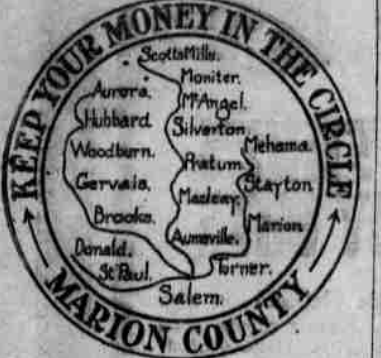


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FLU EPIDEMIC



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We hate to admit the possibility of a renewal of this dead epidemic, but the government has sent out warnings to expect it to break out again this winter and advising—may urging doctors, nurses and drug stores to be prepared.
We are not alarmists, and will not admit anything unless we know it to be a fact—neither will we fly in the face of Providence or Facts and deny that which exists.
Last year we were distracted to find our hospital facilities inadequate to cope with the "flu" and lived in constant dread that any day might find our own home struck, and we would stand helpless to render aid and comfort to our loved ones.
Yes, then we needed a hospital and felt grateful toward the city because we had none, and were ready to do anything that would build and equip a modern institution to relieve the suffering.
But—the epidemic past, and we forgot, neglected our responsibilities of citizenship and sent our money away, instead of keeping it at home and boosting prosperity and demanding a hospital.
We must awaken from this false idea of economy, build our home institutions by patronizing them, and build other needed institutions, such as, well first a hospital.
Shall we do it. Say yes, and don't be guilty of being a traitor to the dearest spot on earth—your home.

Rippling Rhymes.

By Walt Mason.

OCTOBER

It makes me feel sober to know that October is just about due at the door; her curves all remind me of long years behind me, and short ones that stack up before. October is ghostly, she's ebbing, mostly, with leaves in waves down from the trees, with nights that are chilly and rains that are silly, and face-rolls to robins and bees. Oh, dreary October, in sadness they robe her, her garments are ashen and brown; the year's growing older and feebler and colder, which reminds me my sun's going down. October's the token of joys that are broken; the roses are withered and gone; asturtins and asters have met with disasters; they flourish no more on the lawn. It rains, but the water would have to be hotter before it could scald the heart; it's raw and it's chilling and clammy and killing and brings me a message of death. The cool winds are sighing, the wild geese are flying, and hooting like automobiles; their wide wings are humming; they herald the coming of weather that promptly congeals. The summer's departed and Autumn's well started, and winter will come with a rush; the winter so yellow—then happy the fellow who's saved up a package of cash.

Open Forum

To the Editor:—Replying to your request for ideas on the housing problem, the writer believes this is easily solved—build more homes—if there is any one in Salem wanting to own their own home the writer of this will build one or six houses as fast as material and labor can be furnished, just the kind of a house wanted on a beautiful situated lot just the size wanted, for a small initial payment and the balance monthly as you now pay your rent.
Commercial fishermen of the mid-Columbia have ended their work for this season. The salmon catch was unusually heavy.

THE PRESIDENT'S ILLNESS.

IT IS small wonder that President Wilson has broken down. He has for years been under a terrific strain. No man ever struggled under a heavier load or shouldered a greater weight of responsibility—and none ever acquitted himself more creditably.

The presidency entails heavy burdens in times of peace—more than ever in latter years, since the executive has become the real leader of the nation with powers greater than those of a monarch. During the war all power was concentrated in his hands and since the armistice he has been the spokesman of democracy in the congress of the world.

The total lack of leadership in congress forced upon the president the origination and creation of all the measures necessary to win the war. Not a one of these essential programs originated in congress. Unsparring and merciless criticism was showered upon him from the beginning—but public opinion forced the passage of necessary measures by reluctant legislators.

It was President Wilson who enunciated the 14 principles of democracy which the belligerents accepted as the basis of peace. It was President Wilson who championed democracy at Versailles and routed the reactionaries in Europe, making possible the dream of oppressed nations for independence. It was President Wilson who, voicing the aspirations of war-weary peoples, insisted upon a league of nations as a means of ending war.

It was the statesmanship of President Wilson which kept the United States out of the war until the American people were united for the war, and it was his persuasion that aided materially in uniting the nation to win the war. No American ever enjoyed greater power and prestige abroad, and none could have represented more truly the national ideals in extending the declaration of independence to the world.

Intellectually the superior of most of mankind, the President has few advisors and no intimates. He takes counsel only of himself—thereby offending many. But it is his nature and like most great men, he cannot be measured by the inch rule of mediocrity.

The President's collapse is probably largely due to the persistent campaign of vilification and misrepresentation unsparingly waged by narrow-visioned politicians to defeat the league of nations—which the President rightly regards as his greatest accomplishment. In a final effort to explain the peace treaty to the people, he has exhausted a vitality never robust, and already impaired by his unending labors for the nation. Almost single-handed, he has fought the good fight—and not "as one that beateth the air"—and an appreciative people hope for his speedy recovery and continued efforts in humanity's behalf.

HUNTING A HUSBAND

By Mary Douglas

MRS. ASHBY TO THE RESCUE
I closed the door softly behind me. My room as all in darkness. I groped my way to my bed. Flung myself on it. I pressed my face into the cool pillow.
My thoughts came clear, like pictures. Bits of landscape with George Arnold in the foreground. Even in the darkness, there, the shamed color made me warm. They had known—known all along that he was married. They had let me go on. Then it came to me with a force sharp as a blade. They thought I knew he was married! What had Mrs. Ashby's words meant, but that?
" You pretend to be so innocent!"
And Cousin Madeleine, " You're old enough to take care of yourself!"
The big sobs raked me, now. My breath came in little catches. But it did not heat back the truth: My burning eyes brought clearly those pictures and my shame.
I smothered my head in the pillow. Then I felt a soft, cool touch on my arm. Someone was kneeling beside my bed.
" There, child, there, what is it? Tell me," the voice was Mrs. Ashby's.
In a few words, cried out between the sobs, I told her. " I had not known George Arnold was married. They all thought—"
Mrs. Ashby held both my wrists in a firm clasp, until I had stopped—and was myself again.
Then I sat up. " I must go. I cannot stay here now. I must get away. Go back to the empty house."
" Wait," said Mrs. Ashby, " where is your mother?"
" In New England staying with my aunt."
" That is it, Sara Lane. Go there. In that clear air, free of artificialities, you will get hold of yourself again. And your mother can help you—make you see that all this counts for nothing."
" No one needs to tell me that," I answered. " I see it all now."
" Get ready, then. Go tomorrow. You pack. Leave the rest to me."
It was like her—Mrs. Ashby. This quick, impulsive way of doing things. I pulled things from the drawers. I folded them hastily and none too well. But I should get away. Leave behind me this whole hated, shallow place.
Last, I thrust into my traveling bag the things I would need. There on the bureau was a letter. I tore it open impatiently. It was from Bennie's mother. He should call. Go to war, I smiled—bitterly. So she would rather that, than he should marry me.
Well, he would be happy.
As for me, I should be free away. I thrust my white frock of chiffon into the trunk.
(Monday—The Way Out.)

WHICH? OR EITHER?

Washington, Oct. 3.—As the rain and wind of springtime, beating upon tender growing things give them strength and sturdiness, so the strong blasts of the opposition to the league of nations in the senate are daily helping to strengthen a little presidential boomlet there.
For every speech against the league made for one in defense of it, and those in defense of it are made in great measure, by one man. He speaking in behalf of the league has been much more frequent than that of any of his colleagues.
And so, if—and there are many if's in the situation—if the league of nations covenant should be forced through the senate without change in spite of the opposition, and
If President Wilson should decide he won't seek a third term, and
If McAdoo Baker and the other democratic possibilities should not be too eager, then
" Why not Hitecock?" ask his friends.
By whom they mean Senator Gilbert M. Hitecock, Nebraska, chief spokesman for the administration and the league of nations in the senate.
Who, ask Hitecock's friends, would be more logical as president than the man whose sympathy and understanding of President Wilson's views and purposes regarding the league of nations have been apparently unbounded?
Twelve hundred dollars for road construction work between McKenzie Bridge and Foley Springs has been authorized by the forestry department.
At a conference Wednesday the differences between the Port of Astoria, and the Longshoremen's union were adjusted and the men are again at work.

GRID PROSPECTS AT WILLAMETTE BRIGHTEST YET

With 40 men out for daily scrimmages, among them many letter men and ex-service men, football prospects at Willamette are booming high. With Coach R. L. Mathews at the helm and a lot of material—most of which is experienced—to work upon, Old King Dope is beginning to say, " This will be the biggest year on the gridiron that the Wesleyan institution has seen since the outbreak of the great war."

Although Coach Mathews just returned to school this week, he is rapidly whipping the squad into condition for the season which is to open with the annual game Saturday, October 11. The squad has been working hard since the first day of school, September 18, under the direction of Captain Harold Dimick. The coach has continued this hardening process since his arrival on the field, and after a week of concentrated drill in blocking, tackling, charging the machine, and handling the ball, finds the warriors in good shape for some rough scrimmages.

An initial scrimmage of 30 minutes was held Wednesday afternoon with the result that some blood was spilled and a number of bruises sustained. Basler, who is out for center, and Sherwood, who is crowding his opponent for fullback, were among those banged up. Throughout the period every man on the squad fought with " blood in his eye," as if he were driving through to Berlin. When the period ended, there were two real football machines in action and they were carrying the pig skin in a bloody good way.

Coach Mathews was well-pleased with the scrimmage from the standpoint of the work done, also from the standpoint of new material which came to the surface during the tussle, and which had not become conspicuous during the conditioning grind. Captain Dimick is starting the season in accordance with his previous whirlwind record. Dimick has played on the varsity team since 1916 with the exception of last season when he was in the service.

Wapato, of Wenatchee, Wash., is another man of the big league type who will place on the team this season. He will be a big factor in the plunging back field. Wapato has been on the varsity eleven since his registration as a freshman in 1917. " Wap" is enlisting as fullback.

Ross Miles of Salem is among the new men who will prove a real find at the school. He is out for a tackle job and will be a hard stone in the stone-wait line. Miles was a student for some time at Pacific college, Newberg, but has been in the service for the past two years.

Paul Brown, who will likely hang up at tackle position when the season opens is another " W" man who will strengthen the line. Brown played on the eleven in 1915, likewise in baseball and track. Last season he played on the Seattle Naval Reserve team.

Attil Irvin, better known as " Tonghie Irvin," is another " W" man and ex-service man who will add greatly to the formidableness of the team in the position of quarterback. As a freshman in 1915 Irvin played as quarter and made an excellent showing for his grit and ability.

Loren Basler of Grants Pass will be another mainstay in the gridiron contests this year. Basler was a member of the 1917 machine. Last season " Bas" played on a navy team and before coming to Willamette, he experienced in high school football.

Lester Day is making a showing for his weight and experience. Despite his weight, 140 pounds, Day will make all his rivals go some to keep him from a guard position. Day is a wizard at bustling through the line. He played with a navy team last year.

Russel Rarey, varsity 1917, is making a fine showing in the back field. Rarey is a consistent fighter and plays hard every second of the game. " Rus" fight alone is pretty sure to land him a berth as back.

Edwin Sociolofsky, who first picked his " W" in the fall of 1917, is out with his old time fight. " Soak" got his first experience at the rough game at Willamette.

Walter Sociolofsky, brother of Ed, comes to Willamette this year from Salem high, where he tucked away an " S" in football. Although this is his first experience in inter-collegiate football, his showing indicates that there is an end position awaiting him.

Vinson, star football and track man from St. Johns high school, Portland, is another freshman who will probably place on the varsity eleven. Vinson played end on the Seattle naval reserve team last season.

Although there is new material coming out every day and some changes may necessarily follow, the following is a probable lineup for the start of the season:

- Half backs—Dimick, Rarey.
Fullback—Wapato.
Ends—Walter Sociolofsky, Vinson.
Tackles—Miles, Brown.
Guards—Thomas, Walter Ransom.
Center—Basler.
Quarterback—Irvin.
A tentative schedule has been worked out for the season, but will probably be changed in a few instances:
Willamette vs. alumni, October 11.
Willamette vs. Columbia University, at Salem, October 18.
Willamette vs. Reed college, at Salem, October 25.
Willamette vs. Vancouver-Barracks, at Salem, November 1.
Willamette vs. Pacific university, November 8.
Willamette vs. Multnomah, at Salem.

AGGIES HAVE 5 FULL FOOTBALL SQUADS OUT

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oct. 3.—Football aspirants at the college have reached the proportions of a small army. The varsity candidates have been divided into five full teams and 89 freshmen are turning out regularly for practice.

Varsity men are being coached by H. W. Hargiss and Brewer Billie, captain of the O. A. C. team that " smothered" the Michigan Aggies four years ago. The freshmen are being tutored by W. W. William, an Iowa university man, who coached the Baker high school football team for several years. Letter men back include Powell, last year's all-northwest fullback; Captain " Butts" Reardon, who starred with the aviators at Mather Field; Lodell of the strong Mare Island marine team of 1918; Rose, Hubbard, Joe Reynolds and " Oz" Walker. In all 20 letter men are back.

November 15, November 22, open. Willamette vs. University of Puget Sound, Salem, Thanksgiving.

The Bend Commercial club is co-operating with the business men of Burns to secure the establishment of a thru daily mail route between the two cities.

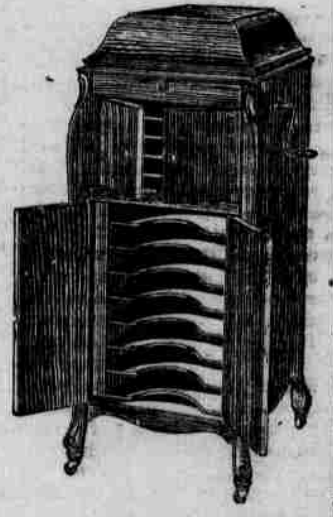
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