

# A Sale of Suits

Values to \$29.50  
for \$9.75

Yes, and the values are REAL! It's a typical Glass Block event—alluring bargains in women's and misses suits—a group of 75 models that have been selling up to \$29.50. Materials are Men's Wear Serges, Poplins, Chevots, etc.—some of them are fur trimmed, and every single one is a this-season's garment! You know what these safe events are like on our famous Second Floor. If you wish to pick up a suit bargain here's your chance! You'll be wise to be on hand early tomorrow morning.

## Crêpe de Chine Corset Covers for 50c

Another "special" that will go with a rush tomorrow! Crêpe de Chine, and lace-and-crêpe (combination) corset covers—in flesh and light blue. They come in attractive holiday boxes—just the thing for a Christmas gift! Note this special holds.

Tomorrow Only!

These corset covers are so well made, and of such unusual material (for 50c) that you may be sure they're going to be all gone by tomorrow night. Be wise, and come early! (Second Floor.)

## Furs at Special Holiday Prices

Of course, furs are "down" this year, or we couldn't be making the wonderful special prices we're now offering on every single piece of fur in the store, including Hudson Seal, Coney, Martin, Oppossum, Lynx, Fox, Caracul. Fur makes an ideal Christmas present—and never before have such presents been available at such prices! We're showing children's fur sets from \$1.75 to \$12.75. Muffs from \$10.75 to \$39.50. Neck pieces from \$4.95 up. Complete sets, \$69.50 to \$137.50.

# Glass Block

## Do Your Banking Here

The history of this bank from its beginning in 1903 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.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

### DULUTH & IRON RANGE R. R.

Leave	DULUTH	Arrive
7:30 A.M.	Kelly River.	11:30 A.M.
	(Two Harbors) Bly, Tower.	
1:15 P.M.	Aurora, Biwa, blk, M'Kinley.	5:35 P.M.
11:30 P.M.	Eveleth, Ghibert and Virginia.	10:15 P.M.
	Idalia	10:45 P.M.

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

### Duluth, Missabe & Northern Ry.

Leave	Arrive
Milbun, Virginia, Eveleth, Colorado (Mountain Iron, Chisholm, Sharon) (Buhl) Spar.	7:40 am - 8:31 pm
Idalia, Virginia, Eveleth, Colorado, Chisholm, Sharon, (Buhl), Idalia.	7:50 pm - 10:31 am
Idalia, Virginia, Eveleth, Colorado, Chisholm, Sharon, (Buhl), Idalia.	7:55 pm - 4:44 pm

\*Daily.  
†Except Sunday.  
‡Cafe Observation Car Missabe Range Route.  
\$Daily Vestibule Service.  
Office: 525 West Superior Street. Phone 525.

See That This Label is on Your Printing.  
It is a Guarantee of Fair Conditions.  
Allied Printing Trades Council  
Duluth, Minn.

BUY—  
**PURADORA**  
(HAVANA)  
—and—  
**GEO. TAYLOR**  
(DOMESTIC CIGARS)  
HOME AND UNION MADE  
—By the—  
**Zenith Cigar Co.**  
24 EAST FIRST STREET.

**DULUTH-EDISON**  
**ELECTRIC COMPANY**  
Furnish Electric Currents  
for  
**LIGHT AND POWER**

**Chiropractic Adjustment**  
Makes a Sick man Well  
and a Well Man Better.

**Dr. Alexander Graham**  
500 Columbia Bldg, Duluth

**MUSICIANS**  
Mr. Otto Ostendorf of St. Louis, Mo., treasurer of the American Federation of Musicians, was here to adjust a controversy brought on by the refusal of the director of the traveling orchestra now playing at the Lyceum theater, to permit the house orchestra to play with the orchestra. Several conferences between the parties concerned were held, and the trouble was finally settled so that all parties are satisfied. The house orchestra will be a part of the large orchestra during the remainder of the time the "Birth of a Nation" picture is shown here.  
Brother Ostendorf was indeed a busy man, but he likes to settle scraps, and although his visit was a very short one, he said he nevertheless enjoyed it immensely.  
**BOSTONIAN SHOES \$3.50 TO \$6.00 AT THE BIG DULUTH.**

# PENROD

By **BOOTH TARKINGTON**

Copyright, 1914, by Doubleday, Page & Company

She had totted at those hands herself late that afternoon, nearly scalding her own, but at last achieving a lily purity. "Let me see your hands!" She seized them. Again they were tarred!

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### The Quiet Afternoon.

PERHAPS middle aged people might discern nature's real intentions in the matter of pain if they would examine a boy's punishments and sorrows, for he prolongs neither beyond their actual duration. With a boy, trouble must be of homeric dimensions to last overnight. To him, every next day is really a new day. Thus, Penrod woke, next morning, with neither the unspared rod, nor Mr. Kinoshing in his mind. Tar itself, so far as his consideration of it went, might have been an undiscovered substance. His mood was cheerful and mercantile; some process having worked mysteriously within him, during the night, to the result that his first waking thought was of profits connected with the sale of old iron—or perhaps a ragman had passed the house, just before he woke.

By 10 o'clock he had formed a partnership with the indeed amiable Sam and the firm of Schofield & Williams plunged headlong into commerce. Heavy dealings in rags, paper, old iron and lead gave the firm a balance of 22 cents on the evening of the third day, but a venture in glassware, following, proved disappointing on account of the skepticism of all the druggists in that part of town, even after seven laborious hours had been spent in cleansing a wheelbarrow load of old medicine bottles with hydrant water and ashes. Likewise, the partners were disheartened by their failure to dispose of a crop of "greens," although they had uprooted specimens of the decorative and unappreciated flower the dandelion, with such persistence and energy that the Schofields' at Williams' lawns looked curiously haggard for the rest of that summer. The fit passed, business languished, became extinct. The dog days had set in.

One August afternoon was so hot that even boys sought indoor shade. In the dimness of the vacant carriage house of the stable lounged Masters Penrod Schofield, Samuel Williams Maurice Levy, George Bassett and Herman. They sat still and talked. It is a hot day, in rare truth, when boys devote themselves principally to conversation, and this day was that hot.

Their elders should beware such days. Peril hovers near when the fierceness of weather forces inaction and boys in groups are quiet. The more closed, volcanoes, western rivers, nitroglycerin and boxes are pent, the deadlier is their action at the point of outbreak. Thus, parents and guardians should look for outrages of the most singular violence and of the most peculiar nature during the confining weather of February and August.

The thing which befell upon this broiling afternoon began to brew and stew peacefully enough. All was innocence and languor; no one could have foretold the eruption.

They were upon their great theme: "When I get to be a man!" Being boy man, though boys, they considered their present estate too commonplace to be dwelt upon. So, when the old men gather, they say: "When I was a boy," it really is the land of now adays that we never discover. "When I'm a man," said Sam Williams. "I'm goin' to hire me a couple of colored waiters to swing me in a hammock and keep pourin' ice water on me all day out o' those waterin' cans they sprinkle flowers from. I'll hire you for one o' em, Herman."

"No; you ain't goin' to," said Herman promptly. "You ain't no fowh. But nev' min' nat, anyway. Ain't nobody goin' hire me when I'm a man. Goin' be my own boss. I'm go' to be a railroad man!"

"You mean like a superintendent, or something like that, and sell tickets?" asked Penrod.

"Sup'n—n' min' nat! Sell ticket? No sub! Go' to be a po'tuh! My uncle a po'tuh right now. Solid gobe buttons—oh, oh!"

"Generals get a lot more buttons than porters," said Penrod. "Generals!"

"Po'tubs make the best livin'," Herman interrupted. "My uncle spent no money in any white man's town."

"Well, I rather be a general," said Penrod, "or a senator, or something like that."

"Senators live in Washington," Maurice Levy contributed the information. "I been there. Washington ain't no much. Niagra falls is a hundred times as good as Washington. So's Tiantle City. I was there too. I been everywhere there is. I—"

"How good kin you clim' a pole?"  
"He can't climb one at all," Penrod answered for George. "Over at Sam's turning pole you ought to see him try to—"

"Preachers don't have to climb poles," George said with dignity.  
"Good ones do," declared Herman. "Bes' one e'er I hear, he clim up an' down same as a circus man. One n'em big 'vivals often when we livin' on a farm, preachuh clim big pole right in a middle o' the church, what was to hol' roof up. He clim way high up, an' holler: 'Goin' to heavum, goin' to heavum, goin' to heavum now. Halle-lujah, praise my Lawd!'"

Herman possessed that extraordinary facility for vivid acting which is the great native gift of his race, and he enthralled his listeners. They sat fascinated and spellbound.

"Herman, tell that again!" said Penrod, breathlessly.  
Herman, nothing loath, accepted the encore and repeated the Miltonic episode, expanding it somewhat, and dwelling with a fine art upon those portions of the narrative which he perceived to be most exciting to his audience.

The effect was immense and instant. Penrod sprang to his feet.  
"George Bassett couldn't do that to save his life," he declared. "I'm goin' to be a preacher! I'd be all right for one, wouldn't I, Herman?"

"So am I!" Sam Williams echoed loudly. "I guess I can do it if you can. I'd be bette'n Penrod, wouldn't I, Herman?"

"I am, too!" Maurice shouted. "I got a stronger voice than anybody here, and I'd like to know what?"

The three clamored together indistinctly, each asserting his qualifications for the ministry according to Herman's theory, which had been accepted by these sudden converts without question.

"Listen to me!" Maurice bellowed, proving his claim to at least the voice by drowning the others. "Maybe I can't climb a pole so good, but who can holler louder'n this? Listen to me—e!"

"Shut up!" cried Penrod, irritated. "Go to heavum; go to—"

"Oo-o-oh!" exclaimed George Bassett, profoundly shocked.  
Sam and Maurice, awed by Penrod's daring, ceased from turmoil, starting wide eyed.

"You cursed and swore!" said George.  
"I did not!" cried Penrod hotly. "That isn't swearing."

"You said, 'Go to a big H!'" said George.  
"I did not!" I said, 'Go to heavum, before I said a big H. That isn't swearing, is it, Herman? It's almost what the preacher said. Ain't it, Herman? It ain't swearing now any more—not if you put 'go to heavum' with it. Is it, Herman? You can say it all you want to, long as you say 'go to heavum' first. Can't you, Herman? Anybody can say it if the preacher says it. Can't they, Herman? I guess I know when I ain't swearing. Don't I, Herman?"

Judge Herman ruled for the defendant, and Penrod was considered to have carried his point. With fine consistency the conclave established that it was proper for the general public to "say it" provided "go to heavum"

Penrod looked upon him darkly, but for the moment held his peace.  
"Married!" Jeered Sam Williams. "Married to Marjorie Jones! You're the only boy I ever heard say he was goin' to get married. I wouldn't get married for—why, I wouldn't get married for the mere mention of which would not be ridiculously incommensurate, he proceeded: "I wouldn't do it. What you want to get married for? What do married people do except just come home tired and worry around and kind of scold? You better not do it, M'rice. You'll be mighty sorry."

"Everybody gets married," stated Maurice, holding his ground. "They gotta."

"I'll bet I don't," Sam returned hotly. "They better catch me before they tell me I have to. Anyway, I bet nobody has to get married unless they want to."

"They do, too," insisted Maurice. "They gotta."

"Who told you?"  
"Look at what my own papa told me!" cried Maurice, heated with argument. "Didn't he tell me your own papa had to marry your mamma or else he'd never'd got to handle a cent of her money? Certainly people gotta marry. Everybody. You don't know anybody over twenty years old that isn't married—except maybe teachers."

"Look at policemen!" shouted Sam triumphantly. "You don't s'pose anybody can make policemen get married. I reckon, do you?"

"Well, policemen maybe," Maurice was forced to admit. "Policemen and teachers don't, but everybody else gotta."

"Well, I'll be a policeman," said Sam. "Then I guess they won't come around tellin' me I have to get married. What you goin' to be, Penrod?"

"Chief police," said the laconic Penrod.  
"What you?" Sam inquired of quiet George Bassett.

"I am going to be," said George confidently, "a minister."  
This announcement created a sensation so profound that it was followed by silence. Herman was the first to speak.

"You mean preachuh?" he asked incredulously. "You go preach?"

"Yes," answered George, looking like St. Cecilia at the organ.  
Herman was impressed. "You know all 'at preachuh talk?"

"I'm going to learn it," said George simply.  
"How long kin you holler?" asked Herman doubtfully.

"He can't holler at all," Penrod interposed with scorn. "He hollers like a girl. He's the poorest hollerer in town!"

Herman shook his head. Evidently he thought George's chance of being ordained very slender. Nevertheless a final question put to the candidate by the colored expert seemed to admit one ray of hope.

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# ANNOUNCEMENT

Watch for Our Ads in the Newspapers.  
**R. R. Forward Retires From Retail Furniture Business in Duluth**  
to look after other interests. Every article in the store goes on sale at

**TREMENDOUS BIG DISCOUNTS**  
**NOTHING RESERVED!**

Just one aim, to dispose of our large, new, fresh stock of  
**Furniture, Rugs, Stoves, Housefurnishings and Store Fixtures.**

at sacrifice prices. Never have the people of Duluth had a greater opportunity than this on such splendid stock. Again we ask you to watch for our ads in the newspapers.  
If you haven't got the money it will pay you to borrow it.  
**OUR LOSS IS YOUR GAIN.**

122 and 124 East Superior Street. **R.R. Forward & Co.** Look For our Electric Sign.

## MANY STATES PASS CHILD LABOR LAW

Southern States Gradually Yield to Public Sentiment and Raise Age Limit.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—Forty-five state and territorial legislatures and the congress of the United States in 1915 passed laws affecting children, according to the children's bureau of the United States department of labor, which has just completed its survey year.

Special reference is made to the impressive bulk of children's laws and to the number of commissions appointed to study and prepare for future legislation.

A few of the 45 states made notable advances. Alabama, for example, whose legislature meets only once in four years, enacted a new child labor law, a compulsory school attendance law, an excellent desertion and non-support law and a state-wide juvenile court law. Florida remodelled its treatment of juvenile delinquents, recognized the principle of compulsory school attendance, passed the model vital statistics law, and appointed two of the state commissions already referred to. Kansas established an industrial commission to regulate hours, wages and conditions of work for children and minors, and a division of child hygiene in the state board of health; it also enacted a playground law and a mother's pension law. New Jersey and Wyoming passed compre-

hensive acts relating to the care of dependent children, and Pennsylvania carefully drafted laws relating to child labor and vocational education.

**HERE ARE SOME THINGS YOUR BOSS CAN'T DO**

The owner of your store probably seems a rich and powerful man. Perhaps your fellow salespeople when reproved for carelessness in handling your employer's property—and the time they have sold him, which really is his property also—perhaps they have said: "I should worry—the Boss can afford it!" That's a mistake. As rich and powerful as the Boss may be there are some things the Boss cannot do: He can't start the store day right unless you report on time. He can't make sales unless you make customers. He can't guarantee satisfaction without your support. He can't put ambition into a mind that responds only to frivolity. He can't increase your wages unless you increase his profits. He can't keep you on the payroll if you can't keep your mind on his interests. These things the Boss can't do, and if you have any sense or fair play you can't expect him to do them!

**THE WAR CORRESPONDENT**  
He is weak and he is weary, He is sad and he is teary, He's forlorn and he is dreary, It's a pesky life he lives.

When the war began he gally Gave us literature daily; Now his stuff reads like Bill Bailey— He's run out of adjectives.

You'll Do Better at Kelly's  
**Stewart**  
The Famous Stewart Heaters

The Heater With a Reputation

Can you really afford to experiment with a heater that has never been tried out. Any old kind of a stove will work all right for a short time, but it's the test of time that counts. Stewart heaters have been in use right here in Duluth for more than thirty winters. They are made for this climate. You do not have to pay more, so why take a chance?

Special—See our Base Burning Stewart with revolving fire pot, duplex grates, etc. and full nickel trimming, at... **\$25.00**

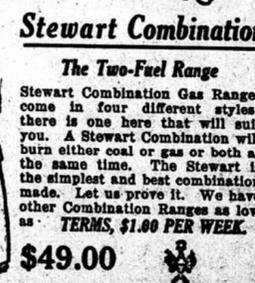
Trade in Your Old Stove

We'll allow you your old stove is worth as part payment on a new one, and the balance you can pay at **TERMS, \$1.00 PER WEEK.**

**Stewart Combination**  
The Two-Fuel Range  
Stewart Combination Gas Ranges come in four different styles; there is one here that will suit you. A Stewart Combination will burn either coal or gas or both at the same time. The Stewart is the simplest and best combination made. Let us prove it. We have other Combination Ranges as low as **TERMS, \$1.00 PER WEEK.**

**Stewart Bonny Oak Heaters**  
For Coal or Wood  
A practical heater, economical in the use of fuel, heavy cast iron pot, body to polished, Wellsville steel, draw center grates, plain nickel trimming.  
Small Size—Regular \$8.00 values. **\$4.75**  
Kelly's special price...  
Medium Size Heater—Has 15-inch fire pot; regular \$12 value, special **\$8.75**  
**TERMS, \$1.00 PER WEEK**

**E. SKELLY FURNITURE & STOVE CO.**



"He's too sissy to be a preacher!" cried Maurice.

should in all cases precede it. This prefix was pronounced a perfect disinfectant, removing all odor of implety or insult, and, with the exception of George Bassett (who maintained that the minister's words were "going" and "gone," not "go"), all the boys proceeded to exercise their new privilege so lavishly that they tired of it. But there was no diminution of evangelical ardor. Again were heard the clamors of dispute as to which was the best qualified for the ministry, each of the claimants appealing passionately to Herman, who, pleased, but confused, appeared to be incapable of arriving at a decision.  
During a pause George Bassett asserted his prior rights. "Who said it first, I'd like to know?" he demanded. "I was going to be a minister from long back of today, I guess. And I guess I said I was going to be a minister right today before any of you said  
**To Be Continued.**