

THE BUGLE CALL.

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

Tennis and base ball are the popular games now days.

One of the boys in the tenth grade geometry class spelled angle, "angel." Of whom was he thinking, we wonder?

Is it not wonderful—there was an orderly gallery for the play and there was a Noyes there, too.

Lessons in blushing given by Oscar Aschim.

Miss Gertrude McKimmess made a visit to her home at Nohalem, this week, going Friday and returning Sunday.

The boys have been doing some planning for field day. No doubt an almost entire set of records will be established.

Miss Edna Alderman, of the class of 1907, returned last week from Portland where she has been studying music during the past year.

The juniors are doing a great deal of hard work in getting their year book ready for publication.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you, Snore, and you sleep alone.

We hear good reports from Howard Drew, of the class of 1906, and Hazel McNair, of the class of 1907, who are both at the U. of O. this year, enjoying the first year of college life.

The high school must try to find some way this year in which to repay some part of its deep obligation to the Tillamook Orchestra for its support in everything we undertake.

The last Ciceroian program was one of the best rendered this year. The programs of both societies have improved this year from the beginning, and we are sorry to think that we only have two more. The Ciceroian program was as follows:

- Song..... Society. Roll Call..... Society. Recitation..... Daisy Goodspeed. Original Story..... Alice Farley. Solo..... Pierre Peters. Essay..... Frank Schrader. Recitation..... Eyan Ross. Dialogue..... C. L. S. & Co. Society Becho..... Editors. Piano Solo..... Lillian Anderson. Reading..... Willie Anderson. Debate.

Resolved: That the practice of making legislators sign statement number 1 should be abolished.

- Affirmative. Negative. Eliza Dawson, Violet Noyes, Warren Severance, Clarence Stanley, Quartett..... Mable Goyno, P. Peters, Martha Alley, Viola Mapes, Critic Report..... Critic. Song..... Society.

Down by the side of the ocean, Where the increasing wash of the breakers Sculptures the lines of the sea shore Into many fantastic formations, Is a place where its titanic power Has burrowed deep into the mountain; And then, as though beaten and baffled By the great rock's unyielding resistance, Had emerged again from the darkness, Close by the place it had entered. Here in this dark ocean cavern, You may hear the dull boom of the breakers

And see the marvelous handcraft Of Nature, the greatest of workmen. Here, too, the sea's curious people In myriads find habitation, Throbbing the clear, briny waters And lining the sides of the cavern; Each unconscious, in his poor existence, Of all the grandeur about him. And I thought, as I gazed there in silence, On the dull stupid creatures about me, Each unconscious of neighbors who crowd him, His whole known world measured in inches, Of how man felt his field too constricted With the world for his workshop and playground, And longed to extend his dominion To the air and planets about him.

SHORT-HAND.

The Short-hand class is in a stew, They don't know what they're going to do. For Jack and Albert, each day debate, And put the lesson off 'till late. They don't just see how rules apply, "I" they call "of" and "of" they call "I." Miss Garfield at the boys get vexed, And drills them thoroughly on context. Then what do these two rummies do But put Miss Garfield in an awful stew. By asking her questions to explain That would stagger any brain. Miss Garfield says that rules don't clash; The boys contend they're worse than hash. "Allowance," they do her to cite, And say "Miss Garfield we are right?" For when you to this apply the "rule" It would not work in a school. For short-hand, Pitman is all right, But on such things we boys don't bite,

And although we're young and not well versed, Our just opinions can't be dispersed. But boys you'd better quit this shirk And settle down to good hard work.

Prof. John Aschim is going to instruct the short-hand class in the art of short-hand during the absence of Miss Garfield, whose duties as court stenographer will keep her at the court house during the session of court.

The High School Play.

The annual high school drama, one of the most interesting features of the school year, was given at the opera house on Friday evening. It seemed that circumstances combined this year to make it difficult to put on the play. During the last ten days of preparation from one to four of the cast of players was sick or nearly so, making rehearsals difficult all of the time and part of the time impossible. Then we had weather on Friday which not only made it very hard to prepare for the play, but which combined with the excitement aroused by the election greatly cut down our audience.

Notwithstanding all these disasters there was a fairly well filled house when the curtain raised, and the play went well from start to finish. Carrie Hathaway as the heroine held the sympathy of the audience from start to finish, and Horace Sappington as Dr. Burton fared his part easy, as "all the world loves a lover." Albert Bramwell, the country Yankee, brought down the house with his pump handle handshake and Clara Tinnerstet his old maid sister and house keeper made the whole audience wish they might take up their board in her old fashioned home. Ruth Easter as the stepmother and Carl Dawson as her villainous son played their parts well, while Mabel Goyno and Lillian Anderson, the two light hearted girls with spirits which could not long be clouded by any trouble, had only to be their own selves to play the part. Elmer Allen as the dignified attorney and Clarence Stanley as the Sheriff did well. But all these good features were entirely lost to the small boy on the front seat from the time that Sammy, the darky bell-boy appeared, with his penchant for showing up in unexpected places, and his great capacity for pie.

This part taken by Willie Anderson, was one of the play's best features. Through the efforts of Miss Lister the make up and costumes were good, and lent largely to the success of the evening. The financial receipts were close to seventy dollars—not very good compared with one hundred and twenty for last years play—but good when all circumstances are considered. The Tillamook orchestra, which has so many times helped the high school in its programs, was there at its very best and as usual made the most pleasant part of the evening. A very catchy little song by Viola Mapes was also a pleasant musical feature.

Robert Stillwell thinks he has been slighted lately. Can't some one think of something to make him notorious, so his name will appear in the paper.

GARIBALDI.

The tug George R. Vosburg came in Monday afternoon and took the schooner that has been loading with lumber at Hobsonville out.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Temperley, and Miss Tida M. Schlappi were Tillamook visitors last week from Garibaldi. Mr. Frank Murry, the mail carrier from this place to Hobsonville for a number of years past, is real ill in bed. Dr. Hawk, of Bay City, is attending him. It is hoped by Mr. Murry's friends that he will soon be able to be about again.

Arthur Evans is spending a few days of pleasure in Nehalem. John Hobson has been keeping his bicycle and road good company during the nice weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Johnson went in Tillamook last week, returning home Sunday.

One of the life saving boats came in on the Gerald C a few days ago.

Mrs. Ruggies had the misfortune to sprain her ankle several days ago, while coming from Bay City to Hobsonville.

Rev. Father Le Miller was down to see Mr. Murry during the week.

Theo. Parks, the Garibaldi merchant, has been under the weather the last week.

Many colored eggs found their way to Garibaldi Easter Sunday.

Father Le Miller held Mass in the presence of Mr. Murry at half past six Tuesday morning.

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Tillamook County Bank.

Editorial Snap Shots.

Gee! It looks as though a number of prominent democrats voted for themselves.

The assessor ran with hare like speed and polled the most votes. He should have given his deputy a few pointers.

There's a fight on for county surveyor. We'll bet the republican kid, Otto, will beat democratic Billy three votes to one.

Tillamook is supposed to be a "dry" county, but it looked on Friday, by the way the rain was pouring down, to be a "dry" election in a "wet" county.

A petition will be presented at the next term of the county court to do away with the Big Nestucca Toll Road, and it is to be hoped that the court will now lend a helping hand in opening up the south part of the county, and not keep it "bottled-up" with toll roads any longer. We have repeatedly shown that it is almost impossible to get new settlers into a country with toll roads and to keep them there. And in proof of this, there is but little difference in the population of Tillamook county for the past ten years.

How some people do like to bite at a gold brick scheme, and how easy the outsider can do it. A traveling man went through the county and sold a number of "gold" watches, claiming they were 14 karot, which he had ingeniously stamped, disposing of them for \$20 each. They are worth \$1.60, and anyone can buy a barrel full at that figure. Last summer and last fall opticians took pleasure and business trips through the county and "soaked" a number of citizens, who paid \$20, \$25, \$50 and up to \$75 for glasses which the local opticians would have been glad to have furnished from \$2.50 to \$10. Moral: If you want to get bit, patronize the "outsider," a perfect stranger, in preference to the reliable, home merchant.

Oregon appears to be remarkably unfortunate in regard to United States Senators. When it does get a good man to represent it at Washington, it does not know enough to keep him there. It was so with Senator Dolph some years ago, and it is so with Senator Fulton today, who is by far the ablest and best qualified member of the Oregon delegation. Such, however, are some of the uncertainties which confront public men, especially when a number of politicians put their heads together and work a

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TEA The greatest tea-drinkers are full-bottom Dutchmen. There isn't much nervous prostration in Holland. Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best; we pay him. SANDLAKE. Mr. Owens returned from the Valley Friday. Vergal Magrell, from Ocean Park, is on the lake visiting this week, and we understand that he is out deer hunting. Wonder if he will get captured. Nearly all of the people on Sandlake went to Tillamook Monday for witnesses on the Hemlock trial. Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Edwards gave a fine Easter dinner Sunday. Those present were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hoyt and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Dimond and family, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Webb and family, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Hayes and family and Mr. J. R. Tompson. A very enjoyable day was spent with music and games. Mr. E. E. Webb and son Clyde, made a trip to Tillamook City Monday.

Trading as a Fine Art. A grocery store in Nelson, Lancashire, was managed by a collier's wife. One night the good woman was compelled to leave the shop for a short time in charge of her husband, giving him full instructions how to act and especially cautioning him that in the event of a customer presenting a jar or pot and asking for treacle, jam or pickles he "must be sure and weigh th' pot." Full of confidence, the collier installed himself behind the counter. In a short time a lad ran into the shop and piped out: "I want two pound o' pickles for my faythur, and here's th' pot." The good man carefully weighed the pot and exclaimed: "Nay, lad, th' pot weighs enough bowt pickles, but I'll gi' th' one or two anyway."—Liverpool Mercury.

The First American Duel. In the year 1630 occurred the first duel known to have taken place on American soil. The principals, Edward Doty and Edward Leister, were servants of a Mr. Hopkins, one of the New England colonists. The men had quarreled over some trifling matter and resorted to the field for its settlement. The affair was stopped by the authorities, but not before one had been wounded in the thigh and the other in the hand. There was no law covering such matters, but the governor of the province decided that the men should be punished nevertheless. At his orders they were sent to have their heads and feet tied together and lie in that condition twenty-four hours without food or drink. They suffered so much, however, that they were released at the end of an hour.

His Apprenticeship. "Yes," said Mr. Pater, with ill concealed pride, "my youngest boy makes some smart remarks at times. Only recently he asked me what it meant to be an apprentice. I told him that it meant the binding of one person to another by agreement and that one person so bound had to teach the other all he could of his trade or profession, while the other had to watch and learn how things were done and had to make himself useful in every way possible." "What did he say to that?" asked one of the audience. "Why, after a few minutes the young rascal looked up at me and said, 'Then I suppose you're apprenticed to mother, aren't you, dad?'"—London Answers.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury. As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the wholesystem when entering it through the mucous surfaces, such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Haik's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Herbert Spencer and the Puddles. On no occasion was Herbert Spencer known to ride when going to a dinner, yet so carefully did he guard himself against the chance of soiling his dress shoes that he habitually carried a bundle of old newspapers under his arm. These were for the purpose of being dropped, one by one, into each mud puddle he might encounter on crossing the street. By the time he reached his destination the store of papers was exhausted. Muddy shoes on the return walk did not matter to him in the least.—London Caterer.

For Emergencies. A banking reserve for use, not merely for show. It is for use in times of emergency. Yet some bankers look upon their reserves very much as the superintendent of a hospital regarded its emergency bed. A patient all righted up in an accident was brought to the hospital one night and was told that there was no room for him. "Why not put him in the emergency bed?" it was suggested. "If we put him in the emergency bed," it was replied, "then we would have no emergency bed."—Wall Street Journal.

A Clever Scheme. Mother (examining school report)—How did you come to have such good marks in arithmetic this week? Tommy—Well, you see, it was this way: We had ten examples a day, and I got the teacher to help me to do five, and Eric Jones got her to help him on the other five. Then we swapped helps. See?—Harper's.

Impartial. "Mr. Scatterton prides himself on being strictly impartial." "Yes," answered the unamiable man. "I once went shooting with him. He didn't seem to care whether he hit the rabbit, the dog or one of his friends."

The Dangerous Case. One of the surgeons of a hospital asked an Irish help which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in the hospital. "That, sir," said Patrick as he pointed to a case of surgical instruments.

Man's wrinkled face is the original time table.—Dallas News.

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