

GRANDS OF ELKS OWN ENTERTAINERS

Though Amusement Park Is Theirs, Thousands Through the Streets.

COURT OF HONOR PACED

Only Tired and Aching Feet Today Testify to Many Times Paved Ways Are Circled by Bands and Happy Revelers.

It is not necessary to provide an official programme covering every hour of the day and night to be assured that 40,000 Elks, such as are Portland's guests, will enjoy themselves. When it comes to providing for their own entertainment, unrestricted by the limitations of a printed order of exercises, the Elks are the originators. And they proved it last night.

The fixed programme for convention week, prepared in advance and made yesterday for the entire day and night, was reserved for the Elks and their friends.

Thousands of them passed the afternoon or night in the enjoyment of the many entertaining attractions up the Willamette River. But thousands more remained in the city and forgot that the Chutes, Figure Eight and Bump-the-Bumps had ever been invented for the pleasure of care-free visitors to this city. Instead, they improvised a programme of entertainment that undeniably served the purpose for which it was composed.

Streets Again Thronged. Beginning early in the evening and continuing long after midnight, the visiting Elks and their friends, accompanied by newly-formed acquaintances, thronged the streets embraced by the Court of Honor. How many times the revelers made the circuit of the brilliantly lighted court, only tired and aching feet will testify this morning.

Even the considerate patrolmen were not exempt from the jokes that were perpetrated. One jovial Elk, weighing probably 300 pounds, meeting a policeman, less than one-half his size on Seventh street near the Imperial Hotel, spoke in the following serious vein:

"I thought I told you to keep on the curb and not again get out in the street where you might be struck by an automobile."

"Guess you did," came back the patrolman, who then gave the "call down," "and I am aware you are big enough to enforce the order."

"And so it was," everybody was doing. "Nobody was spared and everybody got his."

BABY LODGE CITY IS ACTIVE

McMinnville Decorates and Declares Holiday for Today's Parade.

McMinnville, Or., July 10.—(Special)—This is Elks' week. Elks McMinnville, although 50 miles distant from the seat of the great Elks' reunion, have honored Oregon's prominent visitors. Elks colors are everywhere in many windows and in the windows of most of the leading business houses of this city.

All the Elksdom of McMinnville lodge No. 1243, known as the Elks lodge of the world, are attending the reunion in Portland and tomorrow a general exodus of McMinnville's population will take place, all headed for Portland.

The McMinnville lodge will enter in the parade an appropriate float representing this new organization and they expect to be granted their charter at this convention, to which purpose the Salem and Albany lodges have offered their support.

Business houses in general will close up tomorrow, making it in fact a holiday for this city. The Southern Pacific are allowing excursion rates and are running extra trains between McMinnville and Portland, a feature of great advantage to valley people.

The organizing of the Elks here commences to the world that McMinnville now has a population of 5000 people, as that number is required in any city before a lodge can be organized.

SEATTLE BRINGS WEE ELK

Sidney Smith Gets Lost on Way to Portland Grand Lodge.

Omahas has four past exalted rulers. Idaho has a donkey. Los Angeles has a badge collector and Portland, until yesterday afternoon, had the "long and short" of the convention. Now Seattle has come forward with another celebrity, the shortest Elk that has yet grown horns, and his name is Sidney Smith, magazine writer, Press Club member, a Tillamook and booster for the Golden Potlatch.

Sidney Smith is so short that he has to use a stepladder to get in bed. When Mr. Smith was registering yesterday a brother Elk held him up to the counter. He is accompanied by Mrs. Smith. The "Bugs" from down Potlatch way are telling a new story on Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith was with an aggregation of boosters on an excursion, when he got separated from the crowd in his car. A practical joker got down on all fours and began looking under the seats. The Seattle man had not searched long before he had a couple of negro porters kneeling near him to help him in the search. Presently one of the porters ventured:

"And what 'ah yo' lookin' foh, mistah?"

PROMINENT ELKS, ILLINOIS COLONEL, POPULAR FIGURES, GRAND LODGE OFFICERS AND VISITING BAND, MEMBERS WHO COMBINED TO MAKE LIFE HAPPY IN PORTLAND YESTERDAY.



1, John K. Tener, Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Governor of Pennsylvania, and Judge Henry A. Melvin, of Oakland, Past Grand Exalted Ruler; 2, Colonel Baker, of Taylorville, Ill., Who Presented "Abraham Lincoln" Cavalry to Grand Exalted Ruler—J. H. A. Smith, of Jamestown, N. Y., and Sam V. Perrot, of Indianapolis, the Latter a Member of the New Home Commission—4, William T. Lawrence, of St. Louis, the Man With the "Pale Pink," and His "Pal"—5, John Jeannette, of St. Joseph, Mo.—6, M. C. Johnson, of Chillicothe, O.—7, R. K. Hoke, of Hanover, Pa., and H. B. Carmany, of Allentown, Pa.—8, James P. Healy, of St. Paul; 9, B. A. McGinness, District Deputy for Florida, and L. M. Lively, of Tallahassee, Grand Exalted Leading Knight—10, Fred Harper, of Lynchburg, Va., Chairman of the Ritual Committee, With His "Sunny Weather" Suit—11, Albert Dreisinger, of Chillicothe, O.—12, John P. Nash, of Minneapolis—13, Marlon B. Riffe, Leader of the Montana State Band—14, Roland K. Mason, of Jamestown, N. Y.—15, W. E. Drislane, of Albany, N. Y., Who Is Booming Judge Addington for Grand Exalted Leading Knight, 15, San Francisco's High-Class Band, With J. B. Harbour, Delegate From No. 3 at Extreme Left.

WAYSIDE TALES ABOUT ELKS AND THEIR DOINGS

The Denver delegation of the antlered herd took possession of the Hotel Portland last night and just about turned it upside down and right side out. The main feature of the day was rag dances which, almost throughout the night, were being danced by the delegates to the hotel.

"Hello George," said the Portlander, "glad to meet you. How are you, George?" "Fine and dandy, George," said the San Francisco George Dixon. "Have a drink, George?"

"Don't mind if I do, George," said the Portland George Dixon. "The two kept on 'Georging' each other ad infinitum much to the amusement of Manager Swetland and others who were let in on the facts."

Invitations were yesterday issued to all visiting Elks by the members of the Tacoma delegation for next Saturday night, when the Montana Fests and Fourth of July spectacle will be repeated at the High School Stadium in that city.

Buck Keith has always maintained that Nebraska City, Neb., his native town, was the only municipality "on the map." Keith's friends have been just as insistent that his contention was not entirely sound and have chided him on account of it.

With a want ad reading, "Lost, strayed or stolen—one Elk, answers to the name of Thomas Maira. Any information leading to his capture will be rewarded at room 620 Carlton Hotel," E. J. Manche, of Tacoma, drifted into the Oregonian office yesterday afternoon.

A Filipino supper will be served by the members of Scout Young's camp, of the Spanish American War veterans tomorrow evening at Knight's street, in honor of visiting Elks who are members of the Spanish American War veterans. Open house will be conducted throughout the evening.

William H. Atwell, of Dallas, Tex., a delegate to the Elks' convention, and D. O. Lively, vice-president of the Portland Union Stockyards Company, started in life together down in Texas, Atwell as a young attorney and Lively, as he puts it himself, as a "cub" newspaper reporter.

Colonel Frank J. Parker, of Portland, who served as advance agent for the Elks' convention in the Southwest and who is responsible for bringing many Elks here from that district yesterday entertained a group of delegates with a good-luck story.

"Years ago," said the Colonel, "I was prospecting in the Arizona desert and was looking for copper, when I ran out of water. I then met a man who had run out of food. He showed me where there was a water hole and I gave him grub. He was broke and he sold me for \$35 some rough uncut sapphires. Not long ago I sent them to Tiffany and had them appraised and pronounced them the equal of any in the world. One is worth over \$500. I have seven in all, red, blue, morganite pink and yellow. The yellow sapphires is held in high esteem as counteracting the influence of an evil eye." With that Colonel Parker dove into his pocket and produced the beautiful sapphires before the admiring group.

"I am very pleased with my \$35 investment," concluded Colonel Parker.

"All alone from Hudson, Mass., No. 295," was the reply made by Andrew J. Robinson, when asked whether he knew where another Hudson Elk was located. Brother Bob may have been all alone when he started, but it's a certainty that he could find his way out of his and a cord of friendly atmosphere emanating from everything about him.

"SIR, I am grievously disappointed in Portland. I am annoyed, I am angry, in fact."

"What's the matter, old chap?" "Why, I tell you. I have traveled for 24 years in different parts of the world, and it is only when I get back to Portland that I am asked where Klamath Falls is. It's positively ridiculous. Everybody else, everywhere, had heard of Klamath Falls, the one city in the world. The Egyptians know of it, for I took good care to tell them."

From the militant manner in which D. C. Campbell, naturally of Klamath Falls, said this, it is not difficult to imagine any number of Egypt venturing to contradict him.

C. E. Clark, who owns 900 acres of land in Marshalltown, Ia., has the unique and only badge of its kind at the convention. "Back home" Clark has a full section of some of the finest corn grown in the Middle West and he is using one of the ears as a breast decoration. The yellow of the large grains and the red of the cob, blend well with the bright, glittering colors of the other ornaments.

Political economy and sociology discussed in a mixture of the Igor, rote language and the new international tongue of Esperanto, is the specialty put on every evening this week on street corners and before crowds of Elks anywhere, by P. J. Kelly. When Kelly gets up to speak the crowd begins to yell before he has said a word and although they do not understand a single line of the speaker's talk, they give the lecturer the "glad hand" until

he is through. The finale to Kelly's speech is always the best. The police thought at first that he was crazy, but when they found out the facts they made no more attempts to arrest the speaker.

Kelly is one of a number of young fellows who are putting up a burlesque on street speakers. He does the platform work and the others lead in the cheering over his nonsensical chatter. He is a Portland boy.

F. S. RATLIFF, of Idaho, who is going to compete for the prize for the heaviest, or biggest Elk present at the convention, is on a strike, and last night he said that he was not going to march in any more parades until today, because, if he did, he would perceive so freely that his weight would be reduced and this would detract from his chances of winning the coveted honor of being "the biggest Elk" in the convention.

There is one delegate here who has a grievance. He is a Cincinnati man, and he registered his complaint with Dr. Harry F. McKay, chairman of the reception committee, yesterday morning.

He declared that the Portland committee has been derelict in its duty in one respect. They neglected to provide barbers to shave the visitors while they sleep. No one has time to get shaved after once they awake.

Just a touch of pathos was added to Stark streets last night, when, as the big bell in one of the court of honor arches was ringing its 11 strokes, a wagon of an undertaking firm passed. Somebody in the crowd remarked, with levity, that the bell was tolling for the dead; but a number of Elks, standing near and overhearing the remark, rebuked the speaker by silently removing their hats and standing bareheaded while the conveyance passed with its still burden.

POSTMASTER MERRICK desires the mail received at the Elks' headquarters is arranged alphabetically, and it should be inquired for in that way, and also, it is not deemed best that an individual should call for the mail of all of his lodge members. When mail is addressed in care of a hotel it is delivered there instead of at the Elks' postoffice.

WHEN S. E. IRVIN stepped up to George H. Lewis, the Salem hotel buyer and visiting Elk, and tried to take away a unique badge that was suspended to his lapel by a silk thread, he pulled the tail off a live lizard. There was great mourning on the part of Irvin when he saw his favorite decoration thus decimated.

During the afternoon every band was at the Oaks, either serenading the gathering or participating in the preliminary contest for a large prize.

The Coast Artillery Band from California, gave a concert in the Multnomah Hotel from 1:30 till 3 o'clock. While the other bands were resting last night, the Coast Artillery boys were working overtime at the grand ball given by the San Francisco lodge. They furnished music until a late hour, because, as one of them put it, "we knew they wanted us."

Last evening the bands again "tuned up" and "ragtime," which had no place in the musical program of the morning, captivated the throngs in the streets.

At the Portland Hotel there was a musical festival. The Idaho and Kalispell bands, playing the country dined within the hotel. At the Multnomah, La Grande musicians kept every one in a good humor.

A band from Los Angeles regaled visitors at the Oregon Hotel during the evening. One of the newest arrivals was the Sherman County Band, which arrived toward evening, playing before the Elks lodge immediately after leaving the station. Many others are due today, including the Pendleton "Let 'er Buck" on horseback.

Later in the evening the bands gave every popular air, from "Oh, You Beautiful Doll" to "If You Talk in Your Sleep, Don't Mention My Name."

Central Oregon Advertised. The Bend Bulletin in its issue of July 3 contains 44 pages of reading matter devoted to the industrial development of Bend and Crook County. The number shows that many big enterprises are projected in Central Oregon, including sawmill plants, irrigation systems and other industries of an important nature. The edition is illustrated with typical views of scenes and enterprises of the Central Oregon country.

How to Keep Face Young and Attractive

(National Hygienic Review.) The way to ward off old age is not to fear it, not to allow one's self to be oppressed by the dread of advancing years. Use only legitimate preventives and avoid trying experiments with preparations not indorsed by physicians. An entirely safe and very effective way to keep the complexion young-looking and beautiful is to apply ordinary maceolized wax at bedtime, using it like cold cream, washing it off in the morning. This gradually absorbs the withered, faded cuticle, which is replaced by the more youthful pink-tinted under-skin. One ounce of this wax, to be had at any drug store, is enough to completely rejuvenate a worn complexion.

Wrinkles and flabbiness of cheek and chin, the first signs of advanced age, may be averted by a simple, harmless preparation made by dissolving an ounce of powdered salicylic acid in a pint of water. It is used as a face bath.—Adv.

THOUSANDS CHEER MARCHING BANDS

Musicians Parade in Streets of Business Sections—Great Throngs Appreciative.

POTLATCH BUGS IN LINE

All Hats Raised to National Airs. Crowd Parades With Marchers. Strains of Stirring Harmony Fill Streets Two Hours.

"Veni, vidi, vici" wrote the great Caesar, after one of his famous victories. Change it a trifle to "We came, you heard, we conquered" and the story of the massed bands yesterday is summed up in a few words.

For two hours yesterday morning thousands listened enraptured to the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner," "Marching Through Georgia" and "Auld Lang Syne" played by a massed band of 200 performers recruited from the ranks of the Band of the Fifth Regiment, National Guard of California, the Idaho band, the musical corps from Silverton and the Oregon Coast Artillery. But for the fact that the instrumentalists were tuned to a lower pitch, the 5th Coast Artillery band from San Francisco would also have been there.

The players lined up at 9 o'clock. At the signal from Charles E. York, through the men swung smartly off to the Imperial Hotel. There the playing of the National Anthem was the signal for the removal of every hat.

It was at this point that the Idaho band, 35 strong, marched up to take their positions behind the others. Very cool they looked in their white silk shirts and their dark trousers, and their music was not one whit behind their appearance in point of excellence.

Seattle Makes Showings. A diversion occurred at this juncture. Everybody moved to one side to allow the passage of white-uniformed Potlatch Bugs, just arrived, who were whirled through to the accompaniment of Wagner's band. Then the ranks closed again, the band took up the march and moved on along the pathway of the Court of Honor.

All along the route men and women cheered to the echo. Time and time again as the various national airs were played the vast throngs cheered. Crowds marched before and followed after, keeping step, humming, whistling or singing the airs and all combined to make the parade around the Court of Honor a big success.

A halt was called at each corner. At the corner of Seventh and Alder streets members of the bands closed up their ranks, but later on the parade they took up the entire width of the street.

Down Yamhill the procession wended around, halting before the Portland Hotel, where visitors crowded at the windows, on the balconies and in the court attracted by the music.

It was when the halt was called outside the home of the Portland Elks that the enthusiasm was the greatest, and the band had to play each air more than once before separating into companies and departing to their own headquarters.

First to step slightly off was the Fifth Regiment, playing one of their favorite marches, "Celebrity." They were followed by the Silverton organization, then by the Idaho band, circling into the Court of Honor, they played for some time, thundering out the "Legend of the Stars" and receiving a shower of carnations from the crowd above.

Later in the parade the members of the Coast Artillery Corps, which swung down Seventh street, to the cheers of the crowd gathered about the Elks headquarters.

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