

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

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NEW YEAR is the time when we form good resolutions and make a more or less feeble attempt to reform the old Adam within us.

Rippling Rhymes.

It's easy now, on New Year's day, to rise and say, "We'll booze no more; we'll throw the demijohn away— the waterwagon's at the door."

Odds and Ends

Indianapolis—Leo Krauss turned his jewelry store into a sugar store today. He sells sugar at 19 1/2 cents a pound. No jewelry will be sold until the sugar sale is ended.

Most New Year resolutions are as short-lived as they are commendable. They are shallow because purely surface affairs.

There is one good resolution, however, that is always in order, and that makes for contentment within and happiness without, and that is to try and love others as we love ourselves.

Self-love seems the most vital of our inheritances from the beast and its subjugation heralds the triumph of reason—but few of us are very reasonable.

TROTSKY NOT WOOD.

PROOF that Col. C. E. S. Wood, Oregon's erstwhile millionaire anarchist, who mysteriously disappeared from his familiar haunts after the passage of the espionage act, is not in Russia, leading the hosts of Bolsheviks disguised as Trotsky, as many had supposed, is offered by the publication in a Portland newspaper of a letter dated at San Francisco, in which the Colonel, true to his old form, assails the president and sustains the senate in the peace treaty fight.

There are many points of similarity between Trotsky and the Colonel, which probably accounts for the rumor that Wood was Trotsky: both have the impassioned style of soap-box oratory, identical lofty ideals and a common philosophy, similar military ability and close personal resemblance.

Of course the Colonel opposes the peace treaty and league of nations. Every anarchist does. The anarchist doesn't want peace on earth any more than he wants law and order—and naturally the Colonel sustains the senate which has practiced sabotage, created unrest and made a field for anarchists.

All of us feel sorry for the Colonel—he will soon be lonely, for his associates are being deported by the shipload for the land of their dreams. His old pals, Goldman and Berkman sailed on the ark and others are following. Too bad he does not go with them—he would be most useful in Russia. But there is a spark of comfort—he will always have the United States senate to fall back upon.

RETURNING THE RAILROADS.

CONGRESS is to "return the railroads to their owners"—when operation by the government ceases. The owners of the railroads are the stockholders. But the stockholders, for years before the war, had no voice in the management or control of the railroads—and under the pending legislation, their position will not be changed.

Control of the railroads and management of the railroads has been and will be in the hands of Wall street—that is in the control of New York banking and bonding syndicates, who choose the executives, direct the finances and dictate the policy.

How much voice has any stockholder of the Southern Pacific in the management of that railroad? About as much as the stockholders of the New Haven had when bankers were wrecking it to reap personal fortunes. Its control rests with New York bankers. They keep the stock record transfer books and under the New York law, stock holders cannot even get at them save by expensive litigation.

The railroads will not be returned to their owners, but returned to the New York bankers and the public ought to understand this fact. In the past these bankers have not been above betraying their trust, and proper safeguards should be provided to make such betrayal of the real owners impossible.

you can't say I never gave you any thing," and he laughed easily. As he put that \$10 into my purse I sat up in bed with a jerk. "John Gordon, do you mean to tell me that you are going to take back the money that you sent me when you expected that you were in a nasty scandal and wanted to placate me in every particular?"

Only a Mercenary Woman. "Now I clearly see that you think I am just another one of those mercenary things that you have labeled 'woman' in the back of your brain. To you I am nothing more than something to hang the gauds and the raiment upon that advertise your property."

"Well, doesn't every man like his wife to show what she thinks of her?" "I am quite sure I don't want to show what you think of me, if that is your opinion!" I replied. "In your mind, John, I am no better than a woman of the streets, who can be bought and paid for—a piece of merchandise which your business acumen will allow you to purchase only at the smallest possible price."

"Hush, Katherine! Are you crazy? I never knew before that you had been bitten by this 'new woman' bug. You never showed me this side of your nature during that three weeks before we were married. If you had..."

"I wonder," I interrupted, "if every man and woman ultimately wake up, as we have done, to the knowledge that the women and men they marry are totally different from the ones with whom they had fallen in love?" "Why, what do you mean, Katherine?"

"You have just said that you didn't understand me and asked if I were a 'new woman,' and from the first hour after I married you I have found in your characteristics, idiosyncrasies and traits of character that have been utter surprises to me. Perhaps you have found the same surprises in me?"

John's eyes rested on my face for a moment, questioning. And then he spoke quite irrelevantly. "How prettily your hair curls around your face, Katherine. Let me bring you the hand mirror and show you how sweet you look with your hair in this simple fashion. I wish you could wear it this way with your daytime attire."

Comes Toward Table. "Don't, John, don't!" I said as he was making toward the dressing table, on which my hand mirror lay. "But I must, because, my dear, you look more beautiful than I have ever seen you before in my life," and he thrust the mirror into my hands and bent down, even as I laid it aside, and pressed a long kiss on my lips.

But even though I felt the old-time thrill I would not give in to its soothing influence. Without a semblance of rancor, I gently pushed him away and turned my face to the wall. "Oh, well," he said with quick offense, "if you feel that way about me, I guess I had better make myself scarce."

He walked over to my desk and picked up the roll of money. As he did so he caught sight of the first letter which I had written to my mother—the one I had intended to destroy. "Oh, this is what you're going to do?" he said. "Getting ready to leave me, eh?" (Tomorrow—A Gold Mesh Bag)

Being awaited with eagerness by his friends and with something akin to pronounced nervousness by his political enemies. If the president, in his messages, eliminates himself from the race and lays down the reins of democratic party control, Bryan's supporters expect him to pick them up at once and guide the democratic chariot into the conflict. That he will be the over-shadowing figure at the democratic dinner is the confident prediction of his friends. William G. McAdoo, whose presidential aspirations Bryan is reported to oppose, will not be at the feast because of a previous engagement. Of course this is said to be without political significance.

The Palmer democrats have secured fifty out of the 800 seats for the Jackson banquet and plan to start a demonstration in favor of the attorney general. Within the last few days Bryan—at first a mere wealth reminiscence of ancient campaigns, has been materializing with such rapidity that he is entering into the situation with much of his old vigor. Various reasons are assigned for this. In some quarters it is believed he is winning the backing of labor and that labor men are responsible for the increasing talk about him.

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY

MIDNIGHT MATINEE TONIGHT



I'll Be There. Too! —FATTY Also HOWARD FOSTER PLAYERS BLIGH THEATRE

MOTHERS — Know what you give your children. The open published formula appears on every bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP. The Infants' and Children's Regulator.

The Great Wall of Modern Science —Sickness Prevention. The Great Wall of China is centuries old, but its basic idea is sound—it is better to keep your enemies out than to fight them after they have entered.

NORTH BEND TEACHERS QUIT FOR HIGHER PAY

Portland, Or., Dec. 31.—Confronted with what they declare to be the practical impossibility of living comfortably or even properly on the wages they receive, fifty North Bend, Or., school teachers Tuesday voted the nineteenth annual session of the Oregon state teachers association, which is being held in Portland, and announced they will not return to their jobs.

One of the pedagogues is already on her way to another state to accept a position paying \$20 a month more than the salary she received at North Bend. Teachers of North Bend recently asked their board for a general increase of \$20 a month. The board declared itself to be without funds and referred the proposition to a special election, at which the proposal was rejected.

Although there is no particularly heavy call for small sales of war savings stamps, the sale of large amounts is phenomenal, according to Postmaster August Huckestein. Tuesday one local firm took out stamps amounting to \$1692, while one individual party purchased \$1090 worth. Several persons invested in \$400 worth of the stamps.

Abe Martin. No SUBARUM SURENUM. CASH ONLY. JOHN IN A NEW ROLE. "I can't understand you Katherine" would be delighted to flourish a gold purse before the eyes of her friends.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGlone Gibson

JOHN IN A NEW ROLE. "I can't understand you Katherine" would be delighted to flourish a gold purse before the eyes of her friends. "Oh, you're just joking with me," he said. "You know you like to give things quite as much as I like to get them to you."

WILSON EXPECTED TO ANNOUNCE THIRD TERM POLICY SOON

By Hugh Baillie (United Press Staff Correspondent.) Washington, Dec. 31.—President Wilson next week is expected to make known his intentions with regard to running for a third term. The president is preparing a message to Homer S. Cummings, chairman of the democratic national committee, which Cummings will read at the Jackson day banquet here. In this message, Wilson will disclose his decision, party officials believed.



If you could buy everything as well as you can buy Schilling Tea, the "high cost of living" wouldn't bother you. Schilling Tea has so much real tea-flavor that it costs only 1/2 cent per cup. The flavor is delicious and rich, and the effect is gently invigorating.

A Satisfying Supper. Sandwich Suggestions for Holiday Suppers. Mince Chicken—Mix a little salt and pepper with minced chicken and onion, cut fine, fold in crisp lettuce leaves, slice between slices of OLYMPIC Flour Bread, well buttered.