

Bankrupt Sale

In the Columbia Basement

The big "Golden Rule" Store in Superior went bankrupt last month. The manufacturers will lose \$100,000.00.

The Golden Rule carried a fine stock, but much too big for their outlet. That's why they busted. We bought all their men's and boys' clothing and furnishings—about \$25,000.00 worth—at a little more than half-price. We'll give you people a whack at it before we place these comparatively new goods in stock. The "Golden Rule" was in business less than three years.

Sale Starts Thursday, March 12th

And do not forget—it's not often that you can buy at a real Bankrupt Sale or one that is conducted by as reliable a house as the COLUMBIA CLOTHING CO. Look for further announcements.

CLASSIFIED ADS.

MONEY TO LOAN.

NEW LOAN COMPANY, organized by Duluth business men and licensed by the city to loan money to working people on furniture at very low cost. A loan of \$25 for 6 months costs.....\$4.92 \$50 for 6 months costs.....\$4.98 \$25 for 12 months costs.....\$4.98 \$50 for 12 months costs.....\$4.98 These rates include all expense to borrower and there are no additional charges. DULUTH REMEDIAL LOAN ASSN., 101 First National Bank Bldg.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED: A MAN OR WOMAN all or part time to secure information for us. Work at home or travel. Experience not necessary. Nothing to sell. GOOD PAY. Send stamp for particulars. Address M. F. A., 650 L. Bldg., Duluth, Minn.

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Duluth Floral Co., 121 West Superior street. Flowers, Trees, Plants and Seeds.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

| DULUTH & HONOLULU RAILWAY CO. | |
|--|------------|
| Leave | Arrive |
| 7:30 A.M. Knife River | 12:00 P.M. |
| Two Harbors, Ely, Tower, | |
| 12:45 P.M. Aurora, Bivak, M'Killey, | 6:00 P.M. |
| Bert and Vir- | |
| 11:30 P.M. Ely, Vir- | 5:30 A.M. |
| ginia | |
| *Daily. | |
| *Daily except Sunday. | |
| *Sunday only. | |
| *Daily except Monday. | |
| *Freight train carrying passengers. | |
| Duluth, Missoua & Northern Ry. | |
| Office 426 West Superior Street. Phone 868. | |
| Leave | Arrive |
| Midway, Virginia, Eve- | |
| leth, Colorado, 12:00 | |
| tain, iron, Chisquam, | |
| Sharon, (Buhl) 12:45 | 2:31 pm |
| Hibbing, Virginia, Eve- | |
| leth, Colorado, 1:45 | |
| Wells, Sharon, (Buhl) 2:50 | 4:41 am |
| Virginia, Chisholm, Hib- | |
| bing 3:45 | 5:46 pm |
| *Daily, except Sunday. | |
| Cafe Observation Car Missoua Range Pointa. 5014 Vestibule Train. | |

City Union Directory

FEDERATED TRADES ASSEMBLY—Meets second and fourth Friday of each month at Kalamazoo Hall, 18 West Superior street. President, Peter Schaeffer, 724 East Third street; vice president, R. J. Cole; corresponding secretary, John H. Jensen, 2829 West Fifth street; financial secretary, treasurer, A. C. Gilling, 911 East Third street; reading clerk, E. A. Rickard, 3311 West Sixth street; sergeant at arms, Nick Olson; trustees, Joseph Miller, 413 1/2 East First street; J. H. Powers, 204 East Fourth street; A. A. Barr, 2113 West Fourth street.

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES COUNCIL—Meets the second Monday of each month in Kalamazoo Hall, President, W. M. Reed, 316 East First street.

BUILDING TRADES COUNCIL—Meets the second and fourth Mondays at Kalamazoo Hall, No. 18 West Superior street. President, Fred Vannert; vice president, Nick Olson; financial secretary-treasurer, S. G. Nelson; recording secretary, J. H. Powers, 204 East Fourth street; warden, Fred Paulson; trustees, C. L. Peterson, R. S. Postal, C. A. Johnson.

BARBERS UNION, No. 574—Meets the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 25 East Michigan street. President, Donald McKennie; vice president, Albert Collins; recording secretary, Harry Johnson; financial secretary-treasurer, Fred Leonard, 25 East Michigan street.

BREWERY WORKERS UNION, No. 123—Meets the first and third Thursday of each month at Bricklayers Hall, Nineteenth avenue West and First street. President, John Schaeffer; vice president, John Busch; recording secretary, M. Clayton; financial secretary, S. B. Johnston, 125 East Second street; treasurer, Chas. Zehner, 24 Sixth avenue East.

CARPENTERS UNION—Meets every Tuesday evening at Rowley's Hall, 112 West First street. President, Chas. McKinnon; vice president, Hector McLean; recording secretary, August Gustafson, 2511 W. Fourth street; treasurer, Halvor Lystad; financial secretary, Clarence Mosher, 16 East Henry street; business agent, Nick Olson, residence 1905 West Fourth street; office, 112 West First street.

West First street, (Rowley's Hall). Hours, 1 to 2 p. m. Phone, Zenith, Grand 157-1.

CINEMAKERS UNION, No. 294—Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month at Kalamazoo Bldg., 21 West Superior street. President, Peter Schaeffer; vice president, Otto Hoffmann; financial secretary-treasurer, John Jensen, 2829 West Fifth street; sergeant-at-arms, Nathan Isorwitz.

LATHERS UNION, No. 12, W. W. & M. L. F.—Meets on the second and fourth Fridays of each month at Kalamazoo Block. President, J. H. Tomlin; vice president, Matt Hansen; secretary, R. S. Postal, 303 Fourth avenue east; treasurer, Upjohn Walters, 224 West Fifth street.

LICENSED TUNERS'S PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, No. 1—Meets the second and fourth Mondays of each month at Rowley's Hall, 112 West First street. President, James Blom; vice president, Henry Oestrich; second vice president, Jas. Bryant; corresponding and recording secretary, Capt. Fred Benson; financial secretary, R. E. Barrows, address: 21 Fifty-eighth avenue East; treasurer, Chas. H. Green, 1561 East Fourth street.

MARINE ENGINEERS BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION, No. 75—Meets every Friday evening during the winter months at Room 610 Manhattan Bldg., 214 Front street. President, Henry Oestrich; first vice president, Joe Mayo; second vice president, J. C. Mundt; secretary-treasurer, J. C. Mundt; corresponding and recording secretary, J. Q. Adams, 120 North Twenty-fifth avenue West.

MUSICIANS UNION, No. 18, A. F. & M.—Meets first Tuesday of each month at the headquarters, Moore Hall, 224 West First street. President, L. F. Berger; vice president, Otto J. Wendt; treasurer, A. R. Sedberry; recording secretary, W. J. Dulciser, 427 East Second street.

PAINTERS, DECORATORS AND PAPER-HANGERS—Meets every Tuesday at Kalamazoo Hall, 18 West Superior street. President, A. Johnson; vice president, Maxwell Hall; financial secretary, W. J. Finn; recording secretary, J. E. Jensen, 202 West Fifth street; treasurer, W. H. Brooks, 29 East Superior street, Room 206.

PHOTO ENGRAVERS UNION, No. 62—Meets the first Monday of each month in Kalamazoo Hall. President, W. M. Reed, 316 East First street. Secretary, E. F. Busk, 316 East First street.

PLASTERERS UNION, No. 85, O. F. & L. A.—Meets on second and fourth Fridays of each month at Kalamazoo Block. President, Thomas Barke; vice president, Walter Jackson; financial secretary-treasurer, Chas. M. Ahi, 427 Sixteenth avenue East; corresponding secretary, Victor Hiltstrom; trustees, Peter Carlson, Edw. Hultstrom and Holt Carlson.

PLUMBERS AND GASFITTERS UNION, No. 11, U. A.—Meets the first and third Thursdays of each month at Rowley's Hall, 112 West First street. President, Berge Berger; vice president, Rube Meyerhoff; secretary-treasurer, J. E. Hibbe, 1412 Jefferson street; corresponding secretary, John Bennett, 502 Second avenue East.

SHEET METAL WORKERS UNION, No. 32—Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month at Kalamazoo Hall, No. 18 West Superior street. President, John Stenman, 385 E. Fifth street; vice president, George J. Walz, 208 Minnesota avenue; financial secretary, C. A. Johnson, 617 Twenty-first avenue west; recording secretary, J. E. Jensen, 202 West Fifth street; treasurer, John Peterson, 718 E. Seventh street; conductor, Harry Anderson, 418 E. Sixth street; warden, H. J. Joranson, 1121 E. Eighth street.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, No. 126—Meets first Sunday of each month at Rowley's Hall. President, Edward M. Gray; vice president, S. S. McDonald; recording secretary, H. Wilson; secretary-treasurer, E. T. Huggan, News Tribune office.

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THE Ne'er-Do-Well

By **REX BEACH**
Author of "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," "The Silver Horde," Etc.

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"I tell you I'm an officer. I arrest this!"

The words were cut off abruptly by a loud exclamation from Higgins and a crash of glass. Kirk Anthony's face was drenched, his eyes were filled with a stinging liquid; he felt his prisoner sink limply back into his arms and beheld Higgins struggling in the grasp of big Marty Ringold, the foil covered neck of a wine bottle in his fingers.

The foolish fellow had been hovering uncertainly round the edges of the crowd, longing to help his friends and crazily anxious to win glory by some deed of valor.

"I've got him!" he cried joyously. "He's out!"

"Higgins!" Anthony exclaimed sharply. "What the devil?" Then the dead weight in his arms sobbered him like a deluge of ice water.

"You've done it this time," he muttered.

"Good God!" Locke cried. "Let's get away! He's hurt!"

"Here, you!" Anthony shot a command at the speaker that checked him half way across the room. "Ringold, take the door and don't let anybody in or out. We're in bad now. I want Padden." He stepped to the door and signaled a passing waiter. A moment later the proprietor knocked and Ringold admitted him.

"What the—?" Padden started at sight of the motionless figure on the floor and, kneeling beside it, made a quick examination, while Anthony explained the circumstances leading up to the assault.

"Thief, eh? I see."

"Is he badly hurt?" queried Locke, bending a pale face upon them.

"Huh! I guess he's due for the hospital," the owner of the Austrian Village announced. "He had his nerve, trying to turn a trick in my place. I thought I knew all the dips, but he's a stranger." With nimble fingers he ran through the fellow's pockets, then continued:

"I'm glad you got him, but you'd better get together and rehearse before the police." He stopped abruptly once more, then looked up curiously.

"What is it?" questioned the man from Missouri.

Padden pointed silently to the lapel of the fellow's vest, which he had turned back. A nicked badge was pinned upon it. "He's no thief; he's a detective—a plain clothes man!"

The crowd looked nonplused, with the exception of Jefferson Locke, who became calmer than at any time since the waiter had first whispered into his ear.

"We didn't know who he was?" he began hurriedly. "You mist square it for us, Padden. I don't care what it costs." He extended a bulky roll of banknotes toward the gray haired man.

"These boys can't stand this sort of thing and neither can I. I've got to sail at 10 o'clock this morning." "Looks to me like you've croaked him," said the proprietor, ignoring the proffered money.

"It's worth \$1,000 to me not to miss my boat."

"Wait a minute." Padden emptied the unconscious man's pockets, among other things of some telegrams and a legally folded paper. The latter he opened and scanned swiftly, then turned his little eyes upon Locke without a word, whereupon that gentleman, with equal silence, took from his inside pocket a wallet and selected a bill, the denomination of which he displayed to the proprietor before folding it inside the bundle he held.

"Here! It may cost you something."

CHAPTER II.
A Gap.

PADDEN nodded and accepted the money, saying:

"Oh, I guess I can fix it. I know the right doctor. But you'll have to keep your traps closed, understand?"

"Will he die?" asked Ringold fearfully, his back still against the door.

"Not a chance. But if he does he'll never know who hit him. You see, we picked him up in the alley and brought him in." Padden winked meaningly.

"It happens right along in this part of town."

"You chaps have done me a big favor tonight," said Locke a little later, when he and his companions were safely out of the Austrian Village, "and I won't forget it either. Now, let's finish the evening the way we began it."

Anderson, Rankin and Burroughs, to conceal their nervousness, pleaded bodily fatigue, while Anthony also declared that he had enjoyed himself sufficiently for one night and intended to go home and to bed. "That episode rather got on my nerves," he acknowledged.

"Mine too," assented Locke. "That's why you mustn't leave me. I just won't let you. Remember, you agreed to see me off."

"S'right, fellows," Higgins joined in. "We agreed to put him aboard and we must do it. Don't break up the party, Kirk."

"I don't want to go home," Ringold muttered.

"It's a breach of hospitality to go home," Higgins insisted. "Besides, after my bloody 'ncounter with that limb of the law I need a stimulant. You must look after me."

Numbered as they were by the excesses of the evening, it did not take the young men long to lose all clear and vivid remembrance of this recent experience, for the time had come when nature was offering her last resistance, and their brains were badly awlwhirl. Of all the four, Jefferson Locke was the only one who retained his wits to the fullest—a circumstance that would have proved him the owner of a remarkably steady head had it not been for the fact that he had cunningly substituted water for gin each time it came his turn to drink.

Dawn found them in an east side tenement drinking place frequented by the lowest classes. Ringold was slumbering peacefully on a table; Anthony had discovered musical talent in the bartender and was seated at a battered piano laboriously experimenting with the accompaniment to an Irish ballad; Higgins and Locke were talking earnestly. Locke, as usual, sat facing the entrance, his eyes watchful, his countenance alert. To a sober eye it would have been patent that he was laboring under some strong excitement, for every door that opened caused him to start, every stranger that entered made him quake.

"Grandes fellow I ever met," Higgins was saying for the hundredth time. "Got two faults, Anthony; he's modest an' he's lazy—he won't work."

"You and he are good friends, eh?"

"Best ever."

"Would you like to play a joke on him?"

"Joke? Can't be done. He's wisser 'n' ever. I've tried it an' always get the worst of it."

"I'll tell you how we can work it. I've got a ticket for Central America in my pocket. The boat sails at 10. Let's send him down there."

"What for?"

Locke kept his temper with an effort. "To make a man of him. We'll go through his clothes, and when he lands he'll be broke. He'll have to work. Don't you see?"

"No." Anthony's friend did not see.

"He don't want to go to Central America," he argued. "He's got a new automobile."

"But suppose we got him soured, went through his pockets and then put him aboard the boat. He'd be at sea by the time he woke up. He couldn't get back. He'd have to work. Don't you see? He'd be broke when he landed and have to rustle money to get back with. I think it's an awful funny idea."

The undeniable humor of such a situation finally dawned upon Higgins' mind.

"I'll get him full if you'll help manage it," Locke went on. "And here's the ticket." He tapped his pocket.

"Where'd you get it?"

"Bought it yesterday. It's first class and better, and he'll fit my description. We're about the same size. Wait." Locke rose and went to the bar, where he called loudly for the singer. Then when the bartender had deserted the piano he spoke to Anthony: "Keep it up, old man. You're doing fine."

For some moments he talked earnestly to the man behind the bar. No one observed the transfer of another of those yellow bills of which he seemed to have an unlimited store.

Strangely enough, Mr. Jefferson Locke's plan worked without a hitch. Within ten minutes after Kirk Anthony had taken the drink handed him he declared himself sleepy and rose from the piano, only to seek a chair, into which he flung himself heavily.

"It's all right," Locke told his drunken companion. "I've got a taxi waiting. We'll leave Ringold where he is."

Twenty-four hours later Adelbert Higgins undertook to recall what had happened to him after he left Muller's place on East Fourteenth street, but his memory was tricky. He recollected a vaguely humorous discussion of some sort with a stranger, the details of which were almost entirely missing. Unexpected and alarming occurrences made it imperative for him to terminate his connection with his college, as big Marty Ringold had done earlier in the day, and begin to pack his belongings. Partly out of deference to the frantic appeals of his widowed mother, partly owing to the telephoned advice of Mr. Michael Padden of Sixth avenue, who said the injured man had recognized one of his assailants, he booked passage to Japan by the next steamer out of Vancouver.

Strictly speaking, Kirk Anthony did not awake to a realization of his surroundings, but became conscious of them through a long process of dull, dreamy speculation. He said to himself:

"Now, begin all over again. Kirk Ringold was very drunk. Good! Everything is clear so far. Next you were playing a piano with yellow teeth while somebody sang something about a 'Little Brown Cot.' After that—Lord, you must have been drinking! Well, let's run through it again."

But his efforts were vain. He could recall nothing beyond the piano, so fell to wondering what hotel this could be.

"Some east side joint," he decided, "and a cheap one, too, from the size of this stall." He noted another brass bed close at hand, and reasoned that Ringold or Higgins must have risen early, leaving him to finish his sleep. That was consistent of course, but—

Good heavens, it must be late! And he was due to motor to New Haven at noon! He raised himself suddenly and was half out of bed when he fell back with a cry as if an unseen hand had smitten him. He clapped both palms to his head, realizing that he was very sick indeed. The sensation was unlike anything he had ever felt before. His head was splitting, he felt a frightful nausea, the whole room was rocking and reeling as if to pitch him out of bed. It was terrible, so he arose blindly and felt his way toward the telephone. Falling to find it, he pushed a button instead, then tumbled back to bed. He heard the door open and a voice inquire:

"Did you ring, sir?"

"An hour ago. Haven't you more than one bellhop in this place?"

"I'm sorry, sir."

"And I'm sick, mighty sick. I'm going to die."

"I think not, sir. The others are sick too."

"Can I get you something, sir—a little champagne, perhaps, to settle your stomach?"

Anthony opened his eyes. "Hello! Are you the clerk?" Instead of the bellhop he had expected he beheld a man in white jacket and black trousers.

"No, sir, I'm the steward."

The invalid shook his head faintly. "Funny place I've got into. What's the name of it?"

"This? Oh! The Santa Cruz."

"Never heard of it. Why didn't they give me a good room? This is fierce."

"S'nit A is considered very good, sir. It is one of the best on the line."

"Line?" Kirk grunted. "So this is some dead line dump. Well, I'm going to get out—understand? Hand me my trousers and I'll slip you a quarter."

The steward did as desired, but a blind search showed the pockets to be empty.

"Give me the coat and vest." But here again Kirk found nothing and was forced to apologize. "I'm getting sicker every minute."

"Perhaps you had better have the doctor?"

"Is there a good one handy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here in the hotel?"

"This is a ship."

"A—what?" Anthony raised himself and stared at the white clad figure over the foot of his little brass bed.

"This is a ship, sir."

"You get out of here!" yelled the infuriated young man. The steward retreated hastily to the door.

"I beg pardon, sir. I will send the doctor at once."

"Must think I'm still drunk," mumbled Anthony dazedly as he once more laid his head upon his pillow with a groan.

When his dizziness had diminished sufficiently to permit him to open his eyes he scanned his surroundings more carefully. There were unfamiliar features about this place. While it was quite unlike an ordinary hotel room, neither did it resemble any steamship stateroom he had ever seen; it was more like a lady's boudoir. To be sure, he felt a sickening surge and roll now and then, but at other times the whole room made a complete revolution, which was manifestly contrary to the law of gravitation and therefore not to be trusted as evidence. The door opened for a second time and a man in uniform entered.

"I am the doctor."

"I'm sick—a awful sick, doctor."

The stranger pulled up a stool, seated himself beside the bed, then felt of Anthony's cheek.

"You have a fever."

"That explains everything. How are the other boys coming on?"

"Everybody is laid out. It's a bad night."

"Night? It must be nearly daylight by this time."

"Oh, no! It is not midnight yet."

"Not midnight? Why, I didn't turn in until—" Anthony raised himself suddenly. "Good Lord! Have I slept all day?"

"You certainly have."

"Whose room is this?"

"Your room of course. Here, take one of these capsules. It will settle your stomach."

"Better give me something to settle my bill if I've been here that long. I'm broke again."

"You're not fully awake yet," said the doctor. "People have funny ideas when they're sick. Let me feel your pulse."

"The boys will think I'm lost. I never did such a thing before."

"Where do you think you are?" inquired the physician.

"I don't know. It's a nice little hotel, but—"

"This isn't a hotel. This is a ship."

"Doctor, you shouldn't make fun of a man at the point of death. It isn't professional."

"Fact," said the doctor, abstractedly gazing at his watch while he held Anthony's wrist between his fingers.

"We are 150 miles out of New York. The first officer told me you were considerably intoxicated when you came aboard, but," he continued brusquely, rising and closing his watch with a snap, "you will remember it all in a little while, Mr. Locke."

"Wait!"

Again Anthony pressed his throbbing temples with both hot hands and strove to collect his whirling wits.

"Now, I know you are wrong, doctor, and I'll tell you why. You see, my name isn't Locke. It's Anthony. Locke went away on a ship, but I stayed in New York, understand? Well, he's the fellow you're talking to, and I'm asleep somewhere down around the Bowery."

"Nevertheless this is a ship," the physician patiently explained, "and

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