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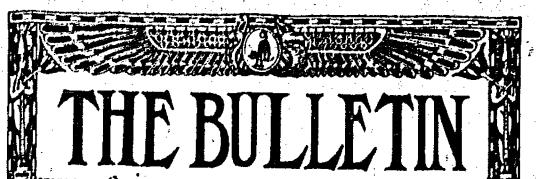
NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1907.

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CHRISTMAS

1907

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HOO-HOO



J. H. BAIRD, Scrivenoter, Editor.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1907.

Something About the Trunks.

Vicegerent John C. Ray held a concatenation at Dallas, Texas, on October 23. He had given the Scrivenoter's office ample notice of the meeting, and had requested that trunk be sent him. The trunk left Nashville by express prepaid on October 14 and was addressed to Brother E. V. Godley of the R. B. Godley Lumber Company at Dallas, Texas, which was in accordance with Vicegerent Ray's instructions. When the time came on for holding the concatenation the trunk could not be found. No records of its arrival could be obtained from the express companies. It is assumed by the Scrivenoter's office that very careful and persistent inquiries were made at the express company's offices at Dallas. Several telegrams passed between Dallas and the Scrivenoter's office, but the trunk could not be located. Apparently it had not arrived. Fortunately, however, Brother Boiling Arthur Johnson was present at the meeting and had with him a ritual. All the other paraphernalia and accessories were quickly improvised and a very successful and enjoyable concatenation was held.

The Scrivenoter's office started tracer to find the trunk. Advice came back first merely that the trunk had been duly delivered at Dallas. Later further inquiry developed that it had reached Dallas and had been recollected for on the morning of the 22d. Still further inquiry had to be made to find out who had recollected for the trunk at Dallas, and here a singular state of affairs developed. It appears that the trunk reached Dallas with practically the whole of both shipping tags torn off. The trunks go out with a shipping tag securely attached to the trunk handles at both ends. The trunk was addressed to E. V. Godley, "Linz Building," Dallas. All of one tag was gone and all of the other tag had disappeared except so much of it as had on it "Linz." The express company delivered the trunk to the firm of Linz Bros. and it was there recollected for by a Mr. Mayers, connected with the firm. The trunk was only located after a considerable search by Brother Godley, Linz Bros., explaining that the trunk came in and was mistaken for a sample trunk belonging to one of their traveling men. It seems it is a rather common thing for these sample trunks, probably somewhat resembling the Hoo-Hoo trunks, to be sent by express to the Dallas firm. Naturally, therefore, they simply took charge of the trunk, stored it away and said nothing about it.

The point that bothers us is that there was apparently no record on the books of the express companies of the arrival of a trunk from Nashville. Certainly it looks as

though there ought to be some check by the express companies on the incoming and the outgoing of stuff, way bills or something of that sort, and if these were accessible it seems that knowledge of the arrival of the trunk ought to have been given the men who inquired for it. We know ourselves, however, how little this is to be depended upon. We have had several instances where the express companies stoutly denied the arrival of the trunk when it was plainly visible in the storeroom of the company. The Scrivenoter vividly recalls the incident down at Flora, Ala., last spring where the express company was almost insolent in its insistence that the trunk had not arrived, and only under the greatest pressure permitted access to its storeroom, and there, plainly in view, was the trunk, and absolutely the only thing that looked like a trunk in the entire room. Another case developed in connection with the Denver Annual Meeting. Two of the Hoo-Hoo trunks containing books and records had been expressed nearly a week before the date of the meeting. The express office repeatedly denied the arrival of the trunks. They were plainly visible in the storeroom all the time, but as the company claimed to have no record of their arrival, the man in charge declined to permit of their removal. A couple of dollars to each of two big Irishmen got the trunks by force and the express company carried on a long correspondence in an effort to collect the charges, which were finally paid.

The Bulletin has before had occasion to speak in criticism of the way these express companies do business. If there ever was an entrenched monopoly absolutely indifferent to the interest of its patrons, it is the express monopoly. It does more business and derives a greater revenue with a smaller expenditure of money for brains and work than any other enterprise that was ever launched.

In commenting on this Dallas incident Brother Godley makes the good suggestion that these trunks ought to be stenciled or painted all over with the Hoo-Hoo emblem or some other distinguishing mark, and that the address cards should be in a metallic holder of some sort. His suggestion has been promptly acted upon, but even this will avail nothing if the trunk is all the time locked up in the freight house of the express company.

These somewhat extended and probably somewhat ill-natured remarks are intended to impress on the minds of the Vicegerents and other members to whom the trunks are likely to be expressed, that a good deal of trouble and disappointment may very frequently be avoided by going aggressively at the agent, describing the trunk, flatly asserting that he knows it has arrived and that it must be produced, or at least that a search of the premises must be permitted. Several times during the past eleven years it has happened that a trunk sent from the Scrivenoter's office has not been received by the Vicegerent holding the concatenation. Without a single solitary exception subsequent investigation has always developed that the trunk was at the point to which it had been shipped, but had either not been delivered or had gone to the wrong man. Once or twice when the trunk has had to be hastily shipped by one Vicegerent to another it has failed to arrive, but the Scrivenoter's office is proud of the record that in handling more than a thousand concatenations, from London to Shanghai, China, and from Canada to the City of Mexico, there has been not a single failure to connect when the fault in some way has been directly due to the Scrivenoter's office.

With eight new trunks just put into commission and Brother Godley's good suggestions put into effect there ought to be no disappointments in the future.



Who is the greatest man in the world? You can have three guesses, but you ought to be able to call his name right off the bat.

He is more widely known than any of the celebrities of the earth and is the only man whom everybody loves. Once every year he does that which The Hague Conference has twice failed to do—during his reign there is a universal feeling of peace and good will. His name is Santa Claus.

An old, old man is Santa Claus. His long beard is gray and his hair is white as the snow on the mountain peaks; but every year at Christmas time he forgets all his million birthdays and becomes a child again. He becomes a child without sin or sorrow, and to make the world fit for him to live in he goes from land to land for weeks before and works his magic upon men. The greedy cease to quarrel over their gold as he passes by; old enemies forget their hatred and life-long friends renew their love. For a little while there are no more wars. The whole world is at peace. Among men there is neither fear nor envy nor hate, but good will alone. Then, when earth is like heaven because of abounding love, Santa Claus becomes a child again, and all mankind grows young with him. They forget the past, with its debts and griefs; they forget the future, with its burdens. They remember nothing but that God is good and that happiness is the purest worship.

Christmas is the festival of childhood and the spirit of Christmas is Santa Claus. He teaches us that the most important fact in the world is not age, with its disappointments, its fixed beliefs and its despair, but youth, with its eternal hope. The salvation of mankind lies not in the old, but in the new; not in resignation, but in faith. The most enduring things in the world are not its hatreds and cruelties. They last too long, but they pass away. That which never passes but grows ever stronger as earth grows older is the spirit that makes Christmas what it is. It is the deep soul of the universe slowly conquering the selfish heart of man. At Christmas time we yield altogether to its gracious influence for a day or two. Some time we shall yield to it perpetually and live forever by its law. What matters the name of the spirit that saves the world from perdition and gives us glimpses of a possible heaven? We may call him God if we like; or Love, as Jesus did; but at Christmas, which is the children's time, it is well to give the blessed spirit the children's name and call him Santa Claus.

There are a few narrow-minded people in the world who think it is wrong to teach the story of Santa Claus. Once a sissy man, who is editor of a certain magazine, wrote the following, which is to my mind:

The first thing to do is to disentangle the sorry mess we have made of Christmas in its double meaning of the Holy Child and Santa Claus. We are perilously near the root of the whole present version of the modern Christmas at this very point, and it is a fact worthy of notice how much the modern Sunday school has done to emphasize this mix-up. Just consider, for one moment, the marvelous inconsistency of the average Sunday school in this respect: For an entire year our children are taught about Christ and what He has done for the world, and particularly is the childish mind told how Christ came into the world and what He came for. This goes on for a whole year, and then comes the season when the school celebrates what we accept as the time when He came into the world, and would you not think that in any celebration of that time, the time of all times, Christ's own birthday, His birth would be emphasized? But no! Instead of the Holy Child we have substituted, in nine out of every ten Sunday school celebrations, a pagan idea: a gnome or elf who comes down the chimney and gives gifts! In other words, instead of the holiest example that ever lived to teach our children, we have Santa Claus standing in the pulpit as the children's preacher or saint at Christmas! And then Sunday school superintendent—with Santa Claus standing by his side, please bear in mind—was surprised last Christmas when he asked the question of "Whose birthday is this, children?" and over 80 per cent of the scholars answered: "Santa Claus's!" And afterward this man deplored to me the hopelessness of bringing Christ to the minds of children!

The rank donkey who holds such views as these is ignorant alike of religion and of the real nature of children. One of the crassest of our mistakes in dealing with childhood, according to Havelock Ellis, the English scientist, lies in our failure to recognize the essential irreligiousness of the child-mind. Boys and girls cannot be religious, he argues, for the very excellent reason that the capacity for religious feeling is not developed, in any real sense, until the age of puberty. He says that the mind of the child is "at once logical and extravagant, matter-of-fact and poetic—or rather myth-making."

That seems contradictory, doesn't it? But here is the explanation: "This combination of apparent opposites, though it seems almost incomprehensible to the adult, is the inevitable outcome of the fact that the child's dawning intelligence is working, as it were, in a vacuum. In other words, the child has not acquired the two endowments which chiefly give character to the whole sum of the grown person's beliefs and feelings—the child is without the pubertal expansion which fills out the mind with new personal and altruistic impulses and transforms it with emotion that is often dazzling and sometimes distorting. And the child has not yet absorbed, or even gained the power of absorbing, all those beliefs, opinions and mental attitudes which the race has slowly acquired and transmitted as the outcome of its experiences."

Mr. Ellis believes, in short, that for the most part, the ideas of religion cannot be accepted or assimilated by children. I believe that he is right about it. And I mean no irreverence when I say that, in my opinion, the proper time for a youth to become naturally interested in religion is coincident with the period when he begins of his own accord to wash his neck and ears and to formulate the opinion that girls are not such contemptible creatures after all. "Not only," declares Mr. Ellis, "are boys and girls under 12 years of age incapable of understanding conceptions of life that transcend immediate experience, but the child whose spiritual virginity has been prematurely tainted will never be able to awake afresh to the full significance of those conceptions when the age of religion at last arrives."

But are we, it may be asked, to leave the child's restless,

inquisitive, imaginative brain without any food during all those early years? "By no means," replies Havelock Ellis. He writes on this point:

The life of the individual recapitulates the life of the race, and there can be no better imaginative food for the child than that which was found good in the childhood of the race. The savage sees the world almost exactly as the civilized child sees it, as the magnified image of himself and his own environment, but he sees it with an added poetic charm, a delightful and accomplished inventiveness, which the child is incapable of. The myths and legends of primitive peoples—for instance those of the British Columbian Indians, so carefully reproduced by Boas in German and Hill-Tout in English—are one in their precision and their extravagance with the stories of children, but with a finer inventiveness. It was, I believe, many years ago pointed out by Ziller that fairy tales ought to play a very important part in the education of young children, and since then B. Hartmann, Stanley Hall and many others of the most conspicuous educational authorities have emphasized the same point. Fairy tales are but the final and transformed versions of primitive myths, creative legends, stories of old gods. In purer and less transformed versions the myths and legends of primitive peoples are often scarcely less adapted to the child's mind. Julia Gayley argues that the legends of early Greek civilization, the most perfect of all dreams, should above all be revealed to children. The early traditions of the East and of America yield material that is scarcely less fitted for the child's imaginative uses. Portions of the Bible are in the strict sense fairy tales, that is legends of early gods and their deeds which have become stories. In the opinion of many these portions of the Bible may suitably be given to children, but it must always be remembered, from the Christian point of view, that nothing should be given at this early age which is to be regarded as essential at a later age, for the youth turns against the tales of his childhood as he turns against its milk-foods.

Once upon a time Satan appeared to a sour old deacon in the night and told him it was wicked to have a Christmas tree in the church. So the deacon, who thought the devil was an angel, went to the minister and said he had been commanded to keep the Christmas tree out of the church that year. Now the minister stood in great awe of that deacon, first because he was old and sour and crabbed; secondly, because he was the richest man in the church; and thirdly, because he was so terribly pious. Therefore on the next Sunday morning the minister told the children in Sunday school that they could have no Christmas tree that year because it was wicked to make merry in the church and because it was much better for them to spend Christmas eve thinking of their sins than to pass its sacred hours in gaiety and mirth; and, worst of all, because there was no such man as Santa Claus and it was sinful to lie about him and talk as if he really existed. So the nice girls who were dressing dolls for the infant class sent them to the Hollentots; and the boys who had popped corn to hang in long, beautiful strings on the evergreen boughs ate it up; and the dear old woman who had molded a pan of little tallow candles to stick up among the dolls and toys like tiny stars fed them to the pigs; and all the children in that Sunday school spent Christmas eve thinking of their sins.

Of course they had a great many sins to think of. Everybody has when he sits down and really makes a business of reckoning them up. At first the boys and girls were scared when they found out how wicked they had been; but finally they said to themselves, "Well, we had a good time sinning these sins, anyway, and nobody ever has a good time being pious. So we'll just go right on sinning." Which they did, of course, and they all came to bad ends. One pretty little girl grew up to be a woman suffragist. Another became a book agent. One of the most promising of the little boys turned out a corporation lawyer and the sour old deacon's only son ended his days in Congress, bringing his father's gray hairs in sorrow to the

grave. All these dreadful results came from not having a Christmas tree in the church that year!

This December once more, the discovery is made that the "Christmas tree" has nothing to do with the birth of Christ or of Christianity, but is a "heathen custom." We are told that the priests of Odin in Germany and the Druids in England, who worshiped under trees in the summer, probably originated the habit of bringing a tree into the house in winter for the great winter feast of the year. This discovery or some other like it, is made every three or four years at least. I have recently discovered that the first Christmas tree was a palm, and that it grew in Egypt—which is interesting in that Egypt is the land Hoo-Hoo came from originally. Gurdon, Arkansas, is the place where Hoo-Hoo was rediscovered by Bolling Arthur Johnson. No doubt the palm was selected by Osiris to represent one of the signs of the zodiac—most of our Christmas customs trace back to the sun worshipers. Along about the close of December the days begin to lengthen—the dark and dreary nights to shorten. The heathens celebrated the "return of the sun" with joyous festivities. And well they might, for the sun is the source of life on this planet and without its light and heat nothing could exist.

About the time when Christians celebrate the Christmas season the Jew celebrates his "Hanukah Festival," the date of which is determined by the Jewish (lunar) calendar. The synagogue and home are illuminated; religious songs of joy resound everywhere. Sabbath schools have their festivals; young folks hold their special entertainments; the old freely mingle with the young in the joys of the synagogue and home.

But while the spirit of rejoicing is largely the same with Christian and Jew, the inspiring cause of it is held to be widely different. The Christian celebrates the anniversary of the birth of Him whom he proclaims and worships as the Son of God. The Jew celebrates the anniversary of the victories of the Maccabees. The Syrian enemy had desecrated the Temple. Desolate had stood the altar. The courts, where formerly the people had gathered for worship, had become overgrown with thorns and thistles. Within the sanctuary the heartless foe had erected an idol and had commanded Israel to worship it. The faithful had refused to comply and had suffered the death of martyrs. This cruelty had at last aroused a valiant family, called the Maccabees. They had gathered the faithful around their banner, and, though few in number, they had gone forth against the enemy, and, after several brilliant battles, had utterly routed the mighty foe. Into the Temple they proceeded, cleansed it of its pollution, built the altar anew, and restored the sanctuary. Amidst song and music they illuminated and rededicated the House of God. For eight days there was great rejoicing among the people. And Judas, the head of the Maccabees, ordained that for all the generations to come the days of the Rededication (Hanukah) of the Temple should be remembered with gladness and delight.

Inspiring as are the Maccabean memories, and deserving as they are of celebration, it is very doubtful whether the Hanukah would have been today the joyful festival that it is had there not been other contributive causes. Had the proud victories achieved been the underlying thought of the Hanukah rejoicing the story of the Maccabees would have found its way into the Scripture instead of into the Apocrypha, and larger mention would have been made of it in the Talmud.

There is a closer connection between Christmas and

Hanukah illuminations and rejoicings than is generally supposed. Both sprang from a festival that antedated the birth of Christianity and Judaism by thousands of years. Both are echoes of an old Solar festival.

The Maccabees could conquer the heathen enemy, but not heathen customs and practices that had rooted themselves in Israel. One of these was the participation in the great festivities that pervaded the whole Gentile world during the winter solstice at the close of the month of December, and in the whirl of which the Jew was caught. As others made merry the Jew made merry, as others illuminated their homes at nightfall he lighted his lights, and called the festival "The Feast of Lights," at first disguising the real origin, and in time forgetting it altogether, for neither the author of the Second Book of the Maccabees nor Josephus seems to know the reason why Hanukah is called the "Feast of Lights." And neither of these seemed to have known of the miracle to which a later writer must have sought recourse, to give a Jewish religious sanction for the observance of a heathen practice—the miracle of a little cruse of oil having been found in the Temple at the time of its rededication, containing about enough of consecrated oil for one night's illumination, but which, by miraculous intervention, illuminated the Temple for the eight successive nights of the celebration.

It is remarkable that a custom of un-Jewish origin, that has no Biblical sanction at all, and but very scant Talmudic authority, should have acquired so strong a hold upon Jewish life and sentiment, and that the practice of burning Hanukah lights should have come to be regarded as one of the most orthodox of Jewish observances. Yet it is no more remarkable than is the place the Christmas festival has won for itself in the Christian home, and the lighting of the Christmas-tree candles has won for itself in the heart of the Christian. Doubt, as some still may, as to the origin of the Hanukah lights, every doubt has been swept away, even by orthodox Christian scholars, as to the origin of Christmas and the Christmas tree. The Hanukah lights and the Christmas tree are but different developments and expressions of the same original birthday celebration of the Sun-God.

There is, in fact, that spirit in this festival which neither Judaism nor Christianity could crush, which the one as well as the other was obliged to assimilate, and though a thousand other "isms" may try their strength on it, they will find it unconquerable. It is not a festival of man's make. It has its origin in Nature, and therefore it appeals mightily to human nature. It is not one nation's nor one people's nor one creed's nor one locality's festival. It belongs to all humanity. It is the homage the sun commands of all the earth, the tribute man pays to the sun, through whose agency he enjoys light and food and warmth and cheer.

All children like to listen to stories of great warriors—tales of strong men who overcame enemies and obstacles. Fighting appeals to children—it lays hold on a primal instinct. The story of Hercules and his twelve tasks is a fascinating story. So is the story of Samson, who also had twelve labors. While Hercules was the Greek god of strength, his twelve labors is the echo of an ancient solar epic which glorifies the deeds of Shamash through the twelve signs of the zodiac. Shamash is a word meaning "sun." It is believed by some writers that the name "Samson" is derived from Shamash and that it means "sunlike," or solar. Probably there was a Jewish hero whose deeds reminded the Israelites of Shamash, and so his adventures were told with modifications which naturally made the solar legends cluster around his personality.

The similarity of Bible stories to some of the pagan legends does not by any means lower Christianity to the level of paganism—on the contrary, it raises paganism to the dignity of religion. Pagan myths, in spite of their crudeness, are born of the same yearnings, the same devotion, the same hopes, that animate the hearts of Christians. Paganism belongs to the period of nature worship. Christianity seeks to lead the soul "through nature up to Nature's God."



America Has the Finest Robber Castle.

The robber castles on the Rhine cannot compare with the Rockefeller place at Tarrytown.—Discoveries in Every-Day Europe.

A famous pair of whiskers abroad is that belonging to his majesty, Leopold, King of the Belgians. They are long and white and glossy and just above them in the center is a nose



THE BELGIAN KING.

like the beak of an eagle. The eyes of the king are sharp and piercing and the ensemble of whiskers, nose and eyes forms a countenance not easy to forget.—From a Press Dispatch.



From an Eastern city comes a sad story of a pawnbroker. He was enjoying a beauty sleep when a furious knocking at the street door brought him to the window with a jerk. "What's the matter?" he shouted. "Come down," demanded the knocker. "But—" "Come down!" The man of many nephews hastened downstairs and peeped around the door. "Now, sir," he demanded. "I wan't know the time," said the reveler. "Do you mean to say you knocked me up for that? How dare you?" The midnight visitor looked injured. "Well, you've got my watch," he said.

Ice is regarded with a superstitious reverence in Italy, France and England. Common waiters are not allowed to touch the precious product. Instead, the head waiter hands it out in infinitesimal fragments with a pair of sugar-tongs. Recently the London newspapers have been clamoring for the advent of some enterprising American with an ice plant. Most of the London editors are Americans or have been in America, and their palates yearn for long, cold things with straws in them in preference to the yeasty British beer.—Discoveries in Every-Day Europe.

Prosperity gives some appearance of higher sentiments, even to persons of mean spirit.—Plutarch.

Brother Luke Russell, of the Sherrill-Russell Lumber Company, Paducah, Ky., has a great love for dogs, especially bull terriers. He has several of this breed and is going to start a kennel. His dogs are high-bred canines and are very handsome. The picture of one of them is shown herewith.



KAISER,
A Bull Dog of High Degree. The Property of Luke Russell.

Brother Russell is Vicegerent for the Western District of Kentucky and is arranging for a concatenation at Paducah to be held some time in February. The Paducah concatenations are famous throughout Kentucky and are always well attended.



In Italy.

The Arno is a nice little river, with some pale-green water in it and lovely stone terraces along the shores. Florentine washer-women tidy up their clothes in the stream. The sewage goes somewhere else. Europeans know how to treat rivers decently. They all have to work, but they are kept sweet and clean. A European river forty feet wide handles as much freight as an ordinary American railroad, while the Rhine carries more business to a block than half the Hudson River. Splendid tug-boats, fine barges and handsome steamers do the work, with anchored chainboats to pull the big loads up the rapids.—Discoveries in Every-Day Europe.

"Your speech sounded fine," said the attentive listener; "but, do you know, I can't remember half a dozen words of it!" "That's good," answered Senator Sorghum; "the art of speech-making consists in pleasing the ear without furnishing any data for subsequent contradiction."—Washington Star.



A New Yorker, recently returned from England, where he saw much of the tinsel and tin armor pageantry by which various anniversaries have been celebrated at Oxford and elsewhere, tells this: A Roman in costume approached a fellow tinned character and asked: "Are you Appius Claudius?" "No," responded the other dejectedly. "I'm not as 'appy as Claudius; I'm as un'appy as 'ell!"

The German parcels-post carries its burdens in freight-cars and does a whopping business. At every good-sized German station a string of these cars can be seen discharging parcels of all sorts and sizes. Everything goes, and goes for a few pfennings.—Discoveries in Every-Day Europe.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has recently made a tour of Canada. It is said that he owns land in British Columbia and that he is greatly interested in the future of that country. In an interview with a newspaper man at Toronto, Mr. Kipling told all about his impressions and opinions in regard to the great Northwest. What he said was moderately interesting, but the way he said it was most remarkable, judging from the following description:

From his position of comfort, leaning back in a red plush fauteuil, he would bend forward when emphasizing a point, glare from a knitted brow until the point had been made clear, when the eyes would shut to open immediately, the brow would lift with a quick action, and the whole face break into a smile of Rooseveltian proportions.

Accompanying these monkey-shines were the following sensible views enunciated by Mr. Kipling:

"If houses and people and farms meant prosperity, then I should say that Canada is prosperous. What a glorious country it is!"

"I could imagine nothing better for a young man than to live in a country with such a future. Such a difference from the time I saw it before. Then I saw it at rest, but this time it was at work, with all the farms taken up as far as the eye could reach, and so many growing centers of population. I saw the harvesters at work on every side and could see the smoke of the threshers backward and backward until there was just a little line on the horizon. The change is the most wonderful I ever witnessed."

Mr. Kipling then went on to describe more fully his opinion on the Asiatic problem on the Pacific coast. After reiterating his statement, made a few days ago, that the only solution was the importation of thousands of workmen from Europe, he launched into the servant question, a natural process, as most of the cooks in the northwest are Orientals, as girls cannot be obtained. The servant girl problem on the coast, in his opinion, is a serious one:

"While white men are building and developing the country the women are making strong the foundations of the state by building the home," he said. "A woman cannot be a home-made in the highest sense of the word and a kitchen drudge at the same time. Build and develop and make a nation of your country with white men. Make secure its foundations by reviving your women of drudgery. Give them servants. Use your white men to build and develop, use your inferior people to do domestic drudgery. Don't put mental tasks upon your women that will exclude from their energies the greater, nobler work of making the home."



In Germany.

Beer mugs in Germany have a sort of Plimsoll mark cut in the side, so you can tell when one is legally loaded. When you get your half-litre for 2 cents the foam must be all above the government line. Here's where the Kaiser is ahead of T. R.

Only dukes or drummers ride first class in the German trains. The first-class carriages are lined with red plush, and, as both dukes and drummers are scarce, usually run empty. The second-class cars are roomy and sociable.

Rhine scenery is rather dreary, and most of the Rhine towns look like Piermont-on-the-Hudson, where the sun goes down every afternoon at 12:30. The hillsides seem covered with shale, out of which grow the grapevines.—Discoveries in Every-Day Europe.

A Queen Rebuked.

Common rumor says that Queen Victoria of Spain has received a serious "talking to" from King Edward, and, in fact, that she came to England for that express purpose. The Spanish throne is not exactly founded upon a rock, and with a pretender on one side of the frontier and unprecedented hard times on the other, Spanish sentiment is not at the moment one of those things that can be ignored. It is all very foolish, of course, and

even contemptible, but the foolish and the contemptible are factors in modern government. There can be no doubt that the popularity of the queen among her subjects has waned, and for no other reason than that she has treated the contemptible with contempt. She insisted upon nursing her own child and she was rightly applauded, but she offended Spanish precedent to a serious degree. If she had stopped there all would have been well after a time, but she allowed her English proclivities to get the upper hand in other ways and sometimes the offense that she gave was needless. Spain is a kingdom of precedents. Because a thing has been done for centuries it acquires all the binding force of a divine commandment, and the queen's departures were received not merely with consternation, but with resentment. At bull fights, for example, she holds her fan steadily in front of her face so that she may neither see nor be seen. Anglo-Saxon sentiment will say, "Quite right, too," and from one point of view it may be quite right. When Queen Victoria accepted the Spanish throne it was to be assumed that she would assimilate Spanish customs and that such reforming zeal as she might have would take tactful and more effective forms. There is always a price to be paid for influence and authority, and the queen should have ascertained the price before the goods were delivered. It is freely said that Queen Victoria took an English yardstick to Spain with her and that she uses it ruthlessly and conspicuously to appraise the value of everything Spanish. It might be thought that a lady who could so readily change her religion to suit the requirements of a tempting throne might change some other things with equal ease, but that she has not done so has become nothing less than a danger to the throne. No one knows better than King Edward that the "divine right" theory is not so strong on its legs as it was once, and it is said that he has told his young kinswoman that she had best walk warily with the Spanish people, and that when she married a king she married also a kingdom.—London Correspondence to The San Francisco Argonaut.



Florence supports a good vaudeville theatre, half enclosed and half under canvas. You can buy drinks and smoke. It seemed a little odd to see two New York knockabout artists doing a hobo turn in Tuscany. They won little applause, but excited some astonishment by their make-up. There are no tramps in Italy, and the point was lost.—Discoveries in Every-Day Europe.

The Canadian in England.

A land that is a garden all rose-grown,
Of muffled lawn and odorous lane;
A land of languid rivers and repose,
And ivied green and quiet rain!

An ordered land that broods on yesterday,
Of hearts content with other years,
Of haunted dusks and hills that harbor dreams—
A country old in time and tears!

But, oh! my heart goes, homesick, back today—
Back to the wide free prairie's sweep,
Back to the pines that brought the sunset near,
Back where the great white Rockies sleep!

For I am tired of dusk and dream and rose,
Of ghosts, and glories dead and gone.
I want the outland trail, the upward sweep,
The New World and the widening dawn!

—Arthur Stringer.



Out of Place.

Of the eleven Egyptian obelisks in Rome ten are topped with ornate bronze crosses, which give them a bizarre effect hardly thought of by Pharaoh's designers.—Discoveries in Every-Day Europe.

Mark Twain's biography is appearing serially in the "Sunday Magazine." The story of his life sheds an interesting light on the personal character of the great writer.

It seems that Mark Twain is wonderfully lacking in certain mental attributes. He never could solve a puzzle or answer a conundrum. He could not get far in the reading of the commonest and simplest contract, with its "parties of the first part, parties of the second part," etc., without losing his temper. He says:

Ashcroft comes up here every day and pathetically tries to make me understand the points of the lawsuits which we are conducting against Henry Butters, Harold Wheeler and the rest of those buccaneers. But daily he has to give it up. It is pitiful to see, when he bends his earnest and appealing eyes upon me and says, after one of his efforts, "now you do understand that, don't you?"

I am always obliged to say, "I don't, Ashcroft. I wish I could understand it. But I don't. Send for the cat."

Yet this is the man whose clear vision has always been a source of joy to me. Mark Twain is the only man who ever told the world the truth about the things he saw on his travels. He informed us that the "Southern Cross" does not look like a cross at all, but is a kite-shaped group of stars. All my life I had thought of the Taj Mahal as glittering with rubies, emeralds, garnets, etc. Instead of that, the whole effect of the beautiful mausoleum is a pure and lustrous white. Mark Twain tells all about it. Other writers say it is "studded with gems." Mark Twain alone tells us that a "gem" is not necessarily a colored stone. He tells exactly what stones are used in the decoration of the splendid mausoleum erected at Delhi by a sorrowing king. When Mark Twain went to a place, he saw what was there—other travelers saw what they expected to be there. Yet when (as told in his biography) he tried to see if the burglar alarm would ring while the window was closed, he opened the window the first thing! The alarm had been out of fix and would ring even when the "mahogany room" was closed. Finally Mark Twain disconnected it from that room. At length he thought perhaps the alarm might be in order, so he hitched it on again—and then went and opened the window. His wife tried in vain to make him understand that if he wanted to see if the alarm would ring while the window was closed he must not go and open the window!

Well, well! The study of the mind is interesting. And I like Mark Twain all the better since finding out his limitations. I hate the sort of person who can do everything with equal facility and learn one thing as well as another. Nobody is very appealing who has not some closed doors in his mind. Our limitations are as interesting as our abilities. All-around folks are tiresome—a deadly bore.

Oliver Wendell Holmes had no head for figures. For a long time he deplored this fact, but when he saw an adding machine for the first time he felt better—he was glad he did not have a mind like a "calculating-hand-organ."

To go back to Mark Twain and the burglar alarm. It seems that the thing worked all right on one occasion. This is the way Mr. Clemens tells about it:



When the Burglar Alarm Worked.

That burglar alarm led a gay and careless life, and had no principles. It was generally out of order at one point or another; and there was plenty of opportunity, because all the windows and doors in the house, from the cellar up to the top floor, were connected with it. However, in its seasons of being out of order it could trouble us for only very little while; we quickly found out that it was fooling us, and that it was buzzing its blood curdling alarm merely for its own amusement. Then we would shut it off and send to New York for the electrician—there not being one in all Hartford in those days. When the repairs were finished we would set the alarm again and reestablish our confidence in it.

It never did any real business except upon one single occa-

- 26503 A. W. Rogers, Kirbyville, Texas; woods superintendent Kirby Lumber Company.
 26504 Edwin Lee Rogers, Fiqua, Texas; local salesman Kirby Lumber Company, Houston, Texas.
 26505 Oscar Scott, Kirbyville, Texas; salesman Kirby Lumber Company, Houston, Texas.
 26506 James Chapman Selman, Mobile, Texas; store manager Kirby Lumber Company.
 26507 Edmond Augustus Simmons, Kirbyville, Texas; salesman Kirby Lumber Company, Houston, Texas.
 26508 John Joseph Simmons, Kirbyville, Texas; owner Kirbyville Banner.
 26509 Roland Morgan Simmons, Kirbyville, Texas; editor Kirbyville Banner.
 26510 J. B. Simpson Brownell, Texas; salesman Kirby Lumber Company, Houston, Texas.
 26511 Lee William Smith, Roganville, Texas; assistant manager Kirby Lumber Company.
 26512 Fred Jay Smith, Evadale, Texas; assistant manager Kirby Lumber Company, Houston, Texas.
 26513 John Dawson Smith, Evadale, Texas; assistant logging superintendent Kirby Lumber Company.
 26514 Baxter Stalcup, Mobile, Texas; sales agent Kirby Lumber Company.
 26515 Merton Eugene Stearns, Brownell, Texas; assistant superintendent Kirby Lumber Company.
 26516 John Henry Strahan, Brownell, Texas; assistant manager Kirby Lumber Company.
 26517 James Kline Sullivan, Adel, Texas; assistant manager Adams-Sullivan Lumber Company.
 26518 Edgar Lorance Swearingen, Call, Texas; salesman Kirby Lumber Company.
 26519 Charles Allen Vanderburg, Evadale, Texas.
 26520 H. Eugene Wallis, Rye, Texas; manager E. R. Cummings Lumber Company, Houston, Texas.
 26521 Walter Dry Waters, Pheland, Texas; salesman Garrison-Norton Lumber Company.
 26522 Hez Wintersby, Call, Texas; salesman Kirby Lumber Company.
 26523 Forest Elry Weaver, Fiqua, Texas; assistant manager Kirby Lumber Company.
 26524 Wiley Winston Williams, Kirbyville, Texas; city salesman and assistant superintendent Kirby Lumber Co.
 26525 Sam Houston Williams, Jr., Call, Texas; assistant superintendent Kirby Lumber Co., Houston, Texas.
 26526 Francis Marion Williamson, Kirbyville, Texas; city salesman Kirby Lumber Company.
 26527 Jasper Carl Williamson, Kirbyville, Texas; salesman Kirby Lumber Company, Houston, Texas.
 26528 Thomas Ashbury Wilson, Kirbyville, Texas; store manager Kirby Lumber Company, Houston, Texas.
 26529 William Bennett Zachary, Call, Texas; salesman Kirby Lumber Company, Houston, Texas.
 Concatenation No. 1411, Kirbyville, Texas, October 19, 1907.

High Time at Hattiesburg.

For some days prior to the concatenation held at Hattiesburg, Miss., on October 12, those who had signified their intention of joining the Order wondered at the mysterious doings between Jack Kennedy and S. N. Acree. For a while Brother Acree disappeared entirely from the town, but what he did in that interval was unfolded to the candidates in the initiation hall. There were thirty-two to work upon, and the nine, headed by Vicegerent Acree, as Snark, with J. E. Wilder as Junior, and a number of other old timers filling the various chairs, saw their duty and did it. The initiation was held up in the Kennedy Building, away above the street, and far from any hope of rescue from passers-by. The belated wanderers along the street below realized that what was going on in the din of the hall above must have a lot of fun to it from the amount of laughter that was heard. Taking it altogether it was one of the most unique concatenations held in Southern Mississippi in a long while.

After the initiation ceremonies were over all adjourned to Fabacher's where the "Session-on-the-Roof" was held. Brother Wilder presided as toastmaster, and even the kittens showed from their merriment at the banquet that the fun started in the initiation ceremonies had not by any means run its course.

Snark, S. N. Acree; Senior Hoo-Hoo, A. G. Little; Junior Hoo-Hoo, J. E. Wilder; Bojum, G. B. Fox; Servenoter, C. R. Ketchem; Jabberwock, H. S. Hagerly; Custocathan, R. B. Lovelady; Arcanoper, R. P. Anderson; Gurdon, L. H. Dreyfus.

- 26530 Isaac Richard Anderson, Ellisville, Miss.; general manager and owner Anderson Lumber Company.
 26531 Lake Thomas Arnold, Lucas, Miss.; Arnold Lumber Co.
 26532 Charles Bourne, Jr., Hattiesburg, Miss.; buyer The Robt. H. Jenks Lumber Company, Cleveland, Ohio.
 26533 Lawrence Edwin Brogan, Seminary, Miss.; stockholder Conner Lumber Company.
 26534 William Elmer Brogan, Seminary, Miss.; Conner Lumber Company.
 26535 Bartley B. Campbell, Hattiesburg, Miss.; lumber buyer Pressed Steel Car Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 26536 John Virgil Campbell, Hattiesburg, Miss.; inspector Brookhaven Lumber & Manufacturing Company.
 26537 Charles Blake Carothers, Hattiesburg, Miss.; office man and buyer American Car & Foundry Co., St. Louis, Mo.
 26538 John Cleveland Cooley, Hattiesburg, Miss.; vice president and manager Interior Lumber Company.
 26539 Walter Turner Cosby, Hattiesburg, Miss.; office Gress Manufacturing Company.
 26540 Godfrey Emile Dahlstrom, Hattiesburg, Miss.; buyer Chicago Lumber & Coal Company, St. Louis, Mo.
 26541 William Delton Dyal, Hattiesburg, Miss.; member W. D. Dyal Lumber Company.
 26542 Samuel Thomas Easterling, Hattiesburg, Miss.; buyer Lindsley Lumber Company.
 26543 Walter Percy Emerson, Hattiesburg, Miss.; general freight and passenger agent Mississippi Central Railroad Company.
 26544 Marion Jay Epley, Hattiesburg, Miss.; stockholder United States Lumber Company, Scranton, Pa.
 26545 Wallace John Fraser, Hattiesburg, Miss.; accountant Lindsley Lumber Company.
 26546 Bernard Louis Hallig, Hattiesburg, Miss.; J. J. Newman Lumber Company.
 26547 Jefferson Carter Hosea, Kansas City, Mo.; special agent Lumbermen's Underwriting Alliance.
 26548 Loyd Houseknecht, Clyde, Miss.; master mechanic the A. G. Little Lumber Company.
 26549 Edgar Daniel Lofton, Clyde, Miss.; filer and superintendent the A. G. Little Lumber Company.
 26550 David Wayne Love, Seminary, Miss.; woods foreman Conner Lumber Company.
 26551 Robert Bruce McLeod, Hattiesburg, Miss.; treasurer Claude L. Nabus Lumber Company.
 26552 West Leary McPherson, West Jackson, Miss.; city salesman Echoes Lumber & Manufacturing Company.
 26553 Louis Lambert Major, Hattiesburg, Miss.; superintendent and general manager J. J. Newman Lumber Co.
 26554 Floyd Williams Monk, Kola, Miss.; planing mill foreman Kola Lumber Company.
 26555 Percy Prettyjohn Pitcher, Hattiesburg, Miss.; Gress Manufacturing Company.
 26556 Hubert D. Poole, Hattiesburg, Miss.; owner H. D. Poole.
 26557 Otho R. Singleton Poole, Hattiesburg, Miss.; one of the owners Union Manufacturers & Supply Company.
 26558 Towns Lamar Smith, Hattiesburg, Miss.; manager southern office O'Neill Lumber Company, St. Louis, Mo.
 26559 Murray Lamar Waggoner, Hattiesburg, Miss.; mill superintendent J. J. Newman Lumber Company.
 26560 Charles Seymour Wilmarth, Hattiesburg, Miss.; traffic manager Perry County Lumber Company.
 26561 Edward Wood, Hattiesburg, Miss.; secretary and treasurer Lindsley Lumber Company.
 Concatenation No. 1415, Hattiesburg, Miss., October 12, 1907.

Hard Times Concatenation.

The concatenation held by Vicegerent Cal. Welbon, at Everett, Wash., on November 6, was called the "Hard Times Concatenation," and the Vicegerent's call for the meeting was as clever as could be. It was as follows:

To the Beloved Hoo-Hoo-Greeting: A concatenation will be held in the beautiful city of Everett on Wednesday, November 6, at the hour when the curfew bell rings—8 p.m. All trains, trolley lines and steamboats will make the proper connections, and the city authorities have acquiesced.

There will be something doing every minute after 8 o'clock, and the many actual and prospective candidates will contribute to the solemnity of the occasion.

Many eminent men in financial, transportation, "frizzied finance," political and agricultural affairs have been invited to be present—also the members of the Order.

Many novelties will be presented. For example: A box car, empty and unattached, has been secured at an enormous expense; a lumber manufacturer who has secured an order under the new rate will be present and will be given the box car. Poetry, alleged or otherwise, will not be tolerated, and every shingle mill in the state will be closed down at 6 o'clock on the evening of the concatenation.

Showing Missourians Something.

Owing to the fact that many of the members will be compelled to walk to Everett to attend, this concatenation will be in the nature of a Hard Times Social. Crackers and cheese served at the door.

If you find a candidate don't tell him what you are going to do to him; get his money and do him afterward.

Come, and bring a candidate. Also notify us if you will be with us.

Faithfully yours,
CAL. WELBON, Snark.

There were only nine candidates initiated—a small number for a Washington concatenation—but this did not in any way detract from the pleasure of the evening. Instead it gave the officiating nine an opportunity to thoroughly demonstrate to each the mysteries and the benefits of the Order. Among those who were initiated was Col. Roland Hill Hartley, of the Clark-Nickerson Lumber Company, one of the largest lumber mills in the country. It is predicted that Mr. Hartley will make one of the best Hoo-Hoo that has been initiated in the last two or three years. His speech at the banquet was one of the features of the occasion.



VICEGERENT C. T. WELBON,
Who held the successful concatenation at Everett,
Wash., November 6.

The toastmaster at the "Session-on-the-Roof" was Brother Falconer, speaker of the House of Representatives, who is an enthusiastic Hoo-Hoo. The occasion throughout was a delightful one and amply repaid all who attended.

Snark, Cal. Welbon; Senior Hoo-Hoo, J. G. Startup; Junior Hoo-Hoo, T. M. Shields; Bojum, J. C. Fox; Servenoter, P. H. Olwell; Jabberwock, M. L. Walker; Custocathan, C. C. Finn; Arcanoper, E. L. Connor; Gurdon, W. B. Terrell.

- 26562 James Dick Britton, Everett, Wash.; general manager Hyena Mill Company.
 26563 Guy Washington Conner, Silverdale, Wash.; secretary and manager Lake Goodwin Shingle Co., Seattle, Wash.
 26564 Roland Hill Hartley, Everett, Wash.; Clark-Nickerson Lumber Company, and Clough-Hartley Company.
 26565 Edwin Leroy Heath, Hartford, Wash.; president Heath Shingle Company.
 26566 Lewis Stanwood Mitchell, Seattle, Wash.; salesman The Caldwell Bros. Co.
 26567 Oliver Kenneth Mowat, Edmonds, Wash.; secretary and treasurer Mowat Lumber Company.
 26568 Will James Raubinger, Seattle Wash.; California Pole & Piling Company, San Francisco, Calif.
 26569 Delos Elmer Servis, Elma, Wash.; treasurer Servis & Illinois.
 26570 Charles Eureka Wilson, Edgerton, Wash.; president Hill-Wilson Co.
 Concatenation No. 1416, Everett, Wash.; November 6, 1907.

B. other Wright acted as Snark, and the floor work was done by Brother Gorsuch, ably assisted by Brothers Floyd and Pa. her, and as there were a lot of instruments of torture at hand all the candidates, except two, who were not in the best of health, were in turn given a lengthy in-

