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SMOKE HOME-MADE CIGARS THAT BEAR THE ABOVE LABEL.

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That we can give you first-class dental work at reasonable prices.
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is a pleasure when you can hold it in the brewing of beer that will compete with the best breweries in this country or Europe in the manufacture of pure, rich and creamy bottled beer, that possesses the qualities of all with the palatable flavor and strengthening qualities of the best beer. Try it as an appetizer and tonic—it is good.
Duluth Brewing and Maltng Co.,
EITHER PHONE 241

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THE AVERAGE MAN.

BY LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

Homer Gray had been brought up to work. He expected to work all his life, and he had no smothered ambitions to "ride in a coach and six" and be fed turtle soup and venison with a gold spoon. He had no aspirations higher than to live decently and comfortably with his family and raise his children to be respectable, useful members of society, as he had been. And he was willing to work—work as hard as need be that these worthy objects might be gained.

There was nothing "dangerous" in the make-up of this man. "Law and order" had nothing to fear from him—he would never protest against being robbed of the fruits of his labor, as long as an opportunity to toil was afforded him and enough was left him to provide humbly for his family.

He had been raised on a little farm, and had worked from the time he could toddle and distinguish weeds from cabbage plants. When he grew to be a big, hearty boy, the farm could scarcely afford him and the other hearty boys growing up with him a chance to make a living. So he went away to the nearest large town and worked at anything he could find to do, until a friend procured him a steady job in the depot handling freight and baggage at forty dollars a month. He thought this justified him in marrying the girl he loved, the girl who worked in the boarding house at which he stayed, and who had shown that she was interested in him. So he asked her at the first opportunity and she gladly accepted both because she liked him and because she thought it would end the tedious drudgery of her life. Alas, it only then began.

They were very happy in the unassuming two rooms of a tenement house where they first went to housekeeping. Evalina—for her mother had expressed the smothered romance of her nature in fantastical names for her children—put up her white muslin curtains, trained some vines and plants in the windows and bought from her savings a flowered carpet and one "easy chair," so that their little parlor, which was also a bedroom, was at first very neat and homelike.

In a thrifty manner, Homer bought three town lots and some stone and lumber, paying something down, the rest to be made up in "easy payments" in the future, and started slowly to build a house. He did a great deal of the work himself before seven in the morning and after that hour in the evening, for his work kept him twelve hours every day, Sundays included. Railroads do not concern themselves about men's spiritual needs—they are only interested in their working capacity; as human beings, citizens and brothers, corporations know them not—why should they when they are themselves "soulless"?

Of course Homer hired some of the carpenter work done and paid good union prices for it. His four-room house was so far completed that he moved into it inside of a year, and their first baby was born there. This entailed extra expense and in this second year he paid but very little on the debt he had incurred, and he barely managed to finish the house as he had planned.

Te third year his wages were increased to fifty dollars a month. But another baby came and, as he was saving as they could, their income was nearly eaten up with every-day expenses. He paid a small part of the principal. During the third and fourth years his wife was sick a great deal and medicines and a doctor were necessary; and so he barely managed to pay the interest on taxes on his little property. Another baby came which lived only a few weeks and meekly died as though apologizing for having troubled them for that short time. Its modest funeral absorbed the greater amount of their savings.

It looked as though there was small chance of his ever getting out of debt, but still he only determined to try the harder. All this time he had never had a day's rest. Vacations are for those whose hardest work is the cutting of coupons, for the highest paid desk employees—those who wear good clothes at their work every day. Day after day for twelve hours Homer Gray trundled heavy trunks and boxes and lifted great weights up and down, without cessation. His once fine form grew angular, bent and awkward, and his once genial face that had been almost good-looking, became stolid, hard, dull. He was good to his wife and children in that he did the best he could for them and did not vent his weariness in irritability upon them; but he was generally too tired at night to interest himself in their little affairs, and the social enjoyment of the family was very limited.

Time went on in the same monotonous, listless manner, until there were five living children. The debt was very little lessened; the wife looked faded, careworn, commonplace and she never seemed to get her hands out of the soapuds or dishwater, unless she were holding a baby. Her usual dress was a shabby print wrapper and her once soft, wavy hair, that had been her pride, was now pulled back in a tight little wad of dull dry wisps at the back of her head. She devoted her whole life to the care of her children and her house in the most approved manner, and she should have been appreciated and praised, but very little of either did the poor woman ever know.

The two had agreed that as long as they could work they would never put their little ones out to work; but their minds were fairly well informed and their bodies well developed. It had been a hard matter to keep this determination, especially when a manufacturer had offered to take their two eldest boys into his factory, teach them the trade and pay them \$2.50 a week; and then a lady offered to take Susie when she was seven to watch and wait on her baby of two, and give her fifty cents a week besides her "keep." This might not have injured the little girl, but it would have taken her out of school, and the parents were sensible enough to refuse the offers to make money out of their children, poor though they were.

Mr. Gray decided in the eleventh hour

his indebtedness at all hazards. The family was cautioned against spending a penny that was not absolutely necessary, and close calculations were made as to the food that they could manage to keep healthy upon. Amusements were tabooed entirely, no books or papers were bought, no toys or playthings were allowed that cost anything, and Christmas, Thanksgiving and birthdays were dull, empty, disappointing times. The children were old, patched, faded, ragged to school and were objects of ridicule—a species of torture to sensitive children that ought to condemn poverty if nothing else could. Mrs. Gray never had at any one time enough decent articles to dress to appear on the street; the children did all the errands and paid all her social visits—it was seldom remembered, after a while outside her own home, that there was such a person. If her calico gown was whole, her shoes were broken and let her feet onto the ground. If she could boast a good pair of shoes, she had darned but little better to wear on her head. Often the children were in the same condition. One winter the two girls attended school alternately, one in the forenoon and the other in the afternoon, and the same dress and pair of shoes answered for both.

Their food was coarse, though substantial, and the children scarcely knew the taste of candy, fruit or nuts; they were glad if there was enough of anything to go around so that no one was stinted. They had managed to build a little addition after the last child was born, so that they might have room to turn around in, but the house was all very poorly furnished. The first carpet still adorned the "front room," faded beyond recognition of any pattern and worn in a hundred places. A worn sofa occupied one corner of the room, an old stand covered with a dim, ugly yellow cloth stood in another; on this were the lamp, a Bible and a photograph album that one of her old girlhood friends had given Mrs. Gray. A few cheap pictures decorated the plastered walls, and the thin, yellowed curtains put up the first year still twitched about the windows, soiled and twisted by little fingers until they looked like strings. Sometimes the windows were whole, sometimes they were not; the only other furniture was the plainest of tables and chairs, eked out with pine boxes and old barrels.

The father, husband and provider had toiled like a slave for twelve years when nature wreaked her vengeance on him and made him rest whether he would or no. He was taken down with typhoid fever and for six weeks lay in bed, raving, babbling, tossing wildly about, while his already over-burdened wife nursed him and the children in awed silence, except about doing the work that was absolutely necessary. A few neighbors came in, now and then and offered their assistance, but they were all hard workers and poor, and had little time to be neighborly.

The weary, weary time was lived through at last, but the day of paying off the debt was indefinitely postponed. Still, poor Homer Gray enjoyed the happiest, most peaceful time of his life in the two weeks, when, convalescent but not yet aroused to the cares and anxieties of this hard life, tenderly waited upon by wife and children, he unquestioningly accepted his first "vacation" with the trust and delight of a child.

But as soon as he was pronounced well enough to work he was back at his old place again, toiling twelve hours a day with no Sundays and no holidays. The old, dull routine went on, the old grind which reduced flesh and blood and intelligence into waste refuse, continued. It went on for several years more, until his oldest daughter was twenty and married to a young carpenter who took her to a modest little home of his own. The oldest boy went West to try his chances on a cattle farm; some one had recommended him to a big owner out there, and the boy was eager to go. The next child, a girl, secured a place in a millinery store, where she could learn the trade and earn a little money for herself. She had received all the education her district school afforded and could scarcely expect more for one in "her station in life." The two younger children were sturdy fellows, still going to school, but able to help father and mother a great deal. The debt was nearer being paid off than ever before. It looked now as though "the old folks"—as yet scarcely forty-five years old—might enjoy a little comfort and freedom from the old carking cares that had weighted down all their lives.

At last ever cent was paid, the mortgage yielded up and destroyed. Mr. Gray asked for a holiday for the first time in his life. He invited his married daughter and her husband to a good dinner and he sat among his family trying to be radiant. But the habit of being strong upon him. When he would have smiled, he looked in absent-minded reveries; he essayed to tell some old, half-forgotten stories, but never finished them, and frequently started up saying he "must get back to work," only to smile pathetically and say he "forgot." But they were rejoiced to see "father" relaxing even this much and sitting about with nothing to do. So the day was nearly a success after all.

The man began to dream of better days. He imagined the deep enjoyment there would be in getting a whole new suit of clothes at once that he did not need to wear to the freight house immediately. He imagined a moth house in a new shiny, black alpaca dress, new gloves, bonnet and shoes, all at the same time, and he thought of having a good meat dinner every Sunday with some one invited in to share it. Maybe after a while they could buy a new carpet and a few easy chairs and fix up the house a little, that Miranda should not be ashamed to come home and visit them. Mary Jane might have her young company without being embarrassed with the poverty-stricken looks of her home, and the younger children would not so soon grow tired of it.

He enjoyed his dreams, he looked more genial and happy. But he forgot to be strong upon him. The company

men—men able to keep up with the times, men always on the alert, for the American dollar is turned mighty quickly and men, women and little children must keep on the jump to catch it. One day he was called up, talked to very suavely and flatteringly, paid a little more than his wages amounted to and given a long "lay off."

Now he could rest—rest all he liked. But that life-long phantom, that hideous specter that had haunted his footsteps all his days, that had hung over him like a black shadow whatever he was doing, was never to leave him. In a world of plenty he was to be forever poor! He had helped to heap up riches, he had furthered the interests of commerce, transportation, travel, he had assisted thousands of people to enjoyable, profitable trips, he had performed an inestimable amount of hard labor that society could not have dispensed with. The world was richer than ever before; and yet he was to struggle under the burden of poverty all his days. Not because the world was poor or empty, not because he had squandered his earnings, not because he had been idle or drunken or extravagant; society had barely rendered him enough of labor's productions to keep him and his family while working; now he was laid aside as worthless, his companions, poverty, loneliness, the sense of defeat and of uselessness so hard for the old to bear.

And he is only one of many. He is not the poorest, the most unfortunate. He had lost no time in his prime "hunting work." He is an "average man." When we add up the salaries of the best-paid agents, clerks and managers with those of the poorer-paid, and divide them by all the number of people who must live by labor, we must acknowledge many working men are much worse off. What a travesty on justice, our boasted civilization presents!

AN ATTEMPT WILL BE MADE TO BREAK STRIKE

New York Employing Builders Will Use Non-Union Labor On Contracts.

NEW YORK, July 27.—The board of governors of the Building Trades Employers' association today ordered all members of the association to start work on buildings at once, using any housemith hoisting engineers and shorers who would individually sign their plan of arbitration.

This means that work will be started on the larger part of the building operations throughout the city and that men will be employed on them irrespective of whether they are union or not.

The members of the Employers' association are confident that with this step the end of the building tie-up is well in sight and that no difficulty will be experienced in obtaining men. After the meeting of the United Board of Building Trades in Brewster hall today Samuel Parks said:

"The housemiths are all together and will stay together without any plan of arbitration."

However, there is a large conservative element in the union, led by President Robert Neldig, which is strongly in favor of accepting the plan.

Chambers' Grove

AT FONDULAC.

Most Beautiful Spot in Minnesota.

TAKE THE
NEWSBOY at 9:00 A. M. and 2 P. M. every day

Grounds Free to Patrons of Newsboy. Others will be charged 10 cents.

NO LIQUOR SOLD ON GROUNDS.

Refreshments served on grounds at reasonable prices. Free nursery for children. No worry for mothers. Come and have an out-

JAS. SIMPSON, Mgr.

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DELICIOUS, WHOLESOME, PALATABLE

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land for sale at \$2.50 per acre and up. Can locate you on U. S. Homesteads, heavily timbered with high grade pine, lands level. Address, A. T. Kellner, Salem, Oregon.

Duluth Candy Co.
Manufacturing Confectioners.
Ask for Alameda Chocolates
.....20 East First Street

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF DISEASE EXPLAINED

THE ONE CAUSE

Nature originates and destroys. The destructive process begins with the fermentation and decay of blood corpuscles. The cause of this fermentation is from Bacteria or microbes in the system. The fermentation does not take place without air, heat and moisture—for the germs or microbes are living organisms, that multiply in myriads with great rapidity. These microbes when fully developed, colonize in great numbers and attack the various vital organs of the body by feeding on the tissues thus producing inflammation which is sickness. If there were no microbes there would be no fermentation, hence there would be no sickness. Life would continue indefinitely suffering brought about by ill-health would cease and the processes of nature would stagnate. To this law man is no exception, and in it is the secret cause of all disease. No sickness can come on without microbes in the blood. THE UNIVERSAL CAUSE OF DISEASE IS MICROBES WHICH PILLAGE AND DESTROY.



Human Blood in Health Enlarged 1,000 Times.



Human Blood Full of Germs Enlarged 1,000 Times.

THE ONE CURE

As the cause of all diseases is conclusively proven by every authority to be fermentation in the blood, produced by germs and microbes, common sense dictates that if the microbes were destroyed the cause would be removed. The only known principle powerful enough to destroy the microbe in the blood, yet harmless as water to the tissues, was discovered by the learned scientist and microscopist, Prof. Wm. Radam. Its peculiar character is that of a true antiseptic and germicide, and its fame is world-wide under the name of "Radam's Microbe Killer."

It has withstood the most critical scientific examinations and is endorsed by every eminent medical authority.

As all disease originates from the same source, microbes Radam's Microbe Killer prevents and cures EVERY DISEASE by destroying Bacteria the organic life that causes fermentation and decay of blood corpuscles. Kills the germs, and nature, through rich, red blood, kills the disease.

THE UNIVERSAL CURE FOR DISEASE IS TO KILL THE MICROBES WHICH PRODUCE IT.

Enlightened Science Admits that all Sickness is Caused by GERMS OR BACTERIA

Poisoning and Wasting the Blood, the Tissues and Vital Organs.

THE ONLY UNIVERSAL REMEDY, FOUNDED ON THE GERM THEORY OF DISEASE, AND FULLY PROVEN BY TWENTY YEARS OF SUCCESS, IS

RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER.

A PLEASANT TART DRINK; ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

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- It Kills the Microbes of the Throat and cures BRONCHITIS.
- It Kills the Microbes of the Lungs and cures CONSUMPTION.
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- It Kills the Microbes of the Blood and cures CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, CANCER and all other Blood and Chronic Diseases.

Full particulars with reports of Scientific Experiments and Convincing Testimonials of Wonderful Cures mailed free to any address on application.

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CHICAGO. One Cal. Jug, \$2.

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