

Wolverine

Idaho's Plains

years. You haven't, unless it's for the worse. You've got to the end of the trail, old timer. When you went laying for me you fixed yourself a plenty. Do you want to know what I'm going to do to you?"

"Ward, you wouldn't dare shoot me! With the record you've got you wouldn't stand—"

"Who gave it to me, huh? Oh, I heep sabe; you've left word with your partners that you were coming up here to arrest me single handed. They will give the alarm if you don't show up, and I'll go on the dodge and get caught and—Ward threw away his cigarette and took a step toward his captive, a step so ominous that Buck squirmed in his bonds.

"Well, you can rest easy on one point. I'm not going to shoot you." Ward stood still and watched the light of hope flare in the eyes of his enemy. "I'm going to wash the dishes and take a shave, and then I'm going to take you out somewhere and hang you."

"My God, Ward! You—"

"I told you seven years ago," went on Ward steadily, "that I'd see you hung before I was through with you. Remember? By rights you ought to hang by the heels over a slow fire. You're about as low a specimen of humanity as I ever saw or heard of. You know what you did for me, Buck. And you know what I told you would happen. Well, it's going to come off according to the program.

"I did think of running you in and giving you a taste of hell yourself. But, as usual, you're gone and tangled up a couple of fellows that never did me any particular harm and I don't want to hand them anything if I can help it. So I'll just string you up—after awhile, when I get around to it—and leave a note saying who you are and that you're the head push in this rustling business and that you helped spend the money that Hardup bank lost while back and that you're one of the gazabos—"

"You can't prove it! You—"

"I don't have to prove it. The authorities will do all that when they get the tip I'll give them. And you, being hung up on a limb somewhere, can't very well give your partners the double cross. So they'll have a fighting chance to make their getaway.

"Now, I'm through talking to you. What I say goes. You can talk if you want to, Buck, but I'm going to carve a steak out of you every time you open your mouth." He pulled Buck's own knife out of its sheath and laid it conveniently in his inside coat pocket as if he would do any cruel thing he threatened.

ominous to offset Ward's attempt at facetiousness. Indeed, the very weakness of the attempt was in itself ominous. Ward might try to be coldly malevolent, but the light that burned in his eyes and the rage that tightened his lips gave the lie to his forced composure.

He went out and led up the horses to the door. He came back and started to untie Buck Olney's feet, then he thought him of the statement he had promised to write. He got a magazine and tore out the frontpiece—which, oddly enough, was a somber picture of Death hovering with outstretched wings over a battlefield—and wrote several lines in pencil on the back of it, where the paper was smooth and white.

"How's that?" he asked, holding up the paper so that Buck could read what he had written. "I ain't in the mood to sit down and write a whole book, so I had to boll down your pedgree. But that will do the business all right, don't you think?"

Buck read with starting eyes, looked into Ward's face and opened his lips for protest or pleading. Then he followed Ward's glance to the knife on the table and shut his mouth with a snap. Ward laughed grimly, picked up the knife and ran his thumb lightly over the edge to test its keenness.

"Put a fresh edge on it for me, huh?" he commented. "Well, we may as well get started, I reckon. I'm getting almighty sick of seeing you around."

He loosened the rope that bound Buck to the chair and stood scowling down at him, drawing in a corner of his lip and biting it thoughtfully. Then he took his revolver and held it in his left hand, while with his right he undid the rope which bound Buck's hands.

"Stick your hands out in front of you," he commanded. "You'll have to ride a ways. There isn't any gallows tree in walking distance."

"For God's sake, Ward!" Buck's voice was hoarse. The plea came out of its own accord. He held his hands before him, however, and he made no attempt to get out of the chair. He knew Ward could shoot all right with his left hand, you see. He had watched him practice on the cans long ago when the two were friends.

"You know what I told you," Ward reminded him grimly and took up the knife with a deadly air that made the other suck in his breath. "Hold still! I'm liable to cut your throat if I make a mislick."

Really, it was the way he did it that made it terrible. The thing itself was nothing. He merely drew the back of the blade down alongside Buck's ear and permitted the point to scratch through the skin barely enough to let out a thin trickle of blood. A pin would have hurt worse. But Buck groaned and believed he had lost an ear. He breathed in gasps, but did not say a word.

"Go ahead, 'Tis all you want to, Buck," Ward favored, and wiped the knife blade on Buck's shoulder before he returned the weapon to its sheath in his inside coat pocket.

Buck flinched at the touch and set his teeth.

Ward tied his hands before him and told him to get up and go out to his horse. Buck obeyed with abject submissiveness, and Ward's lip curled again as he walked behind him to the door. He had not the slightest twinge of pity for the man. He was gloatingly glad that he could make him suffer, and he inwardly cursed his own humanity for being so merciful.

"I ought to have cut your ear off slick and clean instead of making a bluff at it, he told himself disgustedly. Buck deserved it and more.

He helped Buck into the saddle, took the short rope in his hands and hobbled Buck's feet under the horse, grasped the bridle reins and mounted Rattler. Without a word he set off up the rough trail toward Hardup, leading Buck's horse behind him.

"Before you go, Buck, I want to tell you that you needn't jolly yourself into thinking your death will be avenged. It won't. You noticed what I wrote, and there isn't a scrap of my writing anywhere in the country to catch me up—" Ward's thoughts went to Billy Louise, who had some very good samples, and he stopped suddenly. He was trying not to think of Billy Louise today. "Also when somebody happens to ride this way and sees you I won't be anywhere around."

"This is the tree," he added, stopping under a cottonwood that hung a big branch out over the narrow cow trail they were traveling. "The chances are friend Floyd will be ambling around this way in a day or two," he said heartily. "He can tend to the last sad rites and take charge of your horse. He's liable to be sore when he reads your pedgree, but I don't reckon that will make a great deal of difference. You'll get buried, all right, Buck."

Ward dismounted with a most businesslike manner and untied Buck Olney's rope from the saddle. "I can't spare mine," he explained laconically. He had some trouble in fashioning a hangman's noose. He had not had much practice, he remarked to Buck after the first attempt.

"How do you do it, Buck? You know more about these things than I do," he taunted. "You've helped hang lots of poor devils that will be glad to meet you with the devil today."

Buck Olney moistened his dry lips. Ward glanced at his face and looked quickly away. Staring, abject terror is not nice to look upon, even though the man is your worst enemy and is suffering justly for his sins. Ward's fingers fumbled the rope as though his determination were weakening. Then he remembered some things, hunched his shoulders, impatient of the merciful impulse, and began the knot again.

An old prospector had shown him once how it was done.

"Of course a plain slipknot would do the business all right," he said. "But I'll try and give you the genuine thing, same as you give the other fellows."

Ward, for God's sake, let me go!"

Ward started. He did not know that a man's voice could change so much in so short a time. He never would have recognized the tones as coming from Buck Olney's loose, complacent lips.

"Ward, I'll never—I'll leave the country—I'll go to South America or Australia or—"

"You'll go to a hotter climate, Buck," Ward cut in inexorably. "You've got your ticket."

"I'll own up to everything. I'll tell you where some of the money's cached we got in that Hardup deal, Ward. There's enough to put you on Easy street. I'll tell you who helped—"

"You'd better not," advised Ward harshly, "or I'll make hanging a relief to you. I know pretty well right now all you could kill. And if I wanted to send your partners up I wouldn't need your help. It's partly to give them a chance that I'm sending you out this way myself. I don't call this murder, Buck. I'm giving the state a lot of time and trouble, that's all, and your partners the black eye they'd get for throwing in with you. I heep sabe who was the head push. You got them in to take whatever dropped, so you could get off slick and clean, just as you've done before, you—"

Buck Olney got it then hot from the fires of Ward's wrath. A man does not brood over treachery and wrong and a blackened future for years without storing up a good many things that he means to say to the friend who has played him false. Ward had been a happy go lucky young fellow who had faith in men and in himself and in his future. He had lived through black, hopeless days and weeks and months because of this man who tried now to buy mercy with the faith of his partners.

In the saddle Buck sat all hunched together as if Ward had lashed him with rawhide instead of with stinging words. The muscles of his face twitched spasmodically. His eyes were growing bloodshot.

Ward spilled two papers of tobacco and he got a cigarette rolled and lit. He wondered a little at the physical reaction from his outburst, but he wondered more at Buck Olney sitting alive and unhurt on the horse before him, a Seabeck horse which Ward had seen Floyd Carson riding once or twice. He wondered what Floyd would do if he saw Buck now and the use to which the horse was being put.

Ward finished the cigarette, rolled another and smoked that also before he could put his hand out before him and hold it reasonably steady. When he felt fairly sure of himself again he lifted his hat to wipe off the sweat of his anger, gave a big sigh and returned to the tying of the hangman's noose.

When he finally had it fixed the way he wanted it he went close and flung the noose over Buck Olney's head. He could not trust himself to speak just then. He cast an inquiring glance up ward to see Buck's horse by the bridle and led him forward a few steps so that Buck was directly under the overhanging limb. Then, with the coil of Buck's rope in his hand, he turned back and squirmed up the tree trunk until he had reached the limb. He crawled out until he was over Buck's bullet punctured hat crown, sliced off what rope he did not need and flung it to the ground. He saw Buck wince as the rope went past him. The pinto horse shied out of position.

"Take the reins and bring him back here," Ward called shortly, and gave a twitch of the rope as a hint.

Mechanically Buck obeyed. He did not know that the rope was not yet tied to the limb.

Ward tied the rope securely, leaving enough slack to keep Buck from choking prematurely. He fussed a minute longer, with his lip curled into a grin of sardonic humor. Then he crawled back to the trunk of the tree and slid down carefully so that he would not frighten the pinto.

He went up and took the hobble off Buck Olney's feet, felt in the seam of his coat lapel and pulled out four pins, with which he fastened Buck's "pedgree" between Buck's shrinking shoulder blades. Then he stood off and surveyed his work critically before he went over to Rattler, who stood dozing in the sunshine.

Bowser Strikes Chords

But He Does Not Make a Success at It

By M. QUAD.

A year or so ago Mr. Bowser was in a magazine what many of the others read. It was an article on celebrated musical composers. It stated as a fact that there was a chord in music which would appeal to every living thing, from an elephant's idea, and from a vulture to a dog.



He Sat Down and Cried Like a Child.

bird. That chord might appeal to his sympathies, their aggressiveness, their loneliness, their joy, their calmness, and so on through the schedule.

The writer cited one case where an elephant had his sympathies wrought upon so that he sat down and cried like a child. There was also one where a man took a harp to a zoological garden and played on it in front of a tiger's cage. He hit the first aggressive chord, and the animal out of his cage and terribly bit and clawed two or three patients. As when he struck a lively chord of hippopotamus, the old fellow was waltzing around and his eyes sparkled with joy.

"Egad!" Bowser said to himself, "am going to prove the truth and reality of that fellow's story."



The

musical chords. He thought the old cat, come down from the sky, take a seat in a chair and cry on you a little."

He wanted to touch the chord, and he persisted for minutes and made a faithful chance almost, he touched the chord. It was a chord in music, Sweet By and By. The chord struck to it instantly. Her heart was torn. She gave a yowl and went out the open window into the back yard, licked seven cats one after the other.

Mr. Bowser didn't know whether he satisfied or not. He was pondering it over in his mind when he heard cook fussing around in the dining room. She was making too much noise and he could hear her talking to herself and complaining of her life. He would find a chord to calm and quiet her, and if she wanted to raise in wages to make her forget it. He struck a chord that he thought would do the business. It did. He heard her broom drop and she came clattering upstairs and looked into the sitting room and exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Bowser, what was that? I thought a bad boy had thrown a stone through the window and you had tumbled out of your chair dead."

"It was only me playing, Sarah," calmly replied Mr. Bowser.

"Then, if you don't mind it, please don't play any more, for I certainly will have to have my wages raised if success!"

Fortune aims another blow at Ward, but his iron nerve enables him to survive terrible ordeal. The story of Ward's new misfortune is told in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Shoes Worn in Early Days.

High-heeled boots were worn by ladies for three parts of the eighteenth century. They raised their fair wearers some inches, rendering walking difficult and running impossible.

But these fashions were confined to the rich. The poor wore shoes of wood, reeds, and untanned leather. The Highlander made brogans out of untanned deer hide, and the southern nations wore cloth sandals and slippers. It was not until the year 1800 that an Englishman invented "rights and lefts"; previously both shoes were shaped exactly alike. So far as we can discover, the aboriginal tribes of America never went barefooted. They always made and wore moccasins, the earliest shoe ever invented.

A Good Theory.

"Why is that old captain persistent in huzzing the shore?"

"I suppose he thinks he ought to embrace the opportunity."

FARM LABOR IS BEING ORGANIZED

Members of Schoolcraft County to be Furnished Help for Cultivating and Harvesting Crops
Edward H. Jewell, county chair of the United States Public Service Reserve will immediately be organizing emergency farm labor for the farmers of this county for the coming season.

HELPS FOR CONSERVATION

It is the duty of every patriotic housewife to keep herself informed to the most economical and appealing ways of serving food in these days of conservation.

ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE CITY OF MANISTIQUE

Table with 2 columns: Receipts and Expenditures. Includes sub-sections for Contingent Fund, Police Department Fund, Water and Sewer Fund, Street Fund, and Fire Department Fund.

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Mallory Hats

are as good as their manufacturers represent them to be, and as they guarantee every hat and stand back of that guaranty, you can know before you buy it that your "Mallory" will afford complete satisfaction

So we urge you to buy your new Spring hat early, and buy it now while the assortment of styles and colors is complete.

J. Petersen & Son

122 CEDAR ST.

Table with 2 columns: Receipts and Expenditures. Includes sub-sections for Water and Sewer Fund, Street Fund, and Fire Department Fund.

To America Alone

We cannot afford to be divided into groups. The rest of us cannot permit a German-American organization to propagate Deutcheid here.

OUR CHURCHES

St. Alban's (Episcopal)
Rev. Andrew S. Gill, Rector.
Special services at St. Alban's Church.
Good Friday, March 29.
Three hours' devotional service, 12 m. to 3 p. m.

Manistique Produce Co.

Dishneau, Petersen & Miller, Proprietors
DEALERS IN Hay, Grain, Flour, Mill Feeds and Field Seeds



Come in and look over our stock of seeds and feeds
Pine Tree Seeds Globe Scratch Feed Queen Dairy Feed
Manistique Produce Co.

Surely, no man, woman or child can be so busy on that day that they cannot devote a few moments in an act of devotion to him who alone can save.

Presbyterian Church
9:45 a. m., S. S., Mr. C. R. Orr, Supt.
10:45 a. m., Easter services.
Organ recitade, "Resurrection Morn." Mrs. Mitchell.

22 Million Families in the United States

4 CUPS OF WHEAT FLOUR TO THE POUND
If each family used 4 cups of flour less per week, the saving would be 22 million pounds or 112,244 barrels every week.

Corn Meal Biscuits
1/2 cup scalded milk
1 cup corn meal
2 tablespoons shortening

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
Best War Time Recipes containing many other home wheat saving foods, mailed free—address Dept. H., 135 William Street, New York

FOOD WILL WIN THE WAR

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE AOUAD.

"Mr. Aoudad," said Daddy, "is a vain creature and I must tell you the story of him and of his conceit."

"Evidently he is an animal," said Dick.

"Yes," said Nancy. "Daddy tells us of animals we've never heard of before. Often we're not sure they're animals. They may be birds or fish, for all we know."

"Maybe Mr. Aoudad is not an animal," said Dick. "He somehow sounded like one, but perhaps he's a bird."

Daddy wouldn't give them any hint for quite a little time. He liked to hear them try to guess.

"Mr. Aoudad," he began, "is one of the Barbary wild sheep family, and a distant relation of our mountain sheep and goats."

"His home is in the north of Africa where he lives in the hottest, driest part of the country he can find."

"I suppose," said Nancy, "they can't put him in the zoo—or any of his family—here in America. We don't have hot, dry weather all the time. We have all sorts of weather."

"Strange to say," said Daddy, "he thrives in any zoo. He stands different climates far better than our own Rocky Mountain sheep and goats do. He doesn't seem to mind any kind of weather, though in his native land he chooses the hot and dry mountains."

"That's probably the kind he likes best of all," said Dick.

"Probably," said Nancy. "But I think he must be quite a fine animal not to be a weather grumbler."

"That's his very best point," said Daddy. "But as I began to tell you



He Thought He Looked Very Fine.

he is very vain. Once he was standing on top of a high rock over in the mountains of his home.

"He posed and stood first this way, and then that. He held his head high, then he dropped it a little. He looked as though ready for a great battle and attack, and then looked gentle and pleasant, with a different change of pose each time."

"He thought he looked very fine on the high rocky peak and the thought that he was so handsome made him very happy. Pretty soon several creatures came along—they were cousins of his but not nearly so handsome. Still they were rather vain, too, and liked to think they were fine looking."

"How do you do?" they said. "What in the world are you doing?"

"Posing for my picture," said Mr. Aoudad.

"Who is going to take it?" asked his cousins.

"I didn't say anyone was going to take my picture," answered Mr. Aoudad. "I said I was posing for it. That means I am getting in fine positions so that should I ever want to have my picture taken I would know just how to stand so I would look my best."

"I would never have a photographer say to me, 'Now, hold your head a little to one side, please. And smile—just a trifle.' No, I would know how to stand and look."

"Of course that must be a fine thing to know," said the cousins. "We do believe we'll go home to our rocky peaks and try the same thing. It would be so useful to know how to stand for our photographs."

"I'm not so sure that it would be useful," said Mr. Aoudad, "but it's very nice practicing at any rate. And I've heard of another animal who does just the same thing."

"Who?" asked the cousins.

"The peacock, they say, is as vain as we are. Yes, I've heard that nothing pleases the peacock more than to admire himself. And I think I'd rather like to meet him. I'd say, 'You've got a great deal of good sense, old chap. There is nothing in the world like appreciating ourselves.'"

"What is the peacock proud of?" asked the Aoudad cousins.

"He has a marvelous tail of many colors and beautiful feathers," said Mr. Aoudad. "But we have big curved horns and shaggy hair. And not only are we fine looking but we are wild and strong. We don't look where we're going, because we go just where we want to, and bump into anything that gets in our way." And that, ended Daddy, "is perfectly true."

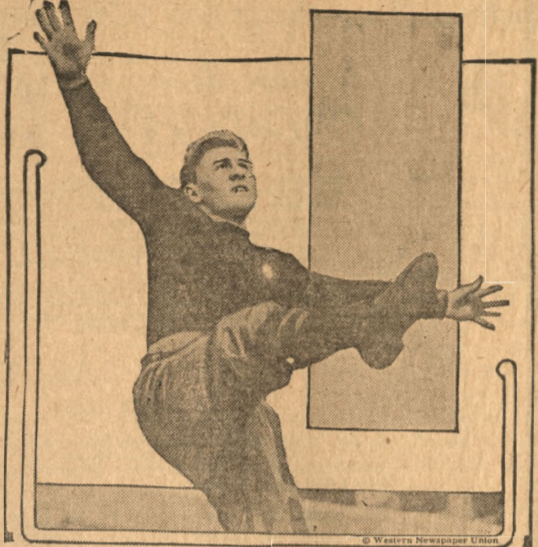
"What Papa Meant."

"Mamma," asked a little three-year-old miss, "is papa's picture torn?"

"Not that I know of, dear. Why do you ask?" replied her mother.

"Because," answered the little one, "this morning he said, 'Darn my picture.'"

GREATEST COLLEGE ATHLETE IN THE COUNTRY WILL FADE OUT OF SPORTS



When the senior cadets at West Point graduate next August, ten months ahead of time, the greatest all-around college athlete in the country will fade out of collegiate sports for the stern business of war.

Elmer Oliphant will never again defend the honor of the army on the gridiron, for his early graduation will rob him of one more year of football, and, like all his brother cadets, who will graduate this year, he will become a commissioned officer in the army.

There are great athletes in every age, but few have ever been uncovered who have had the all-around ability in various branches of sports that Oliphant has.

RICKARD QUILTS BOXING GAME TO RAISE CATTLE

"Tex" Rickard, cattleman and boxing promoter, has abandoned the pugilistic arena in favor of the ranch. Rickard called for South America and will devote his time in the future to cattle raising in place of promoting bouts between famous pugilists for fabulous purses. Before leaving the man who staked the Johnson-Jeffries, Gans-Nelson and Willard-Moran contests announced that he was through with the boxing game and would give his entire time henceforth to cattle raising in South America.

LAW OF AVERAGE IN GAME OF GOLF



Does the law of average run true in golf matches? According to Charles Evans, national amateur and open champion, the answer is in the affirmative. He claims that all persons must agree that accidents may in one disastrous moment sweep away the work of years, destroying health, happiness, even life itself; but, of course, this is a fact of possibility, not of great probability. In all ordinary conditions he believes that the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong. All sorts of bad luck may delay success, but skill averages well in success in the long run in golf as well as all the important things of life.

PROMOTION FOR MAL BARRY

Brewers' Star First Baseman Is Making Good as Soldier—Raised to Rank of Sergeant.

Mal Barry, star first baseman with the Milwaukee club of the American association, is making good as a soldier. He has been promoted to sergeant, according to word received by A. F. Timme, president of the club. Barry, although married, was called early in the draft. Timme said an opening will be made for him when he returns.

Golf Course at Camp.
General Horn of the Seventh division of Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga., is having a golf course made on the drill field of the Eighth field artillery on the infantry side.

TWO GOOD TALES OF TRAPSHOOTERS

Bandmaster Sousa Becomes Good Shot, but Fred Gilbert Is No Drummer.

DESIRED TO BE A MUSICIAN

Spirit Lake Silver Cornet Band Still Looking for Someone to Beat Big Bass Drum—Where Marshall Learned A, B, C's.

Many are the tales told among trapshooters about members of the clan and their doings. Two of the stories that have gone the rounds of the trap fraternity are given here.

John Philip Sousa, the bandmaster, and Fred Gilbert, the professional trapshooter, are friends of long standing. Sousa at a dinner given in Gilbert's honor, told of his first meeting with "Fritz," and the proposal that Gilbert teach Sousa how to shoot clay pigeons, in return for which instruction, Sousa was to teach Gilbert the most approved way to play a bass drum.

As the music master told it, "Fritz" had confided his great ambition to become the bass drummer of the Silver Cornet Band of Spirit Lake, Ia., his home town, while, on the other hand, Sousa told Gilbert that since he was known among trapshooters as a musician, he was desirous of making a reputation among musicians as a trapshooter.

Mastered Boom Beats.

The terms were accepted by both the party of the first part and the party of the second part, and instruction began. However, according to Sousa, while Gilbert quickly mastered the boom beats on the drum, he has never succeeded in progressing to the humpy, boom, boom stage, and the S. B. C. of Spirit Lake still needs a bass drummer.

Sousa's high scores at the traps pay tribute to the great musician as a pupil and "Fritz" Gilbert as an instructor.

The "hero" of this narrative is Tom Marshall, the dean of sharpshooting and the game's "official orator."

Learned His A, B, C's.
When the all-American trapshooting team returned from England, after having defeated the best shooting talent of the British Isles, Captain Marshall, with several of his teammates, toured a number of states giving exhibitions of shooting skill in an effort to popularize trapshooting.

Captain Marshall acted as spokesman of the "missionaries," and prefaced his explanation of the sport with a few well-chosen words, in which he paid tribute to the particular city in which the demonstration was held.

We are told that among the things he said was: "It is with peculiar pleasure that I come here to—; a place so intimately associated with my early days, for it was in the little red schoolhouse over yonder (there is always a little R. S.—over yonder in every section) that I learned my a, b, c's."

This neat little "ball" invariably made a hit, and was given liberal space in the newspapers of the towns until the editors—through an exchange—discovered that "Tom" had learned his "a, b, c's" at least 25 times in as many different places.

It is needless to say that thereafter Captain Marshall never made reference to his early education.

MIDDLE DISTANCE RUNNER FILES CLAIM FOR HIS PAY

Melville W. Shepard, the middle-distance runner, has filed a claim for his pay as a private with the war department, in the Sixty-ninth Infantry, New York National Guard, between September 22 and December 12, 1916.

Official records show that while the regiment was at McAllen, Tex., Shepard was ordered furloughed to the reserve. He contends, however, that the order was not put into effect, and that he was kept with his command until December 12.

Portland Pilot in Class 1.
Paddy Siglin, manager of the Portland Pacific Coast International league team, has been placed in class 1 of the selective draft.

MAJOR LEAGUE SERVICE FLAG CARRIES 76 STARS
The major leagues' baseball service flag now has 76 stars, 48 for the American and 28 for the National. Hank Gowdy of the Boston Nationals was the first major leaguer to enlist and is now overseas with his regiment. Forty-two of the major leaguers chose the army branch of the service, while the navy drew 21. Other branches of the service appealed to 13 of the players. Besides the major leaguers hundreds of minor and semipro players from all over the country have enlisted. Baseball is doing its bit.

Clark Griffith expects to keep up the good work with his bat and ball fund this season.

The American association will follow the lead of the major leagues in collecting the war tax.

Jesse C. Burkett has signed a two-year contract to coach Holy Cross college baseball candidates.

John Paul Jones, one of the Giants' young hurlers, who was to get a trial this year, has enlisted in the navy.

Al Delmont, one time prominent as a lightweight, has been chosen boxing instructor at Phillips Andover academy.

Jim Dunean, holder of the world's discus record, is a first sergeant of the Eleventh engineers now on duty in France.

During his five years with the St. Louis Browns, Derrill Pratt, the Yankees' new second baseman, missed but one game.

Georgetown university football eleven has secured Carlisle Indians as a Thanksgiving day attraction for Washington, D. C.

Chick Gandil, Sox first sacker, is safe from the draft for some time. Chick being married and having a bum knee, was placed in class 5.

Yale's crews cost the athletic association during the year ending 1914 the sum of \$23,974.75. In the fiscal year 1915-16 the cost was \$29,531.99.

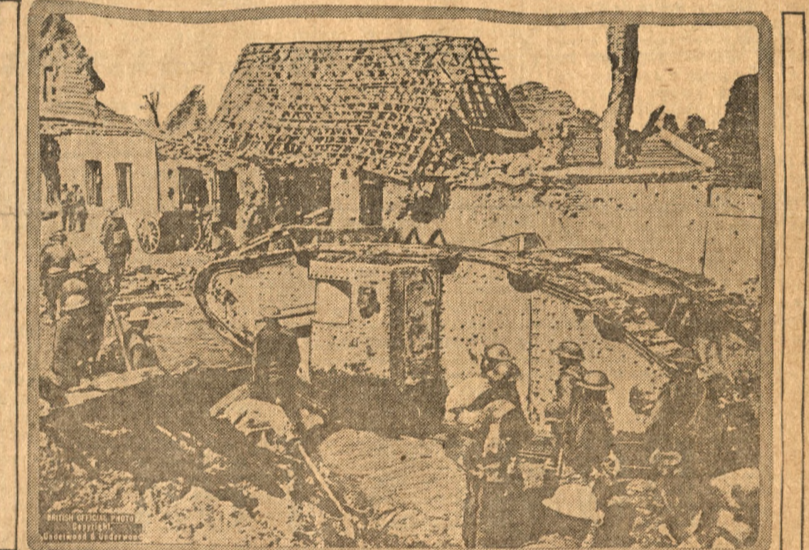
After a year's absence as advisory coach at Yale university, Michael F. Sweeney of Hill school, Pottstown, has again resumed the coaching of the track candidates at the important Pennsylvania prep school.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN FRONT LINE TRENCHES AT LORRAINE GATE



Here are two of the first pictures received in the United States showing our boys at the actual fighting front holding a portion of the Lorraine sector against the Teuton horde. At the top is shown a section of a trench held by American troops, and at the bottom a soldier ready to fire a signal rocket as a warning that a German attack has begun.

BRITISH TANK GOING INTO ACTION THROUGH A FRENCH VILLAGE



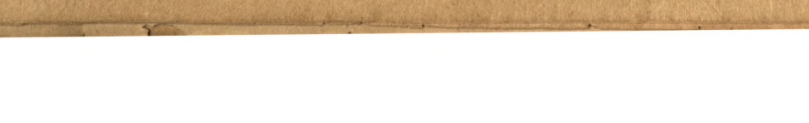
The French village through which it is passing has received a considerable amount of attention from the Germans, but that doesn't bother the tank in the least as it lumbers into action. The Boche guns will make the tank their objective as soon as the Teuton air scouts report its presence.

RESULTS OF GERMAN AIR RAIDS OVER PARIS



The upper photograph shows a view of several of the houses which were wrecked by the bombs dropped by the Germans. These places of "military importance" to the Germans were the homes of the people who live in the poorer section of Paris. The lower photograph shows the results of bombs dropped on the dormitory of a children's hospital, which fortunately had been vacated in time by the 200 children, and none were injured there. The building is a mass of wreckage. If the children had not been removed doubtless every one of them would have been killed.

MAY BE CROWNED CZAR



According to recent reports the Germans may put the former czarvitch on the Russian throne. Here is the latest photograph of the son of the ex-czar, now plain Alexis Romanoff.

Reformed.
Judge—Ever served a jail sentence?
Witness—Yes, sah; but I's retahed now an' livin' a private life.

CONSTRUCTION BEGUN AT PULP & PAPER MILL

High Water a Big Factor in Progress of Work—Cofferdam Below City Is Flooded

Work at the Pulp & Paper mill is progressing rapidly. The rock excavation is finished and work on the foundations have risen above high water mark. Some of the machinery is being installed and from this time on the progress of the work will be more apparent. The water in the river has risen to the point where the cofferdam below the city bridge has been flooded. This cofferdam, was not built, however, for high water and the bad result has been to stop the work at that point temporarily. It is not thought probable that the river will rise much higher and obstructions are being removed near the mouth in order to facilitate the flow of water.

The walls are being carried steadily forward and are in no danger of rising water. The approaches of the new railroad bridge are nearing completion, one-third having already been completed. Work on the city bridge is also going forward rapidly. The company will begin pouring the eastern pier tomorrow and as soon as the river reaches a lower level the other two piers will be poured after which the first section of the bridge will be started. When this takes place the side walk on the down river side of the bridge will be removed. Concrete mixers are being placed and once commenced, the work will be pushed rapidly.

1,000 Tractors For Michigan Farmers

The county war preparedness committee has received word from state headquarters at Detroit that 1,000 Fordson Tractors for the farmers of Michigan are ready for immediate delivery. These machines are of a type best qualified to answer all around purposes on the farm. The price is \$850 net and each purchaser is asked when occasion permits, to rent his tractor to his neighbor at a reasonable rate. The quota for Schoolcraft county has not yet been announced but farmers contemplating the purchase of a tractor should at once consult with Mr. Jewel at the Manistique bank or with some other member of the County War Preparedness board. Sales will close May 1.

Mrs. Wesley Gilligan of Rexton is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. B. F. Craver.

Attention Fur Trappers

We have a large order for furs from an Eastern concern. We are paying the highest market prices. Be sure to bring your furs in to us before you ship them. Highest prices paid for Deer Hides with tags on. Beef Hides.

ISACKSON BROS.

Phone 163

202 Main Street

Our School Faculty

[We have, in the city of Manistique, nearly fifty men and women devoted to the cause of education. Many of them are residents and well known while some have come from other sections and are making themselves a part of the social and educational life of the city. As a class they average high in those qualities which make successful Americans and The Courier-Record will publish short and interesting sketches beginning with those who have been identified with our schools for the longest time.]

MISS EFFIE CARRINGTON

Miss Effie Carrington is one of our best known teachers. Born at Sturgeon Bay, Wis., she completed her early education at that place and when her parents moved to this city returned to Sturgeon Bay and finished her high school education. She then attended the State Normal in Milwaukee and obtained her certificate. Returning to Manistique she taught in the county for two years when she accepted a similar position in Milwaukee. Returning the next year to Manistique she taught one year in the Westside school and was then transferred to the Central school where she has remained ever since. Miss Carrington resides with her mother in their own home on Walnut St. Her father, Captain Carrington, who died two years ago, was well known throughout the lake region, being for many years employed in these waters.

MISS GERTRUDE HELMKA

Probably no teacher in Manistique takes her duties more seriously than Miss Helmka. Born in LaPier county, the blood of her New England ancestry flows strongly through her veins and lends charm and piquancy to her remarks. Her father was a veteran of the Civil war and raised his family staunch unionists. Miss Helmka has taught in various schools in the county but is best known as a very successful teacher in the public schools of the city.

LARGER ENROLLMENT IN GARDEN CLUB

John J. Krumholz, Supervisor of Gardens

The Garden club enrollment is now completed. The total membership has increased considerably over that of last year. This year's total enrollment being 312 against 285 members for the preceding year.

Of this total the communities are represented as follows. Central comes first with 109 members. Next comes Westside with ninety-six. Lakeside and Riverside are considerably lower with sixty and forty-seven members respectively.

Although our data gives a larger total for this year we have no basis on which to judge the increase of the different communities. This is due to the fact that the clubs are differently arranged than the last year.

There are many new names on this year's list and as a whole the results are very satisfactory.

SOCIAL

The St. Ann Society will give a card party and social at the St. Francis de Sales school Tuesday April 2. Admission 15 cents. Everybody invited. 3-27-t

Recipe for Success.

It is well for us to remember that nothing succeeds like success, and even if in the beginning we just "make believe" it really grows to be true. Try it.

CITY NOTES

Manistique—10,000—1920—

R. H. TEEPLE Real Estate. If Miss Ethel Lundstrom spent the week-end at her home on Weston Ave. Miss Lundstrom reports that a Junior Red Cross is being organized in the Thompson schools and that much enthusiasm is being shown in the work of knitting and sewing.

John McCarthy returned Thursday from Newberry where he attended a road meeting.

Miss Jeanette Higgins has been ill during the past week.

Albert Janzen of Thompson spent Sunday in this city.

Miss Nellie Eredezen spent the week-end at her home in Norway, Mich.

Little improvement is shown in the condition of Frank Cookson who is suffering from a severe attack of muscular rheumatism.

A limited quantity of government bulletins concerning food conservation may still be had at the Public Library by any who may desire them.

Harry Holstrom received word Monday that his brother was dying of tuberculosis and left Tuesday for the Lower Peninsula.

SAVE YOUR COUNTRY

By Planting TEN MILLION GARDENS in 1918

By spending a half-hour a day in your garden you can render as great a service to our community and government as in any other capacity, and, if as our most brilliant diplomats claim, this awful carnage of war continues for from three to five years, we all, regardless of nationality, creed, color or birth, owe to our local community as well as to our government, what services we can render to save us from the privations that would seem inevitable in view of the lessening of European production.

Even though the war should be terminated before we can place this proposition before you, there should be no lessening of production, due to the fact that two years, or more, must elapse before Europe can produce even a small portion of her natural production.

PLANT A GARDEN

HOWEVER SMALL

AS AN INCENTIVE WE ARE GIVING to every student in our schools from 1st grade up, as well as the general public, a chance to compete for the following prizes. Even though there are four in the family each should have a little patch to care for.


HOW TO PLANT WHEN TO PLANT WHAT TO PLANT HOW TO CARE FOR COME IN AND GET A BOOKLET ON ABOVE SUBJECT FREE

State Savings Bank OF MANISTIQUE

PRIZES

1 SILVER CUP FOR THE BEST
1 GOLD MEDAL LOOKING GARDENS
10 SILVER BRONZE MEDALS
2 GOLD MEDALS FOR THE TWO LARGEST POTATOES
2 GOLD MEDALS FOR THE TWO LARGEST EARS OF DRIED SWEET CORN.

COME IN AND GET A BOOKLET



He Gets Days of Comfort out of a pouch of Real GRAVELLY Chewing Plug



Real Gravelly Plug is such good tobacco (just enough sweetening to flavor), that a pouch of Real Gravelly lasts much longer than an ordinary plug, and gives the comfort and satisfaction of good tobacco.

Give any man a chew of Real Gravelly Plug, and he will tell you that's the kind to send. Send the best! Ordinary plug is false economy. It costs less per week to chew Real Gravelly, because a small chew of it lasts a long while.

If you smoke a pipe, slice Gravelly with your knife and add a little to your smoking tobacco. It will give flavor—improve your smoke.

SEND YOUR FRIEND IN THE U. S. SERVICE A POUCH OF GRAVELLY

Dealers all around here carry it in 10c. pouches. A 3c. stamp will put it into his hands in any Training Camp or Department of the U. S. A. Even "over there" a 3c. stamp will take it to him. Your dealer will supply envelopes and give you official directions how to address it.

F. B. GRAVELLY TOBACCO CO., Danville, Va.
The Patent Pouch keeps it Fresh and Clean and Good — It is not Real Gravelly without this Protection Seal Established 1851

CITY NOTES

Mrs. Walter McKinney and son have returned to their home at the Soo.

The Bridge club will be entertained at the home of Mrs. John McCarthy next Tuesday evening.

Joseph Brucklemeyer who was injured when the fire horses whirled upon him in endeavoring to respond to the bell, is able to be around again.

In the third of a series of interclass games the seniors took the honors from the freshmen with a score of 26-16 and the juniors from the sophomores with a score of 24-17 Wednesday evening. Both games were very fast and interesting.

Mr. and Mrs. George Chartier entertained twenty-six friends and relatives at 6 o'clock dinner Sunday in honor of their son Roque who is one of the selects in the new draft.

Mrs. Norman H. Fox delightfully entertained last Thursday afternoon in honor of her guests Mrs. Walter McKinney and baby son of the Soo. After an afternoon spent in Red Cross knitting by the older guests and in games by the younger, dainty refreshments were served.

Mrs. Hugh Aiken suffered a partial paralytic stroke Tuesday.

CITY NOTES

Lloyd Clare is expected home from Detroit where he was operated on for appendicitis.

Hugh Stewart of Gulliver was in town Friday and paid The Courier-Record a pleasant visit.

WANTED—Woman or girl wanted to assist at housework for several hours each week. Apply at Chamber of Commerce. 3-28-18 tf.

Miss Iva Kelsey returned to the city this morning after a two weeks' visit with friends at Ashland, Wis.

The Medical Association of Manistique was entertained at 6 o'clock dinner last Thursday at the home of Dr. Samuel Rutledge. Mrs. Rutledge was assisted by Miss Mabel Coffey. Following the dinner came a smoker and regular meeting at the doctor's office.

Miss Florence Justin arrived Friday to attend the food show. Miss Margaret Justin arrived Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Banks and baby left Tuesday for Erie, Pa.

Mrs. Arthur Adams returned Sunday from a visit with relatives in the Soo.

Mrs. W. A. McKinney returned last week from a five week visit at Iron Mountain at the home of V. P. Chappell.

Manistique Heights

Visitors at the Chenore home Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walker of the city and Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Byers of Hiawatha.

J. E. Fish left Monday morning for Lake City on business.

Mrs. Ed. Labell and son Gordon, Mrs. Joseph Metiever spent Monday in the city with Mrs. James Cull.

Mrs. J. C. Messenger of the city was calling on friends in the neighborhood Sunday.

Claud Smith and family of the city spent Sunday evening at the home of his mother.

Mrs. E. S. Dodge came down from Hiawatha Tuesday to attend memorial services.

Grandma Byers left Saturday for Hiawatha to visit a couple of weeks with relations.

Mrs. Wm. Nagle and Mrs. Harry Marks and little son Fred, spent Monday in the city at the home of Mrs. John Trigg.

Mrs. Larrian and children spent Saturday with Mrs. D. Leonard.

Sam Brown left Tuesday for camp 78 where he is employed as cook.

Mrs. A. J. Smith spent Monday at the home of Mrs. A. E. Johnson in the city.

HOMES FOR EVERYBODY

McCanna - Clark - Carey

Desirable West Side Addition

The City Is Growing In That Direction

Lots from \$100 up

with

Terms to suit the purchaser

For Information See

Frank Clark - - - - - Henry McCanna