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UNION STAMP
Factory

Named shoes are frequently made in Non-Union factories.

DO NOT BUY ANY SHOE

no matter what its name, unless it bears a plain and readable impression of this UNION STAMP.

All shoes without the UNION STAMP are always Non-Union. Do not accept any excuse for absence of the UNION STAMP.

BOOT and SHOE WORKERS' UNION

246 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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The merchants of Duluth are interested in our Savings Department because it acts as a guarantee fund for their accounts.

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One Dollar will open your account.

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DULUTH, MINN.

HICKORY

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Every Good Smoker Appreciates a Cool, Fragrant Cigar that he can enjoy up to the last puff. That is why the

EL CORA

is so popular with particular people.
It is Delicious, Luxurious and Dainty. It is made upon honor, by skilled workmen from the best grade of Havana Leaf.
ASK YOUR DEALER.

DULUTH CIGAR COMPANY

118 W. MICHIGAN ST. New Phone 912; Old Phone 1606.

PENROD

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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allowed him for one moment to presume even to equality. Now, in a trice he was not only admitted to comradeship, but patently valued as something rare and sacred, to be acclaimed and pedestaled. In fact, the very first thing that Schofield & Williams did was to find a box for him to stand upon.

The misgivings roused in Roderick's bosom by the subsequent activities of the firm were not bothersome enough to make him forego his prominence as Exhibit A. He was not a "quick minded" boy, and it was long and much happened before he thoroughly comprehended the causes of his new celebrity. He had a shadowy feeling that if the affair came to be heard of at home it might not be liked, but, intoxicated by the glamour and bustle which surround a public character, he made no protest. On the contrary, he entered whole heartedly into the preparations for the new show. Assuming, with Sam's assistance, a blue mustache and "sideburns," he helped in the painting of a new poster, which, supplanting the old one on the wall of the stable facing the cross street, screamed bloody murder at the passers in that rather populous thoroughfare:

SCHoFIELD & WILLIAMS
NEW BIG SHoW
RoDERICK MAGSWoRTH BITTS JR
ONLY LIVING NEPHEW
oF
RENA MAGSWORTH
THE FAMOS
MUDERESS GoING To BE HUNG
NEXT JULY KILED EIGHT PEOPLE
PUT ARSINECK IN THIER MILK
ALSO
SHERMAN HERMAN AND VERMAN
THE MICHIGAN RATS DOG PART
ALLIGATOR DUKE THE GENUINE
InDIAN DoG ADMISSioN 1 CENT oR
20 PINS SAME AS BEFORE Do NoT
MISS THIS CHANSE TO SEE RoDERICK
ONLY LIVING NEPHEW oF RENA
MAGSWORTH THE GREAT FAMOS
MUDERESS.
GoING To BE
HUNG

Megaphones were constructed out of heavy wrapping paper, and Penrod, Sam and Herman set out in different directions, delivering vocally the inflammatory proclamation of the poster to a large section of the residential quarter and leaving Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Jr., with Verman in the loft, shielded from all deadhead eyes. Upon the return of the heralds the Schofield & Williams military band played deafeningly, and an awakened public once more thronged to fill the coffers of the firm.

Prosperity smiled again. The very first audience after the acquisition of Roderick was larger than the largest of the morning. Master Bitts, the only exhibit placed upon a box, was a supercurio. All eyes fastened upon him and remained, hungrily feasting, throughout Penrod's luminous oration.

But the glory of one light must ever be the dimming of another. We dwell in a vale of seesaws, and cobwebs spin fastest upon laurel. Verman, the tattooed wild boy, speaking only in his native foreign languages, Verman the gay, Verman the caperer, capered no more, he chuckled no more, he beckoned no more nor tapped his chest nor wreathed his idolatrous face in smiles. Gone, all gone, were his little artifices for attracting the general attention to himself. Gone was every engaging mannerism which had endeared him to the mercurial public. He squatted against the wall and glowered at the new sensation. It was the old story—the old, old story—of too much temperament. Verman was suffering from artistic jealousy.

The second audience contained a cash paying adult, a spectacled young man whose poignant attention was very flattering. He remained after the lecture and put a few questions to Roddy, which were answered rather confusedly upon promptings from Penrod. The young man went away without having stated the object of his interrogations, but it became quite plain later in the day. This same object caused the spectacled young man to make several brief but stimulating calls directly after leaving the Schofield & Williams Big Show, and the consequences thereof loitered not by the wayside.

The Big Show was at high tide. Not only was the auditorium filled and throbbing; there was an immense line, by no means wholly juvenile, waiting for admission to the next pufformance. A group stood in the street examining the poster earnestly as it glowed in the long, slanting rays of the westward sun, and people in automobiles and other vehicles had halted wheel in the street to read the message so piquantly given to the world. These were the conditions when a crested victoria arrived at a gallop, and a large, chastely magnificent and highly flushed woman descended and progressed across the yard with an air of violence.

[illegible]

waiting line hastily disappeared, and most of the pausing vehicles moved instantly on their way. She was followed by a stricken man in livery.

The stairs to the auditorium were narrow and steep. Mrs. Roderick Magsworth Bitts was of a stout favor, and the voice of Penrod was audible during the ascent.

"Re-mem-bur, gentilmun and lay deeze, each and all are now gazing upon Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Jr. the only living nephew of the great Rena Magsworth. She stuck ars'nic in the milk of eight separate and distinck people to put in their coffee, and each and all of 'em died. The great ars'nic murderess, Rena Magsworth, gentilmun and lay-deeze, and Roddy's her only living nephew. She's a relation of all the Bitts family, but he's her one and only living nephew. Remem-bur, next July she's goin' to be hung, and each and all you now see before you"—

Penrod paused abruptly, seeing something before himself—the august and awful presence which filled the entryway. And his words (it should be related) froze upon his lips.

Before herself Mrs. Roderick Magsworth Bitts saw her son—her scion—wearing a moustache and sideburns of blue, and perched upon a box flanked by Sherman and Verman, the Michigan rats, the Indian dog Duke, Herman, and the dog part alligator.

Roddy also saw something before himself. It needed no prophet to read the countenance of the dread apparition in the entryway. His mouth opened—remained open—then filled to capacity with a calamitous sound of grief not unmingled with apprehension.

Penrod's reason staggered under the crisis. For a horrible moment he saw Mrs. Roderick Magsworth Bitts approaching like some fatal mountain in avalanche. She seemed to grow larger and redder; lightnings played about her head. He had a vague consciousness of the audience spraying out in flight, of the squealings, tramplings and dispersals of a stricken field. The mountain was close upon him—

He stood by the open mouth of the hay chute which went through the floor to the manger below. Penrod also went through the floor. He propelled himself into the chute and shot down, but not quite to the manger, for Mr. Samuel Williams had thoughtfully stepped into the chute a moment in advance of his partner. Penrod lit upon Sam.

Catastrophic noises resounded in the loft; volcanoes seemed to romp upon the stairway.

There ensued a period when only a shrill keening marked the passing of Roderick as he was borne to the tumbril. Then all was silence.

Sunset striking through a western window rouged the walls of the Schofields' library, where gathered a joint family council and court martial of four—Mrs. Schofield, Mr. Schofield and Mr. and Mrs. Williams, parents of Samuel of that ilk. Mr. Williams read aloud a conspicuous passage from the last edition of the evening paper:

"Prominent people here believed close relations of woman sentenced to hang. Angry denial by Mrs. R. Magsworth Bitts. Relationship admitted by younger member of family. His statement confirmed by boy friends"—

"Don't!" said Mrs. Williams, addressing her husband vehemently. "We've all read it a dozen times. We've got plenty of trouble on our hands without hearing that again!"

Singularly enough, Mrs. Williams did not look troubled; she looked as if she were trying to look troubled. Mrs. Schofield wore a similar expression. So did Mr. Schofield. So did Mr. Williams.

"What did she say when she called you up?" Mrs. Schofield inquired breathlessly of Mrs. Williams.

"She could hardly speak at first, and then when she did talk she talked so fast I couldn't understand most of it, and"—

"It was just the same when she tried to talk to me," said Mrs. Schofield, nodding.

"I never did hear any one in such a state before," continued Mrs. Williams. "So furious"—

"Quite justly, of course," said Mrs. Schofield.

"Of course. And she said Penrod and Sam had enticed Roderick away from home—usually he's not allowed to go outside the yard except with his tutor or a servant—and had told him to say that horrible creature was his aunt"—

"How in the world do you suppose Sam and Penrod ever thought of such a thing as that?" exclaimed Mrs. Schofield. "It must have been made up just for their 'show.' Della says there were just streams going in and out all day. Of course it wouldn't have happened, but this was the day Margaret and I spend every month in the country with Aunt Sarah, and I didn't dream"—

"She said one thing I thought rather tactless," interrupted Mrs. Williams. "Of course we must allow for her being dreadfully excited and wrought up, but I do think it wasn't quite delicate in her, and she's usually the very soul of delicacy. She said that Roderick had never been allowed to associate with—with common boys"—

"Meaning Sam and Penrod," said Mrs. Schofield. "Yes, she said that to me too."

"She said that the most awful thing about it," Mrs. Williams went on, "was that, though she's going to prosecute the newspapers, many people would always believe the story, and"—

"Yes, I imagine they will," said Mrs. Schofield musingly. "Of course you and I and everybody who really knows the Bitts and Magsworth families understand the perfect absurdity of it. But I suppose there are ever so many who'll believe it, no matter what the Bittses and Magsworths say."

"Hundreds and hundreds!" said Mrs. Williams. "I'm afraid it will be a [illegible]

"I'm afraid so," said Mrs. Schofield gently. "A very great one—yes, a very, very great one."

"Well," observed Mrs. Williams after a thoughtful pause, "there's only one thing to be done, and I suppose it had better be done right away."

She glanced toward the two gentlemen.

"Certainly," Mr. Schofield agreed. "But where are they?"

"Have you looked in the stable?" asked his wife.

"I searched it. They've probably started for the far west."

"Did you look in the sawdust box?"

"No, I didn't."

"Then that's where they are."

Thus in the early twilight the now historic stable was approached by two fathers charged to do the only thing to be done. They entered the storeroom.

"Penrod!" said Mr. Schofield.

"Sam!" said Mr. Williams.

Nothing disturbed the twilight hush.

But by means of a ladder brought from the carriage house Mr. Schofield mounted to the top of the sawdust box. He looked within and discerned the dim outlines of three quiet figures, the third being that of a small dog.

The two boys rose upon command, descended the ladder after Mr. Schofield, bringing Duke with them, and stood before the authors of their being, who bent upon them sinister and threatening brows. With hanging heads and despondent countenances, each still ornamented with a mustache and an imperial, Penrod and Sam awaited sentence.

This is a boy's lot: Anything he does, anything whatever, may afterward turn out to have been a crime—he never knows.

And punishment and clemency are alike inexplicable.

Mr. Williams took his son by the ear.

He Propelled Himself Into the Chute and Shot Down.

"You march home!" he commanded.

Sam marched, not looking back, and his father followed the small figure implacably.

"You goin' to whip me?" quavered Penrod, alone with justice.

"Wash your face at that hydrant," said his father sternly.

About fifteen minutes later Penrod, hurriedly entering the corner drug store, two blocks distant, was astonished to perceive a familiar form at the soda counter.

"Yay, Penrod," said Sam Williams, "want some sody? Come on. He didn't lick me. He didn't do anything to me at all. He gave me a quarter."

"So'd mine, said Penrod.

CHAPTER XI.

Music.

BOYHOOD is the longest time in life—for a boy. The last term of the school year is made of decades, not of weeks, and living through them is like waiting for the millennium. But they do pass somehow, and at last there came a day when Penrod was one of a group that capered out from the graveled yard of ward school No. 7, carroling a leavetaking of the institution, of their instructress and not even forgetting Mr. Capps, the janitor.

"Good-bye, teacher! Good-bye, school! Good-bye, Cappsie, dern old fool!"

Penrod sang the loudest. For every boy there is an age when he "finds his voice." Penrod's had not "changed," but he had found it. Inevitably that thing had come upon his family and the neighbors, and his father, a somewhat dyspeptic man, quoted frequently the expressive words of the "Lady of Shalott," but there were others whose sufferings were as poignant.

Vacation time warmed the young of the world to pleasant languor, and a morning came that was like a brightly colored picture in a child's fairy story. Miss Margaret Schofield, reclining in a hammock upon the front porch, was beautiful in the eyes of a newly made senior, well favored and in fair raiment, beside her. A guitar rested lightly upon his knee, and he was trying to play, a matter of some difficulty, as the floor of the porch also seemed inclined to be musical. From directly under his feet came a voice of song, shrill, loud, incredibly piercing and incredibly flat, dwelling upon each syllable with incomprehensible reluctance to leave it:

"I have [illegible]

[illegible]

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FEDERATED TRADE ASSEMBLY—Meets second and fourth Friday of each month at Owl's hall, 418 West Superior street. President, W. F. Murnian, 509 East Third street; vice president, J. McClellan, 22 East First street; corresponding secretary, W. J. Dutcher, 827 East Second street; financial secretary-treasurer, Albert Courtney, 25 East Michigan street; reading clerk, A. A. Barr, 2041 Dunedin avenue; sergeant-at-arms, Nick Olson; trustees, K. J. Coole O. H. Tarun, Peter Schaeffer.

BUILDING TRADES COUNCIL—Meets the second and fourth Monday at Kalamazoo Hall, No. 18 West Superior street. President, H. R. Tinkham; vice president, J. E. Watts, financial secretary-treasurer, S. G. Nelson, 125 West Second street; recording secretary, J. H. Powers, 904 East Fourth street; warden, Fred Paulson; trustees, Fred McGrath, J. Peterson, J. D. Meldahl.

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES COUNCIL—Meets the second Monday of each month in Kalamazoo hall. President, S. M. Harrison, 926 West First street; secretary, E. F. Busk, 516 East First street.

CIGARMAKERS' UNION, No. 294—Meets at Gonska Hall, 431 East Fourth street, the first and third Wednesday. President, Peter Schaeffer; vice president, W. Cossi; financial secretary-treasurer, F. Heldemann, 731 Third avenue East; sergeant at arms, Stanley Mackowiak.

CARPENTERS' UNION—Meets every Tuesday evening at Rowley Hall, 112 West First street. President, Peter Hay; vice president, Oscar Hanson, recording secretary, O. H. Tarun; 217 Second avenue West; treasurer, Edw. Erickson, 625 Ninth avenue East; financial secretary, Abe Jappe, 217 Second avenue West, Melrose, 4455; business agent; H. Stevens, 4416 McCulloch St. Phone, Park 85Y. Office 112 West First street, (Rowley's Hall). Hours 1 to 2 p. m. Phone Zenith, Grand 157-Y.

BREWERY WORKERS' UNION, No. 133—Meets on the first and third Thursdays of each month at M. W. A. hall, Twenty-first avenue W. and First St. President, Arthur Beatty, 2809 W. Helm street; financial secretary, Jerry Deshane, 2811 W. Helm street; recording secretary, Robert McClaron, 2712 W. Helm street; Carl Zenther, treasurer, 76 Sixth avenue East.

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, Lawrence Hanson; secretary, S. Clarence Paulson, 5728 Highland, West Duluth Station; treasurer, George Walters, 924 West Fifth street.

LONGSHOREMENS' UNION, No. 12—Meets the second and fourth Saturday of each month at Giley's hall, 320 North Fifty-fifth avenue West, West Duluth. President, J. G. O'Neil; vice president, Geo. Boghwell; recording secretary, C. A. Ammerman, 5805 Cody street; financial secretary-treasurer, Chas. Topliff, 2507 West Eleventh street.

LICENSED TUGMEN'S PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, No. 1—Meets every Wednesday evening during the minter months at Axa building hall, No. 2, 221 West Superior street. President, James Bishop; vice president, Henry Oestrich; second vice president, John McCaffery; corresponding and recording secretary, Albert Jones, 1001 Torrey building; financial secretary, R. F. Barrows, address, 21 Fifty-eighth avenue East; treasurer, Andrew Carroll.

MUSICIANS' UNION, No. 15, A. F. OF M.—Meets first Tuesday of each month at their headquarters, Foresters hall, Fourth avenue West and First street. President, L. F. Berger; vice president, Otto J. Wendt; treasurer, I. N. Sodahl; recording secretary, W. J. Dutcher, 827 East Second street.

MARINE ENGINEERS' BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION, No. 78—Meets every Friday evening during the winter months at Room 610 Manhattan Bldg. President, Henry Oestrich; first vice president, Joe Majo; second vice president, J. C. Mundt; secretary-treasurer, Armour Harvey; corresponding and recording secretary, J. Q. Adams, 129 North Twenty-fifth avenue West.

PAINTERS AND DECORATORS AND PAPER HANGERS—Meets every Tuesday at Kalamazoo Hall, 13 West Superior street. President, J. E. Jensen; vice president, Andrew Wick; financial secretary and business agent, J. H. Powers, 904 E. 4th St., residence telephone Melrose 6881; treasurer, Filing Munkeby, 910 West Fourth street; recording secretary, E. J. Saltau, phone, Grand 1534-Y. 521 East Sixth street.

PLASTERERS' UNION, oN. 53, O. P. I. A.—Meets on second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at Kalamazoo Block. President, Victor Hellstrom; vice president, Thor. Honson; financial secretary-treasurer, Walter Ross, 4731 Jay street; corresponding secretary, Chas. Perrott, 2609 Highland.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, No. 136—Meets first Sunday in each month at Rowley Hall. President, Edward Anderson; vice president, Olaf Johnson; recording secretary, H. Dworshak, Jr.; secretary-treasurer, Edward M. Grace, Room D, Lowell Blk., 31 East Superior street.

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, J. A. Dryke, 201 Minneapolis avenue; vice president, Rube Meyerhoff; secretary-treasurer, H. R. Tinkham, 605½ East Sixth street; corresponding secretary, John Bennett, 502 Second avenue East.

STAGE EMPLOYES' UNION, NO. 32, (I. A. T. S. E.) meets first Tuesday in month, 10:30 A. M., 22 East First street; (upstairs) President, J. Pendergast; vice president, J. J. Laundergan; treasurer, Edward Lorentz; secretary, J. W. Mulhein, 22 East First street; business representative, J. P. Shannahan, 22 East First street; Phones: Office Melrose 2347, residence Calumet 45M.

MOTION PICTURE MACHINE OPERATORS' UNION, NO. 32, (I. A. T. S. E.) meets first and third Tuesday of each month at 11:30 P. M., 22 East First street, (upstairs). Officers same as Stage Employes'. Business representative, J. R. McClellan, 22 East First street. Office phone, Melrose, 2347; residence, Grand 908.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

DULUTH & IRON RANGE R. R.

Leave	DULUTH	Arrive
* 7:30 A.M.	Knife River, Two Harbors, Ely, Tower,	†11:30 A.M.
† 3:15 P.M.	Aurora, Biwabik, M'Kinley,	* 5:35 P.M.
*11:30 P.M.	Eveleth, Gilbert and Virginia	†10:15 P.M.
		‡10:45 P.M.

*Daily.
†Daily except Sunday.
‡Sunday only.
‡Freight train carrying passengers.

Duluth, Missabe & Northern Ry.

	Leave	Arrive
Hibbing, Virginia, Eveleth, Coleraine †Mountain Iron, Chisholm, Sharon, (Buhl) Sparta, †Biwabik	*7.40 am	* 3.21 pm
Hibbing, Virginia, Eveleth, Coleraine, Chisholm, Sharon, (Buhl)	*2.50 pm	*10.31 am
Virginia, Chisholm, Hibbing	*1.55 pm	* 6.46 pm

†Daily. *Except Sunday.
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Herald Excursions Mondays
Steamer Chicora leaves dock foot Fifth avenue West at 9 a. m.; Steamer Columbia leaves dock at foot of Twenty-first avenue West at 9 a. m., returning to Duluth at 6 p. m.

Moonlight Excursions
Every evening steamers leave dock at foot of Fifth avenue West at 8:30, returning at 10:30.

Lake Excursion to Two Harbors, Minn.
Steamer Columbia will leave dock foot Fifth avenue West every Tuesday at 9:30 a. m., returning at 6 p. m.

Lake Excursion to Port Wing, Wis.
Steamer Columbia will leave dock at foot of Fifth avenue West every Wednesday at 9:30 a. m. for Port Wing, Wis., returning at 7:30 p. m.

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