

With the Long Bow

"Eye nature's walks, shoot to fly as it flies"

"How to Know the House Fly," a Valuable Government Publication Just Issued—A Simple Barn With a Horse in it Will Supply an Abundance of the Very Best Flies for the Entire Neighborhood.

Our government, careful about the education and social advantages of the people, has printed a neat little brochure entitled "How to Know the House Fly." Dr. L. O. Howard, chief entomologist of the department of agriculture, is the author of this little edition de luxe and there is no longer any excuse for anyone off his guard being pounced on by an enraged fly.

Yet the Musca domestica, the house fly, does not as a rule bite. To reassure the country Dr. Howard makes it plain that only the Stomoxys calcitrans bites. The trouble is that one cannot distinguish between the aggressive fly and the pacific insect.

The matter is further complicated when one learns that a stable fly, known as Muscina stabulans almost exactly resembles the house fly in general appearance, and yet doesn't bite.

In 1900, Dr. Howard made a collection of the flies in dining rooms in different parts of the country. This inquiry developed that out of a total of 23,087 flies, 22,808 were pacific non-biters.

To those who dwell in communities where flies are scarce it should be known that "A single stable where a horse is kept will supply house flies for an extended neighborhood." Dr. Howard detects no tendencies toward race suicide in the fly, especially where there is a stable. If you lack flies, it might be well to move into a neighborhood where they keep a horse in the barn.

But how to know the fly? The first comment of the undeveloped mind may be that it does not care to know the fly. The fly herself is not so particular as to her acquaintance and calling list. You must know her whether you care to or not. Dr. Howard's treatise is of great value here. After reading it, you are enabled to detect a fly almost every time.

Dr. Howard goes at length into various ways of discouraging the fly, but he acknowledges that they are of little value so long as your neighbor keeps a horse. The fly does not object to the cow, but she vastly prefers the horse. As it is against the law to burn barns, the only thing possible seems to be to wait for the general spread of intelligence and good sense to a point where the horse and other filth are kept where flies cannot reach them. Until this happy time, the bald-headed man will be at a decided disadvantage in fly time.

A rather elderly gentleman of quiet tastes who lives not far from Aberdeen, S. D., was feeling poorly this spring and sought medical advice. The doctor looked over his patient and sized him up as one that needed a stimulant, say a little hot toddy. The old man objected on account of the bad example it would be setting before his family.

"That is easy," said the doctor, "just call for the hot water, saying that you wish to shave, and keep the other ingredients in your own possession."

The next day a neighbor called to inquire how the elder was getting along.

"He seems to be feeling much better," said his wife. "I feel sure of it because he is beginning to have more regard for his personal appearance. He shaved three times last night and twice this morning."

This is not an especially civilized nation or if it is they keep it concealed in Chicago. When his imperial highness, Prince Tsai Tse, cousin of the Dowager Empress of China and nine other dignitaries from the orient arrived at the pig-sticking metropolis, located near the Illinois Central tracks, the officials there could hardly wait for tea to be served, but rushed the imperial party into automobiles, dashed them out to the stockyards and led these mild mannered, cultured Chinese gentlemen directly into the killing department of the Swift plant. Just one glance was enough for Chan Fin Fua, Wara Chon Chin and Lui Chinghu. They rushed back outdoors.

Prince Tsai Tse concluded that it was beneath the dignity of the cousin of the empress dowager to flee so abruptly.

"I'll stick it out," he whispered to the interpreter

THE JOURNAL HOME EXERCISE SYSTEM



EXERCISE NO. XVIII. The Office Hot Foot. (For a Weak Heart.)

When wifey appears in house-cleaning togs, cut and run for it. The stationary run will not answer in this case; a quick jump only will suffice. If the attack seems severe, stay away for three days.

In Mongolian language. He stayed about two minutes and then said: "Enough; let us go."

All heads turned downward. All Chinese noses were muffled in handkerchiefs. The retreat began, the prince in the van. His race took on a smile of mingled satisfaction and agony.

"A cup of tea would be very welcome now," he confided to the interpreter when they were once on the outside.

If your gentle and kindly disposed maiden aunt came to visit you, would you rush her out to see a dog fight? I do not know who the Chicago officials in charge of the Chinese party were, but they ought to be lined up and kicked by J. Ham Lewis.

An interesting story comes from Kansas City in connection with the recent death of Alex Gunning, sheriff of Wyandotte county, Kansas. He left Kansas City ten days ago to seek recreation in the Choctaw country. Mr. Gunning had six children. The youngest is Gertrude, three or four years old. She was her father's pet and they were inseparable when he was at home.

A few days after Mr. Gunning left home, Gertrude awakened her mother at 4 o'clock in the morning, crying as if her heart was broken. Mrs. Gunning took the child in her arms and asked what was the matter. "Papa is dying; papa is dying. He's gone and I won't see him any more."

Her mother had to talk to her quite awhile to soothe her fears and make her believe her papa was well. Mrs. Gunning had received a letter the afternoon before from her husband, in which he said he was improving in health and would be home early this week. The mother told the sobbing child this message and finally lulled her back to sleep.

Little did her mother think that the child's dream of never seeing her father again was true. At 11 o'clock that morning she received a telegram stating that Mr. Gunning had died suddenly.

Was little Gertrude's dream a coincidence or is there something in telepathy? —A. J. R.

H. G. Wells has presented to the London zoo a frog that hatches its eggs in its mouth.

Relieved of Their Vows

FLORENCE BUNCE

THE boys of Miss Smith's room in the Adams school were in the grasp of an electric current of very unusual excitement on a certain morning not long after the memorable day when the S. S. S. president had added a new by-law, and, by its authority had revealed to Miss Smith all the secrets of that fraternity.

Knowing the power of the fraternal, and the stringent laws always binding to secrecy the members of such august bodies, Miss Smith quailed before the thought of the probable punishment awaiting "Fatty," alias James, for the very culpable and high-handed proceeding into which he had been led by her tears—a story already familiar to Journal readers.

She had felt sure the other boys would discover the truth even without taking advantage of "Fatty's" well-known weakness for straight-forward truth-telling. She was not greatly surprised to find that the focal point of the excitement, the center of observation, the observed of all observers, was the sturdy little president.

The interest in him showed all grades and shades of feeling from the anxious, tenderly commiserating look of his "fidus achates," the little secretary, to the malignant, sinister, yet triumphant regard of "Slim" and "Shorty," the two defeated candidates for the presidency of the S. S. S.

There were still others who illustrated in their countenances the power of the fraternal, and the stringent laws always binding to secrecy the members of such august bodies, Miss Smith quailed before the thought of the probable punishment awaiting "Fatty," alias James, for the very culpable and high-handed proceeding into which he had been led by her tears—a story already familiar to Journal readers.

"Fatty" was almost universally beloved, but his recent elevation to such dizzy heights of honor had made him a shining mark for the arrows of envy and detraction.

Many of the boys and some of the girls (for the latter seemed to share a little in the excitement) regarded "Fatty" with awe-struck pity, as if some horrible monster had marked him for destruction. Miss Smith, like not a few other Minneapolis teachers, felt her own inability to cope with this "fraternal" demon.

What could she do? How could she save her faithful little friend from the mysterious punishment so evidently impending?

She knew better than to ask any questions; she could only watch and wonder.

It was surely "Fatty's" very special guardian angel (and it seems certain that every boy must have a benevolent angel) that led him to extract his handkerchief from his pocket to mop a very pale face and wipe an unusually active nose, while marching past the teacher's desk just before the noon intermission.

The handkerchief brought with it a carefully folded paper which fell close to Miss Smith's feet.

It was evidently an official document of sinister import for, beside a flaming seal of red wax, was a skull and crossbones, cut from a medicine bottle label. Miss Smith concealed it carefully, and when she was alone, smoothed it out and read the whole story at a glance. It was dated on the previous day, and stated that James Arthur Brown had been found "guilty of braking buy-law 6, as follows:

"Hearby, whereas, therefor, if enny boy tells the secrets he shal be floged by the whole S. S. S., each member to give him ten strokes of a cat-of-nine-tails, at a meeting called by the comity of disciplin."

The comity "had called" the "meeting" for that same afternoon at 5 o'clock in the "blacksmithin'" shop of "Bat's" brother.

The names of a few standard traitors were used to decorate the margins, such names as: "Bendick Arnel," "Arun Ber," "Jewdis Is," but this name had broken down midway. A genuine Roycroft appearance was imparted by the further embellishment of a diabolically clever drawing in which Miss Smith recognized "Bat's" handiwork and which indicated a coming "Frank Wing."

It depicted to the life "Fatty" in undress uniform as to his waist, with one boy plying a wicked-looking "cat-of-nine-tails" upon a lacerated back from which streams of gore (red ink), were freely flowing, while a long line of boys with mournful faces, armed with similar "cats" were ready to perform their sad, but inevitable duty.

This artistic, but blood-curdling document was signed in red ink "comity of disciplin."

Miss Smith did not wonder at "Fatty's" pallor, or that his parting greeting had partaken of the nature of an eternal farewell. Twenty-nine boys; 290 lashes. No wonder the secrets had been so hard to obtain.

Miss Smith held a long conference over the telephone with her fiancé, John Crawford, and at 5:10 the two walked into the shop door, which the boys in their excitement had omitted to lock.

"Fatty" stood as in the picture, with downcast face and hunched back.

Each boy had a "cat-of-nine-tails," and the feeling of each one was accurately expressed by the nature of his weapon, for there was no hard-and-fast rule about its construction.

The loyal little secretary's was of fine silk cord very much frayed (his sister was a dressmaker), and a robust mosquito would have laughed at it.



THE MALIGNANT, SINISTER YET TRIUMPHANT REGARD OF "SLIM" AND "SHORTY."

Quite a large number of boys had the sort of affairs made of strips of paper used in driving files and these, too, were innocuous, veritable "kitties," in fact.

There were several carpet-beaters made of strips of by-gone bicycle tires, and there were some very wicked looking "cats," feline monsters. "Slim" had one made of fine strips of leather, with sharp little rusty tacks at the end of each strip, a weapon worthy of incision days. "Shorty's" was made of strong cord, each strand tipped with a barb from a barbed wire fence.

There was consternation upon every face, even "Fatty's" when the two entered. Having prepared himself to undergo the ordeal, which he did not in the least appreciate, its interruption was almost unwelcome. A sort of mournful pleasure had mitigated his dread, pleasure in being president of so august a body, and the punishment would allow him to retain the office—his followers had insisted upon that.

They had stayed him with flags and comforted him with apples in the interim.

In his pockets in that very moment, from various pitying friends were: A musical top (the music had long since ceased), a broken bladed knife, a glove-button, ten "alleys," two "fints," one "bull's eye," one "earnelian," two Soo Line leadpencils, a harmonica with one reed left, a "jew's harp," a brass ring with a gorgeous ruby, a battered coin purse with a plugged lead nickel in it, a cracked looking-glass, and a really magnificent U. of M. gold pin, which his "fidus achates" had just found, and which the stress of his friend's situation had prevented his advertising.

"Fatty" had promised to trade it back later, when the crisis was past.

Miss Smith was speechless, but that did not matter, for the persuasive eloquence that had strewn John's college pathway with medals, came easily to his tongue and made each boy his humble follower for all time.

Even Miss Smith's glory paled before this new luminary, and one boy was heard to say later that he believed John was "c'en-a-most too good for her."

John told them that vows made on a dictionary were not very binding. (Some of the boys looked vengefully at "Fatty" at this), and that fraternities had no place in grade schools, even when the object was praiseworthy as in the case of the S. S. S. He suggested a company of soldiers to take the place of the fraternity, and promised to furnish suitable equipment.

He thought "Smith's Soldiers" (the other two S.'s required thought), would be a splendid substitute, and he would drill them himself every Saturday.

"Will youse give us gun?" asked "Slim," who was slowest to capitulate.

"Air guns," replied John, "perhaps we will have the real guns when you are all older, if your parents don't object."

He expressed his pleasure at meeting them all together and in a business-like way paid up arrears to the twelve whom he had not previously seen. John told them that he should take a personal interest in each one of Miss Smith's little friends, and he invited them to dine with him on Decoration Day, a Christmas dinner that he had planned for them having failed because of Mammy Dinah's illness.

"Do youse want us to get shut of the S. S. S. now?" asked "Bat."

"Yes, your teacher says your lessons are suffering," replied John.

The boys were almost too dazed at the thought of being soldiers to decide, but "Slim" himself as first

A String of Good Stories

"I cannot tell how the truth may be; I say the tale as 'twas told to me."

THE BOOZER'S REVENGE. GEORGE H. BUTLER, brilliant newspaper writer for many years, became a dipsomaniac and a bore. For a score of years he was sought by all, great and small, but when he fell into the depths he was avoided. One of his best friends was Major Carson, the veteran Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger. But, when Major Carson finally flatly refused to contribute any more money for liquor, the fallen fellow planted and nourished a grudge which he determined to gratify, and frequently announced that he would gratify some day. At last the occasion came, and Butler avenged himself upon his erstwhile friend.

Lawrence Barrett was playing for one week at the old National theater in Washington. George H. Butler went to the editor of a morning newspaper, asked for a theater pass, and said: "I want to see Barrett as Richelieu, and I want to write him up or down for a column and a half. I want to compare him with the other Richelieus I have seen in this country and in other lands."

The ticket was promptly forthcoming, and Butler was promised a handsome special pay for the proposed article; for he was one of the best writers of his day, or of any day. He stated that he did not want any pay at all, but intended doing the work as a matter of pleasure.

He attended the play, and wrote one of the most interesting articles ever written about any play or about any actor. But, in the midst of the story, he injected these lines, which were printed as written: "Major Carson of the Philadelphia Ledger occupied a box, and when the cardinal uttered these words, 'The pen is mightier than the sword,'

Major Carson arose in the box, leaned far forward, placed his right hand on his breast, and bowed his acknowledgments."

HIS BRILLIANT HOUR HAD PASSED. A CHICAGOAN was praising the late Marshall Field. "Mr. Field was a kindly man," he said. "He spoke ill of no one. And when his opinion was asked of a person, and it was not a favorable opinion, he would express it in such a gentle and quaint way that its sting would be quite lost."

"Once, at a dinner, I praised the conversational talent of a man across the table. I said to Mr. Field: 'Do you know him?'"

"I have met him," the other answered.

"Well, he is a clever chap," said I. "He can talk brilliantly for an hour at a stretch."

"Then, when I met him," said Mr. Field, "it must have been the beginning of the second hour."

THE NATURAL WAY.

A PHILANTHROPIST person heard of a negro family that was reported in destitute circumstances, and, calling at their home, he found the report true. The family consisted of a mother, a son nearing manhood's estate, and two young children. The benevolent old gentleman, after hearing the mother's story, gave her oldest son \$1 to get a chicken for the Thanksgiving dinner, and took his departure.

No sooner was he gone than the negro said to her son: "Sambo, you done gib me dat dollah and go get dat chicken in de natchral way."—Philadelphia Ledger.

AT LAST.

"EUREKA, I have found it," the young inventor cried.

The populace waited with breathless interest for the details of the discovery.

"You know we have," he began, "the wireless telegraph, the horseshoe carriage, and so on!"

"Yes, yes," they shouted. "Continue!"

"Well, I propose to give you," the inventor announced proudly, "a presidentless insurance company."

SHOCKING.

THE young men, returning to college after the Easter holidays, made a good deal of noise at the junction.

"What do you call them?" a traveler asked wearily.

"Well, sir," said the station agent, "we don't know their real name here; we always call them returned empires."

vice president, put the motion, and it was carried unanimously. "Fatty" was wrapped in Miss Smith's seal-skin coat, and his feelings were too chaotic for connected speech.

So the S. S. S. died gloriously, and the fraternity yell: "Adams, Painter, our Miss Smith, watch out for the feller she goes with," was skillfully altered by the quick-witted "Bat" to, "Adams, Crawford, our Miss Smith, hooray for the feller she goes with"; and this was given with a will when the party separated.

What the Market Affords

VEAL stew, 12 and 15 cents a pound. Salt mackerel, 6 cents each. New potatoes, 5 cents a pound. New carrots, 5 cents a bunch. Farina, 12 cents a package. Cornmeal, 10-pound sack, 30 cents. Apples, 60 and 80 cents a peck.

To make a Devonshire meat pie, remove the meat from a knuckle of veal. Put the bones in a kettle, cover with cold water and add one slice of onion, one slice of carrot, a bit of bay leaf, a sprig of parsley, twelve peppercorns and two teaspoonfuls of salt; then heat slowly to the boiling point. Add the meat and let simmer until the meat is stock to two cupsful. Put a one-half-pound slice of lean raw ham in a frying pan, cover with lukewarm water and let stand on the back of the range for one hour. Brown four tablespoonfuls of butter, add four tablespoonfuls

of flour, and when well browned, pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, the two cupsful of stock; then add veal and ham, each cut into cubes, and let simmer for twenty minutes. Put in a serving dish and cover with a top made of puff paste of correct size. It is much better to bake the paste separately and cover the pie just before sending to the table, according to the May Woman's Home Companion.

Golden fruit muffins are made of both flour and cornmeal. With two cups of cornmeal mix a cup of flour, four teaspoonfuls of sugar, two of baking powder, add half of one of salt, with a tablespoonful of butter, a cup and a half of milk, two eggs beaten separately, and a cup of any kind of fruit, peeled and sliced, or a cup of berries. Put together as above, the whites of the eggs folded in last. A part of the flour may be put over the fruit to prevent its settling.

WHAT SOAP WILL DO

Whenever the windows refuse to go up and down without a great deal of tugging and pulling, or bureau drawers seem to stick, brown soap is a friend in need.

Take out the drawer and rub the soap on the runners and the groove in which the drawer is hung, and, after pushing the window up as far as it will go, rub the soap on the sash, or take the window out entirely and rub the soap on the edges. If the windows are taken out and all the ropes and the edges of the cleaned windows are rubbed with soap, there will be no trouble with them for a year, when the soap may be renewed.

Brown soap may be used to advantage anywhere in the house, since it has no offensive odor, is extremely clean and is most discouraging to bugs. The odor of perspiration can be effectually removed on the warmest day of the year by its use. For this purpose it is far more effective than perfumed or toilet soap, and is kept by many "who know" in the bathroom for this purpose.

When nails are to be driven into wood which it is feared they may split,

first lay them in soapy water or drive into a bar of soap, and there is no danger. Carpenters and makers of handsome furniture always have a piece of yellow soap on hand for this purpose.

Soap shavings or a small lump of yellow soap tucked into a mouse hole prevent the reappearance of the mouse.

ONYX IN FAVOR

Onyx has come into favor with smart women, being fashioned into round, massive bracelets like those antique armlets which the women of Rome and Greece used to wear. The milky transparency of this stone with its fantastic veining makes it most effective. Besides, fashion is far from having exhausted the possibilities of the semi-precious and merely decorative stones. Lapis lazuli, amber, jade and nephrite are among the old-new stones that tempt women to empty their pocket-books to add new coquetries to the toilet.

There are now five British peeresses who were actresses, namely: May Carrington (Lady de Clifford), Belle Bilton (Countess Clancarty), Constance Gilchrist (Countess of Orkney), Rosie Boote (Marchioness of Headfort) and Anna Robinson (Countess of Rosslyn).

Where Feminine Fancy Lights

"A COIFFURE BUILDER"

Do you know how to frame your face? Giving lessons in coiffure building is the occupation of a girl who has customers in New York, London and Newport.

"Your beauty all depends on your coiffure," she says. "You may be the most beautiful thing that ever stepped into a French-heeled slipper, yet you are spoiled if your hair isn't dressed right."

"The beauty of the coiffure depends upon several things, the first of which is variety. You must not always look the same."

"Secondly, the beauty of the coiffure depends upon the condition of the hair. Unless you know how to keep your hair in shape, thick, glossy and shining, you cannot hope to have a satisfactory coiffure. Your hair must be well groomed and brushed until it gleams."

"I am a coiffure builder, nothing else. I don't shampoo the hair and I don't treat it. I merely dress it. When it is ready to be put up I am called in and here my real work begins. I am required to build a coiffure which shall be becoming."

"I never put a square face into a parted coiffure; it would be fatal to a woman's appearance. The woman who can wear her hair parted is the thin-faced woman of the sweet type. She can part her hair and look attractive. The pompadour is always the thing for the square-faced woman of the plain type."

FEMININE FADS

Queen Maud of Norway has her hobbies. Among the many things she has collected are miscellaneous ornaments and useful articles made of ivory. She has for years collected ivory tusks, the spoils of royal sporting expeditions all over the world.

A \$150 dinner set would gladden the heart of most housewives, but Charles M. Schwab has given an order for \$150,000 set. It is to be of carved silver gilt, with a great deal of hand work.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor's favorite dish is said to be plain rice pudding, baked in a porcelain dish and browned to a nicety. This she wants served with plenty of cream. What a shock to those who imagine the beautiful so-

ciety leader as dining off a service of gold.

The Duchess of Manchester, formerly Miss Zimmerman of Cincinnati, daughter of the multi-millionaire railroad man, has followed her father's example and gone into the business of raising pigs on her Irish estate at Connemara.

A GIRL'S CORSET COVER

As soon as the girl begins to take pride in the daintiness of her clothes, she starts out on her thimble career. This usually finds a beginning with some article of lingerie and the corset cover shown here is excellent for just this purpose. It is very simply constructed and yet embodies all of the best points of the up-to-date corset cover. The front is gathered slightly

embroidery. The best materials for corset covers are mainstay, lawn and wash silk and only 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch material will be needed for this model in the medium size. 4767—sizes 12 to 16 years.

PATTERN NO. 4767.

DEPT. OF THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL will send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below. (Write the name carefully.)

Name..... Street.....

No..... Town..... State.....

Measurement—Waist..... Bust..... Age (if child's or miss' pattern).....

CAUTION—Be careful to give correct number and size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure you need only mark 22, 24 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be. When miss' or child's pattern write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

A few grains of rice in the saltcellar will keep the salt from caking.

A few drops of lemon juice added to eggs that are being scrambled improves the flavor.

Large Gothic letters are the most in demand for marking household linen.

Stand in borax water for a little while dishes that have become brown from baking in the oven and they can be easily cleaned.

Rubbing with a piece of potato dipped in common baking soda is said to be an efficacious method of cleaning silver.

A plate scraper is a wooden device shaped to fit the curves of a plate and attached to a handle of convenient length.

The round dining table is the favorite and circular cloths may be had in varying sizes and in simple or ornate form of decoration.

It is considered the French table linen takes the palm for beauty and artistic designing; Irish for fineness of weave and durability, and German for general service, as it becomes whiter with use.

Edinburgh has adopted a scheme for collecting for charity thru a central office on the lines of the Liverpool system.



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