







SPORTING DEPARTMENT

The Only Local Newspaper with a Reliable Sporting Department ...

AMERICAN LEAGUE

TIGES LOST SECOND BUT TOOK FIRST

American League Leaders Split Even With Boston in Double Header and Stand Still

DONOVAN WAS BUMPED

Speer Took First Game Easily While "Wild Bill" Was Ineffective in Second Contest of the Day

(Special to Morning Press.) BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 4.—The Tigers managed to split even with Boston today the visitors winning the first 10 to 3 and the locals taking the second 2 to 1.

Table with columns for teams (Detroit, Boston) and scores. Batteries: Speer and Stange; Schiltzer, Wolter, Nourse and Carrigan and Madden.

SENATORS GET SWEET REVENGE FROM NAPS

(Special to Morning Press.) WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 4.—The Senators took sweet revenge from the Naps today winning both games of the double header.

Table with columns for teams (Washington, Cleveland) and scores. Batteries: Johnson and Street; Joss and Clarke.

BOXING BOUT TO BE ARRANGED HERE

Negotiations were practically closed yesterday for a ten round boxing bout between Earl Foot of Escanaba and Johnnie Gardner of Chicago, to be held in this city on the evening of Aug. 20.

M'CAUGHNA MAKES GOOD IN SHOOTING

(Special to Morning Press.) LUDINGTON, Mich., Aug. 4.—The first day's practice of the Michigan State Rifle team was at the following ranges: 200, 600 and 1,000 yards.

YESTERDAY'S BASE BALL RESULTS

Table of baseball results for National League, American League, and American Association.

KETCHEL AND BRITT MAY GO AT CATCHWEIGHT

(Special to Morning Press.) NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—Match maker Jimmy Johnson, of the Fairmont Athletic Club, sent transportation to Willis Britt and Stanley Ketchel.

SOME FACTS ABOUT PRESIDENT HEYDLER

John Arnold Heydler, the new president of the National League, has been its secretary since 1902. He was born in Lafargeville, N. Y., July 10, 1869.

MANY TO ATTEND BALL GAME TODAY

Baseball fans of Escanaba will flock to South park en masse today to witness the game to be played by the city warriors and the Continentals for the benefit of 'Big Mike' Walsh.

NORTH WESTERN TEAM LOOKS FOR GAMES

The Northwestern baseball team which has been organized for several weeks is now seeking games with any amateur baseball organization in the peninsula.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

CUBS KEEP UP FAST STRIDE IN NATIONAL

Chicago Defeated Beneaters Again Yesterday by Score of 8 to 3 in Loosely Played Game

REULBACH WAS WORKED

Cub Pitcher Kept Hits Scattered and Won Easy Victory for his Team

(Special to Morning Press.) CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 4.—The Cub again today slipped an easy victory over on the Beaneaters winning out by a score of 8 to 3.

PHILLIES WIN THROUGH ERRORS BY ST. LOUIS

(Special to Morning Press.) ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 4.—The Phillies defeated St. Louis today by a score of 4 to 1.

PITTSBURG IS DOWNED AT LAST BY THE SUPERBAS

(Special to Morning Press.) PITTSBURG, Pa., Aug. 4.—In an airtight game here today Brooklyn defeated Pittsburgh 1 to 0.

GLADSTONE FANS TO COME HERE

According to reports received here the Gladstone baseball team which will play a series of two games with the local warriors at South park on Sunday and Monday, will be accompanied to Escanaba by a great crowd of Upper Bay City enthusiasts.

Did you ever stop to consider how you should write your name at the end of a business letter? So many young women merely sign their name without the prefix, leaving the reader to guess whether they are single or married.

M'CAREY GETS PERMIT AND GOES AFTER BOUT

(Special to Morning Press.) LOS ANGELES, Cal., Aug. 4.—Tom McCarey, prize-fight promoter, one rival of Jim Jeffries in the holding of boxing bouts here, has secured a permit to hold matches in Vernon a suburb of Los Angeles.

PITCHER CLAYTON WAS SIGNED UP

Negotiations were yesterday formally closed by Manager Charles Folio of the Escanaba baseball team with pitcher "Jack" Clayton, of Gilett, Wis., to come here for the remainder of the season.

NELSON SCORES A REAL KNOCKOUT

(Special to Morning Press.) PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 4.—Battling Nelson, champion lightweight pugilist, is as tickled today as the tramp that slept in the Astro bed.

SPANIEL DEATH TO HIS MASTER

(Special to Morning Press.) NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—Joseph Talobarian was mortally wounded in a peculiar manner. He laid aloated and cocked shotgun on a chair in his home and his pet spaniel, Mérye, sniffed at the weapon and pulled the trigger.

BEAT BARE WIFE; RUBBED SALT IN

(Special to Morning Press.) TORONTO, Pa.,—Wm. Rhindress, a Sudora farmer, appeared in court charged with beating his wife and was committed for trial at the fall assizes.

WOMAN IS RESCUED FROM A CAVE-IN

(Special to Morning Press.) ST. GALLS, Switzerland, Aug. 4. Young woman who ten days ago was caught in a cave-in of a railroad tunnel, was dug out alive.

An Unheeding Creature. "Why do you yell at your mule in that manner?" said the kindly person.

Great Lakes

PASSENGERS MUST STAY IN PLACES MADE FOR THEM

The law passed some time ago relative to the keeping of passengers on the higher decks of boats is about to be enforced by every company on the lakes.

CARRIERS TURN DOWN RATE OF 2 1-2 ON GRAIN

Vesselmen are turning down the bids of grain men at the head of the lakes for storage tonnage on grain at 2 1/2 cents to Buffalo.

"THAT" BATTLESHIP AT PORT ARTHUR

(Special to Morning Press.) PORT ARTHUR, Ont., Aug. 4.—The Simcoe, Canada's alleged battleship on the great lakes, arrived here on her first trip last night.

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There is Full Proof of This One. "We have lots of curious 'last requests' from patients who are about to have operations performed."

The Puzzle Craze. "One of the curious things about this revival of the puzzle craze," remarked the man who notices little things.

REAL ESTATE

For Sale House and lot 320 North Sarah St. 11 rooms suitable for two families.

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C. O. F. WILL GIVE CARD PARTY

card party will be given by the man's Catholic Order of Forest-at St. Patrick's church hall, lay evening.

3 FINE HEAD FOR BUSINESS.

I had my wife's head and nerve own half of Wall street in less five years," said the man. "It is way she manages the clothes ostion that aroused me to wonder admiration. Here is an example or thrift.

Closed Season for Snails. edible snail, which furnishes a prized delicacy on French s, is threatened with extinction.

More Bookshops Wanted. business of bookselling remains as it was when the mass of the tion could not read.

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WEEKLY JURNAL

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# Timely News and Notes for the Realm of Women and Girls

By Fredericka Herman



(Continued.)

YOU SAY you don't like this captain and this trip," Jerry went on, "and you told me you were of half a notion to leave the boat at Vera Cruz. Mike, will you help not only me, but that frail little creature in No. 3?"

Mike looked Jerry in the eyes for a moment and then extended a hand with such enthusiasm as only the Irish can display.

"I'm with you to the finish, Tommy!" said he; "and so is my money," he added, patting a bulging inside pocket of his shirt.

"Then we'll see that, whatever may happen, they don't get away with her at the pier in Vera Cruz?"

"We? Why, lad, the boat ain't goin' to the pier this time. A gasoline launch is to await the four half a mile from the landing. The young Cuban downstairs is goin' to take them in, and you're goin' to stay on the boat until he comes back."

Jerry's heart almost froze. For an instant he could not utter a word. Then he blurted:

"What!"

"That's right, Tommy. I heard 'em makin' o' their plans, and they won't even trust an outside engineer to take 'em in."

"Good heavens! Then, neither will you be able to be there when they land?"

"I can't be there, lad."

Jerry was as desperate as any human being could be. He suggested a number of things that Mike only ridiculed as wholly impracticable, until finally he said:

"You are with me, Mike, to the finish?"

"As 'n' my mad, Tommy."

"Then that Cuban must not go in with that waiting launch. You must take his place!"

"What—what do you mean?" exclaimed Mike, in a loud whisper, his eyes opening wide.

"He must not go in! Some means must be thought of to keep him on this boat. You are the only other on board who knows anything about an engine."

"Me 'n' the Cuban's all, Tommy."

"Mike, what do they keep in the medicine chest?"

O'Connor instantly understood the significance of the low, slow question.

"You mean—dope?"

"That's it exactly," answered Jerry, decisively.

"Chloroform?"

"Something—anything that will make him too sick to get off this boat."

"Tommy Flannery, you're devilish, you are."

"I'm desperate, Mike; they are the devilish ones. If you can't get the kind of stuff we want, you show me where that chest is, and by all that's good and holy, I'll get it!"

Mike, further aroused by the excitement of the prospective chapter of his long life of adventure, winked an eye, whispering very softly, most assuringly:

"Now, Tommy, lad, you run along to your little perch and sleep in pleasant dreams. Remember, there's a good angel hovering near."

There never was a more honest handshake than that which marked the parting of the two men 15 minutes later.

Just before the fast-falling moon emerged from behind a silver-edged



"I'm with you to the finish, Tommy, and so is my money!" said he.

cloud, Jerry was stooping before the porthole of Marina's darkened room. As he reached in with the note he felt a soft kiss on his hand. He waited an instant for a word, but none came.

Jerry did have pleasant dreams that night.

### CHAPTER XIX.

Swimming, Shadwing, Scorching. Soon after one o'clock in the morning of the 18th the lights in the dining harbor of Vera Cruz appeared in view. A member of the crew told the excited and desperate Jerry that at the end of

ston. By an almost superhuman effort Jerry broke away from the tightening grip and hurled himself at the other with the ferocity of a maddened beast. The two grappled for a minute, the officer trying to cry out for help, and then fell to the deck. The officer was a big, powerful man, but he was no match for the desperate Jerry, who, after they had rolled over and over several times, succeeded in freeing himself. He was on his feet only an instant before the other, but the advantage gained was sufficient. Before the captain could protect himself Jerry's big fist crashed to his jaw and he sank to the deck unconscious.

Without waiting to see what effect the blow had had, Jerry was at the hatchway snatching the life preserver from its fastening. A moment later, after casting a final glance at the still body of the officer, he climbed over the rail and dropped into the black water.

Mike O'Connor's quick wits were hard at work the moment after Jerry announced his determination to leave the vessel that night and to risk his life in the waters of the harbor. After taking the launch in about 100 yards he suddenly stopped the machinery and appeared to be worried.

"Come, come, man," impatiently said Andre, who sat nearest him. "Why do you not go on?"

"The propeller is balking," answered Mike, seeming to concentrate his whole attention to a part of the machinery. His sole purpose in stopping the machinery was to afford Jerry all possible time before effecting a landing. The delay was not as long as he intended it should be, for the impatient, nervous Andre touched the wheel that set the propeller in motion again.

Mike made no excuse, but his wits were working harder than ever. He was as familiar with the waters and the dockage of Vera Cruz as any sailor that came to them, but this time he determined to make his memory fail. Instead of drawing up at the proper pier he nosed the boat into an adjoining slip, discovering the "mistake" only after he had gone 25 yards. He exercised undue caution in swinging the launch around and in picking his way to the right landing place, which, judging from the conversation, was familiar to Andre. As he brought the boat to a stop, he figured that he had unnecessarily consumed about 20 minutes. He also knew, however, that Jerry had not had time to reach the pier, and there was a feeling deep in his heart that he would not succeed in getting to shore at all.

Andre and Felipe appeared very nervous as they landed, each continually casting his eyes about and scanning the faces of the few men at the landing. Mike assisted in taking some luggage to the end of the pier, where a closed carriage was in waiting. There was no other vehicle in sight, and the quick-thinking Irish-American, unable to hear the instructions given the driver, noted the color of the horses and got a good look at the man on the box. Andre gave Mike a coin, and the next moment the horses were clattering down the dark, narrow street.

Mike waited in the shadows at the end of the pier for more than two hours, and he was beginning to fear all the more that Jerry had not succeeded in reaching shore when he saw a small boat draw up at the landing. He got farther back in the shadows, for he knew that the boat was from the yacht. Presently the captain and a member of the crew walked briskly down the pier, stopping and looking about within 20 feet from where he was hidden.

"He's had more than plenty of time to get back," fumed the captain, who wore a bandage over his eye, "and he is in league with that other fellow. What a damned fool I was to trust an American!"

The conversation that followed indicated to Mike that the jackle was in the captain's confidence.

"You know where they went from here?" asked the jackle.

"To a house in Calle Cordoba, I think," said the officer. "I don't know where it is, and it will be impossible for me to see them until they keep their appointment with me to-day."

Mike O'Connor determined not to lose sight of the captain, but a few minutes later the officer and his man returned to the yacht. Mike watched them until he saw them going over the side of the vessel, and then ventured from his hiding place, just in time to see the dripping Jerry coming towards him.

"Thank God, you're saved, anyway!" exclaimed Mike, drawing him into the shadows and embracing him. Jerry was so exhausted that he could not speak for a minute or two, and it was not until Mike had gone down the street to an "all-nighter" and procured some whisky, of which Jerry partook freely, that he told of his death-in-viting swim. The excitement that was aroused within him by the story told by Mike gave him new strength.

It was agreed that the thing to do was to await the captain and to shadow him to the place where he was to meet Andre and Felipe. In the meantime, one at a time, they bought suits of cheap clothing and ate breakfast at a little restaurant near the pier.

Five o'clock in the afternoon rolled around, but the captain had not left the yacht, so far as they knew, and there was scarcely a moment that the eyes of one or the other were not on the boat. The waiting wore heavily on the shattered nerves of Jerry, but there was nothing else to do but wait. Mike tried to find the driver of the carriage, but he saw nobody that resembled him.

Towards six o'clock the captain

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