THE GREAT ELK CONVENTION.

The meeting of the Elks at Milwaukee last week was a great gathering, probably the largest in the history of the order.

The Elks poured into the city resplendent with purple ribbon, Hemp, Elk badges of one sort or another conspicuously in evidence. Some came on specials, some on regular trains, and still others on boats from across the lake. But all came with colors flying and with an evident determination to make the most of the hospitality which Milwaukee was anxious to extend. The larger delegations — those numbering anywhere from 200 and 300 to several of the 1,500 size, which put in an appearance — did not arrive until the afternoon of the 22d, though every regular train which pulled into local depots during the day was filled with passengers Carnival-bound.

At 4 o'clock a detachment of the general reception committee and Cauders's band marched to Union depot and then marched back shortly after with a good-sized delegation of horned men from far off New Jersey and vicinity. From that time until late in the evening parties of large proportions and abundant spirits successively arrived, and Mr. Cauder's musicians found ample competition in the bands of the visiting delegations, nearly every one of which had a musical accompaniment to a none too quiet entrance.

The band which attracted perhaps the most attention was the Indian band from Colorado Springs, led by the big Indian chief, J. H. Bosman. He weighs 250 pounds and stands 7 feet 2 inches, and wears a hat two feet high and can be seen over the heads of the crowds for blocks. Bands accompanied a delegation of several hundred from Colorado, and started excitement as soon as they struck town. The delegation scattered, but the band went from hotel to hotel and from one building to another playing the most gruesome and colorful music, which had the most enlivening and hilarious effect.

About fifty came in the delegation from La Salle, Ill., and other southern points on Monday evening. Coming down Grand avenue from the Union depot to the St. Charles hotel every man in the lot shot off about twenty Roman candles. The horses reared and kicked, the crowd howled, the bunting along the way started to blaze and the sparks burned little round holes in the clothes of the marchers, but they kept it up from start to finish. At the hotel they started a series of evolutions which they called "Hell Broke Loose," and were quieted down only when told that unless they registered inside of ten minutes the rooms would be given to the mob of solicitous persons outside anxious to know where they were going to stop over night.

It was the Grand Haven and Michigan delegation which started the excitement downtown, however. They came over on the Crosby line at about 9 o'clock 400 strong, and marched through the streets behind the crack Furniture City band of forty pieces to the Republican house where they were greeted by great bursts of red fire. They danced and sang and cake-walked through the streets and set the crowd in good humor for an hour afterwards.

"You bet we had a good trip," said Charles A. Kelly, one of the jolliest of the lot. "Some of them got a little seasick and the fat man lost so much weight he will enter the skinny race before he gets through. That band we've got is a dandy, boy, do you notice? We are here for fun, and if its in the town we get it. See? We're not talking politics much, because we have a man of our own whom we want to get elected grand trustee. Eugene W. Jones of Grand Rapids No. 48. So we are not taking sides in the big fight till we see how the land lies."

An idea of the brilliancy of Milwaukee when the Elks' Carnival was in full swing, may be gained from a description of the appearance of the streets in the down-
town districts Tuesday night. The electrical display was the most elaborate ever seen there. It was magnificent during the carnival of 1900, but even more brilliant on this occasion. With the exception of the illumination of the city hall tower the electrical display was confined to private residences and business buildings, but the result proved that the citizens had determined this time more than ever before to make this the grand feature of the Carnival.

Most prominent of the illuminations was the city hall, not only by reason of its commanding height, but also by reason of the good taste displayed in the design. The outline of the tower was brought out in lines of light, while high up on the Market Square face a "Welcome" streamed across it, surmounting the emblematic dial with the hands pointing to 11 o'clock, the time of the toast "to the absent brothers." Underneath came the lines of fire: "The Elk's, '901, 'Carnival."

Next in prominence was the cupola on the Pabst office building, which was transformed by the electric current into a canopy of fire that could be seen in all parts of the city, crowned with a large star, made up of hundreds of red incandescent lights. On the west side of the building an elk's head and antlers of heroic proportions were wrought in electric lines, with the 11 o'clock dial between the antlers. Across the base line of this picture was the word "Pabst," bordered with green lines of light.

The Hotel Pabst was handsomely illuminated in white and purple, the colors of the Elk's order. Over the portico, brought out in these colors, was a scintillating banner, bearing upon its face the legend, "Welcome B. P. O. Elk's, Headquarters," and as a centerpiece was the dial with the hands at 11 o'clock. Hundreds of purple and white banners fluttered from the windows of the hotel, while streamers of electric lights extended from the roof to the lower story. Oh the Wisconsin and Jackson street corner was an elk's head with antlers illuminated in purple and white.

The visitors are well satisfied with the treatment they received in Milwaukee and speak in the highest terms of everything that was done for them by the local committees and the people generally. Favorable comment on the decorations was heard on every side and not a word of "kicking" has come to light.

"You can say for the New Haven delegation," said John McGlynn, "that we are well satisfied. There is no sign of extortion anywhere and the general feeling of hospitality is everywhere to be noticed." Several of the guests at the Pfister and Plankinton expressed themselves in similar vein, the absence of any attempt to take advantage of the crowded condition of the city being noticeable.

J. O. Reis of San Francisco was particularly pleased with the manner of the reception of the visitors. He was one of the leading members of the delegation from California. "I am most agreeably surprised," he said, "at the hospitality shown by the good people of Milwaukee. It is too often true that a convention city takes advantage of its visitors and hoists up prices to extortion, but in this city I have noticed none of that at all. Everyone seems willing and anxious to make the strangers welcome at fair and moderate prices. It speaks well for the city and Milwaukee can well feel proud."

"This is the most successful Elk convention ever held," said Judge Nethaway. "Milwaukee has outdone herself in entertaining and in decorations. The parade has eclipsed any previous effort. When I presented the name of Milwaukee at Atlantic City a year ago, I told them what they could do. I have yet to find one member to complain that the Cream City has not fulfilled the promises I made for her. On the contrary hundreds have expressed their delight and satisfaction." Geo. A. Reynolds, secretary of the grand lodge, said: "Without doubt this is the best convention so far. The entertainment and decorations are far in advance of any other city. A larger number of Elk's have come to Milwaukee than ever attended an Elk convention before. At the grand lodge we have had an attendance of 850, the best previous attendance being 724 at St. Louis in 1899."

C. E. Pickett, the newly elected grand exalted ruler, made this statement: "The convention here has surpassed expectations. The attendance has been the best so far and the entertainment could not be better. The business sessions of the grand lodge have been very satisfactory. We owe much to Milwaukee."

In the report of Secretary George A. Reynolds on the condition of the order, he drew special attention to the fact that when he was first elected secretary eight years ago the grand lodge was practically penniless and he had to advance money many times to pay the bills that came due. Now, however, said Mr. Reynolds, the order was in the finest shape possible, the statements of assets and liabilities of the grand lodge shows it is not worth to $50,000, while the development of the subordinate lodges had been wonderful. During the last year, 23,000 new members and 113 lodges have come into the order, there being now 678 lodges and 96,479 members. During the past year $250,000, he said, had been distributed in charity, the money expended in that manner last year having amounted to $412,000.

The grand drill contest for a purse of $500, which is a feature at every Elk's convention, was held in the pavilion at Schlitz park, and was won by the Purple Guards of Chicago lodge No. 4, they scoring 97.05 points, out of a possible 100. The "Cherry Pickers," the famous drill corps of the Toledo lodge, who heretofore had been considered invincible and who had landed the prize at former conventions in Cincinnati, Minneapolis and St. Louis, were their only competitors and secured 94.65 points.

The contest opened with the
Chicago corps, under command of Capt. J. C. Roundy, taking the floor. For thirty minutes they executed every movement in the manual of arms, and many fancy drill figures were introduced, receiving great applause. Without a mis-step or break of any kind they retired to make way for the Cherry Pickers, under Captain William Wood, who, after 40 minutes put his men through every difficult movement known to the drill master. The judges, Major B. Daly, Captains C. Tuckes, O. E. Lewis, R. Peasecki and Lieut. J. J. Foley found their task a difficult one and the decision to award the prize to the Chicago crew was not announced until 11 o'clock. When it was made public, the scene at the pavilion was garrulous description. The Chicago delegation who were present in large numbers fairly went crazy with delight. A circle was formed with Mayor Rose as the center piece and an impromptu war dance held. A celebration was also held at the Pfister at midnight. Major Daly, after the parade complimented each captain on the work of his crew.

Members of Chicago Lodge No. 4 held a celebration in the dining room of the Hotel Pfister on the same night at about 12 o'clock, on the victories they had won in the afternoon's parade. Captain Frank C. Roundy was the toast master and the first toast was to Major Daly of the First Wisconsin National Guard, who in response said that the drill put up by the Chicago lodge was the best he had ever seen by a civilian company of men. A toast was then proposed to Capt. Roundy, who had drilled and commanded the lodge. The celebration was attended by the Chicago lodge and their Milwaukee friends.

TALKING OF "Auld Lang Syne," there was a lot of it about Milwaukee during the convention, with reunions of old friends everywhere. One of the notable meetings was that between Past Grand Secretary Arthur C. Moreland of New York and John W. White of Chicago. Over forty years ago they used to do a turn in blackface. They "washed up" to don together uniforms of Confederate gray and both did gallant turns in the army of the South. By the way, "Johnson White was the first man who ever did a "double song and dance." That was way back in 1855, and his partner was no less a personage than poor 'Billy' Emerson.

Mr. White was one of the first Elks in the West, and that Milwaukee has enjoyed an opportunity to show such princely hospitality to such thousands of princely guests is largely due to Mr. White's efforts. The organization of lodges was at first limited to a small number of cities and the annual meeting of the grand lodge was confined to New York. Even after the organization was made possible in all the cities the rule as to the grand lodge meeting only in New York continued in force until 1888, when, after a three years' fight, Mr. White succeeded in getting through the "migratory" amendment, which allowed the annual stampede of the herd to be held wherever the grand lodge was designated. As a result of this measure the order in its "migrations" has increased from 156 lodges in 1890 to 712 lodges today.

Mr. E. G. Seckler, teacher of piano, can be found at 48 S. 6th.

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DOROTHY'S...MISTAKE.

It was an intensely hot morning in June as Dorothy Berson, hot and panting laden with canvas, paint box, etc., climbed the long stairs leading to the studio in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, where she worked.

This was Monday, the first day for the new model, and Dorothy presently found herself one of a group of eight or nine students watching with pleasant excitement the pose of a handsome melancholy-eyed Italian boy on the little platform.

A quarter before 3 o'clock, the time for closing, Dorothy, her face burning with artful excitement, turned to get some raw sketch. As she flung the tube back she cast a hasty glance down the street below, and the glance merged into a prolonged stare.

A slight girl in a soft gray dress, with large hat to match, leaned on the arm of a young man, whose upright, easy figure was very familiar. Very familiar, indeed! Only last night in her aunt's hall her hand had rested against that shoulder; that arm had been round her.

Only four months, four happy months, since Ferguson Graham, the rising heroic painter, had been introduced to Dorothy, only three weeks since the day she had given the answer pleadingly sought by the owner of that arm!

But now another girl is leaning on that arm. Who is she?

The same evening Ferguson Graham entered the studio, he had been born.

"You are working the land at the studio, darling," he said gently.

"Not a bit. It is my greatest enjoyment. Have you been very busy today?"

"If?" she answered lamely. "Oh! Well—rather."

"I hope you got some relaxation."

"Dorothy, darling, what is wrong?" he said softly.

Dorothy battled hard with a rush of tears. Then the recollection of the seat under the beech tree rose too painfully distinct. She threw her head aside and sprang to her feet, making for the door.

But Ferguson Graham placed himself before her and said:

"Don't try to go on with this acting, Dorothy. Tell me the meaning of your answers. I have a right to know, and, what is more, I will know."

In silence they stood one breathless instant. Then, wrenching herself free with a passionate gesture and a low breath, "I thought you loved me," Dorothy was gone. The next day Dorothy spent at Lucan, refusing to see her lover on plea of headache when he called late in the evening. And another night she tossed on her bed, making up her mind that she would give her ring and never see him again and as quickly unmaking it again.

The next day was studio day again. Dorothy worked with a feverish rapidity which surprised herself and her master. The passionate eyes of the model glowed at her from out of the canvas.

Half past 2 o'clock. Yes, there they were. Dorothy's heart gave a great bound. Her face grew pale, and she stepped carelessly back as if to view her work.

They are seated close together, and instantly as Dorothy looks the girl opens her hand bag and gives a photograph to Ferguson.

Dorothy's heart grew cold and faint. Only a few days ago he had begged for her photo. Now he is treasuring another!

In trembling, feverish haste and canvas are put up, and Dorothy, scarcely realizing her intention, finds herself on the walk leading to the beach tree.

She is close upon him now, and she stands transfixed, for the beautiful eyes of the girl, uplifted to her companion, are utterly, unalterably sightless.

Ferguson looks up, and in another instant Dorothy, faint and trembling, is led to the seat and hears him saying, "You know my sister Lily, Dorothy, at least by hearing," hears another sweet voice saying, "This is really Dorothy," feels slender fingers delicately touching her face and learns that Lily, with her sister Agnes, has come to Dublin on a private visit to see Dr. Fitzgerald again, a little, vain hope of Lily's own, and that Agnes caught cold on Sunday in St. Patrick's cathedral; therefore Ferguson has brought Lily here each day for fresh air.

And then she hears Ferguson whisper very low:

"And you could doubt me, Dorothy?"

"Forgive me, Ferguson."

PIANO INSTRUCTIONS.

W. F. G. SECKLER—Has removed his studio to 46 South 5th street. Office hours: 10 to 5 and 2 to 6 p.m. Pupils who desire to study during the summer months will be given every advantage that will enable them to accomplish a great deal during that time.

MUSIC STUDIO.

H. L. Schmeil, teacher of vocal music, has removed his studio to Room 57, Porter block. Office hours: 11 to 12 a.m. and 2 to 6 p.m.
A COINCIDENCE.

The child Agatha counted buttons and by so doing became the unconscious arbiter of a destiny. She had always been a teller of fortunes, doling out householders to such as were the happy possessors of buttons. For those poor creatures who had yielded to a mandate from tawdry Paris and accepted hooks and eyes as gown fastenings Agatha could do nothing. Not the ghost of a husband could she conjure up without the help of her little round allies.

Had you not a single one in sight you were doomed to splutterhood, but if one, just one, could be found among the folds of your garments you were saved, and Agatha's fat forefinger would be laid upon it, while her shrill little voice—would announce triumphantly, "Rich man!" looking into your eyes to find a reflection of the joy in her own dancing blue ones at having so satisfactorily, thanks to the button, settled your fortune. The result of a two-button fortune she always announced with a telling inflection, and in a voice that for many months would drop in copy of the expression she had seen on older faces when "poor man" was found to be their portion. At "beggar man" her voice invariably grew sad and low, and if you were foolish enough to display four buttons the chubby finger would touch the fatal one mournfully with a pitying voice would murmur, as she shook her golden curls, "thief!" begging your pardon for the cruel truth. But again happy smiles would chase away the sadness if doctor, lawyer, merchant, or chief fell to your lot. Two, three and four were the only fortunes that troubled the little lady.

Oh, but it was a thrilling game to play! It was a grief to the child Agatha that so seldom could she induce it, owing to the disappearance of buttons from the feminine horizon. But now and again it would chance that some one great enough to raise the degree of fashion would drift her way and display the loosed for fastenings. To such a one Agatha would turn with scenes of delight, while the chubby hands would touch the buttons lovingly and the chubby voice ring out in words of prophecy.

It was a matinee day at the opera house, and an enthusiastic throng was surging through the entrance gate, attracted by a great prima donna as Carmen. The house was crowded to the doors, and when the curtain rose on the Seville square there was not a vacant seat to be had and scarcely an unfilled box.

In several boxes of the grand tier there were children, and one framed a pretty, much noticed picture. In it sat golden-haired Agatha and her blue-eyed brother. Arms around each other they sat, fresh and healthy and sweet, unencumbered of everything except the bewildering of color and sound on the stage. The box adjoining in which the children sat was No. 14 and was unoccupied until the intermission between the second and third acts, when a young woman entered it. She was alone and seated herself with an air of marked indifference to opera in general and to "Carmen" in particular that one wondered what reason she chose to lend her presence to the scene. She did not even raise her beguile and sweep the house with an inquiring glance.

She had come to the opera for freedom, to ramble, to decide, to avoid questioning eyes and teasing voices, for her world was waiting breathless to hear the truth. The solitude of her own room was overpowering. She craved the aloofness that only a dream can give. She wished to come to a decision.

She saw a retinue of attendants, thoroughly dressed, jewels and hands and face small, neat and insignificant, the master of it all. With nervous restlessness she changed her position, feeling that emotion was making the voice of calm reason.

"It is right and best. The other would be madness. I should be unhappy!"—But even the thought of a back unfinished in the presence of a great truth. Hush—the first violin, the harmonizing, thrilling, tearing melody! Over her nature swept a second wave of stern resolve, and yet the eternal feminine still asserted itself. Resolved, irresistible, firm, undaunted, she paused for one recapitulating moment before the irresistible men of her choice should be said.

In the adjoining box a plainly-gowned woman had entered and was seating herself with the children beside. Golden-haired Agatha, who received her with a scream of joy. Agatha's chubby finger slid down the front of the plain black waist from one button to another, while the sweet, shrill voice rang out: "Rich man! Poor man—Oh, aunnie, aunnie, it's pretty man!"

Every one who saw and heard and understood smiled: some who had counted buttons in a long gone childhood sighed, but the person who sat alone in No. 14 grand tier neither smiled nor sighed. Turning startled eyes upon the little fortune teller, Ethel Willoughby's resolve gave way before the sacred featherweight of omen to which her heart was ready to respond.

The child Agatha counted buttons and by so doing became the unconscious arbiter of a destiny. —Town and Country.

A P R I L 14

"It takes all kinds of people to make a world," said Willie Wellington.

"Yes," answered Miss Caroline, "Life is full of paradoxes. For instance, I have often wondered why it is that the freest young men invariably propose the saickest remarks." —Washington Star.

The big barbecue and jollification to be given at Vic Poncelet's on August 4th, by the game association, is attracting much attention and the applications for permission to go along are piling up fast.

Santa Clara County Pioneers

Organized, June 2, 1894.

Headquarters, San Jose, Calif.

OFFICERS:

J. B. Lehman, — President
429 Lake House Ave.

A. L. Woodham, — First Vice President
MRS. E. P. Anderson, 2nd V. President
J. W. Hinks, — Third Vice President
W. D. J. Hambly, — Secretary
452 South Seventh St.

L. A. Spitzer, — Treasurer

Quarterly Reunions on last Saturday of February, August and December, 72
N. Second Street, San Jose; Picnic and Annual Meeting third Saturday of May, Executive Board meets the first Saturday of each month.
A HINT TO THE LODGES.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fisher says the publication of Lodge cards in representative Elk journals is especially valuable to the Grand Lodge officers who desire to be in close touch with subordinate lodges. The California Elk would be found a most excellent medium for this purpose.

San Jose Co. No. 8, U. R., K. of P., held its regular meeting last week at K. of P. hall and received six new applications for membership. The Rank is in a flourishing condition and is organizing a drum and bugle corps of 16 men. The anniversary of the organization will be celebrated on Friday evening, August 30th, and will be particularly interesting from the fact that a shirtwaist party will be given. Good music will be furnished and a pleasant evening is assured to all who attend.

The property known as the postoffice grounds at the Leland Stanford Jr. University, has been leased to the United States government for a period of five years. The lease of this property was recorded and by the terms of the same the government will pay the university $400 per year for the premises.

Supervisor Fred Stern is having troubles of his own. First he had to "massle" with a sick cow problem, and now he is called into Court to fight for his office as Supervisor for leaving the State without permission of the Board. The former had a tinge of fun in it, while the latter seems to be actuated by spite.

Not all the shows that Manager Hall brings to San Jose are first-class by any means. A large number of them could not "storm a barn." Our theatre goers, and a large number of them read The Elk, should be "put wise," so as not to waste their time on cheap shows. We will in the future try to "spot" them in time to post our friends.

The Elks of New Orleans gave a street fair and netted $931.05, and every cent was given the St. Vincent Orphan Asylum of that city, freeing it from debt. That is the kind of monument that will live.

California should get in line and make up long trains of Elks for the next Grand Lodge at Salt Lake City. We shall boom with salt for the next year. Let the West do herself credit.

Past Exalted Ruler Jerome B. Fisher has cause to be proud of the record of his year of official service. He has not only made friends but the growth of the Order has been phenomenal.

Wm. Lloyd Bowden of New York No. 1, and W. Mifflin Smith of San Diego, Cal., Lodge No. 188, are the only original "Jolly Corks" alive today.

Bro. Homer Fletcher of Astoria Lodge, Oregon, who has been sick in this city for some weeks, is recovering rapidly. He expects to be out in a week or ten days.

We should be pleased if every Secretary would send us some Lodge notes occasionally. We feel interested in all of them.

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OAKLAND LODGE NOTES.

Oakland Lodge No. 171 will hold a special memorial service on the evening of Thursday, August 29th, at which time the memory of our late Bro. Harvey N. Soper will be commemorated. Good music, befitting the occasion will be rendered, and the eulogy will be made a feature. The late Bro. Harvey was without doubt the most popular member of 171, having been a charter member, and aside from that was foremost in all the undertakings such as circuses, mismatches, or in fact anything pertaining to the good of the order. His place will be a hard one to fill as Harvey was so well known as a leader that it seemed to be his lot to lead in all things.

"Doc" Hamlin has returned from his camping trip, and he is if anything a little slouter than when he started. Doc went away to try to "reduce," and when he was asked if he had succeeded, he replied by turning his pockets inside out. "As there was no sign of a jingle on the floor it is evident that he "lost." Doc has made a reputation as a band leader in the Georgia Camp Meetin," however.

Dr. Travers has returned with his face very much sun-kissed, and it is rumored that someone is jealous of the sun—but that is "tooth-in."

Joe Ghirardelli has quit work for a whole year, and is going about having a jolly good-time. And Joe knows how to have it, as all the boys are his friends, and his door at home is always open to them. Joe is never more happy than when he has the boys down at his house partaking of his hospitality.

Exalted Ruler Melvin surprised everybody present at the last weekly meeting by fining every person on the floor ten cents. "And he hasn’t done any ten cents," Boom—Ta-ra-ra.

Stanley Crellin and Harry Newton were seen together the other night talking in a dark hallway. One dollar against a doughnut that it will be all off with the street sweepers.

The boys are already talking about what they are going to do to Bro. Geo. Reed when he returns. Bro. Geo. left as our representative to the Grand Lodge. He went—well, never mind where he went—but watch these columns and "Reed" about it. That’s write.

"Fletch Sims," old jovial, good-hearted Fletch, is back with his happy smiling face, and the boys are glad to welcome him. It Sims so funny to have him back, and just to think, we did not expect that he would “Fletch” the smile back with him. But he was dazed it.

There will be an "Elks’ Reunion" at Capitola on Admission Day, the 9th of September. It is proposed to go down to the hotel Saturday night, and have the boys from any old Lodge of Elks—accompanied by their wives and children—if they are so fortunate. On Sunday evening a sacred concert will be given. A grand full dress ball will also be given on either Saturday or Monday night.

The Committee of Elks in charge will give the boys and all present a good time, and purposes to have the fare reduced to all points so that parties can stop at the hotel for three days or a week, and get transportation at the lowest possible figure. They want all Brothers to understand that they are doing this simply for fun and a jolly good time. Everything will be figured down so low and so many good things will be in store for all there, that there can be no doubt but that a rousing crowd will go down.

The "fun" will be participated in by Elks from Sacramento, Santa Rosa, Oakland, Vallejo, San Francisco, and any Elks from San Jose who do not wish to stay at home on that day.

The "affair" will commence on Saturday night with a full dress ball, Sunday night a sacred concert, and Monday will be a gala day all around. We will publish the program as soon as arranged.

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HONOLULU LODGE NO. 616.

Honolulu Lodge has kept pace with its original promises, and the indications now are that it will be one of the foremost in the United States in a community of its size. At a meeting held on the evening of May 20th it was unanimously decided to purchase the Model Block, on the main street of the city, for the headquarters of the lodge. The purchase price is $90,000. On the third floor of the building it is purposed to have the largest and most elaborate dance hall in the Hawaiian Islands. On the second floor will be a reception parlor, club rooms, card and pool rooms, library, saloon and a small theatre. The lower floor will be rented.

The undertaking is a big one, says the Hawaiian Star, but the Elks seem to feel able to carry it through. The building and land represent an investment of $90,000, but it is understood that the lodge gets the property for $75,000. It is proposed to incorporate and issue stock for the amount required. The treasury balance is about $60,000, with $3,000 more in sight. This will afford a good start toward fitting up the place in the most elegant manner of the B. P. O. Elks.

Since Grand Exalted Ruler Fisher was in Honolulu in April the "baby lodge" has increased from 90 to 150, and there were, on the 20th of April, nearly 150 applications to be acted upon. The initiation fee, under the rules, was $50 up to a membership of 150, $100 up to a membership of 300, and $500 when the membership had passed 300. It now begins to look like a few $500 checks will have to be written in the Honolulu Lodge.

The personnel of the Honolulu Lodge is rather exceptional in several respects. The lodge prides itself upon at least a score of men that may be called wealthy—millionaires, in other words. Some of the richest and swellest sugar planters belong to it. It contains within itself a complete brass band and string orchestra, second to no amateur organization. There is a complete theatrical troupe and a glee club.

The "baby lodge" will meet every Monday night. Once a month there will be a "social session," and sandwiched in between will be receptions to the ladies and friends.

The trades unions of this city will celebrate Labor Day, Sept. 6th, with more than usual showiness. Definite plans for the event have been formulated by a special committee.

Observatory Lodge No. 22, I. O. O. F., has increased its pledge to the Odd Fellows' home fund to $500, an advance of $200 over the amount first pledged.

Henry Todd of Los Gatos was instantly killed, and Walter J. Sumner of this city perhaps fatally injured in a runaway accident on Willow street last week. The frightened horse dashed into a telephone pole, throwing both young men out and fracturing their skulls. Todd's neck was also broken.

OPEN IN THE EVENING.

In the future the Richards Pharmacy, located in the Theater building, 55 North First street, will be open in the evening. The public in need of anything in the drug line can now obtain it.

LEADING AMERICAN COMPANIES

NATIONAL Fire Ins. Company of Hartford, Conn.
Capital, One Million Dollars
Assets, $4,433,018.86.

Capital, $1,500,000.
Assets, $4,507,276.85.

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S. E. Corner Sansome and Bush sts., San Francisco.

GEO. D. DORNIN, (Pioneer) Manager.

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Agencies in all Principal Cities and Towns on the Pacific Coast.
TRIP ACROSS THE PLAINS.

PROVIDENCE, KY., June 10, '01.

EDITOR MURGOTTEN:—As I have been solicited by my friend and brother pioneer, Mr. John Montgomery of this place to write an article on my trip across the plains for your excellent paper, I have concluded to do so, but without some misgivings, fearing my inability to do the subject justice.

It was in the early spring of 1853 that Captain John Holloway of Mexican War fame returned from California with Dr. Paynter to Benton county, Missouri, and bought up a drove of cattle, some 450 head, and in selecting those who were to assist him in crossing the plains, chose me as one, I being then nineteen years old, full of life and vigor. Of the twenty-eight that constituted our band, their were eighteen boys between the ages of eighteen and twenty. There were twenty-six whites and two blacks, twenty-six males and two females. Seven wagons, about twenty head of horses and mules, and about 450 head of cattle completed the outfit of our train. Leaving Shawnee bend on the Osage river above Warsaw, Mo., on the 14th day of April, 1853, our cortege made its start for the far off Eldorado.

It was a remarkably wet spring and our early progress was slow. Muddy roads and swollen streams retarded us not a little. We had frequently to wait for streams to run down, or bridge them, to get our wagons over. Our early trip was not without its incidents. When we reached big Blue river, it was out of its banks. We stopped over a day or two and then had to build a raft bridge to get our wagons over. It was here we lost our first head of cattle. Indians stole two of our best oxen. Captain Holloway took five of his best men and horses and pursued them, trailing by the tracks of the oxen. The chase continued for 25 miles, when they came upon one of the oxen tied to a tree and the other dead, having just been killed, with blood running fresh from his veins. He was partly skinned. Close by was a camp equipage, coffee, sugar, horn spoons, mocassins, dressed deer skins, knives and forks. Below the oxen the ground revealed 14 pony tracks, fresh, showing that the Indians had discovered our boys coming and had made good their escape. It's well they had, for the boys were prepared to give them a warm reception. That night they reached camp tired and hungry, with their live ox.

Our course took us by Fort Kearney and up the south side of the Platte river. Late one evening just before reaching the junction of South and North Platte rivers, we discovered wagons crossing main Platte. So we pitched our tents and camped for the night. Next morning we learned that it was a new crossing, having been discovered by a buffalo trail. We crossed over without loss and camped on the other side that night. Our trip now took us up on the north side of North Platte. We passed, however, in sight of Scott's Bluffs, Courthouse Rock, Chimney Rock, Port Lamarie and Pikes Peak, they all being on the south side of the river. The next place of note was Independence Rock on Sweet Water river, and Devil's Gate. Here we all left our names recorded in the stone cliffs (I suppose for future reference).

Passing up Sweet Water river to its source, we entered South Pass in the Rocky Mountains, passing the noted Twin Springs, one cold water and the other hot, and also Ice Lake where we struck 14 inches from the surface of the ground. No incident occurred up to this time to mar our happiness and contentment. We crossed over and struck the waters of the Pacific Ocean. The first stream of note was Green River. At that season of the year it was being fed by the melting snow on the mountains and was full, with an exceedingly rapid current. Here we met with the saddest incident of our whole journey. In crossing this river Captain Holloway was drowned. He was seven others was thrown out of the boat with their horses, but as he could not swim, and his horse was drowned, he went under for the last time (just as succor was near at hand), and we never saw him afterward. That night in camp, we held an election and made Dr. Paynter captain. We next passed Fort Bridger where we did some trading, and learning that flour was advancing rapidly in price at Salt Lake City, where we expected to replenish our larder, having started with flour enough to last us to that city, I was selected by Captain Paynter to go on into the city and buy flour for the train, 1000 lbs. As I was limited to $10 per 100 lbs., I was slow in finding flour at those figures, but finally succeeded after four days searching. The train being supplied, we wended our way onward toward the golden shores of California.

After crossing Ogden river and recrossing Bear river, we passed over Molad river on the 4th of
July. From this place we began to "see the elephant." Water was scarce and grazing for the stock scarce. For several days we suffered no little for the want of water, until we came to the noted Hersey Springs, one of the finest water supplies I believe I ever saw, good cold water in the midst of a desert, furnishing water sufficient to run a mill. Through desert and mountain ways we traveled on, striking St. Mary's or Humboldt river at the bottomless wells and the alkali mounds. I am told that fish have been caught in those wells without eyes.

Down the Humboldt river we found our hardest struggle, the country being a sandy, alkali one and in the heat of summer. I believe we traveled down this river 600 miles, to where its waters sink. Here we struck the Humboldt and Truckee desert, forty miles wide to Truckee river. We lost some stock in crossing this desert. We stopped a few days to recruit our stock, and then began the ascent of the Sierra Nevada mountains, taking the same trail that the ill-fated Donner party took. On reaching their last camping place we went into camp. I saw stumps of trees here twenty feet high where they had been cut by the unfortunate emigrants. It was the fortune of one of our boys to kill a fine black-tail buck here, which was a rare treat indeed. The next day we crossed over the summit and entered California. Our journey from this place on was one continuous strain, passing over mountain after mountain until we reached Bear river in Sacramento valley, landing at Holloway's ranch on Bear river on the 27th of August, having left nearly one-third of our stock behind us rotting on the plains. We had had scarcely any sickness, and no deaths save Captain Holloway's. Barring that the trip was a successful one.

T. G. Gill.

We want some short Pioneer experiences.

The California Cured Fruit association has let the contract for the erection of a $19,000 warehouse and packing house to be located at Santa Clara near the Union depot. The exact cost of the structure will be $19,544, and the contractor is George Smith.

Told to Earn His Own Salary.

The late Commodore Vanderbilt discovered in James H. Rutter, then in the employ of the Erie railroad, a man he believed the freight department of the Central needed, says the Baltimore News. It is related that some time after he took charge of the Central's traffic office Rutter called on the commodore to submit a plan for improvement. When he had stated the case, the president looked at him sharply and asked:

"Rutter, what does the New York Central pay you $15,000 a year for?"

The reply was, "For managing the freight traffic department."

And then the commodore said, "Well, you don't expect me to earn your salary for you, do you?"

Rutter went out and carried through his plan on his own judgment. The result was highly satisfactory. Rutter became president of the Central.

A Matter of Apparel.

"Then you don't believe that one can tell character by physiognomy and bearing?"

"No. When a man has on his old shoes, it gives him a cringing air."—Detroit Free Press.

**The Arcade**

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Martin Doerr, Designer and Manufacturer of Elk Jewelry.

85 South First St., San Jose, Cal.
PIONEERS WILL PARADE.

The Santa Clara County Pioneer Society held a special meeting last Saturday afternoon to make arrangements for participating in the Admission Day celebration, according to an invitation from the Native Sons of this city. A large number of people were present and a very enthusiastic meeting was held. The old settlers are taking hold of the matter with much earnestness and the part they will play in the big celebration will be considerable. They will entertain visiting pioneers, and on the afternoon of the 9th a banquet will be held. The most important part they will take in the festivities will be in the parade when the members will turn out in full force.

Commissions were named by J. B. Leaman, president of the society, and accepted by those present. W. L. Coombs was chosen to act as marshal in the pioneers' division of the parade. The committees are as follows:


Printing—W D J Hambly, L A Spitzer, Albert Schroeder, J B Leaman and S G Benson.

Door Keepers at Banquet—J M Hughes, J D Hobson, G W Lee and E H Wade.

The committees will commence active work at once.

T. J. Hatch, aged 78, who arrived in this State in 1849 and J. M. Conlee, aged 68, who reached here in 1852, were elected members. Ex-Judge M. H. Myrick, aged 70 years, arrived in California in 1854 and was elected to honorary membership. He reached the State a short time too late to be admitted as an active member. Proctor R. Wells, aged 66, was also elected an honorary member. Mrs. P. Singleton, whose husband was a pioneer, was made an honorary member. She crossed the plains one year too late to be an active member.

W L Coombs selected as his aide, J S. Selby and R J. Langford. The Parade Committee will meet in the assembly room in Soper hall Saturday, August 3d. By request of the chairman the Committee on Contributions and Receiption will meet at the same place the 2:30 p.m., August 3d. The Joint Committee of the Native Sons expressed themselves as being ready to do all within their power to assist in making the Pionee part of the parade a success.

Quite a discussion was held on the subject of electing honorary members. There seems to be a very decided opposition to electing so many honorary members, and it is probable it will devolve into a refusal of the next batch of applicants.

The Pioneers expect to make an old fashioned pioneer turnout in the parade on the 9th of September. It will be as comical today as it was real fifty years ago.
GRAND LODGE OFFICERS:

New Hampshire, True W. Priest, Portsmouth, 73
New Jersey, Frank C. Gilmore, Somersfield, 387
New Mexico, B. Upple, Albuquerque, 461
New York, borough, Albert H. Huyler, Over-
ny, 27
New York, Southeast, T. J. Mooney, Troy, 141
Northeast, 1, M. V. Roach, Columbus, 241
North Carolina, C. F. Tomlinson, Winston,
0, 111
North Dakota, T. H. Smith, Minot, 911
Ohio, Robert H. Patterson, Columbus, 417
Ohio, South, W. H. Smith, Toledo, 891
Pennsylvania, Northeast, Frank E. Murphy,
8, 13
Pennsylvania, Southwest, A. D. Armstrong, Alle-
ny, 311
Pennsylvania, West, Thomas W. Scott, Sunbury,
171
Rhode Island, Frank E. Ingalls, Providence, 141
South Carolina, M. A. Lyon, Charleston, 592
South Dakota, East, George L. Keef, Jefferson,
173
Texas, North, C. E. Wakefield, Dallas, 241
Texas, South, C. T. Sayre, San Antonio, 216
Utah, A. Raymond, Salt Lake, 26
Virginia, Falls Church, Virginia, 441
Virginia, A. H. Jarrett, Newport News, 324
Washington, East, C. J. Wakefield, Spokane, 233
Washington, West, T. E. Huskey, Seattle, 173
West Virginia, A. M. Harrold, Parkersburg, 121
Wisconsin, Thomas B. Milo, West Superior, 241
Wyoming, Charles F. Story, Sheridan, 241

LODGE DIRECTORY:

San Francisco, Cal., No. 3—regular com-
munications Friday evenings at 8 o'clock, 1518
Broadway, F. S. Garcia, Secretary.

Denver, Colo., Lodge No. 17—regular com-
munications Thursday nights at 6 o'clock at
the Masonic temple, W. E. Fields, Secretary.

Huguenot, N. J., Lodge No. 74—meets first
and third Monday evenings at the lodge hall.

Los Angeles, Cal., No. 9—meets every
Monday evening at 8 o'clock, 221 South
Spring, John G. Spier, Jr., R. R. Herbert
Bowen, Secretary.

Oakland, Cal., No. 17—regular sessions
each Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, 221
Broadway, Col. W. F. Smiley, Secretary.

Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge No. 492—meets
third Monday evening at 8 o'clock, 103
Main Street, D. J. Peterson, Secretary.

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