked all right the last time I saw them. And as for the rugs, how we ever lived without having them beaten by this time I can't imagine.

The new rhubarb is in the market—wouldn't a rhubarb pie be good for dinner? I must speak to somebody about that—but no, the sun shines so warm and bright, the wind is so cool and gentle—where's my old hat—who hid my tramping shoes?

Whatever became of the tall stick that helped me up so many hills last year?—if anybody has dared to burn that for firewood—no, here it is, as stout and companionable as ever. Farewell, care—good-by house, I'm going hiking.

"Want a Lift?"

And hiking we went, all out into the green and growing fields. We followed first a city street and then a wide road winding through the hills, and then a narrow path that wandered where it would, and all along the way we found the wild flowers—gay children of smiling spring, pink and white and delicate blue, and here and there little, shy families of yellow buttercup and soft, yellow and black johnny-jump-ups, looking up at us from the meadow grass like roguish children laughing in the sun.

Our hands were full—our hearts sang—but, oh, our unaccustomed feet were weary.

We fared back to the highroad. And there we met and there we overtook them, and there they passed us by—the motor cars of various sorts.

The limousine, the roadsters, the touring cars—all full of people going calling on Mistress May.

But none of them ever looked at us, or if they looked they didn't heed. Why didn't we stop this side of the path, we said? Why did we go so far the very first day?

The thought of the miles ahead of us made us weary and almost faint—when, suddenly, chug, chug, rattle, rattle, rumble, rumble, around the corner he came, the little rosy old man with the weather-beaten face, driving his little old rickety, rooster-beaten car.

With a jerk and a whirr and an extra rattle—he stopped. "Want a lift?" said he.

"Oh!" said we—and in we stepped. The seat was rickety, the springs were poor, and every time that car moved it groaned—but, dear me, what a luxury it was to us at that moment.

"A Lot o' Fun"

"Thought you looked kind o' good," said Santa Claus, for that's what we called him the minute we got a good look at him.

"Nothin' like a little gasoline for that tired feelin'," said Santa Claus. Then he told us how he had worked and schemed to buy a machine—and what fun he had with it, and how he wouldn't be without one for anything on earth, and my friend, who has two touring cars and a limousine at home, agreed with every word he said—and meant it.

"I got a lot o' fun out of my friend, John C. Calhoun," said Santa Claus. "Yes, that the name of my car. I named it after the best horse in the country, that I drove when I was a boy—I don't never ride alone much." He smiled back at us with a smile that lit up the atmosphere like sunshine in a darkened room.

He lived alone, he said. His wife was gone—he had just come from the cemetery, where he had visited her grave and left a knot of spring flowers upon it—his children were married and far away; so he and John C. Calhoun had things about their own way, and they enjoyed life immensely.

"John C. likes children the best," said Santa Claus. "And I always manage to take him along so we pass the schoolhouse about closing time, and then away we go for a rattle through the hills. Oh, yes, John C. is troubled with a little cough—but, pshaw, that doesn't hurt him any, or me either. Well, weather many a year together yet, John C. and I," and Santa Claus gave the wobbly old wheel an affectionate twist.

He took us straight home to our very doors and then he came in and had a cup of coffee with us, and some salad and things. And now we're richer than we were, just twenty-four hours ago, for we've added Santa Claus and John C. to our list of friends.

I do hope we're either of us half as worth while as either of them.

bagged last summer were found on the vines in the spring in perfect condition.

PHONE 18 for baggage wagon. Prompt service. Peaseley Transfer & Storage Co.—Adv

My HEART and My HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of

Revelations of a Wife

The Way Madge's Partner Managed to Place the Evening's Peace in Danger.

I HAD no time to reflect upon the startling comment Alice Holcombe had made to me concerning Mrs. Stockbridge's sanity, for the doorbell pealed again, this time in reality heralding the arrival of "the Prices," with their friends, "the Blinches." Both were typical suburban couples, the husbands evidently prosperous business men, the wives slender, middle-aged women with a sort of preserved prettiness which they evidently spent much time in protecting.

Mrs. Stockbridge hastened forward to greet them, her husband reappeared from his self-imposed banishment, and all six went upstairs to the rooms where the wraps were laid. Alice Holcombe turned to me, a mocking little smile on her lips.

"There are only left to appear the cavers. Milly has selected for Bess and me," she said. "They're worth a careful inspection. Bess draws the village medico, a bachelor, who somehow didn't get to the way, and who divides his time when with Bess between feasting and hoping that she will bedevil him. Mine, a widower of substance, is frankly afraid of my aging charms, and shies palpably whenever he sees me. But Milly has made up her mind that he would be a nice prop for my declining years, so she religiously pairs us off whenever she has a party."

Madge Looks Around.

Her voice, despite its mockery, held a tinge of bitterness, which I understood when later I was introduced to the pious man whom Mrs. Stockbridge had impudently assigned to Alice Holcombe, by far the cleverest woman in the room. His name, as I caught it, was Donkers, and I could not help the thought that if the twenty-fifth letter of the alphabet had been substituted for

the last two of his name it would have suited him far better. A more self-satisfied, assertive man I have seldom met, and I could see that beneath the mocking mask behind which Alice Holcombe hides all feeling, she was annoyed, and humiliated at the patient fear of being inveigled into matrimony which the widower betrayed when he was with her. A dozen times during the evening I heard him refer to his "dear departed wife," as if he were invoking a protecting angel, and I also heard him make the assertion at least twice that "second marriages were most unwise."

Bess Dean "Warned."

Despite this sepulchral note the dinner really went off very well. Alice Holcombe is an unusually witty woman, Dicky and Bess Dean are both to be depended on to make a dinner conversation sprightly, while Kenneth Stockbridge—whose spirits seemed to rise with his wife's absorption in Dicky's conversation—kept the management of the conversation unobtrusively but firmly in his own hands, throwing out little side remarks that managed to include the rest of us "listeners," and keep the affair a general discussion instead of a series of monologues and dialogues as so many dinner conversations are apt to be. If the dinner could only have ended the evening! But unfortunately a large number of guests had been invited to the reception following, and, of course, Dicky, the lion of the evening, could not be kept dancing attendance upon his hostess, palpable as was her attempt to keep him in just that position. Bess Dean, a flame of color in her gown of scarlet chiffon, with a single spicy carnation of the same shade stuck carelessly but most effectively in her wondrous brown hair, made a second determined effort to secure Dicky's ex-

clusive attention, but Adele Holcombe unobtrusively summoned her to one side, and I saw by the younger girl's face that the older woman was laying down the law in militant fashion. "What's the real answer?" Miss Dean drew a bit unpleasantly. Her voice, though low, reached me distinctly, as I had a shrewd suspicion she meant it to do. "Friend Husband to be tagged 'Hands off'? Why didn't you warn me before?"

I found it hard to keep my facial muscles under control upon hearing the snappy little speech, but I think the wary widower to whom I was talking had no suspicion of my emotion. Instead, thought I was giving most flattering attention to the solemn philosophy of life which he was expounding to me. But I strained my ears for Alice Holcombe's answer.

"You know better, Bess Dean," was the low, indignant reply. "Now you come here and listen to me."

The two moved to an alcove and the rest of their conversation was inaudible. But Bess Dean kept away from Dicky's vicinity the rest of the evening.

Milly Stockbridge, however, warned sulky when the demands upon Dicky's attention left her without his stimulating nonsense. I suspect also that Dicky had tired of the quasi-philosophical investment which she had managed to give to their conversation, and was not unwilling to avoid her as much as he could consistently with the courtesy due his hostess. At any rate, both Alice Holcombe and I watched with rising anxiety the sombre light in Mrs. Stockbridge's black eyes, and the nervous, rapid manner of her speech. And then, of all times in the world, my pompous friend chose this moment to summon Mr. Stockbridge.

"Oh, Stockbridge!" he called. "Please come here and convince Mrs. Graham she's wrong on this."