

A Warning to Boys

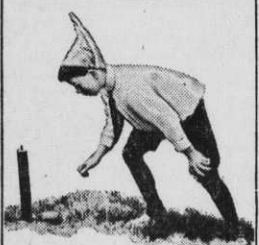
Young Johnny Winters, strong and well,
Went out to celebrate the day,
A cannon cracker in his hand,
His heart attuned to fun and play!



He set the cracker up on end
And lit the fuse, as you have done;
Then as it sputtered, sparked and spat,
Young Johnny left it on the run!



Excitedly he turned about
And waited, with his cheeks, the noise!
"It's fizzled!" then said careless John,
"I'll take a look," he told the boys.



Above the powder stick he bent—
The air was filled with ripping sound!
The boys rushed up with awestruck eyes
To Johnny, lying on the ground!



He lay upon the cheerless sod,
His face all marred with bloody chafe—
And all through life the boy must wear
The cannon cracker's awful scar!



Take warning, boys, from Johnny's fate
And do not harm your eyes or face.
Be patriotic, brave and true
But spurn the things that hurt the race!

Forward! Forward!

While it is well enough to yield to an emotion of patriotic pride on the Fourth of July, it is best that we should not dwell too often or too long on this boast. For freedom's battle is never lost and never won.

After a thousand Fourth men and nations will still be pressing on toward a liberty and equality undreamed of in our philosophy, toward a justice finer and higher than anything we know today.

ROOSEVELT AND BRYAN MAY BACK THIRD PARTY

Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver Would Have Wilson and Johnson at Head of Progressive Ticket.

Denver.—Theodore Roosevelt will offer first place on the progressive ticket to Governor Wilson, should the latter not be nominated at Baltimore. With Wilson will be Governor Johnson of California. This program, according to Judge Ben B. Lindsey, was mapped out at the conference of progressive leaders which followed the Chicago convention.

"The third party movement hinges upon the outcome of the Baltimore convention," said Judge Lindsey Saturday night. "My ideal ticket is for Theodore Roosevelt to lead, but it may be best to select some other candidate, then the ideal ticket would be Wilson and Johnson, with Theodore Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan to support the ticket."

The Colorado progressive party was incorporated Friday by Judge Lindsey and associates to further the election of Roosevelt, "or some other progressive" to the presidency. A call for mass meeting to elect delegates to a state convention was issued Saturday.

FIFTY KILLED BY TORNADO.

Business Blocks, Apartment Houses and Residences Wrecked by Storm at Saskatchewan, Canada.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.—Fifty to 100 persons were killed and \$10,000,000 damage done by a tornado which struck Regina, Saskatchewan, Sunday afternoon. Several business blocks, apartment houses and residences were wrecked.

The storm struck Regina at 4:50 p. m., coming from the south. Many frame buildings were destroyed. The Saskatchewan government telephone building was blown down and relief gangs are working taking out the debris.

The local telephone office was wrecked and it is feared that fifteen girls employed there were killed. The telephone exchange building, the Standard block, the First Baptist church and the Baird and Bottel buildings are among the structures destroyed.

FIERCE FIGHTING AT TRIPOLI.

Arabs and Turks Driven From Heights of Sidi Said by Italian Warships and Attacking Party.

Rome.—Another severe battle at Tripoli on June 28 is described in an official dispatch received here Saturday night. According to the message a whole division attacked the heights of Sidi Said and neighboring positions where masses of Arabs and Turks who had escaped defeat the previous day were lying in deep entrenchments reinforced by a heavy native contingent.

All the Italian guns aided the attacking party from shore and three warships bombarded the position. Then two columns advanced for the assault, routing the enemy with repeated bayonet charges. They occupied the heights on which Italian guns were mounted.

The Turks left 200 dead and a large number of wounded on the field. The Italian losses totaled ten dead and seventy-eight wounded.

Brands Compromise Report Untrue. Chattanooga, Tenn.—United States Senator Newell Sanders, one of the Taft leaders in the pre-convention campaign, gave out a statement Saturday night in which he denounced as untrue the story that a compromise had been laid before the Roosevelt people by the Taft forces at Chicago. Mr. Sanders says that he believes Governor Hadley was misquoted by the newspapers and that he does not believe the governor would have made such a statement.

Influence of Yuan Growing. Peking.—Lue Cheng Hsiang, minister of foreign affairs has been appointed minister to succeed Tang Shao Yi. The latter's resignation was accepted by President Yuan Saturday. The assembly has endorsed the appointment by a vote of 74 to 10. The large majority indicates the declining power of Tang Shao Yi's party and the extension of Yuan Shi Kai's influence.

Balance on Right Side. Washington.—The federal government closed the fiscal year June 29 with a surplus of \$32,000,000, according to estimates on incomplete returns from the various sources of revenue the country over.

German Embassies in Poor Health. Berlin.—It is learned from an authoritative source that the health of the embassies is causing anxiety to her physicians.

Matrimonial Brokers Imprisoned. Paris.—The correctional court has sentenced the "Countess Clare" to one year imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$200 and Count Ladislav Zolynski to two years imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$400 for obtaining money under false pretenses from Miss Wilhelmina Kemper in connection with a scheme to arrange a marriage between Prince Victor of Thurn and Taxis and an American heiress. The case came up on appeal. In the previous trial in April, 1910, the court acquitted the defendants.

Frobe Hanford's Personal Habits. Seattle, Wash.—United States Judge Cornelius H. Hanford's personal habits were inquired into Saturday by the house judiciary subcommittee. Two witnesses testified they had seen the judge apparently under the influence of liquor.

Fletcher Nominated. Burlington, Vermont.—Allen M. Fletcher of Cavendish was nominated governor of Vermont at the Republican state convention here Thursday.

DECEPTIVE ADVICE

Writer Tells Editors to Work for Parcels Post—Killing the Pussy Cat.

WHAT THE REAL FACTS ARE

Why Country Newspaper Men Should Wage War on Twin Evil With Mail Order Houses—Organize Against Its Passage.

A writer of national importance has actually had the self poise to advise the country newspaper man to work for the undesirable parcels post bill. If your newspaper were a cat and had nine lives and the adviser had handed you an old-fashioned blunderbuss with the admonition, "Go out and shoot the cat—the gun scatters!" he could not more effectively have advised you to injure yourself.

But it isn't necessary to grow caustic on this score—for the country newspaper man, of all business men, knows what grand things the parcels post and the mail order house, in double harness, will do for him. And as he rides around in that new \$3,000 automobile made from easy business given him by the catalog houses, he already feels his waistband tightening and his chest swelling like a pouter pigeon—NOT!

If the parcels post bill and the mail order houses ever walk down the business aisle together while the organ plays the wedding march from Lohengrin, the country editor can go away back in the cool, unbrazened wood and sit down with his sorrow. He can go over again in his fancy the days when he landed with a shirt-tail full of type and a head full of enthusiasm. He can recall the days of struggle when he lived on dried apples and water, when he worked all day and half the night trying to make the very end of his financial belt meet the buckle end of his hunger. He can live once more the days of promise and denial, of struggle and endeavor, during which the weakling newspaper child grew lusty and healthy. He can conjure the story of his small beginning and his humble success—hard-earned success, deserving success.

And then he can begin to think down hill again, dating the lofty heights from the day the mail order houses began ruining the home merchant, the mail order houses that advertise by catalog and fill the orders with dispatch and substitution, unsight and unseen. He can look in on the wedding ceremony of the parcels post and the mail order houses, and as he gazes on into futurity, he can move his blistered feet out of the drip of his scalding tears—for his heart will be of stone if he doesn't weep in remorse at being a pinhead for letting the people of his community go to bed untrusting of their danger the night of the wedding!

What makes the country editor prosperous? Is it the money that goes to Seesaw & Fiddlebeck in Chicago for prunes and felt boots and dyed rooster feathers for millinery debauches, or is it the money that is paid over the counter right at home, the money that permits the merchant to live and advertise in the newspaper man's publication, in the home newspaper that is and always will be, if not choked to death, the greatest factor in the upbuilding of a community? Why, I lived in a suburb once where there wasn't a newspaper. We couldn't notify each other of a whist party or a town meeting without spending a lot of money for stamps and stationery. The people always were in a wrangle over something they might have agreed upon had there been a newspaper to explain. The civic life of the place was as innocuous as a dead rat and the business of the town wouldn't have kept a real live Chicago dude in cigarettes. The town didn't amount to a whoop—and that's the truth. And the reason was—no newspaper! I moved away. Life is too short to live in communities that haven't sense enough to have newspapers.

But when the parcels post and the mail order houses walk hand in hand, making deliveries easy and as satisfactory as the mail order houses are honest, the local merchant will begin to feel that business pinch he knows so well since the disease of mail-orderitis got abroad in the land. He has felt it coming on for months. He has had night sweats and night worries. He has stood around behind his counters until he has gotten the woodens legs and feet that is none too good for him! And now the big thing in the vital concentric of his cash register, which is always located in the region of the heart and a very dangerous spot to trifle with, and lands him in the arms of the sheriff in no time at all.

Among the liabilities is a big bill owed the newspaper man, less a few items of merchandise purchased by the editor's wife for the kids.

But the editor isn't shocked. He is a wise and tried man. He has met disappointment so many times that its javelin doesn't percolate. It is just like the man who takes one kind of physic too long—he loses the effect. And so the editor braces himself and goes merrily back to his humming job-press to feed handbills into its cavernous craw and think of home and family ties and how Jamie needs shoes and Mary must be sent away to school and wife isn't any too strong and should have a girl, and—but maybe you're married yourself, and if you are, you will understand. If you are a bachelor, it isn't my fault and you haven't any right to understand anything.

One by one the shadows fall across the path of the editor. The merchants hang on and then hang on some more. They do their best, but their best isn't much when in the jaws of the mail-order-parcels-post monster, and they get "chawked" in time.

As the vacant store rooms appear on the main street, as the mechanics begin to wander aimlessly about and kick because nobody is building houses, as the tax collector wonders why he doesn't collect, as the school

teacher notes that the attendance is falling off because families are moving out of town and the stork is afraid to drop into the place with an on-coming crop, as everybody begins to take on a funereal aspect and the gay traveling man forgets to get off the 2:40 accommodation train, the editor is figuring—and he is figuring hard. And he can keep right on figuring hard. He is done for—he is IT.

The editor can stick until nothing remains but a suburban ticket and a shooting stick slightly battered at the business end, or he can go into the city and get famous! I did the latter—and I want to say to you that the man with one arm and the hives didn't go any faster than I did to keep out of the discard. Getting famous in the city is all right and a newspaper man who has gone down with the mail order houses at his heels ought to make good if anybody does, because he can live so long on strap ends and gasoline fumes—but, it's a long shot and the bull's eye isn't worth a clean little newspaper in the country with a home and a family being reared in the atmosphere of a good, thriving town. I'm not going to preach a sermon, but you can take it from me that I'm in the immediate neighborhood of truth when I tell you this—and I know. I've had the newspaper and the country and I've had some titillations of fame and the city.

But if the people of this country are going to be goats enough to let the parcels post bill pass, I'm making an Allegretti bet with myself that the editors—the rural editors—are going to get most awfully butted!

They tell you how it will help business and cite what a wonderful thing the parcels post has been for foreign countries. We know that! All we have to do to prove it is to go down to Castle Square garden in New York city and see the poor devils come in from the home of the parcels post! See them staggering in with their earthly possessions on their backs and the downtrodden essence of cloddishness in their eyes. Look at their blank faces and their bent bodies, see that woman staggering under her coarse luggage and clinging to a half-dozen children! Just look at them! And then go back home and boost the parcels post bill—the bill that makes life in their countries so beautiful and so easy and so charming, they run away from it and come to America while there is still a drop of hope in their hearts!

And the villages of the old countries. Possibly you've never been there and you don't know that the villages are a joke, for the most part. Farmers do not live on their farms, as do the American tillers of the soil. They reside in neighborhood communities and this community will have a half-a-dozen houses with a bar in it and a government tobacconist who also sells stamps. The supplies are purchased, say from Parla, by parcels post! And that community will be the same a hundred years from now, except that there may be smaller farms and more farmers. There is nothing in that community to make a boy ambitious or to give him his inspiration. He will be raised like the eel he is and the national life will never know of his great interest.

How would you like to run a newspaper in a community like that?

And yet this very movement is tending to give the United States the same conditions, in time. Naturally, the American people will be slower in becoming clods, but just as surely as the sun shines, posterity will become so if the villages of this land are allowed to retrograde, for the good folks mostly come from the country—the able, healthy, hearty, do-something people. I wouldn't trade a live, ambitious, healthy country boy who has an aspiration to get a boy for a half-dozen city bred fellows who know so much they never concentrate on anything or get anywhere. Who is running the big business in the New York city today? Country boys!

I can take you out on a pretty fair road near my home—and I can take you in my own automobile if the darned thing doesn't get a coughing fit—and show you two farm houses, almost directly across the street from each other. Here two country boys were raised. They were about the same age, they went to school together, they enjoyed the privileges of the average country boy of America. Who are they today?

They went to the city and when the stuff that was in them came out the world knew them as John Gates and Elbert Gary. That's all. Just two country boys who made good on the milk and inspiration and the advantages of the country. Suppose they had been raised in one of those parcels post countries!

Well, maybe, just about now, we might go down to Castle Square garden and see them come in with a blank void on their faces and a carpetbag on their backs! Mr. Newspaper man, don't you let them fool you. Strike out from the shoulder and do a nice, clean job of polishing off. It will help some!

BYRON WILLIAMS.

Industry Coming into Its Own. Guayule was for years overlooked or despised; its rubber content was considered of little or no value, and when at last it was acknowledged this was said to be inferior to other rubber because it did not come from the tropics. Yet in spite of all guayule has become an important source of rubber supply, millions of dollars have been invested in the industry, factories have been erected close to the guayule fields and towns have grown up for the operatives and field laborers.

Too Many Left-Handed. In inquiry among 266,270 men of the German army developed that 10,229 were "left-handed." The investigators claim left-handed persons are not the equal of right-handed ones in physical and mental strength.

Rapid Improvement. "I understand you had your feeble minded son take a term in mental efficiency."

"Yes, and it has done wonders for him."

"What's he going to do now?"

"Lecture."

HED GENEROUS BEAU

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT.

He led the youngster by the hand into the fireworks store

And bought him things that were designed to sizz

and flash and roar

He filled the pockets of the lad with cannon cracker packs

He bought him roman candles that would fill two bushel sacks

He loaded up the little boy with bombs and other things

And we who watched could almost hear the rustle of the wings

He bought a cannon for the lad and filled him with delight

By getting for him half a box of sticks of dynamite

It was then we stepped up to the man and said we must protest

We asked him if he thought that he was acting for the best

We told him of the dangers in the things that he had bought

And said that he was acting like a man who never thought

"One moment," hissed the purchaser into our ready ear

"I'm not surprised that you're surprised at what I'm doing here

But this young imp has worried me for half a year or so

And it has come to this point—that the kid or I must go

He's made my life a burden, he has filled my soul with dread

"But that is no excuse for this," in quick reply we said

"Another moment" begged the man, while paying for the stuff

"When I explain about this boy you'll say I'm right enough

I do not want to kill the lad, I simply want to see

That for an hour or two he may be blown away from me

That I may have a chance to breathe a question soft and low

This little Lad's the brother of a girl, and I'm her beau!"

SOME STATISTICS.

If all the burnt fingers of today were on one man, and he were to strike them with a hammer while driving a nail, the yell he would emit would be so loud that it would waken the oldest inhabitant of Saturn from his midday nap, and the sound would pass the nearest fixed star in forty seconds from the time it left the earth.

If all the regrets over the money wasted in fireworks were to be collected in one place they would make an air of gloom so thick that the sunshine would not get through it for 110 years.

If all the dogs to whose tails firecrackers were tied today were placed in single file the leading dog would be running through Bombay while the last dog would be breaking for an alley in New York.

If all the hot air in the speeches delivered today were collected it would fill a tank eight miles high and ten miles wide, and would be sufficient to heat a city of 200,000 inhabitants during the coming winter.

If all the coming roman candles shot off could be made into one it would be tall enough to reach the moon and the balls shot from it would penetrate the Milky Way and glance off the north pole to Jupiter, but even then it would not be big enough or last long enough for the average small boy.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

"People are careless," said the man with the big firecracker in his hand. "If they would exercise common sense we would hear of less accidents on the Fourth."

He touched the lighted end of his cigar to the fuse, and resumed: "There is no danger in the use of fireworks if those who handle them think of the risk they are running. I have shot off firecrackers since I was old enough to strike a match, and never even got a finger burned."

A smile of recollection came upon his face, and he dropped his hand idly to his side while he said: "I remember once when my Uncle Thomas came to our house on the Fourth. I was a small boy at the time, but I recall distinctly that we had an old toy cannon, and Uncle Thomas insisted upon telling us boys how to fire it. Well, sir, he—"

Whack! Bang! Wow! Without apologizing for his haste, the man who had held the firecracker ran to a drug store, leaving his friend musing upon the necessity of being careful.

WHY HE DID IT.

King Stranger—My dear little boy, why do you tie those firecrackers to the tail of that dog?

Little Boy—Aw, he's an English mastiff.

HE KNEW IT.

The patriotic crowd, being enthused by the exercises began singing the "Star-Spangled Banner." Soon everybody was singing "tum te te tum," as is usual, except one man who lustily sang every word of the song to the end.

Later it was learned that he was a foreigner.

The Loring of Queen Catherine, Queen Catherine of Russia was descending the royal stairway "Would to heaven," she exclaimed, "that I had a pair of elephant's breath velvet slippers to wear! Then they would think I was a girl of sixteen about to take my daily walk down Fifth avenue in the customary snowstorm."

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Its Explanation. "Why do they call a wife's allowance pin money?"

"Because most husbands think it's enough for a woman to get pins to hold her old clothes together."

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IDAHO STATE NEWS

More than 150 teachers are enrolled for the agricultural course at the summer normal school now in session at Moscow.

In 1911 there was paid out by the lumber interests of Idaho the sum of \$5,000,000 for labor and the sum of \$350,000 for supplies.

John M. Haines has filed his acceptance of the nomination as a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor with the secretary of state.

It is estimated that at the present time there are 2,600,000 sheep grazing upon the hillsides of Idaho, which yearly yield a wool clip of 17,000,000 pounds.

R. P. Shawhan, state senator from Canyon county, who was prominently identified with the Roosevelt movement in Idaho, does not believe there will be a third party formed in this state.

Large quantities of gold bullion are regularly being brought to the assay office at Boise and from present indications it is estimated that the amount this year will surpass last year's output by \$100,000.

The sugar beet industry shows that in 1911 there was marketed by the farmers of Idaho the total of 206,367,000 pounds of beets. In this industry there was spent \$1,147,650 for labor and \$298,868 for supplies.

Murder in the first degree is the charge that Ray Weaver, alias Wilson, the youth who courted Miss Lena Speer of Rupert, must answer when he is tried for sending poison through the mail to the girl he wooed.

Ted Schaefer, aged 24, was almost instantly killed at the Erbes ranch, on Eight Mile creek, when a hay fork fell from a derrick and struck the young man on the head. His skull was badly crushed. He never regained consciousness.

C. S. McConnell, city health officer, and James H. Wallis, state food, dairy and sanitary inspector, in a conference last week, decided to use their combined efforts to clean up places in Boise which are not in the proper sanitary condition.

In Idaho the highest wages in the world are paid for mining. Every miner in the Coeur d'Alenes receives \$35.00 per day of eight hours. In Shoshone county alone there was paid out to the miners in wages in 1911 the sum of \$4,640,000.

The paving question in Idaho Falls was settled last week by the council voting solidly, over the veto for the mayor, for an ordinance which provides for paving 40,000 square yards of street in the unpaved portions of the business section of the city.

Six new railroad points will be placed on the map with the completion of the Idaho Northern extension from Emmet to Smith's Ferry, the locations of which have just been announced. Track laying operations have progressed as far as Montour.

A Chicago dispatch says that Colonel Roosevelt, unable to secure the support of any of the eight Idaho delegates to the Chicago convention, will appeal to his partisans in Idaho to send a new delegation to his Progressive Republican convention in August.

Meridian voters have declared for greater improvement in its educational facilities when the bond election, to authorize the issuance of \$35,000 in school bonds, carried by a vote of 241 to 101. As a two-thirds majority was required this gives a clear majority of 13.

The estimated amount of saw timber standing in Idaho is 60,000,000,000 feet. At the present scale of prices it will require \$480,000,000 to market this timber for labor alone, and the additional sum of \$120,000,000 will go to the merchants and the farmers for supplies.

When the state board of equalization meets in August it may find its laborious task materially simplified and lessened by the employment of a wonderful little machine, styled the "Fruensviva," which has been optionally purchased by the state for use at such sessions.

The sixth annual state normal summer school opened at Boise, June 24, for a six weeks' session, with an enrollment of 144 students. It is the largest enrollment for the first day in the history of the school. It is expected that there will be a registration of fully 200.

H. A. Davis of Boise has been arrested for his alleged failure to properly spray the trees in his orchard at Nampa, according to J. U. McPherson, state horticultural inspector. Davis has entered a plea of not guilty and it is expected that he will offer a stubborn contest when the case comes up.

According to figures of the Canyon Commission company which is handling the bulk of the strawberry crop about Caldwell, the total yield will approximate 10,000 or 12,000 crates this year. To date more than 7,000 crates have been handled.

The candidacy of Chief Justice Stewart of the supreme court for the republican nomination as a justice on the supreme bench was formally announced last week when papers officially placing the chief justice's name in the race were filed at the office of the secretary of state.

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