

# THE TENSAS GAZETTE

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## HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

### Conductor Tells of Troubles With Passengers

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—"Yes," said the street car conductor, growing communicative after an altercation with a passenger about a transfer of ancient vintage, "this here job's a cinch—you oughta try it. In this business you learn things about folks, you do. For instance, 'other day a sorry-lookin' old party wanted to ride free with me because he hadn't the price of a fare and he was too old and sick to walk, but I'd seen him before and I said 'nizie.' I thought the men on the back platform would put me off, the way they went at me and the company and everybody connected for a souless bunch, and at last one man tried to make me ashamed by coughing up a nickel. The old man was grateful to him and went in and picked out the choice seat in front where he could put his two feet on the other seat.

"Says I to the nickel giver, 'You think I'm a cigar sign for heart, but if you want to get wise just drop off when the venerble gont does and be a sleuth. If everything's all right report the next time you ride with me and I'll give you this nickel back.'

"Well, that got him curious like, and he did it, and some time later I happened to pick him up again, and the first thing he pushed me out a cigar. 'Say, pardner, you were right about that old guy,' he said. 'What did he do but beat it for the nearest booze joint and load up with a good stiff 'un, and then carry off a pint of red juice, and he didn't ask the barkeep to give it to him neither.'

"A girl one day handed me a transfer. It was punched for the wrong day, the wrong hour and the wrong line, but she crossed her heart and said she'd just got it, so I let it go, 'cause, of course, you can't set a little kid girl out on the curb. At the end of the line I noticed she was having trouble with her mind and she says, 'Say, mister, I wasn't telling you no story about that transfer. I did just get it. I just got it off the pavement. I ain't got a cent now, but I'm goin' to bring you the nickel I owe you.' 'All right, sissy,' I said, and thought no more of it, 'cause folks don't usually fetch nickels when they once get away, but a day or two after that, when I came to the end, there was my girl waiting, all shriveled up with cold, and with my nickel tucked in her mitten. Say, I just felt like I wanted to wait for that girl and marry her by and by."

### Picturesque Institutions of Gotham Eliminated

NEW YORK.—A picturesque bit of New York life is being eliminated pretty rapidly by that industrious young woman, Mrs. "Katie" Davis, our new commissioner of corrections. She threw up her hands in horror at the hoary old custom she found in our famous bastle, proceeded to get a new broom and made a clean sweep. She has even dared to squelch the insidious evil of the woman charity worker, which is still in great vogue at Sing Sing.

Why, it's come to such a pass that it's almost impossible to pass a "shot 'n' hop" to a friend temporarily detained.

A young woman called to see her husband, accused of petit larceny. She submitted to a search of her person. This has been the rule always, of course, but the Davis search wasn't like the traditional style. Miss Davis' underling went so far that the young woman became very nervous. The searcher became more curious, and especially interested in a pretty little hat pin. It had a long, black, shiny head. And the pin was rudely drawn from the hat. It was hollow, in fact, had once served as the cap of a fountain pen. White cotton was packed inside and the core was a quantity of white powder. "About four grains of morphine," said Dr. Lichtenstein, the Tombs physician. So the young woman was soon occupying a cell near her husband.

The "morbidity parties" are a thing of the past, too. These sight-seeing expeditions have become a special joy to New Jersey commuters. In fact, there are rumors that certain railroads have run special excursions that rumble might be "uplifted" by a vision of some of the famous Tombs residents. A walk over the Bridge of Sighs brought thrills to the New Jersey heart.

### Shooting Follows the Loss of One Cigarette

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—A quarrel over a cigarette resulted in two men being shot and a sixteen-year-old boy charged with the shooting early the other morning. Gust Ewert, eighteen years old, 592 Madison street, was shot in the left breast, the bullet striking directly over the heart.

Albert Schmidt, twenty years old, 560 Sixteenth avenue, received a bullet behind the right ear. Vincent Walsh, sixteen years old, who, according to the police, did the shooting, was held over on a warrant charging him with assault.

After the shooting, which occurred at Ninth and National avenues shortly after three o'clock, Ewert was taken to the residence of Dr. Harry S. Piggins.

An examination disclosed that the bullet, which was steel tipped, had lodged half an inch beneath the surface of the skin in the chest wall.

Schmidt's examination at Emergency hospital by Dr. Scheels showed that the bullet had struck the mastoid bone of the skull just behind the left ear. It plowed through the hard shell and into the soft cellular recesses of the bone and thence ran into the ear, from where it was easily extracted.

The story told by the three concerned was identical in that the shooting resulted from the theft of a cigarette from Walsh's mouth.

Ewert, Schmidt and several other young men passed Walsh on the street. One of the two victims snatched Walsh's cigarette from his mouth.

The lad drew a revolver from his pocket and fired three times, it is said. Two bullets found marks.

### No More "Spooning" Via This Bank's Telephone

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Cupid was blocking the right of way of Mammon, so the doors of the public telephone booths in the National Bank of Commerce were removed. When the bank building was erected special booths were constructed on both sides of the Olive street entrance. They had large glass doors and were sound proof. They were meant for the use of persons who had confidential communications for their financial agents.

Courting couples took possession of the marble-lined, glass-doored, sound-proof booths. Famous financiers, with large interests in stock and bonds, would seek instant communication with their brokers.

They might be on the "bull" side of a falling market. Every moment meant the loss or gain of thousands of dollars.

Vainly the men of Mammon walked nervously up and down the tessellated corridor of the bank, or pounded at the glass doors. Love laughed at bankers even more uproariously than it laughs at locksmiths.

W. B. Cowen, vice-president of the bank, said that no doubt it was true that "love makes the world go round."

"But love clogs the wheels of business," said Mr. Cowen, "so we had to take the doors off the booths."

"Now the boys and girls do not take up much time exchanging soft nothings and a poor banker can get a chance to make himself some money by getting through a deal by phone once in a while."

## SENTINEL OF EUROPE

### Gibraltar an Imposing Sight to the Visitor.

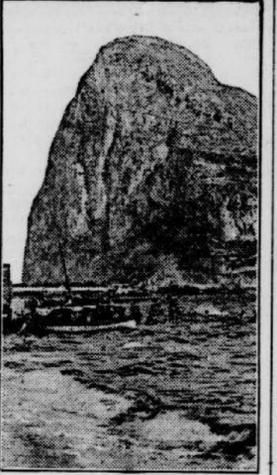
Great Rock is Mysterious, Wonderful, Beautiful, Sombre, According as One Sees It—Greatness in Its Significance, Not Its Size.

London.—No matter at what hour one approaches Gibraltar, it is a memorable occasion. The great rock is mysterious, wonderful, beautiful, sombre, according as one sees it in the early morning haze, at noonday, at sunset, at midnight.

It was not yet breakfast time on December 18 when we first saw that great mass of Jurassic limestone and realized that we were at the most important gateway in the world. Directly east opened the blue Mediterranean, gilded in morning sunshine, a few far-off boats stranded in the golden path. The southern mountains stretched away in uneven masses of rose and lilac; across the channel, gloomy Gibraltar, formidable and grewsome in the early shadows, bristling with unseen portholes, pierced the clouds at the height of a quarter of a mile. These, the Pillars of Hercules, beyond which the boldest one feared to sail! Monuments left by the Phœnician god when he tore the continents asunder—Mount Ahyia, on the right; Mount Calpe (Gebel-al-Tarik), on the left—the mountain of God and of Tarik, the Moor!

Tarik ibn Zijad, at the command of Musa, the African viceroy of the caliph of Damascus, headed an expedition of Moors and built the first fortress on the rock early in the seventh century. Today the tower of the castle he commenced in 1713 may still be seen in a prominent position back of the town.

Before the anchor dropped boats were heading toward us laden with oranges and tangerines; others freighted with nothing but olives. A steam launch brought Cook's men, labeled and uniformed; and a swarthy complexioned fower man with little nose-gays of violets and bunches of red roses. Conspicuous among the new arrivals was a big man with bright, restless eyes, wearing a broad sombrero. Someone whispered, "Mark Twain's guide." Nearing the wharf we spied a group of Arabs, in blue burnouses, brightened by crimson sashes and fezzes and yellow slippers.



Summit of Famed Gibraltar.

Their pointed hoods flapping in the wind, they looked weird and haggard as Vedder's Cumean sibyl.

But the thing that impresses one most is the rock, which has been called more names than any other rock in the world—"the rock of the Mediterranean," "the formidable dead sentinel of Europe," "the crouching lion," "England's insurance sign," "the watchdog of the Mediterranean," "the bolt to Europe's front door," "a rock-bound city of cannon and wild flowers." As one approaches it from the Atlantic it looks like a great, crouching lion ready to pounce upon Spain, its tail toward the sea. It is from one-fourth to three-fourths of a mile wide and some three miles long. Its greatness is in its significance, not its size.

### WOODEN LEG FOR HEAVY MAN

Locomotive Engineer on Northern Pacific Had Lost His Limb in an Accident.

Spokane.—A. D. Bull claims to have recently made a wooden leg for the heaviest man on the American continent wearing such a limb. Mr. Bull said:

"This leg was made for B. A. Kennedy, living at the Pedicord hotel. He weighs 348 pounds. He was formerly a Northern Pacific engineer and his leg was taken off in an accident. I had to send to California for the biggest piece of special wood in our Oakland place with which to make the leg."

Mr. Bull also made a leg recently for W. E. Jerman, aged seventy-six, of Post Falls, Idaho, and is now making one for A. C. Flanders, a construction engineer for the Granby Smelting company of Granby, B. C. Mr. Flanders has been located at Valdez, Alaska, recently and came from there to Spokane to get the leg made.

## WATER PRECIOUS IN EGYPT

Must Be Brought From River Nile—Goatskin Bottle Takes Place of Water Main and Hydrant.

London.—In the land where it rarely rains, all water must be brought from the river Nile, whose sources of supply lie a thousand miles distant, says Popular Mechanics. The goatskin bottle and the earthen jar here take the place of water mains and hydrants. The camel and the ox slowly turn the crude wooden gears which lift water from the sluggish river in buckets lashed to a rude water wheel. Trenches distribute the precious fluid



Cairo Water Vender Selling Drinking Water From Earthen Jar.

to fields where cotton, sugar cane and rice are grown in the black alluvial soil. True, steam pumps are seen in increasing numbers and irrigation projects of vast importance have been built, but Egypt is essentially the land of the sakkas (water wheels worked by oxen) and shadufs (water lifts worked by hand).

### WAS NEWS TO KING ALFONSO

Spanish Monarch Learned from a Picture the Manner of Henry IV's Death.

London.—A curious little story is told about King Alfonso of Spain. He recently visited Bayonne and inspected the local museum, which contained, among other treasures, a realistic picture of the death of Henry IV of France.

After looking intently at the picture, King Alfonso suddenly exclaimed:

"But Henry is not dying a natural death!"

"Of course," remarked one of his French guides, diplomatically, "your majesty remembers that Henry was assassinated."

But King Alfonso did not remember.

"By whom was he killed, then?" he asked.

"He was killed by a monk named Ravalliac," said the guide.

Then the king appeared to comprehend, for he exclaimed:

"A king killed by a monk! Now I understand why the story was never told me."

### SPANKING NINE IS LARGE JOB

Colored Mother Says It Takes Her Breath, But She Deems It Her Duty.

Spokane.—While investigating in the home of women who receive aid under the mothers' pension act Assistant Probation Officer Miss Lillie Breeze found a colored woman who declared she was so interested in the welfare of her children that she often spanked all nine of them, beginning on the oldest and going down the line.

"Well, lan' sakes, Miss Breeze, Ah sho does try to raise dem chilluns properly," said the mother. "Sometimes the chilluns all do wrong an' Ah begins on the oldest and spans all the way down. Ah know it is my duty, but befo' Ah is done Ah is nearly out ob' breath. If dem chilluns does wrong whose fault am it?"

"Ah say, if dem chilluns go into dat street who am to blame?" She then pointed to herself, adding, "Ah is to blame, Miss Breeze."

The woman receives \$35 to aid her in caring for her nine children and an invalid husband.

### SUCKED FINGER; GETS \$300

First Aid to Dog-Bitten Woman Remembered in Will After Many Years.

Dedham, Mass.—The gallantry of William J. Courtney in sucking the finger of Mrs. Mary V. E. Hill after she had been bitten by a dog, seven years ago, will net him \$300 through her will, filed for probate here. The bequest was designated by the testator "as a small remembrance of a courageous act" in her behalf.

Mrs. Hill was riding in a railroad train with a dog in her lap, when the animal suddenly showed symptoms of hydrophobia, and bit her finger. Courtney, who was in the next seat, at once seized the injured member and drew out the infection. He had forgotten the incident until informed of the bequest.

Girl Lectured on Hair Dressing. Chicago.—An official lecturer for a big department store told an audience of salesgirls that the loops of hair they wear over the ears make them less efficient because they can't hear everything the patrons say.

NEIL GALLAGHAN. WILLIAM McLEAN.

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