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 JUNIOR HOO-HOO—E. H. Dalbey, Illinois.  
 BOJUM—C. E. PATTEN, Washington.  
 SCRIVENOTER—J. H. Baird, Tennessee.  
 JABBERWOCK—Maurice W. Wiley, Maryland.  
 CUSTOCATIAN—W. R. Griffin, Indiana.  
 ARCANOPER—Burt J. Wright, Missouri.  
 GURDON—Edw. F. Niehaus, California.



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 W. E. BARNES, St. Louis, Mo.  
 J. E. DEFEBBAUGH, Chicago, Ill.  
 H. H. HEMENWAY, Colorado Springs, Colo.  
 A. A. WHITE (Deceased).  
 N. A. GLADDING—Indianapolis, Ind.  
 GEORGE W. LOCK, Lake Charles, La.  
 WM. B. STILLWELL, Savannah, Ga.  
 A. H. WEIR (Deceased).  
 W. H. NORRIS, Houston, Texas.  
 ED. M. VIETMEIER, Sandusky, Ohio.  
 C. D. ROURKE, Urbana, Ill.  
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 A. C. RAMSEY, St. Louis, Mo.  
 J. S. BONNER, Houston, Texas.

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 Alabama—(Southern District)—Ed. Gaines, 217 City Bank Bldg., Mobile, Ala.  
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 Arkansas—(Northern District)—E. C. Lippman, Tupelo, Ark.  
 Arkansas—(Central District)—J. H. Carmichael, Marro Bldg., Little Rock, Ark.  
 Arkansas—(Western District)—Harry J. Large, DeQueen, Ark.  
 Arkansas—(Southern District)—C. B. Barham, Gurdon, Ark.  
 California—(Northern District)—J. T. Bate, 425 Grosso Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.  
 California—(Northern District)—Fred W. Foss, 2143 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, Cal.  
 Canada—(Eastern District)—Wm. J. MacBeth, 60 Brook Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada.  
 Canada—(Western District)—J. D. Moody, care Vancouver Lbr. Co., Vancouver, B. C.  
 Colorado—Thomas J. McCue, 424 E. & C. Bldg., Denver, Col.  
 Cuba—D. W. Buhl, P. O. Box 182, Havana, Cuba.  
 District of Columbia—Overton W. Price, Forest Service, Washington, D. C.  
 Florida—(Southern District)—L. A. Bartholomew, 107 E. Park Ave., Tampa, Fla.  
 Florida—(Eastern District)—D. A. Campbell, Foot of Hogan St., Jacksonville, Fla.  
 Florida—(Northern District)—P. K. Torneo, Pensacola, Fla.  
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 Georgia—(Southwestern District)—R. J. Corbett, Moultrie, Ga.  
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 Illinois—(Southern District)—J. L. Klemyer, Effingham, Ill.  
 Indiana—(Northern District)—George Maas, 22d St. and Monon R. E., Indianapolis, Ind.  
 Indiana—(Southern District)—G. T. Meinzer, care Evansville Sash and Door Co., Evansville, Ind.  
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 Iowa—(Southern District)—Mark Anson, Muscatine, Iowa.  
 Kansas—(Eastern District)—E. D. Whiteside, Cotuitus, Kas.  
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 Kentucky—(Eastern District)—L. G. Herndon, 709 Columbia Bldg., Louisville, Ky.  
 Kentucky—(Western District)—B. L. Blair, Catlettsburg, Ky.  
 Louisiana—(Southern District)—John K. Ferguson, Paducah, Ky.  
 Louisiana—(Northern District)—H. E. Hoyt, Alexandria, La.  
 Louisiana—(Eastern District)—W. E. Wheelers, Shreveport, La.  
 Orleans, La.  
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 Nevada—F. M. Jenifer, Box 2412, Goldfield, Nev.  
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 New York—(Western District)—Frank A. Beyer, 468 Woodward Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.  
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 Pennsylvania—(Western District)—J. F. Baisley, 1526 Farmers' Bank Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.  
 South Carolina—J. W. Allen, Sumter, S. C.  
 South Dakota—H. A. Hurd, 213 Syndicate Bldg., Sioux Falls, S. D.  
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 Tennessee—(Middle District)—Lewis Doster, 1020 Stahlman Bldg., Nashville, Tenn.  
 Tennessee—(Western District)—G. J. H. Fischer, 220 N. Front St., Memphis, Tenn.  
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 Texas—(Northern District)—C. E. Gillett, Waco, Tex.  
 Texas—(Southern District)—B. S. Woodhead, care The Beaumont Saw Mills Co., Beaumont, Tex.  
 Texas—(Western District)—R. A. Whitlock, El Paso, Tex.  
 Texas—(Panhandle & Eastern N. M.)—J. D. Anderson, Amarillo, Tex.  
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 West Virginia—(Eastern District)—A. A. Rudy, Elkins, W. Va.  
 West Virginia—(Central District)—Clarence D. Howard, Cowen, W. Va.  
 West Virginia—(Western District)—J. C. Walker, care Dixie Lbr. Co., Charleston, W. Va.  
 Wisconsin—W. R. Anderson, 304 Montgomery Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.  
 United Kingdom and Continent of Europe—Edw. Haynes, 184 Aldersgate St., London, England.  
 Australasia—V. G. Hornman, Castlereagh St., Terry's Chambers, Sydney, N. S. W.

**THE JURISDICTIONS.**

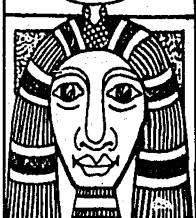
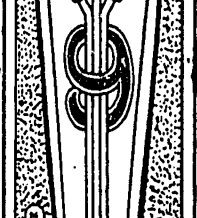
Jurisdiction No. 1—Under the Snark (Walker) the following States: Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Western Canada.  
 Jurisdiction No. 2—Under the Senior Hoo-Hoo (Hadley) the following States: Eastern Canada, New York and New England.  
 Jurisdiction No. 3—Under the Junior Hoo-Hoo (Dalbey) the following States: Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan and Nebraska.  
 Jurisdiction No. 4—Under the Bojum (Patten) the following States: Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Wyoming.  
 Jurisdiction No. 5—Under the Scrivenoter (Baird) the following States: Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana.  
 Jurisdiction No. 6—Under the Jabberwock (Wiley) the following States: Maryland, District of Columbia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, North Carolina and South Carolina.  
 Jurisdiction No. 7—Under the Custocatian (Griffin) the following States: Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky and West Virginia.  
 Jurisdiction No. 8—Under the Arcanoper (Wright) the following States: Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and Colorado.  
 Jurisdiction No. 9—Under the Gurdon (Niehaus) the following States: California, Nevada, Arizona, Utah, New Mexico and Mexico.

# THE BULLETIN

VOL. XV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1908

No. 158.



**Blessed**  
 is the man who  
 has found his work  
 and then gets busy.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HOO-HOO

# THE BULLETIN

J. H. BAIRD, Scrivener, Editor.

Published Monthly by the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo, at Nashville, Tennessee.

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## TERMS TO MEMBERS:

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NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1908.

## Look Out for Your Blank.

About January first, or perhaps sooner, the "correction blank" for the correction or verification of name and addresses of the 1909 handbook will be sent out. We are going to try a new plan this year—a plan whereby we think the handbook can be rushed out with less delay than before, with as little expense, and with nothing surrendered in the way of careful accuracy.

Now, then, let every man be on the lookout and prepared to receive his blank. If there has been no change in his address or firm connection there are still important reasons why he should fill out the blank and send it in. In the first place unless we have his correction blank on file here he will not be sent a copy of the handbook unless he subsequently writes in and requests it. The books cost too much to print to send out on uncertain address, and while it is the intention to withhold the book from no man in good standing, it will not be sent out voluntarily unless he sends in his correction blank, even if there is no real correction to be made in his address or firm connection. Another reason is that we want to know—not merely to assume—what a man's address is. The handbook is by no means the only costly mail matter sent out from this office. We are every month sending out something. The expenditure is enormous. Let's waste none of it. The handbook is our only lodge room and we ought to keep it clean.

Another thing—let's all try to write out our blanks more legibly than heretofore. When Hoo-Hoo had only two or three thousand members and one man was personally acquainted with a large percentage of them and familiar with the exact style and name of the firms with which they were connected, it was an easy matter to approach accuracy. This year we will probably have more than fifteen thousand blanks to handle. It must be done in part by young ladies, who are relatively unfamiliar with the names, especially of the firms. We cannot afford to keep throughout the year all the help we need for a few months on these correction blanks. Let's fill out the blanks not so the recipient will be able to decipher them, or may be able to understand them, but let's fill them out so that in spite of a miraculous stupidity and an ingrowing ignorance they cannot possibly fail to read them right. There is a big difference between these two extremes.

In every case the blank should be filled out and returned by next mail unless there is an especial reason, incident to change of location or business which makes

delay necessary. It will be all right if the blanks reach us by the middle of February, but all these late blanks are troublesome, since a portion of the book is already in the hands of the printers, and to make correction involves much expense.

At the last Annual Meeting there was some discussion of abridging the handbook. It is a discussion that occurs every year or two, but as often as it recurs the members present overwhelmingly vote down any proposition for a change. The book is an expensive thing to print. Let's make it worth the money—or at least let us not fall short of that through mere indifference and carelessness.

## Coming Concatenations.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

The old-time Hoo-Hoo enthusiasm in Michigan has been revived. Vicegerent Jeff B. Webb revived it at his Grand Rapids concatenation last May. He is going to revive it some more Feb. 11, 1909. He says of this coming meeting:

"We will pull off the best concatenation ever seen in the North, Feb. 11, 1909. This will be in connection with the Michigan Retail Lumber Dealers' Association Convention. The latter will also be the best of its kind ever seen."

Brother Webb has appointed the following committees to arrange for this meeting, and desires it known thus early that he expects every traveling man covering a territory that infringes within two hundred and fifty miles of Grand Rapids on any side to be on hand.

Advertising—George Sweet, Grand Rapids; S. J. Rathbun, Battle Creek; George Whipple, Detroit.

Finance—John Wood, Grand Rapids; H. J. Dudley, Grand Rapids; Fred Mickey, Detroit.

Concatenation—Fred Andrews, Grand Rapids; William Cowlshaw, Grand Rapids; W. P. Vivian, Detroit; H. Nicholls, Charlevoix; Leslie Stevens, Cadillac.

Williamsport, Pa., December, 15.

Vicegerent Ben Currie, Jr., of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, located at Philadelphia, will hold a concatenation at Williamsport, Pa., on Dec. 15, at the Park Hotel. If we mistake not, this will be the first concatenation ever held in the good old lumber town, and still important lumber center of Williamsport. Vicegerent Currie will have the cooperation of all the active members at Philadelphia and of others throughout the State. He anticipates that he will have an exceptionally successful and enjoyable meeting.

## Now, About Dues.

The second notice for current year's dues, year ending Sept. 9, 1909, is now being sent out. All men owing dues for years back of Sept. 9, 1908, are delinquent, subject to suspension, and their names will be left out of the 1909 handbook.

Look at your card and see how you are fixed.

Dr. McNamara, a member of the British Parliament, tells of a school-teacher who was endeavoring to convey the idea of pity to the members of his class. He illustrated it. "Now, supposing," he said, "a man working on the river bank suddenly fell in. He could not swim and would be in danger of drowning. Picture the scene, boys and girls. The man's sudden fall, the cry for help. His wife, knowing his peril and hearing his screams, rushed immediately to the bank. Why does she rush to the bank?" After a pause a small voice piped forth: "Please, sir, to draw his insurance money."

## NOTES & COMMENTS.



"Considering life as a whole," says Carlyle, "the most one ought to expect is a kind of negative happiness, a neutral state—the absence of acute or positive unhappiness."

But Carlyle was a dyspeptic. Most people earnestly desire and strive to attain to something better than a neutral state. Probably a kind of tranquil, wholesome indifference, with now and then a dash of positive joy, is the best of the common lot. We cannot walk through life on mountain peaks—both laughter and tears we know, but a safe remove from both is the average felicity. No doubt we each have a certain capacity for happiness or unhappiness which is pretty constant. We are like lakes or ponds, which have their level and which as a rule are not permanently raised or lowered. As things go in this world each of us has about all the happiness he has the capacity for. We cannot be permanently set up or cast down. A healthful nature, in the vicissitudes of experience, is not made permanently unhappy, nor on the other hand is its water level permanently raised. Deplete us and we fill up; flood us and we quickly run down. We think that if a certain event were to come to pass, if some rare good fortune should befall us, our stock of happiness would be permanently increased, but the chances are that it would not; after a time we should settle back to the old everyday level. We should get used to the new conditions, the new prosperity, and find life wearing essentially the same tints as before.

Yet it is good to give one's self up to happiness once a year at least and to the joy of making others happy. Christmas is a great rejuvenator. And except ye become as a little child ye cannot enter the kingdom. A five-year-old girl said to me the other day, "Nobody can get breakfast early on Kismus morning, 'cause, of course, you always have to look at your things."

Here's wishing all The Bulletin's readers a Merry Christmas and hoping all will be so busy counting their blessings that breakfast will be very late that day!

A long time ago it was the fashion to hang a motto over the door of the "best" room—"God Bless Our Home," or something like that. We no longer frame a motto worked in colored yarn, but the vogue of the motto is greater than ever. Mottos stare at us from the front

pages of magazines, from the desks of our business friends, who go in for "Do it now" signs, and from the menu card at banquets and other functions.

I am very fond of "mottos," though I do not always endorse the sentiments expressed by them. For instance, I think the motto on the front cover page of this issue of The Bulletin would be more nearly true to life if it read:

"Blessed is the man who gets busy—for then his work will find him."

No doubt there is special work for each human being to do—a particular field which he can fill, but I believe it is bad luck to hunt around for that special work. Lots of folks waste time looking and waiting (especially waiting) for just the right sort of work, when if they would jump in and tackle the very first thing in sight, it might lead them on to work that would suit their peculiar talents. A homely old proverb runs thus: "A watched pot never boils." The pot always boils when the cook is busy peeling potatoes or kneading dough. If you want the pot to boil you have to get busy.

The man who postpones getting busy until he finds his work will in most cases fall victim to the agonizing impotence of the "creative head without the creative hand." A witty French writer jested over this predicament, declaring that he had masterpieces in his brain, but they were so comfortable there that they refused to come forth!

Many of the up-to-date mottoes are of the Smart Alec type. Conspicuous and painful examples of this kind may be seen from time to time on the front page of that tiresome little pamphlet called the Philistine. Two choice specimens are as follows:

"When you see a tomcat with his whiskers full of feathers do not say 'canary'—he'll take offense!"

"Life consists in moulting one's illusions."

Neither of these bits of wisdom is calculated to help the struggling soul. There is no uplift to them. I notice that when modern writers strive to evolve a motto they almost invariably grind out a thought that is very depressing. Lombroso said that genius is "a non-convulsive form of epilepsy." I do not think he was really trying to give a definition of genius—he was simply trying to turn an epigram. And Shakespeare did it better when he said, "Great genius is to madness close allied."

The best mottoes are to be found in the Good Book, wherein is laid down the rule for encouraging your work to find you:

"Whatsoever thy right hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

## A Forester Abroad.

Sulzburg, Baden, Germany, Nov. 15, 1908.—Dear Brother Baird: Some time has slipped by and some thousands of miles covered since last I wrote. Really an apology is necessary, but I hope you will recognize how hard it is to write when travelling, and not score me too heavily. The Bulletins and my membership card for this year have finally reached me, and it was good once more to get news of Hoo-Hoo. I was glad also to see that it was possible to use some of the photographs sent.

Coming across from Siberia was an interesting experience, and in the eleven days' railway journey to Moscow from Vladivostok there was plenty of chance to become acquainted with one's fellows. Nine nationalities were represented on the train.

Siberia is a dreary country, especially at this time of year, and one has impressed on him the utter hopelessness of the condition of the masses. To be able to read or write is the exception, not the rule, and the country, which is tremendously rich in natural resources, suffers from want of foreign capital to be invested. Credit is absolutely impossible under the present regime. Yet there is a vast field for enterprise were the conditions otherwise. There was a

tremendous difference when the frontier was crossed. One could see at a glance the thrift and prosperity of the Germans and the very important part played by them in the history of Europe and the world.

I am staying here in the Black Forest for a time, to be under the guidance of Oberforster Philipp.



HOO-HOO No. 19424 AT VLADIVOSTOK.

As you know, Germany has done more in making forestry a science than any other country, though France disclaims it, and Oberforster Philipp is a man of wide experience. I hope later to be able to tell you a little of how the problems of forest conservation have been met and solved, and what the relations between the lumbermen and forester are. I shall visit other parts of Germany with a view of getting a wider knowledge of the subject.

Fraternally yours,

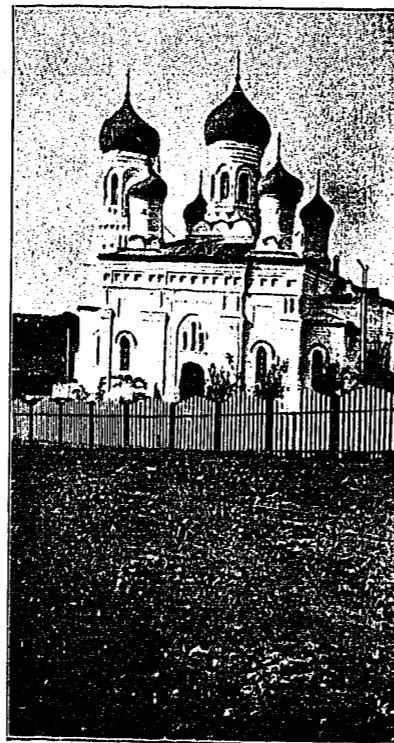
KINGSLEY R. MACGUFFEY, No. 19424.

The foregoing letter is one of several which The Bulletin has published from Brother MacGuffey, who is connected with the United States Forest Service and who is making a tour around the world with a view to investigating the methods of forest conservation in foreign lands. Brother MacGuffey has sent me some very interesting photographs of the various places he has visited, and these pictures, together with his entertaining description of far-off countries, will, I am sure, go a long way toward brightening the pages of this issue of The Bulletin. One of the pictures shows Brother MacGuffey at Vladivostok, the eastern terminus of the Trans-Siberian railway. I believe the word "Vladivostok" means "sentinel of the East." It seems that from Vladivostok to Moscow is an eleven days' journey—truly Russia is an immense country. If I remember correctly, the distance from Vladivostok to St. Petersburg is six thousand miles. Moscow is four hundred miles southeast of St. Petersburg. Moscow used to be the capital of Russia, and is till yet the chief commercial city of that big empire. It has a population of nearly a million, according to the census of 1897. The "Kremlin" is that part of the city containing the palaces of the Czars of "Muscovy," the ancient name of "Great Russia" as distinguished from "Little Russia" and "White Russia." The name "Russia" now comprises the whole vast country which stretches from the White Sea on the north to the Black Sea on the south, and east and west

extends from the Baltic to the Caspian—an empire embracing more than half of Europe and nearly a third of Asia. In many respects, Russia is far behind other European nations, but there are some things to be said in her favor. The other day I ran across the following in an old-fashioned book—a sort of cross between a history and an encyclopaedia:

Russia is the strongest of the European powers, and has for centuries been the guardian of Europe against the infidel. Upon its borders the full horrors of Asiatic conquest have burst again and again, and there was a time when every Tartar considered the Muscovite as his slave. But the storm of Tartar savagery spent itself on Russia—and thus Europe was saved. When the Russians had once thrown off the Tartar yoke, they entered upon another mission against the Turk. And it is fairly true to say that there is not a freeman between the Pruth and the Adriatic today who does not owe his freedom mainly to Russia."

Now that presents another view of the subject, doesn't it? Without Russia, Europe might have been overrun by Asiatic hordes! Maybe so—and maybe the world will some day bitterly regret that Russia was defeated by Japan. Although the masses of the people in Russia are ignorant, they are at least white folks. And the Japs are not white folks. Some day there may come the tug of war between the white and colored races—a great struggle for the supremacy of the whites. In this country there are some misguided souls—college professors and others of the high-brow class in Boston and other Eastern cities, who are doing all they can to break down what they call "caste prejudice" by mixing up white and colored children in schools and by refusing to frown on mixed marriages. This may finally result in a race of mongrels—there may be no white folks left except in the South and West, where State laws prohibit the blacks and whites from attending school together. The "yellow peril" threatens the peace and happiness of the residents of British Columbia, the

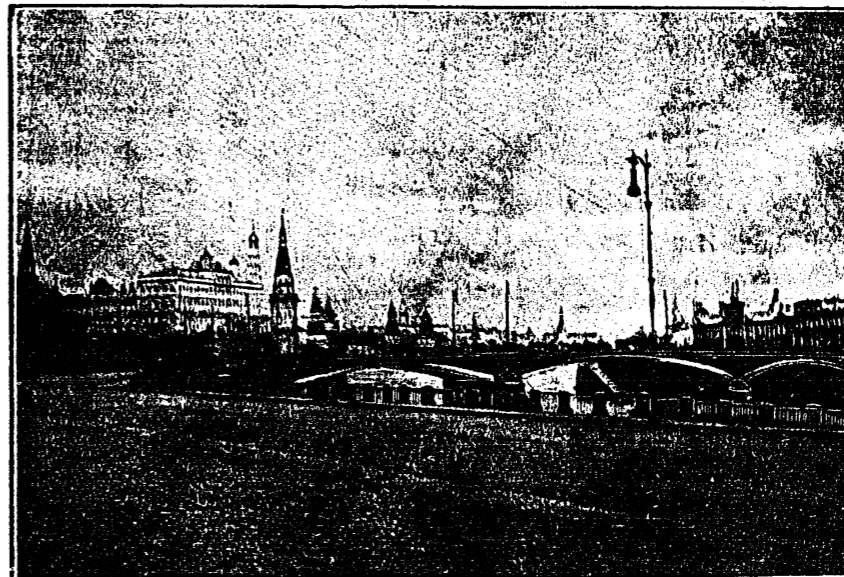


CHURCH OF ST. SAUVEUR, VLADIVOSTOK.

treaty relations between England and Japan being such as to make it impossible to keep the Japs out of the British possessions in North America. And now China is said to be waking up, and the Chinese will swarm out like bees or locusts—I hope they will swarm west instead



GREAT BELL INSIDE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.



PORT OF MOSCOW.

of east, and so hit Russia first! Maybe that country, in its semi-barbaric fashion, could handle the Asiatics better than we could, handicapped as we are with a lot of mushy chumps who see no reason why colored children should be kept in schools of their own and not mixed in with white folks.



"OUR BAGGAGE," VLADIVOSTOK.

The Chinese here are used like beasts of burden with a yoke on the back for carrying loads.

Russia is a country of vast resources—the most heavily timbered country in the world. Sawmill operations there are crude and primitive and Russia's huge forests are practically untouched. Russia also has coal and oil in large quantities, but these resources also are undeveloped. St. Petersburg, the present capital of Russia, is a magnificent city—the ninth among the "largest cities in the world." It is situated at the mouth of the river Neva, which flows into the Gulf of Finland.

The Russian Empire includes the Grand Duchy of Finland, where the women vote and sit in Parliament—rather "advanced" proceedings for a backward government! Russia also comprises what used to be the kingdom of Poland, and among the "great men" of Russia are mentioned the names of Rubenstein and Paderewski, though both these eminent musicians were natives of Poland and one at least was a Jew. A wit once said that all great Englishmen are either Scotch or Irish. This is probably true, in a measure, of other nations besides the English. Thus it is stated on good authority that the Russian Admiral Gregorivitch is of Scotch descent, tracing back to the MacGregors. According to the showings of the court-martial upon General Stoessel at St. Petersburg, Admiral Gregorivitch was one of the most strenuous opponents of the surrender of Port Arthur to the Japanese. Perhaps Russia will have another chance. A London newspaper says:

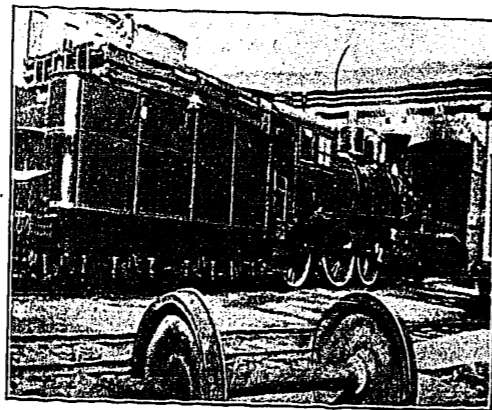
There is another war brewing between Russia and Japan. The causes that will lead to it were left over from the recent struggle. No observer thinks another war between these nations can be avoided, or that it can be postponed many years. Renewal of the conflict lies in the very nature of things.

There is a belief pretty widely held in the United States that our system of National forests and the scientific cultivation of timber resources is something new in the world. To help dispel this illusion the Department of Agriculture has published an interesting circular which shows briefly and instructively what other countries are doing in the same direction. The most obvious lesson to be learned from the little pamphlet is that every country

in the world, except China, which pretends to be civilized, has a system of National forests, and that most of them are managed very much like our own, though in many cases the management is far older and more highly developed.

The truth of the matter is that countries like France, Germany and Italy have been driven to take up the subject of scientific forestry by the same causes which are driving us. The approach of a timber famine on the one hand, the destructive effect of deforestation upon tillable land and water courses on the other, have combined to frighten them. France, for example, has some fifteen hundred mountain streams which up to about a century ago were perfectly manageable, flowing all the year in nearly equable volume, and contributing to the fertility of the fields through which they ran. Then the hills where they rose were stripped of timber. Forthwith the gentle brooks became raging torrents in winter and dry beds in summer. Instead of watering the farmers' fields they overspread them with gravel and other rubbish from the uplands. In this way 800,000 acres of farm lands were ruined before the Government interfered to check the greed of the spoilers. In 1860 the State took up the problem of reforesting the denuded hills. Since then 500,000 acres of the "skinned" land have been planted to trees and the owners of the slopes are so well convinced of the general benefit that they are presenting land to the Government to be reforested.

Italy has suffered perhaps more than any other country of modern Europe from reckless and wasteful destruction of forests. The vine and olive began to be cultivated in Italy soon after the wars between Marius and Sulla, and from that time on for hundreds of years the whole peninsula was like a garden. Now, however, the country has reverted to worse than its primitive aspect from the effect of unwise deforestation. One-third of all its land has become unproductive. The rivers have become winter torrents with little water at the season when it is most needed. The fertile plain of the Po, where agriculture flourished long after it had degenerated elsewhere in Italy, is now subject to disastrous inundations from its great river because the forests on its upper reaches have been destroyed. Levees have been built to retain the Po



Woodburning locomotive which hauled Trans-Siberian Express from Vladivostok.

in flood time, but the lack of forests along the banks causes such deposits of silt in the bed that the stream continually overtops the levees and they have to be raised higher and higher every year. In many places the bed of the river is now above the surrounding fields.

Italy has introduced a system of national forests and general protection of timber, but politics stands in the way of the public good there very much as it does here, and the laws are enforced only with great difficulty. From all these the United States has many lessons to learn because their policy represents the fruit of hundreds of years of experience and study.



"We passed many icebergs coming home from Europe," said a Philadelphian, "and on one of them a garden bloomed. It was a beautiful sight. The great berg shone like an enormous emerald in the sun, and in one level recess, fenced in by pale green peaks, a yellow garden gleamed. The Captain said that iceberg gardens are not uncommon. Moss, it seems, is brought on to the bergs by animals' feet. The moss grows, it decays, it forms a soil for the pollen of buttercups and dandelions that is blown through the air during the brief arctic summer. Soon the incredible spectacle presents itself of a great, cold berg adrift in the salt sea with yellow flowers springing from the hard, cold ice."



The Pedestrian in 1910.

Chug-chug!  
Br-r-r! br-r-r!  
Honk! Honk!  
Gilligilluglligllig!  
The pedestrian paused at the intersection of two busy cross streets.

He looked about. An automobile was rushing at him from one direction, a motor-cycle from another; an auto-truck was coming from behind, and a taxicab was speedily approaching.

Zip-zip! Zing-ging!  
He looked up and saw directly above him a runaway airship in rapid descent.

There was but one chance. He was standing upon a manhole cover. Quickly seizing it he lifted the lid and jumped into the hole just in time to be run over by a subway train.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Neil Dornin's Hard Luck.

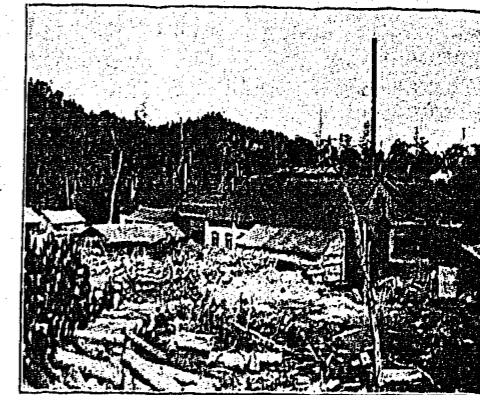
There was the case of bachelor Neil Dornin, who, when he undertook to become a benedict, found himself over-



OWANI NATIONAL FOREST, JAPAN.  
Supervisor on the extreme right. Hoo-Hoo No. 19424 on left.

matched. He rightly deserved this, for he was a niggardly, near-going fellow, any way. By the strong recommendation of his old mother, he was induced to accept a strange woman from another parish, who "had the name of money," and who was offered to him by Peggy the match-

maker. When he married her he discovered that her reputed fortune had to be divided by four to yield actuality. On the day after he brought her home his mother killed a large duck for dinner in honor of the occasion. It was intended that the duck should do the family two days. The new wife was left at home to cook the dinner,



PULP MILL AT KANAYAMA, JAPAN.

whilst Neil and his mother went to their work in the field. When they came again at dinner-time no duck was to the fore.

"Where's the duck?" said Neil's mother.

"I ate it," said the new wife, satisfiedly.

A convenient chair saved Neil from collapse on the floor. But he looked at the new wife open-mouthed while he gasped.

"Ate the duck!" said the mother, astounded. "You don't mean to say that you could ate a whole duck?"

"Troth, could I—and more if I had it!"

Poor Neil lost consciousness, and when he revived again—so the story goes—could say nothing but, "And more if I had it!" And he kept repeating to himself plaintively and constantly, "And more if I had it!" The neighbors came in and asked Neil what was the matter with him, and he only replied, "And more if I had it!" The doctor was hurriedly sent for, but he could get nothing from Neil save "And more if I had it!" The priest, too, came and tried to reason with him. But to all he said Neil only shook his head and replied, "And more if I had it!" Then he took to his bed, dying (so runs the story, told by an old woman who knew Neil), and the new wife, who evidently had all her senses, got pens, ink and paper, and sat down to write Neil's will.

"She said, 'Neil, I suppose you will leave the farm to me, your dearly beloved wife?'"

"And more if I had it!" Neil said.

So she set that down.

"You will be leaving me the farm-stock, I expect, likewise?"

"And more if I had it!"

"And all cash in your possession, and cash comin' to you?"

"And more if I had it!"

"And all other properties and belongings of yours, Neil, I suppose you will leave to your dearly beloved wife likewise?"

"And more if I had it!"

And she had Neil put his hand to the pen, making his mark. Neil remarked as he did so, "And more if I had it!" Thus, to the dire disappointment of all his relatives, she settled herself sole legatee of Neil, to whom, however, she gave decent waking and burial.—"Irish Courtship," by Seumas MacManus, in December Lippincott's.

Japan now occupies the position held by the Barbary pirates in the early part of the last century. These former barbarians, like Japan, had collected a navy, partly by purchase in England, partly by captures, and with it they dominated the commerce of the world. All the civilized nations—including the young United States—made treaties with these pirates, as they do now with the Japanese, and paid them annual tributes. But the Barbarians, like the Japanese, insolently violated any treaty that did not suit their convenience, and, although there were frequent protests, none of the great Powers of Europe discontinued its humiliating payments of tribute money, just as the same Powers continue to kowtow to Japan. The United States ended this shameful condition of affairs. We had no fleet, but Commodore Decatur was sent with a squadron of three frigates and seven other vessels to punish the pirates. He did the work thoroughly, in seamanlike style, capturing the Admiral of the Barbary Navy and his flagship, blockading the piratical ports and compelling the Dey—who corresponded to the Mikado in combining religious and political dictatorship—to release all foreign prisoners, cancel the tribute treaty and cease his piratical practices in peace and war. The lesson was efficacious. Where is Barbary now? Similar causes must have similar results.—The Argonaut (San Francisco).

"I am introducing," the peddler began, "a patent electric hair brush—"

"What do I want with a hair brush?" growled the business man. "Can't you see I'm bald?"

"Your lady, perhaps—"

"Bald, too, except when she's dressed up."

"Yes, sir. But you may have at home a little child—"

"We have. It's one month old and quite bald."

"Of course, at that age," said the peddler. "But," he persisted, "maybe you keep a dog?"

"We do," said the business man. "A hairless Chinese dog."

The peddler dived into another pocket.

"Allow me," he said, "to show you the latest thing in flypaper."—Life.

New York is usually thought of as being directly west from London. It is, however, despite its far more rigorous climate, 900 miles nearer the equator than is the British capital. The bleak coast of Labrador is directly west of London. The same line passes the southern part of Hudson Bay and Lake Winnipeg. On the other side of the continent it touches the southern extremity of Alaska and continues through the center of the Isthmus of Kamchatka and Siberia and Russia to Homberg.

#### An Idyl of Old Manhattan.

He was a seedy-looking, elderly person, and his appearance was in marked contrast to the well-dressed crowd of passers-by as he stood on the corner of Broadway and Forty-second street. Presently he approached a gentleman who was dressed in the height of fashion, and with the bow of a chevalier he said to him:

"Beg pardon, mister, but have you a few minutes to spare?"

"Mister" looked rather astonished as his eyes fell upon the seedy one. The former was apparently waiting for a cross-town car, which was belated owing to one of the many and frequent blocks on that road. A Times man was standing within earshot of the pair, also waiting for a car.

"What is it?" asked the well-dressed person in a tone that denoted kindness.

"Stranger," said the seedy one, "do you know that it makes me sad to stand here and look around at all these big buildings and think that I could have owned all the ground on which they stand?"

The well-dressed gentleman eyed the seedy one curiously. "Owned all the ground around here?" he queried; "why, how was that?"

"You see, when I was a little boy my father owned a farm right here. Ah! how well I remember the little farmhouse that stood over there"—pointing to the Times building—"and right over there was the big barn that was always so full of grain." Here his index finger pointed to the Knickerbocker Hotel.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the well-dressed gentleman.

"And right over there"—pointing to the Hotel Astor—"was Squire Homespun's farmhouse. How well I remember the little creek that used to run just where we are standing now. Many and many a time I have sat by its side and watched it gently flowing along, with Mary by my side, and have thrown leaves into it to see them twirl and twirl in the eddy and then pass along on their way to other, but not fairer, scenes."

"You don't say?" exclaimed the well-dressed man in astonishment.

"Yes, sir, and over there stood the well, with its old oaken bucket"—pointing to Hammerschein's—"where all the old farmers used to stop and get a drink when they passed by, for it was the best water around here, sir. And over there was the orchard with its shady lane." Here he pointed to the New York Theater.

"And how did you come to lose the chance to own all this land?" queried the well-dressed gentleman, who had listened with considerable interest to the story related by the seedy one.

"Ah, the old, old story—drink!" sighed the seedy one.

"Well, we all make mistakes in life and lose our golden opportunities," said the well-dressed gentleman as he slipped a two-dollar bill into the hand of the seedy one, and then jumped on a car.

The Times man missed that car. He missed that car because he had a nose for a good story and here was a chance to get one. So he approached the seedy one, who was making a bee-line for a cafe, and said to him:

"Friend, you must be an old-timer around here judging from what I just heard you say?"

The seedy one looked at the Times man for a moment, fingering the bill tenderly the while, and then blurted out:

"Old-timer, h—! I just got in from Buffalo on a freight—never been in this town before—pretty good town, though."—New York Times.

Dr. Helen Bourchier, an English suffragette who has served a short term in prison, throws some light on the psychology of the released convict. Sometimes a convict, after a long term of confinement, comes to prefer the cell to the clash of the outside world, to which all his faculties have become strangers. Many ex-convicts never regain their ability to cope with life. "I found," says Dr. Bourchier, "even that short term of imprisonment in some subtle way affecting my mind. The trivial incidents of the prison life, that at first I had known and found to be absolutely unimportant, began to loom larger and larger before my mental vision, and I found myself losing all sense of proportion. . . . But the fact which showed me most startlingly the effect produced on my mind by the unnatural conditions of seclusion, silence and monotony which prevailed in Holloway was the growth of a strange feeling of apprehension, of shrinking from the outside world."

#### The Price of a Kitten.

"A corruptionist," said Senator Depew, "once entered a voter's house. In the voter's absence he pleaded his cause to the man's wife. Finally, spying a wretched kitten on the floor, he said: 'I'll give you \$25 for that kitten, ma'am.' She accepted those terms. The corruptionist, thrusting the kitten in his overcoat pocket, rose to go. At the door he said: 'I do hope you can persuade your husband to vote for me, ma'am.' 'I'll try to,' said the woman, 'though Jim's a hard one to move when his mind's made up; but anyhow, you've got a real cheap kitten there. Your opponent was in yesterday and gave me \$50 for his brother.'"



#### In Darkest Pennsylvania.

(Reading, Pa., Dispatch to the Philadelphia Record.)

In accordance with a belief of many of the old residents here that the kiss of a colored person will cure a child of the whooping cough, or will act as a sure preventive of the disease, Charles Miller, a well-known negro, is kept busy just now, owing to the prevalence of the disease. Miller's kisses are said to be especially beneficial as a cure, and during the past week more than thirty white babies have been brought to him to be kissed. Many cures are reported.

Miller is a kindly, cheerful darky, about 65 years old, and charges nothing for his services. "I love 'em; bless 'em," he said to-day, "and even if my kissing 'em didn't do 'em good, it couldn't do 'em any harm. I'm willing to kiss all the babies that are brought to me."—(Clipping sent by T. A. Deise, of San Francisco, Cal.)

#### A Plea for an American Peerage

Those who keep tab on worldly matters tell us that within the past generation upward of four hundred American girls have married more or less decorated Europeans, and that the sum-total already paid for titles is close to the four-hundred-million mark.

Truly this is bad management on our part. We have allowed our independence and our imperial scorn of rank and heraldry to cheat us most ingloriously.

If our American beauties must have titles, to complete their native queenliness and crown their fortunes, would it not be blending good sense with gallantry to ourselves supply the needed tinsel? Indeed, ought we not to be ashamed—big, brawny, handsome specimens that we are—to stand by in passive onlooking and see some of the fairest of our daughters compelled to purchase coronets with such funny little valentines attached to them?

Before God or a bear, a duke has no points of superiority above a lumber-jack. "Your lordship" rises no nearer to heaven than "Mike, old boy." It is so writ in the gospel of democracy; and there lives today no sound-chested, healthy fellow on this side the Atlantic who would swap his title of American "Mr." for any string of princely names and decorations. "Mr." stands for Master.

If, therefore, a badge of nobility is a thing so empty, there would seem to be no more reason why we should be so skittish about it than there is for a horse to stand on its hind legs in the presence of a paper bag. Would any one of us be any less a sovereign if Willie Sniffle-Jones of Newport were dubbed a baron? It is not likely. And when we consider what this innocent ennoblement would mean from the viewpoint of good statesmanship we shall be astonished that we have so long tolerated in our imperious Constitution the fear-inspired clause forbidding the granting of titles. For, besides making Willie happy and in no wise hurting anybody, we should thus be enabled to juggle him from a social liability to a very appreciable asset.

As Lord Sniffle-Jones, with a plenitude of good nature and rich relations, and with a pedigree which through the aid of an expert genealogist could be worried back through the *Mayflower* to William the Conqueror, he would prove irresistible bait for some golden dower which would otherwise have taken wings beyond the sea. For it may be at once assumed that our daughters of the rich, in their bargain-hunts for crests and embroidered names, would instinctively prefer such as were tagged with a familiar species of husband.

An American nobleman, however apish his love of pomp, could generally be reckoned upon to be chivalrous and clean-blooded and labelled with a name that would at least sound like it looks and not appear to have been coined in a fit; a man who, besides the coveted scutcheon, could give in return something more than a rheumatic old castle and a mouldy lineage of soft-headed drones, and who, furthermore, through training and heritage, whatever be his vices or shortcomings, would never forget—that the foreign nobleman has not yet learned—that his American wife is his social peer and not a mere woman thrown into the bargain with the purchase price of a title.—Clifford Howard in *Lippincott's*.

#### Love Triumphant.

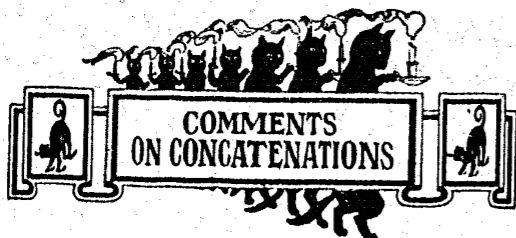
Helen's lips are drifting dust,  
Hion is consumed with rust;  
All the galleons of Greece  
Drink the ocean's dreamless peace;  
Lost was Solomon's purple show  
Restless centuries ago;  
Stately empires wax and wane—  
Babylon, Barbary, and Spain—  
Only one thing undefaced,  
Lasts, though all the world lies waste  
And the heavens are overturned;  
—Dear, how long ago we learned!

There's a sigh, that blinds the sun,  
Sound that lives when sounds are done,  
Music that rebukes the birds,  
Language lovelier than words,  
Hue and scent that shame the rose,  
Wine no earthly vineyard knows,  
Silence stiller than the shore  
Swept by Charon's stealthy oar,  
Ocean more divinely free  
Than Pacific's boundless sea—  
—Dear, how long ago we knew!  
Ye who love have learned it true.

—Frederick Lawrence Knowles.



THE KNIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.



Splendid Meeting at St. Louis.

Vicegerent E. L. Roederer held a rousing concatenation at St. Louis, on Nov. 14, at which ten men were initiated. St. Louis knows how to hold concatenations, and it has held some of the best in the history of the Order. So on this occasion the scenes within the concatenation hall were greatly enjoyed. Preceding the initiation ceremonies a dinner was given at the Missouri Athletic Club, at which nearly 100 members were seated around the board. Among the post-prandial speakers were Brothers J. A. Freeman and J. E. Gatewood, whose toasts were to the good work of the Order of Hoo-Hoo in bringing lumbermen more closely together. They were followed by Brother Walter Nichols, assistant freight agent of the Big Four Route, whose response was eloquent in its reference to the various interests from which the membership of the Order is drawn. He traced the course of Hoo-Hoo from the East to the West and South, and showed how the railroads had followed the axes of the lumbermen. Among those present at the meeting was also the only "life member" of the Order in St. Louis, Brother J. P. Graham.

Some new features were introduced while the initiates were in the hands of the Junior Hoo-Hoo, which created great amusement. Many members were dressed in comical costumes and there was a parade led by a band, which marched and remarched throughout the large dining-hall of the Missouri Athletic Club.

Vicegerent Roederer is preparing to hold a concatenation at any early date at Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Snark, E. L. Roederer; Senior Hoo-Hoo, James E. Gatewood; Junior Hoo-Hoo, R. B. McConnell; Bojum, G. R. Gloor; Scrivenoter, T. C. Bledsoe; Jabberwock, John C. Emlig; Custocattian, A. F. Meyer; Arcanoper, John Bruso; Gurdon, G. W. Bright.

- 22160 Alexander Block Beckers, St. Louis, Mo.; salesman St. Louis Lumber Company.  
 22161 Elmer Ellsworth Britney, St. Louis, Mo.; traveling freight agent C. C. & St. Louis Ry.  
 22162 John A. A. Hecker, St. Louis, Mo.; purchasing agent Curtis & Co. Manufacturing Company, Wellston, Mo.  
 22163 Harry August Heper, St. Louis, Mo.; auditor Huttig Sash & Door Company.  
 22164 Eugene Jerome Kell, St. Louis, Mo.; sales agent The Graham Lumber Company.  
 22165 Ernest J. Lancaster, East Alton, Ill.; assistant manager Andrews & Crandall.  
 22166 Harry Garfield Perry, St. Louis, Mo.; salesman Cherokee Lumber Company.  
 22167 Orville Nave Pier, Maplewood, Mo.; assistant manager Fidelity Lumber & Supply Company, St. Louis, Mo.  
 22168 Fred J. Porter, St. Louis, Mo.; agent Empire Line.  
 22169 Julius Louis Stille, St. Louis, Mo.; superintendent Eden Yard Boecheler Lumber Company.  
 Concatenation No. 1505, St. Louis, Mo., November 14, 1908.

Texas Hold High Carnival.

During the No-Tsu-Oh Carnival at Houston, Tex.—and the meaning of the name of the carnival can be readily understood when one stands on one's head and reads—the Hoo-Hoo boys under the leadership of Vicegerent Bliss P. Gorham held a big concatenation. The story of this meeting appears elsewhere in this issue of The Bulletin. Twenty-seven were initiated.

Snark W. E. Barns; Senior Hoo-Hoo, W. H. Norris; Junior Hoo-Hoo, J. S. Bonner; Bojum, F. L. Williams; Scrivenoter, W. M. Baugh; Jabberwock, F. N. Yochem; Custocattian, James Shelton; Arcanoper, James H. Quarles; Gurdon, James G. Dillon.

- 22170 Marion Claude Banguss, Houston, Tex.; manager Hardin Lumber Company.  
 22171 Louis Blumenthal, Houston, Tex.; salesman Carter Lumber Company.  
 22172 Herbert Osman Byrd, Dallas, Tex.; traveling freight and passenger agent C. B. & Q. R. R.  
 22173 Benajah Harvey Carroll, Jr., Houston, Tex.; lumber editor Houston Chronicle.  
 22174 Oliver Daniel, Crockett, Tex.; manager Daniel & Brenson.  
 22175 Frank "Democrat" Denton, Lovelady, Tex.; superintendent W. W. West Lumber Company.  
 22176 John Henry Devini, Cleveland, Tex.; owner J. H. Devini.  
 22177 Charles Kephart Dunlap, Houston, Tex.; traffic manager Southern Pacific Railroad.  
 22178 Morris Cullin English, Lovelady, Tex.; contractor W. W. West Company.  
 22179 Jeremiah Calvin Falvey, Jr., Sour Lake, Tex.; buyer Thompson & Ford Lumber Company.  
 22180 Zimra Kenzie Ferguson, Oakhurst, Tex.; superintendent Columbia Lumber Company.  
 22181 Charles Dudleigh Golding, Houston, Tex.; vice-president Peden & Co.



BLISS P. GORHAM, Vicegerent.

- 22182 John William Groves, Jr., Trawick, Tex.; assistant general manager Southern Mill Company.  
 22183 Edward Elmo Hayes, Houston, Tex.; lumber salesman C. R. Cummings Lumber Company.  
 22184 Lamar Huston, Wharton, Tex.; vice-president Wharton Lumber & Trading Company.  
 22185 Ernest L. Kurth, Keltys, Tex.; assistant secretary and treasurer Angelina Co. Lumber Company.  
 22186 Andrew James Kaulback, Beaumont, Tex.; salesman Nona Mills Company.  
 22187 Samuel Maurice McAshan, Houston, Tex.; assistant sales agent Orange Lumber Company.  
 22188 James Franklin Matthews, Dayton, Tex.; purchasing agent Dayton Lumber Company.  
 22189 August Belmont Sammons, Brady, Tex.; assistant manager South Texas Lumber Company.  
 22190 Edward Calvert Smith, Orange, Tex.; salesman Yellow Pine Paper Mill.  
 22191 William James Vanderburg, Lovelady, Tex.; shipping clerk The W. W. West Co.  
 22192 Leftwich James Warner, Dallas, Tex.; agent Star Union Line.  
 22193 Carroll Vincent Webb, Houston, Tex.; chief clerk L. B. Menefee Lumber Company.  
 22194 Erwin Lionel Whitney, Dallas, Tex.; commercial agent Louisiana Ry. Navigation Company, Shreveport, La.  
 22195 Earl Wier, Houston, Tex.; director R. W. Wier Lumber Company.  
 22196 Samuel Roy Zimmerman, Fostoria, Tex.; buyer Foster Lumber Company.  
 Concatenation No. 1506, Houston, Tex., November 14, 1908.

Breaking an Old Tradition.

It has always been said that when one is in Rome one should do as Romans do, but what the Hoo-Hoo did in the Rome Hotel, at Omaha, Neb., on the evening of Nov. 14 was not, so it is written, as the quiet, sedate residents of that popular hostelry were accustomed to doing. In fact, the boys from all over Nebraska gathered at Omaha for that occasion and Vicegerent R. H. Morehouse had provided no end of fun for them. The concatenation ceremonies were held in the ball-room of the hotel and an elaborate banquet followed. Brother C. C. Bradenbaugh, in the role of Junior, kept up his end to the high standard on which the entire day's proceedings were arranged. Only five men were initiated, and so the Nine had full time to exemplify to each the secrets and objects of the Order.

Snark, R. H. Morehouse; Senior Hoo-Hoo, E. G. Hampton; Junior Hoo-Hoo, C. C. Bradenbaugh; Bojum, J. F. Gresly; Scrivenoter, J. G. Campazie; Jabberwock, J. M. Mullen; Custocattian, F. W. Parr; Arcanoper, Wm. H. Platner; Gurdon, George W. Platner.

- 22197 Felix Jerome McShane, Jr., Omaha, Neb.; salesman Bradford Kennedy Co.  
 22198 Dwight Glyndon Palmer, Lincoln, Neb.; salesman Switzer Lumber Company, Shreveport, La.  
 22199 Joseph Alfred Scott, Florence, Neb.; manager Minne Lusa Lumber Company.  
 22200 George Judson Sprague, Omaha, Neb.; salesman M. A. Disbrow & Co.  
 22201 Ernest Frank Williams, Council Bluffs, Ia.; salesman C. Hafer Lumber Company.  
 Concatenation No. 1507, Omaha, Neb., November 24, 1908.

Had a Turkey Supper.

On the evening of Nov. 21, Vicegerent Chas. B. Barham held a splendid concatenation at Prescott, Ark. There were eleven candidates, and these men were lined up before J. C. McGrath, as Junior, to be taught some things and to be told some things, possibly weird in their nature, that they had never known before. Brother McGrath's work was very effective, making the evening one to be long remembered, and especially so by the eleven kittens. The ceremonies were held in the Woodman's Hall. During the parade from the Park Hotel, where the kittens were lined up, they were required to push lumber buggies, on which were stacked several planks. Vicegerent Barham says that a good part of the success of the concatenation was due to the hard work done by Brothers J. C. McGrath, John A. Davis, R. M. Jones and T. C. Morgan, and, from what the Scrivenoter knows, the Vicegerent's name should be put in that list. This is his first concatenation, and he is to be congratulated upon his success. "The-Session-on-the-Roof" was held at Park Hotel, and it was a very toothsome spread—an Arkansas turkey supper.

At this meeting three stray cats, bearing the numbers 89, 1055 and 2895, found their way back into the garden and played with the kittens that night. The return of these prodigals was a source of rejoicing among the Hoo-Hoo at Prescott.

Vicegerent Barham has been urged to hold another concatenation some time in December, possibly during the holidays, at some point on the Gurdon & Portsmouth Railway. The Vicegerent says that there is much interest already shown in such a meeting and the names of several available candidates have been given him. Brother Barham is also to be congratulated on the good, strong men he took in at his meeting at Prescott.

Snark, Charles B. Barham; Senior Hoo-Hoo, H. E. Bemis; Junior Hoo-Hoo, J. C. McGrath; Bojum, T. C. Morgan; Scrivenoter, John A. Davis; Jabberwock, A. S. Tidwell; Custocattian, William Preston; Arcanoper, R. M. Jones; Gurdon, A. Robbs.  
 22202 Carl J. Baer, Hope, Ark.; president Baer, Bethea Lumber Company.  
 22203 Lawrence Peterson Beldelman, Prescott, Ark.; manager and local salesman Ozan Lumber Company.

- 22204 James Lawrence Bell, Prescott, Ark.; part owner Westbrook Lumber Company, Westbrook, Ark.  
 22205 Monroe Clay Marshall, Hope, Ark.; manager sawmill Baer, Bethea Lumber Company.  
 22206 Nathaniel Callp Martin, Prescott, Ark.; part owner Junction City Lumber Company and N. C. Martin.  
 22207 Ralph Moses Merrill, Benton, Ark.; state agent International Hardwood Lumber Company, St. Louis, Mo.  
 22208 Charles F. Pittman, Prescott, Ark.; secretary and treasurer Prescott Hardware Company.  
 22209 Rufus Dee Scott, Westbrook, Ark.; manager part owner Westbrook Lumber Company.  
 22210 Clarence Layton Stocker, Caddo Gap, Ark.; yard manager International Hardwood Lumber Company, St. Louis, Mo.  
 22211 James Add. Thomas, Patmos, Ark.; owner J. A. Thomas.  
 22212 Barnet Barnwell Young, Prescott, Ark.; part owner and manager Junction Lumber Company.  
 Concatenation No. 1508, Prescott, Ark., November 21, 1908.

Houston, Texas., Nov. 15.—A prominent feature of the No-Tsu-Oh Carnival week just passed was the first annual gathering of the Texas Lumbermen and Hoo-Hoo Club organized at Waco last July. The programme of the gathering consisted of an opening business session Friday morning at Turner Hall, followed by an afternoon at the races, where the winning of the Hoo-Hoo purse by Miss DeLaney, a brown filly by Plaudit, belonging to the stable of R. E. Watkins, the Eastern turfman, was the big event of the day.

Saturday the lumbermen took an excursion to Delmonico Garden, where they were served to an oyster roast. At eight o'clock in the evening the grand Hoo-Hoo parade took place, followed by the concatenation, at which twenty-eight purblind kittens had their eyes opened at Turner Hall.

Perhaps the most unique, of all the unique, queer and mystical procedures which have, during the past week, befuddled the brains and tricked and pleased the eyes of Houstonians, was the Hoo-Hoo parade. It formed a grand finale to the Carnival Week, and was the most spectacular Hoo-Hoo event ever held in Southern Texas. The parade formed on Texas avenue and marched to Main street, turned north and back again to Texas avenue, and thence east to Turner Hall, where the concatenation was held.

Officers of the law led the parade, which Ex-Snark of the Universe John S. Bonner declared quite necessary. Then came a band and immediately behind this a float full of "remnants," bearing the placard, "Your choice for \$9.99." This float contained an assorted lot of remnants, including two ex-Snarks of the Universe, John S. Bonner and W. H. Norris, and other valuable specimens. Then came four blind, yet strong and husky kittens, pulling a pony cart full of cats. A black-headed kitten followed close behind, on horseback, bearing aloft a banner.

Behind this was the Mexican Band and a "Special Exhibit" in the person of William Eddie Barns, editor of the St. Louis Lumberman, and one of the immortals who organized Hoo-Hoo. To him was accorded the place of honor in the parade, and he carried, as he rode, high on a banner emblazoned, the boast "I started this business."

A band marched behind Mr. Barns, as well as before him, and after the band came a kitten in a coffin, rowing vigorously with what he doubtless thought were grave-diggers' tools, while a placard on the side of the coffin displayed the epitaph, "Don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way." Then came a cage full of kittens with a sign telling what they were and what they hoped to be.

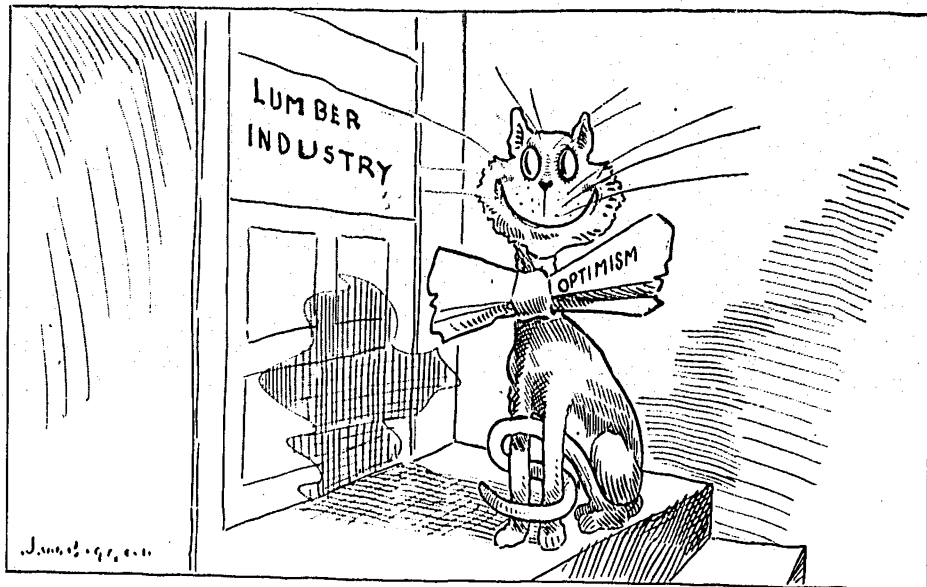
Behind the cage of kittens came the water-wagon, which had it not been labeled would have been the only thing that looked out of place in the parade. The announcement, however, that "Fifteen minutes on the water-wagon breaks all Hoo-Hoo records" made its presence

bearable. Close on the tracks of the water-wagon came a glant log, with several kittens astride and then the mighty Black Cat, enthroned among his devotees, while a herald proclaimed, "Bow down, bow down to Hoo-Hoo; he's the Candy Kid." Then more kittens in a cage marked "Dangerous," and the remainder of the cats on foot with torches.

After the concatenation at 12 p. m., or later, was held a Dutch lunch, with trimmings (trimmings to beat the Dutch) and a Hoo-Hoo minstrel show, and boxing match later on in the morning.

#### Business Session.

At the business session on Friday morning several addresses and announcements were made. In the absence of President W. W. Cameron, Vice-President Sam T. Swinford, of Houston, presided over the meeting. Ex-Snark of the Universe John S. Bonner was the only man on the prearranged programme who was present, and even he did not participate in this part of the proceedings, and Mr. W. E. Barns spoke in his stead. Mr. Barns predicted that the best business the lumber industry was yet to ex-



"AND THE CAT CAME BACK."—BIGGERS, IN SOUTHERN LUMBERMAN.

perience is to come in the immediate future. Continuing, he said:

All this howl about lumber being too high is absolute rot. Lumber is the cheapest thing in all the world. The man who builds for himself a good house of lumber these days pays more to the plumber than he does to the lumberman. And certainly the only way to estimate the value of anything is to arrive at an estimate of the cost of reproducing it.

It costs one hundred years to grow a pine tree. How many of the lumbermen here present and now operating have as much as a year's campaign ahead of them? There are very few.

Not many years ago, when eight billion feet of white pine were cut in one year, there was more white pine left standing than there is yellow pine left now. But now the white pine is exhausted for the South, practically, and there are only 17,000,000,000 feet of yellow pine left standing. In two years one-eighth of this will be cut.

Mr. Barns is No. 3 in Hoo-Hoo, and is a member of that original council that established the Order in Gurdon, Ark., in 1892. He recently visited Gurdon, and there secured a picture of the frame house in which the Order was formed. The house has since been torn down to make way for a new structure, and there is now a movement

on foot to erect a memorial slab and place it on this building to mark the spot where Hoo-Hoo was born.

There were other speeches. C. E. Gillett, one of the proposers of the Hoo-Hoo and Lumbermen's Club and the present secretary of that organization, was called on. He urged that a large interest in the club be shown and that the Hoo-Hoo and lumbermen make it more and more a representative organization.

J. A. Kirby, representing the Southern Lumberman, of Nashville, made a speech. He talked about the value of such social organizations and hoped that this one would become something of value to every lumberman in Texas.

Bliss P. Gorham, the new vicegerent for the Southern District of Texas, when called on, made announcement of the Hoo-Hoo handicap, and said it would be run in spite of rain and cold, and asked for a full attendance.

Sam T. Swinford, who is secretary of the Texas Lumbermen's Association, made an interesting announcement concerning the lumbermen's convention in Galveston next May. The second night will be given over to Hoo-Hoo performances. He stated also that there will be an extra-

ordinary attraction in the presence at the convention of one of the nation's most distinguished men.

The meeting adjourned shortly after the noon hour, to have its next session in July at a place to be named by the directors. No change in the official family of the club was made at this meeting, the election being scheduled for the July meeting.

#### At the Races.

Despite the disagreeable weather, a large number of Hoo-Hoo attended the races Friday afternoon, where the chief interest centered in the winner of the Hoo-Hoo purse. This was the richest purse set up for the entire meet, amounting to \$999.99. It was for all ages and six furlongs, and was won by Miss Delaney, a four to one shot. The track was very muddy, but the game little filly seemed to enjoy the sloppy condition of things and paddled around to an easy victory. The lumbermen all seemed pleased with the result of the race, as Miss Delaney was well fancied by the public.

#### The Concatenation.

Every feature incident to the concatenation was carried out with splendid precision, and 400 members witnessed

the ceremonies. The team work of the officers occupying the various chairs was well-nigh perfect; the hall in which the concatenation was held is most admirably adapted to the purpose, and the personnel of the kittens led into the light was of an unusually high order.

There were present at this concatenation some very venerable and renowned members of the Order. There were three ex-Snarks, J. S. Bonner, W. H. Norris and W. E. Barns. Mr. Barns was one of the founders of Hoo-Hoo, and No. 3 in the Order. He was also the third Snark. He was the inventor of the office of Snark, and the originator of the use of the word. There were also present Summers Puffer, of New Braunfels, Tex., No. 66 Hoo-Hoo; S. F. Carter, of Houston, No. 69 Hoo-Hoo, and Jake Keller, of Houston, No. 126 Hoo-Hoo.

After the cats and inflates had partaken of a delightful Dutch lunch, the evening's entertainment wound up with some colored boxing bouts, three in number, that were about the best that have been seen in the city in a long time.

#### Warning.

Complaint reaches the Scrivenoter from Laredo, Tex., that a party giving his name as F. C. Ligon is travelling about the country raising money in various ways from lumber firms. Report from San Antonio, Tex., is that the same party has swindled lumbermen there, leaving San Antonio for New Braunfels.

Hoo-Hoo had a member at one time by the name of F. C. Ligon, No. 6333, initiated at Beaumont, Tex., March 24, 1899, at which time he was connected with the Texas Tram & Lumber Company. This man was suspended as a delinquent on dues in 1905 and his name no longer appears in the handbook. It is not clear that the Ligon who has been misbehaving is wearing the Hoo-Hoo button or representing himself to be a member of the Order. It may not be the same man, but the identity of name and other circumstances makes it suspicious to say the least, and every member of the Order will render a good service if he will assist in checking this man's career. At least this warning should prove of some protection. It is again urged that all members of Hoo-Hoo be careful in extending financial assistance to men representing themselves as members of the Order without communicating with this office by wire. Many complaints have accumulated here during the past ten or dozen years, and in many cases that have developed application to this office would have saved the loss and perhaps have assisted in the apprehension of a criminal.

#### Brother Chapple and His Magazine.

The following letter from Brother Joe Mitchell Chapple, editor of the National Magazine, of Boston, ought to be of great interest. His magazine is one of the leading illustrated monthly publications of the country. Every issue of it is of interest and value, and presents a beautiful appearance typographically, and wields an influence. Brother Chapple is himself an old-time and loyal member of Hoo-Hoo and ought to receive promptly whatever cooperation and assistance can be rendered him by our members:

Boston, Mass., Nov. 23, 1908.—My Dear Scrivenoter: As I know you always have in mind the welfare of the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoodom, I know you will be pleased to learn that in the forthcoming issue of the National Magazine I am going to prepare a special article on the lumber interests of America.

This could not be done without prominent mention of the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo. We are going to make these articles as exhaustive and interesting as possible and also giving the human side to the lumber in-

terests as well as the closely calculated and tabulated list of figures. Any cooperation that you may be able to give me in this matter will be greatly appreciated. I hope that every Hoo-Hoo will send on photographs or data or anything that might assist us in making this lumber issue of the National a veritable album to be put away and preserved for future reference.

Sincerely yours,  
JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.

#### Look Out for this Button.

On Saturday, Nov. 21, Brother John W. Parker, No. 8992, of Elkhart, Ind., checked a suit case at Dallas, Tex., for Elkhart, Ind. When he got the suit case out of the baggage room at Elkhart he found that a suit of clothes had been stolen en route. The coat had his Hoo-Hoo button, No. 8992, in the lapel, and he requests that if any member of the Order discovers this button that he require the person wearing it to show where he got it. Brother Parker adds that of course he would like to recover the clothes also, but that that is probably hoping for too much. He says with some heat, and we fully agree with him, that if a man's baggage is not free from thieves when in the baggage car of a reputable railroad, "it looks as though this country was up against the real thing." Of course he has filed claim with the railroad company.

An Arkansas brother sends in the following jokelet, saying that its publication in The Bulletin may serve to remind some of our absent-minded brothers of the necessity of always wearing the Hoo-Hoo button. In the opinion of our Arkansas brother this is the case in point.

A tramp passing through the waiting-room of the Northwestern depot at Milwaukee spied a small enameled pin lying on the floor. He picked it up, looked it over in a careless way, and pinned it on the lapel of his coat. The same tramp, a few moments later, was hit and knocked into unconsciousness by a switch engine in the freight yards, just outside the depot. The trainmen picked him up and telephoned to police headquarters for an ambulance.

"What did you say his name was?" came over the telephone from the desk sergeant.

"Don't know. The man is unconscious," replied the switchman.

"Any papers on him by which you can identify him?" asked the sergeant.

"Not a thing," phoned back the switchman.

"Does he belong to any lodge or union?" inquired the sergeant.

"Hold the line till I take a look," replied the switchman, and in a moment the desk sergeant was greatly surprised to receive this information:

"Yes; he is a Lady Maccabee."



GEE! IF DIS IS A DREAM, I HOPE I SLEEP FOREVER!

**Big Game Hunting in Maine.**

Just read the following if you want to have a thrill—that is if you are a man who would rather tramp the woods with a good gun than to do anything else on earth, and especially if you are such a man and have not had a gun in your hands in ten years. The story is written by Brother Jerome Shelp, of Philadelphia. You wouldn't think he was a rough and ready sportsman by looking at him, but his tale is that he got all the game coming to him, and then had twenty days in which to loaf and invite his soul. Maybe the Lord could create something more enjoyable than that if He would resolutely set his hand to it, but doubtless He never has. Here's the story:

To those who delight in outdoor life of sport and recreation there is no better place than Northeastern Maine. On Sept. 26 I started on a five weeks' moose and deer hunt, leaving Philadelphia via Boston to Portland, Me., from thence to Bangor, where we took the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad to Mesardis, where we were met at the station by our guides and proceeded to Oxbow, a fifteen-mile drive on buckboards. The next morning bright and



ONE OF OUR FISHING TRIPS.

early our guides were in readiness for our canoe trip of sixty miles up the Aroostook River. My companions were Mr. Walt, president of the Jenkinstown Trust Company; Mr. Samuel Shively, a prominent lumber man; Mr. Fleck and Mr. Druckenmiller, all neighbors, who reside in Wyncote, a suburb of Philadelphia. The trip up the Aroostook River is one of the most charming and picturesque in the world. Standing in line near the shore are eighteen cabins built by Mr. Atkins, who has the best outfits to accommodate sportsmen of any party in Maine, having in his employ fifty experienced guides. Each one of our party had a guide, and the first day we reached the Leanto camp, a distance of twenty-three miles. We now reached the most beautiful mountain landscape, whether under a brilliant blue sky of the day or the starlight or glorious moonlight at night. The keen cold air, the wonderful scenery, and the interest and excitement of the sport made our veins thrill and beat with buoyant life. We were in the midst of a great wilderness of pine and balsam, which scented the air, and springs of the finest water, pure as crystal. On our first day's journey we saw a number of deer cross-

ing the stream, but as the season did not open until the next day no one in our party attempted to shoot. The next morning we proceeded on our journey to the main camp on Munsangan Lake, a distance of twenty miles, this being the first day of open season, we were ready and anxious to get our first shot at a buck. Imagine an immense forest playground over fifteen thousand square miles in extent, intersected by more than a thousand connecting and contiguous waterways, in whose cool depths swim countless numbers of game fish. Imagine, too, the presence of thousands of hulky moose and bears, tens of thousands of graceful deer and ruffled grouse, and you have some idea of that wonderful recreation region known as "the wilds of Northern Maine."

If one prefers to rough it in all that the term applies he can do so to his heart's content. All he need do is to give his guide some idea of how "strenuous" a vacation he is looking for. Yet one can enjoy the comforts of camp life, as the camps are furnished comfortably and stocked with plenty of the best fresh venison, grouse and trout fresh from the streams. Myself and guide started from the main camp on Munsangan Lake, a distance of six

miles through a wild country to Reed Pond Camp. The guide carried a large pack of provisions in his bag, as we made that our headquarters. Right after reaching our camp we went to get meat for our camp, and in an hour we returned with a fine young buck, which we hung in front of our camp. The following morning we started out on our hunt and had not traveled a mile when we saw a fine big bull moose feeding in the dead water of Reed Pond. As the season for moose did not open until the 15th we would not kill him, but kept a careful watch of his haunts until the season, a few days later. We stood for ten minutes at least and watched him within fifty yards. He finally caught our scent and got out in the dense forest. After our five days' successful hunt at Reed Pond I had succeeded in killing a fine twelve-prong buck, besides a large number of small game.

Leaving Reed Pond we returned to the main camp on Munsangan Lake and got a fresh supply of provisions. We went to Chase Brooke Camp, in one of the wildest sections. We enjoyed our stay at this camp very much. It is located in the midst of a great balsam forest. We

had seen a large number of deer in this section, but as the law only permits one to carry out two deer and one moose, we would not attempt to kill any except a fine large buck—except what we wanted for meat at the camp.

Our next trip was to the beautiful home camp on an

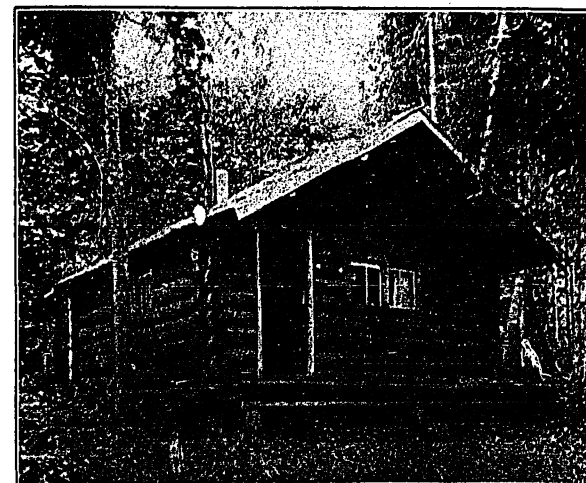
wondered at that thousands of people each year forsake their business cares and the distractions of city life and become for a while at least inhabitants of nature's realm, and where woods and water can be relied on to supply one's every need for subsistence and happiness, and where artificiality is an unknown quantity.



OUR GUIDE WITH THE TROPHIES.

island on Millnocket Lake. Here we spent three or four days leisurely canoeing and taking side trips to the most beautiful section in Maine. The season for killing moose was now open. My guide, Mr. Currier, and I proceeded a distance of ten miles in a canoe and a tramp of seven miles with our pack and provisions to Brown Brooke Lake, where we spent a week, and we were successful in

Having been worn by business cares, and suffering from indigestion, I returned, having gained eleven pounds, and feel like a new man and ready to take up the cigar box lumber business after January 1 with renewed energy. I would recommend such an outing to any who seek health and good sport.



OUR CAMP IN THE WOODS.

landing our trophy, as this is one of the best sections for moose in the Aroostook territory. Having ten days more to secure my limit, we spent considerable time about camp and taking short trips with our canoe.

With such a limitless playgrounds to come to, and with an unusual offering of vacation delights, it is not to be

**A Cheap Blowout.**

A canny old Scotchman, MacDougal,  
Who, like all of his people, was frugal,  
Whenever he felt fine,  
'Stead of ordering wine  
Would go blow himself on a bugle!



### Personal Mention.

R. H. Morehouse, of Omaha, the newly appointed Vicegerent for Nebraska, after leaving college in 1902, went to Sutton, Neb., to take charge of the Sutton Lumber Company, which was at that time the property of his father. The senior Morehouse was a railroad man and not a lumberman, and while Brother R. H. Morehouse had but little knowledge of the business in which he was to engage, he took hold of his position with that indomitable spirit which



R. H. MOREHOUSE, Omaha, Neb.

has proven him in such good stead in the steady advancement he has made. Under the guidance of one of his employees he took up his task as manager, and in one year's time made the business grow to such proportions that he decided to enlarge his field of operations by moving to Omaha. This he did in 1906, when he established the R. H. Morehouse Company, having sold the Sutton Lumber Company to the J. H. Yost Lumber Company of Harvard, Neb. The business of the new company has been most successful.

Notice of a concatenation recently held by Vicegerent Morehouse appears on another page of this issue.

Brother E. L. Roederer, newly appointed Vicegerent for the Eastern District of Missouri, is one of the most popular of the railroad men of St. Louis. All his life he has been "railroading," beginning as office boy with the St. Louis & Southeastern Railroad, now the L. & N. R. R. Later he was with the Wabash Railroad, but for the past twenty-five years has been connected with the freight department of the New York Central Lines, at present being general agent in the freight department at St. Louis. In this capacity he also represents the New York Central Fast Freight Line. Brother Roederer has spent much of his time, during the past ten years, with the lumbermen, for he has given special attention to lumber traffic. His travels have made him well acquainted with the sawmill men and lumber shippers in the states of Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana.

Notice of a concatenation recently held by Vicegerent Roederer appears on another page of this issue.

In the late election our Hoo-Hoo members over in West Virginia seem to have fared pretty well. Brother A. D. Williams, of Marlinton, was elected to the House of Delegates from Pocahontas County, while Brother J. W. Weir was likewise honored from Randolph County. The

Bulletin regrets to chronicle that Brother R. J. Clifford, of Hambleton, one of our most worthy ex-vicegerents, met defeat in his candidacy for the House of Delegates from Tucker County. We do not know, but suspect that Brother Clifford must have been a Democrat. Same here.

Supreme Junior Hoo-Hoo E. H. Dalbey, of Chicago, is now with a new company, or at least with the same associates under a new name—The Cardal Lumber Company. It is easy to see that the name is made up of the first syllable of the names Carpenter and Dalbey. Mr. W. M. Carpenter is president of the new company; R. H. Proctor, vice-president, and E. H. Dalbey general manager. Mr. Carpenter is now and has been for some years vice-president and general manager of the Walworth & Neville Manufacturing Company. Previous to this connection he was with the Western Electric Company for twenty-five years, working up from a minor position to that of general sales agent.

Mr. Proctor has been with the Walworth & Neville Manufacturing Company for a number of years as manager of the yellow pine mill at Pinebur, Miss., but was recently transferred to Norfolk, Va., as general manager of the Virginia mills.

Mr. Dalbey has been in Chicago for several years, first in a branch office of the Industrial Lumber Company, and for the past two years as sales manager for the Walworth & Neville Manufacturing Company.

The new company will handle the output of all the Walworth & Neville Manufacturing Company mills, and will do a general lumber jobbing business in yellow pine, adding west coast woods a little later on. For the present the new company will have no branch offices, but will maintain a close connection with the Associated Lumber Company, of No. 15 Williams street, New York City, and No. 10 State street, Boston, Mass., handling a large part of the stock coming from the Virginia mills through these connections. The new company takes over all the orders the Walworth & Neville Manufacturing Company had on their books and will maintain offices with them at 1706 Heyworth Building, Chicago. The Walworth & Neville



E. L. ROEDERER, St. Louis, Mo.

Manufacturing Company being temporarily embarrassed by the hard conditions during the early months of the panic, has paid off all its creditors and will continue to manufacture both lumber and cross arms on the same large scale as before. That company is starting up all its mills and will run them to the fullest capacity.

### Hymeneal.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pepper Darnell announce the marriage of their daughter, May, to Mr. Jack Richardson de Roulac, on Wednesday evening of November 13, at St. Matthews Cathedral, in Dallas, Tex. Brother de Roulac is the popular sales agent for the Kirby Lumber Company, of Northern Texas and New Mexico, and his bride is the daughter of one of Texas' prominent lumbermen. Mr. Darnell is president of the Darnell Lumber Company, of Fort Worth and Abilene, Tex., and vice-president and general manager of the Burton Lumber Company, of Dallas and Houston, Tex. Mr. and Mrs. de Roulac will make their home at 137 Hughes Circle, Dallas.

### Let's All Help in This.

Every newspaper in the country has been asked to help along the crusade against tuberculosis—the only real plague that now remains to threaten the human race. The good women have taken the work in hand and have devised an ingenious plan for raising money in small sums from many individuals. They are working through the American National Red Cross Society and the plan is to have every Christmas letter and package sent out this year to bear a "Red Cross stamp." The stamps cost one cent each and can be had from every merchant in every town and city. The plan is feasible and ought to be endorsed by every business man and every business concern.

The fund to be raised is not one, as we understand it, to help those already stricken, but to prosecute along strictly scientific lines the work of preventing, and to finally stamp out, the dreadful malady—a disease which medicine never cured, wealth never warded off, or from which poverty can boast exemption; a disease which sometimes moves in giant strides and sometimes with a laggard step, but whether slow or quick is always sure and certain.

Members of Hoo-Hoo can well afford to chip in for these little stamps. They are printed by the Government Bureau of Printing and Engraving, and are very handsome. They will be an ornament to every Christmas letter and package sent out, and their wide use in connection with Christmas mail will do more than merely help, to raise the fund. It will constitute a splendid advertisement that will help to awake interest in an undertaking that is fraught with more of real, immediate and practical good to the human race than anything that has ever been undertaken. As showing the urgent need of arousing an appreciation of what can be accomplished in fighting this insidious malady, it needs only to contrast the attitude of the public towards tuberculosis with its attitude towards smallpox. Three or four times during the past ten years there has been a smallpox scare at Nashville. Each time the Board of Health has come to the City Fathers for an emergency appropriation for compulsory vaccination. Every doctor in town, regular, irregular and defective, has been put to work with a scraping iron and everybody has been vaccinated. Good enough. We are in favor of all that. Vaccination is the thing that has pulled the fangs out of the smallpox monster. But during six years at Nashville there have been just two deaths from smallpox out of several hundred cases. We have a "pest house" here and the records are carefully kept. There have been just two deaths—less probably than would have occurred among those incarcerated if they had never had the smallpox. During the same period the deaths from tuberculosis in Nashville—and the ratio is as low here as almost any town in the country—were on an average between two and three hundred. This shows the difference between an insidious malady, which kills the people, and a spectacular one, which frightens them.

As we said before, members of Hoo-Hoo can well afford to chip in liberally for these little "tuber" stamps. At Portland we "resolved" that hereafter each Christmas we would send out a call for voluntary contributions to our Distress Fund. We did this last year and the year before, and the responses were prompt and liberal—so much so that we have to the credit of the Distress Fund nearly five thousand dollars. We need no more for the present. The Christmas call this year is withheld. In lieu I trust ever member of the Order who reads this will go out and buy himself ninety-nine tuberculosis stamps—and then if he does not have that many letters to put them on the loss will not hurt.

### Obituary.

Robert C. Shand, (No. 7961).

Brother Robert C. Shand, of Columbia, S. C., died on Oct. 31, at the Columbia Hospital, following an operation for appendicitis. While attending the university at Columbia Brother Shand had been quite an athlete, and his friends had hoped that his splendid physique would stand him in good stead when the operation was found to be necessary. So the news of his death proved a surprise. Brother Shand, after leaving college, was connected with the Fowler Lumber Company, of Columbia, but later went into business for himself, establishing the Shand Builders' Supply Company, of which he was president. His business ability was shown in the concern in which he was so influential in building up, and he was known as one of the most popular men in his home city. Besides being a Hoo-Hoo, being initiated into the Order at the Sumter concatenation in 1901, he was at the time of his death president of the "Eagles," and members of this order attended the funeral in a body. Brother Shand was survived by his father and mother, two sisters and three brothers, all of them residents of Columbia.

Seymour Rex Hollister, (No. 10633).

The following notice of the death of Brother Seymour R. Hollister was sent The Bulletin by Brother Leonard E. Meyer, which shows the love and esteem in which the deceased was held by members of the Order in his own state. The sympathy of Hoo-Hoo everywhere is extended to Mrs. Hollister in this time of her great losses:

Wisconsin Hoo-Hoo were inexpressibly shocked to learn of the death at Oshkosh, Wis., on November 27, of Seymour Rex Hollister (10633), son of Colonel S. W. Hollister (1017), senior member of the well known sawmill operators, Hollister-Amos Co., of Oshkosh. Seymour Rex Hollister was only 24 years of age, and he had been ill only a few days with typhoid fever.

The death of Mr. Hollister was a hard blow to the family. He was married on October 10 of this year to Miss Lena Wilkin, whom death robbed of her sister last year, and her father, T. S. Wilkin (1234), only a few months ago.

Mr. Hollister was initiated into Hoo-Hoo at the concatenation held in Milwaukee, Wis., on March 6, 1906.

The "colored lady" who entered service as cook gave her name as Julietta Price, but constantly referred to her husband as George Ledbetter. "How does it happen, Julietta," she was asked one day, "that you go by the name of Price, while your husband's name is Ledbetter?" "Well, you see, Mrs. Lawrence," she replied cheerfully, "it's this-a-way. I had n' been acquainted with George but fo' days when I married him, an' I did n' know how I was gonter lak him nor how he was gonter lak me. Now these divorcements betwix' married folks is a heap er trouble an' heap er expense, too; an' I 'lowed the safest way fer us to do was fer George to keep his maiden name an' to keep mine tell we see how our new experiment was gonter turn out."

## The Practical Side.

The men whose Hoo-Hoo names appear in the notices below are out of work and want employment. This is intended as a permanent department of The Bulletin, through which to make these facts known. It is, or should be, read by several thousand business men who employ labor in many varied forms, and it can be made of great value in giving practical application to Hoo-Hoo's central theme of helping one another. It is hoped the department will receive very careful attention each issue.

Some of our members advertising in The Bulletin fail to advise me when they have secured positions so an old ad keeps running for months and months. To avoid this I have adopted the plan of running the ads as long as three months and then if I have heard nothing from the advertiser I will cut him ad out. If at the end of the three months he still wishes me to continue it he must advise me.

WANTED—Position with some large shipping concern to look after traffic and handle railroad business by a gentleman who has had large experience in that line, having been identified with some of the larger systems of railway in traffic departments for past thirty years. Address "Traffic," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—To represent some good company as buyer on salary and expenses in long and short leaf pine, car material, dimension and finishing stock. Am acquainted with some of the largest manufacturers in the South; can save middle man's profit buying at small mills rough, and have stock remitted, locating at some small town where remitting facilities exist and going out among the smaller mills and buying such stock as office mill call for. Address "Temple," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—A number of live lumber salesmen who need a good side line to get acquainted with our roofing proposition. Address Tom Lehon, No. 1832, general manager The Lehon Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—Commission salesmen wishing to sell Washington red cedar shingles and coast lumber for a reliable concern. Address "Seattle," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position with yellow pine firm or company by man 38 years of age. I have spent the major portion of my life in the lumber trade manufacturing, wholesale, brokerage and retail. Am competent to take charge of any position in the office, such as bookkeeping, correspondence, etc. Salary no object until I have shown that I am capable of earning one. Address "P," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as inspector. Have had 6 years' experience, and can furnish the best of reference. Would prefer position on the road, as I am better acquainted with that, but will take either the road or yard work. Address "H. N. L.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Combination hardwood and white pine inspector. Give references and state salary required. Address Whiting Manufacturing Co., Abingdon, Va.

WANTED—Position as saw mill foreman or filer. Can give references. For seventeen years with two companies. Address "J.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as yard foreman, shipping clerk or salesman with good yellow pine concern. Address "J. T.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—A position as buyer and shipper of hardwoods. Have had four years' experience as buyer on road, and ten years in lumber business, Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina and South Carolina. Address No. 1827, care J. H. Baird, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as first-class planing mill foreman or superintendent. Can furnish references as to ability and character; eight years' experience; understand making up-to-date hardy good flooring. Thrown out of work by burning of mill. Address "Planer," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter.

WANTED—Position as planer foreman by first-class man with A-1 references and twenty years' experience. Address No. 589, care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position with woodworking plant; competent to design bank, bar, store and office fixtures; also detailing of same, and of everything in the building line; stock billing for both fixtures and building material; 20 years' experience in the mill and on the drawing board. Refer to the Supreme Scrivenoter for reference. Have known him 38 years. Go to any healthful country. Address "Eason," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position by young man who has had six years' experience in woods, office and mill. Hardwood salesman, Chicago territory. Address "Chicago," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as office manager or bookkeeper in Canada. Ten years' practical experience, wholesale and retail. Best of references. Married. Age 33. Address "Ontario," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as sales manager yellow pine mill. Thoroughly experienced. Address "E. J.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as general manager at yellow pine plant in the south. Understand the business from the stump up. Address "B. B.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as manager for wholesale yellow pine office in south. Have an established trade and excellent mill connections. Address "Y. P.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as sash and door salesman with some good, reliable firm for Central or Northern Illinois. Have had six years' experience in the sash and door business; am at present covering five western states and have covered same for over two and one-half years. Can figure odd mill work; am single, sober and no card player. Will be open for position January 1, 1909. A-1 references as to ability and character. Address "Sash, Doors and Blinds," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—All-round office man, correspondence clerk and expert stenographer wants position in lumber business, Florida or Southern Georgia preferred. Long experience with and highest references from men of affairs. Have filled responsible positions in wholesale lumber, banking, railroading and commission lines. Married, sober and no snap hunter. Will come at once on reasonable salary. Can make good, and trust loyal Hoo-Hoo will promptly help me to get located again. Address No. 789, care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as all around office man with lumber concern. Eight years' experience as bookkeeper, correspondent and salesman. Have been out of the lumber business for some years, but am anxious to get back. Willing to start on a very reasonable salary to get started with right concern. Address "Winchester," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position by first-class accountant, thoroughly familiar with the lumber business; competent also as lumber salesman. I believe I am the "good office man" you are looking for. Would like to get with some concern in the Central Eastern States. Am located in Pittsburg now. Address "Penn.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Yellow pine sales manager or buyer wants to hear from firm desiring competent, reliable and thoroughly experienced man. Know the trade, have good record and best of references. Address "X," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Accountant of 15 years' experience, age 35 and single, desires position with sawmill or wholesale lumber concern, either as bookkeeper or auditor. Familiar with sawmill accounting from stump to market and capable of taking charge of the accounting department of any large lumber company. Gift-edged references from former employers. Speak German and Spanish. Address W. G. Meerfeld, 810 15th St., Denver, Col.

WANTED—Position at once with good firm; 16 years' experience in hardwood business, mostly in the Boston and Ozark mountain region of Arkansas; 10 years' experience as foreman of mills and yard; familiar with the manufacture of wagon and car material and can handle all machinery at such mills and all work in connection with such line of manufacture and get results; am young man with family; can give best of references from reliable firms as to both ability and character. Can handle any kind of a job in the hardwood business. Address "B.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as machinery and supply salesman and store manager; can give references; need the job and need it at once. Would like to go to Texas or Oklahoma. Address "Etkins," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as traveling salesman or yard manager; have had experience in both positions—yard manager for several years and traveling salesman long enough to work up personal trade in a fine territory; want to get with manufacturing concern. Address John P. Dumont, 3216 Thompson St., Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED—A first-class logging man capable of delivering 80 to 100,000 feet per day; man of some means to take interest in a large sawmill proposition. Must be strictly temperate. Address "C. M. S.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position with some reliable house. Am 32 years of age and married, well educated, of good address and appearance. Have had 10 years' experience in the retail lumber business of a nature enabling me to fill position of manager, outside representative or salesman. Possess initiative, ability to think for myself and know how to elicit new business. References show me to be a sober, honest, moral and industrious man of ability. Address "S. T. J.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—We are in need of a good, sober young man for foreman of a new box factory, one capable also of keeping up machinery; can offer good position to good man. Address A. J. Dillman, No. 1121b, care Dillman Egg Case Co., Caruthersville, Mo.

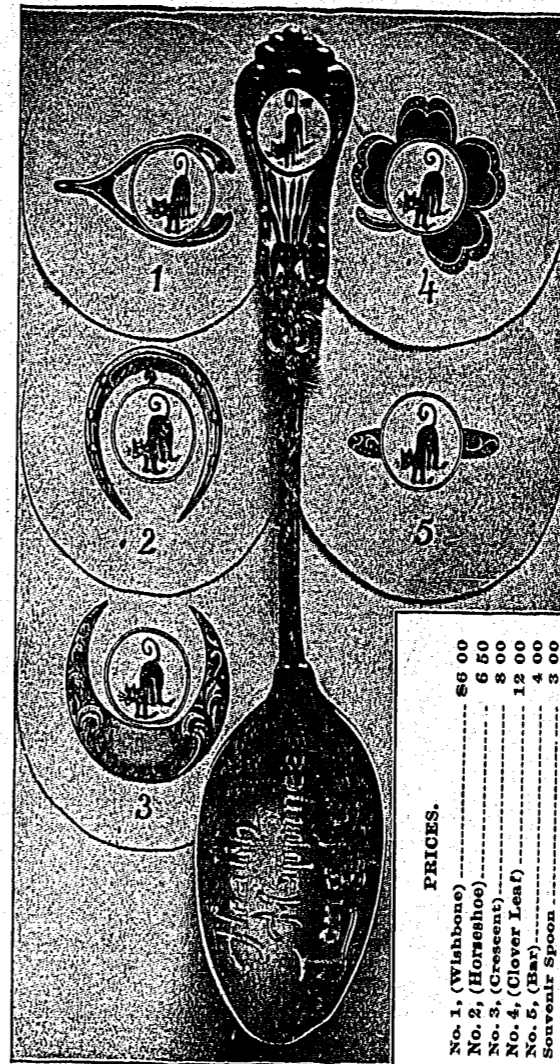
WANTED—Position in Mexico with some wholesale or wholesale and retail lumber business as office clerk. Am 25 years of age and have had seven years' experience with a large wholesale lumber company in several different departments and some practical experience in pine woods as the object of getting on the road as salesman. Address "Texas," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

## Dues for 1909.



WHEN the clock struck twelve on the night of September 9 last, dues became payable for 1909. The Hoo-Hoo year begins and ends on September 9. Look up your receipts, and if you find that you have not paid 1908 dues, send \$1.65 to the Scrivenoter at once. Any form of remittance will do except stamps that are stuck together. Your individual check will be all right.

## THE HOO-HOO JEWELRY



PRICES.	
No. 1. (Wishbone)	\$6 00
No. 2. (Horseshoe)	6 50
No. 3. (Crescent)	8 00
No. 4. (Clover Leaf)	12 00
No. 5. (Bar)	12 00
Souvenir Spoon	3 00

## THE SOUVENIR SPOON.

The out gives but a faint idea of its beauty and artistic elegance. In addition to bearing the Hoo-Hoo emblem, it is adorned with nine cut-tails, such as grow in the marshes in the South, enamelled in the natural color of brown, with green leaves. The workmanship is of the highest quality. It is no cheap affair, but is hand-painted, and hand-enamelled. This spoon itself is sterling gilt, which means that it is sterling silver, plated with gold. To all intents and purposes it is a gold spoon. The price is about right, I think, considering what you get.

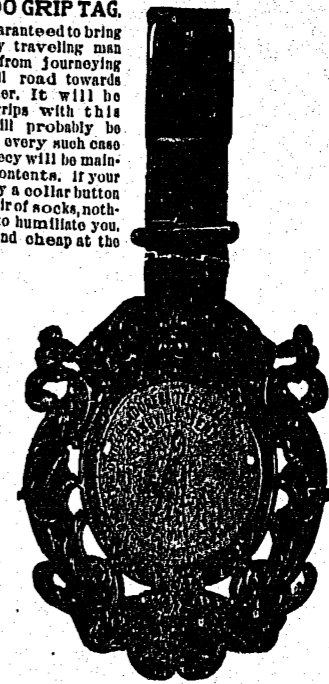
## THE HOO-HOO BROOCHES.

In addition to being artistic and beautiful, these are all "lucky" pins, and I guarantee them to bring success to the purchaser and make his wish come true, provided he wishes for the right thing, and is willing to work.

The simple "bar" brooch is recommended as a present to a practical-minded girl. It carries with it a suggestion of solid worth and is calculated to impress her with the idea that you are about as good a chance, all things considered, as she will be likely to get. The WISHBONE design was made with a view to marrying-off the confirmed bachelors of Hoo-Hoo. THE HORSESHOE PIN is the luckiest of all. It will be observed that this horseshoe is not the old-fashioned kind, such as a common "plug" would wear, but is the up-to-date shoe worn by a running horse. It is, therefore, symbol of the speedy realization of the purchaser's brightest dreams. THE CRESCENT PIN is intended for presentation to a roanin maiden, and may be accompanied by a speech about the moon—"the inconstant moon that monthly changes in its circled orb"—and entreaty that her love be not likewise variable. THE CLOVER-LEAF PIN is for widowers with children, who are trying to marry young girls. It is absolutely irresistible—"a thing of beauty and a joy forever." The clover-leaf has a border of Roman gold, with the center enamelled in the natural clover green. Any one of these pins would make an appropriate present from a man to his wife. The horseshoe pin might prove of, fective as a present to one's mother-in-law, as it would carry with it a delicate hint to "walk away."

## THE HOO-HOO GRIP TAG.

This, also is guaranteed to bring good luck to any traveling man and to keep him from journeying on the downhill road towards failure or disaster. It will be seen that lost grips with this tag on them will probably be sent in to me. In every such case the greatest secrecy will be maintained as to the contents. If your bag contains only a collar button and your other pair of socks, nothing will be said to humiliate you. Price 25 cents, and cheap at the money.



## THE LADIES' PIN.



I have yet to see a lady, old or young, who did not want one of these pins in the hands of the man she saw fit. To have these pins in the hands of pretty women—and a good Hoo-Hoo knows no other sort—is the best possible advertisement for the Order. Every Hoo-Hoo ought to buy one of these pins, have his number engraved on it, and give it to some good woman. Price \$1.00 by registered mail—\$1.25, flat, if taken f. o. b., Nashville. Loosen up, boys, and give the women a chance.

## THE HOO-HOO WATCH CHARM.

The new design being alike on both sides, it will never hang "wrong side out." The edges are smooth, which is also a great advantage. We once had a most beautiful design, to which we thought there could be no possible objection. It had, however, some sharp points, and numerous kicks began to reach us from married brothers who said the charm "scratched the baby's legs all up." This watch charm is perfectly harmless, as well as very beautiful, besides being appropriately suggestive of Egypt, the birthplace of Hoo-Hoo. That part of the design which looks like the top of a gate or door represents the "Propylon." The Propylon was the great gateway erected in front of the temple of Osiris. It was massive in proportion and rich in sculptural design and inscriptions. In shape it was like the Pylons of the temple, from which it took its name. It served as a kind of introduction to the temple, and beyond it was sacred ground. From beneath its portal, on account of its position, the temple in all its glory was seen. Leading from it was the sacred way, bordered on each side by the recumbent sphinx. Once a year, when the earth in its circuit around the sun had reached a certain point in the ecliptic, the rays of the rising sun, cutting across the desert, shone through the great Propylon down the avenue of sphinx into and down through the temple until it lighted up the place of the Most Holy and glittered on the gilded horns of the sacred bull—and the Egyptian new year had begun. The rest of the design is made up of a continuous border of the lotus, symbolical of the resurrection—the lotus sleeps and awakens. The Egyptians believed that their spirits would return to earth after a lengthy sojourn elsewhere and that they would inhabit their old bodies—hence mummies. (You don't have to remember all this, if you buy the charm, but ought to.)



PRICE \$7.50 PREPAID.

Now, then, none of this Hoo-Hoo Jewelry will be sold to other than members in good standing, and only for cash. There is a profit in it to the manufacturer, but none to Hoo-Hoo. It is handled for the accommodation of our members and the good of the Order. None of it will be sold without the buyer's number. Address all orders to J. H. BAIRD, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.