

THE TENSAS GAZETTE

Gazette Publishing Company, Ltd.

Official Paper of the Parish of Tensas School Board and Fifth Louisiana Levee District.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

NEW SERIES VOL. XVIII.

ST. JOSEPH, LA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1911.

NUMBER 37.

MURDER TRIAL ENDS IN A LIFE SENTENCE

HENWOOD GUILTY OF KILLING, AND WEALTHY WOMAN REVEALED AS CAUSE.

Denver, Colo.—Harold Frank Henwood, slayer of George E. Copeland of Victor, Colo., who was shot accidentally by Henwood when the latter killed Sylvester L. Van Phul, the St. Louis aeronaut, was found guilty of murder in the second degree and sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

Never in the history of local tribunals have the presiding judge and prosecutor been subjected to such an exhortation as that pronounced by Henwood when asked what he had to say "why sentence should not be pronounced." He characterized his treatment by the court and prosecutor as "persecution."

The trial of Henwood was replete with sensational features. Like many other sensational tragedies there was a woman in the case; and while she



was on the witness stand in the murder trial her lawyers were in another court asking \$300 a month alimony in a divorce suit instituted by her husband. The suit for divorce was the sequel to the tragedy in the hotel and was won by the husband.

The killing of Copeland was accidental and occurred when Henwood was shooting bullets at Van Phul, Henwood and Van Phul were rivals for the friendship of Mrs. John W. Springer, wife of a wealthy banker and stockman. She had entertained both men in St. Louis, her former home, and at Denver hotel, where the tragedy occurred. It was inevitable under the circumstances that had feeling should have been engendered between them and this feeling found its logical ending when the men met in the hotel bar-room. There are conflicting reports as to the encounter between them; but there is no dispute as to the fact that Henwood shot and killed Van Phul, and in doing so inflicted a mortal wound on Copeland, a young miner, who had no part at all in their quarrel.

Mrs. Springer's maiden name was Patterson and she was born in St. Louis. Among her schoolmates, there was Van Phul. Later in life he was a suitor for her hand, but she married a man named Folk and divorced him shortly afterward. Two years ago she married Springer in St. Louis. They at once came to Denver and Mrs. Springer has been a social leader, though much of her time was spent with friends in St. Louis and at Hot Springs, Ark. The Springers' home in Denver was on Washington street, but they spent much time at their beautiful country place in Arapahoe county, and also had a suite in the hotel where the tragedy took place.

HINDU IS CREMATED ON PYRE

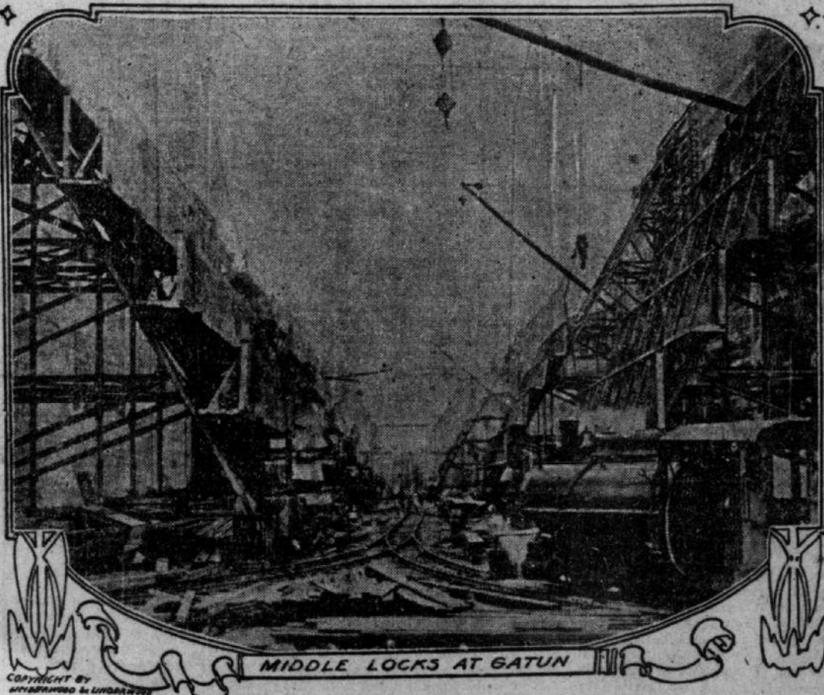
Countrymen Perform Religious Rites of Race and Scatter Ashes on River.

Tacoma, Wash.—Deder Singh, a Hindu, committed suicide in Lyle, by hanging himself to a raft in a section house. The body was cremated



Cremating a Hindu. by his countrymen with the religious rites of their race. A funeral pyre was erected on the banks of the Columbia river. Two cords of wood and ten gallons of kerosene were used. The ashes were scattered on the Columbia.

BUILDING THE CANAL LOCKS AT GATUN



MIDDLE LOCKS AT GATUN

THE stupendous nature of the work of constructing the Panama canal is well illustrated by the accompanying photograph, just received from the Isthmus. The view is taken from the north end of the middle locks at Gatun. It shows the middle and upper locks and also the steel monolith forms, the latter in position to receive concrete for the middle and east walls.

PEACOCKS MUST GO

People Living Near Margate Park Unable to Sleep.

Vigorous Protest Made Against Hideous Night Noises of Vainglorious Birds, Which Foil Efforts to Catch Them.

London.—Do you know how to catch peacocks? If you do Margate's park officials will be glad to hear from you. For they, the head gardener, the chief park keeper and the various assistants of Dane park, have been ordered by the town council to catch peacocks.

The situation is a trying one. For years Dane park has had its peacocks. They have strutted about proudly and spread their tails with glorious vanity, and Margate has been almost as proud of them as they have been of themselves.

But recently a number of people living near the park have taken a dislike to peacocks. The peacocks, they say, have made night hideous and early morning impossible by their cries. The neighboring residents could neither go to sleep nor keep asleep.

So they wrote to the papers and sent a petition to the town council complaining about the peacocks. The matter came before the parks committee and then before the whole council, and the result is that the peacocks have got to go.

That, at any rate, is the decree of the council. But the birds have their views. They strongly object to their proposed ejection.

Two of them, it is true, did unwarily allow three of the park officials to surprise them and capture them in a lawn tennis net very early the other morning, but the remaining four peacocks and three peahens have so far successfully evaded all attempts made to take them. Every day three deter-

mined men set out to overcome these four wily birds and every evening sees the birds as far off capitulation as ever.

They make a noise like cats on the tiles and disturb people. They walk through the flower beds in the park and destroy the flowers.

They have been promised a bird fancier, who wants them as soon as possible. "But it is my belief we shall not catch them for another fortnight," he added pessimistically.

"They know us all by sight now and we don't seem to stand much chance with them until they have forgotten us. Personally I should like to catch them, because they spoil my flowers. Strangely enough, they have ceased to go near them, and will even feed out of strangers' hands, but directly they see any of us officials coming they are off like a shot.

"Three of us go out after them every morning and every evening, but they have as much intuition as a dog, and our only hope is to come upon them unawares. They know quite well what our business with them is."

The reasons why the birds should

Bashful Girl Won't Marry

All the Eloquence of Bridegroom-Elect Could Not Induce Maiden to Appear at Ceremony.

New York.—Armed with all the legal machinery necessary to forge together the matrimonial chain that was to bind Charles Schultz, of No. 63 St. Mary's avenue, Rosebank, Staten Island, and Miss Mary Kaufman, of the adjoining house, Alderman Daniel T. Cornell, of Clifton, had to wander away without officiating because the "bride was too bashful to submit to the service."

All the eloquence of Schultz could not induce the girl to leave her home to go to his home for the ceremony. The alderman agreed to go to her apartment, but she still remained reluctant. Thus at the very hour that Schultz

be caught are, according to Mr. Corpus:

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expected to be the happiest man in Staten Island he was the saddest. He has a nice marriage license, which he is holding as a souvenir of the occasion and with the belief that he may still be able to utilize it. He is thirty-eight years old and Miss Kaufman twenty-five.

Alderman Cornell was called to the Schultz home from his residence by Schultz. Schultz informed the alderman that he wanted him to marry him. The alderman took along a Bible and sped to the home. Schultz was waiting. So were some friends and the best man. In fact, everybody was ready but the bride.

Schultz left, saying he would bring her in. He returned alone and sad faced.

"She won't come. She is too bashful." Alderman Cornell was incredulous. His belief that a woman rushes into matrimony with the joy that a duck takes to water faded away at that instant. He advised Schultz to make another try.

"Be eloquent. Tell her of your love and all that," was the encouraging advice of the alderman. But in ten minutes Schultz returned with the same sad look.

"It's no use; she won't get married. She's too bashful." Schultz made a third visit to the bride saying that the alderman would wed them in her apartment. It was no use, so the alderman went home.

IS TOO TICKLISH FOR ARMY

Ohio Farmer Almost Went Into Hysterics When Being Measured—Sent Back to Calm Nerves.

Columbus, O.—He was "too ticklish" and therefore could not join the army. Such was the plight of Christian Johnson, a young farmer of twenty-two years, who came to Columbus and went to the recruiting station to be enlisted as a soldier. He looked good to the officers and all went well till it came time to measure him. Every time the officer's hand touched the young man he almost went into hysterics, laughing, squirming and giggling all the while.

"What's the matter?" he was asked. "I'm so ticklish!" was the answer, and it proved so true that it was impossible to complete the measurements and he was sent back to the ancestral farm, three miles north of Columbus, with instructions to calm his nerves ere he tries to break into military service.

LESSON FROM THE FLOWERS

Little Girl Learns That She Will Not Be Loser by Her Generosity.

The little girl's pansy bed was not thriving. Also the rose geranium bush was thin and scraggly. "You need to pick your pansy blossoms and geranium leaves more freely," explained the visitor. "For instance, suppose you give me a bunch of each." A look of dismay appeared on the small face. "Oh, but I have so few." "Exactly. If you will try my rule you will have more. You save too carefully. Cut loose and give more freely. There's a great big lesson in it. The flowers will teach you how. Try it just once. If my words fall I'll not ask you again." Reluctantly the little maid complied, but with a flushed and deeply dissatisfied countenance as the visitor remorselessly pushed the situation to its limit and refused to be satisfied while a pansy yet adorned the bed or a fragrant leaf of any appreciable size remained on the bush.

A week later the visitor was greeted by a smiling little face and a smiling pansy bed, royal in purple and gold, while the geranium bush sturdily held aloft a thick verdure of odoriferous leaves. "Are you satisfied, little girl?" "Oh, yes, I'm giving to everybody now and have plenty."

LAST MINSTREL OF IRELAND

Thomas Smith, Aged, Wandering Singer and Story Teller, Died Recently in County Meath.

An aged wandering singer, rhymester and story teller, who was said to be a descendant of one famed in the days of minstrelsy, died recently in the hospital in County Meath, Ireland. He was the last of the old school of so-called poets who lived by story telling and verse making at farm house firesides. His name was Thomas Smith, and according to report one of his ancestors wore cap and bells and served as a jester to a prince. In his boyhood Smith wore a faded doublet of alternating stripes of yellow and blue which had been handed down to him as a relic of his great-grandfather's fame as a countryside fun-maker.

His stories for the most part had to do with the fairies, and always presented the good fairy in the part of straightened tangles and easing the path of happy marriage. His visits throughout the country were made with scheduled regularity, and an evening with the poet was the occasion for a gathering of young folks. Like most poets, he was not thrifty, and died poor.

What Swatters Face?

A female house fly which has hibernated in a dwelling house, or elsewhere, writes Prof. F. L. Washburn in the Popular Science Monthly, may produce in the spring, at the lowest estimate, 120 eggs. Assuming that one-half of these hatch as females, and allowing that the breeding goes on without check for four months, we have as the descendants of a single hibernating individual 214,557,844,320,000,000,000,000 flies. Now, a house fly measures exactly one-fourth of an inch in length; the distance around the earth at the equator is said to be 24,800 miles. It would take, therefore, 3,688,312,000 flies placed end to end to go around the world once. Using this number as a denominator, and the number of flies produced in four months from one mother as a numerator, we find she will give rise, in the course of a summer, to enough flies to encircle the globe at the equator 5,000 times, and have plenty of progeny to spare!

Awed Abyssinian Delegates.

An amusing mistake was made by two Abyssinian delegates of the Emperor Menelik to France. Awed by the splendor of his gold lace uniform and the solemnity of his imposing manner, they mistook the usher at the door of the foreign minister's office for M. de Selves himself. As they were brought into the ante room the usher was standing with his hand on the door handle ready to announce them. But at the sight of his silver chain, his medals, his sword, his gold topped cane and his three-cornered hat the Abyssinians could not be expected to know they were in the presence of a mere servant. So bowing low repeatedly, they approached him slowly and with great respect until they were in reach of his coat-tails, which, one on either side, they seized in their hands and kissed. The usher did not know what to do, but the appearance of the minister relieved the situation.

Gloves and Kings.

Gloves have always been connected with royalty. When the tomb of King John was opened a century ago it was discovered that his hands were gloved. In France the gloves worn by the king at the coronation were consecrated by the officiating bishop, and at the recent English coronation a glove was thrown down as a challenge to any one to dispute the royal title.

When George II. was crowned an unknown Jacobite came forward and lifted the glove on behalf of the absent Stuart, and at the coronation of Edward VII. the duke of Norfolk handed to his majesty a pair embroidered with the dual arms because a manor connected with the duke's inheritance is held by the service of presenting the monarch with a right hand glove on the day of the coronation.

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