

# THE TENSAS GAZETTE

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## INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

### Policeman Is Taken Prisoner by a Lively Cow

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—A big spotted cow with regulation crumpled horns and a determined cast of countenance captured Patrolman Chambers of the Detroit avenue station the other day and bound him so tightly that it required the united efforts of every person living in Nell terrace, West Eighty-ninth street and Detroit avenue, to free him. Then she started off down the street with him hanging to the end of a chain and flopping like the tail of a kite.

At the "mooings" of the cow and the yells of Chambers all the men at the Detroit avenue station rushed out and managed to corral her in Andrew Hartwell's livery stable. As the door slammed on her, Chambers drew a long breath and began to take inventory of the three hundred odd bones in his anatomy.

"Strange," he muttered in a dazed voice. "I was sure some of them must be broken."

The cow, which belongs to W. H. Ford, tired of her pasture and started to hunt a new one early in the morning. She pulled up the stake to which her chain was attached and started. At the Nell terrace the green lawn of the court attracted her and she tarried long enough to get all tangled up in the chain. Her half-strangled groans and "mooings" awoke every one in the terrace and someone called Patrolman Chambers. With soft words he tried to calm the frightened cow, but failed. She caught him between a tree and herself and proceeded to wind the chain around him. Chambers yelled for help.

The cow then decided to investigate Detroit avenue to the eastward and she took Chambers along. Through lawns and over flower beds she went until the station house was reached at about seven o'clock. The day and night forces were just changing and between the two Chambers' prisoner was subdued.

### Buys Meal for a Wayfarer; Lacks Cash to Pay

NEW YORK.—A story is being told of an experience of a wealthy bachelor, a member of a very old New York family, who takes a great deal of interest in charitable work, and who does a lot of investigating on his own account.

Some time ago he was walking on one of the streets of the lowest East side when he was accosted by a wayfarer whose whole appearance indicated the depths of misfortune and misery. The tramp said he wanted the price of something to eat. The millionaire looked him over.

"I won't give you any money," he said. "But I'll be glad to buy you a good square meal."

The millionaire was very plainly dressed, and the other, after looking him regretfully over, agreed to become his guest. They turned into a restaurant in the vicinity, and the host let the man order what he wanted. He himself ordered a meal and ate.

When it was finished, the millionaire called for his check. When it came, he felt in his pockets. Not a cent did he have. It was an embarrassing moment, but he sought to explain to the waiter.

"None of that stuff goes here; we got too much of that kind of conversation," the attendant informed him. "You pays that check—see!"

The man from uptown called for the manager, and sought to explain the situation, but the manager, too, happened to be from Missouri.

When the millionaire was arguing with the manager, and protesting that he would pay the bill if time was given him, he was surprised by a loud guffaw from the tramp across the table.

"Bo," cried that worthy, leaning over and putting out his hand, "you certainly put one over on me. I never knew anybody could fool me like that. Why, I had no idea you were one of us. I'll pay the check," and he did, producing a sum that was much more than sufficient.

### House Lined With Honey Found in Southern City

MOBILE, ALA.—Mobile has a real, sure-enough "honey" residence. It is at the corner of Kentucky and Marine streets, and carpenters say that the walls are practically interlined with honey. Several weeks ago the flooring in the attic of the building, now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Gray, and owned by Mrs. Annie B. Fields, began to show unmistakable signs of rotting, although it was far from the ground. Before the floor was taken up, honey began to appear through the boards, and despite efforts to mop the sticky stuff up, it continued to appear.

Mrs. Fields was notified and after being told about the honey she recalled that about five years ago while she was living in the house she had a large flower garden in the yard and that it attracted a colony of bees to the place.

When the flowers were removed the bees also disappeared. The honey-makers had discovered an abandoned wax spout and through this they gained access to the walls and beneath the weatherboarding they proceeded to make pound after pound of honey.

A carpenter was summoned and on the orders of the owner he cut a hole in the side of the house and attempted to smoke the bees out. For his trouble he was stung several times. Between twenty-five and thirty pounds of honey was found near the hole, and this was removed, but it is believed that several hundred pounds must be in other parts of the walls.

The carpenters are of the opinion that a dozen or more colonies of bees inhabit the Gray home.

### Mastodon Hog Weighs 1,000 Pounds on the Hoof

BALTIMORE, MD.—One hog, 1,000 pounds on the hoof. H. F. Martin of Hampstead, in the Fifteenth district of Baltimore county, sold an animal of this weight, says the Sun, to H. F. Sharrer, a butcher of Hempstead. It was five years old. Facially and by several other characteristics, it looked like the veritable titmouse of the swine tribe, but it had the bulk of a horse and the legs of a large horse. Seeing it move across the field on a moonless night gave one the apprehension that the creature or fairies were moving a haystack.

Only now that the western winds have come along does Farmer Martin realize the invaluable boon he lost when he parted with the colossal creature. Staked on the windward side of the Martin homestead, not a ripple of air could reach the unrepined roof; no whining, convulsive sobs could be heard from the free and easy weatherboarding.

It might have been that C. P., hog, pig, swine—call it what you will, for it doesn't seem to be any Latin or Gaelic designation adequate to emphasize the animal's massivity and projection into the circumambient atmosphere before said, perhaps it was because the animal's appetite was built along lines of its displacement or because of the luring offer of nine cents a pound "dressed," that Mr. Martin sold it—at any rate, Mr. Sharrer got it.

The carcass dressed down to 798 pounds net, for which Mr. Martin realized the monetary equivalent of \$71.63.

## FAMOUS OLD INNS

### Historic Events Cluster About Ancient Hosteries of England.

Many of Them Have Passed Out of Existence But Those That Remain Have a Charm That is Very Appealing.

London.—The word "inn" signifying a chamber or place of residence) is of purely Saxon origin. It is just possible that the inns which flourished before the Conquest had some remote connection with the "guest-houses" which existed at various points of the great Roman roads, but it is quite certain that the great majority of the medieval inns, like the New Inn at Gloucester, the George at Glastonbury, the ancient hostelry at Norton St. Philip having the same sign, had a purely ecclesiastic origin. The inns of Southwark were famous long before Shakespeare's time, and an old engraving shows the Borough to have been at one time a street of inns. One after another they have disappeared, but the George has survived the wholesale demolition of its contemporaries and, in the second decade of the twentieth century, retains the picturesque features which inspired the architects of our earliest playhouses. The Kembles—Sarah Siddons with the rest of them—frequently played in an inn yard, with the rustic audience packed into the wooden galleries which ran around it and led to the bedchambers of the Star, the Green Dragon, the Red Lion or whatever house it happened to be. This state of things came to an end about 1770, when the organization of fast mails gave the coaching inns half a century of activity and prosperity. If the railway put an end to these halcyon days for well nigh seventy years, the motor car bids fair to make ample amends in the case of the venerable hosteries which have survived the crisis, which, with relentless hand, swept away the Tabard or Talbot (the most famous of all Southwark inns), the White Hart, the King's Head, the Katherine Wheel and the Queen's Head, all of which up to comparatively recent times possessed galleried courtyards similar to that now described.

The remains of the George derive additional interest from the fact that this inn stood close to the Tabard, in connection with which it is mentioned as early as 1554.

Very few English inns can lay claim either to the antiquity, the quaint architectural features, or the eventful history of the New Inn at Gloucester, which may almost be described as a city of inns and inn-holders. It is in the murder of King Edward II that we discover the genesis of this delightful old hostelry. When Bristol, Malmesbury and other places declined the honor of affording sepulture to the dead monarch, "Abbot Thokery did not wait to be allowed, but went bodily, demanded and conveyed the royal corpse in his own carriage to the Abbey of St. Peter, at Gloucester, where it was received by the brethren of the Monastery in procession and buried on the north side of the choir, near the high altar in September, 1327." In course of time the tomb of Edward became a popular shrine.

The George at Glastonbury is another example of a medieval pilgrim's inn, but little of the original work remains except the striking perpendicular paneled facade. It was built in the latter half of the fifteenth century by Abbot Selwood for the better accommodation of visitors to the abbey and its shrine. Above the gateway are the arms of Edward IV and those of the abbey.

The Feathers at Ludlow has long been regarded as one of the principal sights and attractions of the ancient twin capital of the Marches, and a fine specimen of the houses described as black and white or "magpie," although very much "over-restored." The Feathers is reminiscent, both as regards the exterior and interior, of Tudor times; but it is to its neighbor, the Bull, you must go to see the oak paneling covered with heraldic devices which adorned Ludlow Castle in the days when Milton's "Comus" was first performed there.

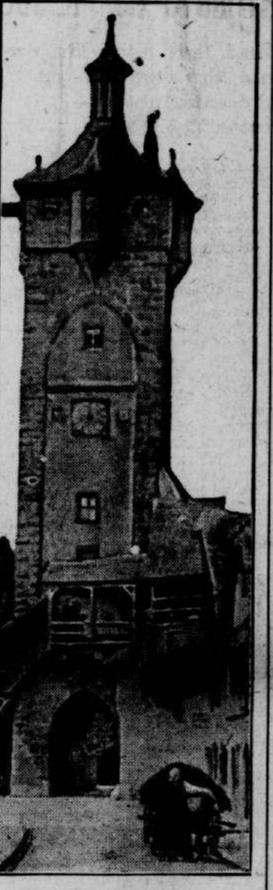
It is probable that the Fighting Cocks Inn at St. Albans is far older than the Feathers at Ludlow.

"Birth Pangs of a New Democracy." Chicago.—"The cries that come to us from Colorado and from other scenes of strife—cries for vengeance and for blood—are not the death knell of this republic, but are the birth pangs of a new Democracy," said James A. MacDonald, managing editor of the Toronto Globe, in a speech here.

## ROTHENBURG ON THE TAUBER

Every Street in City Offers Unlimited Possibilities to the Artist and Camera Man.

Berlin.—Every street in Rothenburg offers unlimited possibilities to the artist and the camera man. Noble churches rich in Gothic work, stately simple in character, beautiful in craftsmanship, richly endowed with wood carving; many walls, still battlemented; towers of all shapes and sizes, some round and tall, others squat and fat, with evil-looking slits in their walls from whence many an arrow has sped on its death-dealing mission; others, again, fantastically peaked, soaring high into the sky and seeming to touch the rolling masses of cloud that go flying by; Renaissance buildings of the greatest beauty, seamed and stained with the inexorable hand of time, many gabled and with row upon row of quaint dormers



The Klingen Thor (Tower).

peeping from a steep roof of glowing prismatic color. Autumn is the time for picturesque figures. Then is heard the clacking of the flail in many an old barn; primitive bullock wagons laden with the treasures of mother earth slowly come through the fortified barbicans of the town gates; and figures bearing scythes or reaping hook pass on to the fields and woods. Stay a while and peep inside one of the great old barns, whose huge beams and timbers are dimly revealed in the deep, dark recesses. A cloud of fine dust fills the air, and a flood of sunshine pouring in from the open door turns this into a quivering, golden, transparent screen, through which the picturesquely clad figures are seen flinging their flails in rhythmic time, the grain meanwhile dancing a merry measure on the rough oaken floor.

Wisely enough, the inhabitants of Rothenburg built their railway station far enough away, where it could not spoil the beauty of the ancient town. The visitor may feel a little disappointed at first, as, on leaving the station, he traverses a commonplace buildings; but once through the Roder gate and a street is entered whose houses and towers would satisfy the rampant imagination of the most extravagant scenic artist. A great joy and content fills the traveler's heart, for surely now he is back in the middle ages. On either side of the wide, spacious street are great, gabled houses lavishly painted in various colors, and with many humorous inscriptions and verses upon them. Listen to this above a Rothenburg Figaro's house:

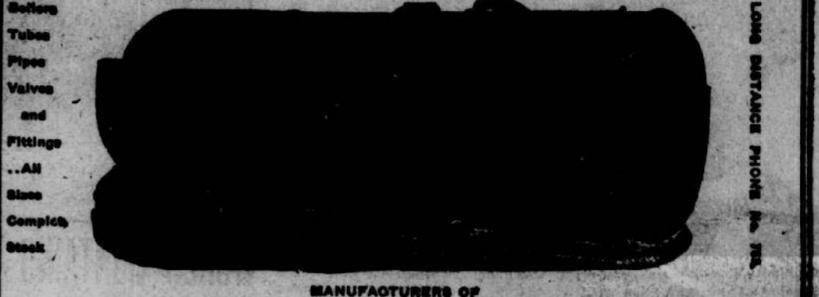
Many a man must lose his hair Whom't pleaseth not the same to spare; Yet never a man that I have shorn But well't hath pleased him, I'll be sworn. For hair and beard I cut and trim For each as best it suiteth him, And every man I lather down, Whether he's wise or but a clown.

Balled Out by Complainant. Little Ferry, N. Y.—Mayor Frank Herma, charged with assaulting Christian Ullman, a political opponent, surrendered to the police and was balled out by the complainant.

Hesitate Over Tempting Offer. Boston.—A genuine one-dollar bill marked down to 30 cents remained in a store window for 24 hours before it was purchased. Hundreds hesitated to accept the bargain offer.

12,000 Contemplating Suicide. Chicago.—Coroner Hoffman in his biennial report estimates that 12,000 persons in Chicago at the present time are contemplating suicide.

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