

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Sloan who recently disposed of their property in this section left on Sunday for their new home in Cornelius, having shipped their household goods on Saturday. Monmouth citizens are loth to lose their old friends and neighbors, but time brings changes and as one leaves another comes and so the world moves on.

WHY NOT YOU?

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wide world
through,
I would fly on the beams of the
morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle
might,
And tell them to be true.
I would fly, I would fly over land
and see,
Whatever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale or singing a song,
In praise of the right; in blame of
the wrong.
If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the wings of the air;
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd
seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd
speak,
To save them from despair.
I would fly, I would fly o'er the
crowded town,
And fly like a happy sunlight down,
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to look up again.
If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly the earth around;
And whatever man unto error bowed
I'd publish in tones both long and
loud,
The truth's most joyful sound,
I would fly, I would fly on the wings
of day,
Proclaiming peace on my world-wide
way,
Bidding the saddened ones rejoice,
If I were a voice, an immortal voice.
CHARLES MACKAY.

Oregon's Great Showing

The fruit crop of the Hood River district for 1910 is valued at approximately \$1,000,000.

One monster log, the biggest ever sawed in the Coquille Valley, Coos County, was 9 feet in diameter and made 11,000 feet of lumber.

Eight acres near Eugene produced 103 bales of hops, which is over 2,500 pounds an acre.

The Mount Hood Railway and Power company has started a saw mill near Bull Run with a capacity of 30,000 feet daily. It will saw ties almost exclusively.

Much interest is manifested in walnut culture in Oregon, and the fact that trees of bearing age are loaded with nuts of fine quality gives great encouragement to growers.

Crook County contains one of the largest bodies of irrigable land in the west, having 350, 000 acres.

Oregon's apple crop is gaining on the original estimates and the State Board of Horticulture places the 1910 yield at 1, 250, 000 boxes.

Postal receipts for Portland for October shows an increase of 22.65 percent over the corresponding year. Moreover the latest figures are the biggest in the history of the city.

Two great conventions of national interest are already scheduled for Portland next year. They are the gathering of the wool growers of the country next January and the session of the Christian church here next July.

Portland has completed about 50 miles of new hard surface street paving this season. In smaller cities throughout Oregon it is estimated that 250, 000 yards of paving has been laid during the same period.

Lake County lands, a few years ago considered worthless, are now producing splendid alfalfa seed selling at 15 cents per pound.

Exports from Portland during October totaled 11, 511, 476 feet of lumber and 1, 173, 476 bushels of wheat.

GRIDIRON HEROES.

Ones Who Never Win Places In the Football Hall of Fame.

AND THEY WEAR NO "LETTER"

These Practically Unknown Men Are the "Scrubs." Who Help to Keep the Varsity Team on Edge—They Play the Game For the Game's Sake.

There is no royal road to a thorough knowledge of American college football. The preparation of the varsity eleven is long and hard. The mills of the coaches grind slowly, and they grind exceedingly fine. There is nothing in store for much of the good material that in the end must be relegated to the side line. These men, wrapped in gray blankets, who line the low fence surrounding the field on the day of the big game, are the scrubs, or second team men.

There is a paradox in their situation—their only chance for personal glory lies in the defeat of the varsity eleven. There comes a time in many a big game when a coach, realizing that the day is lost, that his varsity men have done their utmost to no purpose and are being swept steadily down the field, will throw into the game scrub after scrub, hoping against hope that these men will play better than they really have a right to and so turn the tide. And even ten seconds in the big game give the scrub his letter.

So it is in after years that one may point out many a wearer of the letter who was not nearly so good a football player as many scrubs. It has happened, too, that a man has fought for years in the hope of making the eleven, has improved slowly, if surely, has been sent into the big game as a forlorn hope and has played a game the like of which has not been seen on the field that season.

Even scrubs take their triumphs and their disappointments differently. There are not a few who are proud to have been on the second team in the year that the first eleven swept all before it. They have no varsity letter, but the discriminating know that they were better players than some of the varsity men of other years. There are other scrubs who bemoan the fact that they were not in college when the general average of the players was low and they would have been almost certain to make the first team. Be it said, however, for the honor of the second team that instances of the latter type are rare. A scrub player learns the lesson of self sacrifice. It is his but to be walked over daily by the varsity, while most of the instruction and encouragement are lavished on said varsity.

As a rule, however, there comes at least one week in the season when the scrubs are pampered and petted and made much of. The varsity is in the throes of a "slump," is lagging, dispirited and sullen. It is then that the scrub team suddenly finds that it is being taught to play the game just as if it were to take the field as the first choice against the foe. There is a coach for almost every man, there are words of encouragement, much valuable instruction and a new esprit de corps. Under the new inspiration the second team sweeps the flagging varsity off its feet, humiliates the first string players to the uttermost, while the coaches cheer the scrub and jeer the varsity. At least once a season it is very good to be a scrub, for at least once a season the scrub defeats and humiliates the team that has proved perhaps a terror to all its outside rivals. Nothing has such a salutary effect on the varsity as the eating of humble pie once in awhile.

In late years the scrub is getting more consideration than in the old days. Yet the men play principally for the love of the game and in order to make the going as hard as possible for the varsity. Sheer loyalty and the thrill of battle keep them at it year after year. They learn football from the ground up. They see the big games from the side lines and, knowing the signals, have a peculiar advantage over any other spectator. With a knowledge of the signals one may criticize the handling of the big team in the big game—may more readily understand the strategy of coach and quarterback.

It is this opportunity to analyze the big games, coupled with the chance to get practically as good coaching as the varsity, that makes excellent coaches out of many scrub players. Some of these scrubs have gone back to college and turned out freshman teams that have been able to fight the varsity to a standstill and so have astonished the very coaches who taught them. There have been instances of this at nearly every big institution in the east. Sometimes the services of these ex-scrubs have been eagerly sought by the veteran varsity coaches, and many a man without a field reputation has proved to be no mean strategist.

It is really these ex-scrub men who keep up the high average of interest

in the game. They are turned out yearly at the rate of five or more to every varsity player. The varsity man may lose interest in the game in after years, but the scrub practically never. It is they who are the backbone of the pilgrimages to West Point, and it is they who talk football far into the night in the club and chop house.

The scrubs, in a word, all unhonored and unsung as they are, are the backbone of the game in the colleges and out of them. They play the game and they watch it for the game's sake.—New York Post.

Some College Humor.

A new German professor in a girls' college, wishing to detain one of the students, said, "Oh, Miss —, may I hold you a minute after class?"

This advice was given by one of the students to her mates: "Girls, take all the courses you can with the men professors, for the women of the faculty try to find out how much you know and the men try to show off how much they know."

The wife of one of the professors warned him as he went off to officiate at a funeral one rainy day: "Now, John, don't stand with your bare head on the damp ground. You'll surely catch cold."—Life.

A Needle in a Coin.

If a needle is pushed into a cork until just the tip shows on the opposite side and the needle is then broken off so that the upper end is flush or hidden under the top surface of the cork an interesting thing may be shown, known as the increase of pressures. If this cork be now placed with the needle point downward on a copper coin a light blow on top of the cork with a hammer will drive the needle through the copper.—London Scraps.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Polk County, administrator of the estate of P. H. Burt, deceased.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to me at my office in the Polk County Bank at Monmouth, Oregon, properly verified as by law required, within six months from date of this notice.

Dated and first published October 28th, 1910.

IRA C. POWELL,
Administrator of the estate of P. H. Burt, deceased.

B. F. SWOPE, Attorney.

L. L. Hewitt, M. D.

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