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. XXV | ST. JOSEPH, LOUISIANA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1914 | NUMBER 2

Tales of GOTHAM and other CITIES

"Here Is Your Jewel Casket, Madam," He Said

NEW YORK.—"Madame," and the handsome station master looked into her violet eyes, "your jewel casket, I am happy to inform you, has been found." The violet eyes looked up into his and a flush mantled her cheeks.

"Thank you so much," she said. "You must have seen me when I dropped it."

The H. S. M. said no, but with an accent that did not make it sound like a harsh word at all.

"I knew it was yours," he said, "because it just matched the color of your gown. I was much worried until I found you, for I know that the contents must be very valuable. Do not mention it at all. It has been reward enough to have returned these jewels to you." She shook the leather-covered box apprehensively and listened. "I suggest," said the H. S. M., "that you examine the contents before you go further. Perhaps some of them might be missing. My office is at your disposal if you wish to do so."

And so she of the violet eyes went to the office and the H. S. M. said to one of his assistants, "Odell, just give the lady this desk, will you. She would like to make an inventory of her jewels, which she just lost and—found again." And so she of the violet eyes opened the lid of that leather-bound box, and these are what she took out, one by one:

One small mirror, cracked.
One rabbit's foot.
One comb.
One bottle of perfume.
One pot of rouge.
One tube of cold cream.
One eyebrow pencil.
One date book.

"How funny," she said, after a pause, glancing at the limp form of the H. S. M., which had fallen back in his chair, "that you should have thought this was filled with diamonds! Why, this is my tango vanity. All the girls have them. Don't you think it is an especially nice one? Everything is all right but the little mirror. Thank you so much. Good-by. You have been very kind."

And the station master went into his private office and lighted a dank, dark cigar and pondered on the ways of womankind.

Firemen Steal the Bed of Pair Wed in Secret

CHICAGO.—A Maxim silencer on the wedding chimes failed to work when Charles F. Passow, a fireman, married Miss Margaret Mulligan at her home, 1340 North Avers avenue. Passow recently asked for a furlough, but did not explain that he intended to be married.

He had heard of the pranks played on prospective bridegrooms by their heartless mates in the firehouse. So he decided to have a secret wedding.

Passow and his fiancee picked out a sunny flat at 5305 Maryland avenue, and during his hours off they visited furniture emporiums and picked out all the accessories dear to the hearts of the newly-married.

But Passow underestimated the discernment of the other members of the engine company.

Mr. and Mrs. Passow went to their new home after the wedding the other night. Passow tried to open the door, but the key would not work. This was because the members of company 19 had plugged up all the keyholes. In a rage hotter than most of the fires he has turned the hose on, Passow struggled with the key until finally he and his bride gained entrance.

On the dining-room table they found an elaborate set of aluminum kitchen utensils with a card conveying the company's best wishes.

"They are just beautiful," Mrs. Passow said.

"Yes, the boys are pretty good-hearted, even if they do have their little jobs," Passow conceded.

Then he suddenly missed the bed.

Once more he felt murder in his heart. He raced back and forth through the flat and at last found that the door of a closet was locked and the keyhole stuffed. Passow got a chisel and hammer and got the door open. The bed had been carefully taken down and stored in the closet.

This Couple Knew a Good Cow When They Saw It

MUNCIE, IND.—Charles Shick, when he retired from the mercantile business, moved to a suburban home. He had always wished to live out where he could keep chickens, a driving horse or two, and a cow. Whenever Shick and his wife drew mental plans of their suburban home they included a sketch of an ideal cow. In fact, they decided they would spend, if necessary, a hundred dollars for a cow, but it must look like a hundred dollars' worth of cow. After they became settled in their new home they started out cow-shopping. They read the classified advertisements and canvassed Delaware county's 12 townships. They saw a lot of cows, but none looked like the cow they wished.

Then the county fair came. Shick and his wife went. At the cattle barns they saw a cow. It belonged to the genus Jersey. Its eyes were soft and mellow. Its hoofs and horns were neatly manicured. Its fawn-colored coat was beautiful to behold. And as for the general symmetry and makeup the animal would suit the most exacting. The herdsman said this particular cow was an abundant milk producer.

The Shicks exchanged knowing glances. Verily they had, at last, found a cow that looked like the mental picture they had drawn.

"I suppose you will sell this cow?" Shick asked.

"Yes, it is for sale," said the herdsman.

"How much do you want for the animal?" said Shick.

"Well," said the herdsman, "it is one of the best animals in the herd, but I will take fifteen hundred dollars for the cow."

Shick clutched at his wife's arm. Then they started across the fair ground toward the grandstand. For half an hour neither spoke. Then Shick broke the silence. He turned to his wife and in a meek voice said, "Say, we know a good cow when we see one, don't we?"

Finds a $367 "Roll" and Gets a 25-Cent Reward

DENVER, COLO.—M. McGrath, a lifeguard at the Washington park bathing beach, found $367 in bank bills on the shore. With no thought of reward in his mind, he hastened to police headquarters and reported his find. There he learned the money was the property of a guest at the Argonaut hotel, who had lost his "roll" while bathing in the lake.

"I spent about two-bits telephoning all over the city trying to locate the owner of that money," said McGrath. "When I found him I hurried to his apartments and turned the big wad of mash over to him, with never a thought of reward.

"But he was so overcome with gratitude and joy, he insisted that I be rewarded. He drew a dime and a quarter from his pocket and studied them for fully a minute. Finally he shoved the quarter toward me and said: 'You deserve a reward.'

"He looked so ruefully at that two-bits I couldn't bear to take it. It would have broken his heart, I am sure."

PORT OF ANTWERP

Most Important One on Continent of Europe.

City Heavily Fortified, Grim and Gray in Spite of Its Quaintness—Country Roundabout Is Mostly Peopled by the Dutch.

London.—The traveler slipping up the reaches of the Scheldt river toward Antwerp in the misty small hours of the morning has ever been struck with a sense of curious, of almost uncanny, contrast. The city is heavily fortified, grim and gray in spite of its quaintness. The Scheldt flows through a gentle country of green meadowlands and sleepy villages.

Antwerp is perhaps the most important port on the continent of Europe in point of commerce—a place very much alive and very real. The Scheldt is a toy river meandering through a Noah's ark landscape.

The country is mostly Dutch—the Dutch of the imagination and of children's picture books. Flat meadows border the river, broken with clustering villages, pert red-roofed farm houses, tiny church spires, windmills everywhere and rows and rows of regular green trees made after the same pattern and looking for all the world like rows of paper dolls, cut all of a piece, that have delighted children for generations. Occasionally appears a live thing—a cow, a dog or horse modeled from the beasts in a pantomime, and now and then a little wooden man or the little wooden ladies of his family. But over all is the quiet of a child's toy village after the child is tucked in bed, and the whole country looks as if it were stood on edge with its feet in the water each morning and scrubbed behind the ears.

And yet Belgium and Holland, for all their quaint charm and picture-book quality, have been for centuries the battleground of the nations. Time after time the great countries of Europe have fought one another tooth and nail, with these two little kingdoms as pawns, their pleasant fields the scene of many a bloody battle. Even now, though Holland has so far escaped, Belgium is blood drenched, her men mowed down, her towns laid waste, her peace and prosperity destroyed; and all because her powerful neighbors have seen fit to go to war.

To take Antwerp would naturally be a feather in the cap of the invading force. Occupying as it does a position so close to the English ports of Dover and Harwich, challenging the supremacy of the North sea, its possession by Germany at the end of the war would doubtless prove of immense value in securing concessions from the allies. No longer ago than the early part of the nineteenth century, Antwerp was taken in an invading force, but it was a tremendously superior force, and it was to the French and English as allies that it fell captive.

The Dutch and the Belgians had for some time been united under one crown, with the Dutch well in the ascendency, the Belgians chafing under the yoke until they broke out in a mimic warfare for their freedom. At length the powers saw fit to intervene, and a piece was patched up granting Belgium its integrity as a nation. Holland was treated with much consideration, but somehow she clung to Antwerp, the last fruit of her once successful campaigns against her neighbor. She flatly refused to evacuate and at length the powers decided that she must be forced to yield, and to France and England was allotted the task of shelling out her defenders. The siege was successful, but a remarkable one from a military point of view and it required a force of 60,000 to dislodge a pitiful 5,000 men.

On a Street in Antwerp.

Landing from an Atlantic liner, after steaming up the Scheidt, the traveler is impressed not with Antwerp the fortress, but with Antwerp the commercial city. Miles of wharves and docks stretch along the water front, great piers are there, ships loading and unloading, and all with an entire absence of the uncleanliness that marks the river front of a busy American city.

Goggles Caused Cow's Death.

Putnam Valley, N. Y.—A prize cow, valued at $12,500, upon which its owner, Homer F. Rollison, of Putnam Valley, placed colored goggles as prescribed for eye disease, was struck by a train and killed. The goggles, it is believed, prevented the cow from seeing the train in time to save herself.

ROCKING STONE OF TINDAL

Famous South American Rock Is No More, Having Fallen Some Time Ago.

Buenos Aires.—Everyone has heard of rocking stones—masses of rock so delicately poised as to move backward and forward upon the slightest impulse. Until quite recently the giant among these curious phenomena was the famous Rocking Stone of Tindal, in South America, which fell, for what reason is unknown, a few months ago. Existing rocking stones were mere marbles compared to the Tindal. It weighed something like 700 tons, was composed of granite, paraboloid in shape, and measured some five meters in height. It was ingeniously poised upon a knob of rock in a low range of

The Rocking Stone of Tindal.

hills some two hundred and fifty miles south of the city of Buenos Aires.—Scientific American.

THE CHICKENS CAN'T SLEEP

Consequently Deluded Duck That Wants to Repeat Is Imprisoned Off to Himself.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Mrs. Grosvenor Marshall, a member of the famous Marshall family of Virginia, now residing in Glen Albyn drive, has a duck with the firm conviction that it is a thoroughbred, sure 'nough chicken. It has been necessary to ostracize him to prevent the death of the whole brood of chickens from loss of sleep.

His name is Clarence and he was hatched through the kindness of a mother hen. There was otherwise nothing in the early life of Clarence to distinguish him from other members of his species on the Marshall hacienda.

But Clarence suddenly turned against the other ducks on the place. He even deserted the little pond constructed especially for their benefit to join in with the chickens.

It was observed that Clarence insister on taking the top perch when the chickens went to roost. He found it an uneasy resting place and his nocturnal antics banished sleep from the chickens. The brood became emaciated and several died. So Clarence was given a stall to himself.

BULL WRECKS A RED CAR

Animal Had Put Up With Its Offensive Color as Long as He Could.

Olathe, Kans.—A large bull, angered for months at the red cars on the Strang interurban line between Kansas City and Olathe, wrecked a limited car six miles south of Olathe. Motorman J. G. Dinton was thrown through the front of the car and seriously injured. A telegraph pole at Connon road crossing is all that prevented the car from plunging over a 30-foot precipice. The bull was killed.

The bull had been an antagonist of the car line for several weeks. He had broken through the fence and caused the cars to stop on several occasions. When he made his appearance the last time he showed up so suddenly that Motorman Dinton could not stop the car and the collision occurred.

Running at a good speed the car left the rails after passing over the bull. It was headed directly toward the precipice when it collided with the telegraph pole and stopped. The conductor, who was standing on the step, was thrown from the car, but was not injured.

FOUR MATRONS IN REUNION

Each One Is Accompanied by Two Children—They Meet as Planned Years Before.

St. Louis, Mo.—Four women wearing blue bows and accompanied each by two children met in front of the Grant monument in City Hall park at two o'clock one afternoon recently in accordance with an agreement made 10½ years ago.

On March 1, 1904, Mollie Peters, Lulu Storck, Agnes Herr and Nelda Weber, chums employed by a skirt maker's firm at No. 1123 Washington avenue, the oldest of whom was twenty, were lunching together.

"I wonder where we will all be ten years from now," Miss Weber mused. After a few minutes' pleasant conjecture some one suggested that they meet in 1914 and see how the fortunes of each had changed. Accordingly an agreement was written and each signed it, promising to appear at the Grant monument, August 1, 1914, Nelda Weber's thirty-first birthday.