

Sentinel Courier: Julius Caesar crossed the Rubicon and made much history; Julius Peterson ate much cheese and made himself sick. It seems that a few days ago Julius, our very efficient assistant agent, tried to corner the cheese market, and bought all he could carry. He then went on a steady cheese diet, and although his good wife insisted that he vary it a trifle by the addition of scrambled eggs, etc., Julius said "No, no, as long as the cheese holds out, I'm all right." After consuming a pound and a half of brick and cream cheese, his tummy began to hurt, then his head, and finally he gave way to all the flu symptoms in the world. Julius explained his feeling to the family doctor over the phone, who ordered him to bed. Neighbor Morrison responded to an S. O. S. and did the chores for a couple of days but did not venture inside the house, as "Julius had the flu." Doc, a busy man, finally got around for a call. He found Julius trying to have the flu in approved style, but after thumping the patient hither and yon, listening to his heart beats, and looking at the soles of his feet, he decided that there was a nigger in the woodpile somewhere and careful questioning revealed the assault upon one big cheese by another big cheese as related above. J. D. rubbed his eyes, stretched himself, yawned, emitted a fervent d-m, got into his working clothes and reported to Agent Thompson at the depot, who is as yet unconvinced about it being a put up job to obtain a few day's rest. Julius, however, insists that he was really sick. But he's taken cheese off his daily menu, and says that even the thought of it causes a gone feeling in the pit of his stomach. He now loves to enlarge upon the frailties of man and his proneness to error. Napoleon met his Waterloo; Julius met his--cheese.