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PATRIOTIC TILLAMOOK

### Turn Out En Masse to Honor the Hero of Manila Bay.

Dewey's day was fittingly observed in Tillamook city on Monday evening, the citizens turning out en masse at the opera house, which was crowded to its fullest capacity, to honor the name of Admiral George Dewey, and to commemorate the first anniversary of Dewey's victory on the 1st of May in Manila bay. All the arrangements were made by the committees appointed by the Tillamook hose company, who fathered the patriotic demonstration, and everything was admirably carried out.

Mayor B. L. Eddy invited members of the city council and G.A.R. and the officers of the hose company to seats on the stage, which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. The Tillamook brass band having discoursed several selections and the Rev. C. E. Le Masters having opened the meeting with a most suitable prayer the audience then sang "Red, White and Blue." Then Mayor Eddy eulogized Admiral George Dewey with much fervor, comparing him to Grant and landing the hero of Manila bay.

After which the program was proceeded with, which was as follows:

Recitation, "America's All," Miss Edith Perkins.

Song, "Love, I have been faithful to you," Mr. C. Dolstrom.

Recitation, "Her Papa," little Miss Ruth Eddy.

Instrumental duet, Misses Minnie and Alice Peterson.

Then came an address by Mr. Claude Thayer. In his preliminary remarks he thanked the hose company for taking the initiative in bringing about that gathering. These meetings were good for them socially, politically and religiously, and the "boys" were deserving of credit for this splendid gathering. We give below Mr. Thayer's address verbatim. He said:

"No character, since the death of General Grant has so appealed to the heart of the American people as that of Geo. Dewey. His modesty and his silence have endeared him to us. His executive ability and fearless courage have compelled our admiration. He was distinctly the man for the occasion. It is not to be doubted that Santiago would have been assailed as fearlessly as was Manila had the Atlantic squadron been as untrammelled. Sampson, and with him his commanders, were hampered by the timidity of the eastern seaboard cities, and the existence of a Board of Strategy—not of fight. Had this Board and the municipal authorities of Boston been in control of Schley and Clarke and Philips and Bob Evans and Waiwright our ships might not even have been risked in any engagement when Cervera emerged from Santiago for fear of their getting damaged. Fortunately for our army in Cuba our gallant marines were not hampered by explicit orders in the emergency. Dewey was untrammelled. He was free to lose one ship or all, free to go into Manila, free to annihilate the enemy, free to win for himself lasting fame, and he won it. Like all successful men when the opportunity of his life confronted him he rose to it. His situation in case of defeat cannot be contemplated, even after the favorable issue without terror. The usage of nations forbade him shelter in a neutral port. He placed his all upon the hazard of a die, and won. It is perhaps idle now to speculate upon the result had he been pitted against a more sagacious opponent. Had the entrance to Manila been protected by the torpedo boats and battle ships of England, of Germany, of Russia, or of France. In that case Dewey's operations might have been more cautiously conducted. He knew thoroughly well the habits, re-

sources and caliber of his opponents, and having wisely taken these things into calculation, he may not be accused of temerity. To his brilliant achievement the nation owes more, far more, than the mere destruction of the Spanish fleet. We owe not only the prestige that the first successful blow struck in battle gives, but also freedom from interference by foreign powers. A nation developing such fighting capabilities is not one to be lightly quarrelled with. To Dewey the credit. His the victory. Ours now to say what are to be the ultimate results. To my mind the moment that Admiral Dewey turned the prow of his battleship into the harbor of Manila bids fair to be the most momentous in the history of the Republic, even excelling in far reaching importance the firing upon Fort Sumpter. Destiny seems to be driving us. Against what any sane man would have prognosticated. Against the honored traditions of the nation, against the sober judgment of sober people the nation is driven to assume a new role. Not that it is prepared for it. For we are not. We have troubles of our own. In the South, communities whose households dwell in daily terror of the most outrageous assaults. Recriminations of the most brutal and blood thirsty sort. In Idaho, striking miners shooting indiscriminately. At Pana, murder and riot. Bryan in Chicago. Blatherskites and stockbrokers in the senate. Croker and Platt in New York. Quay in Pennsylvania. Our municipalities hot-beds of corruption. Our legislatures subjects of bribery and intrigue. Indifference to primaries and public duties among our respectable class. Cuba and Puerto Rico on our hands. Alger in the cabinet. Rotten beef in the commissary. Oh, we have enough to do and to think of between now and the next presidential election! But shrink from it as we may, dread it as we must, the task is certainly set upon us by a Power that shapes our ends. The bickerings, the jealousies, the cabals, the immense armaments, the splendid navies of foreign nations are no longer to us matters of indifference. We are concerned in them all. We have become players in the great game. Millions of people in whose fate we had only the common interest of humanity, will henceforth look to us for guidance, for protection, at times for very subsistence. With the nature of the savage animal, they will lacerate the hand that restrains them. To educate, to civilize, to inspire with respect, the great mass of these new people; to maintain a standing in the great field of foreign diplomacy. To successfully assume the position among the powers of earth which the wealth and strength of the government of the United States dictates, there must be a general awakening of the class of citizens, whom I am now addressing. The great danger to our republic today lies in the corruption and dishonesty of its public officials, and the apathy and tolerance of its honest mass of citizens. To the rural community, to the farmers, to the man with the hoe, must the nation turn for its bread of political as well as physical existence. There seems to be but little hope for reform or purity in the great cities, in the thickly populated manufacturing districts. None are more shrewd than the political rascal. He would be quick to appreciate that honesty is, as a matter of fact, the best policy. When it becomes apparent that a legislature elected by the farmers of a state is an honest and high minded body, that no rogues, thieves, nor tricksters can find favor in its eye. This result will purify the United States senate. The House of Representatives is elected directly by the people. The natives that we have assumed guardianship of must be treated as our wards. Not as integral parts of our system. The United States authority must not descend to trivial details. Those people must be taught local self government. It will be a mistake to attempt to impose upon them—our customs—our code of private life and morals. Even at risk to themselves they must learn the lesson of self government, taking the punishment for errors committed as they may come—bitter experience bring the only sure instructor. Our trade with them properly nourished will undoubtedly assume immense proportions, and in this pecuniary recompense and in the satisfaction of knowing that we have opened a way for strange people out of the depths of savagery and oppression, into the sunlit fields of civil-

ization must rest our reward. None of the results can be reached through the agency of the ward politician. No system founded upon bossism, and spoils can accomplish this glorious consumation. Recitation, "Polish war song," Miss G. Applewhite. Song, "Just as the sun went down," Mr. Sol Smith. Recitation, "Dewey at Manila," Miss Ruth Cooper. Selection by the band. Mr. T. B. Handley was the next speaker. He showed how the United States had kept on expanding since the war of the revolution, and now the stars and stripes were raised in the Philippine islands he did not want to see them returned. He recited a number of incidents connected with the war, particularly to that time when it looked as though Dewey was going to have trouble with the German admiral. He closed by extolling Admiral Dewey in the highest praise.

Song, "The song that reached my heart," Miss Lily Baker. Song, "Asthore," Mr. F. Kerremans. Cake walk, Messrs. Dolstrom, Simler, German and Smith. "America," and a selection by the band closed the proceedings.

### DEWEY AT MANILA.

By s, don't you wish, say, don't you now, You had been where our gunboats plough Their foamy furrows of the main, To harvest home the fleet of Spain? Say, give it straight and on the square, Now, don't you wish you had been there

When Dewey took Manila? Said Dewey, "I'll get short of coal Unless I hunt into his hole Some Spanish admiral Senior— He's the chap I'm looking for. Hong Kong has no more to spare, Manila—guess we'll find it there— Up anchor for Manila!"

Away they went, our Yankee fleet, Through shining seas and tropic heat, Away six hundred miles or more— The notion of a commodore. One who had shell, not coal to spare— Say, boys don't you wish you'd been there

When Dewey took Manila? He found the bay and tacked so neat Within the bay the Spanish fleet, With forts behind, to help them whip The Yankee pigs, ship after ship. But Dewey, well, he didn't care So long as they had coal to spare

For shot, around Manila. Great Jumbo! didn't Dewey pour Shot into ships and into shore, Till Spanish flags went reeling down, And smitten forts could only frown! Then silence held the smoke-choked air, And Spain had learned Dewey was there,

The master of Manila. The Spanish fleet—there was no fleet, Except where wave and bottom meet, Some wounded ships imprisoned ride, And some were drowned, of suicide. The forts were beaten blind and bare, A Yankee sailor had been there

Two hours, before Manila. Give three times three—hip! hip! hurrah! Spain gets just what she bargains for; Havana harbor holds the Maine— Manila the dead fleet of Spain! For every brave man breathe a prayer When battle comes with Yankee there— Like Dewey at Manila.

"I think she is a very sincere girl." "Sincere! Sincere! She's been engaged to eight different men to my knowledge." "Well, even so, she is at least sincere in her efforts to make fools of the men."

"You say you and the defendant stopped at the restaurant after the performance at the theater was over and had a 'late soup?' Now will you be good enough to tell me," asked the attorney, "how you would go to work to make a late soup?"

"I should think," stiffly answered the witness, "it might be made out of the shank of the evening."

"You don't catch me riding my wheel on that cinder path." "Why not?" "It is too sad a reminder of the good money I paid out for coal this winter."

Brashley—Oh, I say, the little one you introduced me to a little while ago is a regular highstepper, you know. Hostess—Oh, you have discovered it? She does have a way of putting her foot down on some persons.

### ADMIT DEFEAT.

#### Filipinos See Their Cause Is Lost.

MANILA, April 29.—Three volunteer Americans, Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace, of the Montana regiment, and Brigade Surgeons Adams and Shields, who were held by insurgents at Santa Teles, eight miles beyond Calumpit, as hostages for the safe return of the insurgent peace envoys, have been released from General Luna's headquarters, and have returned to Manila. They say that the rebel army is demoralized and disintegrated, and that few preparations have been made to resist the Americans. Luna and the other leaders are discouraged, and admit that they are braten. Luna cannot say enough for the prowess of Funston and the other Americans in crossing the Rio Grande. It is clear that the most brilliant coup d'force was the thing which brought the rebels up short.

The refusal of Otis and Dewey to accept anything short of unconditional surrender is commended in Manila by the best element, and by all foreigners.

#### Luna's Envoys Go Back for Fresh Instructions.

MANILA, April 29th, 3 p.m.—The conference today between General Otis and Colonel Manuel Argueles and Lieut. Jose Bernal, who came from Gen. Luna under a flag of truce yesterday to ask for a cessation of hostilities, was fruitless. It is understood the Filipino commissioners were given the terms upon which the Americans will consent to negotiate. The Filipinos admit they have been defeated, and it is expected will return with fresh proposals from General Luna.

The envoys were hospitably treated by General Otis, who provided them with a horse and a guard, and permitted them to visit friends here. The conference at the palace this morning lasted three hours. Mr. Schurman, United States Philippine commissioner, attended, and Admiral Dewey dropped in for an hour. The discussion was mostly between Otis and Argueles, who had been selected for the mission by Luna because he had known General Otis. Schurman emerged from the palace between the two shock-haired, half-savage-looking emissaries, and the three drove to the office of the United States Philippine commissioner, where they talked informally for about an hour.

Manila is divided between two opinions, a majority believing the Filipinos desire peace, while others think they are sparing for time in which to rehabilitate their demoralized army. The latter opinion gained color from the fact that reinforcements have been sent to the south opposite the American lines.

Argueles, who is a lawyer, aptly illustrated Malay subtlety when he declared with frankness that the Filipino leaders want a chance to give up the struggle gracefully through congress instead of surrendering ignominiously. He asked three weeks' armistice so that the congress might be summoned May 1. He endeavored to commit the Americans to greater concessions and wanted terms guaranteed by treaty. He wailed that recognition of the Filipino government was impossible, and that a written guaranty of amnesty for all the insurgents was the utmost that could be given. Argueles argued that Spain had given similar guarantees and broken them. He persistently declared that the Filipinos must be permitted to retire with honor.

In conversation with Schurman, Colonel Argueles revived the question of independence, and was referred to the statement in the commissions' proclamation that the Filipinos would be given an increasing measure of self-government as soon as they proved themselves worthy of it. Mr. Schurman warned Argueles that the longer war was waged and the more killed, the stronger would be the animosities hindering amicable cooperation between the two peoples for the prosperity of the islands. The insurgents have the insurrection in their own hands.

The Macabebes, traditional foes of the Tagalogs, are rising in the north, while the burden of thousands of hungry and disheartened who died before the American army and who are camping behind the Filipino lines multiplies the trouble of the Filipino government, the headquarters of which are now at San Isidro, having been removed northward when Calumpit fell. Argueles had a private conference

with Schurman after the first open conference, and attempted to have the chairman of the American Philippine commission express some hope of Filipino independence after hostilities cease. Schurman declined to discuss the matter. He also refused Argueles' request that he write to Aguinaldo.

#### Taking no Risk.

MANILA, April 30.—8:10 P. M.—While it is the general expectation among Americans that the Filipino emissaries will return with revised proposal from General Antonio Luna, Major-General Otis is not letting this prospect interfere with his preparations for pushing the war. Yesterday he ordered Major-General Lawton to return to Angat, a few miles northwest of Nozragany, and not to advance aggressively while the negotiations are pending. General Mac Arthur is apparently acting on the same policy, but he is repairing bridges and strengthening the lines of his force, which is stretched out with a four mile front and within a quarter of a mile of the enemy.

The possibilities of peace are gratifying to a great majority of the army, who have regarded the war as an unpleasant duty that must be performed according to American traditions.

Manila is cheerful over the prospects of a return to normal life, though there are skeptics who remark that a truce would enable the insurgents to rest until the rainy season, upon which they have been depending as an important aid.

The prisoners report that there are 75,000 refugees north of San Fernando. This is not impossible, however, considering the thickly populated region which the Americans have cleared. It seems also that smallpox is spreading among them.

The so-called Filipino congress will meet at San Fernando tomorrow. No Escape for the Insurgents. When Dean C. Worcester, of the United States Philippine commission, who accompanied the Filipino emissaries from Calumpit, said to Colonel Manuel Argueles that the Americans were under no obligation to refrain from fighting, the Filipino officer asked:

"Would you fight while we are discussing terms of peace?" Mr. Worcester responded with the suggestion that an armistice would give the Filipino leaders time to escape.

"My God! where would we escape to?" the Filipino exclaimed, referring in this to the menacing hostile tribes behind the Filipino lines.

Colonel Argueles told the correspondent of the Associated Press that he was much disappointed in the results of his mission. He said also that Aguinaldo expected Calumpit to be the cemetery of the American army.

### EXPLOSIVES USED.

#### Striking Miners Blow up the Bunker Hill & Sullivan Mill.

SPOKANE, April 29.—A Warden special to the Spokesman-Review says:

Wardner today has been the scene of the worst riots since the deadly labor war of 1892. One man is dead, another thought to be mortally wounded, and properly valued at \$250,000 has been destroyed by giant powder and fire. The damage was done by union men and sympathizers from Canyon creek, about 20 miles from Wardner.

This morning a mob of from 800 to 1000 men, all of them armed and many of them masked, seized a train at Burke, at the head of Canyon creek. There were nine box cars and a passenger coach, and they were black with the mob. The visitors brought with them 3000 pounds of giant powder.

After a parley of two hours, 140 masked men armed with winchesters, Burke in the lead and Wardner following, started with yells for the Bunker Hill & Sullivan mill and other buildings, a third of a mile from the depot. They sent pickets ahead, and one of these pickets fired a shot as a signal that the mill was abandoned.

This was misunderstood by the main body of the mob, who imagined that nonunion miners in the mills had opened fire on them, and they began firing on their own pickets. About 1000 shots were thus exchanged between the rioters and the pickets, and Jack Smith, one of the pickets, formerly of British Columbia, and a noted figure in drill con-

tests, was shot dead. The fatal error was discovered after a few seconds' firing and Smith's body was brought down from the hillside.

By the time the strikers had taken possession of Bunker Hill & Sullivan mill, which they found deserted, the manager having directed his employees not to risk their lives by battling with the mob.

Powder was called for, and 60 50-pound boxes were carried from the depot to the mill. The heaviest charges were placed among the machinery of the mill. Another charge was placed under the brick office building. Other charges were placed around the mill. Then the boarding-house, a frame structure, was fired. Fuses leading to the charges were lighted, and the strikers carrying the dead body of the picket, retired to a safe distance.

At 2:36 P. M. the first blast went off. It shook the ground for miles, and buildings in Wardner, two miles away trembled. At intervals of about 30 seconds four other charges went off, the fifth being the largest and completely demolishing the mill. The loss to the Bunker Hill & Sullivan Company is estimated from \$250,000 to \$300,000.

In a few minutes the strikers went back to the station, the whistle was blown for stragglers, the mob soon climbed aboard and an 3 o'clock, just three hours after its arrival, the train pulled out for Canyon creek.

During the fusillade from the guns of the mob, Jim Chayne, a Bunker Hill & Sullivan millman, was severely shot through the hips. It is reported that he was carried off by the strikers, and his wound is trivial.

This morning the 230 nonunion miners at the Bunker Hill & Sullivan had warning of the coming of the mob and left the mine and took to the hills. They have not been seen since. Union men working in the Last Chance left the mine this morning, presumably to take part in the riot.

Tonight the Bunker Hill & Sullivan mine is closed. When it will be reopened is a thing no living man can say. With the mill wrecked it is impossible to handle the ore produced at the mine workings. The Last Chance is likewise closed down. It has been getting power from the Bunker Hill mill, and the destruction of those works will absolutely prevent the Last Chance from working for the next three months or until its own compressor is complete. Meanwhile the total working force of the town is laid off.

The wrecking of the mill plant involves the livelihood of 600 men. The Bunker Hill mine up to the time of the strike had been working 360 men and the mill 90, while the Last Chance altogether employed 150.

As soon as the first word of the serious trouble reached the town, all the saloons closed. Most of the merchants of the town shut up their establishments. As the first shots were heard the excitement increased. Children were running about crying and trying to get comfort from older persons, but all were too busy to look at them. Scores of women and children hastily made preparation to leave the place. Packing up what few belongings could be gathered together quickly, a crowd rushing to the depot, intent upon getting aboard the passenger train that was soon to leave for Spokane. Others took to the hills for safety for a few hours, hoping to be able to return soon to their homes.

### Summer Normal.

Teachers not employed during the summer can find opportunity to make additional preparation for their work, or to review for either state or county examinations at the summer term of the State Normal School at Monmouth. From \$35 to \$40 will cover all expenses for the ten weeks. Term beginning Tuesday, June 26.

Full information sent on application to the Secretary of the Faculty, Normal School, Monmouth.

"There's no use trying to make anything out of a man who wears a No. 6 hat and No. 9 shoes."

"Perhaps not, but what are you going to do with the 'by jove' fellow who wears No. 5 shoes and a hat that holds half a bushel?"