

St. Johnsbury Caledonian

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LIFE'S DREARY PATH

The chief product of Omsk, Siberia, seems to be bombs.

Those U-boats were brought to Britain's knees instead.

President Wilson beat Kaiser Bill to Paris, after all.

Wonder how the fellows who married to escape the draft feel about it now that the war has caved in on them?

It is to be hoped that the boys who are returning from over there will bring back some ability to fight for good government.

One of the few remaining Cautails that have not yet offered the freedom of the city to President Wilson has been Washington.

It is said that with the exception of one regiment no American machine guns ever reached France, which goes to prove that the Germans knew when to quit.

When there is nothing more left to steal and no more innocent people to murder will the Bolsheviks put on an air of injured innocence and ask us for something to eat?

Some men do kiss their wives occasionally at that!

Some men's idea of freedom is spitting on the floor.

Cuspidors are mighty useful machinery however you consider them.

We have a medal to pin on the man who keeps his walk sanded.

Did you ever write a telegram correctly the first time on the first sheet of paper.

Bulgaria's losses exceed a million men but St. Johnsbury hasn't yet noticed it.

Someone happily remarks that the ghost of Edith Cavell is sitting at the peace conference.

Some of these ex-dollar-a-year men are doing a lot of thinking that they never did before.

If some bell hops had the same ear for the desk bell that they've got for the dinner bell, hotels might at last become fairly popular.

Any darn fool can knock off his cigar ashes on the carpet.

A man who talks loudest in a public dining room usually makes about fourteen dollars a week.

When air planes to Europe are running on daily schedules we'll forget a lot of this nonsense about one race having the divine right to lord it over another.

Gumshoe Sam says that he is at last convinced that it takes more brains to run a country paper and make it pay than it does to create a dividend on the New York Times. We take back what we said about Sam at the Sunday school picnic. It's winter time, anyhow.

In the last six months the editor of this paper has been in a land where he has seen Bolshevism with the naked eye. If the Russians would only read the Caledonian they'd soon have this business settled.

"It Can't Be Done!"

When our boys started for the German lines they met the most terrific hell fire the world has ever known.

These boys went through that fire and captured the lines, one after another. They did it by doing "the things that can't be done."

When the transportation problem of getting our troops to Europe faced the combined councils of Britain, France and the United States, it was an apparently impossible task.

But that job was put through by the men in the army, the merchant marine and the transportation service doing "the things that can't be done."

The prompt and effective housing and supplying of our soldiers in France, the construction of depots and transportation lines, the equipments of ports for quick handling of ships, presented to the American leaders a program which for the size and the speed demanded had never been known or attempted in the history of the world.

That program was carried through successfully, because our engineers and workmen did "the things that can't be done."

The American shipbuilding plants under the pressure of war's demands have turned out bigger ships in less time than has ever been known.

This was accomplished by the managers and the workers doing "the things that can't be done."

These markers in the progress of our country during the war are shining marks that set the pace, the new American standard.

Facing the problems of peace, the people of St. Johnsbury find that in order to uphold their position in the forward march of commerce and society they must take a new hold, move with greater speed, think on broader lines, act with more virile energy, drive with intelligent enthusiasm. They must do "the things that can't be done."

The test is here and now for all of us.

Little men will whine and complain that it has never been done.

Men of Vermont, who believe selves outside the ranks of civic slackers, men who appreciate what has been done for them and what is their consequent responsibility, those men will get together, move forward, steadily and fearlessly, they will do "the things that can't be done."

One of them will endeavor to run a daily newspaper.

Mr. Stone Retires

Mr. Stone has sold his interest and holdings in The Evening Caledonian to Mr. Peley for the same reason that Mr. McAdoo retired from the President's cabinet.

Like Mr. McAdoo, he has made a success of his job and he retires with the best wishes and all friendly feeling and good spirit between his associates and himself. It was no easy job to take the helm of this publication last September and act as editor, manager, ad-man, superintendent, janitor, stenographer, office-boy and ash-man after the retirement of Wallace H. Gilpin. He deserves all the praise he can get and if he wants it easier for a time, he is entitled to the vacation.

A rolling Stone may gather no moss, but who wants to be mossy, anyhow? Our Brother Stone doesn't and isn't. He's rather the kind of Stone the Good Book talks about, whose existences are sermons; he's been a whole parchment in this newspaper case of a man rising commendably to an emergency and staying loyally by his guns and his friends until the last shot is fired or reinforcements can come up.

The reinforcements have arrived.

The second phase of the battle is on.

Thus far the casualties show promise of being light!

We Won't Go to the Dogs!

The peace conference is sitting in Paris. The world is waiting, for we know it is going to be a different world when the session is over.

It may take a long time for the settlement of the questions under discussion—on the other hand plans for the conference were "cut and dried" weeks ago. The sittings may end so suddenly that the end of the war was a long drawn out affair in comparison.

However it ends there will be a lot of folks dissatisfied.

If they had been sitting in Wilson's place they could have done better. You betcher!

Seeing they were not in Wilson's place, seeing that many of the ends gained fell short of what they expected, seeing that the congress ended with dissatisfaction existing among certain peoples—as it is bound to exist—a certain percentage of folk are going to promenade around with faces beside which the hind wheel of a hearse is a three-act vaudeville show. They will be positive the war is lost and the world is going to the dogs.

But never mind how the peace conference ends, the world is not going to the dogs.

We must prepare ourselves now to look at the peace as settled in a big, broad, far-reaching way.

After every election there are certain people who cannot believe that God is in His heaven and all's well with the world.

Nothing doing! The morals of the town or the state or the nation have been crucified.

After the installation of the new crowd will come the deluge.

They're sure of it. But somehow the old world manages to amble along, amble along, just the same.

The end of the world won't come if every person, party and people doesn't emerge satisfied with the peace settlement. We'll still manage to amble along somehow, multiplying, loving, marrying and giving in marriage. The sun will still be just the same. Newspapers will still be printed. The poor we will have with us always. The cost of living will still maintain its reputation. Men will work and women will weep. We dare say along toward April some one will still remember to write a spring poem.

A lot of us may get discouraged and think the blood of our sons has been bled in vain if every one of President Wilson's fourteen points aren't carried out in adamant concrete. And then some. But we want to stop and remember that President Wilson's Fourteen points make a whale of a big program. We shall

have progressed half a century from 1914 if we are lucky enough to realize half of them.

Let's begin now to look at the outcome sanely, sensibly, philosophically. Let's prepare ourselves to admit that even what has been accomplished has been better than nothing at all.

Let's at least be appreciative of the fact that the war was won by us, victoriously.

That's something! Let's admit that we have already come closer to the Parliament of Man than we have ever come before, even if the ailment of Man doesn't prove a quick cure-all in the sum-total of the world's ills at one stupendous session.

Let's feel grateful that the war has come out thus far as it has and trust that if the Almighty has steered things for us to this point, there's no especial reason to expect that all at once He's going to go off now and leave us to the Bolsheviks.

No, the world won't go to the dogs. Never mind who wins or who loses at the Peace Conference, we'll get a better world for the furnace of suffering through which we have gone. The Peace Conference will be no worse nor better than the folks the peace is being made for on both sides, anyhow.

So let's keep cool and be grateful for small favors. The Germans didn't get us at any rate. The time for real pessimism was last March when the German steam roller was plowing toward Paris at the rate of 20 miles a day. That's all gone now. The nightmare is over.

Blessed are those who expect nothing for verily they shall not be disappointed!

Our Legislature

It's our legislature.

Praise the Lord! It may display some fearful and wonderful hair cuts. It's clothes may smell of the cow barn. There may be tobacco juice running down inside its whiskers and its trousers may bag at the knees. It may say "Wal, I swan!" have dandruff on its collar, a burr in its speech and several teeth missing in the orchestra. But you can't buy it and you can't rush it. You can't bulldoze it or you can't buffalo it. You can't borrow it, steal it, excite it, trip it up, or make it stampeed.

There's not another legislature like it in the country.

It's 100 per cent American!

Its our legislature.

Twenty-two months out of the twenty-four it sets hens, haws the off-horse, and pulls cow's tents for a living.

It spends its summer evenings fishing for full pout down by the dam or sitting with a neighbor in the dusky shadows of the front piazza spitting with long gypsy swishes into the lilac bushes. It spends its winter evenings mending the harness or feeding green birch wood into the kitchen stove, while it reads the county weekly with its shoes off. It makes its year's suit do for another season so that Ruth, the eldest daughter can blossom forth in white muslin and a few do-dabs for the Annual Home Coming dance down to the Center and it drives to meeting Sunday morning and looks more kindly on the crime of rape than upon the crime of not paying its bills. It doesn'ticker nor spar for the price of its immortal soul and it gives its boys cheerfully to the flag when the need arises.

It's a legislature to be proud of. It doesn't stand for monkeydoodle and clap-trap. It comes through clean!

The bright city boys who want things, breeze in occasionally, cast an antiseptic glass eye over it and kid themselves that they can run off with the State House doors.

The Oily Corporation boys sluice and slitter around and hand out pleasant hints and bum cigars that our Legislature takes in fingers like hams and smokes at weird angles.

A certain percentage of the ladies—God Bless 'Em!—look on and get disappointed, and feel certain—positive that the country is going to the dogs.

But the Bright City chaps and the Oily Corporation Boys and even the ladies—God Bless 'Em!—go home after a while sure they know what is implied by an immovable object hit by an unstoppable force and something slipped us somewhere. The legislature adjourns with a fair amount of good laws to its credit and not more than the usual number of near murders and a pleasant time is had by all.

We wouldn't swap it for any other legislature we've yet seen in America and we reckon we've seen a lot.

Because there's no other legislature exactly like it.

It's honest and human and takes itself seriously.

It's the legislature which doesn't take itself seriously that breed the Bolsheviks—outside.

We're strong for the Vermont legislature. As the small boy said: "We love every bat in it's belly." Which may or may not be making light of sacred things but anyhow, it expresses the idea and after all what constitutes language?

The boys at the press table may wear the Bored Man of the World look and feel like sliding under the table when some rising young statesman, corn fed and greasy with bacon, rises in his place and an eight-dollar suit and tries to rock Miss Justice atop the gilded dome with a speech which listens like Daniel Web-

ster with the blind stagers. But we know he's only playing to the little wife with the fried-egg hat in the gallery who is certainly sure he's just perfectly going to be President before his Career ceases and we forgive him because once our wives felt the same way about it themselves. We forgive him his transgressions in the name of the American eagle's tail-feathers and the Life and Speeches of Chauncey M. Depew and we say and merely write it in the dispatches that a young man also spoke.

We grin when the Speaker gets called up in his rules or his face or in the middle of a hot tilt at repartee the Representative from North Foxboro can't locate the spittoon. We feel absolutely certain the whole shabang is a farce and a non-essential industry—11 times.

But all the same, it's our legislature and seeing it only meets once in two years, we love it.

What more remains to be said? Some day we may get rich and modern and prosperous. Our legislature may cut its hair and have its pants pressed. It may brush the dandruff off its collar and go and see a dentist. It may smoke cigars that no longer smell like a German trench and the ladies in the gallery may put out the speaker's eye with their purple and fine linen.

In that day, woe unto us! The Gods will have departed from us and our house will have been left unto us desolate.

U. S. Senator W. P. Dillingham in a 90-minute address before the Joint Assembly of the Legislature this morning made a strong arraignment of the tendency of the administration in Washington to infringe upon the sovereign rights of the individual states, oppose the Anthony Suffrage Amendment on that ground and proclaimed his stern opposition to federal control of public utilities.

Senator Dillingham was warmly applauded and at the conclusion the House passed a joint resolution opposing any and all government ownership of public utilities.

The Senator rapped the Creed method of publicity, citing incidents where President Wilson exceeded his power as chief executive to have many bills passed by Congress and gave many statistics to bear out his contention that government ownership of railroads would make them a political plying and would cause the 3,000,000 employees to control future elections.

He also showed where the revenue of Vermont for example would be reduced one-third if federal ownership was consummated, railroads at present bearing one-third of the total taxation.

Referring to the attitude of Woman Suffrage he said that when he became satisfied that 51 per cent want and are willing to assume the responsibilities of suffrage, he would favor it.

"I am heartily in favor of the question being submitted to the people of Vermont by referendum two years hence. Whatever the people of Vermont want, I want and will favor. I cannot favor the Anthony Amendment because it is the basic right of the state to decide."

He condemned the lobby in favor of Woman Suffrage in Washington and stamped it as a campaign on misrepresentation.

Both branches of the legislature adjourned at noon until Monday evening.

The Senate passed a bill this forenoon making the sessions of County Court continuous. The Senate passed two bills, one of which would repeal the direct primary law and the other would have repealed the statute enabling women to vote in town meetings.

Discussion of the right to give women the right to vote for presidential electors was getting warm in the Senate when the Senate adjourned to hear Senator Dillingham.

Morrill Relief Corps, No. 35, called a meeting Thursday, Jan. 23 to initiate four candidates, and to install the officers for the coming year. Owing to the influenza scare, the public installation which was to have taken place on Jan. 3, was called off. The following officers were installed: President, Carrie Bliss; senior vice president, Abbie Read; junior vice president, Maria Dow; treasurer, Florence Voody; chaplain, Fannie Waldo; conductor, Louella Freeman; guard, Viola White; secretary, Ida Barr; patriotic instructor, Eva Grace; press correspondent, Nettie Nelson; musician, Ruth Butterfield; assistant guard, Mima Martin; assistant conductor, Mary Keniston; color bearers, Lina Wheeler, Alice Paine, Susie Nelson, Gertrude Read.

The charter was draped in memory of our beloved sister, Mrs. Abbie A. Lamson. 29 members were present and two comrades. Refreshments of pop corn balls and home made candies were served.

There will be a call meeting of Morrill Relief Corps, No. 35, Wednesday p. m., Jan. 29 for practice work and a good attendance is desired.

Remember all this prohibition business started in Kansas.

There are also some editors who go around the world who come back.

Thieves in Berlin seem to be getting no better, fast.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. George Pinard who were recently married have gone to Racine, Wis., where Mr. Pinard has a position.

Mrs. W. F. Braley of Hartford was called here by the illness of her daughter, Mrs. Prescott Stearns at Brightlook hospital.

Serg. Lawrence C. Bishop of the U. S. Marine Corp, now stationed at Quantico, Va., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Bishop of North Main street.

Arthur E. Smith has purchased the Watchie grocery store in Lyndonville and will open it in a few days. This store makes three stores that Mr. Smith now owns.

Mrs. Margaret N. Heywood has been appointed Deputy Probation Officer for children in this state. Miss Lena Ross of Rutland is chief officer for women and children and Miss Bernice Tuttle of Rutland is also a deputy officer.

T. J. Brown of Boston is a business visitor in town.

Mrs. Margaret Heywood is visiting in Holyoke, Mass., for a few days. The Elks will hold their second annual ball at the Armory on the evening of Feb. 21.

Miss Grace Rouse has entered the employment of The Peck Co. as book-keeper.

Serg. Fred O. Moore has received his discharge from the army and will return home from Camp Devens this week.

Stanley Mackay of Mt. Vernon street was coming down Grov hill recently and slid under the feet of a horse which was coming up the hill. Only by the quick action of Mrs. Corfield, who was driving the horse, the boy would have been killed.

The second hand store which has been in the Brunelle block on Portland street has been moved to 103 Railroad street.

A train service which will help Barret and McIndoes is expected to go into effect soon. The airline from St. Johnsbury south will stop at both of these places which will greatly please these two towns.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynn C. Morrill, Mrs. Joan P. Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. William Clement and Frank Bickford of Danville are in town today to attend the funeral of Mrs. William Clement, who died in Manchester, N. H., on Sunday.

The new shoe store which is to be opened about February 1 by the Nal-Brothers, is receiving a new coat of paint and new fixtures will be put in place soon. They are planning to have an up-to-date store.

A small, but interested audience, gathered at Pythian Hall Wednesday evening to hear the business story in moving pictures by W. H. Farley of Dayton, O., given under the auspices of the Commercial Club. Previous to the lecture the operator threw on the screen a choice collection of war scenes. Mr. Farley proved a very pleasing speaker and gave a most practical talk on "The Troubles of a Merchant and How to Stop Them." The pictures were beautifully colored and supplemented the address in a gratifying manner. The Commercial Club is greatly indebted to the National Cash Register Company for such a helpful lecture.

Beginning with the coming week, The Caledonian is putting on two full-time reporters to get the daily news in this vicinity. To get all the news, while it is news, will be the motto of the management.

A soft warm rain yesterday and snow today again is adding to the variety of the winter in this vicinity this year. Several out of town people who are constantly looking for reports of the weather in this community every day had better postpone their winter vacations to St. Johnsbury until we can get back to our famous 63 below.

"Good Night, Paul" starring bewitching Constance Talmadge is a particularly bright comedy drama of a very high order and exceedingly enjoyable. There is a laugh in every foot of film and is a veritable bonanza of wholesome comedy situations heightened by suspense and thrills. Much of the action in "Pink Pajamas" Bill Parsons newest laugh vehicle takes place in a pullman car where Bill fits about in his new glad night rainfall carrying on a flirtation with a beautiful woman. At the Globe tonight.

Special attention is called to the adv. of Assell Bros., in this issue. Assell Bros., who did no newspaper advertising of appreciable volume before the Evening Caledonian was established, are developing into one of the town's best advertisers. And men or firms who are progressive enough to carry a sizeable volume of newspaper advertising are progressive enough to maintain a store where you get the right kind of a deal and service on a trade. A. W. Scott is another local merchant, who is feeling his way into print, who should have all the appreciation and encouragement which this people and the public can accord him.

The management of the Please U. takes great pleasure in presenting to its patrons a picture of so strong a type as "The Sign Invisible" today. Mitchell Lewis is the star and all those who saw him in The Barrier and Nine Tenth of the Law have asked when he would again be shown, and in his self created role of half breed in this wonderful drama of uncurbed human impulses staged midst

the lowering pines and towering mountains of the great Canadian northwest, he even surpasses his previous supreme efforts. This is unquestionably one of the best screen plays ever shown here. At the Please U theatre today.

John T. White of this place has bought the business of Fred W. Taylor and takes possession Monday morning. Mr. White is well known in Rutland, Bellows Falls and St. Albans.

If those folks who are always kicking about the lack of local news in the home paper would only take the trouble to tip the office of when they have a birth, a wedding, a party, a visitation or a death in the family, maybe some sort of a satisfactory paper would result.

Charles A. Shields, of the firm of Dunnett, Conant & Shields, has been confined to the house the past few days with a hard cold, trying hard to have the "flu." The "flu" was agile and made its escape and Mr. Shields is back at his law practice not caring now whether Spring comes in a hurry or not.

One of the pathetic things about running an employment bureau at the present time is having plenty of customers and no jobs to sell them. Any Caledonian county man who wishes help of any kind should keep in touch with the two local employment bureaus and give deserving applicants all the opportunities possible to work.

Judge "Dave" Porter, one of the most popular lawyers in town, has been indisposed the past two or three days with that rather humorous ailment sometimes known as a stiff neck—humorous at least to everyone but the man who has it. It has not detained him seriously, however, from his law practice beyond the stopping of excuses as to how he came by it.

Mrs. Emma S. P. Cheney clips the following comment from the Woman's Citizen comparing the rights of women in Germany with those of American women turned their eyes to American women with envy of the American woman's superior political status. Not all American women were enfranchised, but some of them were, a few million in the West. That was back in pre-war days. Sunday between twenty and twenty-one million German women cast their first ballots as fully enfranchised citizens. If all the fully enfranchised women in America had voted Sunday about seven million suffrages would have been cast. Yet there are in the United States of America some twenty-seven million women over voting age. Between the twenty million and the suffrage stands a barrier of reactionaries, which makes a German junker look like the dawn of progress. German junkerdom is down and out, but the United States Senate minority is still with us—The Woman's Citizen. It passes understanding how a Vermont senator or a U. S. Senator can wish to put the women of Vermont or our great democratic nation to the ignominy of being behind the German women in their right to the ballot.

Mrs. D. W. Lowell has been confined to the house by illness.

J. C. Amey has been absent from his store this week on account of illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Wells and young daughter are confined to the house by illness.

Mrs. E. T. Woods of Lyndonville has been spending a few days with Mrs. J. M. Foye.

Mrs. John Tierney leaves Monday for Rock Island where she will visit Mrs. Jennie Gilmore.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Gage who have been in Boston for a few days, are expected home Monday.

Lieut. F. S. Sykes who has just returned from France is visiting his aunt, Mrs. J. R. Rouse.

Mrs. Lawrence Boyer left this morning for Washington, D. C., where she will spend some time.

Brook Higgins of Mt. Pleasant street is confined to the house, suffering from a painful injury to his foot.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Albee and Mrs. John Galbraith and daughter, Marion, were guests of Mrs. Henry Wilson on Thursday.

Miss Nita Palmer and Miss Winn of Wells River are spending the day in town as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Palmer.

R. G. Robinson, secretary of the Granite Mutual, was in town today adjusting the loss on the burns of Fred S. Lawrence of Waterford.

Mrs. Mamie Honston, Misses Florence Clark, Hazel Walker, Mary Dinamore and Mrs. Harry Miller are assisting in the Berry-Ball store during the sale.

Lieut. Ralph E. Howes, who landed from France, Jan. 15, at Hoboken, N. J., was sent the following Friday with his organization to Camp Lewis, near Seattle, for demobilization.

Corp. Otis Shastary has returned to Springfield, Mass., after spending a few days with relatives in town. He has been honorably discharged from the army, and will return to his former position on the railroad.

Henry Wilson was in Newport recently on business.

Russell Griswold of Lyndonville was in town Friday.

Hubbard Hastings of Buffalo, N. Y., is visiting friends in town.

Miss Olive Stickney of Derby Line is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Eugene Lachance has been spending a few days in Boston.

L. E. Batchelder of Philadelphia has been visiting Miss Eva Brewer.

Mrs. E. H. Orcutt is spending ten days with her parents, in Brushton, N. Y.

Great Possibilities Thousands of young men have visions of great possibilities, but few follow them up and make the real success which they should. Often the reason is, they neglect to economize and save. Take correct aim and determine to hit the mark. Start an account with us. 4 per cent Int. paid. WELLS RIVER SAVINGS BANK WELLS RIVER, VT.

Word has been received from Pvt. Floyd H. Orcutt that he is at Camp Humphreys, Va.

Miss S. A. Mitchell of Lyndonville has been spending a few days with Mrs. E. P. Brown.

Mrs. Bessie Dee has resigned her position in the Randall & Whitcomb store, and has gone to East St. Johnsbury.

E. N. Brough, Kenneth Cross, Frank Teal, E. A. Palmer and Edward Trombley went on a fishing trip Wednesday and returned with 80 pickered.

The fire truck was called out this morning to a chimney fire at the corner of Pearl and Maple streets. Very little damage was done.

W. D. Peley has disposed of his interest in the Summer Street property now occupied by Dr. Robt. Burke and has purchased the "Ora Bishop" place on the river road near the Waterford town line. He takes possession immediately and will remodel the house and grounds into a permanent residence for himself and family. The sale was made through the A. B. (New York) Realty Agency.

Lloyd Richards died Thursday at his home on St. John Street. Mr. Richards was 67 years of age and leaves a wife and four children. He was employed by the Telephone Company at the time of his death. Funeral services were held from his late home Friday afternoon, Rev. George A. Martin officiating. The remains were taken to Richford for burial and were accompanied to that place by his brother, Don Richards, of Hartford, Conn.

The Caledonian Man had a pleasant chat with Representative H. W. Witters at the State House this week. He seems to be on the job with both feet and is one of the popular members of the House this session. He has already made his voice heard on the floor several times interpreting the sentiment of the people of St. Johnsbury on the Sheppard and Anthony amendments. Brother Witters' contention is that it's a mighty ticklish proposition to monkey with the federal constitution. He has seat number 95 on the south side of the chamber.

Robert Stone left Sunday night for Boston where he has a position with the American Express Co., at the South station. He has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stone for a few days.

The regular meeting of the Red Cross will be held at the Armory, Tuesday afternoon. There is plenty of work for everyone. The executive board meeting will be held at 9.30 Tuesday morning.

Letters were received from