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Tales of Gotham and Other Cities

Chicks Hatch While Kindergarten Class Watch

CHICAGO.—The kindergarten class of the Walsh school has proved itself to be one of the most interested and observing audiences that ever watched the hatching of events. The object of their attentions is known locally as Mrs. Chick A. Biddy, and the children regard her as something of a wizard, having seen her transform a number of common every day eggs into little live creatures that run around and peep and insist on being fed.



Mrs. Biddy came to the Walsh school a few weeks ago, and the teacher, Miss E. Cassandra Truby, placed her in a corner of the room, and the children fed her all during the time she was acquiring a family.

And now, besides Mrs. Biddy there are Brownie, Wink, Blink, Tinkle, Hob, Mob, Cob, Bob, Sucky, Hittabob, Tiny and Tot Biddy to keep them interested. This is how it came about. Miss Truby believed that a setting hen would furnish her class amusement as well as knowledge. So she borrowed Mrs. Biddy and installed her in a box filled with excelsior and fifteen eggs. Every other morning papers were laid on the floor around the box and an improvised fence was made of tables stood on edge. Mrs. Biddy left her nest only at meal time. When she returned to her nest she would duck her head and move her body so that the eggs in the center were rolled to the outside, and those on the outer edge were rolled to the center. In this way all the eggs got their fair share of warmth.

All this delighted the children and made them ask questions. They wondered how she could sit so patiently all day, and then, when the inhabitants of the shells began to pick their way out toward the light the class singly and collectively held its breath for half a second, and then exhaled it in a label of noise. The first one out was a brown one, then before many hours three yellow ones and eight blacks chiseled holes in their cells and stumbled out into the expectant world. "It was beautiful," said Miss Truby, "to notice how the children watched the hen taking care of her brood, how she fed them, tended them, took them under her wings, and how proud she was of them."

Bold Bandit, Thirteen, Robs and Sells His Plunder

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Clarence Hoe, thirteen years old, was arrested on suspicion of having committed twenty acts of burglary in a couple of hours in one night recently, and all in the same place. According to the police he admitted the charge. Young Hoe's loot, which included quantities of railroad tickets, pencils, blotting paper, ink and rubber stamps, came from the Ocean Shore railroad depot at Mission and Twelfth streets.

Risking discovery by the night watchman the young bandit expertly slipped the back door of the depot and entered. Within all was dark and the reckless youth had neglected to provide himself with the electric flash which every up-to-date burglar is supposed to carry. "I didn't know what I would want," young Hoe is reported as saying, "so I took everything."

Twenty laborious trips were made by the young malefactor between the depot and a "cache" on an empty lot at Market and Tenth streets which frequently had been used by Clarence Hoe as a place of concealment for his school books on the days when he decided to acquire information in nickel-odeons instead of at school.

Next day one of the most peculiar small business establishments ever seen in San Francisco appeared on the lot not far from the "cache," with Hoe presiding over it. Pencils, penholders and various other articles were exposed for sale.

The little stand came under the observation of Detectives Fred Kracks and Jack Dolan, who had heard of the burglary at the Ocean Shore railroad depot. Young Hoe's combined career of crime and business was cut short. The youthful burglar lived at 1535 Tenth avenue, South, with his father, George Hoe, a teamster. Now he is a charge of the juvenile court.

"Kiddies" Bring Officer Their School Reports

CLEVELAND, O.—The blue-coated patrolman on traffic duty lifted his cap and looked seriously at the freckle-faced lad who had beaten his companions out of Hough school. "Not so good, Johnnie; better study a little more next week," said he. "That's fine, Mary," as he examined the grade card of a little girl who came dashing up. Other children excitedly clamored for the patrolman to examine their weekly averages.

This is a regular weekly scene at Hough avenue and Crawford street, where Patrolman Daniel P. Tafe, 11212 Ada avenue, is on traffic duty. Tafe is a friend of every child attending Hough school, and it is to him that they exhibit their grade cards each week, for praise or criticism, before taking them home. The children's attachment to the patrolman has come to the attention of Director of Public Safety Bemesech, and he has written Tafe a letter complimenting him on his work.

"The patrolman is a servant of the public school and should never aspire to be its master."

In this sentence Tafe summarizes the secret of being a good patrolman and it is a motto which Director Bemesech will endeavor to impress on the minds of every member of the police force. "Tafe has the right idea," Bemesech said.

Tafe ascribes his interest in the work of school children to the fact that he was unable to attend school after he was ten years old, and was forced to educate himself by study at night. "I like to encourage them in their work," said he.

Bored Blotched Giraffe Sighs in Its Park Home

NEW YORK.—It was some day at the New York Zoological park recently, for which Raymond L. Ditmars, the curator, is authority. And no wonder. A blotched giraffe was received, as was the highest-priced baboon ever brought to the park; also a crate of African tortoises and a number of rare birds of the hornbill variety.

The giraffe has been on the way from Africa via Germany, then Baltimore and finally New York. The curator had received giraffes before, so when he sent out two men to measure the height from the ground of the Bronx trolley wires it was not out of the ordinary. The bill of lading showed an eight-foot giraffe in a ten-foot crate, and as the crate was to go on a wagon of some height the curator got out his pencil.

"There's just two inches to spare," he exclaimed, "but we can't take any chances of having the giraffe electrocuted."

As a precaution he sent the two men along with the expressmen, each wearing a pair of rubber gloves, so wires could be lifted if necessary. But the curator's figuring was accurate, and the two men saw the crate slide neatly under the trolley wires as the park was neared with the high-necked, high-necked giraffe.

Even the animal sighed when it got out of the crate and went into quarantine for two weeks in the park. It was the third time it had been in the quarantine since it left Africa. The German officials would not let it land for fear of hoof and mouth disease, so it remained on a scow in German waters for many days. It was later quarantined in Baltimore.



TWILIGHT IN NAPLES

Pink Glow Tints Entire Island of Capri.

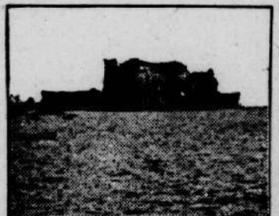
Mists Are Chased From Sides of Volcano—Noises of Neapolitan Traffic Form Rude Contrast to Peace Over the Waters.

Naples.—High above the street, I am sitting on a railed window ledge about 18 inches wide and six feet long, just large enough for a small chair, says a correspondent of an exchange. But great or small, this perch suffices to command a most delightful view. The sun is just setting behind the promontory that stretches out toward Ischia. A pink glow is tinting the island of Capri, boldly visible across the bay. The long headland which forms the southern natural breakwater of this most wonderful harbor, with Sorrento glimmering near the extremity, is beginning to turn lavender, and in the mountain shadows a purplish tone develops as the light wanes.

Straight ahead of me as I sit is double-peaked Vesuvius, its sides perfectly clear of the mists that have enshrouded them since early morning. From the cone pours the never-ending column of steam, just now somewhat mushroomed in the calm air of evening. I can see from time to time the jets rising from the outer edges of the great vent, to join the immense cloud-like mass above. North and south, like a transfixing shaft, a darker toned layer of vapor has drifted, spreading far beyond the green height of Mount Somma on the northeast and over to Mount St. Angelo on the Sorrento peninsula.

There is no menace in this aspect of the monster that has so often exacted its toll of life and destroyed so vast a sum in man-made values. It betokens the immeasurable force of nature and tells of a latent power for evil, but viewed from here it seems only a sham volcano, something pyrotechnic for a festa, and not doing very well at that. The knowledge that it is Vesuvius and that it still possesses a potency for unlimited evil greatly aids the mind in picturing it as a treacherously quiet creature, likely at any time to demand a sacrifice.

Lately much anxiety has been felt here regarding Vesuvius. A few months ago it began to show marked signs of renewed activity, and when a young Englishman descended into the crater to take motion pictures he reported a remarkable condition, indicative of malevolent energy. But the dreaded eruption has not occurred, and now it is Etna that has contributed afresh to the seismic records, by causing an earthquake that has destroyed several Sicilian villages and taken scores of lives. Meanwhile Vesuvius pours out its usual volume of



Naples—Castel dell'Ovo.

steam, and presents the picture I see as I write, a daily mystery and a familiar menace of possible devastation.

The light is passing. Capri has almost gone from sight and the glow has faded from the Vesuvius steam which has for some minutes been shading through the most elusive tones of a fire opal. The transfixing spear of darker vapor has melted. The bay is as smooth as a ballroom floor, dotted with boats, white-winged fishermen returning from their day's adventure with the nets, tiny motor boats, rowboats, a couple of steamers with faintly glimmering mast lights.

SKULL IS OLD CRIME CLUE

Garfield Find Believed Head of Peddler Murdered Over Seventy Years Ago.

Passaic, N. J.—William W. Scott, known throughout Passaic county as the dean of the bar, and who is also a noted historian in the county, said he believed the skull found by workmen in Garfield was that of a peddler who was murdered more than 70 years ago.

Scott said his records related that on the site of No. 42 Passaic street, Garfield, where the skull was found, there stood in 1828 a Dutch homestead owned by Tunis Van Iderstein. About that time there was great excitement in the neighborhood when an old peddler disappeared and a little later the headless body of a man was found in the Passaic river.

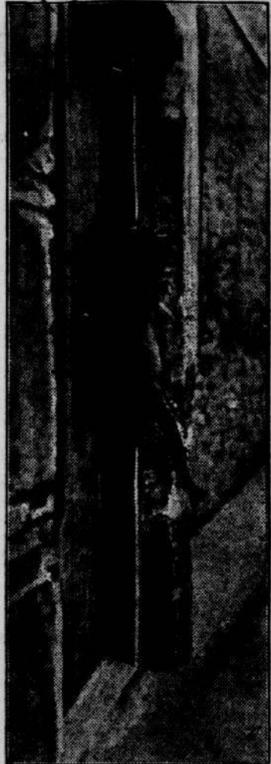
Scott believes the skull found was the peddler's.

Roosevelt's Gift Horse Is Killed. Chicago.—"Colonel Roosevelt," a brown mare presented by the ex-president to Miss Lucille Mulhall of Ponca, Okla., was electrocuted when it stepped on the third rail of the Metropolitan Elevated railroad while in charge of a stable.

LONDON CAT IS INTELLIGENT

Indicates Minded Reasoning Powers in His Actions Regarding Meny Things.

London.—"It is surprising what the sound of a knife being sharpened on a stone will do," says a correspondent in Country Life. "My cat, Nimrod (so called in the hope that the mantle of his biblical namesake might fall upon him), has a keen ear for that sound and associates it with the cutting up of meat, hence his attendance is necessary at that function. Even the fact that the back door is shut does not stop him. He springs up



Nimrod Opening the Door.

and holds the handle with one paw; with the other he rattles the latch until it is free and the door swings open, and Nimrod has arrived. I was fortunate enough to catch him in the act, and the photograph shows him at work. I cannot argue that animals reason or that they do not. I can only produce evidence of the fact that my cat wants to get in, and, in the words of the late G. W. Stevens, 'Knows what to do—How to do it—Does it.'"

AEROPLANES RUIN HIS FARM

French Landowner Brings Suit to Keep Air Machines 600 Feet Up—Asks Damages.

Paris.—Can the air be considered private property? This is the question which the tribunal of Seine is called upon to answer. A landowner named Heurtebise, whose property is near the Buc Aerodrome, is suing the Farman Brothers, the Borel Aeroplane company, and Robert Esnault Pelterie for damages for allowing aeroplanes to come over his property.

Since the conquest of the air, said his counsel, Rene Fabre, the hares and partridges, with which the estate was well stocked, have been frightened away by the roaring of motors and aeroplanes, his fields have been cut up, and his crops damaged by the expert descents of beginners.

He was afraid to walk in the grounds for fear of being crushed. The birdmen who hung over his head were a worse torture than the sword of Damocles.

His client did not claim the air up to and including the empyrean realm, but basing himself on article 552 of the civil code, which specifies that man is master above and below the surface of his land, he asked that aeroplanes should be compelled to remain above a minimum height of 600 feet. The case was adjourned.

WIFE'S DREAM CAME TRUE

Has Vision That Husband Has Broken a Leg—He Meets With Accident.

Allentown, Pa.—Spurgeon A. Weston, an Allentown newspaper man, has often related remarkable instances of mental telepathy between him and his wife. A few evenings ago Mrs. Weston awoke with a start from a dream that his leg had been broken.

Within ten minutes a taxi stopped at the door and he alighted, lame. A doctor found a fractured ankle, suffered from Mr. Weston missed a moving trolley car.

Wife's "Damn" Shocks Husband.

New York.—In her suit for separation Mrs. William H. Rendall declared that her husband threatened to throw her out of the house because she cried "damn" after she had hurt her finger.

World to Eat Less Meat.

New York.—The city health department has warned all persons over thirty to eat less meat, declaring it is largely to blame for the increased death rate in persons over that age.

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