



Important Notice!

Dues for the Hoo-Hoo year ending September 9, 1905, became payable at one-ninth of one minute past midnight on September 9th last. Are you paid up for the year September 9, 1905? 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?



THE BULLETIN

A Monthly Journal Devoted to the Interests of Hoo-Hoo

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NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1905.



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Jurisdiction No. 1—Under the Snark (Roark) the following states: Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan.
 Jurisdiction No. 2—Under the Senior Hoo-Hoo (Bonner) the following states: Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma Territory, Indian Territory, Mexico, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah and Arizona.
 Jurisdiction No. 3—Under the Junior Hoo-Hoo (Ramsey) the following states: Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota.
 Jurisdiction No. 4—Under the Bofum (Denny) the following states: South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Cuba.
 Jurisdiction No. 5—Under the Scrivener (Baird) the following states: Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama and Mississippi.
 Jurisdiction No. 6—Under the Jabberwock (Potter) the following states: Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Montana, British Columbia and Wyoming.
 Jurisdiction No. 7—Under the Custodian (Boggs) the following states: West Virginia, Ohio, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware.
 Jurisdiction No. 8—Under the Acanoper (Laidlaw): Dominion of Canada and British North America.
 Jurisdiction No. 9—Under the Gurdon (Jones) the following states: New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Vermont, Maine and New Hampshire.

Comments on Concatenations



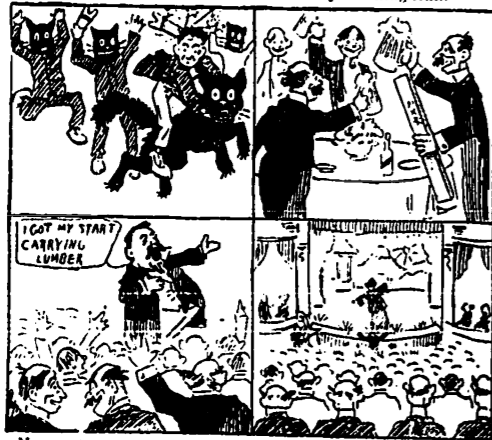
High Wire-walk in the Orchard City.

E. H. Dalbey, Vicegerent for the Southern District of Iowa, rounded up eighteen men in the best of style at Burlington, Iowa, on the evening of February 15. The Burlington Hawkeye wrote up the concatenation in the best of style. A part of the article follows:

"Wednesday night was Hoo-Hoo night in Burlington. The Hoo-Hoo are not strictly speaking night owls, but they are a merry lot of busy men, who are engaged in the lumber business and who have barbed together simply and solely for social purposes and fun. They have no local organizations, no regular meetings, but wherever a few Hoo-Hoo happen to meet there a concatenation is or can be speedily arranged. But there is an annual meeting on the ninth day of the ninth month. Last year it was held at St. Louis, where the Hoo-Hoo had their own building, which attracted public attention. This year the national concatenation will be held at Portland, Ore.

The Lumbermen Own the Town Today.

The Hoo-Hoo gave the boot-jack degree last night. They partake of fine spread at Depot Dining Hall.



Mayor Carter welcomes visitors at Elks' Hall.

And tonight they will witness "Chinese honeymoon."

"Hoo-Hoo to the number of 100 met at the Grand Army hall last evening to perform the solemn rite of initiation. It was after 12 o'clock when the arduous toll of putting the candidates through all the regular work and the extra trimmings was completed. And then the meeting adjourned to the Metropole, where a very toothsome lunch was served, followed by a merry hour over the cigars. The dining room was a bit crowded, but it was a merry crowd, and they enjoyed being near together, and probably had a better time than if they had been scattered about in a very large room. The class, of course, was present, and it was the opinion of the oldest members present that they would all be thoroughbred Hoo-Hoo after that night and an honor and credit to the Order."

The Burlington Evening Gazette also did credit to the concatenation in its local article and published the cartoon which appears upon this page.

The Gathering at Denver.

The Colorado and Wyoming Lumber Dealers' Association met in Denver February 15, and that evening Vicegerent D. E. McAllister held a concatenation. At 6:30 the association gave a dinner at the Albany Hotel. About 125 were seated at the table. At 8 o'clock the dinner was concluded so that the Hoo-Hoo ceremonies could begin. The initiation ceremonies were held in the Blue Lodge room of the Masonic Temple, and it proved an ideal place. Everything had been arranged in advance, so the active work began about 8:45 in the evening and 19 kittens were put through. About midnight the Hoo-Hoo smoker was held at the Albany, and this lasted until far into the morning. During the smoker a number of prominent men of Denver made talks. Taking the entire evening through, a more delightful program could not have been arranged for the kittens and old members than the one given. The oldest Hoo-Hoo present was D. E. Preston, No. 51, of Denver. "Pop" Hemenway wore himself out during the day, and had to drop out of the festivities shortly after the banquet at the Albany, much to the regret of all present. At this concatenation preparations were set under way for a big meeting of Hoo-Hoo at Glenwood Springs, Colo., some time in June. This point was selected so as to give the boys a chance to get into the Order who reside in the western part of the State.

Fun in a Spanish Restaurant.

Vicegerent C. E. Tufts held a notable concatenation on the evening of February 18 down in Tampa, Fla. He had 18 kittens on his list, and there was a large and representative number of old members present to assist him. The Nine was composed of local talent and they put the playful kittens through in veteran style. After the ceremonies were concluded Vicegerent Tufts carried the whole crowd to one of the famous Spanish restaurants of Tampa and the rest of the evening was most pleasantly spent there. Many novel dishes had been arranged, and with prophetic insight Brother Tufts had added at the end of the menu the words, "Good Morning." It was far into the morning before the last left for his home.

Across the Bay in Oakland.

"Gather kittens while you may,
Time brings only sorrow.
And the kittens of today,
Will be old cats tomorrow."

The approaching annual meeting at Portland, together with the fine work of the Western Vicegerents, is arousing interest in Hoo-Hoo and bringing a noble number of good fellows into the Order. On January 28, Vicegerent Henry Templeman held a most successful concatenation at Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco. Twenty men were initiated. Brother Templeman limited the number to twenty, holding that he would rather have a class of that number, where all could receive the attention due them, and then hold another concatenation at an early date, providing opportunities for all. One of the Hoo-Hoo present that night, who modestly forbids me to mention his name, gives the following account of the meeting:

"The enthusiasm of all Hoo-Hoo present was immense, and the greatest part of the success was due to the able management of our Snark Templeman. Northern California is to be congratulated on having a snark who seems to know how to do the right thing at the right time, and he so managed the affair that everything went with snap and vim and every kitten got what was coming to him. Yet the concatenation was finished by 10:30 p. m. Since Snark Templeman has taken hold he has inaugurated the appointment of a permanent Floor Committee, who know

their business, and whose duties are to put the candidates through the floor work. This facilitates matters greatly for the officers and prevents the confusion that is usually seen at concatenations. On this occasion the committee did their work in a very efficient manner.

"A committee of Oakland Hoo-Hoo was appointed by Snark Templeman to prepare for this concatenation, consisting of the following: Messrs. G. B. Waddell, Henry W. Taylor, A. Kendall, W. W. Hunt, A. J. Patterson, C. S. Farnham, E. F. Niehaus, F. W. Foss, F. W. Trower and G. L. Belcher.

"They got together so many kittens that the Snark limited them to twenty for the reason that he could not handle more than that number on account of the short time at his disposal. The committee did their work well and furnished their brethren from San Francisco with a splendid evening's entertainment. Many old-time Hoo-Hoo who were present pronounce this the most successful and the best handled concatenation that they have ever attended. After the concatenation the "On-the-Roof" was ably handled by Brothers Trower and Taylor, and the big success of this part of the affair was due to them. After many good and able speeches during which that old Warhorse Belcher acted as toastmaster the meeting broke up singing 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

There is something in the atmosphere of the Pacific slope that makes the boys poetic. A very handsome menu card, printed in colors, had been arranged by Brother Templeman, and between the name of each course was a bright clipping of a poetical quotation. Even Brother A. E. White breaks into verse about the meeting as follows:

Oh, I Don't Know.

Shakespeare says, "In the affairs of men
There's a tide," and strange things happen then.
He'd probably tell if he took more time
Things that happen to some men who rhyme.
I don't write this, Bro. Bald, to you,
To try to tell you anything new.
Lately some rather fierce verse has been
Drifting around in The Bulletin,
So bad, that, slow and dull though I am,
It's plain that most of it's not worth a— Oh, well,
Perhaps I should not have too much to say,
Sometimes I myself get taken that way
And don't always hit the thing just right.
But think we did last Saturday night.
A crowd of us went across the Bay,
And we had a large time, you bet—say,
You should have been there and seen the fun
And been on the roof when the work was done.
I guess you'd think Hoo-Hoo, just about it,
If you'd heard about Fisher's tight cat fit,
And seen Paulsen with his brand new shoes,
I don't think that you would change your views
Whether they know how to make a cat
Or have the idea "where they are at."
Keogh got shaved just to keep in trim
And got all that was coming to him.
And then we laughed our jaws out of joint
At Payne's cat tale, when he showed us the point.
Oh, ye gods and little monkeys— Wow,
You should have been there and seen how
Long Hansen does when he's in a tight;
With Smille he certainly is all right.
I have never seen a man who could
Saw half as well as our friend Heywood.
Dickie and Miller and Lamb and Rose,
They all did well as far as that goes.
But then the best I ever heard yet
Was what H. L. Everett did not forget.
Well, I might write more, but at this gait
It's hard to tell what will be my fate,
And then as the hour is getting late
We should have time to recuperate,
And I must square myself with my mate
For fear she might turn from love to hate,
And smash a wash bowl over my pate,
You might find something in what I ate,
I guess it's now about time to state
'This will do from 7-0-8-8."
And He never Smiled Again.

Largest Concatenation Ever Held.

The Hoo-Hoo hand of fame now points to Brother Lew Wentworth, Vicegerent Snark for Nebraska. To his credit is placed the record of the largest concatenation ever held. This concatenation was given in Lincoln, Neb., on January 18. The number of initiates was 68.

I regret that I have no more facts to tell about this famous concatenation, but Brother Wentworth simply sent the Order a check for \$422.29, which was the amount of money due from those initiated and reinstated. From the official records, it is also seen that a large number of old members were present, and the occasion must have been in a number of ways an eventful one.

Old Hands at the Work.

On the evening of February 22 at Mount Vernon, Ill., Brother L. M. Bostwick, Vicegerent for the Southern District of Illinois, gave a notable concatenation. The ceremonies were held during the meeting of the Southern Illinois Lumber Dealers' Association, and so all of the southern part of the State was represented. Besides this, many came from a distance to attend the association meeting and the Hoo-Hoo gathering. The personnel of the Initiating Nine was unique. There were two of the Supreme Nine present, three Vicegerents and two past Vicegerents; all wore the robes of office and assisted in making the occasion successful. Brother Bostwick spoke as follows:

"When you consider that the work was done by two officers from the Supreme Nine, assisted by three Vicegerents, two Past Vicegerents, and two whose honors have not yet come to them though equally deserving, you will admit that success was a certainty. Wolfen, Hanley, Simonson and Langan were in just the right mood to do their best work, and Peters and Stotlar fitted into their offices like old hands at the business. The Junior Hoo-Hoo was very ably supported by E. A. McKenzie, who has made a great reputation for himself in his particular line of work.

"The candidates were strictly first-class, and enjoyed the work almost as well as those who witnessed it, though some of them will have painful, as well as pleasant recollections of their initiation.

"The session 'On-the-Roof' was a very enjoyable affair, and full justice was done to the splendid supper, which was partaken of by 52 good Hoo-Hoo, who were well entertained during its progress by a clever vaudeville artist. After the boys got down to coffee and cigars we had a real glimpse of Bohemia, and the stories they told and the songs they sang made the occasion one to be long remembered."

A Concatenation Under Difficulties.

It is a well recognized fact that when a Southerner is up against a cold spell, he has a harder time than a man in the North who is accustomed to watching the bottom drop out of the thermometer. So the boys at Leesville, La., had a hard time on the evening of February 4. Everything had pointed to a big concatenation, and consequently big preparations had been made. Vicegerent E. A. Frost had conferred upon Brother W. K. Hepderson, of Shreveport, La., the power to conduct the ceremonies at Leesville, and much credit is due Brother Henderson for his fine work in view of the difficulties that confronted him. There are four local members at Leesville. The morning of the concatenation it began to sleet, and during the entire day there was sleet rain and snow falling. Trains were late, and it was seen that the attendance would be small. Elaborate preparations had been made for the session "On-the-Roof," and as the refreshments had been shipped from Shreveport, it was too late to countermand the large order. The wires, however, were kept busy and in spite of the weather a number of Hoo-Hoo from the sur-

rounding territory started to the meeting. The southbound train, which is due at Leesville at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, did not arrive until shortly before 10, and as Brother Henderson says: "When they arrived at the depot it was so blamed slippery that the horses pulling the bus could not get up the hill, and the passengers had to get out and walk." Once inside the hall, however, those in attendance and the twenty men initiated had the biggest kind of a time. The ceremonies did not close until 3:30 in the morning. Brother C. L. Rutt, who acted as Jabberwock at the time, rendered Brother Henderson every assistance possible in bringing an enjoyable concatenation out of the chaos of difficulty.

At Joplin, Mo.

Vicegerent John F. Bruce, of the Eastern District of Missouri, held a concatenation in Joplin, Mo., on the evening of February 4. The severe cold spell, which was sweeping through the country that week, interfered with the attendance at Brother Bruce's concatenation, as well as the organization of a local retail Lumber Dealers' Association, which was scheduled for the same day that the concatenation was held.

However, Brother Bruce gathered together about thirty members of the Order and nine men were initiated. The reports received show that the occasion was a very enjoyable one to those who succeeded in being present, and as the class was a small one, there was an opportunity to give all of the new members the limit.

Thirty More Canadians.

Brother D. Boyce Sprague brought 30 Canada lumbermen into line at the concatenation which he held in Winnipeg on January 18. The concatenation was not only a large one in numbers, but was a Canada record-breaker in enjoyment. The initiation ceremonies lasted until midnight, and from the accounts of the newspapers, the people of Winnipeg were wondering what was happening "just over the wall." An elaborate session "On-the-Roof" was given at the Metropolitan Hotel, where 100 sat down for a feast, and the same newspaper, commenting on the banquet, said something awfully mysterious must have happened during the afternoon when the concatenation was being held, for every reference to a man's health by the speakers brought forth peals of laughter. The same paper asks the wives of the lumbermen to be good to them, and excuse them on the grounds that it doesn't happen but once a year.

The Silver Grill.

Vicegerent William R. Roy simply covered himself with glory in the estimation of all who attended the concatenation which he held in Spokane, Wash., on February 8. For elegant appointments, this meeting has probably not been surpassed. The initiation was held in the Odd Fellows' Hall and the banquet at the Silver Grill. The occasion came nearing being a record-breaker in the number initiated, for 43 did their turn. The best part of it all is the comment of Mr. Roy himself, in which he says: "And they are all good men, the heads of some of the best lumber firms in this country—men who will help the Order." From the list of those who were initiated, it shows that the influence of this meeting will reach into many different communities.

The banquet which was held at the "Silver Grill" of Spokane began at 11 o'clock in the evening and lasted until the birds began to sing. This session "On-the-Roof" was not an ordinary one in any way. The menu was most elaborate and included champagne. The menu cards were printed on pine. On the cover was an announcement of

the concatenation and the officers in charge. The second page was devoted to the menu, and enclosed as follows:

"If you tear your clothes, ask the Snark for a pine needle."

"If you get lost "On-the-Roof," call up Bill Shannon."

The third page was given to the musical program, which was furnished by the Silver Grill Ladies' Orchestra. Solos were rendered by Miss Alta Phipps, and the musical feature of the evening was thoroughly enjoyable. On the back page of the menu were the following verses, "Before" and "After:"

Before.

A kitten looked up with a sanctified grin,
Purring "Hoo-Hoo, nice Hoo-Hoo, dear Hoo-Hoo,"
And cried, "Mr. Snark, oh! please take me in;
I'll make a good Hoo-Hoo, good Hoo-Hoo.
To the oaths and secrets I'll cheerfully sign;
The degrees they are many, but none I'll decline;
I'm here with the goods, the nice ninety-nine,
Oh, Hoo-Hoo, nice Hoo-Hoo, dear Hoo-Hoo.

After.

An old cat he looked just recovering from a spree,
Swearing "Hoo-Hoo, darn Hoo, darn Hoo-Hoo,
The old Thomas cats didn't do a thing to me,
Oh, Hoo-Hoo, oh, Hoo-Hoo, oh, Hoo-Hoo.
In the kiln I was steamed and roasted alive;
I've passed thro' the tortures and trust I'll survive.
The vilest cursedness that man can contrive
Is in Hoo-Hoo, nice Hoo-Hoo, darn Hoo-Hoo!"

The toastmaster was Frank Cole, and under his novel manipulations of the speakers, it was close to day before anyone thought of going home. There were not only speeches made, but there were stories told, interspersed with musical selections. In the course of the evening, the following original poem was read by George W. Hoag:

1.

When business is over and the day's work is done,
How often we long for an evening of fun.
We look in the skies and the stars seem to say
"From all of your worries come, sail far away."
Then, behold, there appears a mythical ship
Bearing good Hoo-Hoo who are bound for a trip:
Bound where the silver waves splash on the sand
Of that beautiful Isle called the Hoo-Hoo land.

2.

When all of the Hoo-Hoo are safely aboard
And the paraphernalia all properly stored,
Then the fares are collected—the kittens all pay—
The Hoo-Hoo have passes for the long trip each way.
Then the kittens are gagged and thrown down below,
The gang planks hauled in and the lincs are let go;
All the sails are unfurled and the Snark's in command,
And the voyage has begun to the Hoo-Hoo land.

3.

The trip was ne'er known to be without dread,
The kittens to each other in hushed voices said;
And a terrible fear possessed every soul
As the good ship began to plunge and to roll.
The old Hoo-Hoo laughed for they knew the good ship
Had carried them safely through many a trip;
And this concatenation was a great event
That the wildest storm could not circumvent.

4.

"A hoy, me Hoo-Hoo," shouted the Royal Snark
"I thought you'd come out on this trip for a lark;
The spanker boom jib just reef in and stay,
I'll heave-to the ship and so let her lay
In the trough of the sea, she'll roll to a turn.
The kittens, you know, have something to learn:
So get in your mythical, mystical frock
And turn in and help Hoo-Hoo Jabberwock.

5.

"Arcanoper and Bojum, open the hatch,
Reach into the hold and a few kittens snatch;
Hand them to Gurdon, who'll cover their faces,
While the Hoo-Hoo physician diagnoses their cases.

The Scrivenoter will write up the brief,
The Junior Hoo-Hoo will administer the grief;
Then into the hands of the torture gang,
The kittens just draw, quarter and hang.

6.

"The degrees are unusual, unusually good,
And thoroughly satisfying when well understood;
The ordinal lacks nothing of onions and spices,
And the torture committee can work the devices.
A kitten with nine lives better bid them adieu,
For he'll lose about eight when he tackles Hoo-Hoo;
But the one that remains is worth more than the other,
For Hoo-Hoo confers the kinship of brother."

7.

The fun is all over, the storm clouds arise,
While the bright jeweled stars illumine the skies;
And the breezes blow gently as down o'er the sea,
While our proud ship lifts anchor and once more is free,
Her white wings are spread as a bird in its flight
And the flickering moonbeams keep watch through the night;
Her bow is soon grating on a silvery strand,
On that wonderful Isle called the Hoo-Hoo land.

8.

A banquet is spread, fit for gods or the kings,
And a menu enumerates the wonderful things,
As they sit at the feast, as they eat and they sip,
Their thoughts wander back to the wonderful trip,
And in years to come they laugh and smile,
As they think of the fun in the Hoo-Hoo Isle;
The mysterious place, weird, romantic and grand,
And entrancing, beautiful, was their Hoo-Hoo land.

Warm Times in a Cold Climate.

Under the able guidance of Vicegerent Joe P. Lansing, thirty kittens were led through the gardens right and left into the Land of Hoo-Hoo at the concatenation which he held in Minneapolis, Minn., on January 31. The meeting was usually well attended. Fully 150 were present, and the large class took their test in a style that created much merriment. W. E. Penfield was in charge of the Junior work, and acquitted himself most creditably. We had attributed the poetic spirit to some influencing current of love or sentiment that was flowing on the Pacific slope, but we find it also leaking out in this far Northern climate, for Brother Penfield broke into verse as he instructed the kittens in the following words:

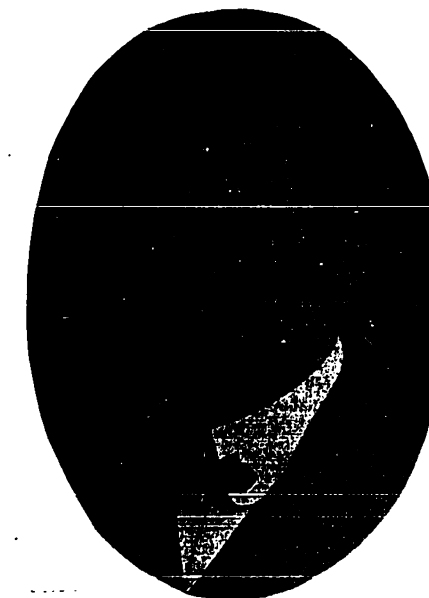
Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to him-
self has said,
I am looking for the best of it?
Listen, mental spirits, to the thoughts from within, and say
aloud—Nay—Nay—
Is there one among this shivering throng
Who in his soul has strength of song
To say, Just as I am without one plea,
I'll take all that's coming to me?
Who dares to raise his head and say
Let Great Hoo-Hoo have his way.
Ye are but poor and purblind candidates,
Who bend a suppliant knee to the mandates
Of Great Hoo-Hoo.
Know ye the penalty of broken faith?
In this short hour of meek submission,
Bow down your haughty heads, and conscience stricken,
Avow your trust in Great Hoo-Hoo,
Who will, forevermore, protect and comfort you.
Yes, none have passed the portals of our hall
Who have not listened to the triumphant call
Of Great Hoo-Hoo.
Bow down your heads again, I say,
And let great Hoo-Hoo have his way.
You now will all be taken, one by one,
And, without protest, and with silent tongue,
Submit yourselves to the great final test,
Though it may tear your heart from out your breast.
Ho! kittens, with your eyes opened wide,
Take these poor purblind, each aside
And bring them back to me, yea, one by one,
That the will of the Great Hoo-Hoo shall be done.
Away with them to the final test.

Successful Meeting at Toronto.

So successful was the concatenation held by Vicegerent Ferguson at Galt, Ontario, in December, that the Canadian Hoo-Hoo insisted on following it up. So on the evening of February 10, at Toronto, Brother Ferguson's second concatenation was held. Twenty-four were initiated, and from reports received, the occasion was an extremely enjoyable one. There were about 70 members of the Order present and enthusiasm ran high. The Vicegerents of Canada are doing good work. The election of Brother W. C. Laidlaw to the Supreme Nine seemed to give impetus to the Order that has carried it bounding forward since the annual in St. Louis.

Novel Ticket of Admission.

Brother John R. Flotron, of Dayton, Ohio, who, in the absence of Vicegerent Doster, was so instrumental in making the big concatenation at Dayton, Ohio, on January 18, a success, has forwarded to me an admission ticket to the con-



JOHN R. FLOTROU.


catenation and banquet which most heartily commends itself. This ticket is in the shape of a theatre ticket. On the main body of it is the following wording: "Hoo-Hoo (place for number) Concatenation held at Dayton, Ohio, January 18, 1905—The Algonquin. Present this card at dining room door."

At the end of the ticket, which on a regular theatre admission card would call for the reserved seats, is the following wording: "Hoo-Hoo (place for number) Concatenation, Dayton, Ohio, January 18, 1905. This stub will be taken up in the lodge room."

As the wording of the above clearly shows, a portion of the ticket was to be detached as the member of the Order presented himself at the door of the concatenation hall. This, like the main body of the ticket, bore the number of the member presenting it and was a guide and aid to the Scrivenoter in knowing the exact number of all present at the session. The main body of the ticket was reserved and presented at the door when the session on the roof was held. We believe this novel idea of the Dayton concatenation will be used frequently at other meetings.

Meeting at Chicago.

The meeting of the Illinois Lumber Dealers' Association in Chicago on February 16 was the occasion of a Hoo-Hoo concatenation that was one of the most enjoyable of the month. Vicegerent T. M. McGill was assisted by the Snark of the Universe in giving instructions to the kittens, which were 19 in number. Brother Max Sondhelmer was in the role of Junior. Those who know Mr. Sondhelmer, his quickness, his wit, and the mask of solemnity he assumes in the robe of the Junior, know that every man present at that meeting laughed from the time that the candidates entered the Garden on the Left until they were to be given a serious talk on Hoo-Hoolism by Bojum Mathias. Twenty candidates were listed, but one of them



Hoo-Hoo comes but Once a Year,
And when it comes you'll have Good Cheer,
Share in the Good.

COMING-COMING-COMING
POSITIVELY ONE NIGHT ONLY

Coincident with the Fifteenth Annual Convention of the
Illinois Lumber Dealers' Association.

Great Hoo-Hoo

WILL HOLD A
GRAND CONCATENATION
At the SHERMAN HOUSE, Chicago, February 15, 1905

The Snark of the Universe

With his train of Nibbles, all arrayed in their Robes of Splendor, will open the final eye of the Program. The waving form of the garden will give more than eye. An Battery New Queen Bed.
The cardinals of Beauty and other things - Customized, Service users, Gardens, Amusement, Lumber Shows, Lumber Shows, etc.
Hoo-Hoo! in the particular is expected to be present and to bring an eligible kitten.

R. T. O. T. G. S. E. C.
T. M. McGill, 335 Dearborn St., Chicago.
Vicegerent Board for Northern District of Illinois.

The above is a reproduction of the clever post card sent out by Vicegerent T. M. McGill, announcing his concatenation held in Chicago, February 16, 1905.

"Hit a rag" before the ceremonies started. It has not yet developed whether this was through fear of the ponderous weight of Snark Rourke, or the secrets that Max Sondhelmer knew about him.

A Big Time at Lawton, O. T.

On Saturday evening, February 11, Vicegerent R. A. Myer held a fine concatenation at Lawton, O. T. There were 17 initiates and everything passed off in a lively and interesting manner. The initiative ceremonies were held in the new Odd Fellows' Hall, and the attendance, composed of Oklahoma and Indian Territory Hoo-Hoo, was very enthusiastic throughout the entire evening. Everything passed off smoothly and promptly, and Brother Myer was the recipient of many congratulations on the smooth way in which the ceremonies were conducted. Just about midnight the concatenation was declared dissolved. The entire bunch of cats and kittens repaired to the Commercial Hotel, where a session "On-the-Roof" was held. The

menu shows that an elaborate meal was spread, at which wine was served.

In the Mountains of West Virginia.

Mr. R. J. Clifford, Vicegerent for the Northern District of West Virginia, held a very successful concatenation on the evening of February 17, at Elkins. There were 29 "victims" and, as Mr. Clifford said, the officers found out afterwards that there were three more right there that night that wanted to join the Order but arrived too late for the opening ceremony. He intends, he says, to let no guilty man escape. It was nearly 4 o'clock in the morning before the banquet was finished, and Mr. Clifford is very proud of the men he initiated. "Sitting at the banquet table" he writes, "and looking over them, it would be hard to get together a finer lot of men than were there that night." E. S. Doggeas, Supreme Custodian, was present and aided in the ceremonies. Mr. I. K. Dye acted as Junior Hoo-Hoo, and proved an exceedingly efficient one. Brother H. K. Slover rendered Vicegerent Clifford efficient service in getting the number together.

Ed Vietmeier Has Quit the Road.

Following closely upon the announcement that Snark Rourke had quit the road, comes the letter from Ed Vietmeier, saying that he was to follow Brother Rourke's example. Brother Vietmeier's company, the J. M. Hastings Lumber Co., has purchased the wholesale lumber business of The J. S. Bennett Lumber Co., at Sandusky, Ohio, and Mr. Vietmeier is going to practically quit the road and devote his time to this branch of the business. He has also bought Mr. J. S. Bennett's interest in the Sandusky Sash, Door & Lumber Co., a retail business run in connection with the wholesale business. Mr. Vietmeier intends to move his family to Sandusky and make this his home.

These changes in business of Ed Vietmeier and Charlie Rourke, while they will prove of personal advantage, will take from the road two of its brightest men, and will be the source of sincere regret to many lumbermen who have been so accustomed to have them call at their office and, besides the beneficial business done, make life more pleasant and brighter by their calls.

Every member of the Order wishes Brother Vietmeier the best of success and appreciates his desire to be more at home with his family.

They Like Brother Potter.

A. H. Potter's hustling qualities are known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, for his field of operations have covered the entire country. He also has a way of making friends and holding them, and there are many Hoo-Hoo throughout the country who will learn with pleasure of the nice compliment paid him by friends of the Pacific slope. When Brother Potter had been just one year in charge of the Pacific slope branch at Portland for E. C. Atkins & Co. the boys of the Order presented him with a fine gold watch and fob. They appreciate him as a man. They also appreciate the work that he is doing for the Order in connection with the annual meeting which is to be held in Portland this year. Potter is an untiring worker for the Order, and there is no task too big to be placed upon him with the assurance that, when it is for the good of Hoo-Hoo, he will cordially respond.

Osirian Cloister Meeting.

In accordance with the resolution passed at the Osirian Cloister Assembly in St. Louis, Mo., on September 8, N. A. Gladding, High Priest of Osiris, calls a meeting of the Cloister for Tuesday, April 13, at Memphis, Tenn.

Coming Concatenations



Paducah, Ky.

Vicegerent R. S. Robertson has now decided on March 18 as the date of his concatenation to be held in Paducah.

Hamlet, N. C.

Mr. R. D. Godwin, Vicegerent for the Central District of North Carolina, will hold his first concatenation at Hamlet, N. C., March 14.

Shenandoah, Iowa.

Vicegerent E. H. Dalbey, whose splendid concatenation of February 15, is written up in this issue, announces that he will hold a concatenation at Shenandoah, Iowa, on the evening of March 16.

Brewton, Ala.

Vicegerent Mark Lyons will hold a concatenation at Brewton, Ala., during the latter part of March. The exact date will be announced later.

Vicksburg, Miss.

Vicegerent J. L. Strickland announces that he will hold a concatenation at Vicksburg, Miss., April 11, during the association meeting of the retail dealers of Mississippi and Louisiana, at Vicksburg.

Cape Girardeau, Mo.

A concatenation will be held at Cape Girardeau, Mo., April 28 by Vicegerent T. A. Moore. The ceremonies will be conducted in the Masonic Hall. Brother M. E. Leming is in charge of local arrangements.

Douglas, Arizona.

Vicegerent W. G. McDonald will hold the first concatenation that has ever been held in Arizona at Douglas, Ariz., April 17. We are going to take in Arizona whether the United States Government does or not.

Hattiesburg, Miss.

A concatenation will be held at Hattiesburg, Miss., March 23, by Vicegerent F. Colmer.

If your child has a tantrum, please do not consider it your duty to imitate him and have one, too. A tantrum is only a little whirlwind of misdirected energy—that's all. It is Power, not yet under control, but it is all God's Power, so it is good, and in its presence you better take off your shoes and uncover your head, for God is in the burning bush.

A tantrum is Life and Life in such abundance that it boils over. It means potential excellence; and if you will only wait you will find that the child who occasionally has a tantrum, will grow into a Man, who will have the strength to care for himself, and his strength will overflow so he can bear burdens for others and never feel their weight.

—The Philistine.

The anecdotic and good-humored department of Lipincott's Magazine called "Walnuts and Wine" is well sustained month by month. The March installment overflows with the relish of true American humor.

Hoo-Hoo and Arbor Day.

From the great State of Ohio comes a suggestion in connection with Hoo-Hoo, which if carried out, will result in benefit to the country which cannot be measured in terms of commercial value. And there is no reason why the idea cannot be materialized. The suggestion referred to is that on Arbor Day every Hoo-Hoo, no matter where he may chance to be, shall assist in the planting of at least one tree. At the Dayton concatenation January 18, Brother J. R. Plotron, acting as tonstmaster, made a little talk along the line of forest conservation. He said in part:

"We watch the woodman cut down the tree, we hew it into various forms, but do we ever give thought to the future, when denuded and bare, all the wonders of the forest gone, ruthlessly torn from Mother Earth's grasp, what shall be the outcome? Then we will cry out, why this condition of affairs? But Brother Hoo-Hoo, we have a day, Arbor Day, set apart to perpetuate our forests. Let me offer this suggestion, that on that day, let every Hoo-Hoo now present resolve that no matter where he may be, he will be the means or assist in the planting of one tree, knowing that no man knoweth the end of all things. Who knows but that very tree may become a blessing to your progeny!"

The suggestion was received with much applause, and since then the idea has taken on definite shape and great interest has been aroused in connection therewith. At the concatenation in Nashville January 25, Brother Lewis Doster, Secretary of the Hardwood Manufacturers' Association of the United States, in session in Nashville at the time, introduced a resolution to the effect that every Hoo-Hoo plant a tree on Arbor Day. The motion was carried unanimously, all joining heartily in Mr. Doster's unique idea of reforesting the country. Brother Doster is Vicegerent for the Central District of Ohio. As every one knows, he is exceptionally well posted as to lumber and timber conditions in this country, and any suggestion endorsed by him would naturally have much weight with all Hoo-Hoo. Snark of the Universe C. D. Rourke will issue a special letter to the Vicegerents suggesting that at each concatenation the matter be brought up and resolutions passed. Probably it will be decided to have each member present pledge himself to assist in planting a tree on Arbor Day. It is hoped that in this way a very widespread interest will be aroused that will result in the devising of other ways and means to conserve the forest wealth of our country. The subject of forest preservation is a vital one. This fact is obvious to every thinking man. The question is, "What shall we do to be saved?" What definite steps shall we take in order to avert the calamities and loss which will follow the total destruction of the timber?

The Bulletin calls attention to the following definitions of Arbor Day which have been furnished us by Brother Doster:

Arbor Day.

In some of the United States, a day set apart in each year by law for the general planting of trees wherever they are needed. Seventeen States have formally adopted the idea—Century Dictionary.

A day set apart by Legislatures of most of the States of the United States, annually for the planting of trees by people, and more especially by the school children. B. G. Northrop, while Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Agriculture, seems to have been the first—in 1865—to suggest the annual planting of trees under the direction of a State government. J. Sterling Morton was probably the first to propose the setting apart of a certain day for the purpose annually, and in 1872, largely through his efforts, the custom was instituted in Nebraska. At the present time Arbor Day is observed in nearly every State and Territory—

In some as a legal holiday, in others as a school holiday; in addition, several States, including New York, publish an Arbor Day Manual. The exact date is not uniform throughout the country, but it generally comes late in April or early in May—*The New International Encyclopedia*.

A day set apart in most of the States and Territories of the United States for the voluntary planting of trees by the people; the object of which is to encourage the planting of trees and to stimulate interest in forestry. The importance of the day has been greatly increased by interesting the children of the public schools in its observance. The day is made a school holiday, and special, and often elaborate, programs of exercises are carried out. Arbor Day was inaugurated by the Nebraska Board of Agriculture, which in 1874 recommended that the second Wednesday of April be dedicated to the work of planting trees. The following States and Territories have since then established an annual Arbor Day: Alabama, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Maryland, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, West Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming.—*Universal Cyclopaedia and Atlas*.

Hoo-Hoo Home in Indianapolis.

Vicegerent W. H. Matthias and the Hoo-Hoo of Indiana have in contemplation the establishment of a Hoo-Hoo Club in Indianapolis, only members of the Order being eligible to membership. The appended letter has been sent by Brother Matthias to every Hoo-Hoo in Indiana, and it now looks as if the club would be started with a flattering membership. "It is our idea," says Mr. Matthias, "to have a lumbermen's home, where we may have a concatenation every month or so and make all good lumbermen Hoo-Hoo."

They do things in Indiana, so the chances are that the club will be a big success. Below is given the letter which Brother Matthias has sent to all the members in that State:

"It has been suggested that Hoo-Hoo organize a permanent Home in Indianapolis in the shape of a Hoo-Hoo Club, only Hoo-Hoo being eligible. Of course, any lumberman who is not now a Hoo-Hoo may, by signing a Hoo-Hoo application, become a member. It has been figured that the cost to start this club would be about \$1,500 and could be accomplished by assessing Indianapolis Hoo-Hoo \$19.98 each and Hoo-Hoo outside of Indianapolis \$9.99.

"The object is to provide a Hoo-Hoo or Lumbermen's Home where the retailer may meet his contractor friends and the wholesaler meet his retail friends, in fact provide a general Home for Lumbermen who may visit Indianapolis; also a place where Hoo-Hoo may be in actual evidence every day in the year. It is up to you; let me know what you think about it.

"Fraternally yours,
"W. H. MATTHIAS,
"Vicegerent."

Dues for 1905.



WHEN the clock struck twelve on the night of September 9 last, dues became payable for 1905. The Hoo-Hoo year begins and ends on September 9. Look up your receipts, and if you find that you have not paid 1905 dues, send 99 cents to the Scrivenoter at once. Any form of remittance will do except

stamps that are stuck together. Your individual check will be all right.

Notes and Comments



The other day I saw in a Chicago newspaper a flashlight picture of some poor folks at a dinner given them by the Salvation Army. You know this has been a hard winter, and in big cities there was great suffering among the poor. The Salvation Army rounded up a lot of miserable people and gave them a good dinner. It was an act of real kindness, but I felt discouraged when I looked at the faces of those seated at the table. Their characters had broken out on them, and they simply looked a sight. Nothing is so awful as to have a limp, no-account character break out on you and show in your looks. And the worst of it is that you simply can't keep it from breaking out. The only thing is not to have it. Not one of those poor folks would I have hired for any sort of job. On their faces were no lines of moral strength—nothing but weakness, sensuality and ignorance. The worst of these is weakness. There is hope for one who has strength, even though his strength be turned in the wrong direction and is called sin. But we are all stronger than we believe ourselves to be. "He is an atheist who does not believe in himself." The Bible says "work out the salvation that is in you." That shows where salvation is—"in you." If not, what sense would there be in telling us to work it out? We are not commanded to "think out" or "wish out" salvation, though wishing and thinking accompany work of course, but both are useless without work. The doing of good work helps us to build character and "character is destiny."

Now, the men and women at the free dinner had never done good work and their faces showed it. It is mighty hard to hide what you are. If you are "somebody," you will look like somebody—your character will print itself all over your face and figure and clothes and all over your house and your lumber yard and everything else you have.

It is my desire to look all right, and I have figured out that in order to do this I simply have to be all right or as nearly so as I can. If I don't succeed, it will not be the fault of my theory, for I know that is correct. When I look at a man like Brother N. A. Gladding, I can see that he possesses some quality that I lack, for he can travel all day or work hard and at the close of the day he will look better than I do just after completing a careful and elaborate toilet. He seems to be on a plane where dirt doesn't stick to him, but everything else seems to come his way most of the time. The motto of his company is "Atkins Always Ahead" and I know that Brother Gladding has done

a great deal to keep Atkins ahead. All over the world the name of E. C. Atkins Company is a synonym for high grade saws of every sort—big saws for big mills, hand saws, rip saws and compass saws for carpenter work, hack saws for sawing metals in the blacksmith shop and kitchen saws for the cook. Ever since last September I have been wearing the cuff links given by the Atkins people as souvenirs at the St. Louis annual meeting. I intended to wear them a few weeks and throw them away. I had an idea that the links would soon tarnish, for I thought they were made just to give away. They are still as good as new, and I am surprised now that I had so little sense. I might have known that the high quality of the Atkins saws was similarly characteristic of the souvenirs.

As I was saying, character, good or bad, cannot be concealed. Your surroundings reflect it and your body is the solidified form of it. An experienced detective can spot a thief half a block away by his walk. An actor looks like an actor and a preacher looks like a preacher. A liar has shifty eyes. The shoulders of a lazy man droop. It is a great mistake to think "outward appearance is often deceitful," as the old proverb has it. Nine times out of ten the outward appearance is the true index to the reality within. And all the world goes upon this principle—you are usually sized up by your appearance. A fine presence is a tangible asset. It is an open letter of credit. If you are naturally good looking, be thankful for it and try to live up to your looks. If you are not good looking, make up for it as far as possible by neatness and tastefulness of attire.

I am not so much concerned about my personal appearance, though of course I know I can't hold a candle to George V. Denny, and I fear I'll never have the opulent appearance of Charley Rourke. Still, I am better looking than Johnny Bonner and W. H. Norris, and they seem to always get along pretty well and have even managed to get married. What worries me is the condition of my desk and my top drawer. My character as reflected from them is perfectly awful. All sorts of useless trumpery accumulate on my desk and I never have room to write except by holding the pencil straight up. There are odd bits of stationery, all sorts of books and papers, boxes of every imaginable size and shape, little wads of strings, and pencils and pens to burn, besides a hundred other things. Of course, I can clean them off—by main strength and awkwardness, by an effort of conscious will. What's the use? They are all back again in no time. So I know there is something the matter with me inside. There is a natural tendency of some sort, and my littered desk is merely the manifestation of that tendency. But what is it? I am sure it is not indolence, for I am not lazy about other things. It isn't slipshodness, because if it were, I would be the same way about my work and my apparel. It seems to be a mania for accumulating, without any intelligence displayed in selecting the objects to accumulate. It must be, therefore, purely instinctive or subconscious. Now, no act becomes instinctive or automatic except after centuries and generations of conscious performance of that act.

Why are we righthanded? Because our ancestors used the right hand for defence. They held a shield over the heart with the left hand. If the heart had happened to be on the right side of the body instead of the left, you would now be carrying your umbrella or your cane in your left hand instead of your right.

Watch the people walking down the street—are they not carrying their umbrellas in the right hand and all their packages in the left? Pick up an umbrella and a package and walk across the room. Ah, there you are—the um-

rella in your right hand and the package in your left—the spear and the shield.

Every day we drag around with us the weight of buried centuries.

There are scientists who can look at one bone of an extinct animal and because of their accurate knowledge of the structure of bodies, they can study out the exact shape, size and appearance of the animal of which the bone was once a part. Sometimes I look at my desk or my top drawer and fancy I can see that unknown, long-dead progenitor of mine who grasped and clutched and held on for very life's sake—he didn't garner and hoard without conscious effort! It was a matter of life and death with him—a grim struggle for a bare subsistence. I don't think he had very big ideas. He must have been a peasant, ground down to earth by a despotic ruler. I do not blame him for clutching. I have no doubt he had to. But I wish he would quit clutching me.

I am tired of holding on to all sorts of odds and ends. I am tired of old receipts and old letters and memoranda and little bits of broken jewelry. I have been tired of them for a long time, but they seem to gravitate to me.

I once heard a brilliant and charming woman of my acquaintance congratulating herself upon the advance she was making as shown by the fact that she had reached the point where she could send all her old clothes to the poor. She had always given money to charity, but somehow could not tear herself away from her cast-off garments. I asked her if she enjoyed giving away her clothes. "No," she said frankly "it is an awful wrench. But I am going to keep it up till I learn to enjoy it."

We are all so tied down. Through this thing we call heredity we are held fast and tight. The cruelty of primitive man comes to the surface in the small boy of today and he goes and kicks the cat. He doesn't even know why he kicks the cat. He has no special reason. The avarice of an ancestor long dead still leaves its dregs in the heart of the woman who hangs on to her old clothes after she has ceased to wear them. We are handicapped by the dead weight of the past. Poet and prophet alike recognize the problem. St. Paul admonishes us to "lay aside every weight." Sidney Lanier says:

"My soul is sailing through the sea,
But the Past is heavy and hindereth me,
The Past hath crusted cumbersome shells
That hold the flesh of cold sea molls
About my soul.
The huge waves wash, the high waves roll,
Each barnacle clingeth and worketh dole,
And hindereth me from sailing!"

Old Past, let go and drop ' the sea
Till fathomless waters cover thee!
For I am living, but thou art dead;
Thou drawest back, I strive ahead
The day to find.
Thy shells unbind! Night comes behind,
I needs must hurry with the wind
And trim me best for sailing."

Have you not many times felt conscious of something that hinders you from sailing? "Thou drawest back, I strive ahead"—I suppose that was what Paul meant when he said "The good that I would, I do not, but the evil that I would not that I do." There were barnacles clinging and working dole and hindering him from sailing. "I am living but thou art dead"—yes, yes, that's the worst of it—we are chained to a corpse. "Who will deliver us from the body of this death?" Shall we always drag this monstrous burden?

Prisoners of the Past. That's what we are. Our conscious minds have wriggled loose but subconsciously we are

clutched. It is as though we had stuck our heads out the window, viewing the fair landscape with eager eyes, while all the time our bodies are bound tight with thongs.

Why not cut the thongs? No use. It isn't as if they were put on from the outside. They *grow out*, I tell you, from within, and wind and weave about us.

"Grow out." Do not those words suggest a solution? They grow out. We can outgrow!

I am not an old man, as some of you know, but I have lived long enough to learn this: There is no such thing as quitting a bad habit. The habit has to quit us if there is any quitting done. If we keep growing, our bad habits and our bad traits of character will fall away of their own weight. If we don't grow we are practically dead already.

What is the law of growth? Nobody knows it in its entirety, for the law of growth is the law of life. The sacred books of all races and all peoples profess to teach it. Doubtless it is all written down in the Bible if we could only understand. The trouble with an inspired message is that it requires almost as much inspiration to read it as it does to write it, and by the time a hundred or so "commentators" have expounded the meaning, the average man's mind is hopelessly befogged. I have always believed that I might have understood the parable of the Prodigal Son if I hadn't heard so many sermons on it.

There is one particular passage of Scripture that has been more frequently quoted and less understood than perhaps any other in the Book. It is this: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." People who quote this passage, for some reason unknown to me, always reel off the words with a certain smug sort of assurance, as though it clinched the argument. And yet I feel sure they don't really grasp the meaning. Some folks have a way of fastening down on a lot of quotations which they use as cant phrases, the while looking smug and thus heading off other people from asking what they really mean. If you are rather timid, a smug look and a glibly quoted phrase will bluff you. Well, for a long time this particular passage puzzled me greatly. I realized early in life that there is a difference between thinking in the heart and thinking in the head, because I could feel that there were some things I believed in an intellectual way and at the same time those beliefs did not in the least improve my conduct. And then there were other things I did not believe in an intellectual way and yet those were the things that impelled me to action. In other words, I found out that the beliefs we hold on the surface mind—in the top of the head, as you might say, are not the main-spring of our actions. You have to believe in your heart before you get a move on. The intellectual grasp is all right as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. You see people sometimes who talk big about what they think ought to be done—their ideals seem lofty and their words are inspiring. And yet they are failures. You wonder why. It is because they think all those beautiful thoughts in the top of their heads—in their hearts is slothfulness and the thought of a good easy time and sitting in the shade and waiting for fried chicken and peach preserves to drop into their mouths. That is what they are thinking in their hearts. They don't know it themselves perhaps. We do a great deal of thinking of which we are not conscious. All the thinking in the heart is unconscious, or rather subconscious—*under the consciousness.*

Of course, we know that the word "heart" is used in a figurative sense, and yet it is well to think out just what it does mean. Here is what one of the best writers I know has to say on the subject:

"The heart of man is the emotional center of his habits or instinct, the center from which radiate his instincts,

his habits, as the nerves radiate from the solar plexus. Instincts are habit thoughts, 'heart' thoughts. If you are learning to play on a piano, you will gain a clear idea of how instinct comes into being. At first your fingers are stiff, and every movement has to be thought about—directed by conscious thought, or "head" thought. But gradually you acquire the habit of handling your fingers in a certain way. Gradually you cease to think at all about your finger movements. You do it 'instinctively.' In other words, you have trained your 'heart' thinking, your subconscious mind to do the thinking for you. Psychologists say that not more than 5 per cent of our mental processes are conscious, the remaining 95 per cent being under the consciousness. It is this instinctive part of us, this 95 per cent of us, that is referred to in the Bible as the 'heart.' Now, if this heart of us carries at least 95 per cent of our mentality, you can easily see why a man is what he 'thinketh in his heart.' The greater part of man's environment comes to him by reason of its affinity to his 95 per cent habit or instinct-mind, of whose workings he is practically unconscious."

I invite your very careful attention to the sentence: "The greater part of man's environment comes to him by reason of its affinity to his 95 per cent habit-mind." The idea is that man is a sort of magnet and attracts his environment to him. This is by no means a new idea. I think it was Schopenhauer who first promulgated the theory of "correspondences." His belief was that everything we have comes to us because of something within us which corresponds to it—nothing comes by chance. If you land in a soft place because somebody gave you a lift, it proves that there is in you some quality which caused that person to be disposed to help you. So also we "draw" or "attract" undesirable conditions or experiences. This is the theory of "correspondences."

We often cannot see why certain things come to us, because we are practically unconscious of that great 95 per cent of our thinking which draws them. When misfortunes come, we blame our "environment" or something outside of ourselves. If those poor people at the Salvation Army dinner had been interviewed as to their condition, every one would have said: "I never had no chance," or, "The government is agin us." They would not believe that their poverty is just their character spilled out all over them. Does it do them any good to give them a free dinner? It does not. Their trouble lies too deep for that. But the free dinner helps the people who give it. That is the only good charity does. It helps the one who gives—he gets the exercise, so to speak. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Giving helps the giver to limber up and shake off the clutch. It usually has no other effect on the "givee" except to cause him to come back for more. The only way to permanently help any one is to arouse his own energy and vitality—to stir up his habit-mind. I think it was Paul who said: "Now therefore be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds."

If you ever see anybody who has been transformed by eating a free dinner, send me a wire, collect.

How then shall we shake off the shackles? Let me quote again from the same writer referred to in the foregoing:

"The key to all change of character lies with that little 5 per cent conscious mind, which, with all its littleness, is a sure lever by which to move the 95 per cent ponderosity below it. The little 5 per cent mind has stronger compelling power than several times its bulk of subconscious mind, and there is not an atom of all that subconscious mind which cannot be moved by that little 5 per cent mind which lies at the top. The conscious self is the directing power. Just as it directed your fingers to change their fixed habits, so it can direct any change in other lines of mental or bodily habit. To think self-command and success long enough will fill even the most 'set' heart with habits of success. If your practice is fitful and half-hearted, it may

take more than a life-time. If you go at it with a steady will, cutting off all distractions which sap your enthusiasm, you may make the change in a half a life-time. And if you can bring to your assistance a high spiritual exaltation, you can make the change in almost no time at all. Faith and enthusiasm will literally *melt* the hardest 'heart' and permit a quick re-formation. This is the secret of quick accomplishment in children—their hearts are clean and molten in the emotional fires of enthusiasm and faith, ready to receive deep and lasting impressions."

Did you notice particularly what is said about children in the foregoing? I have always wondered what was meant by "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom." I can see now that it means we have to loosen up the hard crust of our submerged habit-mind or "heart"—to make our minds as open to impressions as that of a child, so that we can enter into the kingdom of a newer and higher state of consciousness. It will be a big job. Those who are descended from the Puritans will have to jar loose from a deal of intolerance—remnants of the spirit that prompted the old "blue laws." Still deeper are innumerable buried fears and vices and superstitions and tyrannies that lie in wait to throttle us. It is very consoling to think we are very much greater and stronger than we realize. Emerson says "Jove nods to Jove from behind each of us." Still it isn't a good plan to overwork even Jove. There will be enough to do if we succeed in changing the "heart" (habit-thought) that has come down to us through the centuries—we can't afford to contract new habits of wrongdoing as we go along. A man who consciously thinks he needs a drink at regular intervals is training his habit-mind, and by and by his subconscious thinking will begin to draw like a magnet—and it will draw that which corresponds to the thought in his "heart." What sort of thought is it that makes a man think he needs a drink at stated intervals? A thought of weakness of course—a belief that something is necessary to "brace" him. "The greater part of man's environment comes to him by reason of its affinity to his 95 per cent habit-mind." What kind of things have an affinity to the "habit-mind" or "heart" of the man who believes he needs three drinks a day or even one drink a day as a regular practice? "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath redness of the eye?" Who has a lost job and a reputation he can't borrow \$5 on? If the weakness that induces the desire for a "bracer" would just stay on the surface of the mind, it wouldn't hurt. But it doesn't—it sinks right down into the subconsciousness and begins to "draw." It puts out feelers and runners and fastens on to those things to which it has an affinity.

The ramifications of that "affinity" idea are appalling. Here is what Solomon had to say about the things that have an affinity for the sluggard—Solomon pondered a good deal on the subject of sluggards:

"I went by the field of the slothful. And lo, it was all grown over with thorns and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well. I looked upon it and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth, and thy want as an armed man."

Yes, you can bet that poverty will come a running if from the "heart" has sprouted a shoot that has an affinity for poverty. Haven't you seen people who appeared to be doomed to misfortune—the sort to whom something bad was always happening? What kind of people are they? Rather weak—the type that habitually take patent medicine. Some time ago, Mr. Bok, editor of the Ladies Home Journal, published an article denouncing patent medicines because they contain alcohol. He said there is a greater per cent of alcohol in patent medicine than there is in beer. Maybe so.

But what idiot is going to drink patent medicine by the schoonerful? That is just like Sissy Bok—to shoot at a glimpse of a thing when the thing itself is right there before his eyes. The danger of patent medicine is not in the bottle—it is in the heart (habit-mind) of him who thinks he needs it. A chronic state of mental weakness grows a runner that reaches out after those things to which it has an affinity. The same thing that "draws" the medicine also draws the disease! And other bad things besides.

When I was a child I heard some people talking about a man in the neighborhood who had been very rich but who had come down to penury in a very short time. They said opium had ruined him. Like all children I was very literal-minded and I got the idea that opium must cost at least a thousand dollars a dose, since a rich man had so quickly busted himself buying the drug. I was nearly grown before I learned that the price of a drug is the least part of its poverty-producing power.

From time immemorial the fact that disasters come in bunches has been observed. Shakespeare said "Misfortunes come not singly."

But here is a cheering thought: If bad things come in bunches, so do the good things. We all know people who seem to just float along to a consummation of all their hopes. You sometimes hear it said of a man, "He could make money if he were set down on a flat rock." He is said to be a "lucky dog." Which being interpreted means that he does the right sort of thinking in his heart—he has his habit-mind going right and it is sending out runners after success. It works while he sleeps. Like money drawing interest. It is just as easy for that man to accumulate stocks and bonds and steam yachts as it is for me to collect a lot of trash on my desk. Doubtless he inherited a tendency that way. It is a great advantage to have a good start when you come into the world. I hope he won't contract a dope habit or do anything else to give his "heart-thinking" a wrong twist. I don't begrudge him his success. In fact it encourages me to look at him, for I think as he is, so may I become. What has been done, can be done. I may be a horrible example now, all snowed under as I am with useless truck, but I shall emerge—some sweet day. The ideal is always ahead of our ability to achieve, and there is no use being discouraged if we fail. "The question is not so much where are you, but in what direction are you going?"

The point is that we must grow—change the heart or habit-mind, or else get off the earth. There used to be a popular song called "Silver Threads Among the Gold." Songs like that always gave me the woollies and I remember how as a child I used to hate to hear an amateur singer warble off on "Darling I am growing old," which was the first line of the song mentioned. "Growing old!" It is a paradox. Nobody grows old. We get old when we have ceased to grow. When we quit growing, mentally and morally, the thongs that bind us grip tighter and tighter around us and squeeze out our life. Old age is a lesser degree of life. We say old people are "set" in their ways because they are old, but this is a mistake—they are old because they are "set." They have allowed the thongs to get ahead of them, to grow faster than they have grown, and the life is being choked out. As life diminishes, susceptibility to disease increases—in that condition we are just as apt to take one ailment as another. If we escape appendicitis, we may die of fever. It is not worth while, therefore, to refrain from eating grapes, because if we are set in our ways, it is a sure sign we are not growing and so we are bound to take some sort of disease. Why should we be so

"choosy?" Whatever malady we have, we think it is the worst ever any way. If we can't keep growing, the jig is up and the graveyard is just around the corner. We might as well make up our minds to that and calm our fears. Aren't you tired of being afraid of draughts and cold feet and canned goods and germs and microbes and things? It is complex and bothersome to dread so many ills—let us simplify our apprehensions and fear nothing except to stop growing. Thus may we lead a "simple life" that will be worth while.

All this sounds as if I were preaching a sermon. I had no idea of saying so much when I started out. I just got interested and kept on going, there being nobody to talk back at me. That is the advantage a preacher has, you know. The audience has no chance at all. No doubt you are all tired of listening and anxious to be about your business. I believe, too, that I hear some brother snoring over there in the amen corner. Very well, I shall bring this service to a close with the announcement that I shall preach in this pulpit again April 9. I hope you will all be here, and I promise not to talk so long.

Now, all stand and join in the hymn written by Mr. James Russell Lowell, after which the congregation may consider itself dismissed:

"Greatly begin! If thou hast time
But for a line, be that sublime.
Not failure, but low aim is crime."

Please sing.

The following news item reported in the press dispatches shows how unlucky it is to get mad at a cat. Certainly that was a most unusual accident, but obviously due to the doctor's nervousness and lack of self-control—there is no use to blame the cats, for if the physician (who seems to have failed to heal himself of these ills) had not run amuck in this way, probably something else had would have happened to him. The item is clipped from a Nashville daily:

Bowling Green, Ky., February 3—(Special)—Dr. Jerry Thomas, a well-known physician of Smith's Grove, in this county, had a harrowing experience at an early hour yesterday morning. On the front porch of his residence a long wire hangs down from the ceiling. It is securely fastened to the ceiling by a staple, and to the lower end is looped a large fish-hook, on which baskets of ferns and flowers were hung during the summer season. When summer was over the wire was left hanging. The neighborhood cats gathered at the doctor's residence and the noise they made put sleep out of the question. He stood it till 3 o'clock in the morning, when he got up and securing a stick of wood rushed out on the porch, clad only in his night shirt. In the dark he ran against the suspended wire and was impaled on the fish-hook, which sank into the flesh under one eye and tore around and became fastened in the bone above the eye. He was unable to extricate the hook and could not get the wire down, and was a prisoner in his thin night attire, with the wind blowing keenly and the temperature uncomfortably near the zero mark. A physician was sent for, who, upon arrival, took in the situation and asked for a pair of nippers. There were none on the place and some one had to be sent out in town to hunt up a pair. They were finally secured, the wire was cut and the doctor, suffering from pain and about half frozen, was taken into the house, where two physicians, after hard work, succeeded in getting the hook out. It cannot be told yet whether the eyesight will be permanently impaired or not, but it is feared that it will be.

Brother Charles H. Adams, who, as everybody knows, travels for the D. Clint Prescott Company, manufacturers of

saw mill machinery, writes me that he has been reading lately a good deal about this new plan of marriage—marriage on the installment plan—or for a term of years. This doesn't suit Charlie, who has a wife of whom he is very proud, and a house full of children. He terminates his remarks on the subject with a poem that reads about like this, as nearly as I can decipher it:

"I love you now,
I'll love you ever.
Our home shall be always together.
No leaving you,
No leaving me,
Our love's the best that love can be."

He says if this seems to go pretty well, he will tackle the beautiful snow next, as the thermometer at the point from which he writes—Crookston, Minn.—registers 40 degrees below zero.

There were forty stanzas of Charley's poem, all told, but they were not up to grade and I have sent them to a mill to be trimmed up with a gang edger.

Fort Smith, Ark., January 28, 1905—On account of sickness in my family I was deprived the pleasure of taking in the big Hoo-Hoo blow-out at the fair, nevertheless my heart was in it for the success of the occasion, and am pleased to know that you all enjoyed it to the extent of your full weight.

We are always glad to get The Bulletin, and my wife enjoys reading it as much as myself, and no doubt that if Brother Hanley is successful in getting his motion through to organize a ladies' auxiliary to our great Order (of the wisdom of which I must confess I have some doubt), she will be one of the first to make application for membership; but since I am as yet rather a young cat—only having had my eyes opened to the great and endearing mysteries of Hoo-Hoo for four short seasons—I will try and content myself with the privilege of taking a back seat and listening to the wise old Toms discuss this great and momentous question.

With best wishes for the success of The Bulletin and our great Order I beg to remain,
Fraternally yours,
W. T. BETHEA (No. 23400).

Here is a very interesting communication concerning a part of the world of which most of us know but little:

Hotel Stevens, Seattle, Wash., February 8, 1905—J. H. Baird, Scrivener, Nashville, Tenn.—Dear Sir and Brother: Your letter and handbook and Bulletin of December 28 received in due time, and you would have had a reply from me ere this had it not been for the fact that I have been quite ill, and have been confined to a sanitarium at the Green River Hot springs, this State. I am now improving and expect to be able to return to the extreme northern part of Alaska in the early spring.

I have spent the major portion of the past eight years in Alaska, following mining principally, but at times have taken a whirl at timber and manufactured lumber. My first experience in logging in Alaska, or rather in British Yukon Territory, was in 1897, when a party of four of us poled our boat up the Yukon River, about thirty miles from Dawson, and there cut and rafted about 12,000 feet of Spruce logs, which we delivered to a mill at Dawson and received \$150 per M. So you see it was not a bad thing for a man to know something about logging and lumber in a new mining country. My next venture in the lumber trade in

Alaska was at Nome in the summer of 1900. The first shipment of lumber to Nome was made by the Ryan Brothers in 1899, and commanded from \$150 to \$500 per thousand, and common fir lumber at that, surfaced on one side. I bought the first cargo of lumber which came to Nome in 1900, and sold the entire cargo of 400,000 feet at \$125 per thousand in twenty days, but I afterwards got stuck on a million and a half feet, which I had to sell at a loss, and which quickly dissipated all the profits on my former timber deals. The past two years I have been mining on the Innachuk River, adjacent to Kotzebue Sound and the Arctic Ocean. If you will look at a map of Alaska you will see that Innachuk River and Kotzebue Sound is on what is called the Seward Peninsula, and just within the Arctic circle. Myself and associates owned a mile and a half up and down the stream by 660 feet across the stream. Our ground prospected very rich.

It is what we call winter diggings, or in other words, the ground is frozen to bedrock the year round, and the method of working is by the steam thawing process. We have a thirty-horse power boiler to generate the steam, and from the boiler we have steam pipes running down our shaft and connecting with points. We have steam hose which connects with what we call points or drills. These points or drills are hollow, with three holes each of one-sixteenth inch, through the drill point; they are also from five to six feet long, the object being to thaw the frozen ground as fast as the points can be driven in. After the points are driven we allow them to remain there from six to eight hours. This should thaw from five to eight yards of gravel to the point.

Myself and associates took out \$42,000 last winter by the steam thawing process. We only worked a piece of ground three hundred feet up and down the stream by from twenty to thirty feet wide. However, the cost of our supplies was so great that we did not have very much profit left. For instance, we burnt over 100 tons of coal, which cost us \$105 per ton. We also used considerable lumber for building sluice boxes, etc., which cost us \$200 per 1000; and our other supplies at Nome cost us over 50 per cent more than Seattle prices; then add \$80 per ton to the cost of freight for having supplies delivered to our mine, you can readily see that we have a very good property or we could not make it pay.

When you consider that the greater part of Seward Peninsula is treeless and without wood or timber of any kind except very small and scraggy willows, which only grow on the creeks and river bottom, you will understand from this description that prospecting and mining is carried on with considerable difficulty in Alaska. However, Alaska is now, and always will be, one of the most productive territories of the United States.

We have had some of the most dishonorable officials in Alaska, who have added to part of our burden. The miners have had to go to the superior courts to get redress, and we have had a judge, who was appointed by the President, and we found that he was very corrupt. After we found that he was a corrupt official we brought charges against him, and he was convicted and sentenced to one year's imprisonment by the Circuit Court of Appeals. However, this cost the miners and prospectors lots of time, money and hard work, and we are pretty sore at some of the appointments made in Alaska. They are men who know nothing about the conditions prevailing there, and not one out of ten are worthy of their jobs. I notice by Collector Jarvis' report that the United States import for last year was \$21,423,951 in merchandise, and the exports from Alaska, which was mostly gold, was \$12,550,783. You will see by

these figures they are doing something in Alaska. The exports will rapidly increase in volume in the future, for the facilities for the development of the material wealth of the Territory in the expansion of the mining, timber and fishing industries, are being constantly supplied, so that its trade with the State, and particularly with the city of Seattle, is already recognized as an important factor.

Its population is composed of sterling Americans, the brightest in the world; men, women and children who are proud of their Northern home, and who are there to stay and develop the country. With some needed legislation suggested by our President, whom we all love and revere, the conditions in Alaska will be greatly improved, and their activities and energies quickened through the development of the resources of our country throughout its most extended parts of the Territory. Alaska, and its sterling and enterprising people, deserve the thought and encouragement and aid to favorable legislation of the National Government. The press everywhere should lend a helping hand in that direction.

The timber resources in southeastern Alaska are vast and valuable, and will constitute one of the most important industries of that section, which is open to navigation the year round. I am quite familiar with the region mentioned, and with her timber and lumber resources, and I predict a very rapid development there of this great and important industry. Spruce and Alaska cedar are the principal woods there. Spruce is used principally for fish boxes. The Alaska cedar is a hard wood, and takes a very high polish, and is used a great deal for finishing lumber for both ceiling and floors. In fact, it is considered a better wood than oak. The spruce wood is also used, and valuable, for the pulp.

I especially invite the attention of your readers to this part of the Territory, for now is the time to acquire interests there for those who are inclined to operate in the lumber and mining business. The climate of southeastern Alaska is mild, and the winters so open and free from cold that work in logging camps and mills can be conducted throughout the entire year as inexpensively and as conveniently as similar work is carried on in the temperate region of Puget Sound, and the facilities for communication by steamers and telegraph are always at command.

Many of the most important and productive quartz mines also exist in this part of the Territory to which I allude, of which the Treadwell is the most extensive and celebrated. But there are many others which are constantly yielding rich returns to their owners, and they all require timber and lumber. I will write you a more detailed report of Alaska when I go back there next summer.

Yours very truly,
L. S. McLENNON (No. 3761).

Jackson, Miss., January 21, 1905—Brother Baird: Great Hoo-Hoo in distributing his favors has neglected our beautiful Southland—the land of his birth. I therefore suggest New Orleans as the place to hold our annual of 1906. Ho for New Orleans!
E. F. JONES (No. 8418).

Mound City, Kas., February 13, 1905—Dear Jim: Your kind favor of 7th duly received, and the duplicate grip tag also. Please accept my thanks for the same, for I value it very highly, both for its usefulness and its uniqueness.

You ask if I read The Bulletin. You bet that I do, especially the "Notes" emitted from your bugle. Some of

them I read more than once, and I enjoy them too. Your illustrations are vivid; your descriptions of men and things are clear and forcible, and some of them are correct.

I was more than amused at the manner in which you "sized up" Mr. Thomas Lawson and his "rattle" with the "system." I cut the article out and sent it to that gentleman and invited his attention to the minute exactness with which you have got onto his curves. I also sent him a few reminiscences of the Rockefeller family which had come under my personal notice to encourage his future frenzies.

I trust that none of the readers of The Bulletin failed to note the completeness of your argument in proving that "The Strenuous Life" beats "The Simple Life" all to a frazzle. It is fortunate that it did not come to the notice of the Absarokan parson. If it had he would probably have folded his tent like the Arab and silently sailed away to France without stopping to finish his lecture course. I have been watching and waiting to hear something of its effect on Teddy. If it did not convince him that strenuousness and simplicity are antagonistic and unmixable as a living principle of everyday American life, then I shall expect to see him trying to make a grand combination of democracy, populism and republicanism in his administration of the affairs of this great and glorious country. Great Scott! what a combination that would be.

Is there too much levity? Well, no, not yet. Just think what you are up against. It is your province and bounden duty to combat and defeat every absurd and foolish proposition that is advanced by anybody. You can't do it by argument alone because that would be met by more argument, and the debate continue interminably. But you can too your bugle with the levity key open, and with a shaft of ridicule pierce the armor of your opponent and soon relegate him to the junk pile. But of course you should be careful how you apply the levity. Don't ridicule anything that is intrinsically sound and sensible, like this letter for instance, or I should at once decide that there was too much levity.

Well, Jim, you can well imagine that this is the "winter of our discontent" here in Sunny Kansas, with the snow seventeen inches deep on the level, and the thermometer showing ten degrees below "Clearo," as my small boy says. Of course there is no trade. Who would want lumber in such weather as this, unless it were to burn? And how can a lumberman enjoy life when he has nothing to do but to hug the stove and try to keep warm?

And how can a lumberman's wife be happy when the aforesaid "small boy" comes in from his coasting with the sole torn from his shoe, a rent in the back of his coat, the bosom of his pants in tatters, and a quantity of cuticle missing from his "seat of government?" His explanation that it was not his fault, for his hand sled threw him off and rode him down the hill instead of his riding the sled, although philosophical, doesn't avoid the necessity of the dry dock for repairs. Hamlet said:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than were ever dreamed of in your philosophy."

But the philosophy of a small boy is sufficient for everything—everything except satisfying his mother for the loss of said cuticle. The clothes can be repaired, and the shoes resoled, but the cuticle—?

No pen can depict the anguish,
The joy that a mother feels;
Who has a small boy to look after,
And a man to come home to his meals.

Isn't that true? and isn't it pathetic? Why, you can almost feel the pathos oozing out of every word of it. And it is "poetry," too, real poetry. Not like the stuff the lumber journals print and label poetry, the rhyme, and metre, and so forth of which make the label necessary. But I ought not to say that, for is it not written, "Criticisme not, that ye be not criticisme?"

Well, I must stop, for my box of limericks is nearly empty. I will only say in conclusion, keep up The Bulletin; keep up the bugle notes; keep up the levity. It is the condiments that make the feast enjoyable.

Yours seriously,
E. M. ADAMS (No. 473).

The foregoing letter certainly presents a pleasant picture of a lumberman's happy home. What matters the wintry blast or the mill shut down if the small boy is well and hearty and the coasting is good? Nothing makes life more interesting than a small boy—except three small boys.

The remarks of Brother Adams in regard to The Bulletin were called forth by my direct question as to whether he considers the element of levity in the paper too pronounced. You see I am trying to make The Bulletin entirely acceptable to a very large list of readers, and there are times when I get a bit worried over it. I shall be glad to receive suggestions or criticism from any of our readers.

Jeanerette, La., January 22, 1905—Jim Baird, Esq., Nashville, Tenn.; Dear Brother Jim: I have been reading Brother Hanley (8746), in January Bulletin on favoring an organization into Hoo-Hoo of a ladies auxiliary, and my better-half has also seen it (as nothing in The Bulletin passes her optic vision); like the old darkey says she always reads it from "kiver to kiver," and she sanctions his move to a T Y T. Of course, women do not know the throes of agony a poor purblind kitten has to go through to become a full-fledged cat in our Order, and as the brother puts the initiation at \$7.77, that is only 7-9 difference. I am sure where a man can stand and all but die, even a robust lady would fall under the first test, after they see a street parade. I think they are well content to wear a wife or sweet-heart's stickpin, and be content to know they are the wife of a man who belongs to so honorable an Order as Hoo-Hoo. As you say, no one seems to know just where woman's place is, but my wife says—and she must be right as wives are always right (even if they are entirely wrong. Of course she doesn't hear me say this, as this is only in a whisper, or a very silent thought—as we must not think loud in their presence—as they are very apt in catching on, at any rate mine is). She says we are a very selfish set to have so much fun, such magnificent banquets, all to ourselves. Of course I agree with her (as I hafter). We ought always have them at our "on the roof," or banquets, as we always have a more delightful time to share with others, and especially the ladies. I do not believe in these stag suppers. What I like is a banqueting hall filled with the fair sex. So if we could have it that way I think we could find a place for woman in our Order, and they would be content; but if we had them in the Order as a fixture in a short while they would be the 97 or better-half as it is after a kitten becomes a cat in the matrimonial line—who's boss?

The man under his breath says I. You know it is not so, but you hate to acknowledge that you, a man, are subject to a little woman "that has no place." Of course if we had our wives at our banquets we would be kept straight; if we didn't we would not be let to go next time as some of the brothers at St. Louis whose wives said they would not

let them go again if they disgraced themselves by making the same old speeches. Now, brother, I am not a "rusty old bachelor," and do not think of resigning on account of the brother's suggestion, but as you say woman has no place I thought perhaps I might cry "Eureka," and give her a place in our Order where we could still hold our own and discover the "woman's place."

Say, Jim, who's the better half—you? Nil! Why will you always try to make out you are boss when in your heart you know your inferiority? I expect Brother Hanley is in the same fix. I know he is if he is a married man.

And another thing: We would have to increase the membership limit to 7,777,777,777 plus, and increase it each year, as the ladies would see men had to pay \$9.99 and they only \$7.77. Why they would see it was a bargain, and such clamoring for admission; it would be worse than bargain days in some of the big department stores. You know the love of women for cheap things.

Did any of the brother's wives ever buy them cigars at 95 cents per box for a Xmas present? and had to hide them under the house, as they were bargain goods, and not smokable. I know some of you have. I won't say anything myself, but they say silence gives consent.

Well, brother, I think I better not say any more on this subject as I may have some of the fair-sex who favor Brother Hanley's scheme—and have some of them after me like our poor brother, "Sammy Guyther," who had to hide in California, and they found him there; the last time it was told me in secrecy. So don't say anything about it. He had gone to the deserts of Arizona to hide; he had to leave his beautiful home on the "Teche" to escape from the ones who have no place in nature. I only mean good to them. May God bless them; in blessing them we are blessed; so blessed be the blessed.

Your brother in Hoo-Hoo,
JUNIOR E. CHOPPER (No. 7941).

F. E. Longwell, purchasing agent of the National Casket Company, of New York city, with factories at Hoboken, N. J., was in Chicago a few days ago making some lumber purchases and his numerous friends were glad to see him. Mr. Longwell is Vicegerent Snark for the Eastern District of New York and is doing some good work in his section for the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo—American Lumberman of February 25.

In last issue of The Bulletin mention was made of a telegram from Brother D. A. Campbell, of Jacksonville, Fla., asking for the loan of the electrotype of my ancestor, published in December Bulletin. The telegram said the picture was to be used at a "bums' banquet." As I had surmised, it turned out that the telegram got balled up in transmission. The function referred to was a Burn's banquet in commemoration of the 146th birthday of Scotland's great poet. It was a very elaborate and elegant affair, and much ingenuity was displayed in getting up the programme of entertainment. The menu cards were extremely unique as were also the printed programmes. An orchestra rendered appropriate music and the witty toasts were interspersed with Scotch songs sung by various gentlemen present. The entertainment was given by the "First Robert Burns Association," of Jacksonville.

San Francisco, Cal., February 15, 1905—I have been moving around so much this past twelve months I have

probably failed to mail you the necessary 99 cents, so I have hunted up all the papers I could find on the subject and filled them up and enclose the same along with the aforesaid shekel.

The fact is that when the thought was suddenly presented to my mind that I might not get my monthly Bulletin through being in arrears, I got a hustle on right away; also a P. O. order. There are no dollar bills in this blooming country so I couldn't do as the brother who lives three miles from h— somewhere south of where the United States line must be. I'd like to trade off with him.

I haven't seen any really warm weather in twelve months—nothing but wind and dust and rain and wood-fires and California seas and little things like that. Although there are some compensations—for instance an occasional Hoo-Hoo meeting with Jabberwock Potter to the fore—when the dust is settled and the kittens likewise, and you forget your other troubles (and the retheaded stenographer) listening to the words of wisdom distilled by the old cats when they really get the stiffening out of their tails.

Yours very truly,
A. B. NICHOLS (No. 11287).

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.

Fee Simple in the Far West.

"Do you hold the title to this land in fee simple?" asked the lawyer from the East who was looking up claims for a client.

"Yes, quite simple," replied Desert Jake, with a fierce smile; "no frills at all. If I hear of anybody tryin' to jump this here claim I just up and lets a hole through him to benefit his understanding. Now, there ain't nothin' complex about that there method, is there?"

Prices of Hoo-Hoo Jewelry.

Hoo-Hoo lapel button	\$2.10
Osirian 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."

"There is so much bad in the best of us and so much good in the worst of us that it behooves each one of us to be charitable to the rest of us."

More of India.

The following is a continuation of the account of the travels of Brother Alexander Russell No. 5863, of San Francisco:

One of the most enjoyable places in all India is Delhi, and we arrived there after a short journey from Lucknow, eager to see the many interesting buildings and streets of this place so full of evidences of former Indian grandeur.

We were too late of course to see the great Durbar, which a few months before had attracted all the wealth and pomp of India to do homage to the Viceroy, who is next to the King of England in official importance. We heard of the magnificent trappings of the elephants which solemnly marched past the reviewing stand carrying the native Rajahs arrayed in most amazing splendor, who came to do honor to the new Emperor of India, King Edward VII, represented by the Viceroy (Lord Curzon) and the Duke of Connaught.

A year before this some of the native kings had gone to England to witness the coronation of the King and Queen. We heard of one of these rulers, the Maharajah of Jaipur, who chartered a 2,500 ton steamer to take him and his suite to England. No alien could touch his baggage, or prepare his food, so his own servants did everything for him. Huge tanks of Ganges River water were sent him for bathing, drinking and cooking, so that no unclean, unholy water should contaminate him. The temple priests told him that he would be separated from his god by crossing the ocean, would lose caste and die out of the faith of his fathers. So he decided to overcome their objections by taking the god with him. "Then," said he, "if I lose caste so will the god." Think of his expense account!

Then followed in India the celebration of the crowning of the King as Emperor of India, and the native kings from the southern, middle and northern provinces gathered all their jewels and brocades and retainers and went to Delhi to see and be seen.

We saw many smaller functions on our trip, which were enough to convince us that we never, by book or story, could form half an idea of the magnificence of these pageants—a moving picture of the wealth of the Orient.

Here in Delhi is the grandest Mohammedan mosque (the Jumma Masjid) in the world, and on Fridays 25,000 devout followers of Islam gather for worship. We are shown precious relics; a bit of the Koran written by Mohammed; a hair from his beard; one of his slippers filled with dried jasmine flowers, and wander about in the shade of the great building, awed by the height of the towers and walls and the quantity of marble used in its construction.

Delhi is a walled city, with several picturesque gates, and in 1857 was the scene of a great siege, the natives and English fighting for six days, and many interesting details are told us by one of the survivors. The fort built in 1638 is a wonderful structure, and the entrance gate (called Lahore Gate) is a magnificent building. Inside the enclosure are two structures of marble inlaid with jasper, carnelian and precious stones. One, the Diwan-i-Am, was the residence of Shah Jehan, the greatest builder in India; the other, the Diwan-i-Khas, was the private hall of audience of the ruler, and these two buildings are only surpassed by one other in India for exquisite design and construction.

The bath, where this monarch spends most of his time in the hot weather, is the most gorgeous affair of its kind in the world. Much of the jewel work has been picked out

of the walls, but enough remains to astonish the beholder. In the Hall of Audience once stood the famous Peacock Throne, captured by Nadir Shah, a Persian monarch, and which was solid gold, studded with rubies, emeralds and diamonds, and worth over a million. From here also was taken the celebrated Koh-i-noor diamond, which we afterwards saw in the Tower of London among the crown jewels.

An interesting trip is made by carriage eleven miles out to the ruins of the first city of Delhi, where some old buildings, built by the first ruler over 800 years ago, are still standing.

The Kuth Minar is a circular tower 240 feet high, built for the daughter of the King Rai Pithora, in order that from the top she might see the Jumna, the sacred river, and there perform her worship and save the long journey to the river. Inside is a spiral staircase, and the construction is as workmanlike as anything in this civilization; the material, marble and red sandstone, and the carving are very fine. The view from the top is very interesting, and the ancient cities, nine of them, from the tower to the present Delhi, can be seen in a succession of ruins which mark the destruction of each, like strata, one beyond the other.

These old Mohammedan kings were most wonderful people, for their tombs, mosques, palaces and gateways are the finest examples of stone carving in the world. There is no use in attempting to describe them, it is simply impossible. It is very satisfactory to note that the English Government keeps the places clean, and the contrast is the more noticeable, because where the temples are modern or still used for worship, the filth and dirt is simply pestilential and one feels glad to get out.

The ruins of the Mosque of Kuth Islam are sufficiently well preserved to give one a fair idea of what a grand building it must have been, and a line of gigantic arches and flowery tracing on the walls are evidences of a master hand.

Our lunch was served inside this old mosque, and the myriads of parrots flying about the deserted rooms, the curious natives who stand in the doorway and eye us in wonderment, and the caravans of loaded camels marching by, all make a setting that is bewitching.

Our guide showed us an old well where a slight of steps at an angle of 45 degrees from the bottom enables the natives to get water whether at a depth of 100 feet from the surface or 10 feet.

At this time it was 90 feet from the top to the water, and for two rupees (70 cents) a native jumped from the top—feet first down—to the water 90 feet below. As the well is 9 feet in diameter it was a difficult piece of work, and they told us there was only this one man in the village who dared attempt it. I have seen expert high divers, but this was a little the riskiest water jump I ever saw. The slight of steps made it light enough to see plainly the whole distance, and as his body worked over past the center of the narrow space it looked certain he would strike the wall, but he did not and well earned his money. We were told afterwards his usual price was eight annas (16 cents).

Next day we returned to our hotel and prepared for our journey on to Jaipur. This is one of the most interesting of the cities still under native rule, although there is an English political agent who keeps a watchful eye on the affairs of the province. Letters advising the Maharajah of our coming had been sent to his secretary, and after we arrived he called to see us and advised us we were just in time to see a great festival which occurs once a

year, when the Goddess of Beauty is taken from her place in the private temple of the Maharajah, decked with magnificent jewels, and taken through the streets in great state. The young women all worship on this day, praying to the goddess to make them beautiful and keep them so. Right after lunch we were escorted to the park, the museum, the city palace and the stables of the Maharajah, then took our position on the square, where we saw a procession most unique and interesting.

The royal elephants, which headed the parade, were gorgeously decorated with silver head pieces and silk cloths of rich design; then the attendants on the choicest horses in the stable; then the Maharajah's chief officers in varied raiment; then the car with the idol (the Goddess of Beauty); then soldiers.

He has 60 elephants, and in his stables 600 horses, many of which are of choicest Arabian stock, blooded race horses, etc., and they made a wonderful showing. This city of Jaipur has a population of 150,000, and I think they were all out in their best attire that day. After the procession moved slowly through the streets for a mile or so it ended in a square adjacent to the palace where the soldiers and populace marched past it in reverent adoration.

This monarch has five wives, 300 concubines and 16 palaces, and must be enormously wealthy. I have already spoken of his trip to England to visit the coronation, and his presents, I am told, on that occasion cost him over \$1,000,000. Sounds like a fairy story, but we don't know what wealth and pomp are till we get a letter to some one close to the household of these oriental monarchs, and we have to pinch ourselves to realize that it is a reality—not a dream. More education.

It may interest you, as it did me, to know that all these expenditures are scanned closely by the English Government, and these native rulers are not allowed to spend in excess of their income.

Suppose a Maharajah dies and leaves a son 14 or 15 years old. The English Government immediately appoints a tutor for him and does everything in their power to equip him with ability to handle his estate. He is taught engineering and modern sciences to enable him to get profitable returns from his lands, justice in dealing with his subjects, and moral ethics not in conflict with the religion of his ancestors.

If he keeps out of the Harem and away from the influence of the women, which is not always good, and shows ability when he attains his majority, his estate is handed over to him and he is told to go ahead and run it. To be sure his income will be increased as a result of the supervision of the government, and they will receive more taxes; so it is not all for the uplifting of the race, but both ruler and ruled are benefited, and the wisdom of the English is very apparent.

Barren fields are irrigated, crops are doubled, famines are averted, and slowly but surely the whole country is lifted into a most desirable condition of peace and plenty. If no heirs survive the government takes the estate, appoints a manager and takes care of the surviving relatives.

At Benares we met a professor who had come to relieve the President of the Queens College while he took his vacation. This professor had lived in India for thirty years, had married a missionary, and was certainly well informed. During our five days' stay at the hotel he told us much of the country. He had been acting as tutor for a young Rajah for seven years, living at the palace, yet never seeing the young lad's mother, who was bitterly opposed to the English innovation, and had it not been

that the boy was a fine character and had faith in his teacher he would have succumbed to the Harem influence and the government would be running the estate and the Rajah living on an allowance, a prisoner in his own home. The income of this Rajah was three lacs of rupees (about \$100,000 per year), and with improved methods of cultivation, the crops were heavier each year, his income greater, and his retainers were better and happier than in the old regime.

But to return to Jaipur. Next morning we took a carriage ride six miles out and there found awaiting us an elephant, which the Maharajah had ordered for us through our friend, the private secretary. He knelt gravely in the road and we mounted a short ladder and took our seats on the howdah, two on each side, and the mahout or driver, on the elephant's neck. It was our first ride of this kind and we enjoyed it hugely. For two miles we went up and up a road too steep for a carriage and finally reached the Amber Palace.

This beautiful palace, with its surrounding buildings, was abandoned 200 years ago on account of a prediction that it would be destroyed, but once a year the Maharajah visits it; and as his tiger hunts are all carried on from here, he often brings the Viceroy and other distinguished guests to the palace. The elephant furnished us is one used by the Maharajah on his hunting expeditions, and is said to be wonderfully well trained. He certainly showed much docility and intelligence. It is wonderfully easy riding, and one could travel all day without fatigue.

Obituary.

Death of Mrs. T. L. Hackett.

The beloved wife of Brother Thomas L. Hackett died in El Paso, Texas, only a few days ago. On account of her illness, Mr. Hackett severed his connection with the Grand Rapids, Grand Haven & Muskegon Interurban Road, of which he was passenger and freight agent. They removed to El Paso, Texas, where it was hoped the climate would benefit her, but she grew gradually worse. The interment took place at the city in which she died.

Alexander P. Stewart.

Brother Alexander Preston Stewart (9745) died last month at the home of his parents in Houston, Texas. He was only 21 years of age, but in his business connection with William Ware & Co., of Houston, had made many friends and developed many rare business qualities. Brother Stewart was a native of St. Louis and in youth attended school at Chattanooga, Tenn. In 1894 his father removed to Houston, Texas, and it was there that Mr. Stewart engaged in the lumber business. He joined the Order at Houston, Texas, at the concatenation held on November 21, 1902.

Death of Mrs. H. A. Culver.

The sad intelligence of the death of the beloved wife of Brother H. A. Culver has just reached his office. Mrs. Culver died at her home in Sedgwick, Ark., on Sunday, February 26, after a brief illness. The remains were carried to her old home in Kansas for interment.

A small newsboy on Washington street yesterday created a wild but short-lived demand for his papers by shouting, "All about the assassination of the grand jury!" "Fshaw! It's only a Grand Duke," disgustedly exclaimed the first purchaser. —Portland Oregonian.

Reports of Concatenations



No. 1082. Winnipeg, Man., Canada, January 18, 1905.

- Snark, D. Boyce Sprague.
Senior Hoo-Hoo, J. A. Ovas.
Junior Hoo-Hoo, W. K. Chandler.
Bojum, T. R. Case.
Scrivenoter, J. Spencer.
Jabberwock, W. B. Tomlinson.
Custocentian, A. C. Sprague.
Arcanoper, R. G. Jones.
Gurdon, D. J. McDonald.
- 13855 George "Cobblestone" Barr, Westbourne, Man.; Lake Manitoba Stone & Quarry Co.
13856 Edwin Ross Brnie, Nakusp, B. C.; Yale Columbia Lumber Co.
13857 Henry James Box, Winnipeg, Man.; Red Deer Lumber Co.
13858 Charles Wesley Bready, Winnipeg, Man.; Prairie Lumber Co.
13859 Andrew Rogers Cavanaugh, Winnipeg, Man.; Red Deer Lumber Co.
13860 Gilbert Ernest Davidson, Manlton, Man.; G. E. Davidson.
13861 George Dearina, Winnipeg, Man.; Winnipeg Paint & Glass Co.
13862 George Wallace Erb, Winnipeg, Man.; Waterous Engine Works, Brantford, Ont.
13863 John Augustus Flavell, Winnipeg, Man.; Prairie Lumber Co.
13864 Andrew Hugh Fould, Carnduff, Man.; A. H. Fould & Co.
13865 David E. Fraser, Kenton, Man.; D. E. Fraser.
13866 Archibald Martin High, Killarney, Man.; A. M. High.
13867 James Herman Jones, Rosebank, Man.; J. H. Jones.
13868 James Duncan Kennedy, Brandon, Man.; Rat Portage Lumber Co., Rat Portage, Ont.
13869 Albert Frank Krappe, Vancouver, B. C.; Vancouver Lumber Co.
13870 Duncan Campbell McCaig, Portage La Prairie, Man.; The Rat Portage Lumber Co.
13871 John Stewart McDiarmlid, Winnipeg, Man.; Winnipeg Paint & Glass Co.
13872 Dougal Kenneth McLeod, Francis, Man.; D. K. McLeod & Co.
13873 John Cecil Millard, Winnipeg, Man.; Byrnes & Cuddy.
13874 Duncan W. Morton, Winnipeg, Man.; Point Lumber Co.
13875 John McQueen Nelson, Vancouver, B. C.; E. H. Heaps & Co.
13876 Almon Everett Noble, Winnipeg, Man.; Rainy River Lumber Co., Rainy River, Ont.
13877 Augustus L. Preston, Winnipeg, Man.
13878 Thomas Ritchie Preston, Glenewen, Man.; T. R. Preston.
13879 George Francis Robertson, Crystal City, Man.; Robertson & Adams.
13880 Wm. James Robertson, Cartwright, Man.; Cartwright Lumber Yard.
13881 J. B. Ross, Miniota, Man.; Miniota Lumber & Grain Co., Ltd.
13882 Albert Nathaniel Shaw, Miami, Man.; A. N. Shaw.

- 13883 Medley Lewis Smith, Winnipeg, Man.; The Rat Portage Lumber Co.
13884 John Andrew Thompson, Winnipeg, Man.; Moose Mount Lumber & Hardwood Co., Arcola.

No. 1083. Oakland, Cal., January 28, 1905.

- Snark, Henry Templeman.
Senior Hoo-Hoo, George B. Waddell.
Junior Hoo-Hoo, Wallace W. Everett.
Bojum, W. D. Wadley.
Scrivenoter, F. W. Trower.
Jabberwock, John H. Pridaux.
Custocentian, Graham Mayer.
Arcanoper, A. Kendall.
Gurdon, Edward F. Niehaus.
- 13885 Edwin Axel Christenson, San Francisco, Calif.; Sudden & Christenson.
13886 Ernest Augustus Dickey, Oakland, Calif.; Oakland Lumber Co.
13887 Frank Mangus Dreisbach, Oakland, Calif.; Zenith Mill & Lumber Co.
13888 George William Fisher, Oakland, Calif.; Fisher Lumber Co.
13889 Levi Wiles Foss, Berkeley, Calif.; F. W. Foss Co.
13890 Warren Everett Greer, Oakland, Calif.; Taylor & Co., Inc.
13891 Hans Christian Hansen, Oakland, Calif.; Pacific Coast Lumber & Mill Co.
13892 Charles D. Heywood, Berkeley, Calif.; West Berkeley Lumber Co., Inc.
13893 Hugh Wm. Hogan, Oakland, Calif.; Humboldt Lumber Co.
13894 Austin "Rustler" Keogle, San Francisco, Calif.; Sudden & Christenson.
13895 Charles Sylvester Lamb, Oakland, Calif.; Sunset Lumber Co.
13896 Ira Atwell Miller, Oakland, Calif.; Humboldt Lumber Co.
13897 James Robert Neylan, Oakland, Calif.; Humboldt Lumber Co.
13898 Edward Telander Paulson, Berkeley, Calif.; F. W. Foss Co.
13899 George Henry Payne, Oakland, Calif.; E. M. Derby & Co.
13900 Lionel Stuart Rodgers, Berkeley, Calif.; Henry W. Taylor.
13901 Burton James Rose, Berkeley, Calif.; West Berkeley Lumber Co., Inc.
13902 James Alexander Smille, Oakland, Calif.; Fisher Lumber Co.
13903 Samuel Madsen Soensen, Oakland, Calif.; Pacific Coast Lumber & Mill Co.
13904 Eugene Weill, Oakland, Calif.; Burnham Standeford Co.
- No. 1084. Lincoln, Neb., January 18, 1905.
- Snark, Lew Wentworth.
Senior Hoo-Hoo, W. C. Ballard.
Junior Hoo-Hoo, Frank Colpetzer.
Bojum, E. H. Dalbey.
Scrivenoter, Slymest Stevenson.
Jabberwock, J. C. Graham.
Custocentian, P. R. Cook.
Arcanoper, J. F. Gresly.
Gurdon, W. W. Yale.
- 13905 James Edwin Abbott, Fremont, Neb.; Nye-Schneider-Fowler Co.
13906 Walter T. Anderson, Omaha, Neb.; H. F. Cady Lumber Co.
13907 Charles Deering Bailey, Lincoln, Neb.; Southern & Western Pine Lumber Co.
13908 Joseph Kelley Baker, Beemer, Neb.; J. L. Baker.
13909 Gardner Ralph Binger, Lincoln, Neb.; Badger Lumber Co.
13910 Henry Binger, Wilber, Neb.; H. Binger & Co.
13911 Harry Trimbie Black, Council Bluffs, Ia.; Low Wentworth, Omaha, Neb.

- 13912 John Elliott Blunk, Plattsmouth, Neb.; Glen Lumber Co., Kansas City, Mo.
13913 Fred Felton Briggs, Omaha, Neb.; Bradford Kennedy Co.
13914 Francis Wyatt Brown, Jr., Lincoln, Neb.; F. W. Brown & Co.
13915 Daniel Burke, Ord, Neb.; Burke & Clements.
13916 Joseph Gaddy Burruss, Lincoln, Neb.; Phelps-Burruss Lumber & Coal Co.
13917 John Wm. Byers, Dorchester, Neb.; J. W. Byers.
13918 Elmer Coates, Waco, Neb.; Rogers Lumber Co.
13919 Albert Irvin Cram, Burwell, Neb.; Cram & Co.
13920 Wm. Harland Craty, Elgin, Neb.; W. F. Hammond.
13921 Thomas Lewis Davies, Utica, Neb.; T. L. Davies.
13922 Henry Edelmaier, Hooper, Neb.; Farmers' Grain & Stock Co.
13923 George Wm. Eggleston, Jr., Palmyra, Neb.; Eggleston & Son.
13924 John Franklin Ehle, Council Bluffs, Ia.; Bowman-Hicks Lumber Co., Kansas City, Mo.
13925 Fred Louis Feakins, Omaha, Neb.; Colorado Midland Ry. Co., Colorado.
13926 George Washington Fitzsimmons, Scotia, Neb.; G. W. Fitzsimmons.
13927 Thomas H. Francis, Lincoln, Neb.; Francis Lumber Co.
13928 Francis Henry Franklin, Havelock, Neb.; Clarke Lumber Co.
13929 Leroy Woodward Garoutte, Lincoln, Neb.; F. W. Brown Lumber Co.
13930 Homer Wilson Gray, Sutton, Neb.; J. M. Gray.
13931 Joel Hedeon, Sioux City, Ia.; Curtis Sash & Door Co.
13932 George Thomas Helm, Raymond, Neb.; W. S. Perrin & Co.
13933 Herman George Heyne, Pender, Neb.; Holmquist Grain & Lumber Co.
13934 Charles Patrick Horn, Pickerell, Neb.; S. A. Foster Lumber Co., Lincoln, Neb.
13935 George Christian Johnson, Newman Grove, Neb.; Thos. Ostergard & Co.
13936 Caleb Ressequie Judkins, Upland, Neb.; E. G. Dey & Co.
13937 Maurice Kehoe, Blue Springs, Neb.; Maurice Kehoe.
13938 Charles Wesley Keys, Wilsonville, Neb.; C. W. Keys & Co.
13939 Lars Larsen, St. Paul, Neb.; Lars Larsen & Co.
13940 Lewis Larsen, Elba, Neb.; J. D. McChesney & Co., St. Paul, Neb.
13941 Charles Gustav Larson, Benedict, Neb.; Rogers Lumber Co.
13942 Thomas Milo Lewis, York, Neb.; Rogers Lumber Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
13943 Ray Lawrence Linn, Humboldt, Neb.; L. J. Segrist.
13944 John Charles McChesney, St. Paul, Neb.; J. D. McChesney & Co.
13945 Peter McIntosh, Juanita, Neb.; McIntosh Lumber Co.
13946 Peter Mangold, Bennington, Neb.; Mangold Bros.
13947 Lyman Waddell Martyn, Jr., Muller, Neb.; Sam Hill's Co.
13948 George Clinton Merrill, Carroll, Neb.; Steamboat Springs Lumber Co., Steamboat Springs, Col.
13949 Harry Victor Minor, Lincoln, Neb.; Proudft Polleys Lumber Co.
13950 John Allen Nicholson, Union, Neb.; Nicholson & Banning.
13951 Sam D. North, Denver, Colo.; Hallack & Howard Lumber Co.
13952 Charles Odwarker, Weeping Water, Neb.; Charles Odwarker.
13953 Chester Arthur Perry, Cambridge, Neb.; Perry & Beo Co.
13954 Albert Paul Peterson, St. Edward, Neb.; Chicago Lumber Co., Omaha, Neb.

- 13955 Joseph Hickman Phelps, Lincoln, Neb.; Phelps-Burruss Lumber & Coal Co.
13956 Marion Albertas Phelps, Wahoo, Neb.; D. R. Phelps.
13957 James Ray, Strang, Neb.; A. Koehler Co.
13958 David E. Roberts, Ft. Dodge, Ia.; Plymouth Gypsum Co.
13959 Russell William Robertson, Franklin, Neb.; Ozan Lumber Co., St. Louis, Mo.
13960 Joseph Nicholas Schneider, Creighton, Neb.; O. H. Wertz & Co.
13961 Lewis Jacob Segrist, Humboldt, Neb.; L. J. Segrist.
13962 John Christopher Theodore Selk, Plymouth, Neb.; John Selk.
13963 Renfrew Stevenson, Lincoln, Neb.; Dierks Lumber & Coal Co.
13964 John Hermann Stroemer, Alvo, Neb.; Stroemer Lumber & Grain Co.
13965 Charles Francis Taylor, Bradshaw, Neb.; Rogers Lumber Co.
13966 James Emanuel Wallin, Beatrice, Neb.; J. H. Von Steen.
13967 John Burton Watkins, South Omaha, Neb.; J. B. Watkins & Co.
13968 Guy Willis Wertz, Creighton, Neb.; O. H. Wertz & Co.
13969 James White, Omaha, Neb.; H. Flady Lumber Co.
13970 Elmer David Wood, Elk Creek, Neb.; E. D. Wood Lumber Co.
13971 Alfred Woodward, Winside, Neb.; A. Woodward.
13972 John Yost, Harvard, Neb.; J. H. Yost Lumber Co.

No. 1085. Minneapolis, Minn., January 31, 1905.

- Snark, J. P. Lansing.
Senior Hoo-Hoo, Frank N. Snell.
Junior Hoo-Hoo, W. E. Penfield.
Bojum, F. H. Flatau.
Scrivenoter, J. W. Phillips.
Jabberwock, A. N. Wheeler.
Custocentian, H. A. Atkinson.
Arcanoper, F. E. Reynolds.
Gurdon, Fred L. Bosworth.
- 13973 Charles Sanford Amundson, Raymond, S. D.
13974 Daniel Bernard Barton, Mason City, Ia.; Pine Tree Lumber Co., Little Falls, Minn.
13975 Charles Porter, Shellrock, Ia.; Bement Lumber Co.
13976 Allen Anderson Bond, Minneapolis, Minn.; Puget Sound Mills & Lumber Co., Bellingham, Wash.
13977 John Francis Costello, Cavour, S. D.; John Francis Costello.
13978 Charles Baldwin Cheney, Minneapolis, Minn.; American Lumberman, Chicago, Ill.
13979 Ernest Wellington Doe, Somers, Mont.; John O'Brien Lumber Co.
13980 Cornelius B. Eenkema, Clara City, Minn.; C. B. Eenkema & Co.
13981 George Washington Everts, Minneapolis, Minn.; Everts & Fall.
13982 Wm. Henry Force, Madison, Minn.; S. H. Bowman Lumber Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
13983 Elmer Clifton Halsey, Toledo, Ia.; Citizen Lumber Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
13984 Joel D. Hayford, Fargo, N. D.; Atlas Lumber & Shingle Co., Seattle, Wash.
13985 Robert Hale Heard, Minneapolis, Minn.; C. G. W. Ry.
13986 Ole L. Hesla, Linn Grove, Ia.; Jenkins-Hesla Lumber Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
13987 John Harvey Hewitt, Dubuque, Ia.; N. W. Lumber Co., Hoquiam, Wash.
13988 Albert Edward Hough, Dubuque, Ia.; Central Lumber & Coal Co.
13989 Almond Leopold Krueger, Minneapolis, Minn.; McKulloch & Moss Lumber Co.
13990 George Eugene Lang, Cass Lake, Minn.; J. Neils Lumber Co.
13991 Max M. Littman, Minneapolis, Minn.; Partridge Lumber Co.

- 13992 Charles Andrew Lux, Minneapolis, Minn.; Menz Lumber Co.
 13993 Thomas Frank Mackey, De Graff, Minn.; Jenkins-Hagen Lumber Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
 13994 William Clarence Meader, Minneapolis, Minn.; Dumert-Meader Co.
 13995 Marcus L. Meyer, Berthoud, N. D.; M. L. Meyer.
 13996 William C. Moss, Minneapolis, Minn.; McCulloch & Moss Lumber Co.
 13997 William J. Pinney, Willmar, Minn.; New London Milling Co.
 13998 John Edgar Rhodes, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mississippi Valley Lumbermen's Association.
 13999 William Burleigh Shepherd, Minneapolis, Minn.; Red River Lumber Co.
 14000 James Arthur Thompson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Eclipse Lumber Co.
 14001 Clarence Ewing Tuttle, Minneapolis, Minn.; Hobe-Byington Co.
 14002 Frank Justin Ward, Minneapolis, Minn.; Eclipse Lumber Co.

No. 1086. Mt. Vernon, Ill., February 2, 1905.

- Snark, C. D. Rourke.
 Senior Hoo-Hoo, F. G. Hanley.
 Junior Hoo-Hoo, L. M. Bostwick.
 Bojum, P. T. Langan.
 Scrivenoter, A. B. Simonson.
 Jabberwock, Charles Wollin.
 Custocatian, E. W. Peters.
 Arcanoper, A. C. Ramsey.
 Gurdon, E. M. Stolar.
- 14003 John Bangs Allen, St. Louis, Mo.; W. T. Ferguson Lumber Co.
 14004 Henry Charles Buchterkuchen, Staunton, Ill.; H. C. Buchterkuchen.
 14005 John Alfred Knebel, St. Louis, Mo.; Wm. Buchanan.
 14006 Algernon Vail Schermerhorn, Kinnandy, Ill.; A. V. Schermerhorn.
 14007 Chester Ray Schwartz, Elkhville, Ill.; Schwartz Lumber Co.
 14008 John Yost Stolar, Johnston City, Ill.; Stolar-Herrin Lumber Co.
 14009 Henry Wiggs, Decatur, Ill.; Hafner Mfg. Co., St. Louis, Mo.
 14010 Horace Nelson Woodward, Odin, Ill.; The A. M. Woodward Co.

No. 1087. Leesville, La., February 4, 1905.

- Snark, W. K. Henderson, Jr.
 Senior Hoo-Hoo, F. C. Adams.
 Junior Hoo-Hoo, H. A. Stone.
 Bojum, G. H. Ferguson.
 Scrivenoter, W. C. Mortimer.
 Jabberwock, C. L. Rutt.
 Custocatian, C. L. Brooks.
 Arcanoper, E. P. Gardner.
 Gurdon, W. S. Ferguson.
- 14011 Giles Frederlek Adams, Leesville, La.; Adams Stave Co.
 14012 Harry Booker, Leesville, La.; Nona Mills Co.
 14013 Ira Calvin Carter, Lake Charles, La.; I. C. Carter.
 14014 Fred Tipton Craig, Shreveport, La.; W. K. Henderson Iron Works.
 14015 Eugene Lever Dick, Leesville, La.; Weyerhauser & Denkmann.
 14016 Wm. Edgegrain Falwell, Leesville, La.; Nona Mills Co.
 14017 Arthur Franklin, Leesville, La.; Sanders Trotter Trans. Co., Fields, La.
 14018 George Houston, Barham, La.; W. R. Pickering Lumber Co.
 14019 Mace Elliott Long, Leesville, La.; Powell Bros. & Sanders Lumber Co.
 14020 Wm. Anvil McGregor, Leesville, La.; Tubble Lumber Co., Tubble Spur, Texas.
 14021 John Wm. McKee, Leesville, La.; Nona Mills Co.

- 14022 Charles Newton Powell, Deweyville, Texas; Powell Bros. & Sanders Co., Leesville, La.
 14023 Wm. Powell, Leesville, La.; Powell Bros. & Sanders.
 14024 Wm. Jefferson Powell, Leesville, La.; Powell Bros. & Sanders Lumber Co.
 14025 Long Leaf Rutt, Leesville, La.; C. L. Rutt Lumber Co.
 14026 Henry Edgar Stevens, Barham, La.; W. R. Pickering Lumber Co.
 14027 Wm. Tennille, Florien, La.; Friedlander & Oliver Stave & Lumber Co., Memphis, Tenn.
 14028 Robert Lumber Vaughan, Beaumont, Texas; R. L. Vaughan.
 14029 Benjamin Allsop Whitman, Noble, La.; Noble Lumber Co.
 14030 John Warped Williams, Leesville, La.; Ana Cocoa Lumber Co., Orange, La.
 Life 19 Perry Pyc, Leesville, La.; Henderson Iron Works, Shreveport, La.

No. 1088. Joplin, Mo., February 4, 1905.

- Snark, Jno. F. Bruce.
 Senior Hoo-Hoo, C. E. Matthews.
 Junior Hoo-Hoo, C. H. Winn.
 Bojum, G. W. O'Halloran.
 Scrivenoter, J. A. McClanahan.
 Jabberwock, H. M. Barnes.
 Custocatian, J. W. Deal.
 Arcanoper, W. A. Cay.
 Gurdon, W. F. Strong.
- 14031 Phillip Allen Gates, Joplin, Mo.; Southern Lumber & Supply Co.
 14032 Curtis James Humphreys, Joplin, Mo.; Southern Lumber & Supply Co.
 14033 William Ray Letton, Neck City, Mo.; Thompson & Letton.
 14034 David Francis Matthews, Webb City, Mo.; C. E. Matthews Lumber Co.
 14035 Harvey E. Robb, Scammon, Kans.; J. T. Small Lumber Co.
 14036 John Oliver Stewart, Alba, Mo.; Mineral Belt Lumber Co.
 14037 George Daniel Stone, Oronogo, Mo.; L. E. Shelton.
 14038 George Harris Thomas, Willard, Mo.; G. H. Thomas Lumber Co.
 14039 James Mosley Thompson, Lamar, Mo.; J. M. Thompson Lumber Co.

No. 1089. Lawton, O. T., February 11, 1905.

- Snark, R. A. Myer.
 Senior Hoo-Hoo, G. C. Pratt.
 Junior Hoo-Hoo, Charles P. Walker.
 Bojum, Fred J. Berry.
 Scrivenoter, B. H. Miller.
 Jabberwock, R. A. Finley.
 Custocatian, Henry Miller.
 Arcanoper, Albert Bissell.
 Gurdon, Levi Francis Benning.
- 14040 Otis Gamalia Arrasmith, Walter, O. T.; G. H. Block.
 14041 Fred Badertsher, Apache, O. T.; G. H. Block.
 14042 Robert Andrew Champlin, Hobart, O. T.; Champlin Lumber Co.
 14043 John Joseph Connor, Fletcher, O. T.; G. H. Block.
 14044 Robert Samuel Cox, Rush Springs, I. T.; Rush Springs Lumber Co.
 14045 Marvin Edward Davis, Lawton, O. T.; W. P. Record.
 14046 Charles Leonard Hollem, Lawton, O. T.; G. H. Block.
 14047 George Bennard Hughes, Snyder, O. T.; Citizens' Lumber Co.
 14048 Edwin Buell Hungerford, Faxon, O. T.; Dadger Lumber Co.
 14049 Leslie Vernon Hungerford, Walter, O. T.; Badger Lumber Co.
 14050 Albert Ady King, Hennessey, O. T.; G. H. Block.

- 14051 William Ellwood Marshall, Temple, O. T.; Varner & Marshall.
 14052 Jerry Thomas Nusbaum, Cement, O. T.; G. H. Block.
 14053 Sherman Jay Richardson, Cache, O. T.; G. H. Block.
 14054 George Elmer Smith, Junction City, O. T.; G. H. Block.
 14055 Fred Capers Switzer, Altus, O. T.; Cameron & Co.
 14056 Milo Morton Tague, Lawton, O. T.; Badger Lumber Co.

No. 1090. Toronto, Ont., Canada, February 10, 1905.

- Snark, Donald Ferguson.
 Senior Hoo-Hoo, J. G. Cane.
 Junior Hoo-Hoo, J. H. Lavallee.
 Bojum, A. K. McIntosh.
 Scrivenoter, Wm. Hetherington.
 Jabberwock, Chester H. Belton.
 Custocatian, W. J. MacBeth.
 Arcanoper, Oscar H. Vogt.
 Gurdon, T. Fred Shurly.
- 14057 Charles Leonard Bailey, Toronto, Ont.; Wm. Jessop & Sons, Ltd.
 14058 Melville Bertram, Toronto, Ont.; The Collins Inlet Lumber Co.
 14059 Wm. Brown Boyil, Coldwater, Ont.; Pacific Coast Co., Vancouver, B. C.
 14060 Marshall Henry Brown, Toronto, Ont.; Canadian Pacific Ry. Co.
 14061 Albert Edward Cates, Toronto, Ont.; Ontario Lumber Co.
 14062 Thomas Edward Mamley Chew, Midland, Ont.; Chew & Son.
 14063 George Everett Cliphsham, Gravenhurst, Ont.; Mickle Dymont & Son.
 14064 Wm. A. Dunn, Toronto, Ont.; Boake Mfg. Co.
 14065 George Clark Goodfellow, Montreal, Canada; George C. Goodfellow.
 14066 Benjamin Franklin Keane, Orillia, Ont.; McCarthy Bros.
 14067 Adam E. Klippert, Toronto, Ont.; Chicago Lumber & Coal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
 14068 Allan Leailay, New York, N. Y.; D. L. & W. Ry.
 14069 Joseph Albert McDonald, Midland, Ont.; Sherman & Hettler Lumber Co.
 14070 Alban McPherson, Longford Mills, Ont.; A. McPherson & Co.
 14071 Thomas Edward Milburn, Toronto, Ont.; The Milburn Co., Ltd.
 14072 Thomas Hulbert Miller, Toronto, Ont.; G. W. Rathbone.
 14073 Charles William Pitt, Collins Inlet, Ont.; Collins Inlet Lumber Co.
 14074 David Shear Pratt, Midland, Ont.; D. S. Pratt.
 14075 George Henry Precious, Hamilton, Ont.; Thomas Myles Sons.
 14076 Michael Joseph Rock, Midland, Ont.; Export Lumber Co.
 14077 Benjamin H. Stewart, Woodstock, Ont.; The Woodstock Lumber Co.
 14078 Dwight Joseph Turner, Midland, Ont.; Turner Lumber Co.
 14079 Walter Scott Waldie, Toronto, Ont.; Victoria Harbor Lumber Co.
 14080 Thomas Seymour Young, Toronto, Ont.; C. H. Mortimer Pub. Co.

No. 1091. Spokane, Wash., February 8, 1905.

- Snark, Wm. R. Roy.
 Senior Hoo-Hoo, F. W. Lawrence.
 Junior Hoo-Hoo, G. H. Curtice.
 Bojum, F. E. Glazier.
 Scrivenoter, G. M. Barline.
 Jabberwock, J. C. Harleroad.
 Custocatian, F. L. C. Westphal.
 Arcanoper, W. T. Horr.
 Gurdon, A. L. Porter.
- 14081 [Name obscured], Spokane, Wash.; Washington Machinery & Supply Co.
 14082 Fred B. Bartlett, Lewiston, Idaho; Bartlett & Cox.
 14083 Willis Charles Bergstrom, Priest River, Idaho; The Priest River Co.
 14084 Daniel Jackson Bissell, Jr., Spokane, Wash.; Washington Mill Co.
 14085 Livingston Joseph Bissell, Spokane, Wash.; Washington Mill Co.
 14086 Asa Van Bradrick, Spokane, Wash.; W. H. Gerhart-Bradrick Lumber Co.
 14087 Cassius Willey Colby, Lewiston, Idaho; C. C. & H. Lumber Co., Ltd.
 14088 Albert John Cottell, Spokane, Wash.; Washington Mill Co.
 14089 Glenn Burdette Derbyshire, Spokane, Wash.; Holland Horr Mill Co.
 14090 Charles Hemz Dexter, Spokane, Wash.; O. R. & N. Ry.
 14091 David Emerson, Spokane, Wash.; George W. Hong Lumber Co.
 14092 Enoch Emanuel Engdahl, Spokane, Wash.; Spokane Sash & Door Co.
 14093 Henning Engdahl, Spokane, Wash.; Spokane Sash & Door Co.
 14094 O. S. Good, Spokane, Wash.; State Line Lumber Co.
 14095 Charles V. Harbour, Latah, Wash.; Brincken Lumber Co.
 14096 Fred Thomas Harbour, Latah, Wash.; Brincken Lumber Co.
 14097 Charles M. Heald, Spokane, Wash.; Springston Lumber Co.
 14098 John Joseph Herlihy, Palouse, Wash.; Palatch Lumber Co.
 14099 James Howie, Spokane, Wash.; Sawmill Phoenix.
 14100 Charles H. Jones, Spokane, Wash.; Jones & Delingham.
 14101 Paul Kimball, Pullman, Wash.; Springston Lumber Co.
 14102 J. E. Lane, Lewistown, Mont.; Montana Lumber Co.
 14103 B. R. Lewis, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho; B. R. Lewis Lumber Co.
 14104 Edward N. Lindberg, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho; B. R. Lewis Lumber Co.
 14105 John Texas Little, Jr., Spokane, Wash.; McGowan Bros.
 14106 Edward Ross McCarty, Spokane, Wash.; Washington Mill Co.
 14107 William Hanford McCrea, Spokane, Wash.; The Sawmill Phoenix.
 14108 James Patrick McGoldrick, St. Paul, Minn.; McGoldrick Lumber Co., Minneapolis, Ind.
 14109 Burt P. Munson, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho; B. R. Lewis Lumber Co.
 14110 Henry Osborn, Spokane, Wash.; The Sawmill Phoenix.
 14111 Dallas B. Parks, Clarkston, Wash.; D. B. Parks.
 14112 Henry Jacob Peterson, Spokane, Wash.; The H. J. Peterson Lumber Co.
 14113 Hendrick Romeyn, Spokane, Wash.; The Sawmill Phoenix.
 14114 Arthur J. Sallberg, Paha, Wash.; Aug. Sallberg & Son, Quincy.
 14115 David Byron Sheller, Tacoma, Wash.
 14116 Benjamin Freehold Stauber, Spokane, Wash.; Sawmill Phoenix.
 14117 Carl O. Sutherland, Tacoma, Wash.; Doud Bros. Lumber Co.
 14118 Lees Taylor, Boulder, Mont.; Lees Taylor.
 14119 Patrick Henry Wall, Harrison Idaho; Consolidated Lumber Association.
 14120 Rudolph Arthur Wiese, Spokane, Wash.; W. H. Gerhart-Bradrick Lumber Co.
 14121 Solomon John Wigle, Scotia, Wash.; S. J. Wigle & Co.

- 14122 Robert Arthur Woods, La Crosse, Wash.; R. A. Woods.
14123 Frederick Garfield Zahn, Spokane, Wash.; The Sawmill Phoenix.

No. 1092. Chicago, Ill., February 16, 1905.

Snark, C. D. Rourke.
Senior Hoo-Hoo, I. McConley.
Junior Hoo-Hoo, Max Sondheimer.
Bojum, W. H. Matthias.
Scrivener, Raymond W. Irwin.
Jabberwock, Phillip J. Foley.
Custocatian, A. E. Ahrens.
Arcanoper, Hal T. Stevens.
Gurdon, J. Oppenheimer.

- 14124 Albert Benson, Chicago, Ill., Lumberman Mutual Insurance.
14125 Isalah Cook, Chicago, Ill.; Pullman Co.
14126 Louis Dornstief, Worden, Ill.; Worden Lumber Co.
14127 Samuel O. Dudgeon, Mindota, Ill.; Dudgeon Bros.
14128 Byron Wesley Fredenberg, Chicago, Ill.; Illinois Central R. R.
14129 Charles Hanan, Macomb, Ill.; Charles Hanan.
14130 Philip D. Huston, Evanston, Ill.; Edward Hines Lumber Co., Chicago.
14131 Albert Jones, Pullman, Ill.; Pullman Co., Chicago, Ill.
14132 Michael Bernhard McNulty, Chicago, Ill.; Ed. Hines Lumber Co.
14133 Martin Allen Patterson, Chicago Ill.; C. R. I. & P. Ry.
14134 Fred Thomas Pearce, Chicago, Ill.; John A. Gauge & Co.
14135 John Daniel Pense, Chicago, Ill.; American Lumberman.
14136 Michael Reis, East St. Louis, Ill.; East St. Louis Lumber Co.
14137 Charles Louis Schwartz, Naperville, Ill.; M. Schwartz & Co.
14138 John Sime, Jr., Joliet, Ill.; E. L. Roberts & Co., Chicago, Ill.
14139 Jesse Stone, Potomac, Ill.; Stone Bros.
14140 Charles W. Webster, Harvey, Ill.; Yellow Pine Mfg. Co., Hattiesburg, Miss.
14141 Robert Zemple, Lewiston, Ill.; Robert Zemple.

No. 1093. Denver, Colo., February 15, 1905.

Snark, D. E. McAllister.
Senior Hoo-Hoo, James Hosmer Bardwell.
Junior Hoo-Hoo, G. C. Hill.
Bojum, C. W. Kirchner.
Scrivener, C. E. Bullen.
Jabberwock, J. T. Brown.
Custocatian, W. E. McClung.
Arcanoper, W. C. Pochon.
Gurdon, Allen L. Burris.

- 14142 Charlie Hall Akers, Lajara, Colo.; Wallace Merc. Co.
14143 C. Wade Archibald, Denver, Colo.; The Hallack & Howard Lumber Co.
14144 Walter Browne Barr, Denver, Colo.; The Hallack & Howard Lumber Co.
14145 Jacob Berner, Laramie, Wyo.
14146 Frank Leslie Boyd, Louisville, Colo.; The McAllister Lumber & Supply Co.
14147 George Lincoln Cudworth, Brush, Colo.; U. J. Warren & Co., Ft. Morgan, Colo.
14148 James English Deatherage, Boulder, Colo.; F. H. Gilcrest Lumber Co.
14149 Bernard Roy Desjardins, Denver, Colo.; The Hallack & Howard Lumber Co.
14150 Martin Ellis Farrar, Ft. Collins, Colo.; D. G. Brooks Lumber Co.
14151 Timothy Horatio Foley, Pueblo, Colo.; T. H. Foley Lumber Co.
14152 Johnson H. Graves, Brush, Colo.; The Graves Lumber Co.

- 14153 David Alexander Hamilton, Longmont, Colo.; Yeager-Barston Lumber Co.
14154 J. Tabor Halliday, Laramie, Wyo.; The W. H. Halliday Co.
14155 S. Augustus Johnson, Flagler, Colo.; E. S. Johnson.
14156 Harry Gustave Koch, Aspen, Colo.; H. G. Koch.
14157 William R. McIntosh, Denver, Colo.; Hallack Lumber & Supply Co.
14158 Roscoe McKune, Monte Vista, Colo.; Roscoe McKune.
14159 Albert E. Phelps, Denver, Colo.; Hallack & Howard Lumber Co.
14160 John Jones Pritchard, Walsenburg, Colo.; J. J. Pritchard.

No. 1094. Elkins, W. Va., February 17, 1905.

Snark, R. J. Clifford.
Senior Hoo-Hoo, H. C. Atkins.
Junior Hoo-Hoo, I. K. Dye.
Bojum, H. H. Sutton.
Scrivener, Lewis C. Dyer.
Jabberwock, K. H. Stover.
Custocatian, M. N. Wilson.
Arcanoper, F. H. Whaley.
Gurdon, J. W. Glidden.

- 14161 Arthur A. Amidon, Jamestown, N. Y.; A. A. Amidon & Sons.
14162 Alfred John Armstrong, Parsons, W. Va.; Wm. Whetmer & Sons, Philadelphia, Pa.
14163 Ninian Ulysses Bond, Bond, Md.; DuBois & Bond Bros.
14164 Fred Holden Bosworth, Beverly, W. Va.; Sales, Harlen & Bosworth.
14165 Leo Danforth Campbell, Gloversville, N. Y.; Hamilton H. Salmon & Co., New York, N. Y.
14166 David Snyder Cunningham, Job, W. Va.; Rumbarger Lumber Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
14167 John William Dalton, Elkins, W. Va.; Elkins Boiler Works.
14168 George Edward Emmart, Cumberland, Md.; Union Lumber Mfg. Co.
14169 Joseph Stephen Eyth, Davis, W. Va.; Blackwater Lumber Co.
14170 John Batterham Flint, Pittsburg, Pa.; Flint, Erving & Homer.
14171 Aldin McClennan Fressel, Marlinton, W. Va.; Fressel & Co.
14172 John Hamilton, Parsons, W. Va.; John Hamilton.
14173 James Desmond Harden, Pickens, W. Va.; Holley Lumber Co.
14174 Alvin Musser Harter, Harter, W. Va.; Harter Bros.
14175 William James Harter, Harter, W. Va.; Harter Bros.
14176 David Dexter Hazletine, Elkins, W. Va.; D. D. Hazletine.
14177 William Harry Heffelfinger, Hambleton, W. Va.; Elk River Lumber Co.
14178 George Richard Hill, Montes, W. Va.; Brown & Hill.
14179 Charles Lewis Kenyon, Durbin, W. Va.; Kenyon & Whalen Lumber Co.
14180 Granville Sheridan Lewis, Elkins, W. Va.; Cutright Lumber Co.
14181 Bernard Few McElwee, Dunmore, W. Va.; Nixon, McElwee & Sheets.
14182 Harry Eugene Nixon, Dunmore, W. Va.; H. Nixon.
14183 John Franklin Nydegger, Elkins, W. Va.; Nydegger Bros.
14184 Asa Dell Page, Frenchcreek, W. Va.; Simmons & Page.
14185 James McNary Paris, Elkins, W. Va.; Cincinnati Mill & Supply Co., Cincinnati, O.
14186 Peter Johnson Reed, Burner, W. Va.; Pocahontas Lumber Co.
14187 Harry Eugene Shadle, Elkins, W. Va.; Elkins Lumber Co.

- 14188 Abner Ellis Smith, Marlinton, W. Va.; Smith & Whitton.
14189 Edward Everett Wheeler, Lebeouf, Pa.; Wheeler Lumber Co., Gladly, W. Va.

No. 1095. Tampa, Fla., February 18, 1905.

Snark, C. E. Tufts.
Senior Hoo-Hoo, J. B. Conrad.
Junior Hoo-Hoo, D. F. Conoley.
Bojum, F. J. O'Hara.
Scrivener, W. C. Richards.
Jabberwock, J. H. Detwiler.
Custocatian, L. A. Bartholomew.
Arcanoper, Walter Detwiler.
Gurdon, J. Kaufman.

- 14190 Bayard Clayton Bonfoey, Tampa, Fla.; Jetton-Dekle Lumber Co.
14191 Isaac Burbank Briggs, Tampa, Fla.; Southern Lumber & Supply Co.
14192 Charles Sullivan Caldwell, Tampa, Fla.; Jetton-Dekle Lumber Co.
14193 William Morrison Chapman, Tampa, Fla.; Jetton-Dekle Lumber Co.
14194 Isaac Samuel Craft, Tampa, Fla.; Knight & Wall.
14195 Edward Clinton Davies, Atlanta, Ga.; Carnegie Steel Co.
14196 Nathan Lott Hatton, Rye, Fla.; Varn, Hatton & Co.
14197 Edward Peter Holmberg, Tampa, Fla.
14198 John L. Hudnall, Tampa, Fla.; Jetton-Dekle Lumber Co.
14199 Walter Wallingford Hunt, Jacksonville, Fla.; Cummer Lumber Co.
14200 John Francis Ireland, Tampa, Fla.; George W. Dean & Co.
14201 Charles Ezekiel Johnson, Orlando, Fla.; South Florida Foundry & Machine Works.
14202 Alexander Hamilton McFarlan, Tampa, Fla.; Jetton-Dekle Lumber Co.
14203 Austin Colliss Ordway, Tampa, Fla.; Jetton-Dekle Lumber Co.
14204 Thomas William Ramsey, Tampa, Fla.; Jetton-Dekle Lumber Co.
14205 Percival Linwood Starbird, Moffitt, Fla.; Customers' Lumber & Veneer Co.
14206 James Franklin Stubbs, Tampa, Fla.; J. F. Stubbs.
14207 Harry Weldon, Ehren, Fla.; Gulf Cypress Lumber Co.

No. 1096. Burlington, Ia., February 15, 1905.

Snark, E. H. Dalbey.
Senior Hoo-Hoo, J. M. Furlong.
Junior Hoo-Hoo, R. L. Oliver.
Bojum, J. G. Cook.
Scrivener, J. H. Byrnes.
Jabberwock, Harry Scott.
Custocatian, Mark Anson.
Arcanoper, Dave Cale.
Gurdon, W. F. Hartmann.

- 14208 Byron Milbon Burns, St. Louis, Mo.; Iola Portland Cement Co., Iola, Kans.
14209 Charles Fremont Church, Lamoni, Ia.; Pittsburg Plate Glass Co., Davenport, Ia.
14210 Frank Edmund Cochran, Burlington, Ia.; Pittsburg Plate Glass Co., Davenport, Ia.
14211 Clifton Gustavus Crull, Davenport, Ia.; Grays Harbor Com. Co., Cosmopolis, Wash.
14212 Abraham Lincoln Davis, King City, Mo.; Taber Lumber Co., Keokuk, Ia.
14213 Henry James Ditmars, West Liberty, Ia.; Ditmars & Ayers.
14214 Ralph Waldo Eggert, Burlington, Ia.; Gilbert Hedge Lumber Co.
14215 John Wilson Gillies, Burlington, Ia.; Morin, Gillies Co.
14216 William Glatly, Mt. Pleasant, Ia.; Glatly, Ditmars & Ayers.

- 14217 Otis Otto Heskett, Cedar Falls, Ia.; Harris & Cole Bros., Inc.
14218 Albert Henry Huebner, Burlington, Ia.; Rand Lumber Co.
14219 Joseph Thomas Ingram, Salem, Ia.; J. T. Ingram.
14220 Charles Lawrence Lindner, Muscatine, Ia.; South Muscatine Lumber Co.
14221 Walter Scott Miller, Mt. Sterling, Ia.; Holder Teler Lumber Co.
14222 Harry Mummm, Lonetree, Ia.; J. R. Corbett.
14223 William Oscar Riddle, Mediapolis, Ia.; Rand Lumber Co., Burlington, Ia.
14224 E. G. Spaulding, Davenport, Ia.; C., R. I. & P. Ry.
14225 Charles Edward Ward, Fairfield, Ia.; Fairfield Lumber Co.

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—A well posted Northern lumberman, who has had experience in the South, wants to connect himself with some yellow pine firm to represent them in Illinois or adjacent territory or some position in the South. Perfectly reliable; can furnish reference. Address "Star" care J. H. Baird, Scrivener, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—To begin at the bottom with some reliable mill company in a hustling Western town or city. After a few months to become familiar with the business and officers, I would like to invest some money to insure my employers that I will take unflinching interest in the business. I am 23 years of age and am married. Address "Stockfarmer" care of J. H. Baird, Scrivener, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as buyer of yellow pine lumber in the South. Address "1267-A" care J. H. Baird, Scrivener, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as traveling salesman for yellow pine; 33 years old and strictly sober and reliable, or would take position as retail manager; 12 years experience in retail yard. Will go anywhere. Address "A. M. B." care J. H. Baird, Scrivener, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—A good salesman wants a position in lumber line; is well acquainted with manufacturers East and West. Address "W. W. R." care Bulletin.

WANTED—Position in wholesale or retail yellow pine lumber office by an experienced office man and first-class stenographer. Several years experience, and thoroughly understand the details of the lumber business. Not afraid of work and willing to make myself generally useful; am looking for a permanent place with good chance for promotion. Married, strictly temperate, and can furnish first-class references. Address "Office man" care J. H. Baird Scrivener, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Traveling salesman wants position with good yellow pine concern in Ohio, Illinois, Indiana or Iowa. Knows trade in Iowa. Had experience selling yellow pine. Young married man, and can satisfy as to references and ability to get the business. Address "Kiln-Dried," care J. H. Baird, Scrivener, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—By an experienced lumberman a position as bookkeeper. Can give good references and accept at once. Chas. A. Fischer, Weistka, Indian Territory.

WANTED—A position in the yellow pine business as inspector, tallyman, shipping clerk or salesman with some firm in or near New Orleans. Am competent in every line and can furnish references. Address L. W. Warner, 417 Royal St., New Orleans, La.

WANTED—Position by an experienced lumber bookkeeper. Aged thirty-two. Single. Best of references, speak German and prefer location on or near Gulf Coast. Address "642" care J. H. Baird, Scrivener, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position with some lumber company as manager of retail yard. Oklahoma or Indian Territory preferred. Six years' experience and good references. Address E. No. 980, Higginsville, Mo.

WANTED—Position as stenographer, invoice clerk, estimator, assistant bookkeeper or shipping clerk by a man. Three years' experience in the lumber business yellow pine. Best of references. Address "C. F." care J. H. Baird, Scrivener, Nashville, Tenn.