Glass Block Store

Our Annual November Sale—

Wash Goods!

THIS sale is "all our own;" an annual event which we introduced in Duluth for the first time four years ago, and which has proven a greater success each succeeding year.. This fall as the result of a special purchase of over 40,000 yards of fine wash fabrics at less than one-half the original cost, we are able to offer you even greater savings than in previous years.

5,000 Yards of Fine Chambray in plain colors only; fine for children's garments and ladies' house dresses. A regular 10c value, sale price, per yard..... **5c**

2,500 Yards of Very Fine English Zephyr Ginghams, 32 inches wide; a large assortment of stripes, plaids and checks; will make elegant house dresses; the regular price is 25c; sale price, per yard..... **18c**

4,500 Yards of Fine Crepe, white grounds with rosebuds and floral designs; just the kind for making inexpensive Christmas gifts; regular 10c value; sale price, per yard **6c**

And These Are Only Three Out of Dozens of "Items!"

A SAVINGS ACCOUNT GIVES CREDIT

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

If a man with a savings account is out of work for a few weeks, the merchant is safe in granting him credit for he knows That the Customer with the Savings Account Can Pay

One Dollar will open your account.

THE CITY NATIONAL BANK

DULUTH, MINN.

"YOUR REWARD"

His smile of approval. If you Serve

Hamm's BEER

THEO. HAMM BREWING CO. SAINT PAUL

J. W ANDERSON, Agent.

616 Railroad St.

Duluth, Minn.

LABOR UNION DIRECTORY

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 Tuesday at Room 302 Columbia Bldg. 301-303 West Superior St. 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 Room D. Lowell Block. President, Henry Dworshak, Jr., 506 11th Ave. East; Secretary, E. J. Busk, 1009 East Eighth street.

CIGARMAKERS' UNION, No. 294—Meets at Gonska Hall, 431 East Fourth street, the first Wednesday of each month. President, Manuel Cossi; vice president, R. Alvarez; financial secretary-treasurer, Peter Schaeffer, 624½ E. Seventh street; sergeant at arms, Geo. Snorne.

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, 626 Ninth avenue East; financial secretary, Abe Jappe, 317 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 3 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, 2311 W. Helm street; recording secretary, Robert McClaron, 2712 W. Helm street; Carl Zenther, treasurer, 24 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. Toplift, 2507 West Eleventh street.

LICENSED TUGMEN'S PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, No. 1—Meets every Wednesday evening during the winter months at Axa building hall, No. 2, 721 West Superior street. President, James Bishop; vice president, Henry Oestrich; second vice president, John McCaffety; 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. 18, 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 510 Manhattan Bldg. President, Henry Oesrich; first vice president, Joe Majo; second vice president, J. C. Mundt; secretary-treasurer, Armour Harvey; corresponding and recording secretary, J. Q. Adams, 123 North Twenty-fifth avenue West.

PAINTERS AND DECORATORS AND PAPER HANGERS—Meets every Monday at Owls' Hall, 420 West Superior street. President, Paul Stromquest; vice president, Andrew Wick; financial secretary and business agent, J. H. Powers, 904 E. 4th St. residence telephone Melrose 6881; treasurer, Elling Kunkeby, 910 West Fourth street; recording secretary, E. J. Saltau, phone, Grand 1534-Y, 921 East Sixth street.

PLASTERERS' UNION, oN. 59, O. P. I. A.—Meets on First and Third Wednesdays of each month at Rowley's Hall. President, Victor Hellstrom; vice president, Thor. Honson; financial secretary-treasurer, Walter Rose, 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, 402 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 Lorents; 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, Aurora, Biwabik, M'Kinley, Eveleth, Gilbert and Virginia	†11:30 A.M.
† 3:15 P.M.		* 5:35 P.M.
*11:30 P.M.		†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, Grand Rapids, Cohasset, Deer River, Spring Lake, Bemidji, Blackduck, Kelliher, Baudette.	*7.40 am	* 3.21 pm
Hibbing, Virginia, Eveleth, Coleraine, Chisholm, Sharon, (Buhl), Virginia, Chisholm, Hibbing	*3.50 pm	*10.21 am
	*7.55 pm	* 6.46 pm

†Daily. †Except Sunday.
Cafe Observation Car Missabe Range Points. Solid Vestibule Trains.
Office 426 West Superior Street. Phone 930.

PENROD

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Copyright, 1914, by Doubleday, Page & Company

seldom have more penetrating sounds issued from human throats. Coincidentally Marjorie, quite berserk, laid hands upon the largest stick within reach and fell upon Penrod with blind fury. He had the presence of mind to flee, and they went round and round the caldron, while Mitchy-Mitch feebly endeavored to follow—his appearance in this pursuit, being pathetically like that of a bug fished out of an inkwell alive but discouraged.

Attracted by the riot, Samuel Williams made his appearance, vaulting a fence and was immediately followed by Maurice Levy and Georgie Bassett. They stared incredulously at the extraordinary spectacle before them.

"Little gen-til-mun!" shrieked Marjorie, with a wild stroke that landed full upon Penrod's tarry cap.

"Ooooch!" bleated Penrod.

"It's Penrod!" shouted Sam Williams, recognizing him by the voice. For an instant he had been in some doubt.

"Penrod Schofield!" exclaimed Georgie Bassett. "What does this mean?" That was Georgie's style, and had helped to win him his title.

Marjorie leaned, panting upon her stick. "I cu-called—uh—him—oh!" she sobbed—"I called him a lul-little—oh—gentleman! And oh—lul-look!—oh, lul look at my du-dress! Lul-look at Mumitchy—oh—Mitch—oh!"

Unexpectedly she smote again—with results—and then, seizing the indistinguishable hand of Mitchy-Mitch, she ran wailing homeward down the street.

"'Little gentleman?'" said Georgie Bassett, with some evidences of disturbed complacency. "Why, that's what they call me!"

"Yes, and you are one, too!" shouted the maddened Penrod. "But you better not let anybody call me that! I've stood enough around here for one day and you can't run over me, Georgie Bassett. Just you put that in your gizzard and smoke it!"

"Anybody has a perfect right," said Georgie, with dignity, "to call a person a little gentleman. There's lots of names nobody ought to call, but this one's a nice"—

"You better look out!"

Unavenged bruises were distributed all over Penrod, both upon his body and upon his spirit. Driven by subtle forces he had dipped his hands in catastrophe and disaster. It was not for a Georgie Bassett to beard him. Penrod was about to run amuck.

"I haven't called you a little gentleman, yet," said Georgie. "I only said it. Anybody's got a right to say it."

"Not around me! You just try it again and"—

"I shall say it," returned Georgie. "all I please. Anybody in this town has a right to say 'little gentleman'"—

Bellowing insanely, Penrod plunged his right hand into the caldron, rushed upon Georgie and made awful work of his hair and features.

Alas, it was but the beginning! Sam Williams and Maurice Levy screamed with delight and, simultaneously infected, danced about the struggling pair, shouting frantically:

"Little gentleman! Little gentleman! Sick him, Georgie! Sick him, little gentleman! Little gentleman! Little gentleman!"

The infuriated outlaw turned upon them with blows and more tar, which gave Georgie Bassett his opportunity and later seriously impaired the purity of his fame. Feeling himself hopelessly tarred, he dipped both hands repeatedly into the caldron and applied his gatherings to Penrod. It was bringing coals to Newcastle, but it helped to assuage the just wrath of Georgie.

The four boys gave a fine imitation of the Laocoon group complicated by an extra figure—frantic splutterings and chokings, strange cries and stranger words issued from this tangle: hands dipped lavishly into the inexhaustible reservoir of tar, with more and more picturesque results. The caldron had been elevated upon bricks and was not perfectly balanced, and under a heavy impact of the struggling group it lurched and went partly over, pouring forth a Stygian tide which formed a deep pool in the gutter.

It was the fate of Master Roderick Bitts, that exclusive and immaculate person, to make his appearance upon the chaotic scene at this juncture. All in the cool of a white "sailor suit," he turned aside from the path of duty—which led straight to the house of a maiden aunt—and paused to hop with joy upon the sidewalk. A repeated epithet, continuously half panted, half squawked, somewhere in the nest of gladiators, caught his ear, and he took it up excitedly, not knowing why.

"Little gentleman!" shouted Roderick, jumping up and down in childish glee. "Little gentleman! Little gentleman! Lit"—

A frightful figure tore itself free from the group, encircled this innocent bystander with a black arm and hurled him headlong. Full length and flat on his face went Roderick into the Stygian pool. The frightful figure was Penrod. Instantly the pack flung themselves upon him again, and, carrying them with him, he went over upon it. [illegible] that instant was as active a belligerent as any there.

Thus began the great tar fight, the origin of which proved afterward so difficult for parents to trace owing to the opposing accounts of the combatants. Marjorie said Penrod began it; Penrod said Mitchy-Mitch began it; Sam Williams said Georgie Bassett began it; Georgie and Maurice Levy said Penrod began it; Roderick Bitts who had not recognized his first assailant, said Sam Williams began it.

Nobody thought of accusing the barber. But the barber did not begin it. It was the fly on the barber's nose that

A Frightful Figure Tore Itself Free From the Group, Encircled This Innocent Bystander With a Black Arm.

began it, though, of course, something else began the fly. Somehow we never manage to hang the real offender.

The end came only with the arrival of Penrod's mother, who had been having a painful conversation by telephone with Mrs. Jones, the mother of Marjorie, came forth to seek her errant son. It is a mystery how she was able to pick out her own, for by the time she got there his voice was too hoarse to be recognizable.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The New Rector.

MR. SCHOFIELD'S version of things was that Penrod was insane. "He's a stark, raving lunatic," declared the father descending to the library from a before dinner interview with the outlaw that evening. "I'd send him to a military school, but I don't believe they'd take him. Do you know why he says all that awfulness happened?"

"When Margaret and I were trying to scrub him," responded Mrs. Schofield wearily, "he said 'everybody' had been calling him names."

"Names!" snorted her husband. "'Little gentleman!' That's the vile epithet they called him! And because of it he wrecks the peace of six homes!"

"Sh! Yes. He told us about it," said Mrs. Schofield, moaning. "He told us several hundred times. I should guess, though I didn't count. He's got it fixed in his head, and we couldn't get it out. All we could do was to put him in the closet. He'd have gone out again after those boys if we hadn't. I don't know what to make of him."

"He's a mystery to me," said her husband. "And he refuses to explain why he objects to being called 'little gentleman.' Says he'd do the same thing—and worse—if anybody dared to call him that again. He said if the president of the United States called him that he'd try to whip him. How long did you have him locked up in the closet?"

"Sh!" said Mrs. Schofield warningly. "About two hours. But I don't think it softened his spirit at all, because when I took him to the barber's to get his hair clipped again on account of the tar in it Sammy Williams and Maurice Levy were there for the same reason, and they just whispered 'little gentleman' so low you could hardly hear them—and Penrod began fighting with them right before me, and it was really all the barber and I could do to drag him away from them. The barber was very kind about it, but Penrod"—

"I tell you he's a lunatic!" Mr. Schofield would have said the same thing of a Frenchman infuriated by the epithet "camel." The philosophy of insult needs expounding.

"Sh!" said Mrs. Schofield. "It does seem a kind of frenzy."

"Why on earth should any sane person mind being called"—

"Sh!" said Mrs. Schofield. "It's beyond me!"

"What are you 'sh-ing' me for?" demanded Mr. Schofield explosively.

"Sh!" said Mrs. Schofield. "It's Mr. Kinosling, the new rector of St. Joseph's."

"Where?"

"Sh! On the front porch with Margaret. He's going to stay for dinner. I do hope"—

"Bachelor, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Our old minister was speaking of him the other day," said Mr. Schofield, "and he didn't seem so terribly impressed."

"Sh! Yes; about thirty and, of course, so superior to most of Margaret's friends—boys home from college. She thinks she likes young Robert Williams. I [illegible] so much. Of course there isn't any comparison. Mr. Kinosling talks so intellectually. It's a good thing for Margaret to hear that kind of thing for a change. And, of course, he's very spiritual. He seems very much interested in her." She paused to muse. "I think Margaret likes him. He's so different too. It's the third time he's dropped in this week, and I"—

"Well," said Mr. Schofield grimly, "if you and Margaret want him to come again you'd better not let him see Penrod."

"But he's asked to see him. He seems interested in meeting all the family. And Penrod nearly always behaves fairly well at table." She paused and then put to her husband a question referring to his interview with Penrod upstairs. "Did you—did you—do it?"

"No," he answered gloomily. "No. I didn't; but"— He was interrupted by a violent crash of china and metal in the kitchen, a shriek from Della and the outrageous voice of Penrod. The well informed Della, ill inspired to set up for a wit, had ventured to address the scion of the house roguishly as 'little gentleman,' and Penrod by means of the rapid elevation of his right foot had removed from her supporting hands a laden tray. Both parents started for the kitchen, Mr. Schofield completing his interrupted sentence on the way.

"But I will now!"

The rite thus promised was hastily but accurately performed in that apartment most distant from the front porch, and twenty minutes later Penrod descended to dinner. The Rev. Mr. Kinosling had asked for the pleasure of meeting him, and it had been decided that the only course possible was to cover up the scandal for the present, and to offer an undisturbed and smiling family surface to the gaze of the visitor.

Scorched but not bowed, the smoldering Penrod was led forward for the social formulae simultaneously with the somewhat bleak departure of Robert Williams, who took his guitar with him, this time, and went in forlorn unconsciousness of the powerful forces already set in secret motion to be his allies.

The punishment just undergone had but made the haughty and unyielding soul of Penrod more stalwart in revolt. He was unconquered. Every time the one intolerable insult had been offered him his resentment had become the hotter, his vengeance the more instant and furious. And, still burning with outrage, but upheld by the conviction of right, he was determined to continue to the last drop of his blood the defense of his honor, whenever it should be assailed, no matter how mighty or august the powers that attacked it. In all ways, he was a very sore boy.

During the brief ceremony of presentation his usually inscrutable countenance wore an expression interpreted by his father as one of insane obstinacy, while Mrs. Schofield found it an incentive to inward prayer. The graciousness of Mr. Kinosling, however, was unimpaired by the glare of virulent suspicion given him by this little brother. Mr. Kinosling mistook it for a natural curiosity concerning one who might possibly become, in time, a member of the family. He patted Penrod upon the head, which was, for many reasons, in no condition to be patted with any pleasure to the pattee. Penrod felt himself in the presence of a new enemy.

"How do you do, my little lad?" said Mr. Kinosling. "I trust we shall become fast friends."

To the ear of his little lad it seemed he said, "A trost we shall bickhome fawst fraands." Mr. Kinosling's pronunciation was, in fact, slightly precious, and the little lad, simply mistaking it for some cryptic form of mockery of himself, assumed a manner and expression which argued so ill for the proposed friendship that Mrs. Schofield hastily interposed the suggestion of dinner, and the small procession went in to the dining room.

"It has been a delicious day," said Mr. Kinosling presently; "warm, but balmy." With a benevolent smile he addressed Penrod, who sat opposite him. "I suppose, little gentleman, you have been indulging in the usual outdoor sports of vacation?"

Penrod laid down his fork and glared open mouthed at Mr. Kinosling.

"You'll have another slice of breast of the chicken?" Mr. Schofield inquired loudly and quickly.

"A lovely day!" exclaimed Margaret, with equal promptitude and emphasis. "Lovely; oh, lovely, lovely!"

"Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!" said Mrs. Schofield, and after a glance at Penrod which confirmed her impression that he intended to say something she continued, "Yes, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!"

Penrod closed his mouth and sank back in his chair, and his relatives took breath.

Mr. Kinosling looked pleased. This responsive family, with its ready enthusiasm, made the kind of audience he liked. He passed a delicate white hand gracefully over his tall, pale forehead and smiled indulgently.

"Youth relaxes in summer," he said. "Boyhood is the age of relaxation; one is playful, light, free, unfettered. One runs and leaps and enjoys one's self with one's companions. It is good for the little lads to play with their friends—they jostle, push and wrestle and simulate little, happy struggles with one another in harmless conflict. The young muscles are toughening. It is good. Boyish chivalry develops, enlarges, expands. The young learn quickly, intuitively, spontaneously. They perceive the obligations of noblesse oblige. They begin to comprehend the necessity of caste and its requirements."

To Be Continued.

MACHINE CHILDREN NOT GOOD CITIZENS

If Industrial School Is to Meet Problem of Future It Must Round Out Pupils

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 4.—Vocational training that teaches only shop work and makes the child a mere machine is not needed in this country, even though it is favored by most manufacturers and employers of labor, declared Prof. Roman of the Syracuse university in an address before the Schoolmasters' club. The educator pointed out the difference between a child that has been developed into an efficient machine and one who posesses a knowledge of those things that result in citizenship as well as manual skill.

"There has been a tendency," he said, "in some states to force upon the vocational school a curriculum that makes an efficient machine out of the child. The country does not need that kind of education. We are now producing more goods than ever before in the history of the nation. Wealth is piling up faster. Everything is materialistic. The question is, 'How can we make more goods and get more money?'

"If the vocational schol is to meet the problem of the future welfare of this country, it must give a well-balanced training. It must teach the child the principles of democracy, citizenship, government and the proper use of its spare time and collective bargaining. As the volume of production has increased the workers' hours have decreased. Ignorant of his civic duties and the fundamentals of good government, the workers are easy prey for the demagogue."

BRING YOUR BOYS TO THE BIG DULUTH FOR THEIR NEW FALL CLOTHES.

HOBART BOSWORTH IN "FATHERHOOD"

Written and Produced by Hobart Bosworth.

At the Zelda Monday and Tuesday Nov. 8 and 9.

Further proof of the uniform excellence of Broadway Universal Features is shown in the vigorous and absorbing play, "Fatherhood," which features Hobart Bosworth in a notable character portrayal at the Zelda next Monday and Tuesday. Mr. Bosworth is always to be depended upon for a play that appeals to an audience through its intense human-interest. Rarely, indeed, does a Western play get over as big as this good play, which was both written and produced by Mr. Bosworth. The story deals with a large-hearted ranchman, who, partly from lonesomeness and partly through pity, marries a girl much younger than himself. Through his absorption in his ranch duties the wife suffers from neglect, and the husband is awakened to the fact that she is showing more than a friendly interest in a handsome young range rider. How he is brought to a sense of his own responsibility, and saves his wife's honor, through the advent of a little son, is beautifully and sympathetically told in four reels.

BARTENDERS' UNION WILL HAVE ANNUAL BALL

The members of the Duluth Bartenders' Union No. 574 will give their fifth annual ball at the Auditorium on Wednesday evening, Nov. 10. Flaaten's Orchestra will furnish the music. A wide-awake committee on arrangements is preparing for the big event. This committee consists of Frank Bradley, Matt Reis, Ed. Carter, William Fox, L. Morency, Fred Bernard, William Wills, Burt Collins and Mike Crowley. The union reserves door rights.

The last four annual balls given by the union were noted for their pleasure. They were regarded by all who attended as the big social event of the season in union labor circles. The bartenders give assurances that the coming event is to eclipse all former attempts of the union.

BUY THAT NEW SUIT NOW AT THE BIG DULUTH.

THIS COMPANY DON'T FEAR TERRIBLE SEAMEN'S LAW

There is more bad news from the front.

The Seamen's Law, that must be, willy-nilly, changed, amended, repealed, wiped off the statute books and all that sort of stuff at the next session of Congress, or at a special session if it can be secured before it has a chance to wipe the American flag off all the coolie-manned steamers in the Pacific Ocean, is due for another broadside from the P.-I. and the Times and all the other special privilege advocates.

"Last week Hind, Rolph & Co. let a contract to the Union Iron Works of San Francisco for the construction of a steamer to cost $750,000 to ply between San Francisco and Oriental ports and to fly the American flag. The Matson Navigation Co. about the same time let a contract to the same company for a million-dollar ship to ply between San Francisco and Honolulu, to be finished in 1917, and the Standard Oil Co. ordered from the same firm a tank steamer to cost $980,000. All of the boats will fly the American flag on the Pacific Ocean, and incidentally, are being built in a union shop.

What's the matter with those fellows? Haven't they heard about the Seamen's Law, or is it just possible that the law isn't as bad as it is painted by our esteemed Congressman Humphrey?—Seattle Union Record.

ARIZONA CLERKS ORGANIZE.

TUCSON, Ariz., Nov. 4.—The retail clerks of this city have organized with a membership of 100.

Do Your Banking Here

The history of this bank from its beginning in 1902 inspires confidence in its methods and management.

In selecting your bank in which to accumulate your resources, you cannot do better than make this your banking home.

Northern National Bank

ALWORTH BUILDING.

"Right in the Center of Business."

Designated as United States Depository for Postal Savings Funds.

DULUTH-EDISON ELECTRIC COMPANY

Furnish Electric Currents for LIGHT AND POWER

CLASSIFIED ADS.

SALE FARM LANDS.

BUSINESS MEN OF DULUTH—Purchase Astor estate on the St. John River, in Florida. For sale, 3,500 acres of choice fruit and truck lands, located on the St. John River, in Lake County, Fla. About 140 miles south of Jacksonville. Cheap river and railroad freight rates, good roads, artesian wells. An old and well tried section. Many orange groves and truck gardens flourish in our midst, proving to the new settler what has been done by others can be done by him. Land 40 to 65 feet above sea level, affording good natural drainage. Sold in 10-acre tracts at $40.00 per acre and upward. No interest; no taxes. On terms of $1.00 per acre down and $1.00 per acre per month. Call or write for literature. Agents wanted. Duluth-Florida Land Company, 220 West First street, Duluth, Minn.

FLORISTS.

Duluth Floral Co.,

121 West Superior Street.
Flowers, Trees, Plants and Seeds.
MONEY TO LOAN.

WE HAVE on hand large amounts of ready cash which we are loaning out on improved real estate at low rate interest. No delay. Prompt and efficient service.
C. L. RAKOWSKY & CO.
261 Exchange Bldg.
Insurance Real Estate.

UNIONS REDUCE HOURS, SOCIAL POWER BEST

The shorter workday plan that gets results is the best, writes President Perkins of the Cigar Makers' International union. This unionist discusses eight hours by law and eight hours through trade unions in the Cigar Makers' Official Journal, and shows that, so far as his organization is concerned, trade union methods have proven most effective.

"The question in so far as members of the international union (cigar-makers) are concerned, stripped of its academic and theory lore," he says, "worked out as follows: Through our own efforts in the trade union movement we shortened the hours of labor to eight per day May 1, 1886, and with great satisfaction in so far as longevity and health are concerned. An effort to have done this through legislation in all probability would have found us still working 10 or 12 hours a day and still fighting for the eight-hour work day. Since the adoption of the eight-hour work day in 1886 the average length of life for members of the international union has increased about 13 years, and the per cent of those who die from tuberculosis has been reduced from 51 per cent to 20 per cent, while the vitality, strength, and earning capacity of the members has been greatly augmented.

"Fine-spun theories, like castles in the air, are pleasant for some people to dream and think about, but actual, concrete results, which make for a better life, social and economic, are the things which count. In the matter of the shortening of the hours of labor we have accomplished this without being bound, gagged, and delivered to the state."

"OLD GLORY" WAVED OVER CHINESE CREWS

TOLEDO, Ohio.—Says the News-Bee of this city:

"We just can't succeed in turning on the tears and throwing a fit over the fact that the glorious old Stars and Stripes has disappeared from the Pacific merchant marine because of the sale of the Pacific Mail Steamship company's vessels to an Atlantic concern.

"It is true that Old Glory has been hauled down, as to the Pacific, but it is also true that it was flying over Chinese crews exclusively. It may be tough on those heathens, but it isn't our mission to do their yelling for them."