SOUTH SIDE NEWS

TEMPE MESA

TEMPE

TRAVELING OVERLAND.

J. Webster Johnson Making a Long Trip by Wagon.

J. Webster Johnson and Albert Bromell arrived here Friday evening by wagon from Safford. It was mentioned in these columns some time ago that Mr. Johnson had decided to change his location and would move to California. His wife and the Bromell family have already gone and are now at Pasadena, where they will spend the winter It was the intention of Mr. Johnson and Mr. Bromell to drive clear through, but they were undecided yesterday morning whether they would continue by wagon or not. The trip thus far has been very pleasant and they had but little trouble until they reached Florence, where one of their horses was taken sick and the rest of the way was full of difficulties; it took them two days to come from there here.

They will remain here until the last of this week visiting Mr. Johnson's mother, Mrs. Wallsworth. Mr. Johnson speaks very highly of the climate around Safford and also of the agricultural advantages there, but still it was not just what he was looking for and he has decided to give California a trial.

AN UNUSUAL AFFAIR.

A Picnic to Which None but Ladies Were Invited.

Miss Louise Lynd yesterday gave a picnic to a jolly party of normal students and for once they took no chaperone along. The reason for this, however, is very plain it wasn't necessary, for the party consisted of ladies only.

It was rather an unpleasant day for a picnic on account of the wind and dust, but to overcome this difficulty those in charge of the affair chose a spot where wind and dust were not taken into consideration. They went to the Double Buttes, and there found a cave which was evidently made for picnic parties on just such days. Here they built a camp fire and spent a most pleasant afternoon.

The members of the party were: Misses Holmes, Lossing, Stauffer, Eyer, Grier, Peters, McNaulty, Lynd and Clifford.

CATTLE SHIPMENTS.

It was the intention of R. H. Mullen to ship five cars of fat steers to the Maier Cattle Co., of Los Angeles, by last evening's Maricopa train. Mr. Woelf of this place and Kinsly Robinson of Upper Salt river went out with the cattle and will spend a few days taking in the sights of the Angel City.

MARRIED IN TOMBSTONE.

John Saylor, formerly of this place, was married Thanksgiving day to Miss Robertson of Tombstone. Mr. Saylor is doing well at that place and is now engaged in the fruit business there, operating a large store for that purpose. He has many friends here who wish him and his bride much happiness.

A THING OF THE PAST.

The Valley Drugstore, which has been in existence for the past five years, is no more. Yesterday a new sign was erected, bearing the inscription "Harmer's Drugstore."

WILL GIVE A PLAY.

The Alpha society of the normal are planning to present to the public next Saturday evening the laughable farce, entitled, "A Mouse Trap." Besides the play there will be a programme of recitations and musical selections. This society has the reputation of giving some excellent entertainments in this line, and this one will be no exception to the general rule.

PERSONAL NOTES.

W. P. Richardson and wife were over from Phoenix yesterday.

Carl Buck and Carl Brooks left last evening for Tucson where they expect to work in the machine shops.

Miss Ella Eyer of Phoenix was the guest of Miss Sadie Stauffer at the Girl's Hall yesterday.

Miss Elizabeth Ullman and Miss Jessie Clark were passengers on yesterday afternoon's train for Phoenix.

C. M. Paddock, a member of last year's class at the normal, is in town taking a short vacation from his work at Tucson. He expects to return the middle of the week.

MESA

FUNERAL OF CHARLES CUBER.

The funeral service of Charles Cuber will be held at the Catholic church of Tempe on Saturday at 1 p. m. The body, family and friends will leave Mesa in procession about 11 a. m. The body will be buried in the cemetery there.

Mr. M. J. Forster and Louis Cuber arrived yesterday from Tucson and California respectively.

ARRIVED FROM KANSAS.

Mr. C. H. Stewart, father of C. W. Stewart of Mesa has arrived from his home in Kansas to spend the winter.

MESA NOTES.

Mrs. John Croutch, sister-in-law of Sam Croutch, arrived yesterday from Springville, Missouri. She expects to spend the winter here.

LEAVES FOR GLOBE.

Judge Woy, with three wagons loaded with household furniture, leaves for Globe in the morning, where he expects to make his future home. E. L. Griffin and Peter Mangnson are also going to Globe to seek employment in the mines

SOLD TO MR. WALLACE.

Philip Weisner has sold his apiary of 335 stands of bees and five acres of land to J. B. Wallace. It has been reported in some papers that Mr. Weisner was going to leave the country, but Mr. Weisner says this was all news to him, as no such thought as this has entered his mind up to the present time.

SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

The High School Athletic association held a meeting to elect officers. Those elected were as follows: Jack Allison, president; Edgar Griffiin, vice-president; W. A. McDonald, jr., secretary; Willie Richens, treasurer. They also organized a baseball team, which will be strong in De Feet.

LEFT FOR ROOD.

A load of provisions have just left for the Tonto road camp. There will be a force of men working there for three or four days, or until they get what powder they have on hand used up.

Mr. Richard G. Lambert, representative of the Deseret News, will leave for El Paso, Texas, Sunday evening. He has spent a week in Mesa.

A RACE WITH JUSTICE

Hobo Loses Three Heats but There are Others to Follow.

A hobo who goes by the classical name of John Doe, got himself into serious trouble yesterday and, incidentally, demonstrated that Dr. Bebber, the optician, is mighty good timber for a policeman if there is ever a vacancy on the force and he is out of a job.

About four o'clock yesterday afternoon the hobo passed by Balke's store on Adams street, in front of which there was a large display of Navapo blankets. They looked good to him for the reasons that, first, they are very salable property, and, secondly, they are a fine thing to wrap up in these cold nights if one is rooming in a corral or alongside a railroad track. Mr. Doe folded up a choice blanket, one that Mr. Balke says was manufactured expressly for use in the household of a royal Indian chief, and placing it under his arm, strolled east on Adams street to Center, whence he turned north.

Just before he disappeared around the Gooding block Mr. Balke missed the blanket and, looking up, he saw the thief with it under his arm. Dr. Bebber, about that time, came out of his office, saw the man and noting Mr. Balke's troubled expression asked him if the blanket had been stolen. Being informed that it had, Dr. Bebber executed a hotfoot movement that dissipated the prevailing belief that fat men cannot run. He caught Mr. Hobo in less time than it takes to tell about it, and with Mr. Balke's help, dragged him back to the starting point by the scruff of the neck. The next start was made officially, the hobo being coached by Russell Warner, the fire chief, and ex-officio member of the police force. They got away together and the track to the city jail being in good condition, they made excellent time to that point.

Mr. Balke meantime sought the office of Justice Burnett and secured the issuance of a warrant charging grand larceny. The officers then gave the hobo another heat over the track from the city to the county jail and it is likely the fourth heat will be on Monday when he goes from the jail to court. How many heats there will be after that and how the race will finish is still a speculative proposition.

Found a Name at Last.

A Scotch crofter met a friend whom he had not seen for some time, and said, "Hello, Archie, whaur hae ye been this while back?"

"Man,' 'replied Archie, "did ye no ken I was laid doon wi' that trouble they ca' influenza?"

"No; I didna hear ye were ill," said the crofter. "An' what kind o' trouble is that?"

"Well, I can hardly explain," replied Archie, "but after yer gittin' better ye feel very lazy—in fact, ye dinna feel inclined to dae anything a' day long."

"Man, man," said the crofter, "dae ye tell me that? I've been troubled that way for this last twenty years an' couldna find a name for it."—Ram's Horn.

Complications.

She—"If wishes were horses—"

He.—What a lot more wrong ones there would be to pick!"

" I see that young Scrawler, the short story writer, has bought a sheep farm up in Vermont; says he's going into the wool raising business. What's his idea, I wonder?"

"Why, he probably wants the wool to spin into yarns."