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The Distress Fund.

As a result of the recent call sent out, money has been coming in rapidly to our little Fund for Relief of Imminent Distress. The advertising given the existence of the fund in connection with these calls has also had the expected result of bringing in a great many applications for relief. As rapidly as possible these applications have been passed on, and a thorough investigation made in each case. In a number of cases disbursements have been made under authority of the Snark and Senior Hoo-Hoo, and undoubtedly in a number of instances we have been able to relieve the genuine suffering of worthy people.

A great many applications have come in, however, which we have been compelled to turn down. In many cases these applications come from men who do not fully understand the intent, purposes and the necessarily narrow limitations of the fund. We have had several applications for loans from men who are seeking relief from ordinary business embarrassment. The money in our fund is not available in such cases. We are not doing a commercial loan business. The fund is for the relief of the actual, dire distress—the actual suffering for the want of something to eat and clothes to wear—of those members of the Order who, by reason of physical infirmities, are unable to work, and for whom there exists no other means of assistance. Or sometimes one of our members dies, leaving a wife and a number of helpless children, for whose immediate support no means whatever are available; the woman and the children would actually suffer for something to eat and to wear, and for a roof to cover them. This is where our little fund comes handy. Necessarily the disbursements are small, but in cases of actual suffering they have often been of very great help.

We are moved to go into this explanation at some length in the hope that it will bring about a more thorough understanding, and that it will have the effect of checking these applications for loans to reestablish burned lumber yards, lift mortgages on residences, and to rebuild burned saw mills. Strangely enough, we receive a good many applications for loans for several hundred, or even several thousand dollars, from men who offer to put up gilt-edge security. Hoo-Hoo is not doing a banking business. The man who wants to borrow money for business purposes, and who can put up the security, should apply to his nearest banking institution.

Keeping Out of the Heat.

Pat—I'm after bidding you good-bye, Molke. It's to Panima for me. Shure, \$4 a day workin' on the canal looks like a gold mine beside the \$1.20 in Amerlky.

Mike—But, Pat, do you mind that Panima is one of the hottest places in the world? It's 120 in the shade most every day.

Pat—You don't suppose that I'm such a fool as to stay in the shade all the time, do you?

A "Natural Born" Hoo-Hoo.

The Bulletin presents herewith the portrait of Master Hector Mayne MacLean, son of Brother W. B. MacLean (No. 12924), and pronounces the young man a natural born Hoo-Hoo. He resides at North Bay, Ont., and was born on the 9th day of the 9th month in the year '99. He is therefore six years old, his proud father writes; is a genuine active lumberman, being the owner of a dog, harness, axe and skidding outfit, and likes nothing better than felling small trees, cutting them into logs and piling them up with his



MASTER HECTOR MAYNE MACLEAN,
a "natural born Hoo-Hoo."

dog. Trees as large as 4 and 5 inches in diameter are laid low with his little hatchet. Santa Claus on Christmas very kindly provided a small circular saw mill with an electric motor as a driving power, and he is now in a position to turn out the manufactured article.

To further show just what a "natural" Hoo-Hoo he is, it may be stated that in his "business signature" (H. B. MacLean) there are nine letters; in his full name (Hector Mayne MacLean) there are twice nine letters, while in his full name and place of birth (Hector Mayne MacLean, Fexnie, British Columbia) there are thirty-nine letters. What Hoo-Hoo of his age can beat that for nines?

In another column of this Bulletin will be found the advertisement of Brother S. C. Law, 533 Pulliam St., Atlanta, who wants a position as bookkeeper, office man or commissary with some good lumber concern. He has submitted to us his letters of recommendation and same are from some of the best known yellow pine concerns in the South. We feel safe in saying he will make a valuable man for whoever employs him. He has been out of employment since July of last year and needs the situation very much.



Concerning the ultimate destiny of the Forestry building, one of the most striking features of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, the Portland Oregonian says editorially:

The site of the Forestry building having been secured, it is now up to somebody to see that the quaint and beautiful building thereon does not fall into decay. Decay sets in early in a structure of logs, which it is obviously impossible to protect by paint, and, unless arrested by such means as can be compassed, dilapidation speedily follows. While not disregarding or belittling the sentiment that seeks to hold on to this unique building, it may be said that, when the purpose for which any thing is constructed has been met, it is well to let it pass. The attempt to hold on to things that have had their day and survived their usefulness has cumbered the garrets of the land with worm-eaten furniture and moth-eaten garments for a later generation to destroy.

Without referring to the Forestry building in particular, but just on general principles, I think the Oregonian is correct in saying that the time for a thing to pass is when the reason for its being no longer exists. There are reasons why it is desirable to preserve intact the beautiful Forestry building, for there are exceptions to all rules, but generally speaking, it is expedient to let things pass when comes the time of passing. Things are merely symbols anyway—they stand for certain principles, concepts or purposes and when these exist no longer, it is futile to preserve that which represented them. Yet many people spend their days gathering up souvenirs and keepsakes and a thousand and one objects which are but the dead bodies, as you might say, of pleasures, events and epochs long since gone. Every thought given to the past takes that much force out of the present. Old styles, old methods, old clothes and old furniture are clogs to progress. The "Angel of the Backward Look" is wrapped in a mantle of depression. A disposition to collect antiques usually goes with a tendency to hold on mentally to the mouldering past. How can one swing forward with the onward march of time whilst surrounded daily with an atmosphere of past ages in the shape of ponderous old sideboards, spinning wheels, flint-lock muskets and other truck dragged from the tomb of buried centuries? All these old things represent a strata of thought very different from that of the present generation—see how heavy and cumbersome they are, their size and weight corresponding to the quality of the minds of those who made them. The man who first designed a four-post canopy bedstead could not have withstood the strain of a modern business office—telephones ringing every minute, telegrams arriving, street cars clattering by—all these

things would have him hopelessly rattled in no time. His brain was strong enough, but his mental machinery was not wiry and quick-acting. He was not built on the hair-trigger plan. His nature was symbolized by the solidity and durability of his material environment. The nature of his present-day descendants is entirely different and has materialized the exact surroundings which represent the change—compactly built houses instead of the spacious old colonial mansions with open fireplaces, Pullman cars instead of stage coaches. Nowadays the separate house seems about to be superseded by flats and "family hotels." This latter idea is particularly unpleasant to Southern people who still cherish beautiful memories of the old plantation life, but I notice that there is in many Southern cities a great activity in the flat-building line. The old life became impracticable with the passing of the slaves. Every year the "servant question" becomes more and more of a problem, and every year additional flats are built. It is sad but it is inevitable. Perhaps it only seems sad because any change appears to be for the worse. There is in the mind of man an inherent tendency to hold on to what is and to dread what is to be. Yet there is and always has been a constant tendency towards change. It seems like a contradiction. I have an idea that a human being is like an iceberg—the biggest part is submerged. It is the undercurrent that pulls us forward. The iceberg is unconscious of the current and so are we. We seem to drift along—but the current knows its way! Its flowing is timed to the harmony of the eternal law. How foolish then to load up with unnecessary weights—how unavailing to strain against the tide!

One of the women's magazines (not Mr. Bok's journal) has started a new department called "The American Uplift Series." "Uplift" is good. It is what we all need. The editor of the magazine in instituting this new departure says:

The world and the people in it are really growing better. This we believe despite all the talk of corruption and graft in public and private life. The very revelations of the press are in themselves a convincing sign that the public conscience is all right. Public opinion, that splendid giant which is after all the king of our republic, refuses to permit wholesale vice and dishonesty. Just to disprove the opinion of the pessimists who declare the world is going to the dogs, we have arranged what we consider the most helpful and encouraging series of articles ever published. We have asked great thinkers whose words carry authority to tell us just how conditions of human life and endeavor have been bettered during the past half century.

The series begins in the February issue, starting off with "Good Tidings of Women," by that red-hot writer, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, who wastes no breath in calling a spade by any sort of fancy name. Truly it is refreshing to hear some good tidings of women. For quite a while prominent preachers and politicians have shrieked themselves hoarse in an effort to inform the world that women are in a very bad way indeed—that having butted into business, woman has taken away man's job, rendering him unable to get married and support a family, thus recklessly cutting off her nose to spite her face, a most unprofitable proceeding; also that women's clubs are the ante-room to Hades, and that the selfishness and idleness of women are driving men to destruction and putting an end to the race. Nor do we get much "good tidings" of women when we turn to the writings of some of the great men of the past. Napoleon Bonaparte, that unspeakable barbarian, frankly expressed his opinion, baldly stating that women were only to be valued for their number of children—he called them "cannon food." St. Paul admonished women to keep silent even in the churches and advised them if they lacked wisdom to go ask their husbands. No woman was ever known

to pursue this course, however, so no great harm was done. In Genesis we are told that woman caused the fall of man. All early myths blame woman as the admitter of evil to a previous innocent humanity. In Greek mythology we read how Pandora opened the box of trouble which otherwise might have remained closed. And so on. If there is anything good to be said of woman, let us hear it by all means and rest our ears from the clamor of the anvil chorus which started under the shadow of the apple tree in the Garden of Eden.

Among other things, Mrs. Gillman says:

The gain of our race comes more from being intelligent than from being born. It is better to have six children who live than to have twelve and lose six, and better to have one who lives nobly and serves society than six who merely do not die.

The kindergarten movement has done more for the world than several centuries of persons born and dead and contributing nothing to the world's advance.

It is true that women are doing things they never did before, but growth means change—our women are growing prodigiously, that is all.

The best breeder is the microbe—the lowest organisms lay the most eggs.

There never was a more healthful and hopeful change in the history of the world than this new portent, this sunrise glory of our opening day—a civilized motherhood.

Concerning the fallacy that "work" is a limited crop like Mocha coffee, that this "work" is all owned by somebody and wanted by the rest of the people—that there is scarcely enough for men, let alone for women, and that it is far better for men to do it all, Mrs. Gillman says:

The amount of work in the world is proportionate to the strength and skill of the people and of the limitless field of use and beauty in which to expend it.

Just so. The real trouble with us all is our tendency to believe in limitation. Whichever way we turn we see our finish. We cannot get it through our heads that God's universe is boundless and that there is no limit to work or to any other form of good. Until the earth is one great park of changing beauty, until every human being is perfectly fed, clothed, housed and taught—until every heart and brain has discharged its current of power to swell the glory of human achievement—our "work" is not done. If there is a seeming scarcity of work, it is the fault of our narrow human vision and our imperfect laws. Work is the soul expressing (pressing out) itself. The soul is limitless and its field of expression must be likewise infinite.

Professor Wilhelm Oswald, of the University of Leipzig, announces his confident belief that we are on the eve of discovering the hidden secret of life and that man through the development of science may be able to create a type of life as high as that of our domestic animals. He says he does not know just what sort of creature it will be—whether biped, fish, fowl or reptile. Let us hope it won't be anything like the English sparrow or the Australian rabbit.

February Reading.

Scribner's is not particularly good this month. An article by Francis Wilson entitled "Joseph Jefferson at Work and Play" is splendidly illustrated and fairly readable. There is a dull story by Edith Wharton called the "Hermit and the Wild Woman," both of whom are singularly uninteresting characters. Ernest Thompson Seton contributes a good article on "The Moose and His Antlers." "The New China" by Thomas F. Millard is instructive but dry. "Reminiscences of The Impressionist Painters" is a snobbish article by George Moore on a subject which certainly is far from being a burning issue. Near the beginning of this screed occurs the following luminous sentence:

"In the middle ages young men went in search of The Grail. Today the Cafe is the quest of a young man in search of artistic education."

Yes, the cafe, cigarettes, grisettes, the odor of hair oil and stale beer—the coast of Bohemia! Take it away.

The editorial department in Scribner's is, as usual, weak and namby-pamby. The advertisements are extremely artistic and interesting.

The Reader for February is very good indeed. Lovers of Susan Clegg will be sorry to learn that she is in hard luck—this issue of The Reader contains the second part of the story "The Wolf at Susan's Door," by Anne Warner. All the Susan Clegg stories that I have ever read have pleased me mightily. There is an excellent article by Albert Hale on "Tuberculosis, Climate and The Great Southwest." In the editorial department a number of interesting subjects are discussed, among them being some recent utterances of President Roosevelt along lines that have rendered him more or less persona non grata to the women's clubs.

The February McClure's contains a "Rex and Regina" story by Marion Hill which is most amusing. I always like to read about Rex and Regina, those unfortunate twins whose mother is a natural born fool. Some women are that way, and I have noticed that when a woman is inclined to be a simpleton, motherhood makes her more so. The opening article in McClure's is "Two Years In The Arctic" by Anthony Fiala, illustrated by some remarkable photographs taken by the author. Mr. Fiala recently married a Nashville girl, the wedding being the culmination of a romance which began at the Tennessee Centennial in 1897 when the Northern man first met the Southern maiden. "Anthony Fiala" sounds romantic.

Everybody's Magazine for February leads off with an article entitled, "His Majesty, the King of Spain," which is profusely illustrated. Like all the other kings I ever heard of, this monarch "rises early and eats a simple breakfast." All kings do that. And all princesses and queens are "very domestic and simple in their tastes." It certainly isn't much fun being royal. The king of Spain is a colorless youth of twenty. Of course he can't help being a king, but there is no good reason why his habits and daily life should be exploited in any magazine. The second part of the excellent article by Hartley Davis on "Reporters of Today" appears in this issue of Everybody's. There's an interesting life for you—the atmosphere of a metropolitan newspaper, the snap and go and endless variety of the newsgather's swift days! Talk about kings—they are too tame and trivial for anything. I would as soon read descriptions of tadpoles.

Lippincott's Magazine for February opens with a novellette by Jennette Lee called "One Way of Love."

Leading the shorter fiction of the month is "In the Strong Man's Borders," by Frank Saville. The story of a plucky newsboy is told by Walt McKee under the title, "The Initiative of Pokes." An amusing satire on "nerves" is that by Adele Marie Shaw, "Katharine and the Sanatorium." Ella Middleton Tybout's contribution, "The Methods of Josephine," may be called a vicario e elopement. An American girl's lively adventure in Paris is entitled "Aline and the Enemy." An amusing little skit on "The Lesser Virtues" is by "One Who Has Abandoned Them."

The Cosmopolitan, which is now one of the Hearst publications, announces a forthcoming series of "Table Talks" on the "social and economic problems besetting our people." These talks will be published under the title of "The Day of Discontent." It seems to me that there is enough discontent already, both day and night, without ringing the changes on it in magazine articles, but maybe the plan will result in good.

Texas is a big state, and broad-gauge men live there. The following letter explains itself:

Office of Orange Lumber Company, Orange, Texas, January 25, 1906.—The Orange Hoo-Hoo enclose herein check for \$28.96 to apply on the Innumbent Distress Fund. C. F. PANNEWITZ.

8 Garden St., Glasgow, Scotland, January 1, 1906.—I have read with great pleasure the account of the tour of Gideon's Band. I have been trying to think of some fish story that could crown yours, but have failed so far. Are you sure it wasn't the sea serpent you had on your hook? I trust if any of the Hoo-Hoo come to Glasgow they will look me up and I will try to make it interesting for them. I enclose check for distress fund. Thine eye,
JAMIE HOOTMON LIGHTBODY.

The following "pome" was written by Brother Wm. A. Bowen, of Fort Scott, Kas., in commemoration of the 28th anniversary of his marriage:

Just Eight and Twenty Years.

By W. A. BOWEN.

Sweetheart, today just Eight and Twenty years
Along life's path we've walked together;
These years have brought us joys and brought us tears—
But more of bright than stormy weather.

Today I look back on the years we've passed
Since first we started up life's hill;
To me the sweetest, brightest is the last,
That shows your smiles upon me still.

And from that past I get my horoscope
That tells me of the coming years;
They bid my heart take cheer and fondly hope
For more of brightness, less of tears.

Twin oaks, that braved the blasts of passing storms,
Stood green and fresh mid wintry weather;
So may we stand, amid life's fierce alarms,
Driven by these storm more close together.

And like those oaks upon the mountain's side,
Whose every tendrill deeply wound
Itself about its mate, may we abide—
Each to the other's heart close bound.

May coming years, as we go down life's hill,
Beam brightly with its setting sun
Upon our way, and beaming brighter still
Than when this walk was first begun.

My love, a sweet perfume pervades the air
As now my heart and soul recall
The memory of a bride so sweet and fair,
Who gave her heart, her life—her all.

So shall this day forever cherished be,
And in Time's calendar the best;
Just Eight and Twenty years ago to me
It brought my heart its sweetest quest.

Fort Scott, Kas., December 12, 1905.

A Word from Black Mammy.

"Ef dere is one thing dat makes me madder dan another," remarked Mirandy, "hit is to hear President Roosterfelt, an' dese heah-big-like preachers, an' de balance of de uppity know-all men a-standin' up an' expostulatin' 'bout dis thing dat dey calls race susanclide.

"Yassum, hit sho' does rile me an' raise my dander, for if dere is one place whar a man oughter sling small and talk low his in the neighborhood of de cradle. Use a reasonable woman, an' I see willin' to listen to dem whits been through the mill, an' take deir advice, an' ef you'll fetch along a man whuts had a baby—or maybe twins—I'll set at his feet an' listen to de words of wisdom dat draps from his lips des as humble as de nex' one.

"But when men whut ain't never had no pussional 'sperunce in the baby line, an' dat ain't never had to git up of a cold night an' walk de colic, an' dat thinks dat you washes a baby lak you does a setter pup, comes along an' lectures women 'bout how dey ought to populate de yearth an' increase the number of dem whut fluds it hard enough to make a livin' as hit is, hit sho'ly do make me tired. Yassum, hit does.

"Caze hit looks lak to me ef dere was one subject dat women had a right to a opinion on, hit is 't' baby question. Let dem dat has 'em number 'em.

"I done took notice dough, dat dem men whuts got de mos' to say 'bout race susanclide is de men whut ain't never had to live in two rooms wid six chillens wid de whoopin' cough playin' Indian an' tryin' to find out which makes de mos' noise, a drum or a tin horn.

"A ole bachelor, or a man whut is so rich dat he can hire a French nurse to keep de chillen shut up in de nursery, sho'ly can set down in his nice, quiet liberry an' write burnin' words 'bout whut an awful crime race susanclide is.

"I say dat ef President Roosterfelt had to go 'bout de wuk of roonin' de country wid a baby in his arms an' twins hangin' onto his coat tail, an' six odder chillens a-cryin' fer molasses an' bread, an' fer somebody to tie up deir fingers whar dey cut 'em an' wash dey faces, an' find deir shoes fer 'em, he wouldn't be wastin' so much breath a-argin' an' inaplorin' folks to have big families.

"Yassum, hit's de men whut don't have to live de babies nor de trouble of 'em dat gets all het up and excited 'bout de danger of race susanclide. I ain't seed no woman yit dat was losin' any sleep worryin' 'bout hit.

"So, bein' as how things is lak day is, hit kinder looks lak dat de President an' de rest of dem biggity men mought leave Providence to look after de baby supply, an' turn deir attention towards fixin' things for dem of us whut is got big families to make a livin' fer 'em.

"I ain't sayin' one word againt de babies. Nawm, dat I ain't. I love 'em, an' dese ole arms jest nachully forms deyself into a cradle ev'ry time I sees one, an' I specks de woman whut ain't never felt a little warm hand cuddle down into her breast done missed 'bout de sweetest thing dat a woman ever knows.

"An' a baby is a mighty handy thing to have around de house. Hit's 'bout de best excuse for a real lazy, slack woman dat ever was invented case dey ain't nothin' dat you do or leave undone dat you can't lay on de baby.

"Ef a woman don't want to go to church—she can't leave de baby. Ef she's too shiftless to clean up de house—hit's de baby dat nusseed things up. Ef she's too triffin' to patch her husband's britches—she had her hands full wid nussin' de baby. Ef she wants to go way from home in de summer—she has to do hit for de sake of de baby. Ef she's hankerin' to go to de circus—she has to sacrifice herself an' go to take de baby. Yassum, a baby show is sech a great convenience dat I don't see how any woman keeps house widout one.

—Dorothy Dix in Chicago American.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to write magazine articles ten years ago to prove that there would be no more wars nor rumors of wars?

Shall We Ever Be Civilized?

During the 19th century upward of 14,000,000 men lost their lives in war. Most of these millions were of the Aryan race, which has the custody of the forward march of the human race. Most of them were young men, in fine physical condition, men of above the average of spirit and energy—for war takes only the best. It wants no diseased, or old, or useless victims for the banquet. Most of those wars were not for liberty or for principle, but for purposes of ambition—the two Napoleons, Bismarck, the old German Emperor, the Czars, the Kings of England, Pitt, Disraeli, a handful of men who figure in history as great.—Saturday Evening Post.

The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually wonder, and worship, were he president of innumerable royal societies and carried the whole Mecanique Celeste and Hegel's philosophy, and the epitome of all laboratories and observatories with their results in his single head is but a pair of spectacles behind which there is no eye.—Thomas Carlyle.

History of Creation.

A man named Kulp, Henry K. Kulp, has come out with a book called "From Nebula to Man." He tells us in poetical form just how things were done. He begins at the very beginning of things, just after space was allotted to Seattle for a town site. This was the hot-air period. After the planet cooled off and became solid, the poem is more interesting. One verse is as follows:

"Large size in nature is no guarantee
To those so blessed of long prosperity,
Small things do well; as see the water flea."

That was about the time when Tacoma began to grow.—Portland Oregonian.

The man who does the most talking about despising wealth is generally the first to borrow a quarter.

The following newspaper clipping, sent in by Brother W. R. Anderson, shows how unlucky it is to try to harm a black cat:

Pittsburg, Penn., Jan. 10.—While working about the Monongahela River bank this afternoon two boys found the body of Collin Thompson, of old Cabot way, who had been missing from his homesince last Sunday night. Thompson, who is 63 years old and a mill worker, had started for the river to drown a black cat. The cat turned up next morning, but nothing was heard of Thompson until his body was found today. It is supposed that in the act of throwing the cat in the river his foot slipped and he fell in himself.

Rogers, Ark., Dec. 27, 1905.— * * * The Bulletin is always read with much interest and it alone is "worth the price of admittance."
F. F. FREEMAN.

Agrees With Brother Moore.

St. Louis, Dec. 27, 1905.—I am much interested in Brother Tom Moore's suggestion regarding the slight draft proposition, but I think the draft should only be made on parties who are delinquent. In other words, it is my idea that the usual notices be sent, and if they do not result in the party paying up, it is my idea that, as a last resort, you make a slight draft on him. I believe that nine times out of ten the draft will be paid, and possibly a good member saved for the order.

I, myself, have had a little experience along the lines of securing new members, and know that it is extremely difficult to get them lined up, and it is rather discouraging to have them dropped for the simple cause that they could not find time to write out a check for their dues.

P. S.—Certainly want to compliment you on the handsome cover design on the Christmas number of The Bulletin.

Very truly yours,
T. C. BLEDSON (1905).

Another Black Cat Tragedy.

Evansville, Ind., January 31.—Tonight while trying to chase a black cat from under the kitchen stove Mrs. Martha Johnson, aged 69, turned a kettle of boiling water over her head, seriously scalding her. If she recovers she will be blind. She formerly lived in Christian County, Kentucky.—Paducah (Ky.) News-Democrat.

To Arms! To Horns!

Patrick Henry, who is not ashamed of the fact that he lives in Brooklyn, writes to the New York Sun about his troubles with other people's automobiles. The odor of gasoline fills his soul with rage, but what makes him madder yet is the sound of horns. This is the way that he feels about it:

Who gives the automobiles the right to blow horns in the streets? Can a truck-driver carry a horn? Can a carriage; can a peddler; can a pedestrian? What right has a fat-necked banker to come whirling up the crowded street from his country house with a hairy chauffeur tooting an angry, raucous, nerve-killing horn, making me almost jump out of my skin lest I be run over? Who gives him a right to seize the street for himself? Can a carriage do this? Can I get a right-of-way up through the crowd and home by blowing a horn in front of me and scaring citizens, old, young and middle-aged, so that they jump out of my way?

Let us end this nuisance! I call upon all truck drivers and citizens to carry horns and blow back at the beasts as they hog the highroads. Let old, young, middle-aged, join the crusade.

The Breaking-Plow.

I am the plow that turns the sod
That has lain for a thousand years:
Where the prairie's wind-tossed flowers nod
And the wolf her wild cub rears,
I come, and in my wake, like rain,
Is scattered the golden seed;
I change the leagues of lonely plain
To fruitful gardens and fields of grain
For men and their hungry breed.

I greet the earth in its rosy morn,
I am first to stir the soil,
I bring the glory of wheat and corn,
For the crowning of those who toil;
I am civilization's seal and sign.
Yea, I am the mighty pen
That writes the sod with a pledge divine,
A promise to pay with bread and wine
For the sweat of honest men.

I am the end of things that were,
And the birth of things to be,
My coming makes the earth to stir
With a new and strange decree;
After its slumbers, deep and long,
I waken the drowsy sod,
And sow my furrow with lifts of song
To glad the heart of the mighty throng
Slow feeling the way to God.

A thousand summers the prairie rose
Has gladdened the hermit bee,
A thousand winters the drifting snows
Have whitened the grassy sea;
Before me curls the wavering smoke
Of the Indian's smoldering fire,
Behind me rise—was it God who spoke?—
At the tall-enchanted hammer's stroke,
The town and the glittering spire.

I give the soil to the one who does
For the joy of him and his,
I rouse the slumbering world that was
To the diligent world that is;
Oh, Seer with vision that looks away
A thousand long years from now,
The marvelous nation your eyes survey
Was born of the purpose that here to day
Is guiding the breaking-plow.

—Nixon Waterman in Success.

The Birds.

In life he was a hawk,
A greedy bird of prey,
A marble dove
Is perched above
His costly tomb today.

Princess Louise of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha is to be divorced from her husband, Prince Philippe, and to receive \$221,000 a year and \$1,000,000 alimony. That's the kind of princes American girls are looking for.

Wouldn't a Wisconsin lumberman's eyes bulge out if he could see the spruce tree cut near Astoria a few days ago? The tree measured 105 inches, or almost nine feet, in diameter at the butt, and at the first limb, which was 108 feet from the ground, the diameter was five feet. The tree contained 30,921 feet of perfectly clear lumber.

A Literary Diet.

When literary appetite
Has got so bad it can't be worse,
Then give your stomach something light—
Try Swinburn's Predigested Verse.

If much distressed with pains and aches,
And suffering in ev'ry nerve,
Eat Ella Wheeler Wilcox's Flakes—
Just add some water hot, and serve.

Or, if you're sad and you would laugh,
Or free yourself from cynic scoff,
Then Austin Dobson's Tasteless Chaff
Compels the smile that won't come off.

When with the blues, in lassitude,
Of discontent you chew the cud,
Eat Wallace Irwin's All Day Food—
It builds you up; it makes red blood.

At night as turn and toss you may
All slumberless as long hours creep,
Try Alfred Austin's Granules—they
Produce a most refreshing sleep.

When Duty's call your patience tries,
And irritates as it grows louder,
If to emergencies you'd rise,
Use Rudyard Kipling's Baking Powder.

—The Reader.

Some time ago it was freely predicted that the experiments in fertilizing the egg of sea urchins, engaged in by Prof. Loeb, was going to "revolutionize biology." Does anybody know where this revolution got lost?

Compensation.

Hast singed thy pretty wings, poor moth?
Fret not; some moths there be
That wander all the weary night
Longing in vain to see
The light.

Hast touched the scorching flame, poor heart?
Grieve not; some hearts exist
That know not, grow not to be strong,
And weep not, having missed
The song.

—H. A. Saxon in the Reader (February).

Chicago, January 29, 1906.
Yim, good fatih; I just get Yanuary book you call Bulletin, an' AI tenk it bee. Pretty good teng. AI read some Englis, so you see w'y AI can like et. AI guess you mus' been goin' to school, 'cause you keep makin' des Bulletin better as it was before. An' say, Yim, AI know et been mighty hard teng to do so. Don't you?

Well, ef AI come Nashville sometime, AI look up to your Big Bank Building (three B's make a Bundle of Blacks, Yim) and then AI come see you. Ef AI get there not so quick, then you come see me. An' pleas', Yim, don' forget that you an' all the good fellahs w'at you call des Hooty-Hooty bunch been comin' to Chicago 'bout 2 time nine month from now. Then AI been jes same as ever,

Your Scandinavian friend,

CURT M. TREAT (No. 7353).

To Mr. Yim Balrd (he been Hoo-Hoo Fellah), Nashville, Tenn.
He been en big building you call one's National Bank. Take des opp ten floor times.

Holls, O. T., January 6, 1906.— * * * I am the only Hoo-Hoo in this part of Greer County, and if it were not for The Bulletin, would get very lonesome.
Yours very truly,
J. FRED BELL (No. 11126.)

Indianapolis, Ind.—Would like to tell you how much I think of Notes and Comments, but words that I write seem to rattle in some way, though I hope it will sound sincere when I say I know of no better English appearing in any fraternal paper. If you had lived in my adopted State of Indiana I am sure you would have many books to your credit. It's remarkable, but when you wrote me now more than two years ago and asked for a few lines for the BULLETIN, I came very near "butting in" and breaking a silence that has lasted since the early springs put me to wanting to write when I was a boy. My early stuff did not look right to me then, nor does what I remember of it now. I cured self of trying to write by putting the article away and letting the same rest for thirty days. Well, in thirty days I always had changed my mind, and those violent heart throbs would then look to me funny and cheap.

RANSOM GRIFFIN.

The only way I can get even with "Bull" Griffin is by publishing his letter. It was mean of him to fall down on his good resolution to write something for me. The excuse he gives is weak, vapid and altogether invalid. He is extremely bright, and if he had to write for a living he could do it all right enough. I shall expect him soon to turn his pen loose for The Bulletin.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Snore and you sleep alone."

Wit is the overflow of a full mind. That's why a full man thinks he's witty.

Especially in Wall Street.

Many go out for wool and come home shorn.

—Sancho Panza.

'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The wakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

—Longfellow.

Pullman, Wash., January 15, 1906.—Enclosed find \$1, in payment of dues. Wouldn't get along without The Bulletin for ten times the amount.
PAUL KIMBALL (No. 14101.)

Toronto, Ont., Canada.—I wish to congratulate you on the beautiful cover design for December Bulletin as well as contents of same and am sure same was appreciated by all Hoo-Hoo who have read it.
A. E. KLIPPERT.

Port Arthur, Texas—I want to congratulate you on the appearance of The Bulletin and especially on your editorials. I think the way you gave it to that New York Y. M. C. A. man in the December issue of The Bulletin was something great, and it struck the "key note of my sentiments."
No. 12897.

The Thing for Them.

"What have we here?" inquired his Satanic Majesty.
"A bunch of rough-house football players, sire."
"Aha! Spiketall! Fetch out the big gridiron!"

Shreveport, La., January 16, 1906.—Enclosed find check for dues and the distress fund. Should have remitted earlier, but kept forgetting it. Wish I could make remittance to the distress fund larger as I am very much in favor of the idea. Allow me to add my mite of praise to the general everything about The Bulletin. I enjoy reading it very much.
No. 13494.

Greeley, Colo., January 9, 1906.— * * * I enjoy The Bulletin very much and it alone is worth the amount of our dues. Your "roast" of the Y. M. C. A. fellow is fine. Do it some more.
No. 11451.

One Objection.

La Porte, Ind.—Everything done at Portland meets my views exactly with the exception of the election of officers. They are all good fellows I know, but the extreme East should have been considered, and I enjoyed reading what our friend from New York wrote you.
H. L. HART.

The following contribution is sent by a comparatively new member:

The Handkerchief to Her Friends.

By T. L. Boyd (No. 1414).

The sweat of honest toil I dry,
The tear from out the weeping eye.
I bathe the brow or bind the wound,
To squeeze your nose I'm duty bound.
The belle in flirting with her beau,
No tattler flaps in me I row.
But bathe or bind or squeeze or flirt,
Oh, goodness! keep me free from dirt.
Wash me carefully.

To your departing friend I wave,
And from the frost your ears I save.
I'm often seen on dress parade
With thousands of a humbler grade.
In perfume rich I'm soaked and smelt
And fastened to a gorgeous belt;
'Tis then I'm found in pew or choir;
Oh! then you seek me to admire.
Iron me carefully.

But here's a truth I venture forth--
The more I cost the less I'm worth.
I'm used by all, both small and great,
In every kingdom, every state.
When to the rag-bag I'm consigned
A soft old rag you come to find.
O, I'm your only faithful friend,
And shall remain until the end.
Fold me carefully.

New Iberia, La., December 24, 1905.--Friend Jim: Must I still call you friend, or have you some old grudge against me I am not aware of? There must be something, so spit it out, old cat, and let's join claws in a good cat style once more. Scratch me in the face until I am past recognition, but pray don't scratch my name off The Bulletin mail sheet. I have only received one copy in seven months. Was that copy an oversight or the other six an oversight? Tell me, dear cat, there is nothing between us, and that in the new year 1906 the hatchet is buried and the royal Bulletin will come in as a baker's dozen for next year. You will put in one more for Lagolappe, won't you?

It may be because you were afraid I may have written you while the mosquito was prowling around in our little city and one may have got caught in the envelope and bit you, but Jim, the mosquito has not yet been hatched who could give a good Hoo-Hoo Yellow Jack, as they are a tough element, you know. How strange that the female has been the cause of all trouble since creation down to the present epoch! Eve was Adam's downfall, and from Eve down to the female mosquito, which is the only germ transmitter of yellow fever. (Do you believe it, Jim? I do--not.) I believe the medical fraternity have been reading of the first pair and wanted to lay everything on woman. Adam was no Hoo-Hoo or he would never have said, "Eve done done it, Lord." Thinking about the Bible makes me think. Methuselah was the first Hoo-Hoo, as he lived to be 999 years and 9 months old. So, Jim, look up the records and let me know, and see if our Order is an antediluvian order. I think it is. I have been wandering back to creation, so to come back to December, 1905, I must say I want my Bulletin as far back as December, any way. Wishing you and yours a happy New Year, and you may live for 99 years and never wrinkle, and always remember my address, I am,

Yours in Hoo-Hoo,
J. E. CROPPER (No. 794).

Members are requested to write this office promptly if they fail to receive The Bulletin. We take great pains with the mailing list, but in spite of all our care the wrong name is sometimes marked off through inadvertence. More frequently, however, non-receipt of the paper is due to our not being advised of change of address.

A brother who is recovering from an operation for appendicitis writes cheerfully as follows:

Say, my boy, since that raise in salary at Portland, it occurs to me you should soon be financially able to have yours amputated. Come on, join the club and show that blue blood you blow about! Well, I am happy now and am going to save my pennies so I can go to the Oklahoma annual next year.

The coal men have organized an order called "Kokoal" which it is hoped will be to the coal business what Hoo-Hoo is to the lumber industry. The initiatory ceremonies of the new order will be called "Koruscations" and the pin will bear the letters "O K" and the figures 7-11 and 4-11-44. To a Southerner these figures suggest the negro gambling game of "craps," but possibly the coal men will read into them a new meaning.

A Fellow-Feeling.

Editor The Bulletin: * * * I like you a whole lot more since you expressed your mind so freely about that man Gibson who made those lantern-jawed faces on the end of a rubber neck. I hope he finds a good teacher and learns to palut better than he can draw. Every time I have expressed my feelings over those pictures I have had a scrap. Now I have found one who feels as I do and I can't help but remark about it.
No. 8732.

After all, it may be merely a temporary relief. The Gibson girl of the future will probably be a painted monstrosity--as some one has remarked, "a combination of blue monkey and summer sunset."

How about all those wonderful things that were going to be accomplished through the use of radium?

Philadelphia Wants the Annual.

A recent letter from a prominent member contains the following:

I have just heard from a brother who attended Vicegerent Shelp's first concatenation and he said it was a great success. Also that Philadelphia Hoo-Hoo think they should have the annual in 1907 instead of Baltimore and are going to take off their coats and go after it at Oklahoma City.

Diversified Talents.

Here are the "specialties" which Alex. White, of Du Quoin, Ill., advertises in 'The Evening Call' of that place:

Alex. White, killing, hogs, setting out shade trees, digging wells, straw for bedding and carpets, and preaching on the Sabbath my specialties. Leave orders at Gelger's bakery, Dunn's store, or at my home on McLean and Wells streets.

As will be seen from the formal reports, Hoo-Hoo affairs in Maryland are in most satisfactory condition, a fact which must be extremely gratifying, not only to the present Vicegerent, Brother George E. Waters, but also to Ex-Vicegerent John L. Alcock, whose memorable meeting at the Hotel Lexington in Baltimore about eighteen months ago marked an epoch in the progress of the Order. The way the old-time Baltimore members turn out to attend a concatenation shows the deep interest they feel in the welfare of Hoo-Hoo.

Office of Thayer Lumber Company, Muskegon, Mich, December 29, 1905.-- * * * I enjoy reading The Bulletin--the encomiums as well as the other stuff.
GEO. M. GOTSHALL.

Glad to know that the compliments are interesting--because the temptation to publish them is irresistible! The members of the Supreme Nine, including the Scrivenoter, are uncommonly modest men, and the same is true of the House of Ancients and all the Vicegerents. But The Bulletin has no modesty at all, and not only treasures all the bouquets flung at it, but shamelessly waves them aloft!

It isn't a personal matter at all--it is simply the joy of the worker, without which there would be nothing in The Bulletin to praise. Work that is not joyous is drudgery, and drudgery is something that does not attract encomiums. A compliment paid this paper is merely the return current of the enjoyment that is put into it. The Bulletin enjoys itself deeply and robustly. The effort to live up to Hoo-Hoo's motto, Health, Happiness and Long Life, is a constant inspiration, and the "return current" in the shape of kind words from its readers constitutes a source of vitality that never fails.

Bridal Veil, Ore., January 31, 1906.--I enclose check \$1.99. Please apply 99 cents for my dues and \$1 to Distress Fund. I would recommend that at the next annual meeting action should be taken to amend the rules for by-laws, to create annual or semi-annual dues for Distress Fund--say \$1 each year for every member. Start the ball rolling.
Yours truly,
J. M. LEITER (No. 15546).

I am deeply obliged to Brother Leiter for above suggestion. All these suggestions will be preserved and submitted at the next annual meeting, where, no doubt, this whole matter of the Distress Fund will come on for lengthy discussion.

In February.

"The lilacs are in bloom today,"
The poet wrote--a flat
Mistatement, made in boldest way.
Why should he lilac that?

—Post Dispatch.

His Weary Search.

Sam R. Guyther, president of the Inda Lumber Company, Inda, Miss., was in town last week and called on the Journal while in quest of a stenographer with a telegraph operating attachment.
—Lumber Trade Journal, February 1.

The color question in the South will not down. Even the Hoo-Hoo Bulletin came out Christmas in a colored cover.—West Coast Lumberman.

Baltimore, February 2, 1906.--Am in receipt of By-Laws, button and The Bulletin for December and January for which I thank you much. As yet I am only a playful kitten of a few weeks growth, who is fast learning to appreciate the "Light of Hoo-Hoo," to which my kittenish eyes have been so recently opened; likewise The Bulletin, both numbers of which I received have been read from "river to river," and have been found so very interesting that I now eagerly await the arrival of the February edition. Wishing Hoo-Hoo and yourself all the success that so young a Hoo-Hoo can, I am fraternally yours,
JEROME T. STACK (16014).

Jackson, Miss., February 6.--Dear Bulletin; I am awful busy. Haven't time to tell you how I appreciate you and that how much I think of you and that you grow better and better every month. If I had the pen of your brilliant editor I would say lots of good things about you, but suffice it to say the t I look forward to your coming every month and regard you as the best ever. I wish you, Brother Balrd, and all Hoo-Hoo, much happiness and a long life.
Yours fraternally,
E. F. JONES (8418).

Hymeneal.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of Mr. Lewis Oscar Smith, No. 10401, of Clarksburg, W. Va., to Miss Sarah Rose Boggess, also of Clarksburg, which happy event occurred January 15. The bride is the daughter of Mr. E. Stringer Boggess and is a most charming and lovable young woman. Mr. Smith is associated with Mr. Boggess in business. The newly married pair will reside in Clarksburg.

Made a Bank Director.

The Bulletin is in receipt of a Birmingham Ala., paper containing an extended and very complimentary notice of Vicegerent Sibley P. King, whose excellent concatenation at Birmingham on January 9 was reported in last Bulletin. The Birmingham paper says:



VICGERENT SIBLEY P. KING,
of the Northern District of Alabama, who has just been honored with a bank directorship and who is prominent politically in his State.

Mr. Sibley P. King was elected a director of the Traders National Bank at the meeting of the board of directors yesterday. Mr. King is president of the King Lumber Company and Sibley Coal Company, and a well-known and influential business man. He is also prominently connected with the Retail Lumber Dealers' Association in Northern Alabama.

Personal Mention.

Brother E. E. Davis, of Savannah, Ga., has been ill for some weeks in the Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore, but at last reports was improving rapidly.

H. L. Hart, LaPorte, Ind., secretary and treasurer of the Central Association of Traveling Lumber, Sash and Door Salesmen, has lately undergone an operation for appendicitis, but expects to be able to attend the meeting of the association in this month.

The Bulletin knows a man in Mississippi who has resided there for some years, who is a practical lumberman of many years' experience, who has a personal acquaintance with the mill men in the southern part of the State second to no other man in the South. This man wants a position to buy yellow pine lumber for some good northern and eastern concern. He can furnish good references and is willing to work for a moderate salary. Who can use him? In my judgment he can make money for any concern who will employ him.

Dr. Phaker--Take this prescription; it will either kill or cure you.

Patient--But suppose it kills me?
Dr. Phaker--Nothing ventured, nothing gained. My motto is "No cure, no pay," so I'm taking a chance as well as you.

Vicegerent Joe elected to fill the office of Junior Hoo-Hoo, for he is famous around these parts as a Junior, and the activity he managed to get out of those who were led before him bore testimony to his excellence as master of that portion of the ceremony. Melville Eaton graced the chair of Snark, and his eloquent rendering of the parts assigned to that office was strictly in keeping with his oratorical ability. Senior Hoo-Hoo W. E. Penfield did his part with grace and dignity, while George Webster, Harry Atkinson, Mark Moulton, Frank Reynolds, Java Phillips and Fred Flatza rendered valuable and strong assistance to the Junior in putting the candidates through their paces.

Following the ceremony of initiation the old and new kittens sat down (or stood up, according to individual taste) to a collation (or collection of eatables) that did them good after their strenuous efforts in watching, aiding or participating in the antics of the Initiates.

This account, however, does not cover all the good work done by Vicegerent Lansing. He collected dues to the amount of \$33.74, reinstating several good men, who had, through negligence, allowed themselves to become delinquent and suspended.

It will be recalled that one of the most successful and enjoyable concatenations of last year was held by Vicegerent Lansing. This last meeting is conclusive evidence that Snark Inman made no mistake in reappointing him for another term.

Snark, Mel Eaton; Senior Hoo-Hoo, W. E. Penfield; Junior Hoo-Hoo, J. P. Lansing; Bojum, F. E. Reynolds; Scrivenoter, J. W. Phillips; Jabberwock, George B. Webster; Custocatian, H. A. Atkinson; Arcanoper, M. R. Moulton; Gurdon, F. H. Flatza.

- 16083 John James Anderson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Samuel H. Davis.
 16084 Henry Conrad Behrens, Minneapolis, Minn.; H. C. Behrens.
 16085 John Hedding Byer, Des Moines, Ia.; J. H. O'Neal & Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
 16086 La Brett Craven, Minneapolis, Minn.; Abbott Manufacturing Co., St. Paul, Minn.
 16087 Scott Hauxhurst DeLong, Minneapolis, Minn.; treasurer Eddy Sash & Door Co.
 16088 John Hyatt Downing, Blunt, S. D.; vice president and manager Blunt Lumber Co.
 16089 Howard Vance Dyer, Minneapolis, Minn.; T. M. Partridge Lumber Co.
 16090 Frank Eugene Fay, Willow Lake S. D.; foreman C. H. Chase.
 16091 Arthur B. Fosseen, Wheaton, Minn.; Hennepin Lumber Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
 16092 Philip Earl Greenman, Aberdeen, S. D.; Central Lumber Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
 16093 Olla Lee Langworthy, Minnetonka, Minn.; president and manager Langworthy Lumber Co.
 16094 Charles Lebeck, Minneapolis, Minn.; superintendent H. S. Johnson Co.
 16095 Joseph Byron Lindgren, Minneapolis, Minn.; secretary and treasurer H. S. Johnson Co.
 16096 Ira Judge MacConnell, Aberdeen, S. D.; Central Lumber Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
 16097 John A. McGregor, Minneapolis, Minn.; Smith & Wyman.
 16098 Alfred S. McLaughlin, Minneapolis, Minn.; secretary Phoenix Lumber Co.
 16099 John MacRae Mathews, Minneapolis, Minn.; A. H. Barnard.
 16100 Fred Milton Morrill, Minneapolis, Minn.; Itasca Lumber Co.
 16101 Charles Franklin Osborne, Minneapolis, Minn.; partner Osborne & Clark.
 16102 James Andrew Pendroy, Denbigh, N. D.; manager Pendroy Bros.
 16103 Gustaf Nels Remington, Minneapolis, Minn.; H. S. Johnson Co.
 16104 Edmund Schulenberg, Bisbee, N. D.; manager The Haskamp-Thien Co.
 16105 Arthur James Slue, Minneapolis, Minn.; Pacific Fir Co., Seattle, Wash.
 16106 John Laurel Sine, Minneapolis, Minn.; The Meitz Lumber Co.
 16107 Nathan A. Smith, Minneapolis, Minn.; Fidelity Lumber Co., Spokane, Wash.
 16108 Charles Mason Stafford, Minneapolis, Minn.; Larson Lumber Co., Bellingham, Wash.
 16109 Calvin West Temple, Minneapolis, Minn.; North Star Lumber Co.
 16110 Edward Joseph Welch, Kenmare, N. D.; Langworthy Lumber Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
 16111 Densau Anson Wilfong, Minneapolis, Minn.; Minneapolis Cedar & Lumber Co.
 16112 Otto Zetterberg, Valley City, N. D.; partner Zetterberg Bros. Concatenation No. 1294, Minneapolis, Minn., January 17, 1906.

Another Bunch of Thirteen.

This concatenation was held at Newport, Ark., on January 20, by Vicegerent W. A. Billingsley, of the Northeastern District of the State, who is serving his second term. Vicegerent Billingsley is no longer a lumberman, but a banter; but any one who has half way kept up with recent

Hoo-Hoo history knows full well that he has not allowed his plutocratic associations to knock the wire edge off his democratic instincts. He is a Hoo-Hoo right--and a worker from the word go--or "come," as the latter is generally the word Billingsley gets whenever they want to hold a concatenation anywhere over in the northeast corner of his part of the moral vineyard. They deem it only necessary to wire a single word--"come."

No sprightlier writeup of this meeting could be prepared than the one sent in by Supreme Custocatian Price, of Little Rock, who attended and acted as Junior Hoo-Hoo:

I attended the concatenation at Newport on the 20th inst. Billingsley had thirteen kittens lined up, and with his customary care had arranged every detail so that nothing was lacking that could contribute to the success of the meeting or the pleasure of those in attendance. In perfecting his arrangements he was ably assisted by Brothers Pearson and E. C. Lippman. These three gentlemen, together with the entire Newport membership, were indefatigable in their efforts to make everybody have a good time, and that they succeeded need not be told to anyone who has ever been the recipient of Newport hospitality.

This bunch of kittens was about as lively a lot as I ever saw, and they all wanted "what was coming to them," and I am constrained to add, in deference to the truth, that they got it. An original feature was the attempt of the kittens to find out "what the Bojum drinks." Some of the old cats also were curious about this, and insisted on pursuing an investigation on their own account. You might ask Brothers T. H. Reamey or C. H. Dunn to write you as to the result of their investigations along this line.

After the initiation we held the usual session "on the roof." Short talks were made by many of the boys. Brother W. H. Baumgartner delighted us with a German dialect recitation, and later, upon urgent request, with a song and another recitation. It was one of the most enjoyable concatenations I have ever attended, and too much praise cannot be given to Vicegerent Billingsley and his assistants.

On the above representation in re. Brothers T. H. Reamey and C. R. Dunn, both well-known members of long standing, the Supreme Scrivenoter felt impelled to indite to these gentlemen the following letter:

I am officially advised that at the recent concatenation at Newport, Ark., on January 20, you, along with Brother C. R. Dunn, undertook a certain line of investigation with reference to "what the Bojum drinks." I, of course, am without information as to what motive impelled you to this investigation, but having made the investigation, I now feel fully warranted in demanding of you an account of what you discovered. You will observe that copy of this letter goes to Brother Dunn, and both of you are expected to make immediate and full reply.

The above has been treated with a vociferous and resounding silence. Perhaps a personal application would develop what they discovered, but we are satisfied it can not be had in writing.

Snark, W. A. Billingsley; Senior Hoo-Hoo, C. R. Hite; Junior Hoo-Hoo, F. Price; Bojum, W. R. Thompson; Scrivenoter, E. C. Lippman; Jabberwock, J. M. Gibson; Custocatian, V. E. Pierson; Arcanoper, P. N. Anger; Gurdon, Ben Miller, Jr.

- 16113 Marion Blackburn Clark, Memphis, Tenn.; Reichman-Crosby Co.
 16114 Harrison "White River" Clay, De Vall Bluff, Ark.; part owner Stoneman-Zearing Lumber Co.
 16115 Charles Fravel Gordon, Nettleton, Ark.; Wisarkana Lumber Co.
 16116 Frank Sumner Hess, Newport, Ark.; secretary-treasurer and general manager Pond & Becker Mfg. Co.
 16117 George Washington Huff, Black Rock, Ark.; owner G. W. Huff.
 16118 George Wright Jones, Forest City, Ark.; Forest City Mfg. Co.
 16119 Harry "Felloe" Mitchell, Pitts, Ark.; general manager and superintendent Mitchell Bros. Lumber Co.
 16120 Frank John Sellmeyer, Knobel, Ark.; Sellmeyer Mercantile Co.
 16121 Ed. P. Shoffner, Shoffner, Ark.; E. P. Shoffner.
 16122 Jesse Platt Soper, Nettleton, Ark.; Wisarkana Lumber Co.
 16123 Ernest Cecil Waterman, Newport, Ark.; proprietor and editor Newport News.
 16124 William Oliver Wilkins, Remmel, Ark.; Mitchell Bros. Lumber Co., Pitts, Ark.
 16125 William "Side-Set" Zindel, Swifton, Ark.; Wm. Zindel. Concatenation No. 1295, Newport, Ark., January 20, 1906.

A Hoo-Hoo Number of Initiates.

Nine men were initiated at Vicegerent G. W. Cleveland's concatenation at DeQueen, Ark., on January 20. He had expected a somewhat larger number than this, but

Twenty-two Men at Pine Bluff.

Under Supreme Custocatian Price's enthusiastic administration of affairs Arkansas is exhibiting a wonderful degree of activity, to be sure. Vicegerent J. C. McGrath, of the Southern District of the State, initiated twenty-two men at Pine Bluff on January 27, and, as will be seen in another column of The Bulletin, will hold an immense meeting at Huttig on February 24. A man who attended this Pine Bluff concatenation writes The Bulletin as follows: "I must say it was a fine meeting; have never attended a better; the candidates were all representative men, and the work was clean-cut and above-board, and conformed strictly to the ritual--no undue horse-play or rough work." The Bulletin pronounces this a most gratifying report.

Vicegerent Cleveland will hold a concatenation at Danville, Ark., on February 27.

Snark, G. W. Cleveland; Senior Hoo-Hoo, H. W. Webb; Junior Hoo-Hoo, E. J. Goodwin; Bojum, T. E. Brown; Scrivenoter, Harry J. Large; Jabberwock, Field Thompson; Custocatian, T. N. Sage; Arcanoper, C. H. Mausross; Gurdon, R. H. Luttrell.

- 16126 Winfield Harrison Adams, DeQueen, Ark.; president W. H. Adams Lumber Co.
 16127 Max George Bock, DeQueen, Ark.; DeQueen & Eastern R. R. Co.
 16128 William Freeman Fitzgerald, Horatio, Ark.; Cleveland-McLeod Lumber Co., Neal Springs, Ark.
 16129 James William Hayes, DeQueen, Ark.; Dierks Lumber & Coal Co.
 16130 Harry Aloysius Loug, Horatio, Ark.; Cleveland-McLeod Lumber Co., Neal Springs, Ark.
 16131 Clayton James McMichael, DeQueen, Ark.; Dierks Lumber & Coal Co.
 16132 Harry Raymond Moore, DeQueen, Ark.; Dierks Lumber & Coal Co.
 16133 Thomas Frederick Sharp, DeQueen, Ark.; DeQueen & Eastern R. R. Co.
 16134 Henry Clay Williamson, DeQueen, Ark.; president and general manager Cossatot Lumber Co., Pullman, Ark.

Concatenation No. 1296, DeQueen, Ark., January 20, 1906.

Number Two for Brown.

Vicegerent J. T. Brown, of Colorado, held his second successful concatenation at Denver on January 9, in connection with the meeting there of the Colorado & Wyoming Retail Lumber Dealers' Association. He had present about forty old members or the Order, and initiated a class of eleven good men. The concatenation was followed by quite an elaborate banquet at the Adams Hotel, at which Col. R. W. English, ex-member of the Supreme Nine and one of the most prominent Hoo-Hoo in the West, acted as toastmaster.

Vicegerent Brown was taken ill a few days after his concatenation and was confined to his room for several days. The Bulletin is pleased to report now, however, that he has quite recovered and is looking forward to the holding of his next concatenation.

In connection with another concatenation reported in this issue, some remarks appear with reference to the necessity of proper attention being given to notices in local papers. The Bulletin desires to commend the notices appearing in connection with Vicegerent Brown's concatenation in the Denver papers. They are comprehensive and dignified, and show a full appreciation of the fact that Hoo-Hoo is more than a joke.

Snark, J. T. Brown; Senior Hoo-Hoo, D. E. McAllister; Junior Hoo-Hoo, W. E. McClung; Bojum, D. A. Hamilton; Scrivenoter, H. W. Hanna; Jabberwock, C. E. Butler; Custocatian, J. E. Preston; Arcanoper, G. C. Hill; Gurdon, Wm. R. McFarland.

- 16135 William Howbelt Abbott, Burlington, Col.; W. H. Abbott Lumber Co.
 16136 John Wesley Accola, Denver, Col.; Hallack & Howard Lumber Co.
 16137 William Atkins Arey, Denver, Col.; Lumber Mfrs. Agency, Centralia, Wash.
 16138 Samuel Wesley Bradford, Denver, Col.; Missouri Pacific Ry. Co.
 16139 William Herman Chandler, Denver, Col.; Secretary Reed-Chandler Lumber Co.
 16140 Herman George Faerber, Denver, Col.; Curtis Bros. & Co., Clinton, Iowa.
 16141 Edgar White Fulghum, Raton, N. M.; president Raton Lumber Co.
 16142 Harold Brown Fuller, Denver, Col.; Rock Island Sash & Door Works, Rock Island, Ill.
 16143 Frederick "Silverton" Goble, Silverton, Col.; Fred Goble.
 16144 Thomas Byron Groves, Wray, Col.; T. B. Groves.
 16145 Randolph "Hoo-Hoo" Knott, Ft. Collins, Col.; Newton Lumber & Coal Co.
 Concatenation No. 1297, Denver, Col., January 9, 1906.

Ten Men at Nashville.

Vicegerent W. A. Binkley, of the Middle District of Tennessee, deserves great credit for the successful and enjoyable concatenation he held on the evening of January 27. While he had only ten initiates, they were all strictly first-class men. His attendance of the old members at Nashville was notably large. It always is. Like Paducah, Nashville makes a feature of her concatenations, and does not hold them in connection with lumber meetings or other functions. They are Hoo-Hoo meetings pure and simple. Vicegerent Binkley had practically the entire membership of Nashville present at his session on the roof, including all the representative lumbermen of the city, many of whom made pleasing talks in response to the call of the toastmaster.

"Jim" Hall Puts Seventeen Through at Louisville.

In connection with the formation of the Kentucky Retail Lumber Dealers' Association, Louisville, Ky., February 6, Vicegerent Jim Hall, of Clay City, Ky., ushered into the light of the Great Black Prince seventeen kittens anxious to wander through the "onion beds" and pay homage to the monarch of Health, Happiness and Long Life. In point of attention to details, order and system no more successful concatenation has ever been held in the old "Blue Grass State." Although this was Brother Hall's first lesson to the "heathen" of the outer darkness, it is safe to say that the seventeen kittens received enough enlightenment to "hold them for awhile." Each and every candidate got all that was coming to him, and the convincing style in which "Jim" impressed upon them the mightiness of Hoo-Hoo was the subject of considerable comment. To assist him in the work, Vicegerent Hall evidenced considerable care in the selection of his officers with the result that there was not a single hitch in the proceedings. Every officer "had been there before" and knew just what to do, when to do, and how to do it in the most effective manner. Following is a list of the officers and initiates:

- Snark, James B. Hall; Senior Hoo-Hoo, George E. Tomlinson; Junior Hoo-Hoo, F. J. Williams; Bojum, T. Smith Milton; Scribe-noter, E. W. Rhubensky; Jabberwock, Frank B. Russell; Custodian, Jesse K. Brown; Arcanoper, F. S. Griffin; Gurdon, J. H. Whaley.
- 16288 Stuart Ashby Allen, Cincinnati, O.; general southern agent C. H. & D. Ry. Co.
- 16289 Edward McClelland Bhr, Albany, Ind.; manager Louis Bhr.
- 16290 John Noble Boston, Marion, Ky.; partner Boston & Paris.
- 16291 Henry Harry Brenckmann, Louisville, Ky.; president and manager J. George Stenacker Co.
- 16292 William Stevens Brentlinger, Louisville, Ky.; partner Harry B. Pyne & Co.
- 16293 Jesse "Cold" Chilton, Campbellsburg, Ky.; J. Chilton & Co.
- 16294 George Smith Chowning, Shelbyville, Ky.; partner Hall & Chowning.
- 16295 Vincent Long Freehand, Cincinnati, O.; general freight agent Wisconsin Central R. R.
- 16296 James Kennedy Grable, Louisville, Ky.; buyer Ohio River Saw Mill Co.
- 16297 Hunt "Him" Jones, Louisville, Ky.; traveling buyer Ky. Wagon Co.
- 16298 Phillip Fredrick Laib, Louisville, Ky.; member of firm Laib Co.
- 16299 James Martin Musselman, Louisville, Ky.; buyer Ault & Jackson, Cincinnati, O.
- 16300 Charles Henry Payne, Louisville, Ky.; salesman The Geiser Mfg. Co., Waynesboro, Pa.
- 16301 Charles Wickliffe Roark, Greenville, Ky.; manager Greenville Milling Co.
- 16302 James Oramel Senlor, Louisville, Ky.; manager Kentucky Saw Works.
- 16303 Wesley R. Tischendorf, Louisville, Ky.; president Tischendorf Hecht & Co.
- 16304 William Richard Waters, Louisville, Ky.; branch house manager The Geiser Mfg. Co., Waynesboro, Pa.
- Concatenation No. 1213, Louisville, Ky., February 6, 1906.

Hoo-Hoo Watch Charm.



This cut of the Hoo-Hoo Watch Charm does not really do it justice. In fact, it gives but a faint idea of the beauty of this exquisite piece of jewelry. The design embodies a wealth of Oriental symbolism, as set forth at length in the Special Jewelry Circular, and the workmanship is first-class. This Watch Charm can be worn as a fob, and, being alike on both sides, will never hang wrong side out. The price is \$7.50. Like all other articles of Hoo-Hoo jewelry, the Watch

Charm is sold for spot cash, and only to members whose dues are paid.

The Special Jewelry Circular shows cuts and description also of the Hoo-Hoo Souvenir Spoon and the various styles of Hoo-Hoo Brooches.

Coming Concatenations

Chicago, Ill., February 14, 1906.

This meeting will be held by Vicegerent L. E. Fuller, now serving his third term, and one of the best Hoo-Hoo workers in the Order. The meeting occurs during the annual convention of the Illinois Retail Lumber Dealers' Association, which convenes on February 13 and holds to the 15th. It will be seen that the concatenation splits these dates right in the middle. There is no doubt but that Brother Fuller will have all the candidates he can handle, and several hundred members in attendance. The Illinois Retail Association is one of the largest and liveliest organizations in the country.

Winnipeg, Man., February 10, 1906.

Vicegerent D. B. Sprague counted on holding this concatenation early in January during the meeting of the Western Retail Lumbermen's Association, but could not get a suitable hall. He has now secured a splendid hall, and has worked up a splendid class for the date named, which is during "Bonspiel Week." I don't know what kind of thing Bonspiel week is but it sounds like a good time to hold concatenation, and I wish I could be on hand.

Oklahoma City, February 9-10, 1906.

Now here is one I wish I could attend. But the thing is impossible. I have done the next best thing. I have written Brother Rogers a six-page letter in response to his cordial invitation and told him all I don't know about what arrangements should be made for the Hoo-Hoo Annual. I have told him I will come down a little later for a conference. Brother Rogers writes:

On behalf of the Twin Territories Retail Lumber Dealers' Association generally, and the Hoo-Hoo especially, I want to extend to you a cordial invitation to be with us on the 9th and 10th of February, the occasion of which is explained by the enclosed circular. I wish to say that we expect to start the ball rolling for the Hoo-Hoo Annual, and we would take it as a special favor if you can be with us at that time, as we not only would be glad to have you, but we also feel that you could give us a great deal of information regarding numerous matters pertaining to the coming meeting.

The printed programme shows that the lumber meeting will hold two days, and that the concatenation will be on the night of the 10th. Evidently they are expecting a large attendance of ladies, as they have a special committee to look after their entertainment. The ladies are given a theatre party on the night of the concatenation. I have not space in which to do full justice to the programme to be carried out at this meeting. The thing will "done have come off" any way before the printers can get this Bulletin to its readers. I merely make mention of the occasion to show how these people in the "twin territories" entertain, and what we may expect when 2,000 of us round up there in September to get a glimpse of what this mighty empire of the Southwest is doing. I have a special and particular pencil which I will turn loose on the subject when the proper time arrives.

Charleston, W. Va., February 23, 1906.

The catchy invitation to this meeting printed below is being sent out over the name of Brother John F. Lewis (No. 10579), who is "chairman of the Press Committee." These invitations have been sent out broadcast, one of them being read out at the big concatenation at Cairo on

the 2d inst. There is no doubt but that Vicegerent Mathews will have a good meeting and a big crowd:

Charleston, W. Va., January 27, 1906.—Recently we have heard it intimated the real prowling cats had been successfully quieted by the mild weather. Now this is false; and how the report started or why it started we cannot say. But one thing is sure, and that is, that on Friday, February 23, 1906, we will all assemble in this city, in the K. of P. hall, and we will make the Hotel Kanawha our headquarters, and on that day our detectives will bring in the finest bunch of kittens ever presented in this city. When we are through with them the "goo-goo eyes" they attract will make "Town Topics" and "Pads and Pancies" appear insignificant. At our last meeting we were able to secure kittens from many states and cats from many more. The cat or kitten that misses this treat will regret it. Do not bring any persuaders or thieving rods as we will furnish you well. Nor a change of clothes, provided, the ones you wear are of good material and well built.

Mr. D. E. Mathews, our Vicegerent, is one of the boys, and of the best, and he will see that no cat will ever regret his good time here on above date. Hoping you will come and bring some kittens with you, I am, Your purring friend.

Notable Affair at Huttig, Ark., February 24-25, 1906.

Formal invitations are being sent out in connection with the big concatenation at Huttig, Ark., on February 25, of which several notices have already appeared in the lumber papers. It will be noted that Mr. Boling Arthur Johnson, founder of the Order, will give his two lectures, "The Story of Hoo-Hoo" and "The Passion Play of 1900" in connection with this meeting, which will occupy two days, and that he will also conclude the initiation of the candidates with the illustrated closing ceremony.

Along with the handsome invitations are sent printed circulars from which we quote:

We shall try to make this a most memorable event for Hoo-Hoo in Southern Arkansas, and your attendance is necessary to make it reach the fullest measure of success.

The "Story of Hoo-Hoo" will begin promptly at seven o'clock, and immediately after the kittens will be led through the waving greenness of the gardens right and left, closing with the illustrated ceremony of the initiation. If you have a candidate would be glad to have you bring him along.

You are assured the best time you ever had, and we earnestly request you to advise us if you will attend, and how many kittens you will bring, that we may arrange accordingly for them "On the Roof."

Address all communications to J. W. Chandler, Huttig, Ark., or to J. C. McGrath, Vicegerent Snark, Malvern, Ark.

Shreveport, La., February 22, 1906.

This will be held by Brother J. B. Chipman, of Shreveport, who was recently appointed Vicegerent for the Northern District of Louisiana to succeed Brother E. A. Frost, who held the splendid concatenation at Shreveport last year. This meeting of the 22d will be along same lines as Brother Frost's concatenation. Mr. Boling Arthur Johnson is to deliver his lectures with the stereopticon views, just as at the Huttig, Ark., meeting, elsewhere mentioned, which occurs on the 24th. Brother Frost is taking a deep interest in the meeting, and is assisting Vicegerent Chipman in every possible way. The latter is vice president of the Alf. Bennett Lumber Co., of Shreveport, and it is doubtful if two more prominent and popular lumbermen could be found in the State than he and Mr. Frost. They will have the hearty cooperation of all the big pine and cypress manufacturers, and the meeting will beyond doubt be one of the notable ones of the year.

Lake Charles, La., February 24, 1906.

This meeting will follow by two days the one at Shreveport and is coincident with the one at Huttig—which gives an idea of the activity and enthusiasm prevailing in the Southwest. Resident Hoo-Hoo at Lake Charles have wanted a concatenation for a long time and report that a large number of first-class men are anxious for initiation. Brothers J. A. Campbell (15896) and J. E. Hockey (9496) are

in charge of local arrangements, and report more than forty men in line for initiation. The meeting falls in the Southern District of the State, presided over by Vicegerent "Bert" Atkinson, of the Litcher & Moore Lumber Co., of Litcher, La., who has fixed the date, and who will preside. He will have the active cooperation of all the veteran Hoo-Hoo along the coast country of Louisiana and Texas—and there are no more enthusiastic members anywhere. Look out for a record-breaking class.

Paducah, Ky., March 17, 1906.

This will be the regular "Paducah Annual" concatenation, held by Vicegerent R. S. Robertson, of the Ferguson & Palmer Co., who is serving his second term. The annual concatenation at Paducah has come to stand in a class almost by itself in many respects. It is never held in connection with an association meeting. It is a function separate and apart and complete within itself. No special effort is made for a large class of initiates, from ten to eighteen being about the usual crop. The concatenation is made the occasion for a general gathering of all the members in Western Kentucky and from the adjacent districts, with a wide open hearty invitation to Hoo-Hoo and lumbermen everywhere to come in and partake. A splendid course dinner at the leading hotel always follows the initiation, at which the speeches, songs and stories have become famous.

Vicegerent Robertson, John Ferguson and Luke Russell headed a delegation of Paducah Hoo-Hoo which went over to the concatenation at Cairo on the 2d to deliver in person an invitation to the lumbermen of Illinois.

It is no unusual thing for more than a hundred and fifty lumbermen to be present at one of these Paducah meetings. This year the Paducah people are promised the presence of several members of the Supreme Nine.

Danville, Ark., February 17.

This is another concatenation to be held by Vicegerent G. W. Cleveland, of the Western District of Arkansas. Several references to his great activity appear in other columns of this Bulletin. Formal announcements are out for this Danville meeting. Brothers W. T. Blackburn and C. C. Sharpe constitute the committee in charge of local arrangements.

Eureka Springs, Ark., March 6.

In a recent letter, Vicegerent Cleveland, of the Western District of Arkansas, announces a concatenation to be held at Eureka Springs March 6. He has the matter up with Brother C. L. Gregg, of the Granger-Kelly Lumber Co., Eureka Springs, to whom a supply of blanks has been sent and who is in charge of all local arrangements.

Philadelphia, March 13.

This is the date set by Vicegerent J. H. Sheip for his next concatenation. He has not yet definitely decided at what hall this meeting will be held, but desires assurance given that convenient and commodious quarters will be secured and announced later. Vicegerent Sheip hopes to make this second concatenation an even larger and more successful one than his January meeting which is reported at some length in another column of this issue. Vicegerent Sheip expects every member of the Order in good standing in his district to be present at this meeting of March 13 and he will accept no excuse from the resident members at Philadelphia.

Other Meetings.

Several other meetings are being held as The Bulletin goes to press, most of which were announced in the January number. Among them are:

February 7, Davenport, Ia.—Vicegerent Mark Anson.
February 7, Spokane, Wash.—Vicegerent E. F. Cartier von Dissel.

February 6, Detroit, Mich.—Vicegerent J. F. Deacon.
February 7, Omaha, Neb.—Vicegerent "Lew" Wentworth, in connection with the annual meeting of the Nebraska Association of Retail Lumber Dealers. "Lew" has done some wonderful advertising of this meeting. Look out for a "whopper" of a class.

Obituary.

The Shooting of Brother John Guice.

The facts connected with the tragedy in which Brother John G. Guice lost his life have been sent to the Scribner's office by Vicegerent E. A. Frost, and from the verdict of the jury, it was an unprovoked murder while the assailants of Brother Guice were under the influence of whiskey.

The testimony before the coroner's jury shows that Brother Guice walked into a restaurant at Shreveport, La., which city he had made his home about a year ago. In the restaurant at the time were a Dr. A. P. Bush and his son, Madden Bush, who reside at Sligo, in Bossier Parish, La. Both had been drinking freely during the morning. Although an entire stranger to him, as Brother Guice entered the restaurant the doctor became offensive. They were the only ones in the room except the clerk and two colored waiters. Dr. Bush referred slurringly to Brother Guice as a "pretty man." At first no attention was paid to the insult, but upon its repetition Brother Guice told the speaker that he cared to have nothing to do with him, as he was drinking. At that the doctor struck at him, and a clinch between the two men followed. The doctor called to his son: "Shoot, shoot! Are you going to let this man slap your father?" At this the son fired four shots "from the back and into the back," as the coroner's jury stated, and this tribunal added, "the deceased was attacked without provocation by the elder Bush, and there was no justification for this deliberate murder."

The Shreveport Times speaks as follows of Brother Guice:

Every person acquainted with Jack Guice and who was heard to speak of him after the tragedy yesterday had only good words to say about him. He was always apparently in the very best of spirits, was not a man to look for trouble, and made friends fast. He had lived here about a year and was well liked by the local electricians. Several months ago he was a member of the Guice-Herry Electrical Company, on Market street, and when it was disbanded he became manager of the Buell Company, and at the time of his death was identified with the Campbell Electrical Company on Texas street.

The remains of Brother Guice were interred at his old home at Winterville, Miss.

In Death Not Divided.

The loving sympathy of every member of the Order goes out to Vicegerent J. R. McLaurin, of Ellsworth, Kan., in the loss of both his father and mother. One followed the other within four days' time.

On December 1 his father, Mr. John McLaurin, at East Templeton, Quebec, died at the ripe age of 81 years. The beloved wife, who had been in failing health for some time, could not withstand the shock and followed him on December 5. These two lived and labored together in East Templeton for fifty-five years, where Mr. McLaurin

was engaged in lumbering and mining. He had been very successful in his business enterprises, and was recognized as the most prominent citizen of his town, being called frequently through his long and useful life into municipal service. He had served as mayor and as councilman. The papers of his province paid high tribute to the memory and worth of Mr. McLaurin, and spoke of the beauty of his home life and his value to his country.

Death of Sam P. MacConnell (No. 55).

Sam P. MacConnell (No. 55), one of the most widely known and best loved men in Hoo-Hoo, died in St. Louis on Sunday, February 4. Just as The Bulletin is going to press the following particulars are sent us:

The St. Louis lumber fraternity was deeply grieved to learn of the death last Sunday, the 4th inst., of Samuel P. MacConnell, a well-known lumberman, at the Evangelical Deaconess Hospital, where he had been under treatment for five or six weeks for Bright's disease. He had been sick three months. A week before he died Mr. MacConnell rallied, and it seemed as if he were to be the victor in the struggle, but erysipelas set in at this juncture, culminating in a failure of the heart, from which he died.

"Sam" MacConnell, as he was familiarly called by the lumbermen generally, was a wholesome, genial man, of pleasing address and attractive presence. His buoyant spirit was infectious, and he never failed to cheer those with whom he came in contact. He was an able lumberman, and had held many positions of responsibility, but for a number of years past had been in business for himself under the title of S. P. MacConnell & Co., with headquarters in the Fullerton Building, St. Louis.

Mr. MacConnell was born in Ottawa, Canada, forty-four years ago. At an early age he left his Canadian home to try his fortune in the States. His first prominent connection with the lumber trade was with M. T. Greene & Co., at Chicago, where he remained some time. Later he was identified with the Chicago Lumber Company, organized by Mr. Greene at Council Bluffs, Iowa. After several years spent in the North and West, Mr. MacConnell came South, and for some time was manager of the Gurdon Lumber Company, at Gurdon, Ark., for the St. Louis Refrigerator & Wooden Gutter Company. This was along in 1896. After a year's stay at Gurdon he was transferred to the St. Louis headquarters of the company as manager of the sales department, this being his first St. Louis connection. In 1898 he resigned his position with the Wooden Gutter Company. For a year he was with the Detroit Timber & Lumber Company, St. Louis, but had been in business for himself practically ever since. He handled lumber on commission, and was a very familiar figure in lumber circles in this city and vicinity.

The deceased lumberman is survived by his widow, who before her marriage was Miss Eleanor Clapp, and two sons, Stuart and Malcolm MacConnell, and a daughter, Miss Joyce, all minors.

Mr. MacConnell was a member of the Hoo-Hoo Order and also of the Yellow Pines, the lumbermen's social organization.

The funeral was held at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, 6th inst., from Bollinger Memorial Chapel of Christ Church Cathedral, and was attended by a large number of local lumbermen.

The officiating clergyman was Rev. Dean Davis, of the Cathedral, assisted by the Rev. Canon Anderson, the latter also going to the crematory with the remains. The beautiful and impressive Episcopal ritual was followed in the funeral service.

The pall-bearers were chosen from the old friends and associates, and were as follows: T. A. Moore, J. R. Perkins, Wm. Lanfersleck, R. B. McConnell, Geo. M. Griffin and J. W. Putnam. Quite a number of the lumbermen accompanied the body to the crematory.

Dues for 1906.



WHEN the clock struck twelve on the night of September 9 last, dues became payable for 1906. The Hoo-Hoo year begins and ends on September 9. Look up your receipts, and if you find that you have not paid 1906 dues, send 99 cents to the Scribner at once. Any form of remittance will do except stamps that are stuck together. Your individual check will be all right.

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 and 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 his ad out. If at the end of the three months he still wishes me to continue it he must advise me.

WANTED—By an experienced lumberman living in Los Angeles, Cal., a good connection with some first-class northern saw mill or wholesale lumber concern, a position as office manager and sales agent to handle their product in Southern California. Salary on commission. Twenty-five years' experience wholesale and retail business. Address Hoo-Hoo No. 7657, 762 South Spring St., Room 293, Los Angeles, Cal.

WANTED—By young man of 30, single, sober habits, 12 years' experience yellow pine, position with first-class concern. Thoroughly familiar with box manufacture, planing mill work or competent to ship output of sash and door factory. At present in charge retail lumber yard, doing business \$200,000 per year. Fair knowledge of book-keeping and office work. Prefer office or clerical work. Address "Young Man," care J. H. Baird, Scribner, 1008 First National Bank Building, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as buyer and shipper of hardwoods. Have had 17 years' experience, have traveled sixteen states in the business and am personally acquainted with large number of mill and buyers in eastern markets. References furnished from the best firms. Address "N. C.," care J. H. Baird, Scribner, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—A position as bookkeeper by a practical man of long experience; satisfactory reference furnished. Address E. S. Stark, 216 21st St., Cairo, Ill.

WANTED—Position as yard manager, buyer and inspector. Have had nine years' experience. Familiar with N. H. L. A. Inspection. Very best of references. "J. M. B.," care J. H. Baird, Scribner, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Situation by a practical bookkeeper of 25 years' experience. Last six or eight years in the lumber and commissary business. Am sixty years of age, active as a cat and not afraid of work. Will make any millman or lumberman a good man. First class reference. Address S. C. Law, No. 674, 333 Fulliam St. Atlanta, Ga.

WANTED—A position with some beltting manufacturing concern or some mill supply concern. Have had long experience in traveling in the South. I know the mill men and can command a good trade. I want an immediate connection. Address "Milan," care J. H. Baird, Scribner, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—A position as retail lumber yard manager or traveling salesman for lumber, sash and door or building material firm. Was A-1 on collections and keeping the outstanding and investment at the minimum. Would prefer to take position about April 1, but would take the right place sooner. Will go anywhere. The firm I have been with for years has sold out all their yards but I can give you them for reference. Address all communications to "Maek," care J. H. Baird, Scribner, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position by experienced, competent lumberman and mill man as manager of mill or would take mill and cut by the thousand. Would also consider offer as buyer in Memphis territory for eastern concern. Address "R. J.," care J. H. Baird, Scribner, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—By an A-1 Inspector of hardwoods a position in western North Carolina, Tennessee or Georgia as shipper for some large concern. Since June have shipped a million feet per month. Would take a position as buyer and inspector in that territory or a wholesale firm or as a salesman for both Baltimore and Philadelphia trade. Am married, 33 years of age and sober. Can give present employers' references. Address "Westva," care J. H. Baird, Scribner, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as hardwood lumber inspector. Can give best of reference. Have had fifteen years' experience and am strictly sober. Address 248 Court St., Memphis, Tenn.

WANTED—Experienced salesman for railway and mill supply house, one acquainted with the trade in South Georgia. Address Box 164, Savannah, Ga.

WANTED—Position as manager or yard man in lumber yard. Have had six years' experience as manager of lumber yard. Address "Dallas," care J. H. Baird, Scribner, Nashville, Tenn.

LOST—Hoo-Hoo button No. 6233. If found send to J. H. Baird, Scribner, 10th Floor, First National Bank Bldg., Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Salesmen, familiar with operation of steam log loaders to travel Southern and Southeastern territory. Address "Log Loader," care Hoo-Hoo Bulletin.

WANTED—Position as planing mill foreman. Want to go West on account of my health. Now have good job and can give very best of references as to character and competence. Address "Orange," care J. H. Baird, Scribner, Wilcox Building, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—An office man, one who is a stenographer. A young man is preferred. Address "Florida," care J. H. Baird, Scribner, Nashville, Tenn.

TO NEWSPAPER MEN—I desire to locate in a small inland city or town in growing section of the West or North. Am a practical newspaper man—all departments. Long editorial experience on metropolitan dailies, also on trade journals. Counted good writer (contributor to eastern periodicals) and can add "taking features." Am also successful business getter. Tired of incessant grind of metropolitan dailies. Would like position on well established paper in North or West. Would accept moderate salary and commission on new business added and let part be credited on interest in paper if desirable. Best of references—ask our Scribner. Address "Newspaperman," care The Hoo-Hoo Bulletin, Wilcox Building, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as salesman or manager in store. Have had several years' experience and can furnish first-class references. Could begin at any time. Address J. C. Keith, Vaughan, W. Va.

WANTED—Position as manager of mills or superintendent of manufacturing department. Either South or West. Address "Supt.," care J. H. Baird, Scribner, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—All Hoo-Hoo wanting to buy yellow pine to send me their orders. I am a thoroughly competent inspector and have wide acquaintance among the yellow pine mills. Name your best price f. o. b. cars and I will place the order for prompt shipment at 50 cents per thousand. I live right among the mills, and can give good service. Address J. S. McDevine, No. 1976, Box 193, Poplarville, Miss.

WANTED—By a first-class retail man 30 years old, position as manager or assistant manager of retail yard. Am competent to handle any proposition. Have had ten years' experience in retail business. My record is clean and habits A-1. Address 1935-A, care of J. H. Baird, Scribner, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position January 1st, by competent bookkeeper with highest recommendations. Address No. 1483, care J. H. Baird, Scribner, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—A position with some firm to work in West Virginia to buy and take up lumber for them. Can give good recommendation. Have had ten years' experience in all kinds of wood in West Virginia. Address "Ten Mile," care J. H. Baird, Scribner.

WANTED—Position with a five concern by an up-to-date lumber bookkeeper of fifteen years' experience, age 32, unmarried and speak German. Can furnish highest references as to ability and integrity and will be at liberty January 1st. Address "624," care J. H. Baird, Scribner.

WANTED—I want a place as lumber salesman. I have been in the lumber business as bookkeeper and salesman for the past ten years. Have a good knowledge of the business and an extensive acquaintance throughout Missouri and adjacent states. I want a connection right now and can satisfy anybody with my references. Address "Moonville," care J. H. Baird, Scribner, Nashville, Tenn.

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TO
CALIFORNIA

If you cross the Continent in one of the tourist sleepers of the
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You will enjoy your trip and save considerable money.

Inquire of
J. H. LOTHROP, G. A.
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Tourists—I understand your Western towns are very progressive.
Redhorse Sam—Yes. Yesterday I giv a man two hours to leave town and he got out in ten minutes.

Prices of Hoo-Hoo Jewelry.

Hoo-Hoo lapel button	\$2.10
Ostrian Cloister lapel button.....	5.10
Ladies' stick pin	1.60
Hoo-Hoo watch charm.....	7.50
Hoo-Hoo cuff links.....	7.50

For prices and description of Hoo-Hoo brooches, souvenir spoon, and grip tag, send for "Special Jewelry Circular."

Sherlock Undone.

Padlock Bones had solved the mystery of the Balbridge Button and was just returning from a morning stroll. To his friend and companion, Dr. Watdaughter, he remarked: "I see that a large, slovenly stranger has called in my absence, entering at the side gate and stopping to regulate his watch by the clock in the hall, and made himself quite at home, going into my private room and smoking furiously at my cigars while here.

"How do I know? Watdaughter, your denseness is positively painful. I know that he came in at the side gate because he cleaned the mud from his shoes before stepping upon the veranda; if he had entered the yard by the front gate he would have escaped the mud. The amount of dirt removed from his shoes signifies that he is a large man, and one can easily see that he is slovenly because he did not clean his shoes thoroughly, but left muddy footprints throughout the hall.

"He was a stranger or he would have known that the path leading to the side entrance is muddy at this season. I can tell that he stopped to regulate his watch by the clock in the hall, as the mud is much thicker there. He smoked fast, for four of my cigars have disappeared from the box on the mantle, and he has been in my private room, for ashes are strewn about upon the carpet."

"Your royal loftiness, I am pained to inform you that for the first time in your illustrious and most remarkable career you have erred, with the accent on the rr.

"There has been no stranger here, nor no large man. No one entered at the side gate nor set a watch by the clock in the hall. No one smoked four cigars nor entered your private room.

"The mud outside the door I scraped from a spade with which I had been working among the flowers, and any dirt within the hall I am responsible for. The girl accidentally tipped over your box of cigars while dusting the room and broke four, throwing the fragments out. The ashes upon the floor of your private room you dropped last evening, and the side gate has been nailed up for two days. Thus you have been wrong in your deductions."

But Bones was busy preparing "pills," and soon the room was odoriferous as a Chinese laundry.—James W. Babcock. In Lippincott's.

Sonnet to Sleep.

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by
 One after one; the sound of rain and bees
 Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas;
 Smooth fields; white sheets of water, and pure sky—
 I have thought of all by turns and yet to lie
 Sleepless, and soon the small birds' melodies
 Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees,
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry,
 Even thus last night and two nights more I lay
 And could not win thee, Sleep, by any stealth.
 So do not let me wear tonight away.
 Without thee what is all the morning's wealth?
 Come, blessed barrier between day and day—
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health.

The Goo-Goo Defined.

To Judge John Kirlicks, of Houston, Texas, the waiting world is indebted for an exhaustive, not to say exhausting definition of "goo-goo eye." It appears that in Houston there is an ordinance directed against flirting, and Judge Kirlicks has hurled his judicial opinion in the face of public opinion in this wise:

By the term "goo-goo eyes" is meant any contortion, unusual movement or any fixed unusual attitude of the eyes, providing the said contortion, unusual movement or unusual fixed attitude is made with the intent of attracting, alluring or conjuring the attention of any woman or female, as the said ordinance recites. It will be noted that such eyes, if made at an infant in arms, provided it is of the gentler sex, is unlawful upon the streets of the city.

After this deliverance, let us no longer make goo-goo eyes at infants in public places. The dignity of the law must be upheld.

The Unrepentant.

Now my time has come to die,
 Good my masters, hear;
 This a sinner's litany
 Daring to your ear;
 Life hath played for me to dance
 Up and down the line—
 (Eh, I paid the fiddler, sirs,
 But the dance was fine!)

Love came swinging to my call—
 Black-eyed love and hold;
 Gave me scarlet lips to kiss,
 Both her hands to hold.
 Fast and faster fell our feet
 To the music's beat—
 (Eh, I paid the fiddler, sirs,
 But the dance was sweet!)

I have danced it through the world—
 Ah, the merry tune!—
 Danced the red sun down the west,
 Danced away the moon.
 Could I cavil at the price?
 Out on souls so mean!
 (Eh, I paid the fiddler, sirs,
 But the dance was keen!)

Beggared now, my masters all,
 Cry your cold dispraise;
 Raise your eyes and count your gold,
 Trudge your dreary ways;
 I, the pauper, richer far,
 Envy not nor pine—
 (Eh, I paid the fiddler, sirs,
 But the dance was—mine!)

—Theodosia Garrison in Lippincott's.

How the Trouble Arose.

"I supposed he clasped you in his arms when the canoe upset?"

"No; quite the opposite."

"Quite the opposite?"

"Yes; the canoe upset when he clasped me in his arms."

Perfection.

The leaf that ripens only in the sun
 Is dull and shriveled ere its race is run.
 The leaf that makes a carnival of death
 Must tremble first before the north wind's breath.

The life that neither grief nor burden knows
 Is dwarfed in sympathy before its close.
 The life that grows majestic with the years
 Must taste the bitter tonic found in tears.



Important Notice!

Dues for the Hoo-Hoo year ending September 9, 1906, became payable at one-ninth of one minute past midnight on September 9th last. Are you paid up for the year September 9, 1906? Are you sure? If you are not, you had better send 99 cents. Every man who pays up without waiting to be sent one notice will help that much to offset the expense caused the Order by the man who waits until he is sent three notices. To which class do you belong? Are you an "early bird" sort of man, or are you an "eleventh hour" man?

