

THE BUGLE CALL.

EDITORS: ELIZA DAWSON AND ELISE SCOVELL. EMERSONIANS—ELMER ALLEN AND CLOYD DAWSON.

The new Senate Bill, to be introduced by Wheeler, of Wheeler Co., to prohibit the marriage of American girls to foreigners, has caused a great deal of discussion. It is astonishing to note how many politicians there are among the girls.

It was very quiet in the tenth grade room last Monday for the "Noyes" was absent.

Ivan Donaldson, of the junior class, is visiting in Grants Pass, and is attending the Grants Pass High School, so as to keep up his work and finish with his class next year.

Mr. McMillan was at school last week and succeeded in getting pictures of the societies, the Freshman class and Sophomores. He gave up the job when the Juniors lined up.

Wilbur: "What are Spring beauties?" Lynn: "Viola."

The junior class will put out an annual this year on the plan of the college annual, only on a smaller scale. It will contain many articles and pictures, which will be appreciated by any one interested in Tillamook High School. The Juniors are now very busy collecting photographs and writing articles for the book. Mr. Bramwell and Miss Hannenkrat are kept busy taking orders for the annual.

In assembly Monday morning it was decided that the two literary societies should give a free public program near the close of school. It will be made up of the best features of our regular programs.

At a meeting of the Senior Class held on Friday last after the school, they chose blue and cream as their class color, and decided to purchase class rings instead of pins, but they have not decided on their class motto yet.

Marbles seem to be the most interesting sport at present, particularly among the smaller boys.

On account of the short time remaining for the players to practice for the High School play the House of Representatives was adjourned for the last meeting to permit an extra rehearsal on the play. The business before the House for the next meeting will be the eligibility of Mr. Dawson, House-resolution No. 2, resolved that statement No. 1 should be abolished, and any other business that may be brought up between this time and then.

At a recent class meeting the Sophomores elected the following officers: president, Eliza Dawson; vice-president, Clarence Stanley; secretary and treasurer, Lillian Anderson. It was also decided to keep the class colors blue and white.

Theo: "What kind of a mark would you make after a five-dollar gold piece laying in the road?" Wilbur: "A question mark."

Theo: "I'd make a dash after it."

Notice: All wishing to take lessons in elocution apply to Wilbur Burdick. Wilbur has decided to give up the study of electricity and become a great orator.

The Freshman class held class meeting last Friday evening and elected Viola Mapes, president; Mable Edmunds, vice-president; and Lynn Eberman, secretary and treasurer.

Wanted by Lynn Eberman—One violet—only one for that is all the "House" would permit.

The Senate has adjourned until after the players have finished practicing. You see the play is very important.

Harold: "What is your favorite study?" Wilbur: "Literature—especially Burke."

The short hand classes are far enough along now to transcribe their work upon the typewriters and the merry click of the machines may be heard at most any time of the day.

Wanted, by Albert Bramwell—A pair of seven league boots.

We have a fine list of magazines in the high school library this year. They make one of the most valuable features of our library, and are just one of the many things the societies are able to give the school from the profits of their entertainments. Our magazine list is: "World's Work," "Success," "Review of Reviews," "Scientific American," "Supplement," "Recreation," "Pacific Monthly," "Youth's Companion," "Ladies' Home Journal," and "The Delineator."

Miss Elsie Oliver, a graduate of this school, has just finished a term of school in the Quick District and intends going to Portland soon to take a course in the Portland Business College.

In the "Courier," the school paper of

Monmouth State Normal, we notice the familiar, solemn face of Edgar Munson, a T.H.S. graduate, who is there preparing himself for first class work in the teaching profession.

Last week finished the seventh month of our school. It is hard to realize that less than two months work lies between us and the summer vacation.

From the arguments some of our short hand writers have in interpreting their hieroglyphics, we are afraid a public speaker might be shamefully misrepresented, if any of them were to report his speech.

Jessie Donaldson, who was sick all last week, is back in school again.

Both the Freshman and the Sophomore classes took book-keeping this year on account of the change in the course of study. This made a class of forty, but give them two whole recreation periods for the work each day, and they will finish the whole year's work this week.

The play is progressing nicely. They say that Midget is learning her part well. Midget is the dog in the play.

Some of the boys like to sing "Iola," but they sometimes forget and sing "My sweet Viola," instead.

Speaking of "Grand Duchies," how about Cloyd?

"Popular student" doesn't seem to be discouraged by his accident, but has been quite busy catching the things that come his way, especially base-balls. He has also been elected captain of the Emersonian base-ball team.

Dr. Allen has recently performed the wonderful operation of cutting off a patient's head. The patient being Lynn Eberman. The operation being quite successful except that when the head was replaced it faced the wrong way. For more information see Miss Lyster or Violet Noyes.

Grandma's Story. Mary Whitney, '11.

Grandma had come for a week's visit at our house. I was only four then and my sister three years older, and I loved to hear grandma tell stories.

After supper, her first evening there, she went with us into the front room by the open fire. "Grandma," I said as soon as we were seated, "won't you tell us a story? You tell such nice ones." "Yes, do Grandma," cried Melissa, "Ah! right; wait until I think of a good one," she said.

We sat very still while she thought and finally she began. "It was many years ago when I was only eight years old that father and mother took me many miles from home, out into the wild frontier, where there were but few settlers and many bad Indians. He settled near another man, Mr. Washington, but besides this one we had no neighbors for many miles.

"Mr. Washington had a little girl about my age, whose name was Mae, and we played together most of the time. At first I was afraid the Indians would carry us away, but as time passed I forgot about them, as I seldom saw one, but Mae and I were told not to go far from home alone on account of them. However, after we had been there for over a year and had never been hurt we got very brave" and one afternoon we went boat riding by ourselves, without letting on folks know where we were going. After rowing about a quarter of a mile up the river we started to float back, when we saw two Indians in a canoe coming towards us. There was no use in trying to get away as they were very near, so we tried not to act frightened and thought they might leave us alone. But this they did not do, for they came up to us talking very fast to each other, took us into their canoe and went on up the river for about three miles. Then they took us out and made us walk very fast for a long distance. Once Mae tried tearing up her apron and dropping pieces along the trail so we could be found, but one of the Indians saw her and said if she did it any more he would kill us both. They made us walk in a stream for more than a mile at one time so no one could follow our trail. The trail was so steep that we got too tired to walk after a while, so the Indians carried us and we went to sleep in their arms, only to wake in a wigwam. All the Indians were very good to us until one evening we tried to run away. Of course they caught and brought us back. Then we found they were going to burn us alive. We did not care very much for we thought we would never be found and would rather die than to live there. But while they were dancing around the fire on which we were to be burned, a shot was heard. One Indian fell dead and the rest fled. Mae and I were very much frightened until father, Mr. Washington and some more men came up to us. Then our fright changed to joy. We started for home and reached there safely about morning. For over a year we didn't go out of sight of the houses and when we did, it was to go back to our old homes, and I have never seen an Indian since, without feeling like getting out of his way."

"Oh, Grandma, I am so glad they found you, and brought you back, or you would not have been my dear, good

grandma," cried Melissa as soon as she had finished. "Are the children trying you to death?" asked mamma, as she came in to put us to bed. "No, I was just telling them a story," grandma said. Then we told grandma good night and went with a mamma.

GARIBALDI.

Leo Akley and Archie were the guests of Garibaldi people Saturday and Sunday. Leo helped himself to some of our good clams, taking quite a few home with him.

Mrs. Chas. Johnson is under the weather this week. Dr. Smith was called to her the other evening. Quite a bit of real estate being handled down this way.

Miss Emma Swenson, our school teacher, spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents near Tillamook.

Mrs. Chas. Temperley, mother, Mrs. Ruggles, and little daughter Stella, spent Tuesday with Mrs. Gutman and family at Hobsonville.

The Elmore and Gerald C came in over the bar Tuesday afternoon.

Arthur Evans made a flying trip to Tillamook last week.

Mrs. McMillan and daughter Donna left for Cloverdale Monday morning. Hurry back Mrs. Mac, as Mr. Mac is advertising for a cook already.

Agnes Toms accepted a position at the home of Mrs. Memnick, at Hobsonville last week.

Saturday morning while the engines were running in the mill at Hobsonville, one of the steam pipes parted from the boiler, scattering steam and water, but no one was hurt.

Sheriff Crenshaw was down around the bay Saturday.

Charley McMillan spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents.

The new bridge leading up to the cannery makes quite an improvement to Garibaldi.

Some of the supplies for the Life Saving station came in on the Elmore.

The la grippe has been trying very hard to get John Hobson the last two weeks. The class flats do not get lonesome this kind of weather.

SANDLAKE.

Everybody is busy this fine weather plowing and getting ready to put in their crops.

Mrs. Orah Hayes received the sad news of her mother's death. Mrs. Osburn was 62 years old and leaves a husband and three children to mourn their loss. The children are Mrs. Orah Hayes, Mrs. J. H. Reynolds and Mr. Ollie Osburn.

Howard Harris made a trip to Sandlake Saturday and returned to Tillamook Sunday. Miss M. Eric Owens accompanied him.

U. S. Edwards made a trip to H. Mues Monday and back, riding shanks' mare both ways.

Our Sandlake bear hunters, who got scared at a chipmunk last fall and did not get home until sometime after dark, have picked up courage once more and have set a trap. So we expect the boys to furnish us with fresh bear meat all the summer, providing there are as good a run as there was last season.

The candidates for county offices must be a little afraid of our Sandlake roads, as we have not been able to shake hands with a single one of them yet.

BEAVER.

On last Thursday, April 2nd, at high noon, occurred the wedding of Mr. Robert A. Waymire and Miss Maude Potter, at the residence of the bride on Farmer's Creek. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Williams, of Beaver, in the presence of a few invited guests. The young couple start out with fine prospects before them, and with the best wishes of their many friends.

Mr. Rob Waymire has an eye to business in securing a wife with a home already prepared.

Equire Dunstan had a case before him the other day for the first. A Mr. was arrested for giving whiskey to minors. He came before Equire Dunstan and pleaded guilty, and was bound over to Court, under a \$300 bond.

The Nestucca valley must be getting quite attractive to men of business. A new store at Three Rivers, and a new store at Hazel Bend. Well, let the good work go on.

Ed Kinnaman has started up his cheese factory, and now we will have some nice good cheese.

The young people of the community gave Mr. and Mrs. Rob Waymire an old fashioned serenading the night after the wedding. They report a good time. Young Miss Jessie J. Ginn, daughter of A. W. Ginn, is still on the sick list with indications of typhoid fever.

We notice that Henry Davidson and son, Arthur, are hustlers for work. If you don't believe it, just walk over and take a look over their farm and see how things look.

We learn that there is to be an all day Easter service at the barn of Mr. W. D. Gladwell, above Hazel Bend, Sunday, April 19th. There will be a sermon and some literary exercises and a basket dinner. Everybody is invited and asked to bring their baskets well filled with good things to eat. A good social time is expected.

BLAINE.

The la grippe is visiting our neighborhood along with this cold weather and has gripped some good old hard.

Mt. Hebo has received a fresh coating of snow.

Abbie Richards and Grandpa Conlon went to the city last week. How's natching, Bob?

L. P. Gray has bought Forrest Ayers' ranch and Forrest has moved onto Bob Richards' lower place.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Moon spent Sunday evening at James Woods.

Mrs. Mills is again in our neighborhood of selling post cards.

One Woods is laid up with the neuralgia.

Ralph Welsh made a trip to Tillamook. J. J. Hullett has his cheese factory running full blast now. D. H. McIn tyre is cheese maker.

J. J. Houser is making some new fence.

L. P. Gray went to the city last week. Mr. and Mrs. Carl and family visited at Forrest Ayers Sunday.

Mr. Phillips, of Spruce, was up to see his homestead one day last week.

Maggie Creevy is home from Heulook.

COFFEE.

Schilling's Best is a business-like name; you know what it means; and it means what you want.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like it. We pay him.

He Got What He Needed. "Nine years ago it looked as if my time had come," says Mr. C. Farthing of Mill Creek, Ind. "I was so run down that life hung on a very slender thread. It was then my druggist recommended Electric Bitters. I bought a bottle and I got what I needed—strength. I had one foot in the grave, but Electric Bitters put it back on the turf again, and I've been well ever since." Sold under guarantee at Chas. J. Clough's drug store, 50c.

DR. A. D. PERKINS, RESIDENT DENTIST. Office in Olsen Building. Open Sunday by Appointment. All Work Guaranteed. TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at Portland, Ore., April 4th, 1908. Notice is hereby given that EMANUEL T. STARKES, of Blaine, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final seven year proof in support of his claim, via Homestead Entry No. 129, made December 11th, 1900, for the Sec. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, in Township 6 South of Range 3 West of the Willamette Meridian and containing 100 acres. Terms and conditions of sale, Cash in hand, and subject to the dower of Bertha Boyer therein. Bids for said property will be received by me at Sheridan, Yamhill County, Oregon, until 10 o'clock A. M., August 1st, 1908. The undersigned, the guardian of the estate of said wards, will from and after the 15th day of May, 1908, offer for sale, and sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in hand, and subject to confirmation by said County Court, all the right, title, interest and estate of said wards lying and being in the County of Tillamook, and State of Oregon and described as follows: The East half of the North East quarter, and the East half of the South East quarter of section 17, in Township 6 South of Range 3 West of the Willamette Meridian and containing 100 acres.

Not Disturbed. Nassau William Senior, the English political economist, was a frequent guest of Lord Lansdowne at Lansdowne House and on one occasion was busily writing, quite abstracted as usual, in a room full of company when Tom Moore was singing. The scratch of his pen was not an agreeable accompaniment, and at last one of the company asked very politely, "You are not fond of music, Mr. Senior?" "No," he replied, "but it does not disturb me in the least. Pray go on."

Careful About Worry. A physician was recently attending a patient whose husband came to see him concerning her condition and greeted him with the words, "Mr. Irving, do you think there is any need for any unnecessary anxiety about my wife?"—Argonaut.

Guested it. Guest (suspiciously eyeing the fattened pillows and the crumpled sheets)—Look here, landlord, this bed has been slept in! Landlord (triumphantly)—That's what it's meant for!

Renovated. Puffer—What's happened to my meerschaum pipe? Mrs. Puffer—Why, dear, I noticed it was getting awfully brown and discolored, so I put a coat of that white enamel on it.

Variety. Visitor—Why do you make some of your pies round and some of them square? Wife—Because my husband has been complaining of sameness of his diet lately.

Jesters must be content to taste of their broth.—Latin Proverb.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY. Coughs, Colds, CROUP, Whooping Cough. This remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. It contains no opium or other harmful drug and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. Price 25 cents, large size 50 cents.

Proving His Motto.

"Well, sir," exclaimed the millionaire, "what do you want this morning?"

"I've come again to ask for your daughter," said the poor but ambitious young man.

"Haven't I told you six times over on as many different days that it is out of the question? What do you mean by bothering me in this way? You are making a nuisance of yourself!"

"If I seem to be more persistent than circumstances warrant, I must insist that you, sir, are to blame."

"Me?" shouted the indignant old man. "I don't understand you."

"There," said the man who loved his daughter as he pointed to a motto over the banker's desk, "is my excuse for coming here day after day. 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.' Do you believe in that sentiment, or have you put it up there simply to deceive people?"

After he had scratched his head while the mean old plutocrat said: "Yes, I believe in that. I haven't succeeded yet in making you understand that my daughter shall not become the wife of a fool, but I am going to keep on trying till I do! Good morning!"

And that time he did it.—Strand Magazine.

What the Cat Had.

The teacher of the Sunday school class was telling the little boys about temptation and showing how it sometimes came in the most attractive form. She used as an illustration the paw of a cat.

"Now," said she, "you have all seen the paw of a cat. It is as soft as velvet, isn't it?"

"Yes,um," from the class. "And you have seen the paw of a dog?"

"Yes,um," "Well, although the cat's paw seems like velvet, there is nevertheless concealed in it something that hurts. What is it?"

No answer. "The dog bites," said the teacher, "when he is in anger. But what does the cat do?"

"Scratches," said a boy. "Correct," said the teacher, nodding her head approvingly. "Now, what has the cat got that the dog hasn't?"

"Whiskers!" said a boy on the back seat.—Home Magazine.

Bible Blunders.

Some curious errors have crept into the Bible at various times, giving names to the editions containing them. Here are some instances: The "Unrighteous" Bible, from the misprint "the unrighteous shall inherit the kingdom"; the "Placemakers'" Bible, "blessed are the placemakers" (peace-makers); the "Printers'" Bible, "the printers" (for princes) have persecuted me"; the "Fence" Bible, "Is there no fence" (barn in Gilead)"; the "Vinegar" Bible, "the parable of the vineyard" (vineyard); the "Bug" Bible, "thou shalt not be afraid of bugs" (bugs by night); the "Breeches" Bible, "they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves breeches"; the "Idle" Bible, "woe to the 'idle' (idol), and finally the "Wooden Leg" Testament, so called from the frontispiece depicting Satan limping with a wooden leg.

Just a Fish Story.

We cannot refrain from recording the most curious capture of a fish that has come to our notice. The circumstance was retained many years ago by Mr. Heathcote, one of the great authorities on the fish. A Mr. Richardson of Peterborough was skating on the dikes when the ice was very clear, and he noticed a large pike swimming in front of him. The fish was terrified by the apparition and swam in front of the skater until it stopped from sheer exhaustion. The skater broke the ice and took out the fish with his hand, which proved to be a pike weighing twelve pounds. It is a story difficult even for a fisherman or a local historian to cap.—London Outlook.

Lewis Carroll's Humor.

An English magazine gives some amusing pieces of Lewis Carroll's humor from the forgotten pages of Oxford pamphlets. During the election of Oxford in 1865 he gave vent to the following Euclidean definition: "Plain superficiality is the character of a speech in which, any two points being taken, the speaker is found to lie wholly with regard to those two points." A note is also given on the right appreciation of examiners: "A takes in ten books and gets a third class; B takes in the examiners and gets a second. Find the value of the examiners in terms of books, also their value in terms when no examination is held."

Sollicitous.

An old lady unaccustomed to traveling innocently seated herself in a first class carriage, although she only had a third class ticket. The guard, thinking she had made a mistake, popped his head into the carriage and inquired, "Are you first class, ma'am?"

"No, sir, not altogether," she replied, "but much brighter than I was, thank you."—London Scraps.

Cause For Worry.

"Did you have a good time at your musical?"

"No," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I enjoyed the band played anything I enjoyed I got worried for fear it wasn't classical enough to be the money's worth."—Washington Star.

Willing to Help.

"I suppose old Chasman has more money than he knows what to do with?"

"Yes, but his wife and daughters are ready to supply the needed information."

A Martyr.

"Mamma, have I got to take a bath tonight?"

"I'm afraid you have, my dear."

"But I haven't done anything all the week to deserve it."—New York Life.

The Force of Habit. A certain accountant is so devoted to his profession that when he has nothing else to do he casts up his eyes.

When Actors Play to Actors.

"When he (Henry Irving) engaged me to play Ophelia in 1878 he asked me to go down to Birmingham to see the play, and that night I saw what I shall always consider the perfection of acting. It had been wonderful in 1874; in 1878 it was far more wonderful," wrote Ellen Terry in McClure's. "It has been said that when he had the 'advantage' of my Ophelia his Hamlet 'improved.' I don't think so. He was always quite independent of the people with whom he played. The Birmingham night he knew I was there. He played—I say it without vanity—for me. We players are not above that weakness, if it be a weakness. If ever anything inspires us to do our best it is the presence in the audience of some fellow artist who must, in the nature of things, know more completely than any one else what we intend, what we do, what we feel. The response from such a member of the audience flies across the footlights to us like a flame. I felt it once when I played Ophelia before Eleanor Duse. I felt that she felt it once when she played Marguerite Gautier for me."

The Topsyturnydom of Religion.

At the opening of King Edward VIII's first parliament he had to repeat after the lord chancellor an oath which condemned in almost brutal words all things papistical. Yet held aloft by a Protestant peer for all Protestants to reverence was a veritable emblem of papal supremacy—a quaint little banner of crimson velvet turned up with ermine. This is the cap of maintenance, and so sacred is it that no hands but royalty may finger it. Thus the premier marquis, whose hereditary right it is to carry it, balanced it somewhat after the fashion of a conjurer upon a white staff. This cap was granted to Henry VIII by Pope Leo X. In the middle ages it was held as symbolic of the overlord, only being granted to vassals and feudatories whom the lord wished to honor, so that it implies as nothing else could the supremacy of the pope over the kings of England.—London Standard.

What Makes the Heart Beat?

Professor Jacques Loeb, the celebrated biologist, in his book, "Dynamics of Living Matter," has shown that a strip cut from the ventricle of the heart put in a solution of chloride of sodium will continue to beat for a number of days, until putrefaction sets in. He says this can be done with an ordinary muscle after it has been interrupted from the body. This would tend to prove that the heart is a chemical machine and that it is all due to chemical action. The muscular contraction is probably due to the substitution of sodium for calcium salts in the cells of the muscles.

The difficulty of this theory is that it does not explain the control of the muscles. It is plain that the problem of control is not solved by the chemical theory.

A Fair Chance.

Dressed in the latest and most approved motor cycling costume, with goggles all complete, the motor cyclist gayly toot-tooted his way by Regent park toward the zoo. Suddenly he slackened, dismounted and said to a small, grubby urchin:

"I say, my boy, am I right for the zoo?"

The boy gasped at so strange a sight and thought it must be some new animal for the gardens.

"You may be all right if he could find a spare cage," he said when he could find his tongue, "but you'd had stood a far better chance if you'd 'd a tail!"—London Answers.

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