

WEATHER
Fair tonight and
cloudy tomorrow.

TONOPAH DAILY BONANZA

Today's Silver
Quotation, 55 3-8

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TONOPAH, NEVADA, MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 4, 1911.

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BEAUTIFUL MEMORIAL SERVICES LAST EVENING

EX-DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE DIES SUDDENLY TODAY

**C. L. MILWARD OF RHYOLITE
IS CALLED TO GREAT
BEYOND.**

C. L. Milward, prominent resident of Rhyolite and well-known throughout the entire county of Nye, passed to the great beyond suddenly this forenoon, the immediate cause, it is said, being the result of an operation performed some time ago.

The Consolidated Auto company was called to take a Tonopah physician to Rhyolite, but before arrangements had been completed for the trip word was sent from Rhyolite that the man had succumbed.

Mr. Milward last fall ran for county commissioner of Nye county on the Democratic ticket but was defeated. Mr. Milward was always a robust man and up to the time of the operation was known as an all-round athlete.

The popular politician was married within the last year and his young wife was at the bedside when the end came.

Mr. Milward leaves a host of friends and acquaintances and they hurry to extend their sympathy to the young wife.

GOOD STRIKES BECOMING COMMON IN THIS STATE

Another strike has been made in the greatest mining state in the Union, and this time Cactus Peak is to the fore. This latest "find" is about 45 miles southeast of Tonopah. It is reported that 150 to 175 Goldfielders stampeded to this district and the country round about has been staked for miles. The strike was made last Friday, and news from the seat of excitement, which reached Tonopah late last night, was to the effect that the original strike, which is near the Bailey Bros. property, shows values of from \$250 to \$500 a ton.

It is rumored, and from an authoritative source, that a substantial sum, well in the thousands,

PAIR HAS MANY TROUBLES ON WAY TO OLD TONOPAH

**Stranded Agent and Man Whom He Hires
Have Many Difficulties to Overcome—
Are Now Fast Friends.**

Julius Hiller, Nevada and California agent for the Brunswick-Balke-Collender company, became stranded in the mill metropolis—Millers—and with the aid of the long-distance phone had a conveyance sent from Tonopah to that suburb in order to transport himself and effects to Tonopah. Ed Powers, the well-known Rye Patch comedian, was detailed on this lonesome cruise, and left immediately on the terrible journey which lay before him. He reached Millers in due time—and without mishap.

After loading his freight for the return trip the pair gave sighs of relief, thinking that ere long they would be in the second city of Nevada; but alas! it's a long lane that has no turn.

Powers' backboard, which had not been pressed into service for years, began to buck, and buck it did—and so hard that even a John Redfern could not subdue the "pest."

Meanwhile, Hiller, disgruntled and obdurate, took the pedestrian's way and started across the country for Tonopah, leaving Edward to endure his trials and tribulations alone.

Powers (those who are fortunate

has been paid the original locators for a lease and bond on this property.

All this goes to show that Nevada is in its infancy in the mining world, and with the producing mines improving in depth and development of non-producing mines showing such magnificent results, Nevada well deserves the name of the greatest mining state in the Union.

"NELS" NELSON GETS OFF WITH SLIGHT INJURY

**WHILE LOADING HIS WAGON
FREIGHTER IS HIT BY
HEAVY CROWBAR.**

Nelson Nelson, known throughout southern Nevada as "Nels" had a narrow escape yesterday from serious injury while loading the lead-wagon of his freight outfit. He and two helpers were loading 12x14x24 timbers when, in some manner, after the timber had almost been put into its proper place, the men on top of the wagon lost control of the timber and it precipitated to the ground, coming in contact with a small piece of wood, which in turn flew up and hit the freighter full in the face, knocking him senseless. When the large log fell, a helper on top of the load lost his presence of mind and dropped his crowbar, the large iron column striking the unfortunate man on the foot, crushing two of his toes. Assistance being of easy avail, Nels received immediate attention, and at last reports seemed none the worse for his ill-luck.

HORSES STAMPEDE AT SIGHT OF AUTOMOBILE

Yesterday afternoon about 5 p. m. a team belonging to two prospectors frightened at the sight of an on-coming auto and bolted into a telegraph pole near McLean & McSweeney's corral, where they came to an abrupt ending, with no more damage than nekyeck strap and the pole of the wagon being broken. The driver lost control of the fractious animals when one line of the reins broke. None of the occupants were injured as a result of their thrilling experience.

Miss Kate Lincoln is an arrival here from New York city.

Nevada Theater Crowded to Utmost Capacity By Very Interested and Appreciative Audience.

**Annual Services of the Local Order of Elks
Was, If Possible, More Beautiful and Im-
pressive Than Ever—Addresses By Promi-
nent Elks.**

The Elks' memorial services, held at the Nevada theater last night, was a most impressive affair. Over 100 Elks marched from their hall in a body, and the theater was filled to overflowing with those who came to participate in this annual celebration of loving remembrance.

The hall was tastefully decorated with flags and flowers. The names of Brothers Hammond, Berry and Malatesta, to whose memory the services were dedicated, were inscribed upon the beautiful brass tablet of the lodge, and this occupied a conspicuous position on the stage.

Thanatopsis was superbly rendered by Hon. Frank Mannix. Many inquiries have been made of the meaning of the word Thanatopsis. Thanatopsis is a poem by William Cullen Bryant, published in 1816 in the North American Review. The title from the Greek signifies: "A view of death." The poem was written when the author was but 19, is in blank verse, and is perhaps the most impressive of Bryant's productions.

The ceremonial of the lodge of sorrow was effectively handled by the officers of the lodge, after which instrumental and vocal selections were rendered by Julius Goldsmith, Mrs. Lawrie, Master Price and a quartet consisting of Mr. Johns, Mr. Yoder, Mr. Walker and Mr. Richards, and the eulogy of P. E. Keeler and the oration by Key Pittman were delivered.

The eulogy by Mr. Keeler dealt with the thought of life as immortal and man as a spiritual being, encompassed by material conditions until by recognizing and overcoming wrong motives he attains to higher concepts.

Mr. Pittman eloquently described many touching instances of humanity shown by Elks in Alaska and San Francisco, and characterized the Elk as the man who worships, fights, works and plays.

Some very fine numbers were included in the musical and literary program, and the entire ceremonies were most impressive.

Following is the program as rendered last evening:

- Violin Solo.....J. Goldsmith
- Pianist, Miss Hoskins
- Opening Ceremony.....The Lodge
- "Palm Branches".....
-Master Garrett Price
- Piano, Miss Price
- Eulogy.....Bro. P. E. Keeler
- "Lead Kindly Light".....Male Quartet
- Mr. Johns, Mr. Yoder, Mr. Walker, Mr. Richards
- Pianist, Miss Bowden
- Violin Solo.....J. Goldsmith
- Pianist, Miss Hoskins
- Thanatopsis.....Bro. Frank P. Mannix
- "And God Will Wash Away Our Tears".....Mrs. Arthur Lawry
- Pianist, Miss Kind
- Oration.....Bro. Key Pittman
- Closing Ceremony.....The Lodge
- Benediction.....Rev. Father Flynn

Three members of Tonopah Lodge failed to answer roll call this year. They were Dr. Hammond, Dr. Berry and Chris Malatesta. The latter two took their departure from this world during the past year.

Hon. P. E. Keeler's eulogy, which is printed verbatim below, was one of the best masterpieces ever heard at a ceremony of a like nature. Mr. Keeler's eulogy was as follows:

The Proverb says:
"For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he." I come to eulogize the living, not the dead; for what is dead has never truly lived, while what has lived, lives on through never ending days.

We think and feel, we sorrow and rejoice, but what is true, has always been. It is the whole of life; while all besides the dross and dregs of human fear and hate, of greed and every earthly appetites

are but the husk that fall to nothingness in time of harvest.

"What then is life?" the seeker asks, as one by one the tests of pleasure, pride or gain fail to supply the mede of joy his soul doth crave, but turn to Dead Sea fruit upon his lips.

To seek the answer drove the ancients in their quest to find the Golden Fleece o'er many seas and stranger lands. It filled the thoughts of all in medieval days where chivalry arose above the joust and tourney and the wassall bowl. It thrilled the hearts of Arthur and his Table Round, and sent them on their sacred search for Holy Grail.

Sir Galahad, the true and errant knight, sans peur et sans reproche, rose highest in his concept of the true import, and unto his was granted to behold the vision—pure, samite, wonderful.

To those who turned aside and spent their time in gentle dalliance, and with earth-dimmed eyes sought Truth and Life and Love in mortal forms and on the plane of human excellence, no message from the infinite appeared.

And so it is. Too oft, in ignorance of who we are and what our high emprise, we pay no heed unto the inner voice, which preaches naught but truth. The ears through which its sweet and tender sound may come, perchance are deaf or filled with clamor of this world, its joys and sensuous sway.

But still it speaks, and tells its simple tale, and sometime, maybe in the dead of night, awakening from some dream of loss or injury, of fear or dark regret, we hear and listen and are then convinced.

Or it may be there on the mountain's gray and somber peak, with naught of active life to join companionship, save yonder whirling eagle, gliding through the ether's blue expanse, and not a sound to mar the stillness, save the gentle murmur of the wandering breeze, we fix our mind on things of deep import and read God's thought of truth for us and know our oneness with creation and creation's God.

Truth, justice, mercy, love of fellow-man, unselfish seeking of our own within a brother's good, how better far than greed and avarice and heartless searching out the pleasures of a careless social state.

How small the triumph wrested from a brother's loss, compared to solacing some bitter woe and bringing smiles once more to lips grown cold with fear or doubt.

Ah, true indeed, the poet Byron's words:

"The drying up a single tear has more of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."

Who has not stood enthralled some summer eve and watched the setting sun touch all the landscape into magic fairy land?

I stood on such a night some weeks ago. The sky was dotted here and there with fleecy clouds, through which the radiant sun poured liquid crimson light till every cloud seemed charged and over-charged with gold and sparkling tints. The air was still, and as the mighty orb of day discharged his parting rays across the gray old plains and towering western hills, the deep and purple shades spread on from peak to peak and range to range in quiet rivalry of brighter colors on the sky's expanse. And over all, the evening hush hung like a benediction.

My thought was lifted to a higher realm, and it seemed to me as if each cloud and peak and dazzling ray of light spoke to my listening soul.

I stayed not then to think that maybe chance had by an accident

painted that gorgeous picture on the earth and sky.

It spake to me of love, so perfect, pure and true that only God, the infinite source of love could write it there in characters of crimson hue.

The purple on the sentinel hills reminded me that faith and hope live on though darkness comes and night advances; faith whose simple (Continued on Page Four.)

LEASERS STILL MAINTAIN FAITH IN CEDAR CORRAL

**NEVADA SPIRIT AGAIN PRE-
VAILS AS CEDAR CORRAL
GOES MERRILY ON.**

The Clark & Johnson property, north of Cedar Corral, known as Eldorado, on which Murphy & Jarvis held an option, will be developed more extensively than had lately been expected. It will be remembered Murphy & Jarvis gave up the option on this property the 28th of last month, all men working for this pair of mining men having returned to Tonopah.

Rumor, and from an authentic source, has it that four well and favorably known southern Nevada leasers have now taken a lease and bond on this ground and contemplate sinking a winze 75 feet from the 40-foot drift on the 50-foot level.

Supplies and food for the leasers are being purchased, from Tonopah merchants today. It is claimed work will begin upon this property next Wednesday.

SPOKANE DEMANDS MAXIMUM.

SPOKANE, Wash., Dec. 4.—The central labor council of Spokane, representing 4500 union men, is shaping plans for a country-wide movement to obtain the maximum punishment for the Los Angeles dynamiters. The program is to have every labor union organization in the United States telegraph to California authorities before next Tuesday morning, urging that the limit sentence allowed by the laws of the state be imposed upon the McNamara brothers for the crimes they have confessed.

G. J. Kenney of San Francisco is registered at the Mizpah.

MISFORTUNE BEFALLS PARTY WILL ARRIVE HERE TODAY

**Nimrods Frustrated In Attempt to Reach Par-
ranagat Valley In Search of Game—Gear
Wheel on Auto Is Cause of Trouble.**

The old saying that he who hesitates is lost, and that once you have made up your mind and think you are right, then refuse to let anything change your mind, has fallen of its own weight. And the best of this is that three Tonopah nimrods were the bright, particular stars that caused the change of form.

These beacon lights are Newton Crumley, H. H. Bacon and L. C. Branson. This trio had made up their minds and intended to refuse to let anything change their purpose. All this after sober second thought by either of the individuals, which is a very useful mental process. However, to be of value it ought to precede instead of follow the action that may come from precipitous first thought.

The above-mentioned names had positively made up their minds, Friday last, to go to Parranagat valley, about 190 miles from Tonopah, for a few days' shooting. After driving some thirty miles their auto became disabled and refused to turn a wheel despite the mechanical ingenuity of Newt Crumley.

After exhausting every effort, the men agree on the following plan: Branson was to stay with the auto and see that the coyotes and slow elk would not eat the disabled ve-

MATHEW SCHOEN PASSED AWAY LAST SUNDAY

**TOWNSMAN HAD BEEN SICK
BUT A FEW DAYS WHEN
SUMMONED.**

Mathew Schoen, a well-known business man of this city, joined the silent majority Sunday morning at 2 o'clock. Mr. Schoen had suffered a long time from asthma, but not until Tuesday last did his malady become serious. Tuesday he took to his bed and never left it till death relieved him of his suffering.

The body will be shipped next Wednesday to Leadville, Colo., where interment will take place. The remains will be accompanied to Leadville by Mrs. Mathew Schoen, wife of the deceased.

Besides the wife, one son and two daughters survive to mourn the loss of a faithful husband and loving father. The youngest daughter arrived this morning from Reno, where she attended the university. The body was embalmed and prepared for shipment by the Wona-cott & Hall undertaking parlors.

Mrs. Schoen and children have the sympathy of hundreds of friends who extend condolences in their saddest hour.

The body is now at the undertakers and will be removed to the Greyston this evening.

FLORENCE MILL TOTALLY DESTROYED SATURDAY NIGHT

GOLDFIELD, Dec. 4.—Fire originating in the mill of the Florence-Goldfield mining property totally destroyed the mill, machinery and outbuildings Saturday night. The loss is estimated at close to \$400,000. An explosion of oil in the refinery caused the fire, and no water was available. It is understood that there is no insurance. The underground workers escaped.

Mrs. P. Cole arrived this morning and is registered at the Mizpah. Mrs. Cole spent the summer in Ketchikan, Alaska.

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hicle, and Newt and Bacon agreed to do the Edward Payson Weston stunt back to Tonopah.

That is the last that has been heard from Branson. Not so, however, with Crumley and the real estate man.

After a wearisome journey of twenty miles Bacon succumbed to the grueling struggle and was left to perish upon the great Sahara—a prey for the undomesticated dog.

Crumley, who long ago established a record for long distance walking in Colorado, made Tonopah Saturday evening, footsore and practically exhausted, and gave the first intelligence to the world of the ill-fated expedition.

Later Crumley gave a detailed account of the trip, and a posse was immediately organized to capture Bacon, who by this time had become dangerous for the want of water. After a fusillade of bullets Bacon was captured and returned to Tonopah, where he is now in the hands of his friends. He claims he will never ride in an automobile again.

Newt left last evening with a team and necessary supplies with which to repair the "dead" auto.

Until Branson and Crumley return the many friends of both men will anxiously await their arrival.