

OUR NAVAL SCHOOL

Origin and Rise of the Grand Institution at Annapolis.

BANCROFT GOT IT STARTED.

He Worked For Its Establishment With Untiring Zeal, and It Was Formally Opened on Oct. 10, 1845—Our Previous Naval School.

We had a military academy almost half a century before we had a naval academy. It was not until the administration of President James K. Polk that the government thought it necessary to establish a naval academy at which young men could be educated for that part of our protective service.

George Bancroft was the founder of the United States Naval Academy which was at first called the Naval School. It was formally opened at Annapolis on Oct. 10, 1845. For several years prior to this effort there was a school working along similar lines at the Naval Asylum in Philadelphia, where the midshipmen prepared themselves for examination and promotion.

The school was reorganized in 1850 and the course was increased from five to seven, the first and last two years to be passed at the school, the intervening years at sea. At this time the separate departments of instruction were established, a vessel was provided and annual practice cruises were instituted. In 1851 the requirements of sea service were abolished, leaving the course four consecutive years of study.

At the outbreak of the war in 1861 the Naval Academy was removed to Newport, R. I., where it remained until the summer of 1862, when it was re-established at Annapolis. In 1870 the title of cadet midshipman was substituted for midshipman, and three years later the course was increased by the addition of two years' sea-service in cruising vessels, at the expiration of which the cadet midshipman returned to the Naval Academy for examination in professional subjects prior to graduation.

Previous to the establishing of the Naval Academy several attempts had been made to establish training schools for officers and sailors of the navy. In 1838 Captain M. C. Perry suggested a school for engineers, but little was accomplished before Bancroft called the meeting in Philadelphia which decided the establishing of the present school.

At first there was considerable of a wrangle as to where the school should be located. The site finally chosen was an old army post known as Fort Severn, located on the point of land which forms the easternmost extremity of the city of Annapolis and lies between the harbor and the Severn river. Poor as the place was in the eyes of Bancroft, he saw that it was far less likely to challenge congressional criticism than a more pretentious habitation, and besides, as the board of naval officers had said, the fact was undeniably true that it might be enlarged and perfected at some future time.

Fort Severn was duly transferred by the war department to the navy on Aug. 15, 1845, and a fortnight afterward Secretary Bancroft published his "plan," which, together with the "regulations" subsequently prepared by Commander Buchanan, governed the workings of the school until 1850. The first superintendent of the Naval Academy was Commander Franklin Buchanan.

At 11 o'clock on the morning of Oct. 10, 1845, all hands assembled in one of the recitation rooms, and the superintendent, after a brief but pointed address, in which he announced he should exact rigid compliance with all laws, orders and regulations, declared the school open. The old buildings at the ancient army post at Annapolis, where the midshipmen began to receive instruction, had been termed by Secretary Bancroft "a modest shelter for the pupils," and it is said that they certainly deserved no more complimentary description.

Mr. Bancroft at once began plans to have the academy more commodiously housed, and he asked congress for an appropriation of \$25,000 to be expended for repairs, improvements and instructions at Fort Severn, Annapolis. The secretary brought all his diplomacy and skill to bear, and at last had the profound satisfaction of receiving the appropriation by an ample majority and of seeing the naval school of the United States then become duly organized by law.

Thus ended the long fight for it. Three days after the bill became a law Secretary Bancroft directed the superintendent to enlarge the buildings and construct new ones sufficient to accommodate 100 midshipmen. This small beginning was the foundation of the present large and effective institution, which trains the sailors in a way equal to that furnished by any other country in the world.—Philadelphia Press.

Train Your Dog to Wipe His Feet. A puppy can easily be taught to wipe its feet on the doormat when entering a house, and the habit once formed is seldom broken. The modus operandi is simple. Every time the dog is brought to the door the command is given, "Wipe your feet." The trainer then lifts each paw in succession and pulls it twice across the mat. In a few days the dog will be wiping his own feet.—Good Housekeeping.

No man or boy is ever the slightest good in this world unless he has ambition.—Lord Stanley.

KINGLY QUEENS.

Elizabeth of England, Maria Theresa and Catherine the Great.

It is said that Queen Elizabeth bore a greater variety of popular nicknames than any other British sovereign. She was called the "Virgin Queen," "Gloriana," "Good Queen Bess" and occasionally in compliment to her masculine mind "King Elizabeth." Her successor, James I., proved such a feeble and effeminate monarch by contrast to the kingly queen that he incurred the nickname, rarely ventured in public, but frequently in the privacy of safe company, of "Queen James."

Elizabeth's masculine nickname, although less familiar to us today than most of the others applied to her, is recognized in Southey's punning stanza upon the armada, in which he makes playful and patriotic use of it in conjunction with the name of her great naval commander, Sir Francis Drake:

Oh, Nature! To old England still Continue these mistakes Give us far all our kings such queens And for our Dux such Drakes!

The kingliness of other queens than Queen Elizabeth has been recognized sometimes in one way and sometimes in another. When Maria Theresa in the hour of her country's peril appealed in person to the Hungarian noblemen to try their loyalty to herself and her young son the fire and eloquence of her address so moved them that as their swords flashed from the scabbards and they crowded about her, waving the naked blades in token of fealty, they shouted fervently:

"We will die for our king Maria Theresa!"

In 1794 when General Suvoroff, after the second partition of Poland, stormed and captured Praga after a twelve hours' desperate battle against a superior force he reported the victory to his imperial mistress, Catherine the Great of Russia, in these words:

"Hurray! Praga! Suvoroff!"

To this message Catherine, "as bedded a king and a commander," says the historian, answered with equal brevity, conveying in three words both congratulation and promotion:

"Bravo! Field-marshal! Catherine!" —Youth's Companion.

BISMARCK AS A SPEAKER.

How the Great Prussian Statesman Impressed Andrew D. White.

It was my good fortune to hear Bismarck publicly discuss many important questions, and his way of speaking was not like that of any other man I have ever heard. He was always clothed in the undress uniform of a Prussian general, and as he rose his bulk made him imposing.

His first utterances were disappointing. He seemed wheezy, rambling, incoherent, with a sort of burdensome self-consciousness checking his ideas and clogging his words. His manner was fidgety, his arms being thrown uneasily about and his fingers fumbling his mustache or his clothing or the papers on his desk.

He puffed, snorted and fondered, seemed to make assertions without proof and phrases without point, when suddenly he would utter a statement so pregnant as to clear up a whole policy, or a sentence so judicious as to paralyze a whole line of his opponents, or a phrase so vivid as to run through the nation and electrify it.

Then perhaps after more rambling and rambling came a clean, clear, his torical illustration carrying conviction. Then very likely a simple and strong argument, not infrequently ended by some heavy missile in the shape of an accusation or taunt hurled in the faces of his adversaries. Then perhaps at considerable length a mixture of caustic criticism and personal reminiscence, in which sparkled those wonderful sayings which have gone through the empire and settled deeply into the German heart.—"Autobiography of Andrew D. White."

Hearing an Electric Current.

An interesting electrical experiment illustrating the fact that sound accompanies the passage of electricity through the body can be shown in the following manner: Let two persons each hold an electrode from a small magnet or shocking coil. Let one person with his free hand touch the other person behind and just below the ear. A buzzing sound, otherwise inaudible, can be heard. The tone of the sound depends upon the number of interruptions of the current.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not a Matter of Money.

One's worldly possessions seem to have very little to do in the matter of determining one's happiness, and we verily believe that we got just as much pleasure and satisfaction out of life in the old days of our poverty, when we used to give our wife a carpet sweeper for Christmas, as we do now, when we give her half a dozen salad forks.—Ohio State Journal.

Too Much.

"What are these?" "Tapestries. Fine for the home," suggested the salesman. "No, thanks. It's had enough to have to beat the carpets every year without adding the wall paper."—Pittsburgh Post.

Only One.

"What are the three rules for success?" "Three? There's only one." "What is it?" "Make good."—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Time Was Had.

He—How did you come out financially with your entertainment for the Old Ladies' home? She—The old ladies owe us \$50.—Boston Evening Transcript.

RUSE OF A BAD MAN.

Trick by Which He Turned the Tables on Sheriff Bill Nye.

To nearly every one the name of Bill Nye brings the picture of a genial, fun-loving man whose jokes were once famous all over the country, but to those who lived in Wyoming some thirty years ago Sheriff Bill Nye of Laramie county means something else too.

Sheriff Nye was absolutely fearless. He was resolute, decisive, quick to act and tireless in pursuing offenders. He failed to get his man on only one occasion, and that failure was due to the readiness of heart that was always a part of his character.

Nye started out once after a typical bad man who had shot or stabbed some one and quickly learned that he had led to the mountains. Summoning a deputy, the sheriff sprang on his horse, and the two started off. After riding nearly 200 miles into the wilderness they learned that their man was hiding in an abandoned miner's cabin, whether he had brought his young wife.

Soon after darkness fell Nye quietly rode up to the cabin and dismounted before the door. He sent his deputy round to guard the rear of the little shack. Then Nye threw open the door and dashed inside, with his revolver cocked and ready for instant action. The criminal was asleep on the bed, and his wife, who sat close by, was stroking his forehead. Nye covered them both with his gun and told them to throw up their hands.

"I've got you," he said grimly. "Now you get up quietly and come along. The lady can stay here if she chooses."

The bad man admitted that the game was up and began to roll his blanket into a bundle. "Never mind that," said Nye. "We've got plenty of blankets in the place you're going to." The desperado then asked if he couldn't say good-bye to his wife.

"I reckon it's the last time I'll ever see her," he continued. "You've got the goods on me this time, sheriff, and I reckon I'll swing for it."

He appeared so cast down that Nye's warm heart prompted him to grant the request. "All right," he said. "I'll give you two minutes."

The criminal rose from the bed. The next instant those tightly rolled blankets came whirling through the air and struck Nye in the face so heavily that he reeled back against the wall. Before he could recover his balance and throw off the blankets the criminal had dashed out of the cabin, leaped on Nye's pony and was galloping down a mountain trail in the darkness. Of course Nye's deputy came rushing round from the rear of the cabin and started in pursuit, but the bad man was never heard from afterward.—Youth's Companion.

The First Cradle.

The earliest mention in literature of cradles is in the Biblical account of Moses' little ark of bulrushes. But there are in the British museum some clay tablets found some years ago on the site of ancient Nineveh which, according to archaeologists, make it quite clear that somewhere about 4,000 years before the Christian era there was another infant hero exposed in a little ark of bulrushes. Thus the cradle that was found by Pharaoh's daughter 1400 B. C. was comparatively modern.

It is certain that cradles were first used as a means of protecting babies from the attacks of wild animals by suspending them from the boughs of trees.—London Globe.

Ancient War Automobiles.

Among some interesting documents in the old Bohemian city, Saax, on the Eger river, is a picture showing an attack on the fortress Glatz, in Silesia, in which war automobiles were used. The mechanically driven cars were flat vehicles, protected by huge shields in front, in which the soldiers turned large cranks, the rotary motion of which was transferred to cog wheels and to the road wheels. It is estimated that these thirteenth century "chauffeurs" got a speed of four miles an hour out of the armored cars.

An Odd Globe.

A great globe ornamented with the map of the earth carved in stone decorates the estate of an eccentric Englishman at Swanage. It stands overlooking the sea and is visible for quite a distance. One may walk about it and study it in detail. The plane surfaces, such as the oceans, lakes and deserts, are decorated with scriptural texts which are supposed to apply especially to the locality they occupy.

Carlyle and His Pipe.

Carlyle smoked often and complained much of dyspepsia. A friend once ventured to suggest that his smoking might perhaps injure and depress him. "Yes," Carlyle said, "and the doctors told me the same thing. I left off smoking and was very measurable, so I took to it again and was very measurable still, but I thought it better to smoke and be measurable than to go without."

Cunnubial Contempt.

"Can your husband drive a car?" asked one feminine suburbanite of another. "Drive a car?" repeated the better half, with the scorn. "Why, that man can't even drive a nail."—Baltimore American.

Might Have Other Blemishes.

Mabel—Do you know anything about Tom Hugsby? Arthur—Why, Hugsby is my first cousin Mabel—I know that, but is he all right otherwise?—Boston Globe.

Sorrow is a school of virtue. It corrects levity and interrupts the confidence of sinning.—Atterbury.



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