

LAS VEGAS TIMES

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AUSPICIOUSLY BEGUN WELL CONSUMATED

State Deputy Grand President Ahern Organizes One of the Best Eagles' Aeries in all the West at Las Vegas.

THEIR MOTTO—JUSTICE, TRUTH, LIBERTY, EQUALITY.

A Class of Members That Will Make Any Organization Forceful and Subservient to Those Ends Ennobling Mankind.

DIVERSE VIEWS WITH SPRIGHTLY CONCEPTIONS OF EAGLES NOW AND FOREVER.

The Whole Bunch, with Their New Found Wings Are Flying, Ye! Ye!—Wards, and What is More, Are Gaining the Eminence of a True Eagle.

"Justice and Liberty, Truth and Equality, Our Motto True."

Part of last week and some of this week was essentially Eagles' week. Las Vegas had to have a link in the neighborly chain of national brotherhood which combines patriotism with the true philosophy of life—Liberty, Truth, Justice, Equality.

The freedom of Vegas was their right royally they took their part and today Vegas can boast of one of the best Ye! Ye! Ye! Aeries in all Nevada. The preliminary meeting, to meet requirements of installation was

held in the bank block. Those who subscribed to the charter signifying their willingness to be known as sons of Eaglehood "loyal, brave and free," only participated in the actual business of this preliminary step. The tall, handsome state president and organizer, Ahern, called them to order with an alertness that denoted the Eagle eye, after which Dr. Martin took the chair and Mr. Botkin, secretary.

The object of meeting was stated and that was the selection of officers for the balance of the term to serve the Las Vegas Aerie and consequently be a factor in "the future bright is ours."

The result of this choice was as follows:

Dan V. Noland, a young attorney of brilliant attainments, possessing the characteristics that denote the able man for president.

Fred L. Fallas, a leading merchant, whose width is almost equal to his length and whose entire combination reveals brain power and integrity spread from end to end and side to side, vice president.

For secretary, Ivanhoe Botkin, curly haired, keen eyed, busy nosed, a merchant—just the style that will make the efficient scribe.

A dancing, athletic figure, handsome, manly, tall, wiry, and just suited for the place, was selected for worthy conductor—it is Harry R. Beale.

A financial magante, one who has the value that goes with the saying: "He is worth his weight in gold," was made treasurer. This is H. M. Lillis. Just such a man as J. J. Tuckfield was required for inside guard.

For outside guard the choice fell upon the highly respected H. Kram.

The chaplaincy was filled by one of those serious, religious appearing Eagles, one who has seen the mighty divine force that rules nations and men, at that time Eagle A. N. Pauff, but now embellished with the Eagles' ceremonial of "Holy, oh, holy."

The trustees are the gallant high-toned B. H. Fitzwilliam, that good looking business compendium Arthur Frye and the spirit and essence of business enterprise, Mr. John Kramer. Practical men for a practical fraternal position.

Dr. Martin, the hustling physician and the ladies' Eaglet, was made Eagles' doctor.

For worthy past president the choice fell upon that worthy rotund integrity factor of Vegas, Dr. Ele Keyes.

This finished the preliminary stage. In the evening that was on Friday, the cohorts were summoned to the railroad freight depot by that screech that ever signifies on American soil, "ye sons of freedom, wake to glory! Hark! Hark! what myrfaids bid you rise."

Such a night of glory, such a tempest of vital sparks, moments of serious moral and fraternal instruction, times in which the jovial that arouses all that is hearty and cheerful and laughable in man and ever the thought and duty that associates with the milk of human kindness and that has for its foundation "so Justice lives forever and Truth shall always be, with Liberty a watchword and true equality." Such were the features of that night and if you would learn the great lesson and know the sublime truth knock at the portals of an Eagles' Aerie and prove that you are worthy of admission.

The Las Vegas Aerie starts out with over sixty members selected from every class of trade and calling, verifying the cosmopolitan character and scope of the organization and astonishingly typical of great usefulness. Some of the Enlisted, Mostly of those who entered the fold and with measured solemnity assumed the obligation of duty, love, cherishment, chastity, etc., are among the following, none can gainsay the fact that this roster reveals the best in southern Nevada. Con. C. Ahern says that all his ideas have changed since he came to Las Vegas. He used to be of the opinion that there was only one typical western town and that was Virginia City, but now he is convinced there is another and that is Las Vegas.

Some of the boys Friday evening were anxious to know that fun, is fun, but before long they knew that enough is enough in anything, particularly if you are on exhibition.

The next day the Eagles were all refreshed and fresh looking. Joseph Laravey—"I am stuck on the Eagles—you know it grows on me."

What a falsetto John Wisner had in his voice. Say, Dr. Keyes still can hear Dr. Martin laughing and Keyes says, "Nothing like it. That Sioux dance is awfully funny."

It was never known until lately that Harry Beale was a boxer of high class quality; in fact he is amply qualified to enter the ring and win a trophy, particularly when the report is that of a great man of war in action.

And the bunch was all there. Dan V. Noland can still see that gleam as it illumines the things below and above the earth. Roy Taylor—An Eagle would be an Eagle and would be nothing else but an Eagle.

H. H. Farrell—The Eagles are great and what a wonderful effect they are having. The morning after Fred Fallas congratulated himself and boastingly declared—I am \$1,000 better off than I was last night. See whether he will be.

The Eagles know how to be self-reliant and not shirk any responsibility. And they all declared nothing the matter with Billy Harrigan. W. E. McCrary—Say, there's nothing like it. One always enjoys it from the sole of his feet up. And what a voice he had.

What's the matter with J. H. Brown? He's all right! Who's all right? J. H. Brown! It was the greatest event ever betokening Las Vegas. A. B. Johnson laughed so much that he had a tired feeling all of the next day.

W. L. Apin was a most interested participator. "Gee! How luckily I escaped the grinding!" Sheridan Andrews says he knows who Aye! Aye! means now. H. M. Lillis has departed the Bazaar and is now a full flying Eagle.

Andrew J. Haws vows that the Eagles can not only fly but if necessary jump a horse. Frank Hera ever murmurs, "An

Eagle I would be and how glad that I an Eagle am."

Charley Ogden says—"Darn these circle walks."

Sam B. Berrie winks the other eye.

C. E. Burke had bulging eyes and the more he looked the more the eyes bulged and how he yelled, "that's all right!"

Will J. Stewart—"This is my first and what a funny experience," and with that he made a leap and a jump. Bill is tall and fleet like a deer.

H. H. Snow was there too. N. F. Dobbs—"I shall always wear this on my way, no matter where I go."

D. C. Huddleston—"I have never known how to round corners, but I know how."

J. J. Tuckfield—"It was more than a spotless town wide open, and we certainly were off."

A. N. Pauff, the chaplain, had an awful serious look.

G. E. Pruner laughed, and laughed and laughed.

H. C. Matheson—"All the big teams I have driven could never keep me away from them any more. I can fly now."

S. A. Wynaugh—"The Eagles are all right, and more than 37 inches wide."

Leo L. Schwab said, "Well, I'll be darned," and with that his hands went up and how he yelled "Ye! Ye! Ye!"

B. H. Fitzwilliams laughed so strong that he reached clean into the rafters. So tall in his laughter that these even creaked.

And Albert Siefert—"I never before saw the likes of it."

Frank Manuel says he is more than an Eaglet. He is a full fledged he-Eagle with all the queer sensations that he was at one time a horse doctor. Frank had his teeth drawn and it took the Eagles' talons to do it.

J. L. Vallie is no more a diminutive Eagle.

G. C. Collins feels that it is easier to go through the eye of a needle than through that awful telescope.

Oscar Pearce—"Well, maybe you fellows think I know not how to be an Eagle." And it went gaffop.

M. W. Kelley—"How I did enjoy myself."

Paul Buol—"Mein Gott in himmel! vass is dass!" and with that he soared away and has not been recovered since.

J. Larsen—"But that table looks familiar to me. How I did ratle the dishes on. But what's that Ye! Ye! Ye!"

W. E. Hawkins—"I am off. I am gone. Bing! Boom! Bangety! Bang!" And how he did subside in that laugh.

J. A. Burns doesn't deny that some people are bald, but how much halder they are at such times.

Arthur Frye—"It pays to be sick at times. I just escaped on that account."

H. B. Cram was full of it and before he knew it he wished he had not laughed so much. But so it goes.

And John F. Miller was spectated welcome, and how serious he looked when came the bit.

W. E. Baker—"Well I'm steered up against it."

Ed. Von Tobel—"If I had to do it over I would bring my lumber yard along."

J. H. Good—"I did think I could turn the wheel. I know now I can better."

B. Lewndowski was on a grin and a laugh all the time. Everybody was until it struck them.

G. G. McKeen—"I am stuck on the whole thing and how I will keep at it."

Adolph Levy—"True, I have always been a water expert, but from now on I know what Eagleism means and a better American I am for it."

Robert Nethercott—"I can just hear that bunch howl and roar." And the poor victim, herolike, endured the tests.

I. W. Botkin—"A meeting of the Eagles is never languid and always laughing. How I do enjoy it."

G. F. Morrow—"I can still hear the reverberations of that wild scene and how I can listen to its music and enjoy its entertaining application, but—ouch! what is this?" and he subsided.

Lee M. Boyce—"Well, I have the consolation to know that it took four husky and fat fraters to put me in that little bed."

F. Flynn, with hands up—"Ye! Ye! Ye!" J. Owen—"Come one, come all you who need relief from weariness."

John Kremer—"I will always be wearing it on my way home.

Edward McDonough—"After all, I believe an Eagle can swim any size of a ditch."

Henry Fernbach—"Say, a man going through life has some funny experiences. I was in something else than a chophouse then."

W. H. Rogers was afeared of his life that it would be exposed that he had dirtier feet than anyone present, and for that reason he did not want to jump.

Roy Martin—"Indeed they are great, but there are so many healthy ones amongst them that I feel that my pocketbook will ever be disabled."

Chas. A. Rucker says: "I just awoke with sore hair and a Chinese laundry taste about my tonsils, but I am growing up and how I can laugh at the other fellows now."

Chas. Wing—"I am glad we are officially welcomed, but what a fright I will be for the next one."

Lloyd Smith—"I am glad I am not a justice of the peace, for if I were I would be compelled to do my duty."

Frank L. Reber—"Forever will I remember the welcome and will always wear it on my way home. But how could it be otherwise with such a foundation as liberty, truth, justice, equality, a combination that never had its superlative, and the magic wand that makes us all brothers. How with swift wings these true social beings know how to fly and offer succor to their needy and worthy brother when in distress. Then why should I not rejoice to be one of them? The highest qualities that are summed up in good human kind are these teachings. Let all join in with this band of noble fellows and the world will be better for it."

At all times Roy Lockett was present with the goods. The night of the dance he served a delightful punch that everyone enjoyed. The punch came from Arthur Frye's thirst parlor.

J. A. McMillan—"I have seen these things before, but this is certainly the greatest of them all."

Sam Michaels—"The pun of mind, the noble ideals and the essence of democratic equality is the ensign of our order and because it typifies this grand purposes is the reason why the Eagles are not alone becoming such a tremendous power, but also such a humanitarian example."

J. H. Brown—"Full of measure, teaching love, cherishing humanity and balancing the scale on justice is why I adorn the order." The Las Vegas Aerie is under obligations to this popular Eagle for the clever services he rendered installation night.

Ace Church—"My works illustrate my confidence and regard."

Some of them are still going and with their new found wings are flying in good directions.

Wanted—A partner in the mining and real estate business. Small capital required. Splendid opening. Address Times office.

DELIBERATE INCENDIARISM

Four Buildings Are Set On Fire About 3 a. m. by Some Mischance.

\$500 REWARD FOR DETECTION

The Lives of Scores of People Were Endangered, But Fortunately the Night Was Calm.

HANGING WOULD BE TOO GOOD.

Wednesday morning at 3 a. m., some fiendish mischief went along Main street and deliberately set on fire the office of the Times, Hotel "D," the storage house of E. W. Clark Forwarding company, and the tent home of J. Baumgardner. The first was the Times office. Fortunately this was discovered in time so that it was extinguished before any serious damage was done. The same with the Hotel "D." The entire storage department of the Clark Co. was consumed. Owing to the foresight and nerve of Frank Clark, a greater destruction was avoided. His presence of mind and fearlessness was the means of removing before the flames could reach it a quantity of gasoline and other inflammable material, some of the fierce, scattering sort. Luckily the real, cool, collected man was promptly on deck.

The Baumgardner fire was detected so quickly that it did not amount to anything. The fiendishness of the act is that in all places individuals were fast asleep. The Times' representatives were sleeping in the rear of the office and the shrill yell of "Fire!" in the still night aroused Boyce and Peacock, with the result that in company with powerful John Stensil and Tobe Phillips, the fire was extinguished. The roof of the office and some printing material was destroyed.

At the Hotel "D" all were sound asleep. It required a kick in of the door to arouse these. The tent roof was consumed. By vigilant efforts this structure was saved. A reward of \$500 is offered for the apprehension of the detestable scoundrel who maliciously or insanely set the fires going in quick success, and endangered not only property but the lives of a score of people.

It was fortunate for the south end of the town that no wind was blowing. If one of the usual gales had been in action there would have been no saving for any of the buildings within three blocks. But who is the scoundrel and infamous miscreant that did the act? Five hundred dollars reward for his apprehension, and if caught—but let the law take its course.

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LAS VEGAS

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LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

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