

THE BUGLE CALL.

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

It is rumored that there will be a base ball game between T. H. S. and Bay City.

When the T. H. S. goes on an excursion they want everything fixed up about right. Why, they even had con washed ashore to do the cooking with.

The boys are planning a field meet by the end of school. It will consist of running, jumping, hurdle racing and a game of two, base ball, basket ball or tennis.

John Aschim was sick Monday. It is the first time this year that Jack has failed to show up.

Leland played in the ocean surf. His heart was full of bliss. He tried to escape that cruel wave. And landed just like this.

We read in the Oregonian a few days ago that a state certificate had been issued to Miss Grace Whitehouse, one of our graduates. She finished the Month Normal in February, and has been teaching since in Independence.

Now maybe you don't think Bob had his hands full Saturday. Imagine Bob with a girl on each side of him and one ahead, going up the light house road.

For fancy cutlery, see Clarence Stanley.

Judging from the number of pupils in the high school, the editors have come to the conclusion that a person's eyes must improve while going to school. Among the freshmen there are six pairs of glasses, among the sophomores two, the juniors one, and the seniors all see with their own eyes. Moral: If you want to have good eyes, be a senior.

Wanted by Bill Burdick, a short route to success.

Mr. Finney Jr., stopped school a short time ago, which was the means of putting out of commission the Finney Lamar telegraph line, running diagonally across the first aisle in the eighth grade room.

Work is going on in preparing for the high school play. You must all be on hand to see it.

Lynn is going to take the prize for the mile dash, on field day. He is over at the race track practicing nearly every evening.

Mr. Rutherford tried trapping a short time ago, but found out by experiment that his bait would cost more than all the mouse hides in the whole school. So he gave it up as a bad job. We have lots of mice left for any one who wishes to take up the enterprise where he left off.

During the recent illness of Mrs. Rutherford, our two brand new school uniforms came in very handy. Miss McKelens wielded the lurch part of the wash and Miss Scovell finished up. Both covered themselves with glory.

After due consideration of the story of the Connecticut Yankee, that Mr. Rutherford told about at the last C. L. S. program, the editors have decided that said Yankee must have been a distant relative of T. Edison Finney or W. Washington Burdick, for he had ideas to theirs.

Corynne and Clara, Oh, why did they tarry! Did they think that the boat about them could not float?

From their homes at last they parted, and loaded down with baskets started. But when at last they reached the dock, the boat was no longer under lock. But swinging gaily in mid stream. And 'twas hard for the girls to suppress a scream.

Up the back street they sadly walked, and we will not tell you how they talked.

Wanted by Miss Lister, a coffee pot. She lost hers last fall at Garibaldi beach.

Frank: What is the matter with Violet's err.

Bill: Lynn has been peddling so much hot air that it was scorched.

Bob: Did you notice all those little chickens in King & Smith's window?

Emmer: Yes, Smithy did it with his little "hatchet."

Oscar: What kind of a time did you have Saturday?

Leland: Decidedly wet.

Wanted by seniors, a cure for colds.

Tillamook Farmer: Yes, we have some of the largest turnips here in the world. Stranger: Please show me some of them.

And the farmer took him to the woods and pointed out some great spruce trees, topped up by the roots.

Several member of the excursion party found a short cut to the light

house Saturday. We thought we had lost Harvey Scott Wolfe and P. Paderewski Lamar, but they finally found their way out of the jungle.

The Ciceronians gave an excursion to the sand-spit last Saturday in honor of the Emersonians.

They say "Time and tide wait for no man" but a number of boys and girls had to wait for the tide Saturday night, and it was a very tired but happy crowd that landed at Tillamook about eleven o'clock that night.

Found, by Robert Stillwell, a Violet. The owner could not have same under any circumstances.

A new way of expressing affection is throwing rocks or sand at the object of that affection. For more information, see Bessie Bays.

Violet seems quite thoughtful of the comfort of others, but it is just possible that she was not entirely disinterested when she asked Bessie, who was standing near her, to exchange places with Robert, who was nearer the fire.

Wilber: What is Claudie's favorite flower?

Maude: Sweet Williams, I suppose.

T. Edison Finney and W. Westinghouse Burdick figured out a number of defects in the big lamp and its machinery at the lighthouse on Saturday. Changes will be made immediately to comply with ideas of these prominent inventors.

Herbert Parsons, an old high school man, is here for a visit to his grand parents. Herbert has just finished a successful year's school near Portland.

Will You Tell Me.

All reasonable questions on all reasonable subjects cheerfully answered.

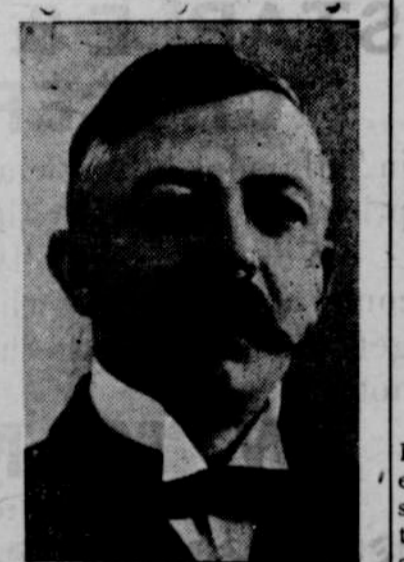
To Admiral R. D. E.—In answer to your question we assure you that the people of Tillamook will be glad to receive a visit from the whole fleet. The dock belonging to Mr. Turney has been secured as a mooring place.

To W. J. B., Lincoln, Neb.—Yes, William, we, too, think it would only be showing good taste for you to consent. We have examined the constitution closely and find nothing in it to prevent a man from running a third time.

To W. A., Tillamook, Oregon—We have seen the advertisements you mention, claiming to increase the height three feet in a single week, but consider such remedies dangerous. Just look at Carl, and remember, too, that Napoleon was only five feet four.

To L. S., Tillamook, Oregon.—No, we think if you are careful it will not prove serious. Salt water seldom gives any one a cold.

H. M. CAKE, Republican Candidate for Nomination for United States Senator.



Mr. Cake is the Advocate of Statement No. 1 and the popular election of the United States Senators; two years ago he took the stump for his successful opponent. He deserves the support of every loyal Republican who believes in pure politics. The machine element concedes his nomination if the people go to the polls, but boasts that believers in Statement No. 1 will not be interested enough to vote at the primaries. This is the last appeal to those who believe in the popular election of United States Senators to assert the rights which the old machine is trying to wrest from them.

TEA
Linger longer over it; let it be steaming hot from the earthen pot; and the loveliest woman pour it.

Yast gto. returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best; we pay him.



HENRY CRENSHAW,

Candidate for Re-Nomination on the Republican Ticket for Sheriff, who has made an excellent officer and made good his election promises of two years ago, and seeks a second term.



J. C. HOLDEN,

Who now occupies the office of Deputy Sheriff, is an aspirant for County Clerk on the republican ticket, and is well qualified for the position, for in the many offices of trust to which he has been elected he has always been found thoroughly trustworthy and obliging.



E. J. GIENGER,

Is a dairyman and received his education at the Pacific University, being well qualified to fill the office of Sheriff, to which he aspires as a candidate for nomination on the republican ticket.



A. M. HARE,

Is the best Assessor the county ever had, and as he is again up for nomination on the republican ticket, no one doubts that in the election next June he will poll a heavy vote.



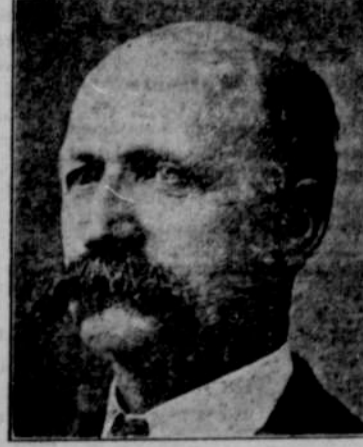
C. A. JOHNSON,

who has held the office of Deputy Assessor for a number of years, in a most creditable manner, and as a public official is most accommodating and obliging, is a candidate for nomination on the republican ticket for County Clerk.



W. S. BUEL,

Candidate for nomination on the republican ticket for County Superintendent of School, has taught in a number of school districts in this county and given good satisfaction.



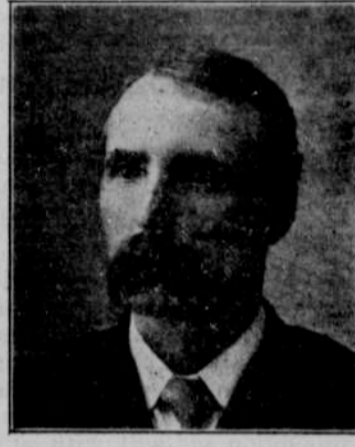
J. S. STEPHENS,

Candidate for nomination on the republican ticket for County Treasurer, will have a walk over in the primary election. Mr. Stephens is well known all over the county.

F. W. CHRISTENSEN.

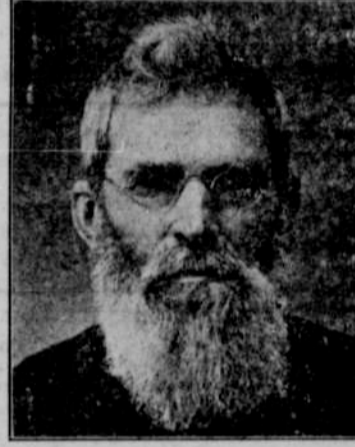


Candidate for Republican nomination for County Clerk. Mr. Christensen is a Native of Tillamook county, is 30 years old and having taken a complete business course at Holmes' Business College, is well qualified to fill the office. He is one of Tillamook's most successful and experienced cheese makers, which is making Tillamook famous.



A. T. WHITE,

Who is now Justice of the Peace, seeks re-nomination, and having made a good justice, he is sure of getting the support of those who voted for him two years ago.



G. W. SAPPINGTON,

Candidate on the republican ticket for Justice of the Peace. He previously held that position and was for four years County Judge of this county.



G. F. ZIMMERMAN,

Candidate for Republican Nomination for Sheriff.

H. V. ALLEY,

Candidate for County Commissioner on the republican ticket, has made an excellent county official. He is conservative and economical, and thoroughly determined in improving the roads of the county. We failed to receive his picture, for he is the best looking gentleman of the whole bunch of candidates.

D. R. A. D. PERKINS,

RESIDENT DENTIST.
Office in Olsen Building.
Open Sunday's by Appointment.
All Work Guaranteed.
TILLAMOOK. OREGON.

ENGLISH RED TAPE.

War Office Methods and the Test of a Mountain Gun.

The story that a gun of marvelous possibilities invented in England may be sold abroad owing to the apathy of the powers that be is not altogether surprising.

Whitworth refused Napoleon III's offer of \$50,000 a year for life to go to Paris and manufacture his cannon for the French army, but perhaps our war office was not so faddy then as now.

Some little time ago a new gun for fighting was offered and was sent to India to be tried. It was dragged up steep hills, rushed down rocky dells, left for a week at a time in mountain torrents—in fact, submitted to all the tests which a veteran officer accustomed to war with the hill tribes could suggest.

The report was satisfactory in every respect, but a war office genius blandly asked if the gun had been dropped down a precipice. It had not.

The war office was horrified and amazed at the neglect of so elementary a test. The gun was now dropped down a precipice with the inevitable result—its internals were irremediably damaged.

How was it possible, the war office asked, to accept such a weapon? And the army of India was left to potter along with obsolete weapons because this new arm would not stand impossible tests.—London Sketch.

AWAY BELOW ZERO.

The Awful Cold That Comes With Eighty Degrees of Frost.

It is difficult to form any conception of the degree of cold represented by 80 degrees of frost that at times prevails in certain parts of Russia. Sir Leopold McClintock tells us how in one of his arctic expeditions a sailor was foolish enough to do some outdoor work at precisely this temperature. His hands froze, and when he rushed into the cabin and plunged one of them into a basin of water so cold was the hand that the water was instantly converted into a block of ice.

At 25 degrees, Dr. Kane says, "the mustache and underlip form pendulous beads of dangling ice. Put out your tongue, and it instantly freezes to this icy crust. Your chin has a trick of freezing to your upper jaw by the happy aid of your beard. My eyes have often been so glued as to show that even a wink was unsafe."

During a theatrical performance given by the crew of his ship at an inside temperature of 30 degrees "the condensation was so excessive that we could barely see the performers. Their hands steamed. When an excited Thesplan took off his coat it smoked like a dish of potatoes. Any extra vehemence of delivery was accompanied by volumes of smoke."—Pearson's Weekly.

A Wrong Diagnosis.

The small boy with the big bundle of papers was observed to be moistening some of his stock in the street fountain.

"Ah, my lad," said a benevolent old gentleman, "if does me good to see such an illustration of cleanliness."

"What do yer mean, boss?" asked the boy as he stared up in wonder.

"Why, aren't you trying to wash the mud spots off the edge of your papers?"

"No, boss; you are way off. You see, some of these papers is two weeks old, an' if I dampen 'em up a bit people will think they are just from de press an' never think of lookin' at de date. Good graft, old sport! Say, some day when I am a captain of industry I'll give you a job."

But the benevolent old gentleman had fled.—Boston Post.

The Order of St. Patrick.

The "most illustrious Order of St. Patrick" dates only from 1783, says a London writer, when it was founded by George III., and is not to be compared in age with "the most ancient and most noble Order of the Thistle," which, dating from a remote antiquity, was revived by James II. in 1087. The curious thing about the bands, or ribbons, of these two orders is that St. Patrick's is blue of the hue that may be seen in the "hazkles," or plumes, in the bearskins of the Irish guards, though it suggests the blue bells of Scotland, while the sash of the thistle is a dark green, suggestive of Erin's verdant Isle. On state ceremonies these two orders are frequently confounded.

What She Was Trying to Accomplish.

The other morning at the breakfast table three-year-old Jeannette was poking vigorously with her knife at a biscuit.

"What are you trying to do, Jeannette?" demanded mother. "Be careful; you will cut your hand."

Said Jeannette, "I'm trying to loosen this biscuit; it's so tight!"—New York Times.

Not a Matter of Choice.

Columbia Alumnus—That woman on the debate team is intolerable. You wouldn't like to debate with a woman, would you? Cornell Alumnus—Got so I don't mind it now. Been married five years.—New York Tribune.

Hard Lines.

"Does your wife make you explain all your acts?"

"Worse than that."

"Worse than that?"

"Far worse; she doesn't permit me to explain them."—Houston Post.

The Three Periods.

Jason—There are three periods in a man's life when he does not understand a woman. Grayson—And they are? Jason—Before he knows her, when he knows her and afterward!