

SUNDAY CAPITAL NEWS

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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History by Its Makers.

A HISTORY of the war exploits of Detroit soldiers is to be written by themselves as a part of a complete record of a county's part in the war. A war census commission is making the plans. Every soldier will be asked to register at one of the many places established for the work. There he will be supplied with blanks to be filled in with his own personal war history.

The plan suggests many possibilities. If besides filling in replies to certain definite queries, the soldiers are allowed to write freely some of their individual experiences, the results should make interesting reading. No doubt there would be a number of men who might find difficulty in telling their stories. Their reports would be brief, unadorned statements of military routine. On the other hand, there would be men whose imaginative flights would exceed all other bounds. Their reports would furnish colorful and more or less accurate pictures of life in the trenches, on the battlefield, in camp, and would undoubtedly describe minutely deeds of unbelievable heroism.

But the two groups, together with all the reports not in either of those classes, but full of simple word pictures, would make a fascinating whole. The reader would find in it all an intimate, close-up of the war that no other kind of history could give him.

Bring 'Em Up in the Country.

SOME years ago a novel was published which was not a good novel, which in fact was plain bad, but in which there was one good thing that had little to do with its popularity. It was this: "Bring 'em up in the country."

It was the advice of a worldly old man to a worldly young one, and had to do with bringing up a little child.

The country has always been the ideal place in which to bring up children, but never so much so as now.

Even a careless reading of magazines and newspapers must convince the most skeptical that the boys and girls on our farms are a wide-awake, active, business-like set.

The county agent has done a lot of good in arousing them, and the automobile, which in the country doesn't have to be a twin six with limousine body, bridges the distances that formerly meant loneliness and isolation.

What with pig clubs and sheep clubs, corn-raising, and the most up-to-date methods of poultry-farming, the country boys and girls are getting no end of fun out of life, to say nothing of money, and are laying up a store of health and useful knowledge which few city-bred children can equal.

The Roosevelt Memorial.

THE Roosevelt memorial committee has practically determined upon a three-fold plan.

1. To erect a suitable adequate memorial monument at Washington.
2. To acquire, develop and maintain a park in the village of Oyster Bay which may ultimately perhaps include Sagamore Hill, to be preserved like Mount Vernon and the Lincoln residence at Springfield.
3. The establishment and endowment of an incorporated society to promote the development and applications of the poli-

cies and ideals of Roosevelt for the benefit of the American people.

These decisions are the results of careful thought and study of the thousands of suggestions which have poured in from all parts of the country. It seems as if they should meet widespread approval, since they will serve to commemorate Roosevelt the president and statesman, Roosevelt the nature lover and Roosevelt the American.

In all these phases of his character he was equally dear to the people of this country, and there could be no adequate memorial which disregarded any of them.

FICTION OF THE HOUR IN TABLOIDS.

THE CITY OF COMRADES

The story of Frank Melbury, castoff son of a Canadian baronet. From dipsomania, he passes to an attempt at burglary in New York. Meets the girl. Achieves reform by way of the Down and Out club. Returns to old profession, as architect. Goes to war, is invalided home, a major. Again the girl. A story cleverly managed, with pathos and comedy in the characterization of Lovey, burglarious partner of Melbury.

"THE PELICANS"

History of two sisters, Rosamund and Frances Grantham, from little girlhood into young womanhood. The two are orphaned in England and are taken to Cornwall by Mrs. Bertie Tregaskis, a sort of cousin, busy, voluble, kind-hearted and practical. The sisters are introspective and pathetic, but interesting. Too much space is given to inner searchings of Frances, preliminary to her taking of the veil. The story's chief merit is in the portraiture of the bromidic Lady Argent, the shallow-vain. Nina Severing, friend of Bertha, and the subservient Miss Blandflower, Tregaskis dependent, with her familiar quotations.

"DIVERGING ROADS"

Helen Davies' hunt for independence and happiness. A story of experiences running through courses in telegraphy, dislocated matrimony, land-selling and authorship. The chapters begin in Masonville, a small California town, with a dead past and a lifeless present. After her escape from Masonville, Helen has one bright, fleeting, foolish period of white lights in San Francisco. After awakening from her dream on the gay ways, she is a very busy young woman. And Paul, her early, plodding lover? He is left on the other road.

"THE FIRE FLINGERS"

A variant on the stolen identity theme. Richard Hutton, just out of prison in California, makes a long jump to Illinois. He is an expert printer. Seeking work at the Olwell Press, in Borealis, he is thwarted by an accident of police presence. Then Olwell dies unexpectedly and Hutton, caught in the house, is encouraged from a chance resemblance to the dead man into a game of impersonation. A rather far-flung story of consequence follows, with love and fortune on the side of the adventurer.

"FIGHTING BYNG"

Story of Clarence Byng, a Georgia cracker, who develops under the friendly impulse given by a secret service man from an overgrown boy of the swamp lands into a physical and financial giant of Manhattan. Byng has in his youth a punch like the kick of a mule and he does not lose it in becoming a millionaire. His story includes the account of a period of domestic interruption during which he is led to misjudge his loyal wife and find his solace in the love and companionship of a winsome small daughter, "little Jim." War gets into "Fighting Byng" to the extent of producing a German plot on the Florida coast.

"NOMADS OF THE NORTH"

Story of the comradeship of a black bear cub and a strong young pup with a strain of wolf blood. The owner of the pup, a Hudson Bay company man, captures the cub and ties him to the opposite end of the pup's leash. After a savage fight the animals become friends and later, when they lose the man, manage to gnaw through the leash and wander away to adventures in the woods.

"THE AMERICAN"

Love story of Helen Seymour, a girl rich enough to be independent of society and to find happiness in settlement house work in a great city. Helen breaks up a gang which has long defied the police, sending its members first to useful work and then into the war. She makes a special charge of "Reddy," former leader of the gang, whose adventures on the fighting line figure largely in the book. Love, of course, pursues Helen from the beginning. And wins at last.

"FROM SUNUP TO SUNDOWN"

Story told in letters between a mother who runs a big Georgia farm and knows how, and her newly-married daughter who is helping her husband run his farm and does not know how. John is "long" on education and "short" on experience. Dora is "long" on interior decoration and aesthetic effects but, although a farmer's daughter, ignorant of the homely lore so useful to a farmer's wife.

"THE FIGHTING SHEPHERDESS"

A western story, alive with incidents of the range, full of peril, hard work and a woman's courage. The heroine is Kate Bain, daughter of the fighting female terror known as "Jezebel of the Sand Coulee Road House," and she inherits from her strenuous mother the qualities which in due season make the sheep queen of south Wyoming. Kate has her romance, of course. It begins when, three years after the opening of her partnership with "Mormon Joe," she meets Hugh Disston, son of a rich Southern investor, a man of a breed new to her experience. Fortunately for the feelings of Miss Lockhart's readers the story ends well for Kate.

"THE YELLOW DOCUMENT"

The book of a "Fantomas of Berlin," a secret service tale running to lurid extremes of adventure in espionage, kaiser-trailing and brutality. There is little to commend the tale save the fervid patriotism of the author as revealed in the several drawings of William II. as fiend, coward, hypocrite and vain actor. Among the numerous absurdities passing as daring flights of fancy in "The Yellow Document" is the story of a man who allows gas to leak into a closed room, strikes a spark from a stone in the wall and survives the resultant explosion! The book will please any reader who accepts this as a bit of plausible realism.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OUR POLITICS?

"WE TRIED TO PURIFY OUR PARTIES BY FORMULA AND IN A SENSE SUCCEEDED; WE STERILIZED THEM, AND NEITHER HAS FUNCTIONED IN ANY VERY LIVELY WAY SINCE."

By WILLIAM BARNES JR.

THERE is nothing vitally wrong in the American ideal of government, but in its process there is much that is wrong. This is recognized by almost everybody. Our free institutions are not serving the purposes for which they were created. We have hedged them about with all sorts of precautions but the more we hedge the less they seem to work. Time was when we feared that congress might run amuck. Now our only fear is that it won't run at all.

In spite of reforms our courts continue to stall. They are so choked with procedure that they can't proceed. Very much the same thing is the matter with our politics. We tried to purify politics by formula. In a sense we succeeded. We sterilized our political parties; but the disinfectant killed most of the germs—good and bad—and neither of the parties has functioned in any very lively way since.

In politics and government both we have aimed at democracy and bagged a lot of formulas. We ordered government by the people and received an overwhelming supply because of red tape. Now we are complaining because our government is too rigid. It surely is, but what else could be expected? To keep it from going wrong we tied it down. To get it to go at all we must now cut some of the strings.

Normally, political parties gather around ideas. It is unscientific, to say the least, to hope that ideas will gather around political parties. Today both the Republican and Democratic parties are organizations, but not organisms. Who shall constitute their membership is determined by law. How their government shall be formed is also a matter of statute. There must be a state committee, organized in such and such a way, ostensibly to keep any group, representing some concrete political principle, from "control" of the organization. We forget that it is really no concern of the people as a whole who controls any particular political group. What the people are interested in is the triumph or defeat of the idea advanced.

"The people should make the nominations," has been the cry of a certain school of reformers. No, the members of the party acting through their agents should make them. In order to find out whom the people want it is absolutely necessary to do the nominating first by groups. The only alternative is nomination by acclamation of all our citizens, and that surely cannot be compelled.

The people do the electing. Any one who can get the floor should have the right to make a nomination. It is up to the people to make their rules of order and thus determine who shall get the floor. But the members of any one political party are not the people. Each party should be permitted to make its own rules.

Suppose a political party should try to function on the principle that all motions and nominations should be made by the whole party membership. Within a party the party members are the units, and it is absolutely necessary that the conflicting units shall take the initiative before the voice of the whole party can be determined. In a national election the various political parties are the units, and it is absolutely necessary that these groups shall get their motions and their nominations before the people in order that the people may make any choice at all.

This misuse of the word "people" is very largely responsible for the political and governmental bankruptcy today. For, while our so-called ballot reform has not accomplished the impossible and brought about "nominations by the people," it has made it possible for exceptionally willful minorities to control our politics.

INFORMATION

The following sign is to be seen over a small basement restaurant in New York: "Cup of coffee and a roll downstairs, 15 cents."

A vast portion of the working class of Chile's less than 4,000,000 population is engaged in the exploitation of the nitre fields in that country.

Drug clerks in Greater New York have formed themselves into a drug clerk's union with a view to getting shorter hours and increased wages.

Mexico is to have a national workmen's compensation law which will include many of the important features of similar laws enacted by states in this country.

The police at Phoenix, Ariz., who arrested a man charged with obtaining money wrongfully from banks, found attached into the lining of his overcoat \$5000 in \$50 and \$100 bills.

Oporto, Portugal, despite revolutionary conditions, exported in a recent month, 2,124,880 gallons of wine. England was the largest purchaser, followed in turn by France and Brazil.

Insect pests caused a greater loss in the food supplies of the United Kingdom of Great Britain last year than did the German U-boat, according to the estimate of the board of agriculture.

Comfort is assured riders on farming implements by an Illinois inventor's seat, which is mounted on one end of a pivoted bar, the other end of which is attached to a coiled spring to afford balance and prevent shocks.

MOONSHINE

By Early



It may be imagination, but whenever TWO look at the moon together they may see the man in the moon and the girl in the moon just ready to kiss. Perhaps it's the magic of hearts beating for each other—or maybe it's prophetic vision—who can tell? But HE always sees it through the mystery of the moonshine when he looks at the moon with HER.

Diary of a Fashion Model

By GRACE THORNCLIFFE

She Describes a Gown That May Be Varied by Wearing Different Vests.

YOU want a spring dress that is neither tan nor blue," said madame. "With your lovely blonde hair why don't you have gray?" she suggested in answer to the request of Miss Dillingham for a spring street gown. "I am very partial to gray, you know, madame," Miss Dillingham replied. "I think gray gabardine with a touch of Joffre blue would be just the color scheme for you."

"Of course I love that combination, but I want something very simple with an adjustable vest or gimpie so that I may have variety in several changes," Miss Dillingham explained.

"I've just the ideal," madame exclaimed. "We will have a vest of gray organdie trimmed with Val lace dyed gray. Dyed lace is very new and gives a smart touch to a gown."

"Your idea sounds attractive," answered Miss Dillingham. "But to my way of thinking nothing is as pretty and fresh as white or cream around the neck and throat."

"You must have a gray vest now to please me," said madame. "I'll make a white one, too. Flesh pink—very pale, of course—is also effective with gray."

"White or gray I prefer for the vests, madame. And now that is settled, let's see what you're going to design for me," she asked.

Madame's brain and fingers work very quickly under the inspiration of dressing a distinguished beauty like Miss Dillingham.

"You will want quite an open neck to display the vest," madame said, as she thoughtfully turned the idea over in her mind. "I have it! A deep rather U-shaped neck outlined with a collar of



This Street Dress of Gray Gabardine Has a Gray Organdie Vest.

Joffre blue taffeta. That will bring the blue near your face and hair where I want it for the contrast. This U will be filled in with a gimpie of gray or white organdie, or net."

"I think gray organdie is more spring-like than net, don't you, madame?" Miss Dillingham inquired.

"Oh, they're both so sheer I don't matter particularly. We will have gray organdie with undersleeves to match. They will be attached to cotton net sleeves made in one with the vest because I want the vest to show below the belt to give you a little different touch from the ordinary gimpie. This vest will be attached to the net lining," madame explained.

"The gray blouse will have a peplum faced with blue and the lingerie vest will show in front where the peplum is cut away. See?" she said, exhibiting for Miss Dillingham's approval the sketch reproduced here.

"Oh, I like that very much. What is this belt?" she inquired.

"No, it is a belt of the material with two small gray pearl buckles or silver ones if you like."

"I like gray pearl buckles better than silver ones, I think. Where does this gown fasten?" Do I slip the blouse over my head?" she asked.

"That could be done, but I'll fasten it down the centre back with a row of gray gabardine buttons. I will also fasten the skirt, in this way, making a row of buttons in a continuous line."

"This sketch is lovely and just the type of dress I want for the spring. I can wear it at luncheon or in the afternoon because it's really dressy, and yet it will look well in the morning on the street," Miss Dillingham remarked as she took in the various details of the design.

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a girl of 19. My sweetheart is two years my junior, and has been in the army for three years, and is now in France. He has never said he loved me, but I feel sure he does, because he has asked me to wait for him. I have been corresponding with another soldier who is 13 years my senior. He has asked me to marry him at once, and has offered me a beautiful home.

Dear Annie Laurie, I cannot accept because I love the one in France, whom I have known for several years. The other I only met a few months ago.

Now please tell me, dear Annie Laurie, what shall I do? Shall I wait for the one in France?

BROWN EYES.

BROWN EYES: And you expect me, without knowing either of the men, to decide the biggest question of your life? Oh, little girl, you little realize what a big thing life is and what a big thing love is, and what a serious problem you have before you.

The fact that you know one man better than the other doesn't count, for we can learn to know our friends better in a few months sometimes than we might know others in years.

Brown eyes, your soldier boy will return soon. He may not care for you on his return—have you thought of that? The

ideas and ideals of our boys are sure to change, for they have endured a great deal to make the world safer for us all, you know. I hardly think a boy of 17 would be competent to select a wife, and I wonder if he is able to support you. Can you care for the home that he will give you? And what do your people think about it all?

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: We are two girls friends, 16 years of age, and have been chums for four or five years.

We have been corresponding with two sailor friends. Lily has had a quarrel with her friend, and has refused to correspond with him.

We received presents from them. Lily's is a ring, and mine is a pearl necklace.

We would like your advice whether to keep them or to return them.

Waiting patiently for your reply and hoping you are a true friend.

ROSE and LILY.

ROSE and LILY: It isn't considered good form to accept costly gifts from young men until there is an engagement. And especially as you are such young girls, I should think it hardly wise to accept the gifts. You are always placing yourselves under obligations when you accept presents from young men, and then, if there is a quarrel, there's always the necessity for returning the gifts, which makes more sorrow.

I want to be a true friend to all the

girls and boys, and I hope that they realize that it is my earnest desire to help them always.

Remember that it is best to remain within the bounds of little girlhood just as long as you can, my dears.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: My best girl and I are having quite a discussion as to whether I should kiss her before we are engaged. I think it is all right.

Will you please settle this discussion?

PETE: And you're willing to abide by my decision? Then listen well, my friend, for your best girl is quite right about it. Kisses are too precious to be squandered. The very fact that you wish to kiss her proves that you think it a privilege. If it is a privilege, and if you love her, aren't you glad that she is chary of her favors, and that she is saving them for the man she intends to marry?

And if you are old enough to be married, and if you are able to maintain a home, why not settle the matter at once and ask the question which will give you the privilege you so long for?

And if you are old enough to be married, and if you are able to maintain a home, why not settle the matter at once and ask the question which will give you the privilege you so long for?

Annie Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper, and will reply to them in these columns. Letters to Miss Laurie should be addressed to her, care this office.