

Hancock Department RUSH WORK ON IMPROVEMENTS

Conduit Work on Quincy Street
Is Attracting Attention

The work on the conduits on Quincy street which will be an important part of the new telephone system here is being rushed as rapidly as possible in an effort to get much of it completed this fall.

The conduit is being laid to allow the wires to be taken from the poles on Quincy street from St. Joseph's church to the railroad avenue crossing. The conduit is a continuation of the one laid from the Scott hotel to St. Joseph's church corner.

The conduit from the county bridge east is already in place. This will carry the wires that farther along branch out as Dollar Bay's aerial system. The conduit carries two cables, each of which contain 800 wires.

A fourth armored submarine cable carrying 800 wires is being laid across Portage Lake. The company has a large force of men at work near the Hancock end of the bridge on the poles that will form a part of the aerial system of Houghton and Hancock. The poles are stripped here and a small narrow band is placed around the larger end to protect them from decay.

E. J. Larsen, district agent for the company, visited Hancock yesterday afternoon in company with Manager F. E. Reiff and inspected the work.

"COUNTRY BOY" PLEASURES.

Henry B. Harris Estate Presents Excellent Attraction Here.

"The Country Boy," a success of five years' standing, from the pen of Edgar Selwyn, pleased a rather small audience at the Kerredge theater last evening. The play is a comedy, pure and simple, with a few serious situations as a foundation for the story.

Jason Roberts as Tom Wilson, the country boy, played his part in a manner that greatly pleased the audience. W. G. Ryder, as Fred Merkle, the broken down newspaper man, together with his fellow boarder, Joe Winfield, the ticket speculator, were the comedians of the piece. The piece gives opportunity for a great deal of fine acting and the opportunities were all taken by the pair.

Eleanor Haber, as Tom's country sweetheart, offered a pleasing characterization of the part, while all of the other members of the company contributed to the pleasing ensemble.

"The Country Boy" will be seen this evening at the Calumet theater while the "Girl From Munnis" will be at the Kerredge.

ROBERTS IS CAPTAIN

Quincy Football Team Seriously Crippled by Strike.

The Quincy football team, last year's champions, has again organized and expects to make a strong showing this year. The strike, which has taken so many of the Englishmen from the copper country, has seriously hurt the sport, but the early return of many members is looked for.

The following is the organization perfected at a recent meeting: Captain—Charles Roberts.

Sub-captain—Pat McCarthy.

Secretary—treasurer—Stanley Whales.

Committee to select players—Arthur Foley, Richard Roberts, William Chapman, Pat McCarthy and Charles Roberts.

COUNCIL MEETS TONIGHT

Important matters will be brought before the Hancock city council at its meeting tonight for the second session of the month. The council will probably take up the important sewerage question and will also work on the question of the friendly suit. The question of the city finances has been somewhat mitigated by the action of the county treasurer in transmitting the back taxes to the city treasurer. The city has been forced to economize in various ways and will follow this policy in the future as the tax collections are still slow.

CAN YOU DOUBT IT?

When the Proof Can Be So Easily Investigated.

When so many grateful citizens of this locality testify to benefit derived from Doan's Kidney Pills, can you doubt the evidence? The proof is not far away—it is almost at your door. Read what a resident of Hancock says about Doan's Kidney Pills. Can you demand more convincing testimony?

Mrs. E. Deibridge, Fourth and Hill Sts., Hancock, Mich., says: "I am suffering from backache. My kidneys were weak and caused me much annoyance. I finally used Doan's Kidney Pills and they did me a world of good."

"When Your Back Is Lame—Remember the Name." Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask distinctly for Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mrs. Deibridge had—the remedy backed by home testimony. See all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. (Advertisement.)

HANCOCK HIGHS VERSUS ALUMNI

Annual Football Game at Driving Park on Saturday

The high school football season will be inaugurated at the Hancock Driving park Saturday afternoon with a contest between the high school and alumni elevens. Every candidate for the high school eleven will be given an opportunity in this game to show his worth and the position each is best fitted for.

The team is somewhat handicapped by the loss of several players who were graduated last June, but Coach Nevins believes the team this year can be coached up to the standard of the teams of last year. Captain McGlynn has his men out at the Driving park each evening.

Among the old players are Merke, who played center last year, and will be seen in the same position again this year; Axelson, last year's captain, who will play at full back; Captain McGlynn who will again play right half back; Mette who will take care of left tackle; and O'Neill at right end.

A week from Saturday, the Hancock high school will play its first interscholastic scheduled game at Calumet. The following Saturday, October 4, the Hancock team will meet the Houghton eleven at the Hancock Driving park; October 18, Calumet plays at Hancock and on October 25, Hancock plays at Houghton, which will be the last interscholastic game for the copper country teams. The champions of this district will then prepare for the upper peninsula championship.

Next Saturday's game will start at 3 o'clock sharp. Officials will be chosen later.

There were very few changes in the football rules this year, the most important change being the strengthening of the offense, which will enable teams to run up a bigger score than last year.

DIVIDEND CHECKS RECEIVED.

Checks were received today in Hancock by shareholders of the Dineer Consolidated Mining and Tunnel company of Leadville, Colorado. The checks are the dividend recently declared by the company.

Several thousand shares of this stock are held in the copper country, a major proportion of the stock being held by the Finnish people. "Coming at this time the dividend is especially acceptable," said a stockholder today. "It means a few tons of coal at least."

FEAR SON WAS MURDERED.

Failure to hear from the New York police as to the whereabouts of his son, Karl, Fred Mikkelsen of Hancock fears that the young man was murdered. Some time ago, the father sent a ticket and a sum of money to his son but he has since disappeared. The father of the missing man is a watchman employed at the Quincy.

FUNERAL TOMORROW

The funeral of Hilma Marie Aho, aged four, who was drowned in Portage Lake yesterday afternoon, will be held tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock from the Finnish Lutheran church. The inquest will be held tonight at 7 o'clock. The jury is composed of John Stack, Ambrose Flynn, Frank McKindley, Dan Murphy, Treffe Hentler and Patrick Flynn.

Holmes on Domestic Economy.

The laughable and the pathetic are sometimes strangely mingled in little exhibitions of domestic economy—a plate of apples, for instance, with the defective parts cut out for the children; a small basket of homemade gingerbread, with one or two pieces of poundcake carefully disposed on the surface so as to appear to the best advantage.—"Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

Wanted the Record.

A taxicab caught fire in New York. The flames reached the gasoline tank. The two passengers, who had come a long way, tumbled out. The fire department was summoned. "Play on the meter!" shrieked the distracted driver to the firemen. "Never mind the cab, play on the meter!"—Exchange.

Larger Wants.

"Does your wife want the vote?" "No. She wants a larger town house, a villa on the seacoast and a new limousine car every six months. I'd be pleased most to death if she could fix her attention on a small matter like the vote."—Washington Star.

As the Crow Flies.

Mandy—Yessah. After de shot was dred mah Rastus dun run seben blocks as de crow flies. Judge—As the crow flies? Mandy—Yessah. All yo' could see was jes' one black streak.—Puck.

A Thoughtful Nurse.

Visitor to Facetious Farmer—I'd like to know why on earth you call that white pig ink? Facetious Farmer—Because he's always running from the pen.—Town Topics.

He is sufficiently learned that knows how to do well and has power enough to refrain from evil.—Cicero.

25 YEARS HEAD OF ONE CHURCH

Rev. Father Atfield to Observe Anniversary Next Month

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Rev. Fr. Atfield's pastorate of St. Patrick's church will be celebrated next month. It is possible that the celebration will be held the first Sunday afternoon in October that the celebration may find it more convenient to be present at the exercises.

It was previously intended to have the occasion mark the wiping out of the small debt standing against the parish, but labor conditions are such that Fr. Atfield has deferred taking action toward raising the debt. Plans also had been launched for the erection of a new convent, but this project also has been dropped for the time.

Rev. Fr. Atfield was ordained 22 years ago, the ordination being performed by the late Rt. Rev. Bishop Verlin in Marquette. Following his ordination Father Atfield came to Hancock as assistant pastor to Rev. Fr. Jucker at the church of which the former is now pastor, although at that time it was St. Anne's church. Fr. Atfield was later transferred to Champaign, then Houghton and 25 years ago next month was made pastor of St. Patrick's church which pastorate he has since filled.

Understanding fully the present conditions the pastor has requested that the observance not be an elaborate affair. The children will remember him with a gift and the afternoon exercises, which will be a musical program, will constitute the observance.

Three-Day Mission.

Commencing with high mass at ten o'clock in St. Patrick's church next Sunday morning and continuing until Thursday morning a three-days mission will be conducted by Rev. Fr. Hinton Kelly, G. P. of Chicago. This mission is a jubilee which has been proclaimed for this year by Pope Pius X, opening the first Sunday after Easter and closing December 8, in commemoration of the sixteenth hundred anniversary of the edict of Constantine the Great. This edict proclaimed the liberty of conscience to all his subjects.

Constantine was the first Christian emperor and the edict was issued in 313. Services during the mission will be held at 5 and 8 o'clock in the morning, consisting of mass and instructions, with rosary, sermon and benediction in the evening at 7:30 o'clock. From here Fr. Kelly goes to Beacon Hill on a similar visit, the mission to open Thursday evening and close Sunday night.

SPECIAL CASKET ORDERED.

Remains of "Big Louie" Still in the Crawford Morgue.

The remains of "Big Louie" Mollanen are still at the Crawford morgue on Hancock street, where they will probably remain until the funeral is held. A casket, which is a special order, is expected here from Chicago tomorrow morning. It is probable that final arrangements for the funeral will be made tomorrow.

Hundreds of people visited the morgue today to view the dead man. The visitors did not include Hancock people only, many coming in from Calumet, while visitors from distant cities, who happened to be in town, were attracted to the morgue upon hearing so much about the young giant.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY MEETINGS

Two three last meetings of the Women's Missionary society will be held on the following dates: Oct. 8, at the home of Mrs. Rundle, Sr., Water street; Nov. 12, at the home of Mrs. Whittle, and the last meeting of the year at the home of Mrs. Chase, in December the calendar for 1914 will be arranged.

HANCOCK BREVITIES.

William Mettner is visiting friends in Minneapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Burchill have returned from the Soo where they visited relatives for several weeks.

Mrs. J. P. Remond is visiting relatives in Superior.

The funeral of the late John Pinton took place this morning with services at St. Joseph's church.

The Misses Zetta Rayten, Frances Mayrin, Pearl Schütz and Sadie Peterson are visiting in Detroit.

A meeting of Foster Encampment, No. 24, L. O. O. F., will be held tonight, City Clerk Hoffenacker this morning received from the board of education its annual request to the city for an appropriation of \$32,000 to help maintain the public schools of the city during the coming year. As stated in The News yesterday the appropriation asked this year is \$3,000 less than a year ago. Salaries of teachers alone amount to \$33,300.

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3 Roger's Silver
TABLESPOONS
FOR 150 WRAPPERS OF
American Family
Soap

At Calumet News Office
September 19th and 20th Only
No Mail Orders Filled

A PAPER BULLET

It Was Fired With Great Success

By ALBERT KENVON

One evening during the war between the states, when we were lying in face of an enemy, I stole away from camp and in the darkness succeeded in passing the pickets. Climbing a tree, where I could hear if not see what the Confederates were doing, I heard so much going on that I believed they were preparing for one of those attacks just before dawn, the hour usually chosen for an intended surprise. I got down from the tree, choosing a moment when the coast was clear, and, crawling through underbrush, retraced my steps, got safely through the pickets and returned to my own lines. There I made myself known and, making for my captain's tent, told him the whole story.

He was too much impressed with the importance of getting it to the general to reprimand me for leaving camp without permission and hurried me to headquarters. It was midnight, and all were asleep there. But the captain called an aid, and the aid awakened the general, who gave orders that the command should be called (without beating the long roll and formed in line of battle behind such natural defenses as the location afforded.

At 3 o'clock—dawn did not come till nearly 4—we heard the tramp of men and when their shadowy forms appeared astonished them with a storm of lead and iron that drove them back in confusion. They returned, but were again driven back, after which they retired to their camps.

This rally of mine gave me all the adventure I wanted for the rest of my term of service, for it made me the general's chief scout. I almost always went out for information in uniform. In the first place, I preferred being captured or shot to being hanged for a spy, against which death my uniform was a protection. I have ridden into the enemy's lines rigged as a Federal trooper, acknowledged myself to the people as such and was not believed. "You can't come that on us," they would say. "You're one of Mosby's men." When I would deny this they would insist that I had adopted the Yankee uniform for secret service.

After one of our fights, in which neither side seemed to have got an advantage, I was sent into Confederate territory with a view to determining whether the enemy were taking steps to continue the fight or withdraw. But a far more important object was to carry an order to General R., on our flank, to join in a simultaneous attack without command in case I found the enemy inclined to retreat. If I found them in good condition to renew the fight and preparing to do so I was to destroy the order, and if the reverse I was to deliver it. It was written on tissue paper, giving details of time of attack, etc., and rolled into a ball about the size of a pistol bullet. I carried it in my holster in order that I might have it ready to throw away or destroy in case of expected capture.

I went out, as usual, in my blue jacket with yellow cavalry facings, my carbine slung to my saddle and a revolver at my hip. I emerged from our lines into a wood, through which by the general's direction a skirmish line had been sent to determine whether it was occupied by the enemy. It was free, and after riding through it for half a mile I came to a clearing. Before entering upon it I looked over what was in front of me, for, being on an eminence, I could see quite a distance. There were no camps in sight nor any large force, only stray bands, mostly cavalry. So I started out, intending to ride forward, keep my eyes open and be guided by circumstances.

Descending a slope through a cornfield, I struck a road leading southeastward, the direction in which the enemy were supposed to be. I could see approaching bands of persons and directed my course so as to avoid them. One would have had to come near me to see that I wore a Federal uniform, for mine was by no means a new one—rather dingy, in fact—and needed close inspection to tell whether it was Confederate or Union. So, while I saw all I cared to see, no one saw me with sufficient distinctness to know that I was a Yankee soldier.

I rode on over low ground till I came to a ridge from which I could see the Confederate camps. A wagon train was headed southward. If it was loaded with supplies that meant that the enemy were preparing to retreat. If the wagons were empty it meant that they were engaged in hauling supplies to the army; that they had brought a load and were returning for another. I could see the white line of the road over which they would pass and that it made a turn not far from where they were. By riding across fields I could intercept them. I pushed forward and, taking them on the flank, rode along by them toward their rear.

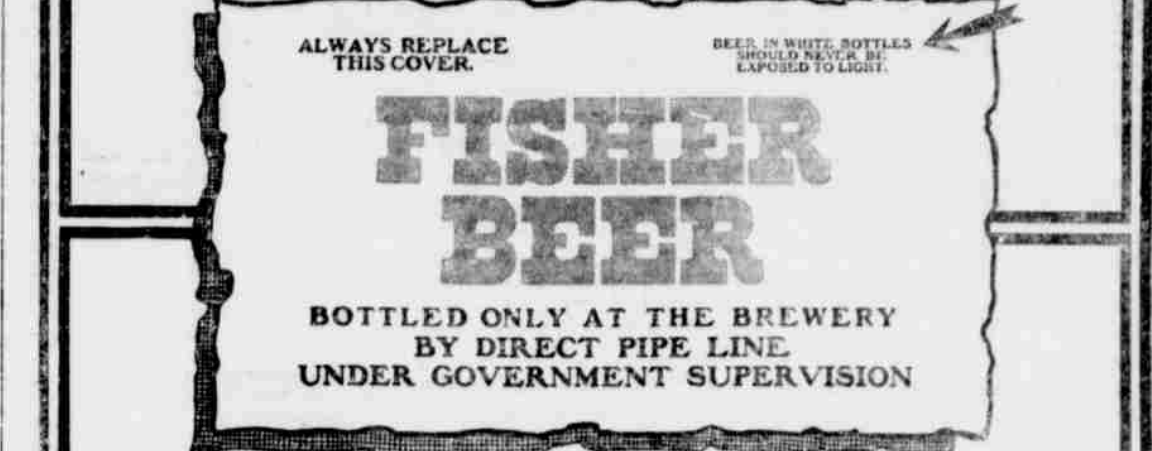
"What you doin' in that uniform?" called a teamster.

"Took it from a Yank killed in the fight yesterday," I replied. "My buttternut snit was ragged. And look at the boots! I never let a Yank give away with his boots, especially if he's dead."

"I'll give you a hundred dollars for 'em."

"Not much. I got all the money I want, but only one pair o' boots." It was plain that the wagons were full of supplies, not only by the power required by the mules to haul them, but through the front or rear openings in the covers I could see the property stacked up inside.

Schlitz in Brown Bottles made pure—kept pure



Schlitz Brown Bottle is your safeguard against impure beer, for light starts decay even in pure beer.

Note the warning of the Fisher Brewing Co. on the case cover reproduced above, that beer in white bottles should never be exposed to light.

Get Schlitz in Brown Bottles and be sure.

See that crown or cork is branded "Schlitz." Phones: North 23 Calumet, South 20 Hancock. Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., 310 Pine St., Calumet

Schlitz The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous.

Having learned all I wished to know, I continued my way to the rear end of the train, then turned into a wood, where I lost myself for awhile. It was now my object to ride northeastward to General B.'s corps and deliver my order. While I was waiting I heard a rumble and a creaking in the road and recognized sounds made by artillery. If I had needed further evidence of retreat this would have confirmed my opinions, for the next thing to supply a retreating army moves is its heavy guns—that is, unless pressed so hard by an enemy as to need them for defense.

The direction I was now to take forced me to cross the road I had just left. Preferring to move through woods, I kept on among the trees as long as possible, then turned into the road, having a stretch of a quarter of a mile before striking other timber. While making this interval I heard the quick thud of horses' hoofs behind me and, turning my head, saw a troop of Confederate cavalry coming. I turned into the wood on the north side of the road, and, though I did not alter my gait, I continued my course. I heard a "Hello, thar!" from the troop, but, pretending not to hear, kept on. As I disappeared in the wood there came a sharp "Halt, you, thar!"

I must make a quick decision. In Federal uniform I could not expect to deceive an officer as I had deceived a teamster. I would be obliged to give an account of myself and would doubtless be detained. If the general's orders were found on me my Federal uniform might not save me from the gallows, for, although it was simply an order, it was evident that it was based on my observations of Confederate movements. I was certainly not on a direct line between the Federal general who had written it and the officer for whom it was intended. This would prove me a secret service man.

All this was but a flash in my brain. My decision was made upon the importance of getting the order through. If I succeeded it would give our troops a great advantage; if I failed a fine opportunity would be lost. I determined to run for it. Having passed out of sight, I put spurs to my horse and, though I was obliged to dodge the trees, made good progress. I was in hopes that those who had seen me would not consider me of sufficient importance to chase. But these hopes were blasted by hearing one or more horses crashing through the undergrowth behind me.

A lightning flash before me indicated

I would soon be in the open. It was evident that I must soon fight or surrender. While I was thinking about it I came to the end of the wood and entered a field. Soon after doing so I looked back to see by how many I was pursued. But one man thus far had left the wood. I rode on at a breakneck pace for about half a mile, then looked back again. Only the one pursuer was in sight. This decided me. I determined to fight.

But, realizing that I was more likely to be taken alive than killed, after drawing my revolver I took the message from my holster. What would I do with it? If I threw it away the man chasing me would see it and look for it. I stuffed it in the muzzle of my pistol, then, reining in my horse, I faced him toward the Confederate. He was within a hundred yards of me at the time and, drawing his weapon, came on. My horse was standing still, which enabled me to take a good aim. When he came within range we both fired almost simultaneously. His bullet cut the edge of my ear, though I did not know it at the time. My bullet pierced his brain.

No sooner had the man fallen from his horse and I saw blood oozing from his forehead than I bethought myself of the situation. If no more Confederates came for me and I could find the dispatch I might yet carry it to General B. I calculated that on account of its light weight it had not gone more than a few yards from my pistol and, calculating the direction of the wind, began to hunt for it. Seeing a bit of paper, I took it up and found it to be the dispatch. It had been partially opened by pressure against the atmosphere. Had it not been for this I doubt if I should have found it, since in its globular form it was very small and blackened by powder.

My first act after finding it was to look to see if any more pursuers were emerging from the wood. None appeared. Noticing C. S. A. branded on the trooper's horse, I decided to take him instead of my own. I also took his hat and his belt, the latter having the same letters. He wore no coat or I would have taken that too. But I threw away my own coat and, mounting, rode away at a gallop.

The change of horse and belt served a good purpose. As soon as I got away from my dead enemy I slowed down and rode at a moderate pace. I took to roads and passed a number of citizens and soldiers, but the brand on my horse and the letters on my belt were a sure protection. I soon made good



into General B.'s camp and delivered my dispatch. After reading the instructions General B. acted upon them at once and attacked the enemy in force. My own commander heard his guns, and, joining him, the two made a complete rout, capturing many prisoners and stores.

In my chest of war relics I have my paper bullet, which General B. afterward gave me, and it is of course more prized than any other of my souvenirs.

Gems In Verse

START THE DAY RIGHT.

TAKE the day right. When the sun comes to greet you, Give it a smile for each ray that it sends. Shake off the worries that long to defeat you. Strengthen your faith in yourself and your friends. Yesterday's ghost will be striving to haunt you. Yesterday's errors may come to your brain. Throw off the worries that trouble and bind you. Start the day right; begin over again.

What a brief span is the longest existence. One fleeting journey from nothing to night! Show while you may the old Roman resistance. Off with your drowsiness—into the fight! Never an empire was won by the laggard. Never a prize was obtained but by worth. Heed not the sneers of the minantropes (laughers). Start the day right and they'll know you're on earth.

Start the day right and you'll find as it passes. Something to live for and something to love. View not the future through indigo glasses. Note the bright streams and the blue skies above. Failure may smother you through years of endeavor. Fame and success may not come at your will. But nothing can baffle a climber forever. Start the day right and you're half up the hill. —Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

KITTY'S ADVANTAGE

"Love is like a kitten," purrled the sweet young thing. "It is born blind." "Yes, but it only takes a kitten nine days to get its eyes opened," replied the brute. —Philadelphia Record.