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BOSS CONVENTION BOSS RESULTS

A Spirit of Wrath Possesses the Republican Voters of Las Vegas Over Outrages.

IT SPELLS McNAMEE ALL OVER.

Brazenly Declare For More Official Graft and Demand Candidates' Boodle For Machine Use.

STAKE, CONTROL COUNTY FUNDS

If ever there was a boss convention, dominated by boss methods, that convention was the Republican convention that met at Las Vegas by a boss' call and executed the mandates of a brainy boss through the action of an absentee representation.

Of all the nonsensical things called a convention of a party, expressive of party voters' desires, this convention beats them all. With method and decision the boss executed his purpose, with the result of obedient servants to the boss to go before the people for their approbation. But The Times mistakes the spirit of the Nevada mountaineers if at the polls they will not turn down the boss and those string-tied candidates who were nominated by absentee votes through the proxy system. Let it be said for the untrammelled Republicans who were in the convention that they made a good fight for non-string-tied candidates, but the boss, with his control of proxies, bested them and gave the Republicans nominees who are the sole possession of the boss, and who no doubt will be controlled in all affairs by the boss. You boys who made such a valiant fight for clean, independent, manly candidates, how do you like it? Will you take the medicine or will you be men with true American ideas and repudiate at the polls this infamous boss domination and attempted boss control of Lincoln county? And then, you know, if this pocket edition will prevail you will have two years more of Murphy. How do you like it? At the primaries you declared by a 5 to 1 vote you did not want it, yet the boss, with his control of proxies, says "Take it whether you like it or not."

It was rather a sick-looking crowd that met in the auto garage. The majority of the delegates, some 18, were in the main independent, honest men, but the boss, with his proxies distributed to obedient lieutenants, unhorsed them in every contest by this unfair boss method of riding rough shod; though apparently a kindly and easy-looking boss, but the most dangerous boss that can be put in control, for under that innocent, suave-looking countenance lurks an influence and brain power that will make subservient all interests of a public nature to the clique and ring that is an absolute possession of a boss of the order and nature that dished up a boss ticket in true boss style for the voters of Lincoln county. Will the voters stand this boss dose and be like sheep in the shambles, the victims of a system of boss plugging against which the people all over the United States are rebelling at this time?

The membership of the convention present had honest purposes, but the boss with his absentees—proxies—said no, and as a consequence all that was done had a boss label, and the label is boss, nothing but boss, boss all the time.

November will be a reckoning day for this boss creation, and the Democrats have nothing to fear.

The convention was called to order by the boss—McNamee. He delivered himself of a few graceful and well-chosen words and admonished unity of action, notwithstanding that the plan was mapped that would grate with rasp-like effect the craniums of the majority of the delegates present, those who were not subject to the whip.

The machine, having the McNamee groans, moved with acceleration to McNamee's direction, and as a consequence McNamee was landed, without opposition, as temporary chairman, and Eugene Goodrich for temporary

secretary—the machine programme to perfection.

Of course Frank Doherty, as inside lieutenant, moved that (a Republican czar being created) McNamee appoint all committees. Objection made that delegates by precincts select committeemen. But the machine with its proxy votes had the kickers by the throat, and as a result the boss selected all committees; and, of course, these knew what the medicine was. The committees selected by the "I Am the Republican Party" with proxies, were: Credentials, Ed Von Tobel, E. R. Gordon, H. Underhill, L. C. Calloway, Frank Doherty, Frank Bonelli, A. M. Thompson.

Dr. Murray objected to Underhill, but the fellow in the saddle with dictatorial decisiveness brushed the doctor's objection away, as much as to say, "You are not of my sort, so yours won't go. Sit down and be sure and be a good boy, or something else may happen." The doctor had to subside and Underhill went.

On platform: H. M. Lillis, H. H. Church, P. H. Mulvaney, E. Goodrich and H. Lowry. Of course this committee was not complete, so the boss' understudy, Frank Doherty, moved that McNamee be added, and the convention bowed in silence.

Committee on order of business: H. W. Turner, A. W. Jurden, W. P. Murray, Eli Edwards and J. W. Brown.

E. P. Gordon deemed it necessary at one time to exhibit his qualities as a lieutenant to defend the right of the boss in all things. And the boss had the convention.

The convention adjourned to 2 p. m.

Reconvened at the hour mentioned, again with more proxies than live actual delegates present. The committees reported. First was resolutions. The most salient features of this platform were that the people of this debt-ridden county pay county officials higher salaries and more graft. Also that candidates nominated by the Republican party pungle up a campaign fund. Note: first, a large graft for Republican officials; second, that they divide up with the machine and every machine has its boss. Just like the Republicans, demanding additional graft for public servants. A game truly Republican—rob the people and make a large boodle fund—and who usually handle the boodle fund—the boss and cabinet. It is the gangrene, the cancer of our modern public life. The east has got on to the game. They are cleaning out their Augean stables and sending their culprits to the penitentiary, and here in this mountain country one finds a graft party brazenly demanding higher salaries for their satellites and unblushingly demanding that these public officials contribute some of their swag to the machine. Did you ever see such effrontery? But, then, it is worthy the bold Lincoln county Machavelli.

The report of credentials was "Me, too." Objections were again raised by Murray to a delegate allowed. The inexorable boss, even though he looks like a kindly boss, suavely administered the lash; and with what grace and charm he did it; and it went, all the same.

Mind, organization and order of business came last. It ought to have been first. But this was not to be, for some things had to be executed before the new chairman would take his seat. So, after all the smooth work and the lash had accomplished its end, the committee's report that should have come first was read. This provided that H. M. Lillis be permanent chairman and E. Goodrich secretary, and that the new chairman appoint a sergeant-at-arms. This he did, appointing H. M. Case.

These preliminaries adjusted, the tug-of-war for nominees was inaugurated. How beautifully the machine had balanced its aim. The first nomination was that of sheriff. McNamee, eloquent, strong and forceful, presented the name of Jake Johnson.

The most notable thing in his nominating speech was that Johnson had held the office of deputy sheriff for two years, and been elected four times, making a total of ten years at the public crib. And in pronouncing his eulogy, told the convention, in effect, that he wanted two years more; if successful again, giving him twelve years of public fodder, with an opportunity to have his present deputies thrown in, and if Johnson should be successful it would appear to be an additional two years of Murphy.

Dr. Murray was game. He nomin-

ated the popular idol, Joseph W. Taylor. Taylor had the majority of the living acting delegates present with him, but the proxies were in the hands of the machine, and as a consequence Taylor had to bite the dust. Mark, there were about 28 real live delegates on hand. Of these Taylor had something like 18 and Johnson 10. Fifty-nine votes were cast, so there must have been 31 pocket votes, and the pocket votes did it to Taylor.

"Me Too" Doherty seconded Johnson. Frank Manuel did the seconding honors for Taylor. The ballot resulted Johnson, 31; Taylor, 27. The proxies did it and not men in the flesh. One man cast 11 votes. How easy it is for a boss to nominate pets and knock out a popular choice under such a nefarious arrangement. The reason that The Times is not able to print the list of live delegates present is from the fact that there were so many proxies that it could not sift the kernels from the chaff. But anyhow there was no motion to make the nomination unanimous. This was noticeable; and then, too, the three precincts casting the largest vote in the county, and who had their delegates present—Las Vegas, Searchlight and Caliente—were turned down.

H. A. Church and Ed Von Tobel were nominated. Ed saw the handwriting on the wall. He knew the boss and what else could he do but decline? And decline he did, and Church received the sullen assent of the majority present, and of course had the applause of those who were absent—the proxies.

Here comes Doherty again and nominates Eugene Goodrich, the present county treasurer, for recorder and auditor, and like water rolling off a duck's back the decree of the boss was recorded.

For county treasurer there was another battle royal, but the machine few, with their proxies, again won out over the independent majority present. Frank Manuel nominated that peerless citizen and splendid business man, C. C. Ronnow, and McNamee, speaking through H. Lowry, nominated H. Turner. Now don't get surprised, but Turner won. And do you know why Ronnow, the honored citizen, was beaten? Remove the mask from the successful purpose, and what do you see? From \$40,000 to \$60,000 of public funds for the Lincoln County bank at Caliente. Gee whiz! what a help this would be to maintain the present bossism in the Republican party in future. Do you see? If you won't you must be blind. Are our county funds to be made a subject of financial juggling for the benefit of wily politicians? Have a care, you voters.

The funniest incident of the convention was the nomination of H. M. Case for county clerk. Case is a nice fellow, but his nomination was that of a josh, and Lincoln county bears the distinction of having a candidate who was joshed into a forlorn hope by a joshing delegate. The josh worked.

Against all precedent, under the direction of the master hand, H. S. Laney, who was not wanted by his own delegation, was forced as the party's candidate for county attorney. He received 32 votes by lashing the faithful in line, as against 27 votes for Richard Busted, who is a brilliant attorney and a man of eminent intellectual attainments, and would have been a vote-getter. But the proxies mutely gave their assent to McNamee's dictum, and hence the serviceable won as against fitness.

Public administrator was passed. W. C. Bowman was nominated for long term commissioner and H. A. Perkins for short term.

The legislative nominees are W. R. Thomas, Las Vegas; Harry Lowry, Panaca, and C. T. Durrell, Searchlight.

For justice of the peace, Searchlight, R. H. McIlvane; constable, O. S. Smith, Las Vegas precinct, H. M. Lillis; constable, Sam Gay.

When the convention adjourned there never was a sicker lot of delegates than the live ones who were present. It is supposed the absent ones or proxies were the enthusiastic portion.

It was a convention by the grace of McNamee.

It was a convention dominated by a masterful boss and controlled by absentee votes. For all that, we admire Mac for his ability.

It was a boss convention, with a typical boss result. How do you voters like it?

The stake, from \$40,000 to \$60,000 of public funds. By Jove, it is a game

worth playing for. But will the people by their ballots say that the county funds are to become the football of political bossism? Wait and see.

Floor manager for McNamee as directed by the boss from Doherty—the one opposition in Searchlight delegation.

Dr. Murray was with the people all the time.

Joe Taylor, as a Democrat we are glad you got it in the neck. You are too good a fellow to be a Republican.

The Republicans rang the bell and stepped off even before they had commenced; and why should they be undone for so soon? Too much boss.

It was just like a convention of being solid for Mulhooly—the end the boss controlled.

"Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." The Republicans are mad. And why? Because McNamee with his agents stole the livery of true Republicans.

Those Republicans who are careworn and weary of Republican dominance will find surcease for their sorrows in the Democratic haven.

The Republican ticket will have more axes applied than any other ticket ever nominated in Nevada. And say, the next day it snowed, and what chilly blasts are coursing the backbone of the boss-ruled.

Last week it was the opinion that Hank Farrell, Frank Manuel, A. W. Jurden, Will Stewart and Ed Von Tobel would be the leaders of Las Vegas Republicans, but by the action of the proxy end of the convention it seems that the decree is that Charley Squires, Walter Bracken, Dan Noland, Chris Brown and Deputy Sheriff Murphy are the leaders.

BARBECUE AT THE RANCH.

A Creditable and Enjoyable Arrangement That Bespeaks the Good Side of We Americans.

The barbecue was a splendidly arranged affair, where Democrats, Republicans and Socialists met upon a common plane, more citizens than partisans. It was enjoyable and hugely enjoyed by everybody. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon those who prepared this feast for the many. Two large tables were set with the juicy things of the day, and filled a number of times over with a happy, rollicking, good natured combination of ladies and gentlemen, who enjoyed it all.

N. A. Kuhn, as toastmaster, had the crowd in good humor by his unique introductions of the speakers.

Judge Thomas had "Welcome to Vegas." Thomas congratulated the candidates who did not receive a nomination, and sympathized with those who did get nominated. Does this mean that he knows that defeat will be the lot of the nominees? He cordially welcomed the populace to the feast, and gave them free reign.

F. R. McNamee was introduced as the delightful daisy of De Lamar. His subject was "Making a Slate, and How It Is Broken." He adroitly avoided telling how he did it, and omitted the broken altogether, switching to what was a facetious and able talk upon the amenities and splendid qualities of Las Vegas and all it implied.

Dr. Murray's subject was "Doping the Delegates, and Medicine With Which to Drag Democrats Through Death's Door."

Jake Johnson's subject was "Taking Them In," but from the response it looked as though Johnson was taken in.

Dan Noland had "Political Retainers" for his allotment.

It was a gala afternoon and the night time was one of joy unconfined, for it was "On with the dance," and until a late hour it was a case of merrymaking and tripping the light fantastic toe. The wind-up was splendid and praiseworthy.

IT WAS CREDITABLE.

The citizens of Las Vegas did themselves proud in the entertainment and hospitality bestowed upon the visiting Republican delegates. The Times is gratified at the splendid manifestation bestowed by the Vegas citizens, irrespective of opinion.

No matter what the rumblings in the Republican household may indicate, the fact is that all the departing guests have a higher and more glorious appreciation of the merits and courtesy and fellowship of our entire citizenship.

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SHOES THAT FIT AND WEAR
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guaranteed satisfactory.

Strictly Fresh Eggs.

W. E. Hawkins

The Leading Merchant

If You Get It of Hawkins, It's Good

Amusements and entertainments were provided for the visitors that truly convey what is ours is yours. No acrimony nor hard feelings upon this score was manifest, and for so generous and courteous a display all the participants are the better therefor. Excellent is the commendation for those who directed this worthy situation.

Democrats, the iniquity of boss rule and arrogance in the Republican convention has given you a clean even pathway for victory. Embrace the opportunity and by nomination and action demonstrate that the people shall and must rule.

C. O. Whittemore was an active figure with the Republicans during the convention days.

Well can McNamee exclaim, "After me the deluge," if independent Republican rumblings indicate anything.

Election day will reveal whether or not the chains clank on the ankles of all the Republicans or not.

Shall brazen boss politics rule Lincoln county affairs? The Republican boss convention boldly presents the issue. It is now up to the people.

The protests against the machine

boss methods and the machine candidates of Boss McNamee are rising into an overthrowing chorus of denunciation and revenge.

The feeling against the boss rule at Las Vegas is particularly intense. The independent non-boss ridden Republicans have not a peg left to hang on. The Republican ticket has in scarlet letters all over it announced "We belong to Boss McNamee." "The public funds must go to Caliente." Eh!

Judge Maynard was absent. His able counsel and independence was a sore loss to the men who battled for a true Republican expression of the Republican masses.

When the faithful will come to eat their pie you will see such wry faces as you never saw before, for instead of sugar they taste it will be a vinegar hungry affliction.

Boys, just bear it in mind. If Johnson is elected it will mean two years more of the deputy sheriff.

With it all, McNamee looms up a big and able man, no matter how misguided his political tactics may be. He is to be admired as an able man.

G. E. Collins was a true type of the independent Republican in the Republican county convention.

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