



MRS. SIBONE BARON INCREASES TROUBLES OF JOHNNY PROCTOR

Bootlegging matters came to the front again the first of the week when Sheriff Harrington returned from Jerome Junction with Mrs. Sibone Baron, or Mrs. Tiburcia Lopez, as she says her name is.

Mrs. Baron had paid \$200 of a \$450 fine recently imposed on her by Police Justice Gilliland. Then she fled the coop. She went to Jerome, and the sheriff was on his way there after her when he met her at Jerome Junction, just boarding the train for Los Angeles.

She was wanted also as a witness against Johnny Proctor, alleged whiskey importer. She alleges in her confession that Proctor had given her \$200 to skip.

This rather explodes the theory that Proctor is a "smooth guy," as he poses and as it was generally believed that he was, for it probably would have cost him less had he stood trial and plead guilty at first.

Proctor was brought before Police Justice Gilliland Tuesday and sentenced to spend 60 days in jail and pay \$200.

Particio D. Guerra pleaded guilty to complicity with Proctor and was fined \$75 and 60 days. He paid, and jail sentence was suspended. Then both were turned over to the county for prosecution by the state, though Guerra will probably be held as a witness only.

Mrs. Baron will also have to stand prosecution by the state.

Guerra, it is said, has made two or three trips in here with booze.

With the numerous fines and the time spent in jail as a result of his latest bootlegging, Proctor will probably be discouraged enough when he finally does get away to stay away so far that Chief Neill won't be able to reach him even with a postal card. It has already cost him about \$500 in hard cash.

Mrs. Seboni Baron was released by Justice R. J. Kidd Wednesday on \$400 bail. Then a search warrant was issued by Justice Kidd, and Chief of Police Neill went to her home, prepared to tear the house down, if necessary. He removed a section of the ceiling and found stored on the rafters 7 cases of whiskey, which, according to prevailing retail prices would, according to County Attorney Gold, retail for something over \$1,600.

A section of the ceiling had been removed, the booze placed, and the ceiling put back and repainted.

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MISS MARGARET KOCH DIES IN LOS ANGELES

Miss Margaret Koch, 14-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Koch, of Flagstaff, died in Los Angeles at 5 o'clock last Thursday evening, following a very brief illness with pneumonia.

The telegram announcing her death followed closely a letter that gave her family the first intimation of her illness. There were no trains available, because of the strike, and her father and brother left in an automobile for her bedside only three hours before she passed away, arriving there at 2 o'clock the next afternoon.

Margaret had influenza and pneumonia about a year ago, but partly because of her usual very good health and partly because she survived the illness so easily, it was thought no ill effects had been left. But it is now thought that her illness then had probably weakened her resistance to the disease when it recurred.

Margaret and her sister Lucille left here about three weeks ago to join their mother and brother Edward, in Los Angeles. Mrs. Koch had gone about a week earlier to arrange for the children to attend school there.

The deceased was a very bright, lovable and popular girl, her charming manners and sweet disposition endearing her to all who knew her. She was born in San Francisco and went to the Sisters' school here. She is survived by her parents, two brothers and one sister. Her father is general manager of the Arizona Lumber & Timber Co.

The funeral was held in Los Angeles on Saturday.

DEATH OF MRS. ROWE

Mrs. Jane Rowe, aged 80 years, the mother of Mrs. Annette Martini, died Tuesday night at the Fisher Lumber Co.'s camp, in the Graham mountains. The funeral was held Wednesday morning and interment was made in Union cemetery.—Graham Guardian.

Mrs. Rowe was well known in Flagstaff, where she lived for a good many years before moving to Graham county. The many friends of the family here will regret to learn of her death, for she was much beloved by them for her motherly ways.

SELLS OUT AT BELLEMONT

John McWilliams has sold his store at Bellemont to Thompson Brothers, and will move his family to Flagstaff, where they will make their home hereafter. He purchased the W. D. Raudebaugh home on the south side.

Mr. McWilliams has been a resident of Bellemont so long that the old lumber terminal will not look natural without him.

ANTELOPE'S 'BOOS' SCATTERED SHEEP SO BASCO SHOT HIM

Gabriel Basco, sheep herder for Luther Hart, down near Winslow, was brought in yesterday by Deputy Sheriff John Garrett and arraigned before Justice of the Peace Kidd for shooting an antelope.

Basco, loquacious, refused to have a lawyer. Then he told the judge all about it.

One of the other herders had shot a bear. Basco, afraid of bears, borrowed a gun. The other night his sweet sleep was interrupted by an awful racket.

"Some ting big he go troo dose sheep an' he say, 'Boo' He do dat tree time. Me 'fraid he eat me. Me shoot."

Basco skinned the antelope and took the hide and head to camp. The meat he explained, "Me cut up in lettle pieces for cows to eat."

Justice Kidd fined him \$100 and gave him six months in jail, suspending the jail sentence on her promise, made with tears of joy sliding down his face, that he would shoot no more antelope, but would tell on anyone else who did.

Sheriff Harrington says there are a lot of antelope being killed in that section.

THEIR CONFIDENCE IN US IS VIOLATED

On Friday night, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Eifers, of Bovina, Tex., on their way back from Los Angeles, left their car and equipment standing near the circus tent while they went inside to see the performance. When they came out two of their grips were gone.

Chief of Police Neill and Policeman Jim Byrum began a vigorous hunt for the grips and the thief. They rounded up half a dozen Mexicans, one of whom the chief believes was the right man, but whom he had to let go for lack of evidence.

On Monday, the little son of the Santa Fe watchman at the stock tower found the grips in a pile of dirt. Some hens had uncovered them. Mr. Eifers' extra suit of clothes and razor and most of his wife's clothing had been stolen from the grips; but \$600 worth of mining and oil stocks in one of the grips had not been touched.

Well, it's the new Flagstaff Athletic Club. It's turning our quiet, peace-loving, mous-avoiding citizens into a bunch of cave-men, rough and ready, hit-'em-first and hit-'em-hard fellows. Most any half dozen of them, after a few more months' training, will be able to almost lick any newspaper man in town, maybe.

Seriously, the athletic club is getting to be quite an institution. President Lou Charlebois is talking about the one-hundred mark in membership. Secretary R. K. Lee is worried about only one thing, that is if all the members have as much displacement as himself and Lou there won't be room in the clubrooms. Andy Samsky, the new trainer, is getting himself into shape for his arduous and dangerous duties by installing a shower bath and rubbing table in the rooms.

There will be something doing at the rooms almost every night, some nights more than other nights; and it is planned to have an occasional big blowout at the theater.

The public is invited to drop in at any time. Initiation is \$5.00, monthly dues are \$1.50.

M. A. MURPHY HOME AGAIN

County Treasurer M. A. Murphy, who left here about four weeks ago to attend the Knights of Columbus' national convention at Buffalo, N. Y., got back Monday night, enthusiastic over the splendid trip he had. In Chicago, he met Earl Slipper and bride. With his wife's sister and her husband he toured the riot zone, then under military rule. At Buffalo he went up against the strike of the hotel employees.

He visited friends and relatives in Pittsfield, Mass.; went by auto from there to Boston, thence most of the way by auto from there to Old Orchard, Me., passing Carnegie's home in the Berkshires the day the latter died; then to Portland, and back thru New York, Washington, Dayton and St. Louis.

In New York he spent two days with an old friend who was vice consul to Germany when the war broke out and who left Germany after Ambassador Gerard did.

Mr. Murphy says he never saw so many people traveling as now, and that all trains and hotels are full, the rates in the latter having been greatly advanced in the last year or so. The only hot day he struck in the entire trip was a week ago Monday in Washington, D. C.

Phillips goes to Jerome

J. G. Phillips, who has been with the J. C. Penney Co. store here for several years, and who was manager of the business during the time W. D. Drape was in the army, has been promoted to take charge of the company's Jerome store. He and Mrs. Phillips left for that city last night. Both were very popular here, and will be greatly missed. He is an Elk and general good old scout.

Wilson & Coffin have built a 1,200-gallon galvanized tank for L. A. Cross as part of the plumbing equipment they are installing at his ranch house along with two bathroom outfits.

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DEWEY CAMPBELL, ONE OF THE N. A. N. S. GRADUATES, WILL LEAVE NEXT WEDNESDAY FOR A WEEK'S VISIT IN BISBEE, GOING FROM THERE TO ANN ARBOR, MICH., TO TAKE A COURSE IN MINING ENGINEERING. HE WILL STOP AT FORT MADISON, IOWA, FOR A VISIT OF SEVERAL DAYS.

Mrs. W. S. Beard, Sr., and daughter Allie, who have been the guests of W. S. Beard and family the past couple of weeks, left yesterday for their home in Long Beach, Cal.

A. J. CURTIS, ARRESTED FOR STEALING, BREAKS JAIL, SKIPS

A. J. Curtis, the man who recently came here from Detroit and bought out J. W. Francis' Northern Arizona Motor Co. automobile business, and then, unable to pay for it, let it go back to Mr. Francis, was arrested in Ash Fork on Wednesday afternoon charged with breaking into a garage the night before and stealing two Flisk cord tires and a lot of tools. That same evening he broke jail, leaving behind him his Studebaker car and \$250 in cash, and is still at large.

Curtis came here with his wife. He boosted himself and his kindly intentions toward this provincial little town in eloquent terms. He told about his wealth, about \$40,000 worth of diamonds he had in Chicago, and incidentally seems to have revealed to a few friends the fact that Curtis was not his real name.

His wife left in a few days. Since Curtis relinquished his business to Mr. Francis he had seemed to be very nervous. Many of those who knew him believed that he feared the consequences of something that had happened before he came here.

Curtis drove away early Wednesday morning. About 10 a. m. he telephoned to Fletcher Fairchild that he had broken a spindle five miles beyond Williams, and asked Fletcher to go to Mr. Francis' garage and get one, but not to tell Mr. Francis who it was for. Fletcher did so, and taking Claude Black with him, met Curtis half-way between here and Williams, coming this way in another car he had caught a ride in. He told Fletcher he had forgotten bearings

for the spindle and waited at Rior-dan, while the latter returned for them. When they finally got back to Curtis' car, they discovered that he had left his switch on and his battery had run down. The spindle fixed, Curtis brought the two stolen tires, which he had hid in the weeds—put them into his car, and Fletcher towed him to Ash Fork.

In the meantime, shortly after noon, Mr. Francis discovered that a window had been broken and that the tires and several tools belonging to Claude Mitchell and Bob Mack, who run the shop end of the garage, were missing. He got out a warrant, the numbers of the tires were phoned to surrounding officers, word of the robbery getting to Ash Fork just five minutes before the two cars pulled in. Deputy Sheriff Jerrie Wilson was waiting for them. He was very busy sizing up Fletcher's car, when Curtis grabbed his coat and ran.

"For the first fifty yards," Wilson says, "he was the runningest man I ever saw." But Wilson was too fast for him and caught him.

Curtis had nothing to say. He was searched and then locked up in Ash Fork's jail.

Undersheriff Wm. Hicklin left Flagstaff at once to bring him back, but in the meantime Curtis broke jail. Wilson believes that he had assistance from the outside, as there was a mysterious stranger who seemed to be very much interested in him right after he was locked up.

Hicklin is still after Curtis, and says he's going to get him.

IF HE LOOKS STRONG HE'S AN F. A. C. GUY

Have you noticed lately how much straighter some of our well-known men about town stand, how they hold their shoulders up, how cocky they are becoming and how quick they are to put up their dukes whenever there seems to be a chance for a friendly scuffle?

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WESTERN UNION REPEATERS WILL NOT GO TO WINSLOW

The Western Union improvement at Winslow probably will not be so extensive as at first announced. There will be an uptown telegraph office, but it is unlikely that the repeaters will be moved there from this office.

This is good news for Flagstaff if it turns out to be correct, and it very likely is. The reason for the change in plans is not known, but it may be that it is felt by the Western Union officials that a railroad division point is not the best place for the location of a central wire plant in case labor disturbances should arise.

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It is believed that this matter, which has been on the carpet for some time now, is about to come to a head. The price the county is asking for the trail is \$150,000. During the last 15 years, not counting the year of the world's fair at Frisco, the average annual revenue of the county from the trail has been \$3,000. This is increasing each year.

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