

# THE TENSAS GAZETTE

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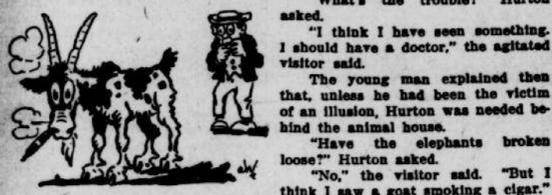
ST. JOSEPH, LOUISIANA, FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1914

NUMBER 38

## TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

### Central Park Visitor Said He Saw a Goat Smoke

NEW YORK.—Bob Hurton, assistant keeper of the zoo in Central park, was entering the lion house the other afternoon when a young man staggered across the walk and leaned against him for support.



"What's the trouble?" Hurton asked. "I think I have seen something. I should have a doctor," the agitated visitor said. The young man explained then that, unless he had been the victim of an illusion, Hurton was needed behind the animal house. "Have the elephants broken loose?" Hurton asked. "No," the visitor said. "But I think I saw a goat smoking a cigar."

### Substitute for Young Bride Fined for Forgery

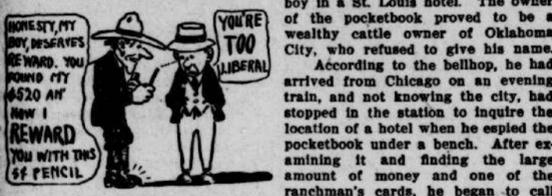
NEWPORT, R. I.—If Hattie Belmar of this city ever gets another chance to act as a substitute for a blushing bride who is too young to get a marriage license it is more than likely that before accepting the position she will demand to be introduced to the real bride. It is not by any means certain that she will take the job at all, but if the bride is so constructed that Miss Belmar's clothes do not fit her she will have to look elsewhere for a substitute, for Miss Belmar won't even discuss the proposal. As a matter of fact, she was sent to jail.



When Albert E. Evans, a cook at the naval station, decided to marry Alfreda Guimond and told her so he was looking into her eyes. When he considered her from afar and noted her size and youthful appearance he felt that there was no chance of getting a license to marry. She is only seventeen and doesn't show her age. So he spoke to Hattie Belmar about it, and she said she would gladly get a license to be used by the youthful bride. They got it. Albert thanked Hattie and married Alfreda. Alfreda's parents were amazed and went to Rev. Arthur Crane, who had performed the ceremony, to demand an explanation. All that he knew was that there had been a license and everything looked all right.

### "Honesty the Best Policy" Brought Into Play

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—The old slogan, "Honesty is the best policy," was brought into play the other night at a union station when a pocketbook containing \$520 was found by a young man, who said he was formerly a bell-boy in a St. Louis hotel. The owner of the pocketbook proved to be a wealthy cattle owner of Oklahoma City, who refused to give his name.



According to the bellboy, he had arrived from Chicago on an evening train, and not knowing the city, had stopped in the station to inquire the location of a hotel when he espied the pocketbook under a bench. After examining it and finding the large amount of money and one of the ranchman's cards, he began to call out the name which the card bore. At the first call the cattle owner responded and grew very excited when he discovered his loss, explaining that he was on his way to Buffalo to be married.

### Birmingham Will Aid "Spooners" in the Parks

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—All embargoes heretofore maintained against "spooning" in the public parks of this city have been lifted, and so long as the habit is confined to legitimate lovemaking, whether it be done in the dark or under the shadow of the electric lights, there is to be no police interference.



For several years young men and women have been complaining that their courting privileges were unreasonably restricted, and many protests were lodged with the city commission against the police. Judge A. O. Lane, commissioner of public justice, determined to change the regulations. He declares that the city will offer every protection and encouragement to "legitimate spooning" in the parks this summer. By "legitimate spooning" he means lovemaking. Every engaged and courting couple will be allowed the use of the parks. The police are instructed to watch the parks and see that real lovers are not interfered with. Commissioner of Streets and Parks Weatherly says plenty of benches will be provided in the parks. He declares the city has no right to regulate love affairs, and his department of streets and parks will pursue the policy of "hands off" from these delicate and sacred matters.

Attention for Ewes. How about the ewes? Are they getting good feed? Or are they just barely living upon what they can find? Remember, a pound of oats now is worth more than three at lambing time. Hard Work. Getting fodder out of a muddy field, or digging the shocks out of the snow, is a great deal harder than throwing shags down from a silo, or even lifting it up out of a pit. Bad Place for Incubator. No incubator will do its best work when operated in a very dry or very damp place. Always in Demand. We never yet have had too many fresh eggs or too many prime market fowls. Clean Up Everywhere. Clean up the place—every fence corner, the yard, the barnyard, the orchard.

## "BUM" WAS A VERY ASTUTE OLD BEE

He Outlived Thirty Generations and Loafed on the Job All the Time.

### SLAIN FOR STEALING

Had Too Much Sense to Work Himself to Death, But Finally Fell in With Bad Company and Was Caught.

Chicago.—F. L. Stuebling of West Pullman has been keeping bees for years and years. Mr. Stuebling is a great student of bee life and knows the little merchant of the sweet as do few. He told the following about a bonny rover of the clover patches to the beekeepers in session in Chicago, recently, as published in the Advance.

Mr. Stuebling may be a nature faker of the insect world, but the following is very interesting reading:

"Bum was born," began Mr. Stuebling, "in 1894. He outlived 30 generations of ordinary bees and, except for an untimely death, might still be buzzing around the old hive. I noticed him first one warm, sunny day when the rest of his relatives were out gathering honey. Bum wasn't. Instead he was standing kidding with the guards at the front of the hive. "He had a hooked body and long flat wings. You know an old beekeeper can recognize bees just as a cowman recognizes cattle. It's easy when you learn how. After that first look at Bum I got interested in him and used to keep track of his goings and comings. They were worth watching. The average bee travels a mile a minute. Bum never went faster than ten miles an hour until he got within ten feet of the hive. Then he speeded up and shot down to the door so fast you couldn't see him. The average bee works himself to death in five weeks. Fact! Of course, it doesn't make much difference, because the queen is busy laying eggs at the rate of 2,000 a day, so there are always plenty of young fellows on the way. "With the first spring flowers, they go on the wing, and by the middle of June the most of them are dead. I



Fighting a Life and Death Battle.

might add that the summer population of a good hive is about sixty thousand.

"Well, Bum managed to keep alive until September. He had too much sense to work himself to death. He made about two trips after honey a day, took things easy, and when the winter rolled around climbed in with the rest of the bunch and went to sleep. He got away with the same stunt the following summer. All the other bees were dead before they got wise to him. Bum slept through another winter, sneaked through another summer and was starting out on his fifth season when he fell in with bad company. Maybe the other bees had been knocking him for his failure to bring in the goods—I don't know. Anyway, Bum got in with a bunch of robbers and started doing a little of it on his own hook.

"The robbers, you know, depend on their stealing abilities to 'swipe' honey from other hives. They have to get by the guards at the entrance and out again, but Bum was smart and succeeded for several weeks. Then, in the latter part of the summer of 1898—just about the time the Spanish war was ended—he got caught.

"I heard a big buzzing and ran out with the idea that one of the hives was getting ready to swarm. Instead, I found the whole population of Bum's hive fighting a life and death battle with the guards of the hive he'd been looting.

"Nothing like it ever happened before or since. It was ten minutes before it struck me that the hive had come to regard Bum as a sort of peacemaker—an influential citizen—and that they were ready to fight for him. I got a smoker and broke up the battle, but when I started looking over the dead bees, I found Bum's body. Under his wings was the honey that he'd just stolen from the hive."

## GAMECOCK ATTACKS TWO-YEAR-OLD CHILD

Little Margaret Baum, a Baltimore Baby, is Probably Disfigured for Life.

Baltimore, Md.—Margaret Baum, the pretty two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick K. Baum, 2035 Gough street, was probably disfigured for life recently when a game rooster, belonging to Edward Osbourne, attacked her. The child was attacked in the yard in the rear of the Osbourne home.

At the time Mrs. Elizabeth Osbourne, the mother of the lad who owns the rooster, was at the Trautwelter home. She learned of the affair upon returning home.

The mother of the child had gone to town and had left her daughter in the care of her grandmother, Mrs. Sarah



The Rooster Attacked Her.

Hagan, who lives in a house adjoining the Osbourne home. The grandmother, in turn, having occasion to go to a nearby store, placed the child in the care of two children who were playing in the street.

For a time the little girl watched the other children at play. She then toddled into the arway which separates the two houses and which is used as a common entrance by both families. At the end of the arway there are two gates, one leading into the yard of the Hagan home and the other into the Osbourne yard. Both gates are similar in appearance. At the time the child entered the yard the rooster was running about the yard. On seeing the girl the rooster attacked her. Mr. Osbourne heard the commotion in the yard and immediately investigated. He found the child lying in the yard.

### ENRAGED BULL KILLS WOMAN

Then Herd of Six Steers Charge Physician Who Went to Her Rescue.

Wabash, Ind.—Mrs. Philip Lemberger, wife of a wealthy farmer near here, was gored to death by a bull the other day. Dr. A. E. Rodgers, who went to her rescue, was almost killed in a terrific fight with the animal and six infuriated steers.

Mrs. Lemberger was crossing a pasture when she was attacked. Her twelve-year-old daughter saw the bull charge her mother and trample her to the ground. She called to Doctor Rodgers, who was passing along the road. The doctor sprang from the buggy, secured a pitchfork and rushed to the rescue.

Plunging the tines of the fork into the bull's side, Doctor Rodgers managed to drive the animal from his victim. But six long-horned steers, maddened by the combat, rushed at the physician. Standing above Mrs. Lemberger's prostrate form, the physician fought the crazed animals for half an hour, driving the pitchfork in their bodies. But their wounds and the smell of blood seemed to make the brutes more furious, and they charged murderously time and again. Doctor Rodgers was making his last stand with what was left of his ebbing strength when a party of farmers, driving past, hurried to his aid and beat off the animals.

Mrs. Lemberger was dead. Several ribs were broken, her chest was crushed and her body and face mangled.

Thief Took Dead Man's Shoes. Toledo, O.—After the body of William Steinhauser had been lying in an undertaking chapel for more than a year, a thief entered the building and took the shoes from the dead man's feet. A scribbled note found in the chapel said: "I need the shoes more than he does."

Husband Was Opposed to Work. Pittsburgh, Pa.—Because her husband would not work, complaining it was too hot in the summer, and in the winter too cold, in the spring because he suffered from spring fever and in the fall because he played football, Mrs. Charles Stehler was granted a divorce.

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