

The Bugle Call. Tillamook High School News and Society Paper.

Tillamook, Oregon, March 13, 1908.

EDITORS: CICERONIANS—ELIZA DAWSON AND ELSIE SCOVELL. EMERSONIANS—ELMER ALLEN AND CARL DAWSON.

Quite a number of high school students and several of the teachers attended the party given by the Invincible Star Lodge of the C. M. A. last Saturday night.

See Mr. Pike for lessons in vocal music. He can give recommendations from all who were at the party. His favorite song is "Skip-ta-ma-loo."

At the party Saturday night, Elmer Allen was arranged before the court on the charge of stealing four sticks of wood from the city of Tillamook.

The question of taking in out side members is still being debated in the senate.

The following conversation was heard in the forth grade room the other day. Theo: "Lillie, have you a Youth's Companion in your desk." Lillie: "No, I am a Youth's Companion."

If you get sick, see Dr. Allen, the high school physician.

Sometimes the senate adjourns before the House of Representatives does. Of course Lillie always waits for her brother, but as he and Sap look so much alike that we can't blame her for sometimes making a mistake for you know "mistakes do happen."

In the first issue of the Bugle Call Mr. Pike advertised for half a dozen wives. Four called the same evening. It pays to advertise.

The high school poet says this week: The rivers sing the lullabies, To the ocean's wailing cries, While the great gray rocks look on in silent wonder at the song; And the echoes of the wild, Stranger ever, never mild, Call us—in the spring.

Mr. Roosevelt has won eternal fame as the man with the big stick; Mayor Lane as the man with the little stick, and now Mr. Shroad is winning a glorious reputation as the man with the crooked stick.

What is the feeling between our two society papers just now? Well, it is hard to define, but they are on a good deal the same terms as Fulton and Heney.

BLAINE.

Harrah for Blaine, the new hotel is fast being completed.

Charley Farnsworth came over the trail from the valley last week.

Mr. Ward, a real estate agent, was in our neighborhood Saturday.

Sarah and Ruth Gray spent Monday with Miss Rosa Moon.

Seth F. Moon and family went over the trail to Sheridan, where they will visit relatives awhile before going to California.

Will Yarnell has been on the streets of Blaine.

Thursday, while the Welsh boys were out at work, someone entered the house and ate all the apple sauce.

Ben Comer has been wanting to buy a cow to save carrying milk so far for his dog, but now the dog is dead and Ben doesn't care for a cow.

Dee Moon feels proud of his roadsters, Whoa Barney.

Ralph Bundy has got the contract to cut wood for the school house and John Moon the contract for building a woodshed.

Perl Coulson is building a new milk house to accommodate his separator.

Mrs. Nathan Moon, who has had a severe attack of la grippe, is improving.

The Welsh boys have moved into their new house and now all they lack is a cook.

W. S. Buell was in Blaine last week electioneering.

Ben Comer and Bruce Ross were down from Square Top Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Woods spent Sunday with Forrest Ayer and family.

Roy and Ollie Woods are batching now on the Seth Moon place and their house keeping beats many a woman's; never the less, they wouldn't object to a cook.

Wanted, by Claidie Edgar, a horse that isn't a humorist.

Lillie told Ollie that if they could find a buggy they would go riding. You know Lillie has the Horace.

News from the House of Representatives.

The principal business of the session was the election of permanent officers. Upon the first ballot the votes for speaker were divided between Stanley, Republican, Himes, Democrat and Bramwell, Socialist, no candidate received a majority.

Anderson, of Columbia County, was elected clerk of the house and Peters, of Curry, was elected sergeant at arms.

The charge against Rep. Wolfe was taken from the table and Mr. Wolfe was given ten minutes in which to produce his certificates of nomination and election. When he returned, he was put in charge of the sergeant at arms and his papers examined. The credentials were found to bear bogus seals, but in spite of this the motion to expel him did not get the necessary two thirds vote.

The charge against Rep. Shrode of being a Japanese spy was next investigated, and although he has been studying closely the map of the Pacific Coast and carrying about a crooked stick, thought to be a Japanese surveying instrument, he was acquitted.

House Bill No. 6 was again discussed, and being put upon its final passage, was lost.

It has been rumored that the combination of special interests which seem to control the house consists of Joe Bush, Jimmy the Sailor and Jean Price. Here is a chance for the muck rake.

Miss Gertrude McKimins has been teaching school at Wilson river for a few days, in the place of Esther Munson, who is sick.

We hear that Sap has taken up the study of Botany, but the only kind of plant which seems to engage his attention is the lily. We call his analysis passing and it begins something like this, "You I love," and that is about all, or is as far as he gets. He is studying railroad construction, too, and every Sunday afternoon he seems to mix that with his Botany.

How is Bob? Oh, he is Still-well.

The fine day we had Monday made most of the pupils wish that they were fishing or out in the woods away from town. It is only a case of spring-fever, so we suppose they will recover.

Of course after the terrible accident in the Cleveland school, everybody is interested in fire drill, and Monday

afternoon about three o'clock our fire gook was rung, and it did not take long to get into line and with the help of the drum and marching four abreast, we were all out and away from the building in sixty-four seconds. We can do better than that with more practice. Our building has fine, wide stairs and the doors are wide and open outward. We clear the building in less than a minute and a half just at ordinary dismissal, so anything would have to happen pretty suddenly to keep us from getting out in good shape.

Dr. Allen, of the high school, has been very busy the past week. His prescriptions are guaranteed to cure, and for the benefit of those who may not be able to obtain private consultations we intend to publish a few of his best.

For a bad cold—Get something to cure it. Dr. Allen.

Quite an excitement was raised one morning last week when the horse driven to school by Claudia and Maude Edgar was seen running for the livery barn with an empty buggy attached. We were much afraid that the young ladies had been hurt, and two brave sophomores immediately started to the rescue. But the girls soon arrived unhurt and ready to try their playful steed another round.

For love-sickness—Get married. Dr. Allen.

Wilbur: Why is it so hard to keep Clarence quiet? Theo: That's easy. It's because he is exceedingly fond of a Noyes.

To grow tall—Keep on growing. Dr. Allen.

In playing catch or catching behind the bat Mr. P. Peters is making himself famous. For further information see Mr. Peter or some of those unjointed fingers of his.

To get thin—Fast a while. Dr. Allen.

The new block which has just been thrown open south of the school house makes an excellent play ground. Some day when this and the block in front are built up, we will be badly crowded. The school needs more ground.

After the senate was over Oscar began to run, He ran right out in the hall-way And down the steps, one by one. He ran out into the moonlight And how his spirits did fall, For the girl that he thought was Mabel, Wasn't Mabel at all.

The editors all have the blues, For they are very short of news, And on jokes they dare not dwell, For some get angry when they "tell," So please excuse us for this time, And if you can, forget this rhyme.

new house this summer. Everybody being over the grippe, Dr. Hagey is at leisure now to go fishing and hunting, which he does, and then comes back in the evening and says he no see 'em.

BOULDER CREEK.

H. A. Chopard set out quite a large strawberry bed last Monday. Also several dozen raspberries.

W. N. Bays, J. J. Hollett and Henry Smith have returned from Sheridan, where they went last week to haul out Mr. Moon's household effects. They report the roads to be very good as far as Dolph, but on the other side they are a fright. John Creecy did not come back with them, but went to Portland to visit his sister, we are informed.

SANDLAKE.

Everybody is getting ready to plant garden this fine weather.

L. A. Hoyt is able to be up and around again.

Atkinson's made their first batch of cheese last Friday for this year.

R. R. Creighton and family visited with E. R. Hayes and family Sunday.

All of the young folks of Sandlake visited L. A. Hoyt's Sunday and they all report an enjoyable time. Several photographs were taken by our Sandlake photographer, Joel Atkinson.

Ira Dimond, our Sandlake wolf hunter, shot at a couple of dogs last Saturday night and the neighbors all thought that some one had killed a burglar, but afterwards found out different.

B. Edwards made a trip to Tillamook Friday and returned Saturday.

James Atkinson is going to have a large barn built this summer.

Joel Atkinson, the bronco rider, got left Sunday evening standing in the road on his head, but he got up, shook the mud out of his ears, and got on again, and the way he came in was not slow.

B. Edwards and Pearl Hagey are intending to start for Dundee next Monday.

Mrs. Orah Hayes received the sad news that her mother was very low and not expected to live.

Howard Harris, of Tillamook, came out with his father to stay a few days.

E. E. Webb is putting a new picket fence around his yard this week.

U. S. Edwards is going to put up a

Report says the cheese factory will begin operations as soon as it is vacated by the school. W. D. Gladwill has been remodeling his house by putting in a stairway, more windows, etc. L. N. Sandoz went to Cloverdale Tuesday with butter.

Mr. Epplett Heard From.

DEAR SIR,—After carefully reading the communication from W. W. Wiley and talking to my friends, and at their earnest solicitation, I deem it my duty to myself and public to give the facts when my daughter wrote in August 1907, and was so low in her reading I remarked to several persons whom I was talking to "that I could not understand how it was she was so low in reading while only six months before she graded 91 in the same study." The reason I took exception to the reading was: First, I thought it was oral only. Second, the vast difference in the grading six months before.

Later I visited Mr. Wiley's office and he explained to me that the reading examination was partly written work, and I acknowledged my mistake to him.

I made no complaint against the grading of these papers, with the exception of the three following questions: The first in arithmetic addition problem, which was correctly added but mis copied, which I thought she should have received some credit for.

Question two was in history, which Mr. Wiley admitted was correct, but had been overlooked by the examiners, and for which she received no credit at the time, but later it was allowed.

Question three in school law was, how does a teacher's certificate affect the length of contract. Her answer was, "By the expiration of the certificate," or words to that effect. I haven't the papers here to get the exact wording. Now, Mr. Wiley, quite uncalled for, published her mistakes, but forgot to publish mistakes made by the examiners.

Her certificate dated Feb. 16th, 1907, which can be seen any time, is graded as follows: Orthography, 84; Reading, 91; Writing, 94; Geography, 83; Mental Arithmetic, 76; Written Arithmetic, 90; English Grammar, 87; Modern History, 90; Phy. Hygiene, 95; Theory of Teaching, 86; Civil Government, 92; School Law, 90. General average, 88 1/2.

Mr. Wiley was surprised and indignant when the matter was brought to his attention in the last month, that he has been accused as in 3 and 54 of his articles, when I am informed that a gentleman living in Tillamook City that had a daughter write for the August examination and failed, told him the same thing to his face in Tillamook City. Now, Mr. Editor, this is heresy, but I heard it from Mr. Wiley himself. Why did he not take exception in this matter for this man?

Simply, Mr. Editor, because I am more over the county than the other man and he thought he would arouse more public sympathy by attacking me. Now, Mr. Editor, it seems to me this man Wiley must consider himself insecure in his seat to resort to any such tactics to gain public sympathy.

Honest peddling, in my opinion, I consider honorable, whether done by team or on a bicycle. I will admit my education is limited, especially in Billingsgate. I could call names and throw mud, but I value my reputation as a gentleman. In conclusion I will say, I leave my reputation and Mr. Wiley's as to truth, veracity and fair dealing in the hands of the public.

Very respectfully, T. E. EPPLETT.

To the Voters of the Second Justice District of Tillamook County, Ore.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Justice of the Peace for the second justice district in Tillamook County, subject to the Republican primaries to be held April 17, 1908.

A. T. WHITE.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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A BOWL OF BITTER TEA.

Himalayan Hospitality in a Snow Enveloped Hovel.

In spite of a poverty which limits their good intentions the inhabitants of central and south central Asia display a charming hospitality. Such, at least, is the impression gained from Mr. Ellsworth Huntington's book, "The Pulse of Asia."

At Matayan, a village in the province of Ladakh, the habitable portion of the upper Indus valley, a friendly villager invited Mr. Huntington to dive down from the crust which covered eight or ten feet of snow into a one story house. This was at an elevation of 10,500 feet.

Although it was April 11, the snow, even on a level, was higher than the tops of the houses. Where it had been shoveled off the flat roofs it formed high banks, protecting them from the wind and making them the favorite sitting room at that season and even in winter, for the sunshine is always warm in that dry, cloudless climate.

When the little black cows had been driven and pulled out of the way Mr. Huntington descended to an almost closed shed used for the two or three hardy sheep and goats and was ushered, stooping, into a dark stable containing a little pony, shaggy, like all the animals. Bending low once more, he climbed over a high sill and was in the warm, close family living room.

Light and air came in through a hole in the roof a foot square surmounted by a chimney pot a foot high made of three stones set up to keep out the snow. A few bits of ragged cloth on the mud floor for sleeping purposes, a half dozen metal utensils and an iron pot full of Himalayan tea, kept warm over some embers, comprised all the visible equipment for housekeeping.

After the host had persuaded Mr. Huntington to take a seat on the floor a half paled old woman insisted upon ladling out for him a bowl of tea. It was surprisingly good in view of the fact that a poor grade of tea leaves had been steeped half an hour or more with milk, butter, salt and soda. In richer houses Mr. Huntington was often served with tea which had been improved by being churned violently in a slender, greasy black churn, twenty inches long by four in diameter, in order to mix the rancid butter well into the compound before it was turned into the drinking bowls.

DANTE'S HUMOR.

It is of the Wholly Unconscious Kind and Woefully Grim.

The humorous side of Dante is analyzed in the Westminster Review by George Trobridge, who is a great admirer of the famous poet and who has in previous writings expressed his appreciation of Dante as a nature poet and as a novelist.

Although Dante's great poem is a "comedy," in the sense of being a drama working to a happy ending, we do not look for ridiculous situations in it, such as we usually associate with the idea of comedy. Ridiculous situations occur nevertheless, and there is no lack of humor even in the poet's description of the sufferings of the lost. Dante's humor, however, is of the unconscious kind, arising from a total lack of perception of the ludicrous. It is said that he was never seen to smile, and we can quite believe it, since he never forsakes sober seriousness in his writings, and it is his deadly earnestness that betrays him into occasional comicality.

The sinners in hell, the poet tells us, are relegated to their proper quarters on the judgment of Minos, who indicates the particular circle to which the culprit is consigned by wrapping his tail so many times around his bestial body. Fancy the trembling sinner waiting to count the coils that he may know his fate!

It is a horrible punishment which is assigned to those guilty of simony, to be buried head downward in a circular pit, with only the legs and feet protruding, while flickering flames glide over the soles of the latter, inflicting exquisite torture, yet our sense of humor is provoked by the description of Dante standing over one of these holes and holding a conversation with its occupant, "reversed, and as a stake driven in the soil," while numberless legs wriggle in continual motion around him.

Fish Spear by Firelight.

In the sunny south in the blue waters of the Mediterranean one may frequently behold the strange sight of fishermen reaping a rich harvest with the aid of a long forklike instrument, which is used in place of a net. There the ancient "peche aux flambeaux," a singular custom of fishing at night by the light of a blazing fire, still exists, enabling hundreds of hardy toilers of the deep to gain a livelihood.—Wide World Magazine.

One Good Turn, Etc.

Third Floor Tenant—See here! I'm one of a committee of men in this apartment, and I've called to ask you to sell your futa. Second Floor Tenant—Delighted to see you. I'm one of another committee and was about to go up and ask you if you'd sell your baby.—Lippincott's.

Touching.

"Not a cent," replied the rich man coldly. "Money is not good for the soul."

Obbliging Jailor.

Mayor—Where are you going? Village Constable—The three tramps I just locked up want to play whist, and I'm looking for a fourth.—Transatlantic Tales.

DESIRE OF DISTINGUISHMENT.

Phase of Human Nature.

In "Doc Gordon," by Mary E. Kins-Freeman, is a quaint illustration of a peculiar phase of human nature. It develops with the visits of the doctors to their poorer patients.

James drove all the way to Dr. Gordon about the new country. The country people either satirized with an odd smile which had something almost bitter in it, or they were effusively hospitable, forcing apple jack upon the doctors to their poorer patients.

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"These people seem positively because that old soul is sick," James when he and the doctor again in the buggy.

"They are," said Dr. Gordon; "the old woman herself, who knows enough that she has not long to live. Did you ever think that the distinction was one of the most happy the most, intense purely emotion of the human soul? In the way these people live here, being away at the sick like some most of them have in their lives three ways of attracting attention—momentary consideration of their birth, marriage, sickness and death. With the first they are hardly concerned; even with the second, have nothing to do. There are women than men, as usual, although the women want to remain the men do not. There remains sickness and death for a standing speak. If one of them is really and dies, the people are around take notice. The sick person and corpse have a certain state and which they have never attained to. Why, bless you, man, I have a patient, a middle aged woman, who has been laid up for years with rheumatism, and she is fairly vainglorious so is her mother. She brags of a valid daughter. If she had been a old maid on her hands, she have been ashamed of her, and the man herself would have been very discontented. But she has fairly tried rheumatism. It has been to a husband and children. I tell you, man, one has to have a footstool of elevation among the lows, even if it is a mighty good or he loses his self respect, and respect is the best jewel we have!"

Much Wanted. The following advertisement, from a Boston paper of a date of the nineteenth century by Mr. J. in "The Stranger in America," that the domestic problem is one of modern manufacture. But a mistress of today would dare propose such conditions on the kitchen.

Much Wanted: A neat, well-dressed female to do kitchen work in a family in Charlestown, near Boston. She may pray and sing hymns, not over the dishkettle. She goes to meeting, but not belong to a congregation of midnight worshippers. Inquire at Repertory office, near town.

A Natural Fortress. In the northern part of Madagascar is the most remarkable natural fort in the world. It is occupied by a tribe who call themselves the Peasants. The fortress is a lofty precipitous rock of enormous size, feet high and eight square miles area. Its sides are so steep that cannot be climbed without aid, and means. Within it is hollow, and only entrance is by a subterranean passage.—St. James' Gazette.

Thrift. There is an old fashioned word ought to come into use again—Thrift. There are a distressing number of shiftless people in the world, while we shall call no names, every reader will peruse at this graph and think seriously of their shiftlessness.—Atchison Globe.

The Changed View. Every man takes care that his corner does not cheat him. But a comes when he begins to care that does not cheat his neighbor. The goes well. He has changed his cart into a chariot of the sun.—son.

A Little Ball. Cassidy—Ah, well, no was in what was't past an' gone. Cassidy—Could it be any acted quick on Cassidy—Go 'long, man! How yer? Cassidy—Stop it before it begins.—Kansas City Independent.

A common danger produce... —Lath Proverb.