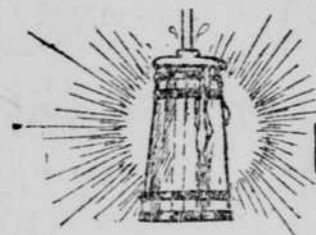


# JOHN HENRY



## ON BUTTERMILK.

By GEO. V. HOBART, ("HUGH M'HUGH.")

Dear Bunch! I'm not yet hep to this gag of blabbing across the geography from town to town, like a hop-toad in a cabbage-patch.

It may be interesting to some people, but it gets me peeved.

I found your letter waiting for me here.

So they've steered you up against a new cure for your dyspepsia, eh?—buttermilk!

And a great idea, Bunch, believe me!

It certainly is lucky to drink buttermilk.

Buttermilk is to the worn-out system the same as a fat-office is to a stout politician.

As a thirst-splasher buttermilk is the one best bet, but don't ever tell any-



"The Tides of March."

one in Milwaukee that I made such a statement.

Drink it, Bunch, every time you can, because buttermilk comes down to us from the remotest ages with splendid recommendations.

Every great man in history was a buttermilk drinker, Bunch.

Every great man who is now spending his time trying to get into history is a buttermilk drinker, Bunch.

Read between the lines in your history of ancient Rome, and you will see how buttermilk would have saved the life of Julius Caesar if he hadn't had such a weakness for hard cider.

"Where are you going?" inquired Calathumpia, the wife of Julius Caesar, as he fastened the gold safety pin in his toga and reached for his umbrella.

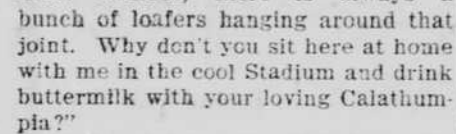
"I am going down to Rudolph March's cafe in the Forum," answered Julius; "you don't need to wait lunch for me, Cattie."

"But Julius," whispered Calathumpia, "why do you spend so much time at March's cafe in the Forum? It isn't a good place for you to go, my dear. Besides, there is always a bunch of loafers hanging around that joint. Why don't you sit here at home with me in the cool Stadium and drink buttermilk with your loving Calathumpia?"

"Buttermilk!" sneered Julius; "such a drink is only for mollicoddlers and pink fingers. It doesn't make rich blood in the veins like the hard cider I get at March's. Avauant and raus mittim!"

"But please don't go to that cafe this morning," Calathumpia kept on pleading. "Stay at home just this once and spread some of this delicious buttermilk over your thirst."

"No buttermilk this day for me," answered Julius. "I seek a vintage



"The Next Time We Meet—"

more expensive, and which tickles more as it goes down."

"The tides of March," whispered his wife; "remember the tides of March!"

"Would this be the first tide I ever got from March?" Julius whispered back.

"The tides of March, remember," was her only answer; and away went Julius to the cafe in the Forum, giving an imitation of Joe Weber whistling "Girls! Girls!" from the Balcony of "The Merry Widow," which was then running at the Amphitheater.

What happened in the Forum when the loafers used Julius Caesar for a pin-cushion everybody remembers.

And when Julius dropped on the marble slab at the base of the bar he gasped out: "Darn the luck! Why didn't I fall for the buttermilk which stingsheth not, neither does it help people to bite the dust?"

You won't find these exact words in history, Bunch, because Julius gasped them in Latin, and Latin hates to get itself translated.

Many other times in the ages passed did buttermilk come to the surface, so you may take it from me, Bunch, that it is lucky to drink it.

Yes, Bunch, and I'll give you my solemn word that buttermilk will remove freckles.

Catch the freckle just before going to bed and wrap the buttermilk around it.

I was reading a book on the train the other day which attempted to put me wise to the reincarnation gag. It's a far shout from buttermilk to reincarnation, Bunch, but maybe you need something like that last thing, after so much buttermilk.

Reincarnation is a long, loose-looking word, and to a perfect stranger it might sound suspicious, but its bark is worse than its bite.

The idea of a man being somebody

else in a previous existence, then switching to another personality in the present, is interesting to think about, to say the least.

I've cooked up three or four studies along these lines which may interest you, Bunch!

Go to it, my boy!

**FIRST STUDY.**

The ghost of Julius Caesar looked threateningly at Brutus, the Stabbiest; Brutus sneered.

"You," he said, "to the mines!"

Not one of Caesar's muscles quivered.

Brutus used a short, sharp laugh. "You," he said, "on your way!"

Caesar never batted an eyelash. Brutus pointed to the rear.

"Go away back," he said, "and use your laziness!"

Caesar pulled his toga up over his cold shoulder.

Brutus laughed again, and it was the saucy, triumphant laugh of the man who dodges in front of a woman and grabs a seat on the elevated railroad.

"The next time we meet you will not do me as you did me at the base of Pompey's statue," said the ghost of Caesar, speaking for the first time since we began this study.

"We will not meet again because I refuse to associate with you," said Brutus.

Caesar smiled, but it was without



"Napoleon Stood Weeping."

mirth, and as cold as the notice of suspension on the door of a bank.

"Yes, we will meet again," said Caesar.

"Where?" asked Brutus.

"In the far, far future," said the ghost of Caesar, shriekingly, "you will be born into the world again by that time, and in your new personality you will be one of the Common People, and you will burn gas."

"And you?" inquired Brutus.

"I will be the spirit which puts the ginger in the gas-meter, and may Heaven have mercy on your pocket-book," shrieked the ghost of Caesar.

Brutus took a fit, and used it for many minutes, but the ghost kept on shrieking in the Latin tongue.

**SECOND STUDY.**

Napoleon stood weeping and wailing and gnashing his eyebrows on the battlefield of Waterloo.

He was waiting for the moving-picture man to get his photograph.

The victorious Wellington made his appearance, laughing loudly in his sleeve.

"Back, Nap! Back to the Boulevard des Dago!" commanded Wellington.

Napoleon put his chin on his wishbone and spoke no word.

"You," said Wellington; "you to the Champs Elyse! This is my victory, and you must leave the battlefield—it is time to close up for the night."

"We will meet again, milord," answered Napoleon. "Avec beau temps isi bong swat!"

"What does that mean?" asked Wellington.

"It means that the next time we meet I will do the swatting," answered Napoleon, bitterly.

"And when will that be?" inquired Wellington, laughing loudly.

"In the far, far future," replied the Little Corporal. "You will then be one of the Common People."

"And what will you be?" Wellington asked.

"You will live in Brooklyn," Napoleon went on, like a man in a dream; "and I will be the spirit of progress, which will meet you at the Brooklyn Bridge at eventide and kick you in the stats until your appetite is unfit for publication. Bon soir mes enfants du spitzuben!"

Then the Little Corporal called a cab and left Wellington alone on the battlefield.

Don't mind me, Bunch; there's no more harm in me than there is in a rattlesnake. Yours as indicated,

J. H.

(Copyright, 1903, by G. W. Dillingham Co.)

**Buttermilk and Fame.**

Perhaps some scientist will explain what there is in churned milk which makes men wax great. Think of a Scotchman like Andrew Carnegie telling what benefits may be derived from this mild intoxicant, praising it far above the best Scotch ever distilled. President Roosevelt has boomed a roadside house in the National Rock Creek reservation in Washington on account of the excellent brand of buttermilk which may be imbibed on its shady veranda. The house sells more exhilarating drinks, but through its buttermilk it is famous. The president and his friends drop in there at least once a day for a drink and sometimes several times when the air is torrid. Gen. Miles drinks buttermilk and so does Admiral Dewey. Vice-President Fairbanks has said in the presence of veritable witnesses that earth contains nothing finer in the way of food and drink than a slice of custard pie and a glass of cold, fresh buttermilk. The cocktail man is lonesome these days, and he sneaks off by himself to indulge. Buttermilk has the place of honor for those who wish to be counted among the truly great.

# NEW YORK MODES

By Julia Bottomley



All the windows are abloom with apparel for the hot months. Windows and window gazers are alike decked out in cool, seductive and comfortable midsummer togethery. Beginning with hats, Panamas hold the paramount place for outing. They are simply trimmed with big drooping bows of pongee silk, drapes of chiffon, choux of Dresden and Persian ribbons, or with simple woven silk scarves. A variety of shapes is shown, all soft and allowing the brim to turn down protectively over the eyes.

**New and Extreme Shapes.**

Chips are next in evidence. Naturally we find among them a greater variety in sizes and shapes—crowns bigger, brims wider, than in the elegant but conventional Panama. Ribbons, roses and field flowers—Dresden patterns in ribbon and flowered cretonne are noted on some—others venture as far as net and flower combinations. A pretty example shows a cone-shaped crown swathed with ring-dot net, and this studded with pale yellow sunflowers. Even with this combination the model is a rakish shape and suggests vacation time, tramps over the hills and across the fields. These hats are moderate and convenient in size and very light on the head. Some pretty and striking models are trimmed with ribbon with white ruching stretched along one edge. Narrow knife plaited null is also used in this way.

**CLING TO THE PETTICOAT.**

American Women Are Slow to Adopt the "Knicker."

In spite of the pre-eminence of di-rectoire modes the petticoat still retains its hold in the affections of American women.

The lingerie petticoat is, in fact, more a thing of beauty now than before its prestige was threatened by the "knicker."

It is developed in batiste and sheer linen and is nearly always finished with a Spanish flounce of lace or embroidery.

This flounce is generally attached by ribbons and the petticoat ribbon has now become an item in woman's dress.

Of late lingerie makers have included dimity in the list of petticoat materials and use it just as they do mulls and sheer muslins.

Dotted swiss is still regarded as one of the daintiest of materials for the petticoat flounce. And the fanciful bordered effects in this goods are reconciling many women to the faded colored lingerie.

The quality of the ribbons is not restricted and the width is constantly becoming more pronounced.

**PALE BLUE CHIP HAT.**

A strong, washable bag is an excellent addition to the nursery in which to store balls, marbles and such like small odds and ends of the toy cupboard.

Half a yard of good stout gray or blue linen about a yard wide will make a good bag. A draw string must be placed about four inches from the top, and one of the sides should be left open half way down to allow the bag to be easily slipped into it.

If hung by a draw tape on a nail or peg inside the nursery toy cupboard it will be found a useful and welcome addition, and one which will help to keep the shelves neat and tidy.

**Electricity Leads All.**

Electricity excels all other methods of transmission for convenience, says the Scientific American. An electric cable may be strung where required, and machinery may be arranged in any position without reference to line shafting. There are instances, however, where rope drive will save both in first cost and in cost of operation, particularly when the process of manufacturing calls for a number of parallel shafts with machines in one place.

**Peignoirs Usually Elaborate.**

So light is the line between summer tea-gowns and lingerie peignoirs that to the uninitiated it seems almost non-existent. The chief difference is that the negligee, so called, has not even an apology for a collar, and that the tea-gown, although frequently cut V or square in front, is carefully trimmed and so treated that the back of the neck is not exposed. Peignoirs never have coat effects and their sleeves are flowing nondescript affairs, whereas those of a tea-gown are always of a distinct type, such as the puff, the angel or the classic.

**Pretty Neck Ruffs.**

Among the prettiest neck ruffs is the white ostrich feather bow, tied with soft white ribbon in a bow under the left ear.

White tulle is an excellent substitute that is exceedingly becoming to girlish faces, but a fluffy hat should be the only kind worn with these soft flimsy accessories. Many women seem to forget this, and don one of the pretty ruffs without a thought as to the rest of the toilet, consequently one sees many inharmonious effects.

**THE TURBAN AND ITS BRIM.**

Popular Headgear Is Seen in Many Different Styles.

The turban, so much in vogue this season, is a round hat with a close-fitting brim that turns perfectly straight upward to a height of from two to four inches. The brim meets the crown exactly or within a finger space. The turban is flat across the top, the width of the top being from eight to ten inches.

The treader, or Spanish turban, is an exception. The turned-up brim comes only to about two inches of the crown, which is oblong in shape from front to back.

The toque is a jaunty, small hat of many shapes. It may be round like the turban if it have a height of brim rising above the crown on the left side. The back of a toque dips and clings to the head. The front varies in width in different models. It may have a close rolling brim, with a height of seven inches on the left side, receding on the right side to two inches. In this case the crown, separated three inches from the brim, slopes toward the right edge in unison with the brim effect.

Some new toque models have pointed or round effects in front with dents in the sides or the back of the brim.

Toques are seen in the Napoleon hat shapes. There is a great variety in the form of the crown.

**The New Overblouse.**

There is a modern garment which is neither a coat nor a cape and is called an overblouse. It is worn over a lingerie waist or a muslin frock.

One of the prettiest is built surplus style, is made of Valenciennes lace with bands of old blue flax net. These are almost covered with a design of silk floss the same shade darned in.

**Popular Sleeves.**

A popular yet simple sleeve for evening dresses is cut straight and even, with the material looped up nearly to the shoulder on the outer side.—Vogue.

**Peignoirs Usually Elaborate.**

So light is the line between summer tea-gowns and lingerie peignoirs that to the uninitiated it seems almost non-existent. The chief difference is that the negligee, so called, has not even an apology for a collar, and that the tea-gown, although frequently cut V or square in front, is carefully trimmed and so treated that the back of the neck is not exposed. Peignoirs never have coat effects and their sleeves are flowing nondescript affairs, whereas those of a tea-gown are always of a distinct type, such as the puff, the angel or the classic.

**Pretty Neck Ruffs.**

Among the prettiest neck ruffs is the white ostrich feather bow, tied with soft white ribbon in a bow under the left ear.

White tulle is an excellent substitute that is exceedingly becoming to girlish faces, but a fluffy hat should be the only kind worn with these soft flimsy accessories. Many women seem to forget this, and don one of the pretty ruffs without a thought as to the rest of the toilet, consequently one sees many inharmonious effects.

# THE HORN FLY A GREAT PEST TO DAIRY CATTLE

Early and Persistent Efforts Will Succeed in Giving Relief.

Considerable anxiety is always evidenced by stock owners, especially dairymen, concerning the sudden annual appearance upon their cattle of enormous numbers of a small blackish fly which irritates the animals so much with its bite and disturbs them so constantly that they fall off rapidly both in flesh and yield of milk. This horn fly is a European pest which was first brought to the notice of the United States division of entomology in September, 1877, and was probably imported with cattle from Europe, where it has been known since 1820. Prof. J. B. Smith of New Jersey worked out its life history and published an account of his work in bulletin 62 of the New Jersey agricultural experiment station, in 1890.



How the Horn Fly Collects on Horn of the Animal.

perfect insect. Our other illustration shows the peculiar habit this insect has of resting in large numbers on the base of the horns, which has given rise to its peculiar name. Both of these figures are after those used by the entomologist of United States in an article in Insect Life, Vol. II, page 93-103, in annual reports for 1889 and 1890.

The appearance of this fly into Canada was first noticed near Oshawa, Ont., in 1902. In all cases since then, when the fly has become general all over America, farmers have come to be thoroughly aroused and to appreciate the losses they suffer by neglecting this pest. Exaggerated statements of losses and injuries to the animals which are quite impossible, have received free and extensive circulation. Cows have been said to have been actually killed by the flies which some allege lay their eggs either on the horns into which the maggots burrow and then penetrate the brain, or in holes which they eat through the hide, lay eggs therein, which hatch out in large numbers and proceed with their boring operations until the vital parts of the cow are touched and death ensues. None of these statements are founded on fact.

The eggs, in the first place, are laid

on the bodies of the animals by their rubbing themselves against trees and other objects or by licking bitten places where the irritation cannot be allayed by rubbing, as inside the thighs and around the udder.

Successive broods follow each other rapidly throughout the summer. Two weeks is about the time required from the laying of the egg to the appearance of the fly, and there is usually time in the summer months for as many as eight generations or broods. This rapidity of development accounts for the flies appearing in such large numbers. The appearance of this insect has been a great curse to cattle owners; so much so that the tormented animals fall off in condition very much and the yield of milk is reduced in some instances from one-third to one-half. There are, however, several simple remedies which will, if attended to, greatly reduce the loss, to say nothing of the hundreds of advertised remedies which are being sold at very moderate prices.

All accounts agree that the fly increases much more rapidly early in the season than later in the year. This shows the advantage of being prepared before the pest appears with the necessary materials and beginning prompt work so as to destroy as many as possible before breeding commences.

Preventive—To quote from the United States entomologist, Messrs. Riley and Howard:

"Almost any greasy substance will keep the flies away for several days. A number of experiments were tried in the field, with the result that train-oil alone and train-oil with a little sulphur or carbolic acid added, will keep the flies away for from five to six days, while with a small proportion of carbolic acid it will have a healing effect upon sores which may have formed. Common axle-grease will also have been successful and extensively used by a large stock-dealer in Virginia. Tallow has also been used to good advantage. The practice of smearing the horns with pine or coal-tar simply repels them from these parts. Train oil or fish oil seems to be more lasting in its effects than any other of the substances used."

A cheap and efficacious remedy, suggested by Hoard's Dairyman, and which in the long run will be found to be the best, is kerosene emulsion. The emulsion consists simply of a mixture of soap suds with twice the quantity of ordinary coal oil, made as follows:

Kerosene (coal oil), two quarts; rain water, one quart; soap, two ounces.

Boil the soap in the water till all is dissolved; then while boiling hot, turn

it into the kerosene and churn it constantly and forcibly with a syringe or force pump for five minutes, when it will be of a smooth, creamy nature. As it cools it thickens into a jelly-like mass. This gives the stock emulsion which must be diluted before using with nine times its measure, that is 27 quarts of water. It will be found to mix more easily if done at once, before it cools. This makes 30 quarts of the mixture ready for use. This may be applied to the animals by means of a sponge, or what is certainly more convenient, a force pump and spray nozzle. One application often lasts two or three days. Where a small number of cattle only are kept, the hand sprayer answers well enough.

**THE CLOVER LEAF WEEVIL**

By Prof. J. T. Folsom.

The first injury from the clover leaf weevil is seen the latter part of March in the form of little round holes in the clover leaves. On the ground under the rubbish you will find little green grubs curled head to tail; at night they crawl to the plant and do the damage. In June these grubs turn to beetles and do more damage by stripping the leaves. This insect constantly threatens the plant but rarely does serious damage. In moist weather a fungus disease sweeps it off like magic. If the grubs are present in alarming numbers in the spring, cut the clover early, or pasture it a little, or clip it back in May or early June.

**Feeding Kaffir Corn.**—It is a mistake to pay more for cracked kaffir corn, thinking it will make all the better feed for chickens for being cracked, because it will not.

**Bounty on Crows.**—A bounty on crows is a fine thing in a community where poultry is a chief industry, and no county should hesitate to give it.

**Poultry on Hot Days.**—Scorching hot days cause the poultry to suffer a great deal unless well provided with shade and fresh drinking water.

NO SURPLUS FUNDS THERE.

Beggar Satisfied with Evidence of Poverty in Sight.

Two old Hebrew beggars were traveling together through the residence section of Pittsburgh not long ago, in quest of contributions toward their joint capital.

Presently they passed a handsome residence, from which sweet sounds of music issued. It was Ike's turn and hopefully he ascended the steps to the front door, eagerly watched by Jake, who expected quite a handsome addition to their funds.

His consternation was great consequently when he beheld Ike returning crestfallen and empty-handed.

Anxiously running to meet him, he said: "Well, Ike, how did you make out with the good people?"

"Ach, Jakey," replied Ike, "there was no use asking in there, because they are very poor people themselves. Just think—two lovely ladies playing one piano!"—Judge's Library.

**BABY CRIED AND SCRATCHED**

All the Time—Covered with Torturing Eczema—Doctor Said Sores Would Last for Years—Perfect Cure by Cuticura.

"My baby niece was suffering from that terrible torture, eczema. It was all over her body but the worst was on her face and hands. She cried and scratched all the time and could not sleep night or day from the scratching. I had her under the doctor's care for a year and a half and he seemed to do her no good. I took her to the best doctor in the city and he said that she would have the sores until she was six years old. But if I had depended on the doctor my baby would have lost her mind and died from the want of aid. But I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura-Ointment and she was cured in three months. Alice L. Dowell, 4765 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo., May 2 and 20, 1907."

The Methodist Times, a British weekly, divides its profits every year between certain charities. This year the aged ministers' and ministers' widows' fund got \$2,200.

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Binder Cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Goodness thinks no ill where no ill seems.—Milton.

**Is Pe-ru-na Useful for Catarrh?**

Should a list of the ingredients of Pe-ru-na be submitted to any medical expert, of whatever school or nationality, he would be obliged to admit without reserve that the medicinal herbs composing Pe-ru-na are of two kinds. First, standard and well-tried catarrh remedies. Second, well-known and generally acknowledged tonic remedies. That in one or the other of these cases they have stood the test of many years' experience by physicians of different schools. There can be no dispute about this, whatever. Pe-ru-na is composed of some of the most efficacious and universally used herbal remedies for catarrhal diseases, and for such conditions of the human system as require a tonic. Each one of the principal ingredients of Pe-ru-na has a reputation of its own in the cure of some phase of catarrh or as a tonic medicine.

The fact is, chronic catarrh is a disease which is very prevalent. Many thousand people know they have chronic catarrh. They have visited doctors over and over again, and been told that their case is one of chronic catarrh. It may be of the nose, throat, lungs, stomach or some other internal organ. There is no doubt as to the nature of the disease. The only trouble is the remedy. This doctor has tried to cure them. That doctor has tried to prescribe for them.

No other household remedy so universally advertised carries upon the label the principal active constituents, showing that Pe-ru-na invites the full inspection of the critics.

**Libby's Food Products**

**Peerless Dried Beef**

Unlike the ordinary dried beef—that sold in bulk—Libby's Peerless Dried Beef comes in a sealed glass jar in which it is packed the moment it is sliced into those delicious thin wafers.

None of the rich natural flavor or goodness escapes or dries out. It reaches you fresh and with all the nutriment retained.

Libby's Peerless Dried Beef is only one of a Great number of high-grade, ready to serve, pure food products that are prepared in Libby's Great White Kitchen.

Just try a package of any of these, such as Ox Tongue, Vienna Sausage, Pickles, Olives, etc., and see how delightfully different they are from others you have eaten.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago