

UNCLE SAM'S CONSULS

BY EDWARD B. CLARK
DRAWINGS BY DEARBORN MELVILL

WASHINGTON.—It is the desire of Secretary of State Knox as it was that of Secretary Root, to put the consular service of the United States as nearly as it is possible so to do, upon the plane of the civil service. All consular appointments to-day are made largely upon the recommendation of senators and representatives and other men of political influence, but the appointees are given places of the lowest rank in the service and must depend upon the excellence of their work to secure promotion. Moreover they must pass a satisfactory examination before the department will assign them to posts of duty.

The administration, it is known, would be glad if it were possible to apply civil service rules to these appointments of ministers and ambassadors, but as the holders of these high diplomatic offices are forced to great expense of living, and their salaries are comparatively small, no man can become a first place representative of his country abroad unless he belongs to the class of the millionaires. The result of this is that in many cases money rather than ability fixes the appointments of some of our ministers and ambassadors.

In the past there were many literary men of standing but whose books did not bring them in a large revenue, who sought places in the consular service in order that they might have a regular income, comparatively little office work, and an opportunity also to get the atmosphere of Europe or Asia or of some other continent to give life and color to the books which they intended to write. The literary man today has to stand on the same level in seeking an appointment as a consul as that occupied by the lawyer or the merchant. There are not as many writers of books and essays in the service today as there were in the past, and in one way the United States government is the loser thereby.

If some one would go far back through the files of the state department and read the consular reports contained therein, he doubtless would run across some clever bits of writing put on paper by men who knew the art and who gave interest and color and life to some seemingly dry and trade subject. It is very likely that the reports that Francis Bret Harte wrote when he was consul at Glasgow, Scotland, would make delightful reading even though they treated on the subject of wool or it may be of Scotch whisky or Scotch cattle. There have been other literary men in the service, some of them better known than Bret Harte. It is only necessary to give the names of Washington Irving and Nathaniel Hawthorne to prove the point. Not long ago in the service abroad the government had Albin W. Tourgee, Arthur Sheburne Hardy, James Jeffrey Reuch, and George Horton. Two of these men died comparatively recently, but they lived long enough to see some of their writings appear in print as public documents and to know that the manner in which they treated their



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SHEPHERDS WATCHING THEIR SHEEP ON THE SAND DUNES OF FRANCE

scrub oak and thickets of white and purple gorse, fighting stubbornly for a hold upon the shifting sands, with here and there some straggling groups of pine, the protesting remains of a great forest which wind and sand, and fire, and water had spared. This was a description



ITS TRIUMPHAL MARCH THROUGH DAMASCUS STARTED THE WHITE CITY OF THE EAST FROM CENTER TO CIRCUMFERENCE.

The official document then tells us in the words of its contributor how France was saved by the adoption of the idea of Bremondier, one of the sons of the seemingly doomed region. The seeds of the pine, the "pin maritime" of the French, were gathered and sprouted carefully and the young trees were planted in places where the moving sands did not over-whelm them until their tough roots had taken a firm hold, their wiry leaves, which loved the briny spume, would offer no resistance to the wind, and, falling about their roots, would give shelter and nutriment until a forest grew which would hold the sands in check and save the threatened interior from desolation.

It was Napoleon who seized upon the idea of Bremondier. His vision penetrated the centuries and he saw the march of the deadly dunes arrested and the desert they had created made to blossom like the rose.

The consul tells us that after a century has passed the statue of Bremondier looks down one of the great furrows which lie between the dunes he showed how to conquer. Today, as we are told, "the dark squadrons of the pin maritime are posted on thousands of sandy slopes, faithful guardians in the shelter of which the vineyards and wheat fields rest secure. The gray dunes which were sweeping over the land have become serried fortresses which shelter civilization and prosperity."

At least one real live item was contributed not long ago by G. Bie Ravindal, United States consul at Beirut, Syria, to the pages of the consular reports. When this was put into the publication it is probable that the editor-in-chief was on a vacation. Otherwise the Beirut consul's tale would have been put on the first page instead of being sandwiched in between "Rubber Cultivation" and "Commercial Failure in Germany."

According to the consular report Pasha Abdul Rahman at one time imported into Damascus a hoosier steam threshing machine through the agency of a gentleman named Michel Esfend Nasser of Beirut. It is the belief of Consul Ravindal that the Indiana thresher will outdo the Bedouin of the desert, and he leads up to this climax with a picturesque recital of the facts attending the arrival of the machine and

its subsequent career. His tale of the thresher follows:

"Its triumphal march through Damascus stirred the White City of the East from center to circumference. On its way into the country it broke down bridges innumerable, but pulled itself out of the creek beds beautifully, and it had the honor of being started on its pioneer career in the presence of the governor-general of the province, the field marshal in command of the fifth army corps and many other gentlemen of high station in Ottoman civil and military life. With its self-feeder, automatic harrow, straw bruiser, etc., it is a marvel of ingenuity, and its service to this country in blazing the way for labor-saving machinery, with its accompanying amelioration of industrial and social conditions in a region east of Mount Hermon, where people live and work as did their forefathers when Abraham crossed their pastures with his Chaldean flocks, is beyond estimation. In the Hauran today thousands of acres are lying idle; they are likely now to be reclaimed, and the predatory Bedouin tribes who infest the country will have to retire before the new order of things."

Consular positions do not pay large sums of money, but the life is in many respects an attractive one and there are always many applicants for any vacancies which may exist. It is virtually a necessity that the person who desires a place in the consular service shall be able to speak at least two modern languages; that is, one in addition to English. While the examinations are not supposed to be hard some men who have been through college with credit in their studies have failed to answer properly enough of the questions put to them to give them a hold on the service.

At times the United States consuls have gangsters to encounter. It was exceedingly unpleasant in Spain, for some of Uncle Sam's representatives during the months just prior to the beginning of actual hostilities at Manila bay. In Cili and in Turkey within a comparatively short time the consuls have had occasion to put up a brave front against the populace and to show the stuff that they were made of. Fresh in the memory of everybody is the awful time which the beleaguered legations had with in the walls of "the forbidden city" in China.



BOXERS ATTACKING AMERICAN LEGATION IN PEKIN, CHINA

subjects was appreciated by thousands of their American countrymen.

Some of the other consuls abroad, men who made no pretense to literary ability, have turned in from time to time reports that were picturesque in their nature and written with extreme cleverness. Not long ago the government decided to issue in a form between a pamphlet and a magazine the Daily Consular Reports. As the editor of the publication a veteran newspaper man, Maj. John M. Carson, was appointed. With his training he saw to it that the best of the material received from the consuls was given a place of prominence, and he succeeded in making of the consular reports a publication of real interest.

In the records of the department there is one report which from the first paragraph holds the close attention of the reader. It was read the other day by one who did not know until the last line was reached whose hand had been at work in its writing. The thought was, here is something worth while.

The title of the article was simply "Reformation in France," and the first few lines showed little of interest. Then the eye reached this: "One after another great waves of sand, moved by the restless winds that swept across the Atlantic, continued their unceasing march across the fair plains of southern France, burying all before them—fields, meadows, vineyards, houses, churches, even villages—leaving behind them only gray billows, to which clung bunches of bracken, a few starved bushes of

of the irresistible march of the gray sand dunes from the shore of the Bay of Biscay toward the heart of the most productive land in Europe. The description was embodied in a consul's report and it was so utterly different from the descriptions written by most consuls, or by their clerks, as it more often the case, that the reader's eye and mind went on wondering, with curiosity held in check until the signature should come at the very end. The thought was that here was a consul of a clerk who should be writing books instead of commercial pamphlets intended for the eye of the few. The story—this official communication—is a story and nothing else—leads to the final planting of the pines under the direction of Napoleon—pines which saved the fields of France.

"Whenever the foot of the sand-dune rested, there was hopeless blight. A little wiry grass grew in the shadow of the heather and gorse, on which the sheep browsed under the eyes of solemn-faced shepherds perched on stilts and knitting as they watched. On and on crept the phalanx of the terrible dunes, slowly but surely blighting all in their path, not only creating a desert but destroying hope. As long as the winds-blew from the west the dunes marched to the east; the desert fires ravaged the intervening spaces; flocks grew fewer, the desolation more extreme. In the heart of sunny France a desert was established, ever increasing in extent and threatening to stretch across its fairest fields the aridness of the Sahara."



HIS LUCK.
"Why didn't you come around earlier? The snow is all melted away."
"Dat's just my luck, lady. Every time I feels like workin' de sun comes out and does me out of a job!"

BABY'S WATERY ECZEMA.
Itched and Scratched Until Blood Ran—\$50 Spent on Useless Treatments—Disease Seemed Incurable.
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"When my little boy was two and a half months old he broke out on both cheeks with eczema. It was the itchy, watery-kind and we had to keep his little hands wrapped up all the time, and if he would happen to get them uncovered he would claw his face till the blood streamed down on his clothing. We called in a physician at once, but he gave an ointment which was so severe that my babe would scream when it was put on. We changed doctors and medicine until we had spent fifty dollars or more and baby was getting worse. I was so worn out watching and caring for him night and day that I almost felt sure the disease was incurable. But finally reading of the good results of the Cuticura Remedies, I determined to try them. I can truthfully say I was more than surprised, for I bought only a dollar and a half worth of the Cuticura Remedies (Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills), and they did more good than all my doctors' medicines I had tried, and in fact entirely cured him. His face is perfectly clear of the least spot or scar of anything. Mrs. W. M. Cooper, Burnt Cabins, Pa., Sept. 15, 1908." Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Intruder Among the War Dogs.
Prof. William T. Phelps of Yale went to West Point last fall to lecture. He was lecturing in the chapel, the cadets were rigidly paying attention, erect, eyes front, each man a ramrod of military etiquette. An Irish setter entered the chapel door and ambled sniffling down the aisle and up on to the platform. The cadets squirmed under the eagle eyes of their officers but not a man smiled. "Billy" noticed the strain. He looked down at the dog wagging its tail benevolently on the rostrum. "What! How's this?" said Prof. Phelps. "A setter? Why, I expected to see nothing but West Pointers up here."—Yale Alumni Weekly.

Question of the Hour.
"We are really at a loss to know how to punish Earle," she said. "We have tried all the punishment in our kindergarten list without effect. We have reasoned with him and told him that he will cease to be our pretty pet and will grow up to be a bad, bad man, and—"
"Madam," interrupted the gentleman of the old school, who was visiting them, "you will find on the trunk in my room a very excellent strap that I shall not need temporarily."
But, of course, he didn't know anything about modern methods.

Not Our Discovery.
The Greek, Eratosthenes, 250 B. C., taught the doctrine of the roundity of the earth, and the ideas of the sphere, its poles, axis, the equator, arctic and antarctic circles, equinoctial points and the solstices were quite generally entertained by the wise men of that time. There were plenty of men in Rome, therefore, who were prepared to talk about the earth as a sphere and to make globes illustrating their ideas.

"COFFEE DOESN'T HURT ME"
Tales That Are Told.

"I was one of the kind who wouldn't believe that coffee was hurting me," says a N. Y. woman. "You just couldn't convince me its use was connected with the heart and stomach trouble I suffered from most of the time. My trouble finally got so bad I had to live on milk and toast almost entirely for three or four years. Still I loved the coffee and wouldn't believe it could do such damage. What I needed was to quit coffee and take nourishment in such form as my stomach could digest. I had read much about Postum, but never thought it would fit my case until one day I decided to quit coffee and give it a trial and make sure about it. So I got a package and carefully followed the directions. Soon I began to get better and was able to eat carefully selected foods without the aid of pepsin or other digestants and it was not long before I was really a new woman physically. Now I am healthy and sound, can eat anything and everything that comes along and I know this wonderful change is all due to my having quit coffee and got the nourishment I needed through this delicious Postum. My wonder is why everyone don't give up the old coffee and the troubles that go with it and build themselves up as I have done, with Postum." Easy to prove by 10 days' trial of Postum in place of coffee. The reward is big. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Entered at the postoffice at East Jordan Michigan, as second class mail matter.

Ladies' Equity Notes.

Goldenrod local met with Mrs. John Hackett last Wednesday with eight members present and a pleasant time enjoyed. The reading of a portion of the constitution by Mrs. John Hackett, was well received and a beneficial talk on the good points and objects contained in this little book, the good that can be accomplished, and the seeds scattered for better living through the Equity plan. Business occupied the time until adjournment to meet with Mrs. Alice Shepard in two weeks. A bountiful supper was waiting in the dining room. To this we all sat down with our hostess.

State Board of Directors of the M. L. S. of E. met with Mrs. Alice Shepard on May 3rd. Important work for the society was discussed and decisions made. One that means much to the union is the adopting of a form of funeral service for the society, also settling apart of a memorial day for the Equity Society, the last Sunday in June being named and adopted when every local will be requested to meet near the cemetery or at the cemetery, where a sermon will be preached after which the graves of our deceased members will be decorated with appropriate ceremony.

Needs and Opportunities of Farm Women.

Driving over some of our beautiful state roads or riding on the interurban cars one is impressed by the beauty of some of the farm homes and we think that the women who live in these homes must have few needs and many opportunities.

But the great majority of our farm women are not so fortunate as those I have spoken of. In fact there are many of our dear sisters with nature as tender as our own, whose lives are spent in very different homes. We pass their places too, very often, and our hearts ache for those whom fate has ordered to spend their lives in such apparently unhappy surroundings. Struggling on for a bare living, nobly trying to bear the burden themselves, that their children may attain better things; and like the noble women of ancient Rome, asking no honor save to be known as the mother of their children. None are they disappointed in this, for the history of our country shows that such homes and mothers have given these to fill the lists of her honored sons and daughters.

Women in general love a beautiful home, but even this, much as it may be desired, is not in itself sufficient to fill a woman's life. Even the dear ones in the home, and the duties and pleasures of every day life become tiresome and monotonous if not mixed with proper mental exercise and social relaxation. Our present day life lacks much of the informal sociability which sweetened the lives of our grandmothers and mothers, until today (in some localities at least) only formal calls and occasional meetings at church or in town is left us for social intercourse. This is not sufficient. Women hunger and thirst for sociability, mental food, moral uplift, such as may be found in a well planned, up-to-date society, especially designed and planned by the large-hearted, sympathetic women, who have seen the need of it in their own life and in the lives of other farm women with whom they come in touch. Their efforts met with merited success, and is known as the Michigan Ladies' Society of Equity whose aims and object is to assist in every possible way the men's Society of Equity, and also to give the farm women of America a society that will meet and fill all the requirements of a woman's life.

Here is the farm woman's opportunity. Look into this work earnestly. Become a member yourself and do all you can to get others to join with you. Imagine, if you can, the majority of the farm women of Michigan united and working along the same lines, for the same purpose—then add to this all the other states in the Union, and what is the result? Is there anything we asked for we could not get? Give the farm women of America a very few years of united action—and we will show to the world a country where the brightest, happiest and best spot in it is a farm home, and a society which, as an agent for the good of humanity, stands second only to the church of God.

A pain prescription is painted upon each 25c box of Dr. Sloop's Pink Pain Tablets. Ask your doctor or druggist if this formula is not complete. Pain means congestion, blood pressure. Head pains, womanly pains, pain anywhere get instant relief from

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Embrace Your Opportunity.



I have become persuaded that there are hundreds of people young and old who are denying themselves glasses—who really ought to have them—on account of the prices, suffering because they cannot afford to pay the prices that have been asked. Feeling that this is true I have concluded to put the prices down where everybody can reach them. For this special time I will fit to you

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This will include special ground lenses for each individual case, tested and fitted with the latest instruments known to science. All glasses will be guaranteed and changed if necessary and any time within one year from date of sale free of charge.

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The highly recommended German Eye Specialist, who has been in practice for the past twenty years and located in Cadillac for the past ten years. The highest authorities in that city will testify to his ability as an expert refractorist of the Eye. I am making Boyne City regular calls for the past three years and I have concluded to make East Jordan the same so I will be able to attend you regularly. If anything is not right I am here to make it right and will gladly do so. I am making this special offer for this trip only for the reason of getting acquainted with you. I will bring the latest instruments and will be able to locate the hidden defects of the Eye. It will be worth while for you to pay attention to it and not delay for some other time. I will be in East Jordan at the Russell House Four Days, from Friday May 14th, until Monday, May 17th.
Remember the dates. Examination FREE.

Yours respectfully,
DR. B. BLENDER,
The German Eye Specialist.

A Sartorial Reflection.

A young clergyman on his first appearance in the pulpit made a faux pas in a sermon directed against the very human fault of vanity. "Many a good woman comes into God's house to show off (perhaps she doesn't quite realize it, but the fact is unchanged)—to show off her best clothes." Then he glanced across the crowded pews and added, "I am thankful, dear friends, to see that none of you has come here for so unworthy a reason."

When God Lets Loose a Thinker.

Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk. It is as when a conflagration has broken out in a great city, and no man knows what is safe or where it will end. There is not a piece of science but its flank may be turned tomorrow. There is not any literary reputation, not the so-called eternal names of fame, that may not be revised and condemned. The very hopes of man, the thoughts of his heart, the religion of nations, the manners and morals of mankind, are all at the mercy of a new generalization. Generalization is always a new influx of the divinity into the mind; hence the thrill that attends it.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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The Scrap Book Five Years

Overlooked the Boots. That Lord Brougham was fully capable of a quick retort is shown by the following:
"You, my lord," said Wellington, angry with him, "will be remembered not for having been a great lawyer or for having written profound philosophical essays, but for having given your name to a peculiar style of carriage."
"And your grace," answered Brougham, "will be remembered not for having gained the battles of Vittoria and Waterloo, but for having given your name to a fashionable kind of boots!"
"Oh," said Wellington, "d— the boots! I forgot 'em."

WORK.
You can climb to the top of the loftiest hill if you work.
You can make of yourself whatsoever you will if you work.
A faith you must have, rooted deep in your soul.
A purpose unshaken, a firm self control.
Strive on without ceasing. You'll reach to the goal if you work.

Asked and Received.
Patrick was a clerk in a suburban grocery store. It was a busy season, and the grocer was waiting upon two or three customers at the same time. He was in a hurry, and everything had to be where he could get it without much trouble or he would be delayed and probably lose money, so when he found that the pound weight was gone he was bothered.

"Patrick," he called out, "where's the pound weight?"
"The pound weight, is it?" said Patrick complacently. "Sure, an' it's Mister Jones has the pound weight."
"Mr. Jones has it? What do you mean by saying that Mr. Jones has the pound weight? How did Mr. Jones get it?"
"An' shure, didn't you tell me to be perlitte to the regular customers?"
"Of course."
"Well, thin, Mister Jones comes into the store for a pound of tay. An', says he, thin I asked him what quality of tay he would have. 'Whatever you give me,' says he, 'give me the weight.' So I put the pound weight in the package with the tay, perlitte like, an' it's himself that's gone with it."

A Delicate Reply.
A senator, discussing a certain measure before congress, said:
"That needs delicate handling. It is like the position of the young man on his honeymoon. This young man's honeymoon was peculiar because, while still in mourning, he had married his deceased wife's sister. A friend of his, a chap he had not seen for years, accosted him on the honeymoon in a Niagara restaurant. The friend, after being introduced to the bride, said sympathetically:
"But who are you in mourning for, old man?"
"For my sister-in-law," was the delicate reply."

The Countess of Ayr.
At a country dance in England a glided youth from town was complaining that there was nobody fit to dance with.
"Shall I introduce you to that young lady over there?" asked his hostess.
"She is the daughter of the Countess of Ayr."
Delighted, the young man assented, and after waltzing with the fair scion of a noble house ventured to ask after her mother, the Countess of Ayr.
"My father, you mean," said the girl.
"No, no, no," said the bewildered youth. "I was asking after your mother, the Countess of Ayr."
"Yes," was the reply, "but that's my father."
Utterly at a loss, the young man rushed off in search of his hostess and said the girl she had made him dance with was "quite mad—told me the Countess of Ayr was her father."
"So he is," answered the lady of the house. "Let me introduce you to him, Mr. So-and-so, Mr. Smith, the county surveyor."

The Joke Was on Them.
Two capricious young ladies planned to have some fun when a certain young man called to spend the evening. They thought it would be great sport to imitate everything he did. When the young man entered the parlor he blew his nose, which each of the girls promptly imitated. Thinking it a peculiar incident, the young man proceeded to stroke his hair. Both girls followed. Then he straightened his collar. They did the same, and a few dimples and smiles began to appear in spite of them. Now it was the young man's turn. He was positive of his ground and calmly stooped down and turned up his trousers.—Ladies' Home Journal.

PRIDE.
You're holding your head too high; You're the slave of a foolish pride. With your face to the starry sky You would try to look dignified. But you're tramping on the flowers That around your pathway lie; You are crushing the blossoms beneath your feet. And you never can see in your blind conceit. For you're holding your head too high.

You are holding your head too high. You have nothing to give but a sneer. You are passing your old friends by For the new, who are less sincere. Ah, 'tis all very well, my dear. With a proud and scornful eye, To look up at the stars in this world of ours.
But you'll often forget to look down at the flowers When you're holding your head too high.

—Maurice D'Neill.

of Heart Trouble Cured by Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy

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MRS. C. C. GORKEY,
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