Editorial Snap Shots.

We wonder how many prescriptions have been issued for a dose of the "critter," Doc.

* * *

We suppose if the Holstein advocates succeed in forming a breeders association on Saturday the Jersey advocates will want to do the same.

* * *

No one expected that the "special interests" would favor a public dock and warehouse in this city and a line of steamers between Portland and this city.

* * *

The Ross bank in Portland was a politically bossed affair, and the depositors now know what dirty politics and banking combined amount to, for when banking institutions become head quarters for politicians depositors had better look out.

* * *

The Headlight solicitor took in the dance at Meda and proved to be very popular when it came to ladies, choice.—Courier.

And why shouldn't he be popular with the ladies, for the Headlight has always been popular with the ladies.

* * *

At the request of several pupils of the Tillamook High School, who were somewhat anxious to have a school paper, we have promised to help them out with the printing, feeling assured that they will make the paper interesting, not only to the pupils, but the public as well. We wish the "The Bugle Call" success.

* * *

Wouldn't it jar the fishermen on the bay if another cannery and cold storage plant was started up. A boat between Tillamook and Portland would soon bring this about, when the fishermen would get about what is paid on the Columbia river for their fish. Wouldn't that be an agreeable surprise to the Tillamook fishermen?

* * *

No one blames the transportation company for monopolizing the transportation business. The question, however, is, How long will the dairy associations, shippers and merchants stand being squeezed. They have certainly liked it in the years gone by and must consider it nice to be squeezed so long and repeatedly. Please, Mr. Transportation, give them another long hug and squeeze.

* * *

What a funny lot of people we do run across sometimes. They will yell their heads off in favor of good roads, yet along about tax collecting time they "beef" and belly ache like blazes if they've got to pay a few dollars towards it. With the timber owners paying about 70 per cent of the taxes of the county, surely it is not exactly proper to "beef" about taxes under those conditions.

* * *

There are 17 bachelors in town by actual count and good looking kadoies at that. Come girls, get busy, you know this is leap year.—Herald.

Tillamook City girls don't want to be bothered with such an homely lot, and, further, the girls know that they would have their hands full trying to straighten some of them out. Better still, we suggest that Charley Reynolds auction off some of these bachelors to ascertain whether they have any intrinsic value in the matrimonial market.

* * *

Following the lead of Astoria and Eugene, Salem has raised $7,000 for publicity purposes. Eleven other good Oregon towns should join the procession. To avoid offensive personality, we mention no names except Albany, Baker City, Pendleton, Union, La Grande, Ashland, Medford, Roseburg, Corvallis, McMinnville and Oregon City.—Oregonian.

And Tillamook City is not considered, for, instead of raising money to boom the city and county, it has been raising boys and young men to become boozers, gamblers and criminals. Now do not flay the snap shot man for telling the truth.

* * *

It looks as though Francis J. Heney has made a grave mistake in jumping onto Senator Fulton, for it certainly appears to most every fair minded person that it is a case of political persecution, and we believe that the voters of Oregon will resent it at the first opportunity. It is easy enough to make a mistake and be misinformed, especially when one's political enemies are active, and this is, probably, what Mr. Heney has done. Anyway, Senator Fulton is gaining friends, for, thus far, nothing has been proven to injury his reputation. It is a chestnut controversy, and it is remarkably strange that so much is said about the Mitchell faction using money at the hold up legislature, but not a word is said about the money used by the Simon faction, which caused the hold up. If Mr. Heney and Senator Fulton would get together and settle their little misunderstandings it would be to the credit of both.

In Memory of Margaret H. Owens,

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND

Her soul is with the Father of Life,
Her body with mother earth,
She's gone from us; that precious wife,
The mother who gave us birth.

In glory and beauty, beauty, she's living
In mansions of light above;
So beauteous and peacefully giving,
The angels share of her love.

For the Father hath crowned her in glory,
She kneels at the throne of his grace,
Where she pours forth the song and the story,
With a form that's as bright as Christ's face.

Where no sorrow or grief ever enters,
In that city, so full of God's light,
Where with joy we'll receive her glad welcome,
When we're thro with this toilsome, long night.

Sweet Margaret, the sweet wife and mother,
The daughter, the sister, the friend.
Oh! With what joy we shall meet her,
When we get to that world without end.

Methinketh the angels are happier
For receiving her into their realm;
Methinketh Christ's smile lit her path way,
While His dear hands of love, took the helm.

That guided her barque to the pearly gate,
While the heavenly hosts that throng
Met her on the golden pathway
With the glorious and heavenly song.

You are fitted, sweet Margaret, to enter,
For you sang the song of the Lamb,
With Moses and Elias, while your earth friends,
Gave due prise to your heavenly calm.

Christ's arms opened wide to receive you,
For his promise is to all, good and true,
Who do unto others in the earth life
Good deeds, as they'd have others do.

Let us all be prepared for his coming,
As the soul of sweet Margaret so true.
Whose memory will light up our path-way,
Make even this world seem new.

For her garments shall shine like the stars,
With a radiance more beauteous than the sun,
Around her a glorious halo
That is given by God's Holy One.

Oh! Who can describe the sweet glory,
That must be that dear one's lot there?
For we know God is true to his promise,
And her life was one long living prayer.

COFFEE

Poor coffee has to be sold in bulk, it isn't worth packing.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best: we pay him.

Do your banking business with the oldest and strongest bank in Tillamook County.—Tillamook County Bank.

THE BUGLE CALL.

Tillamook High School News and Society Paper.

EDITORS---

Ciceronians: Eliza Dawson and Elsie Scovell.

Emersonians: Elmer Allen and Carl Dawson.

The House of Representatives is an organization which meets in the school house every Thursday evening for the purpose of legislating for the State of Oregon. This house was organized by Prof. Rutherford about a month ago. Three parties, the Socialists, Democrats and Republicans have about equal strength and each posts a bill each week to be introduced and debated upon by the members of the house. So far quite a bit of time has been consumed in discussing the elegibility of various members. Representative Pike, from Polk county, has been accused of being a Mormon and action taken to expel him from the House. Mr. Pike has produced letters certifying to the excellent character he has borne in his home county, but much damaging evidence has been produced against him. Mr. Dawson, of Douglas, has been accused of not being a citizen of the United States, and a great deal of debate had upon the motion to expel him. Motions to expel other members upon various grounds have been made from time to time, but so far every member has succeeded in retaining his seat.

* * *

Miss Lillie Young has come back from California to Tillamook once more to live. She says that it is easier to stay in Tillamook and dodge rain drops than it is to live in California and fight fleas and mosquitos.

* * *

At the semi-annual election of the literary societies held last week, the following officers were elected:

EMERSONIAN SOCIETY.

President—Albert Bramwell.
Vice President—Ralph Himes.
Secretary—Vida Rogers.
Pianist—Mabel Edmunds.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Elmer Allen.
Critic—Frank Fike.

CICERONIAN SOCIETY.

President—Robert Stillwell.
Vice-President—Oscar Aschim.
Secretary—Mabel Goyne.
Pianist—Lillie Anderson.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Will Anderson.
Critic—Violet Noyes.

* * *

WANTED.

By Wilbur Burdick—An ever moving engine.

By Carl Dawson—An expanding hat band.

By Marion Hare—A pair of corked shoes.

By the Emersonians—A rest from the Bugle Horn.

By Miss Lister and Miss Davis—A rest.

By Blanche—A beau, Pete Allen preferred.

By Clarence Stanley—A girl, anyone will do, if he can't get Myrtle.

By Miss Lister—A husband. No one but a good cook need apply.

* * *

Elsie Scovell and Gertrude McKimmens succeeded in passing the last examination for teacher's certificates with fine grades. The girls will not quit school, but will go right on till June and finish with their class. We wish the girls success, but we know that the work they will do will just add to the excellent record the high school has had for sending out good teachers.

* * *

Barney Hanson is once more among us to cheer the editors of the society papers. They know that when news gets scarce Barney is a subject of never failing interest and that his stock of good nature is unlimited.

* * *

NEWS FROM THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The session of the Oregon House of Representatives held Thursday evening was an exciting one from start to finish.

The motion to expel Rep. Pike, from Polk, was taken from the table upon motion by Rep. Allen, from Yamhill, and the matter opened to debate. Mr. Pike produced proof of his eligibility in the form of letters from admiring constituents in Polk County and from his divorced wife. After some discussion, the matter was postponed in order to allow Mr. Pike to produce further proof.

The motion to expel Rep. Dawson, from Douglas, was next discussed Aschim, of Washington County, produced papers from the County Clerk of Douglas County, showing that Mr. Dawson had taken out naturalization papers in Douglas County, and had changed his name from Von Duson to Dawson. The motion failed to get the necessary two thirds vote.

Motions to expel Rep. Wolfe and Rep. Van Patten were lost.

Rep. Hanson, of Harney, introduced a bill to irrigate lands in Harney County, but it was lost after heated debate.

Rep. Bramwell, Socialist from Baker County, introduced an excellent bill intended to equalize the wealth of the state. Mr. Bramwell being himself a man of great wealth, and generously offering to divide his own surplus, the bill was warmly supported by some others, but was lost by an overwhelming vote.

* * *

Miss Davis is very much perplexed,
Over history she does not get vexed;
But John is such a dreadful boy,
We dreams of Helen, but not of Troy.

* * *

Wanted by Wilbur Burdick, a teething ring.

* * *

The following was heard in the English literature class, which Prof. Rutherford had charge of while Miss Davis was taking the examination:

Prof.: "Clara, name one of Landor's last books,"

Clara: "Pericles and Aspasia."

Prof.: "Albert, who was Aspasia?"

Albert, knowingly: "I think he lived about the time that Pericles did."

Prof.: "I think he was the wife of Pericles."

* * *

The Junior class began botany this week, so we may soon expect to hear of some remarkable discoveries in that science.

* * *

The high school drama has been selected and the cast chosen. The play is entitled "Diamonds and Hearts," and will probably be given about the middle of April. As soon as the plays arrives active practice will be begun. The annual drama means a great deal of hard work for both students and teachers, but it has come to be expected each year, and the benefits derived by those who get the training make it well worth while.

* * *

The principal amusement last week upon the glayground was the time honored game of "shinny," a pleasant pastime which not only furnishes capital exercise, but allows you to satisfy any lingering traits of savagery which may be in you by inflicting upon your fellow man the worst torture you could desire in a perfectly legitimate way. The fellow who hasn't at least two or three lumps or abrasions this week upon that highly sensitive part of his anatomy known as the skin may justly be accused of being unpopular. What a pity the hard hearted old Romans didn't know about "shinny."

* * *

W. Westinghouse Burdick and T. Edison Finney, the two leading inventive geniuses of the high school, have been conducting some very interesting electrical experiments lately. If these gentlemen escape an early death from the numerous perils of their chosen occupation, we may expect to point to them some day as the men who made the Tillamook High School famous.

OVER NIAGARA FALLS

Fate of a Schooner That Was Used as an Experiment.

SHE WAS DASHED TO PIECES.

A Thrilling Sight From the Time She Struck the Seething Rapids Until the Mighty Falls Tore Her Into Splinters—A Pair of Tough Geese.

The following story of the first public excursion to Niagara Falls was written at the time by an eyewitness:

"The schooner Michigan was the largest vessel on Lake Erie at that time. She was too large, in fact, to enter the various harbors on the lake, and, being somewhat decayed in her uppers, the owner, Major Frazer, got the idea that she would answer the purpose of testing the fate of a vessel that by accident might approach too near the cataract and also the fate of living things that might be caught in the rapids. The proprietors of the large public houses at the falls on both sides of the river and of stages and steamboats made up a purse to purchase the schooner, aware that they would be amply repaid by the spectators that the exhibition would attract.

"For several days previous to Sept. 6, 1828, the day for which the affair was fixed, which was Saturday, the stages and canalboats came to Buffalo crowded with people. On the night of Sept. 5 wagons filled with country people rattled through the village in unbroken procession all night long, and on the morning of Sept. 6 Buffalo itself seemed to be moving in one mass toward the point of attraction. Five steamboats had been advertised to leave Buffalo Saturday morning. They were the Henry Clay, William Penn, Pioneer, Niagara and Chippewa. The Chippewa was appointed to tow the schooner Michigan to the Niagara river. I was a passenger on her.

"As soon as we got well under way the scene became interesting. The other four steamers came plowing along in our wake, crowded to the guards with passengers and bands of music playing. The Chippewa towed the big schooner to Yale's landing, on the Canada side of the Niagara river, where our passengers went ashore, as did those of the William Penn. The passengers of the Henry Clay and Pioneer landed on the American side. Yale's Landing was three miles above the falls, and the crowds of people were taken from there on down the river in wagons of all kinds. The hour fixed for towing the Michigan from Yale's Landing to the rapids was 3 in the afternoon.

"This task, an extremely hazardous one, was intrusted to the oldest sailor on the lake, Captain Rough. With a yawl boat and five sturdy oarsmen the old captain got the schooner under way. They towed her to within a quarter of a mile of the first rapids and within half a mile of the tremendous precipice itself—as near as they dared approach. They cut the big vessel adrift, and she passed majestically on, while the oarsmen of the yawl had to bend their every nerve and muscle to remove themselves from the peril of being drawn down by the rushing waters. Indeed, such had been the fear and apprehension of the men that they mutinied against Captain Rough and cut the towline before the time he had set. If they had obeyed the reckless old captain, he, the yawl and its crew would have preceded the Michigan over the falls.

"The high grounds on both shores of the river were lined with people as the Michigan, unguided by human agency, approached, head on, the first rapid of the seething descent, apparently keeping the very course that a skillful navigator would have guided her in. The American ensign streamed from her bowsprit and the British jack floated at her stern. The vessel shot the first rapid unhurt, still head on, making a plunge, shipping a sea and rising from it in beautiful style. In her descent of the second rapid, the water momentarily increasing in velocity and tumult, her towering masts went by the board, giving the spectators a startling representation of the crashing of a vessel's spars in a shipwreck at sea. She swung around and presented her broadside to the dashing and foaming water, and, after remaining, as it seemed, stationary for a moment, swung around until she was headed upstream.

"Passing the third rapid she bilged, but carried her hull to all appearances whole as she tossed and groaned between Grass island and the British shore to the Horseshoe fall, over which she was drawn sternforemost and hurled into the thundering abyss. She was dashed to fragments before she struck in the seething waters below. Immediately after she went over hundreds of people hurried below the falls. The river was covered with fragments of the vessel. Nowhere could be found as much as two boards nailed together, and her great timbers were broken into bits like firewood.

"There were aboard the Michigan when she started on her trip toward the falls a wild bull buffalo from a western prairie, two bears from the Lake Superior regions, two foxes, a raccoon, a dog, a cat and four geese. When the vessel left Yale's landing in tow all these were let loose on the deck except the buffalo. He was inclosed in a pen. The two bears got enough of the trip when the vessel began the descent of the first rapid, and they climbed down the side next the Canada shore, plunged into the swift water, breasted its powerful sweep successfully and reached the shore. They were so exhausted when they got on land that they made no resistance to being captured. The bears, before they abandoned the ship, climbed the mast of the vessel and, as it was presumed, from that outlook saw what their finish would be anyhow and then determined to take the chances of getting to land, slim as they were. The raccoon ran up a mast and remained there until the mast fell. He was never seen again. The foxes ran frantically up and down the deck and went over with the schooner, as did the buffalo and the geese. Not a trace of foxes or buffalo was ever found. Two of the geese swam ashore half a mile below the falls. The other two met the fate of the buffalo and the foxes."

HIT HIM IN TWO PLACES.

The Way Cicero Treated His Devoted Admirer Petrarch.

In the early autumn of 1358 Petrarch suffered an accident which may be narrated in his own words. "You will hear," he writes to a friend, "what trick Cicero, the man whom I have loved and worshiped from my boyhood, has just played me. I possess a large volume of his letters, which I wrote out some time ago with my own hand because there was no original manuscript accessible to the copyists. Ill health hindered me, but my great love of Cicero and delight in the letters and eagerness to possess them prevailed against my bodily weakness and the laboriousness of the work. This is the book which you have seen leaning against the doorpost at the entry to my library. One day while going into the room thinking about something else, as I often do, I happened inadvertently to catch the book in the fringe of my gown. In its fall it struck me lightly on the left leg a little above the heel. 'What! My Cicero,' quoth I, bantering him, 'pray what are you hitting me for?' He said nothing, but next day as I came again the same way he hit me again, and again I laughed at him and set him up in his place. Why make a long story? Over and over again I went on suffering the same hurt, and, thinking he might be cross at having to stand on the ground, I put him up a shelf higher, but not till after the repeated blows on the same spot had broken the skin and a far from despicable sore had resulted. I despised it, though, reckoning the cause of my accident of much more weight than the accident itself. At last, when the pain was too much not only for my wit, but for sleep and rest, so that to neglect the thing no longer seemed not courage, but madness, I was forced to call in the doctors, who have now for some days been fussing over this really ridiculous wound, not without great pain and some danger to the wounded limb, as they insist, though I think you know just what reliance I place on their prognostications either of good or evil. So this is how my beloved Cicero has treated me. He long ago struck my heart, and now he has struck my leg." —From H. C. Hollway-Calthorp's "Petrarch."

GUIDEPOSTS IN FRANCE.

A Striking Feature of the Roads Throughout the Country.

A feature of the roads of France is the ever present guidepost. These guideposts consist of an iron plaque about two feet long and a foot high securely mounted on sturdy posts or fastened to some substantial wall. They are painted in white and blue and show without any possibility of mistake not only the commune or township in which they stand, but the next important place in either direction as well and the distances between all the chief points upon that route. Thus you will find if you are traveling on a road which leads to Paris that the name of the metropolis will appear on the signboard, although it may be several hundred kilometers distant.

In addition to these guideposts the Touring Club of France has put up on the chief roads a series of signs and symbols to indicate to motorists and bicyclists what sort of a road they are approaching. The sign "ralentir," which translated into good United States means to "let up," has caused many a motorist who is unfamiliar with the road he is traveling to slow down only to find shortly after the sign had been passed that it was well that he paid attention to it because of a steep grade or some abrupt turn. There is no excuse, in view of the symbols and signboards, for any one motoring in France to get on the wrong road or to run unexpectedly into trouble.—Frank Presbrey in Outing Magazine.

Shakespeare's Last Illness.

According to a tradition handed down by Ward, the vicar of Stratford, Shakespeare's last illness was a fever brought on by a "merry meeting" with Drayton and Ben Jonson. Another authority, Halliwell-Phillips, says that the great poet died of typhoid, caused by the filth and bad drainage about New Place. Like nearly everything else about Shakespeare, the question of the character of his last illness can be answered only conjecturally.

At the Wind's Mercy.

"Scroggins is always boasting about his new balloon."

"That's all it's good for."

"What's all it's good for?"

"To blow about."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Use For Them All.

"You have three pairs of glasses, professor."

"Yes; I use one to read with, one to see at a distance and the third to find the other two."

There is nothing worse for mortals than a vagabond life.—Homer.

ENGLAND SAYS NO ALUM IN FOOD

and strictly prohibits the sale of alum baking powder—

So does France
So does Germany

The sale of alum foods has been made illegal in Washington and the District of Columbia, and alum baking powders are everywhere recognized as injurious.

To protect yourself against alum, when ordering baking powder,

Say plainly—

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

and be very sure you get Royal.

Royal is the only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar. It adds to the digestibility and wholesomeness of the food.

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