

SUPPLEMENT

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THANKSGIVING DAY AT LAS VEGAS

The Eagles Screamed and Flapped Their Wings as Only Eagles Can.

Every one was there! And their sisters, and their cousins, and their aunts! And every one had a good time. How could they help it? When the Eagles undertake to do anything they do it. And Las Vegas can well be proud of the local Aerie.

Every GOOD Eagle is a good fellow; and conversely every good fellow should be an Eagle. Dave Hill SAID he was proud he was a Democrat! Henry Clay SAID he would rather be right than be president! The immortal George SAID he could not tell a lie!

We ARE proud that we are Eagles, and we ARE proud of Las Vegas Aerie and of the showing they made yesterday.

First, there was the ball game. And when it comes to ball players the big league can throw out their drag net and make a haul of "stars" right here in Vegas. And remember, boys, when you are taking down those five and six thousand dollar salaries that we discovered you. That we are your baseball god-father. Well, the battle is over, the "single men" side won by the narrow margin of one run, and "to the victors belong the spoils." In this case five "small, cold bottles." But! If some of that "spoils" had been distributed beforehand there might be a different tale to tell and the other fellows might be contributing to the aerie's treasury their twenty-five cents per, which was the defeated side's portion.

After the ball game came the races; and thanks to Col. Fife and J. O. MacIntosh, who made excellent starters, every race on the program went off promptly and smoothly.

First there was the boys' race of 100 yards, open to boys of 14 years and under. This race went to the Black family, Master F. Black taking first prize, and Master B. Black second prize. The boys were no sooner off the course than the fat man's race was up. This was 50 yards and no contestant was allowed to roll. Indeed, the judges suggested that an up-hill course be selected, but as both Messrs. Fallas and Hawkins declared they could run faster up hill than down, that idea was abandoned. Mr. Fallas

took first prize, an order from the Ed Von Toble Lumber company for three and a half dollar's worth of lumber, and says that if it had been a hundred yards and such a field to beat, it might as well have been an order for a coffin. Mr. Hawkins took second prize, and it's up to himself and Worthy Secretary Botkin to tell.

The next on the card was the ladies, fifty yards, and a very prettily contested race it was, Mrs. Peter Buol is light of foot as well as dainty, and proved too speedy for her competitors, winning first prize in good shape. Second and third prizes were won respectively by Mrs. Fitzwilliams and Mrs. Gregory.

The one hundred yard dash was well contested by a good field. The Times is not the proud owner of a \$700 stop watch, although you might think so, and we could not take the time of the winner. But from certainly a most competent authority—an "old timer"—we have it that all records were smashed and Mr. Duffy and the rest of the cracks had best look to their laurels. Dr. Martin took first prize, a pair of shoes, and if the debonaire doctor can run any faster in the new ones he can have our support for the nomination for county coroner or county physician. Second and third prizes went to Messrs. W. Vail and Dr. McKinney in the order named, and Mr. J. Lytle says he is trying to catch up the booby prize.

In all field sports the race is usually the 100-yard dash, but this was Eagles' day and the sporting event of the day was the next on the card, a 200-yard dash for Eagles only, first, second and third prizes, a booby prize, and all starters to finish under a penalty of twenty-five cents.

First prize, a diamond stud, contributed by the Kuhn Mercantile Co., was won by Dr. Martin. The doctor is a good fellow and a good Eagle, and said he did not like to romp away with all the firsts, but he needed this in his business. Instead of "burning the midnight oil" over his books he could now light up his office with the "Kobinoor," and oil costs money to burn and to buy. Mr. F. Hern took second prize, and 'way long in the afternoon 'andsome 'Arry Beale came wandering in claiming that he got lost on the desert and was waiting for night with the electric lights to guide him back to town, when the truth is that both he and Will Stewart, mindful of that penalty, were trying to hunt up that needful

two bits each. The booby prize fell to the "great American deer," Worthy Secretary I. W. Botkin.

The three-legged race, fifty yards, was won by Messrs. Mason and Huddleston, and George Lawton and Ernest Lake.

The married ladies' race, fifty yards, was won by Mesdames Buol, Beale and Gregory in the order named.

The fifty yard dash for girls under sixteen was well run by Misses Edith Collins and Edith Aplin, who took first and second.

The burro race, two hundred yards, brought out a good field and the boys, win or lose, were all liberally applauded. Carl Huddleston took first money in the shape of a box of "pop," contributed by J. J. Tuckfield, while Ernest Locke and Al Mason took theirs in candy.

The half-mile horse race wound up the open air sports and brought out a good field, as follows: "Stone," Jack Tuck up, "Tony Boy," with Claude Lake up, "Spendthrift," with Arthur Hudson up, and Bishop's "Flyer," with Dr. Martin in the saddle. The start was as good as good can be and it was a "good day," "good track," a "fair field and no favor" throughout. From the pistol crack at the start and the shout "they're off" to the roar at the finish, it was a horse race and no mistake. At the get-away "Stone" was in the lead, he being quickest to get into his stride, with "Tony Boy" a close second and the others bunched. This relative position was maintained until after the quarter post was passed, when, urged on by the shouts of the crowd and by his rider, who plied whip and spur, "Stone" slightly increased his lead and came under the wire a safe and strong winner. The mutuels paid steen dollars. Bishop's "Flyer" was classed among the "also rans" but the horse is a good one and entitled to a better place. Doc, you can do better a-foot. The doctor is an excellent saw-bone, a good Eagle, and generally an all around good fellow; but when it comes to being a jockey! Doc, swim out!

In the evening the Imperial restaurant was cleared and every available chair and settee pressed into service, Mr. Weaver kindly donating its use as a hall for the evening's entertainment. Long before the time set for the commencement of the exercises every seat was occupied and standing room was at a premium.

Everybody was there and the ladies were bewilderingly and beautifully attired and made the average male being wonder if there was anything in this life quite so good as to have the privilege of being there and admiring them.

Worthy President Noland called the assemblage to order by announcing the first part of the program as a selection, "In the Village by the Sea," by the Eagles' Quartette, after the rendition of which the gentlemen composing the quartette were loudly applauded and responded with an encore, a negro medley, which was well rendered and appreciated.

Col. Fife was then called on for a recitation, that being next on the program, and he, in the colonel's own inimitable manner, rendered "The Picture on the Bar Room Floor." The colonel was at his best, and held the big and appreciative audience spell-bound until they broke into a round of applause at the very dramatic finish, and insisted upon an encore, which the colonel gave, entitled, "On the Shore of Tennessee."

Messrs. Loyd Smith and J. J. Tuckfield were next with a mandolin and guitar duet which was exquisitely ren-

dered, and met with merited applause which compelled these gentlemen to respond with another very charming selection.

Following the order of the program Worthy President Dan V. Noland responded in a few well-chosen remarks to "The Good of the Order," and was followed by Messrs. J. H. Brown, Loyd Smith and F. L. Fallas, all of whom made brief but excellently chosen remarks, and were followed by Mr. W. R. Peterson in a vocal solo, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Dillon. Mr. Peterson has a great voice, rendered his selection in grand style, and responded to an encore to the unalloyed pleasure of the entire audience.

Mr. Wilkes followed with a very humorous recitation entitled "The Frenchman and the Flea Powder," which was well received and an encore responded to with a piece entitled, "Asleep at the Switch."

Mr. O. C. Panf gave a vocal solo and responded to an encore, after which the Worthy Secretary announced the awards made by the judges and distributed the prizes to the lucky ones. The following were the announcements: Most popular Eagle on the grounds, Dan V. Noland; most popular lady on the grounds, Mrs. Fallas; ugliest Eagle on the grounds, Mr. W. E. Hawkins; laziest Eagle on the grounds, Mr. George Collins; hungriest Eagle on the grounds, Mr. A. B. Johnson; dirtiest Eagle on the grounds, Dr. Martin.

The judges were J. H. Brown, N. A. Kuhn and John S. Park.

The entertainment wound up with a dance, supper and moot court, over which Judge Fallas presided with great dignity and absolute impartiality, going upon the principle of "let no guilty man escape" and all are guilty that can be caught. As an instance of his Solomon-like wisdom, Sergeant-at-Arms Henry Fernbach haled Pete Buol before His Honor and charged him with wearing a white vest. Think of it! A white vest. Ye gods and little fishes. Well, Pete didn't have on any vest at all, so to even up matters His Honor fined poor Henry for making a false charge and then fined Pete because he didn't have on a white vest.

The order of dancing was as follows: 1—waltz; 2—two-step; 3—Quadrille; 4—waltz; 5—two-step; 6—prize waltz and this latter was won by Mrs. Ford and Mr. Burns. The dance throughout was as elegant and recherche an exhibit of terpsichorean art as one could wish to see and only space forbids us mentioning those who participated so gracefully in this delightful exercise.

SPLENDOR AND PLEASURE

Interesting Vegasers Have a Pleasant Thanksgiving Feast.

A dinner party full of the life and spirit that illustrated all the congenial qualities associated with bright clever people had its pleasantness and good things for a Thanksgiving feature at the Hotel Las Vegas.

It was an enjoyable sight and it goes without saying that it was so pleasant an occasion as can only be had by the character and make up of those well known and splendid residents of the Vegas. Those who graced and enlivened the dinner hour were Mr. and Mrs. Will Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Tuckfield, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Frye, J. S. Park and wife, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Beale, Mr. and Mrs. Snow, H. R. Tuttle, Frank Brandt, P. H. Mahoney, and Mr. Vail.

The electric light and power plant is to be a reality. C. E. Dutcher, the representative of the interests who are backing this enterprise is on the ground giving his personal direction to the work required. The details are being attended to now. Mr. Dutcher reports that the response on the part of the citizens is most enthusiastic. It will be an up-to-date plant and arranged to the end of supporting a city of thousands.

Miss Mae Wadsworth is at Panaca.