

# JOHN HENRY ON OBESITY CURES

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

Dear Bunch: Your letter from Vienna received, and glad we are to know that you and Alice are crowding the occasion with the joy of living.

On next year's trip Peaches and I hope to be with you, and what we'll do to Europe will be a pitiable shame.

I met Jack Golden the other day, and he sends his kindest to you and Alice.

Jack says he's going to get married some of these days and do that Europe gag himself.

Can you imagine Jack with a thousand dollars' worth of blushing bride hanging on his elbow, hiking through Europe and stopping in the Louvre occasionally to make faces at the paintings?

I can't.

If ever a bride drags Jack away from Stone street she'll be the limit in ladies' dress goods, and that's no joyful outburst.

We are all well at home with the exception that some fresh friend told Aunt Martha that she was getting



"The Muscle Goods Arrived."

stout, and the old lady promptly fell for every obesity cure known to modern science.

Even at top weight Aunt Martha doesn't go over 154 pounds, but she got the idea in her head that compared with her Barnum's original fat lady was a pikerette, so she decided to go after that obesity thing with an ax.

We tried to flag her and talk her out of it, but she waved us all back, and said she'd made up her mind she wasn't going through this world leading a double chin.

Well, Bunch, Aunt Martha started in to put the sabots to the fatty tissue, and for a week Uncle Peter's peaceful home across the road looked like a moving picture entitled "The Original Rough House."

First flop out of the box Mrs. Grimeshaw, who weighs 278 in her paint, told Aunt Martha that exercise was the only thing to keep down the weight, so Uncle Peter was chased off to town for a rowing machine, a set of Indian clubs and a proud assortment of deaf and dumb bells.

Presently the muscle goods arrived, and next morning about daylight Aunt Martha jumped on board the rowing machine and bore away to the northwest, with a strong ebb tide on the port bow.

She was about four miles up the river and going hard when a strap broke, whereupon Aunt Martha went overboard with a splash that upset most of the furniture in the room and knocked her manicure set down behind the bureau.

One of the ears went up in the air and landed on the bridge of Uncle Peter's nose, because his face happened to be in the way when the oar came down.

When loving hands finally pulled Aunt Martha out of the interior of her rocking-chair, she found that with the help of the rowing machine, she had lost nearly two pounds, mostly off her elbow.

The next day Mrs. Cooper, who weighed about 246, told Aunt Martha that she wasn't using the best kind of physical torture, so Uncle Peter was once more chased off to the store, where he bought one of those rubber contrivances you fasten on the wall and then try to pull it off again with the handles.

Bright and early the next morning Aunt Martha grabbed the handles, and was getting away from her obesity at the rate of an ounce an hour, when suddenly one of the rubber strings broke and something kicked Aunt Martha just where a good singer gets her coloratura.

When Aunt Martha fell wounded on the field of battle every picture on the walls fell with her, and there was such a crash that the cook thought the end of the world was coming, so she ran screaming in the direction of Paterson, N. J.

They had to pour a bucket of water over Aunt Martha's map before she came to, and then she found that all she had lost by this new process was her breath and a couple of side combs.

Mrs. Gaddings dropped in that day and told Aunt Martha that the only way to reduce the flesh is to take a long walk; so Auntie picked out a long walk and took it.

After she was gone about six hours, and it was getting dark, she called Uncle Peter up on the long distance telephone and broke the news to him that she had walked 15 miles, and that she had been so extravagant she had used up all the walk that was in her.

## WHEN THE POSTMAN DROPS YOUR MAIL

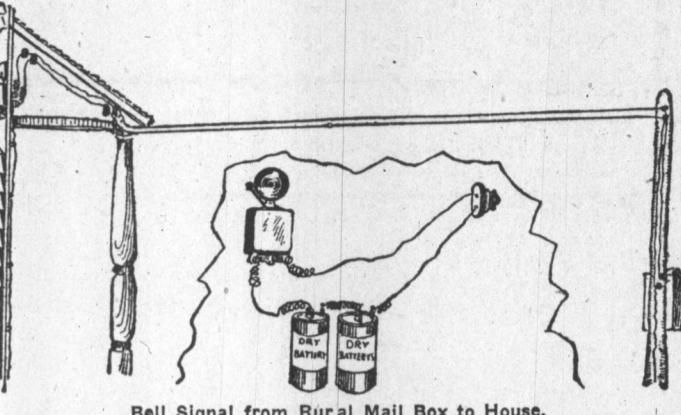
He Touches the Button, You Do the Rest.

The accompanying illustration represents an electric bell at the house which is connected with my mail box about 1,200 feet distant. When the carrier leaves mail for me he pushes the button which is inside the box and which rings the bell in the house, exposing the satisfied possessor of this contrivance.

I used an ordinary electric door bell,

arrester at the house. It will be necessary to use insulated wire at the box and at the house where the wires come together in passing through the holes in the box and bell or the circuit will be completed and the bell will continue ringing.

I have six dry batteries on my line. One battery will ring about 200 feet. This device will save many steps and no one would care to tamper with the



Bell Signal from Rural Mail Box to House.

dry batteries, a push button and telephone wire. If much wire is required I would advise the use of a lightning

button, suggests the Prairie Farmer, as the box is under Uncle Sam's protection.

Mites are very small insects which subsist on the blood of fowls, but are not usually found on the body except when they are on the roost or nest.

During the day they hide in cracks in the walls around the roosts or about the nests. The free use of crude carbolic acid, kerosene, or some of the commercial disinfectants will prove very effective in fighting these little enemies. If the weather will permit leaving the fowls out of doors for a whole day, it will be found a first-class plan to fumigate the house thoroughly by burning sulphur in it. Giving the inside a good coat of whitewash twice a year will aid materially in ridding the house of them.

Then she put her other foot down, and that landed on a volt or an ampere or some foolish dingus which

caused Aunt Martha to become short-circuited.

Bunch, she was the shortest circuit that ever happened.

For a couple of minutes that room looked like a thunderstorm, with Aunt Martha playing the thunder.

When Uncle Peter finally got the current turned off and all the live wires out of her hair, Aunt Martha collapsed on the sofa, screaming: "Take it away! Take it away! Now I know what a hard life the third rail must lead!"

I think the electric treatment has cured Aunt Martha.

At any rate all the exercising paraphernalia has been thrown out in the back yard, and I think that now she will be perfectly satisfied to go through life leading a double chin as nature intended.

Yours in the current of friendship,

JOHN,  
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LAWYER NOT YET A BELIEVER.

Spiritualistic Friend Failed to Keep His Appointment.

A Cleveland man sentenced to be electrocuted on a murder charge was a strong believer in spiritualism. Whenever he talked with his lawyer he was either abusing him for not getting him acquitted or else arguing with him about spiritualism.

The lawyer never had believed in spiritualism, but he was open to conviction. The day before his client was to go to the death chair the lawyer made a proposition to him: "By this time to-morrow," he said, "you will have crossed the mysterious river. You say it is possible for spirits to return. If you think you're so smart, just return and then I'll be convinced."

The client was a matter of fact sort of man. He readily agreed to the lawyer's plan. "If there is any way I can appear to you," he said, "you can get your neck I'll do it. If I'm not on hand at the appointed time you can just make up your mind it's because there's nothing in spiritualism. But I'll come around all right."

The two decided on a time and place for the meeting.

"I broke another engagement in order to be there," said the lawyer in telling of the experiment, "and waited around for more than an hour on the fellow, but the cuss never showed up." —New York Press.

Why He Escaped.

Two men who had not seen each other since they parted after an ocean voyage that was noteworthy for its roughness stopped to talk about the journey.

"Do you remember that particularly rough day on the Banks?" one of the men asked the other, "when you were the only man who went to lunch?"

The good sailor allowed that he did.

"Well, sir," pursued the other, "you never knew how near you came to death that afternoon. When Gillen and I saw you coming out on deck with a novel in one hand and a cigar in the other, looking disgracefully well, Gillen said to me: 'Any man who has the nerve to flaunt his ability to stand this rolling in the face of men as sick as we ought to be thrown overboard.' I agreed with him. But you escaped because neither of us was able to get up to do it."

Woman's Limitations.

Any woman thinks she's capable of reforming a man, but when it comes to reforming herself she employs a dressmaker.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

John Henry on Obesity Cures

Illustration of a staminate plant is shown on the left and a pistillate plant on the right. It is chiefly abun-

dant west of the Missouri river.

As long as stock can get this food they will keep in good condition without any other feed. Its fattening qualities must be the ones that make it chiefly valuable, as the protein content is low, being about five per cent, on the al-

most dry basis.

Woman's Limitations

Illustration of a staminate plant is shown on the left and a pistillate plant on the right. It is chiefly abun-

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Bulbils dactyloides. It is the most

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