



FOR OCTOBER

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OCTOBER

O, T. Roosevelt has come back to the West!
Of all the Rough Riders his luck was the best.
He rode from Dakota to San Juan Hill,
And he found him the Spaniards he wanted to kill,
Shouting, "into 'em Teddy,
An' into 'em deep!"
And the men of Granada
Went down in a heap.

He rested his broncho and fed him his fill, and then he rode yelling up Capitol Hill. He wasn't expecting or asking a thing, but he landed right in the political ring, shouting "Into 'em. Teddy, and into 'em plump!" and the poor politicians went down in a lump.

He watered his pinto and fed him some oats,
And then he remounted and hunted for goats.
He found him some people that didn't agree
With all of his notions, and gave a whoop-pee,
Yelling, "Into 'em Teddy,
An' into 'em hot!"
And he knocked them all into
The pittoomless bot.

He hobbled his charger and gave him some grass, and then he went after someone in his class. He put up a lion with blood in its eye, and he clapped on the spurs with a terrible cry, saying "Into 'im Teddy, an' into 'im hard!" and the lion passed on to his final reward.

He breathed his good mustang and looked him around,
But further adventure was not to be found.
So he pulled up his trousers and pulled down his vest,
And slowly rode back to his olden-time West.
Shouting, "Back to 'em Teddy,
An' back to 'em proud!"
And they gathered about him,
And solemnly bowed.

He rode in his saddle, and rode on his head, and he put all the tenderfeet under the bed. He dashed to the East, and he dashed to the West, and he halted before them, expanding his chest, saying, "Three cheers for Teddy, the pride of the West!" and they took a great pleasure in doing the rest.

October is from the Latin octo, meaning eight, and it was formerly the eighth month of the year. This brought the football season around at a time when there was grave danger of being suffocated before the ball was even put into play, and there was a great deal of dissatisfaction at the old Greek and Roman universities. A change was frequently talked of, but it remained for Numa Pompilius, who was one of the early friends of education, to do anything about it. In 713 B. C. he moved October along to its present place in the calendar, and now the quarterback on a football team always says before snapping the ball,
Numa, Numa,
B. C.
Come seven,
One, three!

After which the rooters, who reached a very high state of proficiency in the latter days of Numa, recite,
Numa, Numa,
Boomalooma,
Come seven,
One, three,
B. C.
Whoopee!
Siwash!

or whatever the name of the school is, as you may hear them doing any time this month by following the riot wagon when it passes.

Until the 23d. of the month, October will be under the influence of Libra, the Balance, which is the seventh sign of the zodiac. This will enable everybody running for office to keep on the fence pretty well as to the real issues of the campaign, but when the sun passes out of that constellation on the following day they will begin dropping on one side or the other, and it will be easier to make out where the true friends of the people are. After the 23d. we will be influenced by Scorpio, the Scorpion, which is almost meaningless now, but in early times typified the manner in which the north wind stung the old greeks, who were in the habit of going until very late in the season without having on any wear to speak of, either over or under.

A bit of fall is as nice a thing
As I know any thing about—
When the pumpkin pie is ripening,
And the time is opportune for kraut.
When the hunter gets his trappings out,
Awakened by the time of year,
And the farmer, furious without,
And hot within, begins to shout,
"Get ou-u-u-u-t of here!"

"Get ou-u-u-u-t of here—dadblame your skin!"
Ah! that's the proper thing to sigh—
When the squirrel gets his goodies in
Against the winter by-and-by.
When the bending reaches of the sky
Are very soft and very near,
And the farmer with a watchful eye,
Begins to hop around and cry,
"Get ou-u-u-u-t of here!"

Get ou-u-u-u-t of here—you blanky-blank!"
Ah! that's the season of them all—
When winter hangs upon the flank
Of the wild goose passing in the fall,
When the plaintive quail begins to call
Across the golden fields and sere,
And the farmer, bursting from the fall
With leaps and bounds, begins to bawl,
"Get ou-u-u-u-t of here!"

The melancholy days will come, and the pheasant will intone his drum upon the sad and drowsy wind in the solemn manner of his kind. The booming frog will sniff the breeze and fall to digging on his knees, and the buck-wheat cake will take a crack at this fool thing of coming back. I tmay be Jeffries and his strain are never quite themselves again, but pickled pigsfoot and the rest are always equal to the test. They never dissipate a bit, but spend the summer prime and fit, and let the frost succeed the dew, and the're there, you bet, as good as new.

The doughty oyster on his shell, the chitlin looking strong and well, and clear and resolute of eye, the hardy brands of winter pie. The applebutter, juice and flake, the same that mother used to make, and the crackling of our youthful lot the cock and captain of the pot.

The football season will revert, and the center rush will paw the dirt. He'll wake the natives with his roar, and bawl for victory and gore. The piled up dying and the dead will mass against his butting head, and he'll spin the planet in his rage just like a squirrel in his cage.

Alas for those who calmly sit devising to denature it, and all the college renegades who think to temper it for maids! The students and the teachers howl, and the rooters and the bleachers yowl, and damned be he who does not rise and kill somebody twice his size.

The aeroplanes will cruise the air above the old-time county fair, and the lucky winner will be he who wins the best two falls in three. The farmer in his

limousine will tool around upon the green, and the hired man will seize the chance to wear his other pair of pants.

The softer weather will defy
The blandishments of June,
And the month will give us by-and-by
The office-hunter's moon.
A chop will cost four bits a pound,
And beef a buck a bite,
And the wolf will wear a groove around
The cabin every night.

The 418th anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus will be celebrated on the night of the 14th by the seven Guggenheim brothers.

Mr. Roosevelt will be stage manager again this month. The villain will be the Demon Rum. Mr. Bryan will be the father of the stolen child, and Mr. Cannon, who made the password Hell last month, will change it to read Hell-p!

And then November will return
With cold and chilly draft,
And the wild goose going down the line
With Winter biting aft.

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A Startling Reply.

A gentleman whose hearing is defective is the owner of a dog that is the terror of the neighborhood in which he lives. The other day he was accosted by a friend, who said: "Good morning, Mr. H. Your wife made a very pleasant call on us last evening." "I'm very sorry," came the startling reply. "I'll see that it doesn't occur again, for I'm going to chain her up in future."

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed executrix of the estate of William N. Boots, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Polk County, and has duly qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified with proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned executrix at her residence at Monmouth, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated and first published September 9th, 1910.

SARAH BOOTS,
Executrix of the estate of William N. Boots, deceased,
B. F. SWOPE, Attorney.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE TO PRESENT CLAIMS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of Polk County, Oregon, administrator of the estate of Aaron T. Cross, deceased, and has qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly verified to the undersigned at his residence, Monmouth, Polk County, Oregon, within six months from date of this notice.

Dated, Sept. 23, 1910.
AMOS A. B. MORLAN,
Administrator of the estate of Aaron T. Cross, deceased.
B. F. SWOPE, Attorney.

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