

OFFICERS OF THE ORDER.

THE SUPREME NINE.

SNARK OF THE UNIVERSE—R. D. Inman, Oregon.
SENIOR HOO-HOO—A. C. Ramsey, Missouri.
JUNIOR HOO-HOO—George V. Denny, Georgia.
BOJUM—Benjamin F. Cobb, Illinois.
SCRIVENOTER—J. H. Baird, Tennessee.
JABBERWOCK—E. Stringer Boggs, West Virginia.
CUSTOCATIAN—Farley Price, Arkansas.
ARCANOPER—Donald Ferguson, Canada.
GURDON—E. Clark Evans, Washington.



THE HOUSE OF ANCIENTS.

CHAS. H. McCARER, (Deceased).
B. A. JOHNSON, Chicago, Ill.
W. E. BARNES, St. Louis, Mo.
J. E. DEFEBAUGH, Chicago, Ill.
H. H. HEMENWAY, Colorado Springs, Col.
A. A. WHITE, (Deceased).
H. A. GLADDING, Indianapolis, Ind.
GEORGE W. LOCK, Westlake, La.
WM. B. STILLWELL, Savannah, Ga.
A. H. WEIR, Lincoln, Neb.
W. H. MORRIS, Houston, Texas.
ED. M. VIETMEIER, Pittsburg, Pa.
C. D. CURKE, Urbana, Ill.

THE VICEGERENTS.

Alabama—(Northern District)—S. P. King, care King Lumber Co., Birmingham, Ala.
Alabama—(Central District)—F. P. McCormick, Montgomery, Ala.
Alabama—(Southern District)—Mark Lyons, care Southern Supply Co., Mobile, Ala.
Arizona and State of Sonora, Mexico—W. G. McDonald, Douglas, Arizona.
Arkansas—(Northern District)—W. A. Billingsley, care First National Bank, Newport, Ark.
Arkansas—(Western District)—G. W. Cleveland, Horatio, Ark.
Arkansas—(Southern District)—J. C. McGrath, Malvern, Ark.
California—(Southern District)—Robt. Raphael, care H. Raphael & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
California—(Northern District)—Frank W. Trower, 5 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.
Canada—(Central District)—D. Boyce Sprague, care Sprague Lbr. Co., Winnipeg, Minn., Canada.
Canada—(Eastern District)—Jas. G. Cane, 411 McKinnon Bldg., Toronto, Ont., Canada.
Colorado—J. T. Brown, care Bayre-Newton Lbr. Co., Denver, Col.
Cuba—D. W. Buhl, P. O. Box 162, Havana, Cuba.
Florida—(Southern District)—C. E. Tufts, Harney, Fla.
Florida—(Eastern District)—J. B. Conrad, Glenwood, Fla.
Florida—(Western District)—P. K. Tornoe, Pensacola, Fla.
Georgia—(Northern District)—H. F. Ulmer, Box 306, Atlanta, Ga.
Georgia—(Southeastern District)—W. R. Cheves, care The Mill-Haven Company, Savannah, Ga.
Georgia—(Southwestern District)—J. L. Phillips, Thomasville, Ga.
Idaho—C. B. Chunnel, Twin Falls, Idaho.
Illinois—(Northern District)—L. E. Fuller, 315 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.
Illinois—(Central District)—A. B. Simonson, 1803 East Jackson Street, Springfield, Ill.
Illinois—(Southern District)—P. T. Langan, Cairo, Ill.
Indian Territory—F. B. Swayze, Muskogee, I. T.
Indiana—(Northern District)—Geo. D. Slison, 525 Lemcke Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.
Indiana—(Southern District)—John Cooper, Linton, Ind.
Iowa—(Northern District)—C. O. Gronen, Box 112, Waterloo, Iowa.
Iowa—(Southern District)—Mark Anson, Muscatine, Iowa.
Kansas—(Eastern District)—L. R. Fifer, Valley Falls, Kas.
Kansas—(Western District)—J. R. McLaurin, Ellsworth, Kas.
Kentucky—(Eastern District)—James B. Hall, Clay City, Ky.
Kentucky—(Western District)—R. S. Robertson, 1627 Broadway, Paducah, Ky.
Louisiana—(Northern District)—J. B. Chipman First National Bank Bldg., Shreveport, La.
Louisiana—(Southern District)—B. A. Atkinson, Litcher, La.
Maryland—Geo. E. Waters, 822 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.
Massachusetts—B. F. Lamb, Albany St., Boston, Mass.
Mexico—(Southern District)—C. B. Cleveland, G. A., C. R. I. & P. R. R. Mexico City, D. F., Mex.
Michigan—(Eastern District)—J. F. Deacon, Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

Michigan—(Western District)—C. E. Davis, 321 Michigan Trust Building, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Michigan—(Upper Peninsular)—W. A. Whitman, Marquette, Mich.
Minnesota—(Southern District)—J. P. Lansing, 322, 320 Lumber Exchange, Minneapolis, Minn.
Minnesota—(Northern District)—W. T. Wright, care Radford Co., Duluth, Minn.
Mississippi—(Western District)—J. L. Strickland, Greenville, Miss.
Mississippi—(Southern District)—J. H. Kennedy, Hattiesburg, Miss.
Missouri—(Eastern District)—G. W. Bright, 601 Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Missouri—(Western District)—Homer P. Allen, 417, 418 Keith & Perry Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.
Montana—Harry G. Miller, Kalispel, Montana.
Nebraska—Lew Wentworth, Box 446, Omaha, Neb.
New York—(Eastern District)—Chas. F. Fischer, 1928 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
New York—(Western District)—Arthur Krelnheor, 1075 Clinton St., Buffalo, N. Y.
North Carolina—(Central District)—R. D. Godwin, Box 605, Raleigh, N. C.
North Carolina—(Eastern District)—D. W. Richardson, Dover, N. C.
North Carolina—(Western District)—C. H. Hobbs, Room 6, Drumor Bldg. Asheville, N. C.
Ohio—(Central District)—Harry R. Allen, care Century Lbr. Co., Columbus, Ohio.
Ohio—(Southern District)—J. E. Tutill, Gest St. and Dalton Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Oklahoma Ter.—N. S. Darling, Box 999, Oklahoma City, O. T.
Oregon—W. B. Mackay, care Northern Pacific Lumber Co., Portland, Ore.
Pennsylvania—(Northern District)—E. H. Watkins, Kane, Pa.
Pennsylvania—(Eastern District)—J. H. Shelp, 830 N. Lawrence St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Pennsylvania—(Western District)—O. H. Reclanus, 608 Ferguson Block, Pittsburg, Pa.
South Carolina—(Eastern District)—G. J. Cherry, Box 404, Charleston, S. C.
South Carolina—(Western District)—N. W. Gennett, Fort Madison, S. C.
South Dakota—F. B. Grimshaw, Clark, S. D.
Tennessee—(Eastern District)—W. L. Clark, Johnson City, Tenn.
Tennessee—(Middle District)—W. A. Binkley, 1003 First National Bank Building, Nashville, Tenn.
Tennessee—(Western District)—B. M. Gladding, 105 Main St., Memphis, Tenn.
Texas—(Eastern District)—M. J. Ragley, Ragley, Tex.
Texas—(Northern District)—D. B. Lyon, Sherman, Texas.
Texas—(Southern District)—G. M. Duncan, care Tex. & La. Lbr. Co., Houston, Texas.
Texas—(Western District) and **New Mexico**—J. L. Logan, care Logan Lbr. Co., El Paso, Texas.
Utah—A. Maccuag, 28 Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah.
Virginia—(Western District)—T. W. Fugate, Richards, Va.
Washington—(Eastern District)—E. F. Cartier Van Dissell, Spokane, Wash.
Washington—(Western District)—W. C. Miles, Globe, Wash.
West Virginia—(Northern District)—K. H. Stover, Kendall Bldg., Elkins, W. Va.
West Virginia—(Southern District)—D. E. Matthews, Charleston, W. Va.
Wisconsin—(Northern District)—F. S. Struble, 718 8th Ave., N., Ashland, Wis.
Wisconsin—(Southern District)—A. K. Ford, care Wisconsin Central R. R. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
United Kingdom and Continent of Europe—Edw. Haynes, 164 Aldersgate St., London, England.

THE JURISDICTIONS.

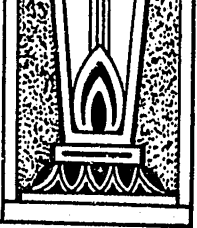
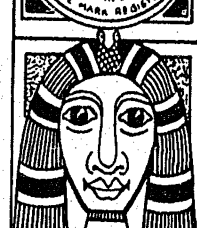
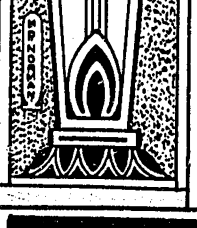
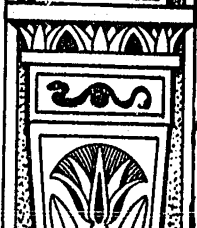
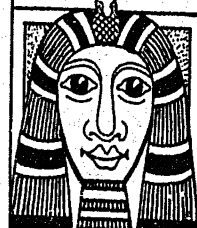
Jurisdiction No. 1—Under the Snark (Inman) the following states: Oregon, California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, Colorado and Mexico.
Jurisdiction No. 2—Under the Senior Hoo-Hoo (Ramsey) the following states: Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota.
Jurisdiction No. 3—Under the Junior Hoo-Hoo (Denny) the following states: Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Florida and Cuba.
Jurisdiction No. 4—Under the Bojum (Cobb) the following states: Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan.
Jurisdiction No. 5—Under the Scrivenoter (Baird) the following states: Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama and Mississippi.
Jurisdiction No. 6—Under the Jabberwock (Boggs) the following states: West Virginia, Virginia, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey and District of Columbia.
Jurisdiction No. 7—Under the Custocatian (Price) the following: Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Indian Territory, Oklahoma Territory and New Mexico.
Jurisdiction No. 8—Under the Arcanoper (Ferguson) the following: Eastern Canada, New York, New England States and United Kingdom and Continent of Europe.
Jurisdiction No. 9—Under the Gurdon (Evans) the following: Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Western Canada (west of a north and south line drawn through Winnipeg and including Winnipeg) and British Columbia.

THE BULLETIN

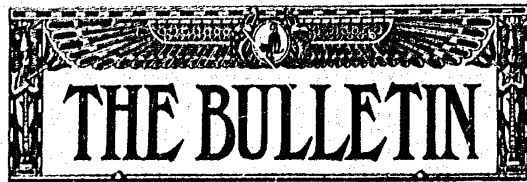
Vol. XI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1906.

No. 127



A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HOO-HOO



J. H. BAIRD, Scrivener, Editor.

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

Entered at the Postoffice at Nashville, Tennessee, as second class matter.

TERMS TO MEMBERS:

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THE SAN FRANCISCO HORROR.

Message From Our Members in the Stricken City.

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Fraternally,

J. H. BAIRD,

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The earthquake, severe as it was, would not have stopped business for more than a few hours, but the fire was too much for us. I have experienced several earthquake shocks, but never anything like that of April 18. It reminded me of a terrier shaking a rat or of a ship staggering under a heavy cross sea. I was in my home in Oakland at the time and our shock was not so severe as that across the bay in San Francisco.

For nearly three days and nights the fire in San Francisco burned steadily despite the utmost efforts to check it. The view of the burning city at night from the Oakland hills was a magnificent one and made us think of the pictures we have seen since childhood of burning Rome. General Funston used all the dynamite in the city to blow up buildings, but as the water mains were broke: by the force of the earthquake the fire could not be stopped until some very wide streets gave the fire fighters the advantage. Right here I want to add a word of praise for the splendid manner in which the gallant General has handled the trying situation here. Fortunately the docks along the city front were practically uninjured, and this will mean a great deal in restoring the city. Only about one-third of the lumber yards were burned out, but the others will be somewhat crippled for a period, owing to the condition of their customers.

The spirit of courage and helpfulness shown since the great disaster is inspiring to think of. Our people showed they were the true descendants of the early pioneers—the forty-niners. Their spirit is typified in the man who burned his hands picking up hot bricks from his ruined structure before they were sufficiently cooled in his desire to rebuild at once. The air is full of optimism. Bankers and financiers are confident of the future. Men worth thousands and hundreds of

thousands who are today almost penniless accept the situation good-naturedly and say they are ready to begin all over again. Some of our millionaires have had to borrow 30 cents from a friend to buy a lunch. With the banks still closed, as they are likely to be for another two weeks, cash is a mighty scarce article.

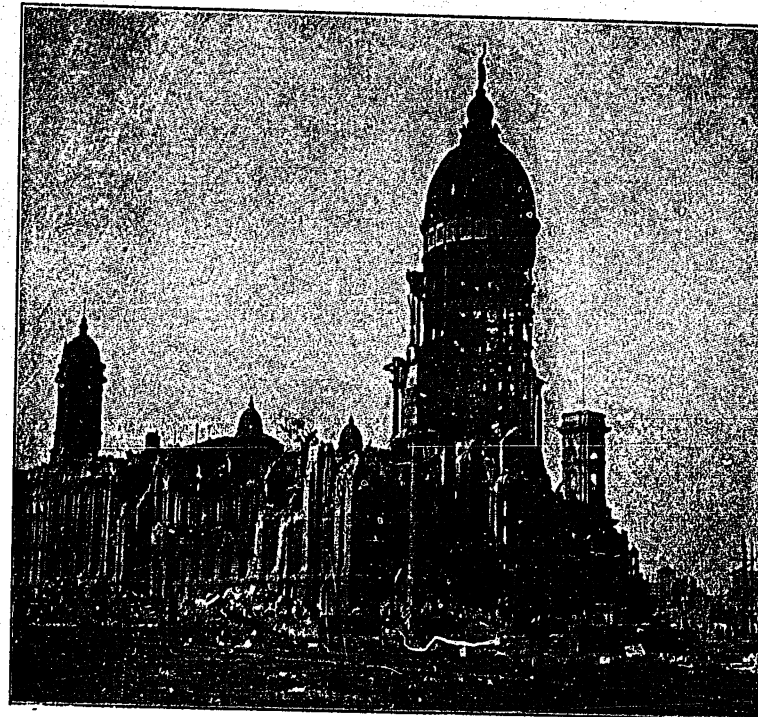
I met Billy Davis, our Junior Hoo-Hoo, the day after the fire. He said his business and his home were entirely cleaned out, and he had 75 cents in his pocket. But his mother, father and family were with him in a home on this side of the bay, and he was happy.

The separation of families is a distressing part of the situation. In the hurried exodus from the ruins friends and relatives became separated, and now it is difficult to locate one another. For the first few days there were nearly 300,000 homeless and destitute people, most of them sleeping without cover, with the rain coming down heavily at times. I passed one shelter made of blankets stretched on a couple of sticks. Over the center pole was a little placard, "Don't Worry," while underneath was nailed a horseshoe. The housewife was boiling coffee on a few bricks in the middle of the street, and a young man whistled gaily as he shaved by a bit of broken mirror.

It makes one proud of our men and women and of our

great events and of the expanding commerce of the coming century. We have the best harbor in the world and a rich empire in our California hills and valleys whose products and trade will flow into San Francisco. Our people realize this and by their pluck and determination, their optimism and capacity for hard work, will soon make the newer and greater San Francisco.

Now a few words as to our local Hoo-Hoo and how they have fared. I wired you on the 20th inst., saying that many of our Hoo-Hoo had their business and homes ruined, and asked if our Order would not give them temporary assistance. So far I have not had an answer to this message. I have met several of our members in this situation and there are doubtless many more. It is difficult for us just now to find each other, but I am advertising in the local papers, giving my new address and asking all Hoo-Hoo needing temporary assistance to call on me. What we want is to help our members to help themselves. I am sure that most of them will later repay any relief given now. We do not want charity, but only a little help for the time being, until we can get on our feet. I feel this is the time for our brothers to show a true fraternal spirit. You may be sure any help extended us will be carefully handled, and if there is any balance remaining it will be



Work of the earthquake and the fire upon San Francisco's \$7,000,000 City Hall.

American spirit to see how plucky our people are and to note with gratitude the magnificent liberality of our friends on the outside. From every section of the country has come immediate and overwhelming offers of aid. Thanks to them there is food in plenty for everyone. Shelter and bedding are mostly needed now. We have to plan relief not only for a few days, but at least for several weeks, until conditions become somewhat normal. Oakland's population of 100,000 has suddenly been doubled, but our people have thrown open their homes, churches and public buildings and are working like beavers to relieve the suffering.

I could fill volumes as to the details of the catastrophe, but the public press has supplied you with that. There was a great deal of distress at first. You will get a hint of this when I say that there were more than a hundred infants born in the streets or in public places during the first two days after the calamity. Just imagine a district with a radius of one mile from the center of a once great city in which there is absolutely no living habitation, no telephones, no street cars, no mail delivery, nothing but the dreary silence of the tomb.

But we will make a better and grander city than ever. The San Francisco of the future will far surpass the great city of the past. We have the commanding position on the Pacific—that ocean which is to be the theater of the world's

returned to you for the Imminent Distress Fund or for such other use as the Supreme Nine may decide to make of it.

A leading insurance manager says the property loss will reach \$400,000,000 and may go to \$500,000,000. He says the insurance companies will be called upon to pay about \$200,000,000 and they expect to pay every claim. The loss of life in the disaster is placed at 250 by the army authorities, and at 1,000 by the Coroner of San Francisco.

I have been planning for a big concatenation at Fresno next month to take in about twenty of the San Joaquin Valley lumbermen, but this will probably be postponed.

I shall be glad to hear from you and if there is any further information you desire kindly let me know.

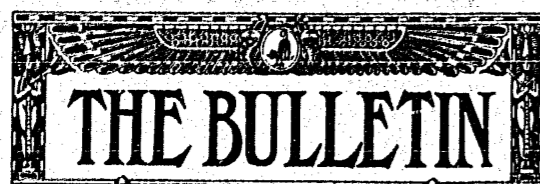
Yours fraternally,

FRANK W. TROWER,
Vicegerent Snark.

1238 Filbert street, Oakland, Cal.

Another letter from Brother Trower was received May 1:

Oakland, Cal., April 26, 1906—My Dear Baird: I acknowledge receipt this afternoon of your two letters of the 20th enclosing copies of your letters to brothers Rowe and Snyder. Your telegram dated Nashville, the 20th, was forwarded by



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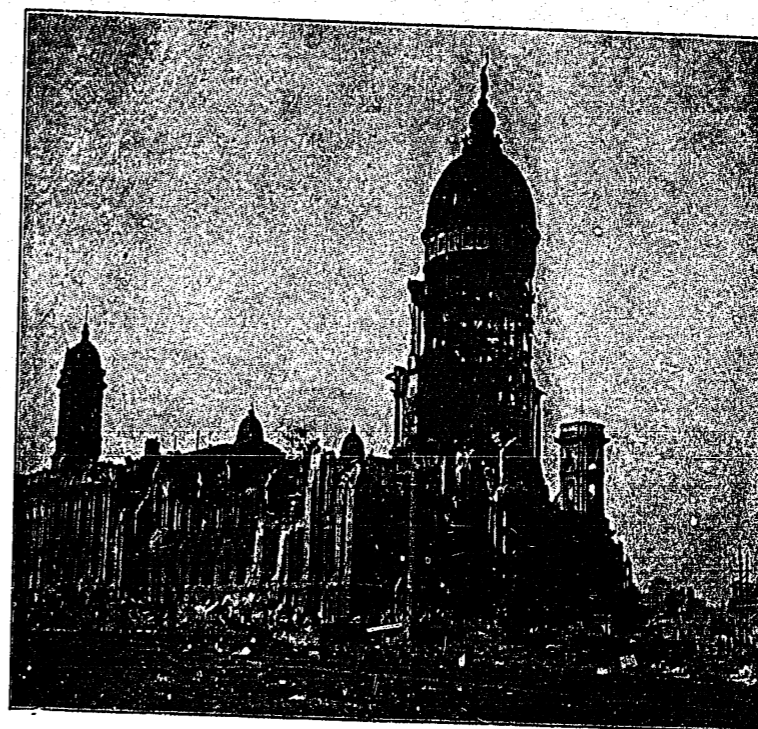
I met Billy Davis, our Junior Hoo-Hoo, the day after the fire. He said his business and his home were entirely cleaned out, and he had 75 cents in his pocket. But his mother, father and family were with him in a home on this side of the bay, and he was happy.

The separation of families is a distressing part of the situation. In the hurried exodus from the ruins friends and relatives became separated, and now it is difficult to locate one another. For the first few days there were nearly 300,000 homeless and destitute people, most of them sleeping without cover, with the rain coming down heavily at times. I passed one shelter made of blankets stretched on a couple of sticks. Over the center pole was a little placard, "Don't Worry," while underneath was nailed a horseshoe. The housewife was boiling coffee on a few bricks in the middle of the street, and a young man whistled gaily as he shaved by a bit of broken mirror.

It makes one proud of our men and women and of our

great events and of the expanding commerce of the coming century. We have the best harbor in the world and a rich empire in our California hills and valleys whose products and trade will flow into San Francisco. Our people realize this and by their pluck and determination, their optimism and capacity for hard work, will soon make the newer and greater San Francisco.

Now a few words as to our local Hoo-Hoo and how they have fared. I wired you on the 20th inst., saying that many of our Hoo-Hoo had their business and homes ruined, and asked if our Order would not give them temporary assistance. So far I have not had an answer to this message. I have met several of our members in this situation and there are doubtless many more. It is difficult for us just now to find each other, but I am advertising in the local papers, giving my new address and asking all Hoo-Hoo needing temporary assistance to call on me. What we want is to help our members to help themselves. I am sure that most of them will later repay any relief given now. We do not want charity, but only a little help for the time being, until we can get on our feet. I feel this is the time for our brothers to show a true fraternal spirit. You may be sure any help extended us will be carefully handled, and if there is any balance remaining it will be



Work of the earthquake and the fire upon San Francisco's \$7,000,000 City Hall.

American spirit to see how plucky our people are and to note with gratitude the magnificent liberality of our friends on the outside. From every section of the country has come immediate and overwhelming offers of aid. Thanks to them there is food in plenty for everyone. Shelter and bedding are mostly needed now. We have to plan relief not only for a few days, but at least for several weeks, until conditions become somewhat normal. Oakland's population of 100,000 has suddenly been doubled, but our people have thrown open their homes, churches and public buildings and are working like beavers to relieve the suffering.

I could fill volumes as to the details of the catastrophe, but the public press has supplied you with that. There was a great deal of distress at first. You will get a hint of this when I say that there were more than a hundred infants born in the streets or in public places during the first two days after the calamity. Just imagine a district with a radius of one mile from the center of a once great city in which there is absolutely no living habitation, no telephones, no street cars, no mail delivery, nothing but the dreary silence of the tomb.

But we will make a better and grander city than ever. The San Francisco of the future will far surpass the great city of the past. We have the commanding position on the Pacific—that ocean which is to be the theater of the world's

returned to you for the Imminent Distress Fund or for such other use as the Supreme Nine may decide to make of it.

A leading insurance manager says the property loss will reach \$400,000,000 and may go to \$600,000,000. He says the insurance companies will be called upon to pay about \$200,000,000 and they expect to pay every claim. The loss of life in the disaster is placed at 250 by the army authorities, and at 1,000 by the Coroner of San Francisco.

I have been planning for a big concatenation at Fresno next month to take in about twenty of the San Joaquin Valley lumbermen, but this will probably be postponed.

I shall be glad to hear from you and if there is any further information you desire kindly let me know.

Yours fraternally,

FRANK W. TROWER,
Vicegerent Snark.

1238 Filbert street, Oakland, Cal.

Another letter from Brother Trower was received May 1:

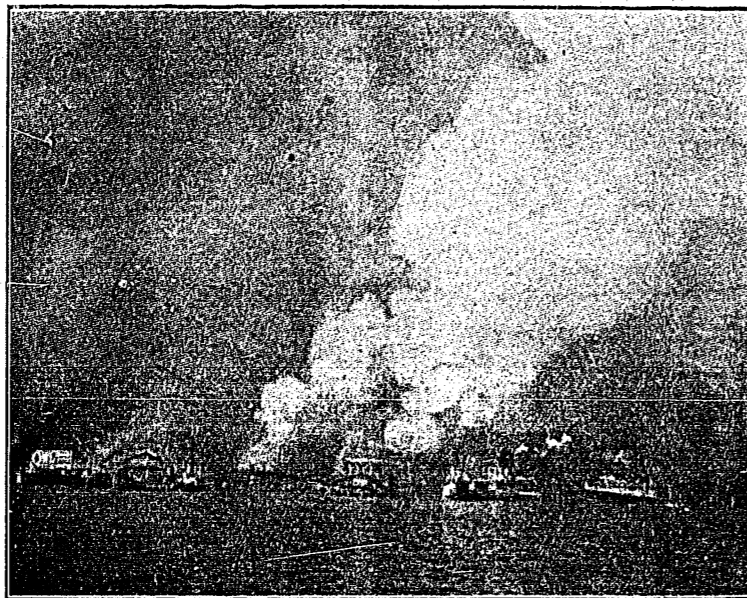
Oakland, Cal., April 26, 1906—My Dear Baird: I acknowledge receipt this afternoon of your two letters of the 20th enclosing copies of your letters to brothers Rowe and Snyder. Your telegram dated Nashville, the 20th, was forwarded by

train from Chicago and reached me only this afternoon, the 26th. The great calamity here caused a congestion on all the wires out of this section and long lines of people stand in front of the telegraph offices in Oakland for days waiting to get messages through to anxious friends. I presume my wire to you on the 26th fared no better, and that probably you have just received it.

I note you ask me to "report extent to which our members have suffered." I cannot tell you how happy I am to be able to say that so far I have heard of no loss of life among our Hoo-Hoo in this vicinity. Of course all the bodies have not been recovered from the ruins. It would seem that surely all of our boys here were genuine good Hoo-Hoo and had their nine lives with them.

It was a mercy that the disaster occurred when it did—5:11 in the morning. Had it been a few hours later when the streets and buildings and schools were filled the loss of life would certainly have been appalling.

It has been impossible for me so far to hear from a great many Hoo-Hoo as to their personal loss. Everybody scattered after the fire and most of the old addresses are meaningless at the present time. It will take quite a period before I can get hold of all our boys. I am advertising in the local papers my present address telling all Hoo-Hoo who need temporary assistance to call on me. Many of our members have suffered



Pier Shed in front of Wellman, Peck & Co.

heavy financial losses. You can easily understand this when I tell you that about one-half of the lumber yards in San Francisco are gone, all of the hotel district, about one-half of the planing mills and practically all of the sawmill and machinery supply houses.

Whatever assistance I can give our boys will, of course, be only for the temporary personal needs of themselves and families. Anything like assistance to renew their business, of course, is out of the question, and as I understand it is not the purpose for which the Imminent Distress Fund was gathered.

But, Brother Baird, it would warm the cockles of your heart to see how our people have accepted their fearful losses without a whimper. Our boys out here are pure grit, and the women, God bless them, are pure gold, and they are all standing by the city working cheerfully to put it once again in its imperial position.

Needless to say, the croakers left on the first train, and we are glad they are gone. There have been a few lugubrious 1x2 souls who have said California would be ruined by this disaster, but this is too great a country for such a small catastrophe to annihilate. Real estate values in San Francisco have not gone down a dollar. Contracts for great buildings have not been cancelled, but instead orders have been given to rush them to completion.

Reliable statistics show that since the arrival of the white man on the coast the total loss of life by earthquakes in California up to the present is not as much as that which has been experienced in a single cyclone or tidal wave or great flood in the more eastern states. It was the fire that overwhelmed us, and that is a disaster which is likely to happen in any great city. The newer and greater San Francisco will have better fire protection, with salt water reservoirs on many hills, with wider streets and more substantial structures.

I am sending you copies of our local papers which will give you a more vivid idea of the conditions here. The advertisements in the papers are as interesting to us as the news items, showing as they do the efforts of people to reach their friends and telling of the new business locations of firms and corporations. There is a grim humor in reading of some great commercial house, which formerly occupied a five or six story building in San Francisco, now located in Oakland temporarily in a single room or a small store.

All the San Francisco newspapers are being published at present in Oakland.

I will send you a few photographs of some of the scenes here, which may be of interest, and which you may possibly want to use in the next Bulletin.

I wish to thank you for your kind letter and to say that we can never fully express our appreciation for the sympathy and good will extended to us on every hand.

Until you receive the new addresses of our San Francisco members it will be entirely safe to send their mail to the old addresses, as the postoffice is now forwarding mail promptly as soon as the new address is found. With kindest regards, I remain,

Yours fraternally,

FRANK W. TROWER,

Vicegerent Shark.

1238 Filbert street, Oakland, Cal.

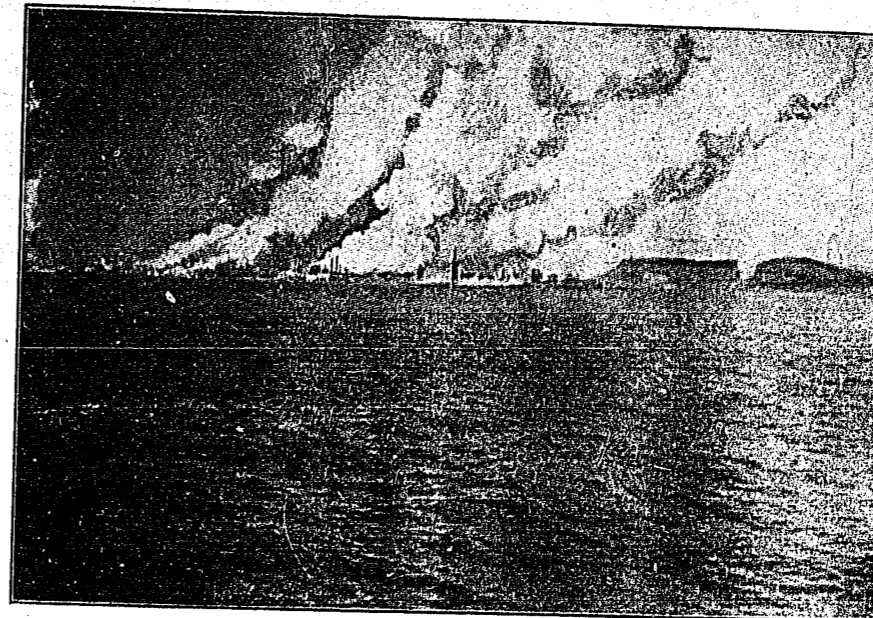
The copy of local newspaper referred to by Brother Trower did not arrive until several days after receipt of his letter. The paper is quoted at some length in Notes and Comments. News from our California members is filtering in from various sources and it is quite probable that after this article is in type other important items will come in. Everything of interest that is received up to the time The Bulletin goes to press will be printed, though it may be possible to get it all in one article. Contributions are coming in rapidly in response to the special call. The amounts range from 99 cents to \$50. A great many \$10-dollar and \$5-dollar checks have been received.

For the first time in the history of Hoo-Hoo there was realized, by the Scrivenator at least, something of the immense distances covered by the Order in the United States. It is natural that we should feel pretty widely separated from our members in foreign lands, but San Francisco, though nearly three thousand miles away, seemed but a step, so easy was it to communicate by wire with our brothers at the Western Gate. A little trembling of the earth—and lo! between us are mighty rivers, the stretch of prairie, grim desert and towering mountain range. How seldom we stop to think of the miraculous age in which we live—when the "whole world is but a voice on a wire!"

Among the communications received since the coast people have become able to again stretch out their hands and touch fingers with the rest of the world, is a postal card from Brother R. W. Neighbor, manager San Francisco branch E. C. Atkins & Co., bearing this cheerful message: "Family safe and well. Taking care of refugees. Rushed with work." Brother Neighbor's San Francisco office and store were destroyed, but he is doing business all right at 1055 Broadway, Oakland.

Two trains in the morning carried passengers over to the city before orders to the contrary could be issued, and then no one was allowed on the boats but refugees from there. I got over about 8:30 and the water front was already in flames. Wellman, Peck & Co., wholesale grocers, and Smith's Cash Store (both brick) were a mass of flame. These places were about four blocks apart. Can you imagine the terror of a fire, as a starter, raging over five or six square blocks of shattered stone and frame buildings which threatened to fall each minute, and no water or other means of combating the flames except dynamite? The little water that was used in the lower part of town was pumped from the sewers. Combined with this was the uncanny appearance of things caused by clouded, smoke-hidden, uncertain light of the sun and the topsy-turvy crooks and curves in the sidewalks, car tracks and buildings. Saturday in front of the main postoffice at Seventh and Mission streets, I stood at the bottom of a wave in the street and the crest of this wave about fifty feet away was level with my stomach. I am a little over six feet tall.

The first day I saw things which even now I shudder to think of. In the south of Market street district, the home of the poorer class, I saw in various stages of deshabille, terror-stricken old men and women well on past their three score and ten, and middle-aged and younger ones holding infants, some of them less than a week old, all huddled up in fence corners and under trees—any place for shelter from our spring winds which, while not so piercing just then, soon became so. Some of the children were nibbling at remnants of the previous



Another view of the fire from the bay.

From Brother Arthur E. White, of the Pacific Coast Lumber Surveyors' Association, comes the following vivid description of what he saw and felt of the great catastrophe:

Alameda, April 23, 1906—J. H. Baird, Esq., Nashville, Tenn.—Dear Sir and Brother Hoo-Hoo: I do not believe that in the excitement of the last few days any of the San Francisco Hoo-Hoo have had time to think about writing you or even to remember the existence of our Order. I suppose the telegraphic reports you receive are very voluminous, but I feel that the facts exaggerate them. Words fail to express, the mind of man cannot comprehend, the enormity, the terrible significance of nature's 32 seconds' work last Wednesday morning.

I live in Alameda, which, as you may remember, is next to Oakland toward the south. I was tallying a cargo at the Hay Wharf (foot of Third street) and had to leave home in time for the 5:30 a. m. train. I was on my feet at the time of the shock with a cup of coffee in my hand, and the motion of the floor was like that of a rowboat in a choppy sea. Alameda suffered less than any other place in the vicinity, nevertheless chimneys were thrown down and houses wrecked all over town.

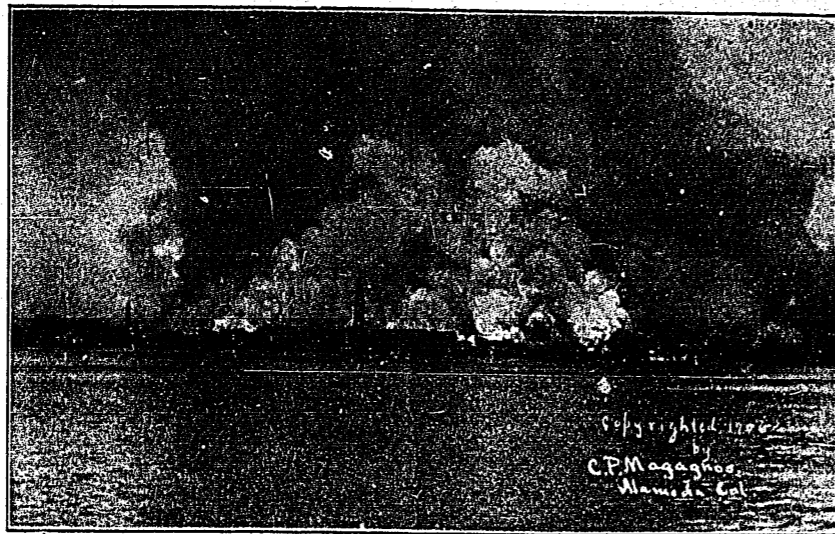
My meal hastily picked up in the flight from the tottering stacks. The rapidly approaching fire, the boom of the dynamite and the uncertainty of everything else but present and future misery made the personification of a never to be forgotten nightmare. That afternoon premature births began. I was told that in one lumber yard in the south end of town forty-two children were born before Friday morning. I did not see this but I have every reason to believe it. The rich of the day before and those who lived from hand to mouth were traveling on a level, nearer, much nearer perfect equality than the most radical dreams of socialism could conceive. I was told by one, who claimed to have been in the vicinity at the time, that the wife of one of the Spreckels brothers gave birth to a child on the street. I speak of this because this is one of the richest and most influential families in California.

The building containing the office of our Vicegerent, F. W. Trower, was included in the first day's destruction. Past Vicegerent Niehaus, Allen & Higgins Lumber Co., E. A. Howard & Co., with whom Brother M. W. Davis is interested, Waterhouse & Lester and Hell Bros.—nothing left. I mention these because being dealers in hardwood they are probably better known in your section of the country than our pine and redwood people are.

We sometimes hear unthinking people say that the age

of miracles is past. No, no; I saw one. The flames came down Market street fanned by a light northerly wind, eating through stone and brick buildings, through the lumber yard of Brother Trower to the yards of the Allen & Higgins Lumber Co. and E. A. Howard & Co. One bucket of water, almost, would have saved the last two, but that bucket and water was not available, although the bay was but two blocks away. If you have ever been in the vicinity of a hardwood fire you may form some idea of the heat from a frontage of flame one hundred feet long. White Bros. are directly opposite these two, and when the intense heat had burned through the rustle (siding) the wind changed and blew strongly from the south against the fire. Just then the firemen succeeded in getting a line of hose from the bay, and as the wind had lessened the intense heat a trifle the firemen were able to get close enough to work. Less than ten minutes real work saved the place and its \$200,000 stock. Two others and myself were on the roof at the time guarding against burning embers, and as I think of it now I marvel at our rashness as the building was so badly damaged in the earthquake that it will have to be taken down.

The city was placed under martial law and any one caught pilfering was immediately shot. Sometimes this was done too hastily, perhaps, but—Sporadic cases of smallpox and typhoid have been reported but more may be expected. The sewers in many places are worse than useless, and the people have been notified to use no water except what has been



View of San Francisco from the bay showing the fire while the district was being destroyed. Office of Vicegerent F. W. Trower was about 300 feet to the left of the Union Ferry Tower.

boiled. Passes from the Governor or military are necessary for admission to San Francisco, and when there every able-bodied man, if caught, is forced to work on the debris under dire penalties. Of course no one is overworked but all must do something. Last night we had a heavy rain which undoubtedly added to the misery of those sleeping on the ground.

What I have written is as one word compared with what I could say of what I have seen. San Francisco, my native place, was not a village, it was a magnificent city. What is it now? I do not believe five thousand people are as safely housed as they were one short week ago. With this I will close, remaining,

Fraternally yours, B. T. T. O. T. G. S. B. C.,
A. E. WHITE.

The following business notice has been sent out by Brother Trower's company:

Office of Trower Bros., Wholesale Lumber, 1238 Filbert St., Oakland Cal., April 25, 1906—Gentlemen: We have opened temporary headquarters at the above address and are handling business as usual. We trust you have not met with serious loss in the great calamity and will be glad to hear from you. With best wishes for a prosperous future, we remain,
Yours truly,
TROWER BROS.

Since the foregoing was put in type, a letter has come from Vicegerent Trower from which the following is an interesting excerpt:

I have appointed the following Hoo-Hoo Relief Committee of nine to assist me in caring for our distressed brethren:

E. F. Niehaus, ex-Snark (E. F. Niehaus & Co., hardwood).
Henry Templeman, ex-Snark (wholesale lumber).
M. W. Davis (vice president of E. A. Howard & Co., hardwood).
W. W. Everett, ex-Snark (managing editor of "Wood and Iron").
Austin Keough (outside salesman Sudden & Christenson, wholesale lumber).
Jno. P. Muller, our efficient local scrivener (McCullough & Muller, wholesale lumber).
R. W. Neighbor (California manager E. C. Atkins & Co.)
J. C. Ellis (outside salesman Bellingham Bay Lumber Co., retail department).

J. C. Ward (manager Excelsior Redwood Co.; president San Francisco Retail Lumber Exchange).

These men have been selected, not to fill an empty position of honor, but solely for their efficiency in this work. They represent many branches of the business and will come in touch with all the boys.

Our relief committee will make it a part of their duty to secure employment for members in need of it. The problem we have to face is one that means more than a few days' needs. It will take many weeks and months before we are restored to anything like natural conditions. But for all

that, I expect we shall manage to get along all right without drawing heavily on the amount you have pledged.

The lumbermen and Hoo-Hoo of Salt Lake City and vicinity have generously sent us \$200 for the Hoo-Hoo distress fund. Our hearty thanks are freely given to them for this prompt expression of practical sympathy, and we are especially indebted to Brother Andrew Maccaig, Vicegerent for Utah, and Brother George E. Merrill, for gathering this fund and making it effective by their promptness.

Any one here who has not suffered loss by fire is looked upon as a "rank outsider." Please note that Trower Bros. are among the elect. Our office building and its contents were reduced to ashes and the ashes scattered to the four winds of the water front. We were lucky though to find most of the contents of our safe in pretty fair condition. Many of the large business concerns haven't the scratch of a pen left to show how their accounts stood.
Yours fraternally,
FRANK W. TROWER, V. S.

Here is a letter from Brother W. E. Barns, of the House of Ancients, showing what the Board of Governors of the House of Hoo-Hoo have done toward contributing to the relief fund:

St. Louis, Mo., April 25, 1906—My Dear Sir: I have received the call for the San Francisco sufferers. The Board of Governors of the House of Hoo-Hoo have appropriated \$200 to this fund. I will send you, either with this or later, the voucher. I enclose herewith our check for \$10. You can put

J. E. Gatewood down for \$8 and myself for \$5. We have already contributed, of course, through other sources—several of them. I would be very glad indeed if you would let me know the result of the call and any other information that you may have. I do not believe there will be any trouble in raising the \$2,000 necessary in this case.

W. E. BARNES (No. 3).

Concerning the relief offered by the people of Salt Lake City, Brother Theodore Nystrom writes:

Salt Lake City, Utah, May 2, 1906. . . . Don't forget that Salt Lake City people have done some little in the cause. The Mormon Church, I believe, made the first contribution that was made by any organization, sending \$10,000, the municipally sent a like amount, business men contributed very liberally, and now the school children are holding us all up. Salt Lake City has been the supply point and car after car of provisions, medical supplies and bedding have been sent. Besides this, refugees by hundreds are provided for with food and employment for those who care to stay here.

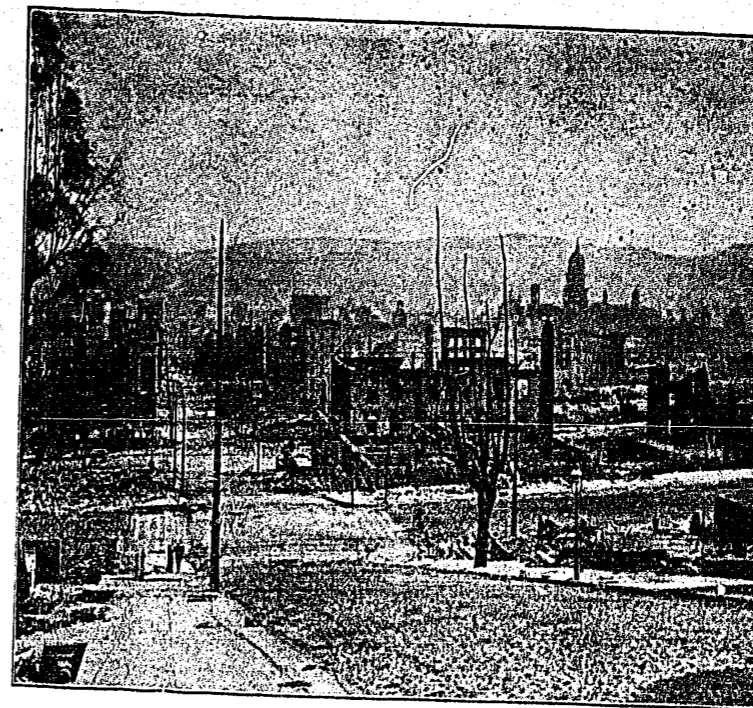
Of course, it is well known by this time that nearly every city in the United States contributed most liberally to the helpless people of San Francisco, and that all differences of sect or creed were wholly obliterated in the general desire to relieve distress. As Brother Frank Trower said in one of his letters to this office,

This whole disaster has shown the essential unity of our nation. For the first few days our papers had no tidings from outside States and we did

We have been hard hit financially, as you are aware, but it is surprising how our people are getting busy again. Lumbermen, from the time the Pilgrim Fathers cut the first tree at Plymouth and built their own dwellings, have been among the pioneers of advancing civilization and national progress. And the lumbermen and those in allied industries in San Francisco will do their full part in building up the new city. We expect to be about the busiest people in town for a long time to come.

I want to congratulate you on what your home city of Nashville has done. She has given generously and nobly. One is almost tempted to say that the great calamity was worth while, in that it brought from under the surface, where they had always existed, the nobler qualities of our people. We have seen the splendor of human nature. Locally men and women have shown courage, generosity, patience and helpfulness. Nationally our people have learned, and have expressed by their phenomenal gifts, that their stricken fellow citizens in a distant city are as much their brothers as though they were at their own door. Surely, "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." We are a united people, thank God, and this occasion has shown us that there is no North, East, South or West in time of trouble.

But money and supplies are yet sorely needed and will be for a long time to come. The club women of the State are undertaking the task of securing employment for the thousands of girls who have lost positions as clerks, stenographers, domestic servants, etc. Public aid will have to be given to thousands of people of all classes for the next few months. I enclose a clipping from Ex-Mayor Phelan's statement in this morning's paper along this line. The first week it was comparatively easy to secure assistance, as we were in what might be called the hysteria of sympathetic giving. This situation is bound to quiet down, but yet our relief work must go on. Our people here have shown a wonderful spirit in recovering from



View of the business section of San Francisco after the conflagration.

not realize what a wave of sympathy went over the country and through the world. Then the supplies and financial assistance began to pour in from every point, and we, with the rest of the country, have learned that all Americans are brothers, and that the pursuit of the dollar is, after all, not the overshadowing feature of our national life.

I think our members here never realized before the strong bond of fraternity between us and our brethren in other parts of the country. We have had many expressions of sympathy and good cheer, and your prompt offer of financial assistance impressed upon us profoundly the fact that while ours is not a benefit order, yet we will not allow any member to be in imminent distress without coming to his aid.

Speaking of the way some of the "Frisco" lumbermen are fixed at present, Brother Trower says:

You would laugh to see some of the temporary offices of our lumbermen. A number are located on the vacant second floor of the old ferry postoffice. A chalk line divides the offices, and big signs are transacting business over a counter made of a rough board stretched over two cracker boxes. Brother McCormick is located in a hall here in Oakland formerly used as a church. Surely nothing but "good" lumber will be sold from his office. The wholesale lumbermen are to put up a temporary structure on the water front in San Francisco to house twenty or thirty firms.

The lumbermen are by no means discouraged, however, as the following excerpt from one of Brother Trower's letters shows:

the calamity, but now the excitement is over and we shall settle down to the monotonous task of clearing away rubbish and doing the hard grinding duty that will present itself day by day. We shall need to call on all our resources of endurance and stick-to-it-iveness.

Please send me the latest handbook and such supplements as may be out, as I have no list of our members here. Our faithful old Hoo-Hoo trunk with all the apparatus and the Sacred Black Cat is no more. They did their duty well. Peace to their ashes. Will you kindly send me the new supply of Hoo-Hoo material of all kinds as soon as convenient? I am anxious to hold another concatenation in the near future, either in the San Joaquin Valley, probably at Fresno, or in the San Francisco Bay section. Another good, old time initiation will make us feel at home again. Many of the boys wish to be remembered to you.

All of the foregoing is but a meager outline of conditions in San Francisco, but it serves to show that Hoo-Hoo is far from being an order devoted merely to promoting what is known as "a good time" on part of its members. The returns from the call sent out for aid are still coming in, and the hundreds of letters received at this office are truly an inspiration, proving, as they do, that the Order does truly typify the universal brotherhood of men.



Some worthy people in this country who have worried more or less over conditions in Russia have received quite a jar to their feelings by reason of the revelations concerning the domestic affairs of Mr. Maxim Gorky. That red-hot writer and "agitator" came over here for the purpose of firing the American heart with sympathy for the revolutionists in Russia—and also for the frankly avowed purpose of making a souvenir collection of American dollars. In this latter design Mr. Gorky is not very different from many other more or less distinguished foreigners who have trod our shores—most of them were after the "dough." Mr. Gorky asks for money, not for his own good but to further the aims of the revolutionists. So far as I know, he has not told how the funds will be applied nor what methods will be used in bringing about the good results hoped for. A few days after his arrival he found himself compelled to devote much time to securing a place to stay, the New York hotels having refused to house him because he was accompanied by a woman not his wife but introduced as such—an actress of considerable fame in Russia. "It is absurd," says a Russian newspaper, "for the Americans to be so disturbed over this. The lady has been received in St. Petersburg, Berlin and Paris."

Commenting on the affair, "Life" concludes a satirical screed with this paragraph:

"As for the concern that has been felt because the lady who accompanied citizen Gorky to this country is not so conclusively his wife as she might be if he had not another wife (and children) in Russia—it is not to the point. The use of Gorky is to raise hob. We never noticed that a man raised any less hob for having left his wife and children. You have to take revolutionists as you find them. In the end they settle personally for their personal sins."

What I should like to know is this: What is a "personal" sin? The Bible says "no man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself." Also, I should say, no man marryeth to himself. A marriage is not simply a matter of moment to two persons—it concerns the whole state, the entire community. A marriage is supposed to mean a new family—new members of society, new factors in the destiny of nations. For this reason, society, for the protection and welfare of all its members, lays down certain laws, rules and regulations, without compliance with which, on part of the contracting parties, no marriage is legal. Now comes a man who has not been able to promote harmony in his own domestic relations and whose conduct is a scandal,

and proposes to show the world how to improve conditions in Russia! It is to the credit of America that the pair were promptly bounced. American men may not be saints, but at least they have more or less high ideals and regard for true womanhood which are not to be found among the people of some of the old-world countries. That a man should pose as the apostle of freedom whose idea of liberty is merely license, is really quite ludicrous.

Mr. Gorky declares himself to be a socialist and not an anarchist. "I believe," says he, "in law and order, and for that reason I am opposed to the Russian government." This spectacular exponent of "law and order" was frankly and unaffectedly astonished when he ran against the stone wall of American domestic morality. He had no idea that any such degree of morality existed anywhere—it was indeed his first experience of life in a decent country. Probably the enlightenment of his understanding will be worth really more to him than the dollars he had hoped to collect and which he will not now be able to round up, the hotel incident referred to having cast a decided damper upon his crusade. Prior to that, the revolutionist had been in high feather. A dinner was given in New York in his honor at which Mark Twain, among other notables, was present, and a number of well known Americans had openly expressed sympathy with Mr. Gorky's aims and objects. Now his star has declined several degrees and the funny papers are having their inning. One of them remarks: "This is a new game to us. We never conspired before, with or without a brass band, to upset a government, and we are really flustered whether to make it spades or no trump. What will Mr. Gorky do with our money? Buy arms, no doubt, and maybe dynamite. But then, more people will get hurt."

I have an idea that it will be several centuries before the people of Russia are ready for freedom. The peasants over there are about the lowest form of animal life. They have a proverb to the effect that "he who beats not his wife is no man." It is the custom of a married woman to wear a big leather belt with a sort of handle sticking out at the side—to enable the husband to get a good grip on her when he sees fit to administer the beating or face-punching. This among the lower classes, of course. Mr. Gorky is on a slightly higher plane than that but he is still a good deal of a raw barbarian, and if his time is worth anything he lost money in coming to America.

There is a Persian proverb which says, "Beware of that which thou wishest for with intensity, for it will surely come to thee."

Mr. Gorky has been "agitating" and whooping around for "government-by-public-opinion"—and now he has got it, and he doesn't like it! Most of us are disappointed when our prayers are answered. For I say unto you that we are all too ignorant to know what we really want. We know what we think we want—and when we get it and find that it is the wrong thing, then we know what we don't want.

A Cincinnati newspaper expresses sympathy for the disappointed revolutionist:

In the meantime Gorky is a pathetic figure—a broken idol, a lone wayfarer in a strange land, whose institutions he does not understand and whose morality is probably oppressive to him.

It is truly sad—an idol so broken that only the clay feet are left, sticking out into the cold, cold world—a lone pilgrim "oppressed" with American morality. I have heard that he found our ideas of cleanliness also oppressive. I do not know that this is true, but it probably is—a great many foreign agitators are a bit shy on soap.

In Boston.

The recasting of old religious faiths in the light of modern biology and psychology is the substance of much serious thinking, and a new form of clarified mysticism (if this be not a contradiction) is being grafted on to the old, faded stock of New England Puritanism to form a fresh philosophy of life.

"It has been," writes a competent authority, "a most prolific season in Cambridge. There have been evolved no fewer than four distinct concepts of God, all infinite, eternal and mutually exclusive."

The Kansas farmer trained his weather eye on the funnel shaped cloud forming on the western horizon, and gathering together the old woman, their seven children and five dogs, sought refuge in the cyclone parlor recently evacuated by him.

"I may not amount to shucks in a literary way," he chuckled, "but I've produced one of the 'best sellers' of the day."

Brave Man.

"So Smithson deserted Miss Barkus almost at the altar! Did his courage desert him?"

"No, it returned."—Smart Set.

Mildred—Did Gladys call him up on the telephone?

Marie—No; she called him down.

The "literature of exposure" has become almost appallingly voluminous. It began some years ago with Miss Ida Tarbell's lawyer-like and rather dull articles about Standard Oil in McClure's magazine. Miss Tarbell, though painstaking and accurate, has not a "popular" literary style and people did not get greatly enthused over her indictment of the big monopoly. It is not everybody who likes to "wade through" a heavy lot of facts presented in a lame way, but undoubtedly Miss Tarbell is the most reliable and sincere of all the investigators. Later on McClure published a series of graphic articles on various forms of political and business corruption and, as everybody knows, about two years ago Mr. Thomas W. Lawson busted into print in a description of "how it is done" in Wall street. From a literary standpoint Mr. Lawson is the wild ass of the desert—handicapped by no laws of rhetoric or syntax, he simply galloped off frantically and kept on galloping, stopping anon to paw up the earth and throw sand on his back. Mr. Lawson's sentences soared high among the stars and knocked a hole in the firmament. The sound of the ripping of the blue canopy reverberated throughout the land, and when the echo died away a number of insurance companies were discovered to be badly split up the back. No doubt some good resulted from his effusions—not the least being that his writings afforded much mirth to many worthy people.

Lincoln Steffens has told us all about "graft" in city and state, and Rex E. Beach is writing in one of the magazines some facts concerning the gigantic plot by which the placer mines in Alaska were wrested from their rightful owners. S. Hopkins Adams turned the light on patent medicine frauds, in Collier's Weekly, and David Graham Phillips is howling about "The Treason of The Senate," in the Cosmopolitan. Upton Sinclair, in his book "The Jungle," and Charles Russell, in a series of magazine articles, are adding their quota to the general volume of exposure literature.

How much good has it done? That is a question which cannot be answered at this time. Several men have been convicted by the courts of the evils and crimes charged and the lawmaking bodies of the country are seeking, by new laws, to prevent the recurrence of the grave scandals of the last few years. Personally I am a great believer in the power of the press, and while there may have been excess of exposure, I believe that ultimately it will be seen that the campaign was abundantly justified. If the writers referred to are typified by "the man with the muck rake" in "Pilgrim's Progress," as President Roosevelt has intimated, they will probably be able to convince the public that at least there was muck to rake.

Exposing the Exposers.

"What are the bugles blowing for?" said Lawson-on-Parade. "To turn us out, to turn us out," D. Graham Phillips said. "What makes you look so white, so white?" said Lawson-on-Parade.

"I'm drendin' what I've got to hear," J. Lincoln Steffens said.

They're exposin' the exposers—it would make your hair turn gray

To reflect on what will come when they expose each expose,

When they find a newer frenzy or a treason every day—
They're exposin' the exposers in the mornin'.

"What makes Charles Russell breathe so 'ard?" asked Lawson-on-Parade.

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," U. Jungle Sinclair said. "What makes Miss Tarbell look so faint?" said Lawson-on-Parade.

"A touch of sun, a touch of sun," S. Hopkins Adams said. "They're exposin' the exposers, they're callin' of 'em down, they're huntin' of 'em hotly from New York to Packin'town, they will chuck 'em in a lake o' ink and let 'em swim or drown—"

They're exposin' the exposers in the mornin'.

"I started all this bloomin' row," said Lawson-on-Parade. "I think Miss Tarbell saw it first," Rex Beach rose up and said.

"What's all that noise that shakes the ground?" said Lawson-on-Parade.

"It's Teddy Roosevelt's muck-rake speech," a pale reformer said.

They're exposin' the exposers, there is trouble in the air, There are Folks and Hadleys coming from concealment everywhere,

And they'll all write stuff and talk too, when they've got the time to spare—

They're exposin' the exposers in the mornin'.

—New York Times.

After any great cataclysm there are always a lot of half-baked philosophers who write things for the papers and try to tell us the "lesson" we may get out of it. I have read numerous articles bearing on the "lesson" of the San Francisco disaster, the gist of all being that it behooves man—poor, weak creature that he is, to contemplate his smallness and helplessness and to try to maintain an attitude of humility, inasmuch as it is impossible for him to cope with the mighty forces of nature. Surely this idea is all wrong. It seems to me a self-evident fact that all the progress we have ever made is the result of thinking not of our weakness but our strength—the human race would be right back in the stone age now if the "worm-of-the-dust" idea had not to a large extent been shaken off. It is true we do not know how to head off an

earthquake and are not sure as to the cause of such disturbances, but an instrument has been perfected which records the tremors—even those so slight as not to be felt by man, and even this is encouraging. Probably the invention of the seismograph is but the first step toward the acquirement of such knowledge as will enable us some day to foretell an earthquake and prepare for it. At the present time this idea seems almost chimerical, but it must be remembered that in our daily lives we make use of hundreds of appliances and mechanisms the very thought of which was at one time considered an idle dream—a modern lawn mower would have appeared miraculous to Moses and the prophets. The same power of thought that brought the ocean cable into being may some day control the trembling of the earth. In the meantime, I do not see how any one can read the newspaper accounts of those awful days and still more awful nights in San Francisco, without feeling his heart swell with pride—without glorying in the magnificent courage displayed by the people in the doomed city. Never has the world known anything like it. Every street corner had its hero. There was no rioting and but little disorder. Before the disaster was twelve hours old, the military had closed down on the city with iron hands and a fleeing mob was converted into an army of rescuers. Everybody tried to help—women from the palaces on Nob Hill cooked, slept and waited side by side with Italian women from the tenements. Nobody will ever know all the acts of human heroism and fortitude. The firemen were the most conspicuous among those who fought to save the city—undaunted by lack of proper appliances and without sufficient water to quench the fire, they struggled to exhaustion, sometimes fighting the flames with their bare hands. It was wonderful, glorious. No less inspiring has been the great wave of sympathy that swept over the country and the generous response to the needs of the stricken people. As one newspaper expresses it, "the flood of beneficence was almost as overwhelming as the torrent of flame that called it forth." Within a few days the relief fund had amounted to \$10,000,000 and at this writing (May 1) it is still growing. Although three-fourths of the city was destroyed by earthquake and fire and 300,000 people rendered homeless, there was never for a moment any doubt that the city would be rebuilt. Says a New York paper:

"The same courage that changed a wilderness into a great state and a strip of land by the sea's edge into a great city, will do that work again. And from the ashes and the ruins, the blasted hopes, the broken fortunes, there will rise another San Francisco, more beautiful, more worthy of a brave people—a great monument to the courage, the everlasting determination of the west."

The catastrophe was without a parallel in history, and also without a parallel will be the completeness and promptness with which the new city will rise from the ruins.

As for the really practical lessons, there are several. The safety of steel construction, even for high buildings, has been vindicated, and other things have been learned from the experience which will diminish the dangers of the future.

Time, the Comedian.

Susan B. Anthony was a jest sixty years ago. That sense of humor of which we are as a nation so justly proud, was tickled by the notion of a woman in public life. And not only was Miss Anthony in public life, but to add to the uproarious laughter of a joyous people, she was also agitating for woman's

rights and for temperance. Well, the world rolled on and we found other and equally funny things to laugh at. The temperance cause somehow became less funny and we seemed to grow accustomed to the gradual entrance of women into the minor issues of politics. So we took to laughing at the comical antics of the social reformers—and absentmindedly removed our hats and rose to our feet in honor of Miss Anthony's eightieth birthday. Now at eighty-six she is gone, and conservative journals speak of her long life and pay it homage in leading editorials. A great woman has passed on, leaving womankind stronger and better for her splendid example. We sigh—and turn hastily to laugh at the good-government cranks while they are still funny!—Success Magazine.

Black Cat Changes Color From Fright.

Lawrenceburg, Ind., April 28—Harry Blythe has a cat whose jet black hair has suddenly turned gray under peculiar circumstances. It is a tom cat, and is nicknamed "Ice Box Jim," because of its predilection to hover close to the receptacle of delicacies.

While "Ice Box Jim" lay snoozing the other day he was awakened by the barking of a big bulldog which had entered the store. Cat and dog faced each other for a moment, then there began a race for life. "Ice Box Jim," with the bulldog in hot pursuit, jumped on counters, boxes and shelves and finally managed to make his exit from the store, still followed by the canine.

The cat ran up an electric pole and remained there for several minutes maneuvering around anxious to come down to a place of safety, when suddenly the cat fell as though shot dead. Blythe thought his cat had been electrocuted. He picked up the limp body and laid it on the counter in the store. One of its nine lives, however, returned and the feline is as well as ever, only that its hair is turned a perfect gray and that it now avoids climbing poles or anything else.—Paducah (Ky.) News-Democrat.

The Sporty Editor Speaks.

A Chicago woman complains through the press that actresses overdress themselves on the stage. Nevertheless there are some actresses who do not.—Nashville Banner.

His Nine Lives.

Mrs. Mouse—What are you going to do with that thing?
Mr. Mouse—It's a six-shooter. I am going to kill Tom, the house cat.

Mrs. Mouse—A six-shooter will never do—you've got to get a nine-shooter at least.

—Life.

The American Art's Company in New York, composed of ten young business men, recently came to the conclusion that most of the paintings depicting Jesus Christ are exceedingly unsatisfactory and that modern artists could probably improve on the conception of the appearance of the Great Teacher. Accordingly they hired ten artists to paint pictures of Christ. It is the plan of the projectors of the exhibition to keep the paintings in New York for a month or two and then take them on a tour throughout this country and Europe. Judging from some reproductions I have seen of the ten pictures, the failure of the plan is pathetic—there is depicted the same weak, effeminate face, the same sheep-like expression of stupidity, to which we are accustomed. It seems that art has changed but little and that painters cannot get away from the over-meek concept. They idealize the face and soften it down until the picture in its finished state would never be taken for that of the greatest character of all time—rather does it more resemble a weak and incompetent man going about looking for a hand-out. Why cannot the painters infuse more strength into their pictures? Does anybody really believe that the Savior looked like

the namby-pamby figure usually seen on the canvas? And why do artists always make the face of Christ resemble the classic Greek type instead of the Semitic? Jesus of Nazareth was a Jew. Therefore He must have looked like a Jew. Yet all these ten pictures show the straight, regular features of the ideal Greek type, with no particle of individuality and no indication of the slightest trace of moral strength. The ten young business men of New York are probably all right, but the ten artists must be sissy men if what they have put on the canvas is any revelation of their own natures.

Gloria Mundi.

Helen's lips are drifting dust;
Ilion is consumed with rust;
All the galleons of Greece
Drink the ocean's dreamless peace.

Trovato.

Is it but the idle fancy
Of a mocking necromancy
That together, leaf and blossom, by the Indus once we
grew,
And that Hafiz came, or Omar,
To imprison the aroma
In some half-remembered measure which has rhythmized
me to you?

Is it false or is it real
That, in ages more ideal,
I was song and you were Sappho; you were sunbeam, I
the dew?

For I long have felt the burgeon
Of a passion, vague and virgin,
Which you quickened to remembrance of a former life
we knew.

Were you stream when I was willow?
Was I shell when you were bilow?
For your voice has ever echoed through the hushes of my
heart;

And it seems, as I behold you,
That the very air foretold you
By the fragrance which, in welcome, all the budding
boughs impart.

But at last I stand beside you;
And the fate which long denied you
Yields, in recompense, a dearer incarnation than my
dream.

What I sought to what you are, Love,
Was as twilight to the star, Love,
As the languor is to summer, as the murmur to the stream.

And since age on age has perished
But to bring the soul I cherished,
Wherein thought and feeling blended, are as petal and
perfume.

Let us linger here forever,
Where the pride of all endeavor
Is a fervor which to passion is as glamour unto gloam.

Yet, if Fate reserves its malice
But to break the lifted chalice,
Let me mingle with the elements, where once I was a part;
Then, on some supernal morning
Which your beauty is adorning,
As a dewdrop in a lily, I may nestle in your heart.

—Charles J. Eayne.

For a long time I have been of the opinion that professional philanthropists do nearly as much harm as good, although of course philanthropy in the abstract is most admirable. But is there not such a thing as coddling the poor? It has been estimated that New York City spends in benevolence, outside of the various forms of charity dispensed by the municipality, something like \$1,000,000 annually. In return for this expenditure the metropolis gets a larger and larger class of wife deserters, ever-growing demands for expensive school buildings, and recreation piers and centres, and an ever-increasing number of children before the bar in the children's court. Commenting upon this condition of affairs, a prominent New York weekly says editorially:

Where is the authority who will preach to the poor, and especially that type which swarms here from Europe, the doctrine of self-reliance and self-restraint? We are asked to weep over the fact that 2,000,000 of children in this country are suffering daily immolation in the industries. Oh! weep we do, for the fact is ghastly; but when it is demanded that Society be held wholly responsible for so awful a condition, one must refuse. The State does not compel people to wed nor propagate, and if the little industrial martyrs ever get to tracing results to their true source they will realize that no enemy could ever treat them more cruelly than did their unworthy parents.

In vain do other communities that need labor and settlers plead with the peasants of lower Europe to till their fields and populate their lands. Finding New York offering in a generous measure free education, free pleasuring, free medical service, the peasant with a keen eye to the main chance herds in the metropolis, lowering wages, raising rents for the poor, adding to the activities of the police department and the secret service.

In Oklahoma.

Minister—My friend, do you ever think about your future state?

Oklahoma Ike—Say, pard, don't you read the papers? We aint been thinkin' about anything else fer th' last few years.
—Cleveland Leader.

Chelsea, Mass., April 15, 1906—Enclosed please find a drawing I have made on a Spanish cedar veneer. The sketch shows the steamer Osceola coming up Boston harbor having on board about one million feet Spanish cedar and mahogany logs for the George D. Emery Co., where the writer is employed. The Osceola is one of a fleet of steamers owned by the company, and employed conveying logs from their timber holdings (South America), to their Chelsea plant.

The mill is modern in every respect; contains double bands, veneer saws and cutters, dry houses, planers and all the other appurtenances.

A sawyer of mahogany must be an expert judge of lumber. The story has been told of a Michigan lumberman when asked by his sawyer how he wanted his logs cut replied into uppers. The mahogany sawyer is expected to cut a figure or counters.

Some hollow logs contain queer things; it may be a beetle, scorpion or tarantula, in fact some of the jacks fancy they see snakes; but that is usually a Monday morning vision. The above insects and reptiles are harmless compared to the accephalous testaceous mollusks, particularly the teredo. Like his land brother, the Gypsy moth, he is never idle. Their work is ruinous to logs if they are left any length of time in tropical waters.

The George D. Emery Co. probably carry in stock the largest assorted lot of mahogany to be found in the world today. They also have a mill located in the heart of the city of London, Eng.

On March 17 our new Vicegerent Snark held a concatenation at the American House, Boston, Mass. It was largely attended, and some very fine kittens were admitted to the light of Hoo-Hoo. Mr. Lamb deserves great credit for the successful way the concatenation was carried out, and no doubt (as he has the cooperation of the brothers in this district) he will hold many other meetings. Best wishes to you and the Order.

Fraternally yours,
C. B. ROGERS (No. 10624).

Alas!

She purchased a beautiful trousseau,
'Twas hasty and foolish to do so,
For the man she would wed
Has gone clean off his head.
That's why the poor maiden boo-boosseau.

—Life.

A Reminder.

Lives of Grafters all remind us
What a snap it is to be
Born without a sense of honor,
Morals or plain decency.

A Springtime Thought.

What is a hired gardener but an abomination? Let a man dig if he would find peace—it has taken refuge in the earth and he that seeks shall find it.—William John Hopkins in Atlantic Monthly.

The old saying, "one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives" is literally true. Most of us are so busy attending to our own little affairs that we do not take the time to learn anything concerning the customs and environment of the people of other countries. In a recent letter to this office a prominent Canadian member says:

I find as a rule that Americans have vague ideas regarding our country and one particularly—a senior at Hyde Park High School, Chicago—when I was in Chicago some time ago was greatly surprised to know that I had ever seen an automobile, and was thunderstruck upon learning that such fruits grew in Canada as apples, grapes, peaches and pears.

I know just how the Canadian brother felt—because I know how I feel when a New Englander says to me: "I guess you never saw any snow in your life!" I believe, however, that very few people in the United States realize the area of the Dominion of Canada. The following letter is both interesting and instructive:

Southampton, Ontario, April 2, 1906—I would like to see Hoo-Hoo spread over Canada as it is now restricted to a very small portion of our country, but as distances are great there will have to be many more Vicegerent Snarks. Roughly speaking I would suggest having one at Ft. William, Ont., over the district from Kenora to Chapleau, Ont.; one at Sudbury covering from Chapleau and Sault Ste Marie to North Bay, Ont.; one at Pembroke covering New Ontario north and east of North Bay to Renfrew; one at Ottawa covering the Ottawa Valley and Canada Atlantic Railway points to Montreal, and from Peterboro to Montreal; one at Three Rivers covering from Montreal to Quebec; Sherbrooke, Quebec, for the eastern townships of Quebec; in New Brunswick at Moncton, St. John, Fredericton, Nova Scotia, at Halifax, Yarmouth and Touro; Prince Edward Island at Charlottetown and Newfoundland at St. Johns.

Westward there ought to be representatives at Brandon, Regina, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver and other British Columbia points, even if they are not permanent, until the Order gets a footing. From Vancouver, B. C., to the nearest Vicegerent (at Winnipeg) is 1,500 miles; and then the next one is at Toronto, 1,300 miles from Winnipeg, and it is 1,100 miles from Toronto to Halifax. Thus we have two men to look after a territory over 3,000 miles long and averaging over 1,500 miles wide. You know that while the United States is divided into about fifty parts Canada is in fourteen sections, and as Canada is 2,000 square miles larger than the United States (including Alaska, Hawaii and Philippine Islands) you can see that these fourteen territories are large. Quebec, for instance, covers 351,000 square miles; Ontario 260,000 square miles; British Columbia 372,000 square miles, etc. Our density of population, however, is only 1.5 persons to a square mile compared to 21 in the United States.

Well-Balanced Cats.

"Did you know that if you cut a cat's tail off she can't catch mice any more?" asked a young woman of another.

"I don't see why," replied the other, "and, further, I can't imagine what occasion you have had for cutting off cats' tails to see."

"I haven't cut off any cats' tails, but an accident deprived our cat of its caudal appendage. The feline became as helpless as a ship without a rudder. When it tried to spring upon an object it would light far to one side. The look of pained surprise on the cat's features was pathetic. After a while it learned to jump straight again, but it was a long and painful experience for the poor cat. The balance of power and the power to balance seem to lie in the tail of the cat."—Kansas City Times.

Spring Styles Abroad.

He was a Kaffir bold,
She was a Zulu maid;
All his deep love he told
As o'er the sand they strayed.
Pleasant their lives must be;
There was simplicity,
There was no guile,
Plain in their happiness,
Plain their style of dress,
Shown in no fashion book;
All he wore was a look
Brimful of tenderness—
She wore a smile.

—Merchant Traveller.

Brother James Hays Quarles (No. 4926), a well known newspaper man of Fort Worth, Texas, has made a change of base concerning which one of the Texas papers has this to say:

Colonel James Hays Quarles, the ubiquitous, who acknowledges that he is the best newspaper man in Texas, has shaken the costly dirt of Fort Worth from his feet, temporarily at least. He has been secured by the Parker Amusement Company, the well known street carnival aggregation. His title will be ambassador to the public—the versatile press agent—and his functions will be to supply "adjectivated" facts concerning this wondrous carnival.

Colonel James Hays Quarles is a man of no mean order. The hand of the potter did not quake when he was molded. His pulchritude that was bestowed by nature is always intensified by the modish sartorial habiliments that he affects. His modesty is not tempered by any false ideas and his thoughts soar into the empyrean blue or delve down to the black mass of the bowels of the earth as the subject at hand requires.

His many-sided nature permits his mind to be at once amid the beautiful and the dross. His vocabulary is ponderous in size, mobile in action, trenchant in expression, forceful in effect, penetrating in the extreme, and he employs it in such idealistic composition that he can lure from an empty-lard hog-head tears of sympathy and can further cause a clam to proclaim that it is a whale in dimensions and a Richard the Lion-Heart in conflict.

Brother W. B. Tomlinson, formerly of Winnipeg, Manitoba, has moved to Barrows, Province of Saskatchewan, Canada. He is connected with the same concern as heretofore—The Red Deer Lumber Company, manufacturers and wholesale dealers in spruce lumber. In a letter received some weeks ago Brother Tomlinson says:

I enclose a blank properly filled out and will call your attention to the fact that instead of moving south in cold weather I am going up near the north pole. I think the actual distance is twenty rods short of half a mile from said pole. Kindly address all communications to me after March 1 at this new address. We will try and have a few meetings taking in some of the Hudson's Bay Indians and all the Esquimaux that we can track up. Hoo-Hoo is pretty well represented around the world but I do not believe as yet there is a member in the district to which I am going.

Very truly yours,

W. B. TOMLINSON.

Many thanks are due Brother W. R. Anderson (No. 14472), Brother E. Stringer Boggess, Supreme Custodian, and others, for various news items, clippings, etc., recently sent this office. Anything in this line is very greatly appreciated.

Leadville is a Catless Town.

James H. Nally, a salesman for a New York shoe house, had trouble about sleeping at the Browne Hotel the other night, says a Denver, Colo., special to the New York Sun. In the morning he sought the chief clerk, C. H. Churchill, and registered a complaint.

"A cat in the alley across the street kept me awake," said Mr. Nally. "You'll either have to guarantee that the cats will be kept out of that alley tonight or change my room. I must have sleep or I cannot work."

Mr. Churchill smiled.

"That's the first complaint of its kind I've ever had here," he said. "There are comparatively few cats in Denver. But if you would live absolutely without any chance of being wakened by cats you should move up to Leadville."

"Leadville? Why?" asked Nally.

"Because," replied the clerk, "Leadville has no cats. They cannot live there. Too much altitude, as we say around here." And such is the case. Leadville probably hasn't a single cat. Cats have been taken there many times, but they have invariably succumbed to the effects of the high altitude. Leadville is 11,400 feet above the sea level.

The cats that have been taken to Leadville have all died of a form of pneumonia. At first they enjoy the air or seem to, but they gradually become weak and finally catch cold. Nine lives then avail the cat nothing. All the lives go out at once.

About a year ago the family of Henry Blaine moved from Denver to Leadville, taking along a cat and three kittens. The old cat died within a month after it reached the mining town, but the kittens lived until they were six months old, and then went the way of their mother.

The little Blaines took the loss of their kittens so much to heart that their father brought two more from Denver for them. These kittens lived less than three months. The Blaines then gave up trying to have cats as pets.

Although Leadville has no cats, it has few mice and rats. Only the most hardy of rodents can live there, and then they must live under the ground most of the time.

Who is the Oldest Member?

One of the most pleasing features of my connection with The Bulletin is the fact that the paper goes not only to young men and middle-aged men, but that also among its readers are many gentlemen of advanced years—whose long and honorable careers are very strikingly illustrative of the growth and development of the lumber interests of this country. Some time ago a certain writer of philosophical turn of mind advanced the theory that there is something about the lumber business and the allied industries that keeps men young despite the flight of time. Certainly it is one of the objects of Hoo-Hoo to help promote that degree of health and happiness that makes for long life. And it is a fact that among our members are many who have lived to an advanced age, whose minds have retained the vigor of youth and whose wisdom and counsel are daily sought by men prominent in the business world. My own idea is that an active interest in business affairs, together with a proper degree of human sympathy in connection with the aspirations and efforts of other people, will go a long way toward constituting a fountain of youth. I know there is a great deal said and written about the "hurry and nervous strain" of modern business life and the consequent number of premature deaths. And I also know that many young men die in their prime. It is my opinion that in most of

these cases it is not the "strain of business" that kills—it is the gall struck after business hours are over. It is said that in rural England many farmers die young—of paresis. Yet surely their lives are peaceful to the point of tameness. The monotonous dullness is what breaks down their brain tissue and causes premature death. Business life is interesting and tends to keep the faculties alert, the pulses stirring. "We count time by heart throbs, not by figures on a dial."

For quite a while I have been trying to gather some facts concerning the men in the Order who are enjoying the serene glow of the sunset of a well spent life. I should like to know who really is the oldest man in Hoo-Hoo. Of course there are on file at this office, in the bound application blanks, the record of the age of every man in the Order, but a search through these blanks would involve an immense amount of time and work. I have made several efforts, through the columns of The Bulletin, to se-



JOSEPH MILLS (No. 15095), of the Mills Lumber Company, Cairo, Illinois.

cure photographs of some of our veteran members, but I have met with but little success along this line. The other day I was pleased to receive the following letter, accompanied by a photograph of one of our most energetic and active Hoo-Hoo:

Decatur, Ill., April 24, 1906—Some months ago there was a mooted question as to who was the oldest man in Hoo-Hoo and the honor was accorded Pap Hemenway. Decatur comes to the front with her candidate, Mr. Joseph Mills, who was 81 years young on March 6. The gentleman joined at our October 30, 1905, class and volunteered his membership, saying when handing over his dues: "Give me all you have got," and he stepped pretty high, too, you can bet. Let someone else now come take our laurels away from us if they dare. The accompanying is a very good photo and will be recognized by a host of the boys.

Fraternally yours,

F. G. HANLEY.

As will be seen from the picture, Brother Mills is a man of most distinguished appearance. I hope soon to have a number of other photographs of our elder brothers to add to a collection which I shall cherish with much pride.

Brother J. C. McGrath, Vicegerent of the Southern District of Arkansas, is a most faithful officer and is doing splendid work for the Order. The other day, however, he turned down a little piece of business—or rather, passed it up to Brother Price. The reason given by Mr. McGrath for this action was entirely satisfactory to the Supreme Nine. Here is what he said—he had to make it brief as his time was limited:

Little Rock, Ark., April 21, 1906—Dear Jim: I have asked Mr. Fatley Price to take up the matter and he has consented. It will be impossible for me to give it my attention for two or three weeks. Why—well, I am to be married today to Miss Lalla Duffke, of Malvern, Ark., and will leave for Chicago tonight. With kindest regards, and thanking you in advance for congratulations, I am,
Respectfully,
J. C. McGRATH.

Since the April Bulletin was issued I have received numerous letters commenting on the front page design. These communications have given me a great deal of pleasure, for though I see plainly that not many of my friends can follow my lofty flights into the realm of art, I have hope that all of them will in time improve. With me for an inspiration and the achievements of my unparalleled genius in the art line to spur them on, many good men will feel encouraged to struggle toward the heights. I am thinking of establishing a correspondence school of art and giving lessons by mail. It seems that nowadays everything can be taught by mail except the lumber business—there is a new crimp in that every day and not even a newspaper man can jump around fast enough to keep up with it. With art it is different, and I think I shall start my class right away. The first student I shall tackle is Brother C. D. Rourke, ex-Snark of the Universe—if I can give him an uplift it will be a big advertisement for my school, for he is a heavy proposition, as most of you know. Brother Rourke writes as follows under date of April 26:

Dear Jim—Do you know I am rather with Cowan regarding the picture on the front page. I think it looks nice all right, and it may be a tulip, but blame me if I really know what it is, and I have studied it from every point of view. It looks original at any rate and that is something.

The article about the Phillistine man in the last issue of The Bulletin voiced my sentiments. If there is a writer before the public today that gives me a pain Elbert Hubbard is it.

Again I want to congratulate you on the magazine you are giving us. It gets better all the time, and as one brother said, "we are getting the worth of our money in the paper alone." I have very little time to read, but always take time to run through its pages.

Being an Irishman, Brother Rourke, of course, can appreciate no sort of drawing except something in the shape of a shamrock. That is all he knows—as yet. After a few months study of technique as exemplified in my efforts, he will catch the vibration of the higher thought and emerge on to a plane where he can understand real art.

Another communication in this connection is from a brother who seems not to take a sufficiently serious view of the matter—art is a solemn subject and not to be approached in the spirit of the scoffer.

April 23, 1906—Dear Jim: Received the April Bulletin several days ago and had intended writing you at once, but the hurry and bustle occasioned by chasing after the elusive order prevented.

It was indeed kind of you to give a detailed explanation of the front piece, for it had caused quite an argument among several of the boys until we found your article which settled the question. We each had a different name for "it." Brother La Nieve said it was a champagne glass but did not know why you should have such a suggestive article for a Bulletin de-

sign. Some one else said it was an Easter lily, while I contended it was a child of your brain without a name.

We can appreciate the beauty of all of your designs and understand the meaning of most of them, such as the "Heart" of your February issue, and in the future we shall be pleased to continue trying to decipher the meaning of your artistic efforts. But it is a shame for you to show up our ignorance by displaying your artistic and "aesthetic" temperament thusly.

P. C. PROUSNITZER (No. 10713).

Jefferson City, Mo., April 2, 1906— . . . Say, that valentine heart was the best thing in all contemporaneous periodical literature. Can I get one or two extras? The Bulletin is beyond all doubt the ablest edited Order organ in the world. With growing admiration,
Yours fraternally,
WILLIAM A. BOWEN.

Whiteapple, Miss., April 6, 1906— . . . If you have any of the "Heart of Hoo-Hoo" left I would be glad to have you send me one as I do not know when I have seen a color printing that has pleased me as much as this one has. Your Bulletin is improving all the time, and with me it is a case of "when The Bulletin comes, business goes."

E. S. ENOCHS (No. 14477).

Decatur, Ill., April 30, 1906—Dear Jim: In your April issue I note what you say regarding the cover design. You can say to your Mr. Cowan that the high school class at Alton, Ill., are to write an essay on Egypt, and I was asked for the title page of The Bulletin, as that was just what was wanted. The request was made by one of the members of the class who certainly has an eye for beauty. With regards, I am,
Fraternally yours,
A. E. AHRENS.

Minneapolis, Minn., April 20, 1906—Brother Baird: Thanks for the information about the design on the front page of the April number. At first glance I imagined it was a very much "conventionalized" specimen of the lotus which you had culled from some Egyptian tomb along with the sacred cat and a few other things. After learning that it was supposed to be a tulip I had an interview with the florist who had sold me some potato-like things which I had planted under the impression that they were tulip bulbs, and he swore by the beard of the Prophet that they were the real things and that tulips did grow from bulbs and usually had leaves. I reckon I will have to cultivate an artistic soul.

Say, that April issue was all right. The Bulletin always comes as a letter from a dear friend enclosing a check which you did not expect to get. Keep up the good work.

A BROTHER.

The foregoing letter came in with nothing to show by whom it was written. You will note that the word "reckon" is used instead of "guess"—which would indicate that this brother is not a native of Minnesota but a Southerner by birth and education. Whoever he may be, I am glad to add him to the membership of our school of art.

In endeavoring to lead the brothers to the higher life perhaps I shall find it necessary also to start a school of poetry. A number of our members seem to be poetically inclined while others are quite on the opposite extreme, as indicated by this letter:

Dyersburg, Tenn., April 22, 1906—Your April paper is a gem. I have read your article on poetry, and it's all right. You seem to think, and I guess you are about right, that most Hoo-Hoo are not up to the standard when it comes to appreciating poetry. I shall have to plead guilty, and I take it that most of the boys are on my side. But if you will keep pounding at us perhaps most of us will get so that we can live through some poems. My limit along that line has been such deep, soul-thrilling efforts as Strode's "The Sawmill Man's Dream," but being a close reader of your "Poetic" Department,

I hope to improve in my taste. I expect to be in your city in about two weeks and will look you up. Sorry you could not come to Paducah to the concatenation of March 17. We had a big time, as we always do there.

G. B. DELVECCHIO (No. 14312).

I think Brother Delvecchio is mistaken in supposing that very few of our members appreciate poetry—they may not all be able to write poems that are exactly up to the grade of 1sts and 2nds or even No. 2 Common, but I am sure the divine afflatus seethes in the heart of some of them. It is interesting to observe how the first few warm days of spring render active the poetic instinct. Always about this time of year this office receives quite a bunch of verse and I am sorry we have not the space to print it all.

Speaking of poetry reminds me that I particularly like the spring song—"Trovalo," which appears in this issue. It is one of those fugitive bits that from time to time make the rounds of the newspapers. I should be glad to know something of the author and whether he ever wrote anything else.

Orange, Texas, April 19, 1906—Brother Baird: I used to know where you were located, at 513 Willcox building, but now I know you are away up high in a skyscraper at two front rooms on 10th floor. The February Bulletin said the name of building, but I have forgotten it, and left my February number at home, but the March number does not shed the light. I presume it is the Hoo-Hoo skyscraper; if not it should be anyhow. Many a time I have held that picture before me and wondered what place on the picture were the windows on the tenth floor that let in the light and air to the headquarters of the Great Black Cat, but nearly all the rooms on the 10th floor were front rooms, so I gave it up. I suggest that the next time you print that picture in The Bulletin you put a small Hoo-Hoo cat in one of the windows of your office to serve as a guide to the weary pilgrims who may visit Nashville and want to acknowledge their allegiance and fidelity to Hoo-Hoo. When 4459 comes he is going to hunt for you until he finds you.

GEORGE ROLL CALL.

The name of the building is the "First National Bank Building," but a letter addressed to me in the "Hoo-Hoo Skyscraper" would undoubtedly reach me. It takes some little time to get entirely straightened up after moving but in a little while now there will be a big black cat painted on the front windows, and later on a new picture of the building will be presented in The Bulletin, together with pictures of the beautiful view from these windows.

Yale Forest School, New Haven, Conn., April 21, 1906—Dear Brother Baird: I am enclosing one of the U. S. Forest Press Service Bulletins which, about the agitation some nine months ago among Hoo-Hoo in regard to the planting of a tree by each member of the Order once a year, may be of interest to the readers of The Bulletin, or to you personally.

I want to tell you how much we men of the Yale Forest School appreciate the efforts being made by lumbermen and lumbermen's organizations throughout the country in raising the endowment for the chair of lumbering in the school. And we in the school are not alone in appreciating these efforts but I am sure I can say that every Yale alumnus that knows about the movement feels the same way about it. The columns of the Yale Alumni Weekly have contained numerous references to the movement and have printed all matter relative thereto that I have sent them.

I am sending the last number of the Weekly, which may be of interest to you. With best wishes, and thanking you for a very readable and interesting Bulletin each month, I am,
Fraternally yours,

JOHN D. GUTHRIE (No. 14499).

I am greatly pleased with what Brother Guthrie says about the efforts the lumbermen are putting forth in connection with the Yale endowment and with the many evidences of genuine interest in the subject of scientific forestry. Truly within the past few years there has been a marked change in the attitude of the lumbermen on this subject.

Louisville, Ky., April 11, 1906—Dear Jim: Attached find clipping from the Louisville Post, dated April 10, relative to a black cat saving the lives of thirteen black people. This surely must have been a black crowd.
Fraternally,
GEORGE W. SCHMIDT.

A black cat saved thirteen negroes from burning to death in two houses in the rear of 229 West Green street at 12:30 o'clock this morning. The encroaching flames drove Tom from his roost on the shed kitchen, and he made such vociferous complaints that he aroused several of the inmates in time for them to give a general alarm. The buildings are owned by the firm of Albrecht & Helck, 212 West Jefferson street. The fire was confined to the rear of the buildings. The damage is estimated at about \$300.

Brother Schmidt also sends in a clipping from a German newspaper concerning a sale of coats—for the magic sum of \$9.99. Probably the enterprising merchants expected to make a killing with the men wearing the black cat button.

Answer to Oh Promise Me.

Promise you that some day you and I
Will take our love together to some sky?
Why not rather proudly say,
"We'll love each other here today,
While life is full of love's sweet song—
"Why wait forever, or half so long?"
Where we may be alone and faith renew?
We'll find purer sweets than ever grew
From out earth's bosom in early Spring,
Such sweets as only angels bring
From heaven's fount on swiftest wing.

Oh love unspeakable that is to be
Which in sweet wildspers comes?
Why not say that is today
In both our hearts love's homes?
Love has more than one abode
To call its earthly dwelling,
For while your heart is over full,
Mine own is proudly willing,
Love is heaven's atmosphere,
And sometimes heaven's marts
Burst with thunderous force and drop
Sweet fragments in our hearts,
And as they fall from worlds of light
They carry to each heart
The knowledge that has made us see
Each other's counterpart.

Since heaven's overflowing brings
Such happiness to me
Should I try stop the heaving springs
And crush my love for thee?
As well might I with puerile hand
Try stop the porous clouds above,
As try to dispel the atmosphere
Which fills my heart so full of love.

HOO-HOO (No. 109).

Office of Eau Claire, St. Louis Lumber Co., St. Louis, Mo., April 11, 1906—You did not know that I have changed my place of doing people did you? Well I have. I used to try to do them by the wholesale, but have taken to smaller picking, and now in the retail business. You can see from the above that H. R. Swartz is also interested. If you will just scratch your head a few minutes you will remember that I have been connected with the Swartz Lumber Company for the past five years. I want to say right here that I am not going to try to make a touch, so you can continue to read without that mental feeling of fear.

Enclosed you will find a little piece of poetry which I ran

across. It struck me about like this: The girls of Cairo having just tasted the bliss of the Hoo-Hoo kiss during that last concatenation down there decided, after most of the boys had departed, that they would form this little club, "just for fond recollections," but I think that if an investigation were made you would find that the by-laws read that all rules could be broken on return of our tribe. You might let me know your valued opinion on this at your convenience.

Yours fraternally,

G. R. GLOOR (No. 10178).



Anti-Kissing.

The girls of Cairo, Ill., have formed an Anti-Kissing Club.—News.

Ah, but this is news distressing,
And it grieves us to relate
That the girls—our joy and blessing—
In our grand old neighbor State
Have, for some dark, hidden reason—
Happily some untoward snub,
Some capricious bit of treason—
Formed an Anti-Kissing Club!

The particulars are meager,
But they are enough to show
That each pretty, artful leaguer
Means to tantalize her beau
To the limit of endurance
By depriving him of bliss,
With no shadow of assurance
He will taste another kiss.

Oh, ye charming Cairo ladies—
And that ye are fair I know—
What's the good of raising hades
With the swains who love you so?
Do their warmth and their insistence
Meet disfavor in your eyes?
Think! 'Twould be a poor existence,
Were these woers otherwise.

Ladies, ladies, this is awful,
And it gives our hearts a shove,
When a kiss is made unlawful
And a ban is placed on love!
You'll be very, very lucky
If you do not scare the boys
Over to Bardwell, Kentucky,
Or Metropolis, Illinois.

Brother R. D. Inman, Snark of the Universe, has sent to every Vicegerent a letter embodying his views on the general welfare of the Order and containing some suggestions as to how best to promote Hoo-Hoo's continued prosperity and growth. The letter is an exceedingly able document and sets forth in vigorous style a number of most excellent ideas. It is indeed a paper of so much value that I consider a careful reading of it to be highly beneficial to every member of Hoo-Hoo, and for this reason the letter is herewith reproduced in full. Brother Inman's views on eligibility are particularly recommended to the earnest consideration of every man who wants to see the Order go forward upon the lines which make it a distinctive and unique institution:

Office of the Snark of the Universe, Portland, Ore., April 14, 1906—Mr. Vicegerent for District of Half the Hoo-Hoo year for which I was elected, and for which you were appointed Vicegerent, has elapsed. Great Hoo-Hoo has not been standing still, but is going forward with giant strides. In some few instances, I fear, we are growing faster than is consistent with the best work. Not that I believe that we can grow any too fast—provided only that we take in such material as is strictly eligible. I only fear that in a few instances the matter of eligibility is not carefully enough scrutinized, and along this line I deem a few words of caution not out of place.

I am anxious—and we all want—to bring into Hoo-Hoo land, into a fraternal relationship, every good man connected with the lumber business and its allied lines. That is what Hoo-Hoo is organized for, and we must not allow its mem-

bership to become a mixed or promiscuous one. We must hold strictly to the lines originally laid down. Specifically, I must speak a word of caution about the temptation that strongly assails every Vicegerent engaged in the active work—that of taking in some man, not strictly and technically eligible, because he is a "good fellow," a "fine man," etc. The world is full of "good fellows" and "fine men"—and there are enough of them in the lumber trade and its directly allied branches to make Hoo-Hoo the grandest social-fraternal organization on earth. But it must be a distinctive organization—a unique organization. If we allow Hoo-Hoo to drift away from an organization primarily of lumbermen, it will have lost that which has made its growth so phenomenal and its influence so far-reaching. We are unique only in that our Order is founded on a unity of business interests. Men who are not strictly eligible, no matter what their personal qualifications may be, must not be admitted.

To make sure you are right I would ask that you read and reread and digest Article III of our Constitution and By-laws on "Membership" as printed in our handbook. Note particularly the first two lines and the following three words of Section 1 of this article. I find a prevalent tendency on the part of many of our members attending concatenations to influence the Vicegerent to admit bookkeepers, stenographers and others of the clerical force of lumber concerns. See lines 7 to 10, both inclusive, in the first paragraph of Section 1 of Article III, above referred to. You will note that a bookkeeper for a lumber concern is not eligible, and that this is true of others holding clerical positions, except as provided for in other clauses governing eligibility. For instance, if—and it not infrequently happens—a bookkeeper is financially interested in the business as a partner or stockholder, then he would be eligible; but eligible by reason of his financial interest as an owner, and not by reason of his clerical position.

Another point upon which I feel impelled to make specific suggestions is a tendency, reported to me from all over the country, to have our Vicegerents admit traveling salesmen for, and others interested in, hardware concerns, drain tile manufacturers, and cement block people. The argument usually put forward is that these men do business "largely" with lumbermen. This is very true, but they do an equally large business with others, not lumbermen. If we open the gates to take in everybody from whom the retail lumber dealer makes purchases of stocks and supplies, we will have to take in lime and sand men, paint men, glass men, and men in dozens of other lines. This would be revolutionary and would sound the death knell of our Order. Let no Vicegerent be led astray by specious arguments along this line; let him not be influenced in this matter by feelings of personal friendship and a desire to oblige. To deny a man advent into Hoo-Hoo is to cast no sort of aspersion upon him. Admittance is not refused him because he is not personally all right, but only because Hoo-Hoo is a lumbermen's organization, organized to accomplish specific results along definite and specific lines. Do you be steadfast, and I will pledge you the unqualified support of this office and of the governing body.

I recognize that no minuteness of written instructions can wholly cover every case, and that we must depend, in a large measure, on the force of character, the intelligence and discretion of our Vicegerents, and this is why we have taken very great pains to secure for our appointees the men we have. I recognize, too, that some few cases will arise where even the ablest and most conscientious Vicegerent will be in doubt as to just the best course to pursue. In every such case I invite communication with this office and with the Scrivenor at Nashville, and we will be glad to have from our Vicegerents all such suggestions for the betterment of the work they feel in position to make.

Do not imagine that this rather formidable communication is inspired by any recent conditions arising. Reports from all over Hoo-Hoo land show a most healthy state. We have broken all records for the first six months in the year, and that we will have set a new mark at the close of the year is, in my judgment and that of the Scrivenor, now beyond any question. Each member of the Supreme Nine has been alert, active, diligent and faithful, and the same is eminently true of our splendid corps of Vicegerents. While some have not yet reported progress as to concatenations, many of them, it should be remembered, were appointed late, and all of them, I am sure, will in due time come up with their share of the work. Reports of numerous concatenations, and the rapid pushing of Hoo-Hoo into hitherto new territory—and The Bulletin has been full of such reading for the last several issues—

are peculiarly gratifying to me, and I am moved to an expression of my deep gratitude to the men who have brought it about.

Now just a word as to the Distress Fund: The Scrivenor will soon be able to make a report that will show just what has been accomplished. In this matter I desire to call particular attention to the resolution adopted at the Portland annual, setting forth that all applications for relief be finally passed on by the Snark, Senior Hoo-Hoo and Scrivenor, after same have been investigated and acted on by the Vicegerent, in whose district the application arises, and his committee of five. In emergency cases it is impossible to carry out our aim of assistance to worthy Hoo-Hoo in dire distress unless the action is expedited, and I therefore ask you to so organize your committee that there shall be as little delay as possible in passing thoroughly and intelligently on such cases of distress as may arise in your district. In some cases there has developed imperative need for immediate action, and where the case is a clear one we will be compelled to allow the judgment of our Scrivenor to act for us in the matter of small disbursements, subject to our subsequent approval, until the case, if it call for further disbursement, can be more carefully investigated.

A delicate question to touch upon, but one that should not be overlooked by us, is the matter of expenses of concatenations—ways and means of meeting them. The aim and desire of all Hoo-Hoo is to make our meetings as enjoyable as possible, but to do this it is not necessary to expend large sums of money. We want, if possible, to conduct the work of Hoo-Hoo—as I believe it has heretofore been conducted—without placing any burdens upon anyone. The Order must derive some profit from all concatenations held, since we immediately send out to every initiate a lapel button that costs approximately \$2 each in lots of two hundred. We send to each initiate also a handbook that is expensive to print; and then we send them, not for one year, but as long as he remains a member in good standing, The Bulletin. All this takes up something more than the \$5 the Scrivenor's office receives out of the initiation fee, and then in subsequent years the 99 cents paid by the member is all the money available out of which to continue sending to him the annual handbook with supplements, and the monthly copy of The Bulletin. It is easy to see, therefore, that there is a very limited margin on which to run the Order. By carefully bearing these matters in mind, the "hall rent," the "on-the-roof" and other necessary expenses of a concatenation can always be brought fairly within the limit. The Scrivenor's office must receive an amount not less than first year's dues collected from the initiate and one half the initiation fee.

It is a delicate matter to assume to set a limit upon the entertainment features planned by a lot of men who are willing to provide the necessary funds—but I would speak a word of caution even along this line, bearing in mind that you, as Vicegerent, are apt to set a pace, or to establish a precedent that will make it difficult for your successor in office to continue the work of Hoo-Hoo without involving himself or his friends in a burdensome expense. We have districts now in which it has been difficult to get a proper man to accept the office of Vicegerent, because he felt that to maintain the standard of lavish entertainments set by his predecessor would involve him in heavy personal expenditures. Let us be conservative, but aggressive; hospitable, but sensible; and let us ever keep in mind the ultimate purposes and best interests of Hoo-Hoo to the exclusion of any temporary or passing sentiment or inclination.

And now, again expressing my thanks for your splendid work, and with my best wishes for your health, happiness and long life, I am

B. T. O. T. G. S. B. C.,

R. D. INMAN,
Snark of the Universe.



Vicegerent Frank W. Trower, of San Francisco, has sent me a copy of the "Examiner," of date April 22—four days after the earthquake occurred. Having spent so much of my life in a printing office it is natural for me to feel an exceedingly high regard for everything pertaining to the newspaper business. To me there is no sight on earth so inspiring as a big steam printing press in operation and there is a mental stimulus about the atmosphere of a newspaper office that, so far as I am con-

cerned, exists nowhere else. This copy of the "Examiner" is a wonderful thing—it represents a degree of enterprise that is magnificent to contemplate. When the entire history of the earthquake is written, surely the most remarkable thing about it all will be the record made by the newspapers. One paper never missed a single issue. Another had to suspend for a day or so until new quarters could be secured, and still another, whose plant had been almost totally destroyed, got together enough men and material to print daily handbills which were distributed all over what was left of the city. The good accomplished by the newspapers cannot be estimated. They enabled the unfortunate people, suddenly bereft of home and clothing and separated from their friends, to locate each other, and they disseminated knowledge of conditions that aided greatly in bringing relief to the distressed. I do not know when I have seen anything so interesting as this copy of the San Francisco newspaper—it is like a mirror in which is reflected the whole picture of life in the wrecked city. And it is also like an electric battery from which one catches the vibrations of a great force—back of the newspaper is that deathless American spirit which not flame nor flood nor earthquake can destroy. Will San Francisco be rebuilt? Oh, foolish question! Read this and answer the question yourself:

The vast encampment in Golden Gate Park was astray early this morning. All the open space has been utilized; as far as the eye can reach the lawns are covered with rude shelter tents. Women, in costly opera cloaks, shivered over small fires while the men went out to forage for firewood or join the long bread lines on Eddy street.

The most amazing thing—the thing which strikes every newcomer—is the spirit of these homeless people. They make a jest of misfortune—they turn a calamity into wayside comedy.

One man managed to save a small upright piano. How he ever got it into the Park Panhandle is a mystery. Seated on a cracker box, he gives impromptu ragtime concerts, and his favorite selection is "Home Ain't Nothing Like This." And the hundreds of homeless ones within the sound of the piano seem to appreciate the grim joke.

At the Stanyan street entrance a woman has erected a tent—four sticks with a damask tablecloth spread over them. Her furnishings consist of several articles of wearing apparel tied in a sheet and a canary in a cage. Over the entrance hangs a sign, "Your Fortune Told Here—Cheap."

One man has built a teepee of evergreen boughs and he sits inside, the proud possessor of the only silk hat in the Panhandle and a banjo with broken strings. Three days ago that man had a wife and a comfortable home. Now he toasts bacon over a fire and eats it with his fingers. If he can locate his wife he will be perfectly happy.

"The Examiner" sign on our automobile brought hundreds of anxious ones. Not one of them wanted to know anything about the food supply or the chances of any betterment in their position. Without an exception they asked news of friends or relatives.

Husbands who had lost their wives—wives who had lost their husbands, anxious mothers seeking some word of their children—the stories were very much the same.

One very pretty woman in an expensive tailor-made costume sadly stained and torn had lost her little girl.

"I don't think anything has happened to her," said she, hopefully. She is almost eleven years old and some one will be sure to take her in and care for her. I only want to know where she is.

Two race track men met in the driveway.
"Hullo, Bill, where are you living now?" asked one.
"You see that tree over there—that big one?" said Bill.
"Well, you climb that and my room is on the third branch to the left."

And they went away laughing.
Another man wanted to know whether the fire had reached his home. He was informed that there was not a house standing in that section of the city.

He shrugged his shoulders and whistled.
"There's lots of us in the same boat," said he as he turned away.

And these men who have lost everything are planning to begin all over again.

"Going to build?" repeated one man who had lost factory and home inside of two hours. "Of course I am. They tell me that the money in the banks is all right and I have some insurance. Fifteen years ago I began with these" showing his hands, "and I guess I'm game to do it over again. Build again? Well, I wonder."

These little things show the spirit with which the people of San Francisco have faced the worst that the fates could send. They are down but not out. The spirit of forty-nine lives and moves among those tattered refugees and no loss can crush it out of existence. They are the sons of the men who made San Francisco the greatest city in the West. To them and their sons is given the task of retrieving a city's fortunes.

Newspapers were eagerly sought for. Early in the morning automobiles whizzed through the park and copies of "The Examiner" were thrown out. Immediately the driveways filled with people struggling for a chance to scan the printed sheets. "Well, fellows," said one man, "I see the old 'Examiner' ain't out of business yet! If they can keep on getting out the paper I guess there's a chance for all of us!"

Here is another article, written by a woman reporter, which indicates the optimistic temper of the San Francisco people:

I met a woman out in Jefferson square today who ought to sit for a picture of the Incarnation of the Spirit of San Francisco. She was standing in a funny little square tent made partly of boards and partly of ragged bits of cloth. She wore a dress that had been through the fire with her, but her bright hair was brushed neatly back from her rosy face. She was washing dishes, petting a dog, talking baby talk to a baby and bossing some half-dozen of boys, all at the same time.

"Run down to the edge of the pavement with these beans," she said to one boy, "and see if you can't find somebody's fire to warm 'em a little by."

"Like over to the commissary wagon; they're giving out eggs there. The baby can't eat these beans. Where are those blankets? Didn't I tell you rascals to put them out to air? Oh, yes; I've got thirteen boarders. Yes; we all sleep in this tent. No; they don't pay me a cent. Burnt out? Who isn't?"

"What's the use of being blue about it though? Didn't you see our totem at the door? Allow me to present you. This is our friend, Happy Hooligan."

And there on the ridgepole of the tent was perched a little wooden Happy Hooligan on top of a crudely painted sign which said:

"Cheer Up."

Happy Hooligan isn't the handsomest creature in the world, nor even the most refined; but the rabbits brought him to that baby on Easter and that baby's blessed mother had the good sense and the good heart to bring him along with the little handful of things she was able to save. I've never been very fond of Happy myself. I don't fancy his taste in hats; but after this I'll never see his ugly face in the cheapest kind of a picture again without thinking of that woman out there at Jefferson square, homeless, without a dollar, cold and not overly well fed—but a California woman for all that.

"California is God's country, and God smiled when he made it."

God did smile when he made California, and he's smiling yet at all our foolish little perplexities and anxieties and want of faith and courage. Let's look back at him up through the smoke and cinders, and smile, too—just to see what will happen.

This doesn't sound as if the people had lost courage:

An offer of \$400,000 for a blackened strip of Market street real estate was emphatically refused yesterday.

"That lot will be worth twice as much as ever before," said the owner.

As might have been surmised the women of San Francisco displayed consummate fortitude and heroism:

Former Supreme Court Justice W. C. Van Fleet—I have not seen a woman in tears in all this trouble. The bravery of the women is splendid and fine. They come out stronger than the men in time of trouble. The buoyant spirit of the people of all sorts and conditions, men and women, is the dominant and insistent note of the situation.

Folks who have worried over the dangers of automobiling will be able to see that the "devil wagons" on some occasions are most useful:

The automobiles have rendered splendid service. Many of them have been confiscated by the military and civil authorities and the drivers impressed into service. Working day and night since the hour of the earthquake some of these operators have been without sleep or rest during the entire period.

Here is an article which gives an interesting picture of life in the park, whither the homeless people fled:

In the Park Panhandle, April 21—"Where is the canopener?" comes like the wail of a lost spirit first thing in the morning. In that mischievous and malignant little instrument lies the key of salvation. We are taking our summer outing in the woods a little prematurely it may be, but with a stout heart. Back to nature and the canopener. They go together, God bless them.

My neighbor has built her a fireplace of five bricks in the middle of the street and with an iron plate and a bit of bacon rind is stopping batter cakes, and the pile mounts every moment a smoking heap.

Hard by the man of the house is chopping kindling wood with the help of half-suppressed profanity and a hatchet whose attachment to the handle is imperfect. People are learning the secrets of camp life. Some of us are still extravagant of wood and have not yet discovered that it is unnecessary to build a fireplace four bricks high. A circle of single bricks and a few chips makes at the same time the most effective and the most economical cooking range. We are learning economy of labor and material in the hard school of experience.

We are cooking in the middle of the street. Old rusty camp stoves are dug out of the cellars and put to service, but the greatest of these is the brick fireplace. That is one boon the earthquake left us. There are bricks to burn, bricks everywhere in ugly and forbidding heaps. We make them serve.

There is not a clock going within twenty blocks save only one indecent old cuckoo which maintains its ancient reputation of being always an hour and twenty minutes wrong. Its cheerful but misleading hoot serves to recall a suspended civilization. Not even an earthquake could phase that astonishing old bundle of wheels.

The temper of the people is splendid. Absolute order prevails. We thank God for the soldiers and the visible sign of authority. Yet the organizing spirit of the American people is such that even without the boys in blue we should of ourselves create a peace force. Already we are organizing neighborhood patrols to supplement the military arm and see that neither fire nor light is permitted within the houses day or night. In the afternoons when the sea breeze springs up no sort of cooking is allowed on the streets or anywhere else.

From the following random clippings it will be seen that everybody tried to help in one way or another:

Miss Stella Grossman has been riding a horse from the Riding Academy through Golden Gate Park gathering mail.

General Girard has furnished a free ward for homeless women about to become mothers. Augusta P. Downy, M. D., and C. A. Morris, M. D., are in attendance. It is in the Crocker School.

Vallejo, April 21—At the park last night a poor old man, footsore, wanted water to bathe his feet. One of our young society girls with a Red Cross badge brought a basin and on her bended knees bathed his burned feet.

Any hospitals in need of fuel oil may obtain the same from W. S. Porter, General Manager of the Associated Oil Company. His address at present is 2029 California street. He has all the facilities for immediate delivery, and upon notice will deliver oil to any public institution needing it at once. Mr. Porter is also desirous of standing by his employees in their misfortunes. All who will call at his house will be provided with sufficient funds to carry them through.

Vallejo, April 21—Babies without a mother or father are here. Kind-hearted mothers are caring for the little ones.

All the priests of Alameda County, the Sisters of Mercy and Charity of the half-dozen or more convents, the brothers of St. Mary's College and the academics, the students of college and school, united in the grand effort to relieve the sufferers.

Even in the darkest hour numerous funny incidents were noted:

One well dressed woman clasped a big black cat in her arms. That cat has seen stirring times in the last week. The fur was singed off his back, and he clawed impatiently at a white bandage on one leg. Another woman had a parrot perched on her shoulder, and the green bird shifted awkwardly from too to too and used very bad language. He probably had ample excuse.

"Give 'em hell, polly," said a young man in a sweater. "You're exposing my sentiments all right."

Probably the most interesting as well as the most pathetic feature of the newspaper referred to is the large number of advertisements inserted by people endeavoring to locate their lost relatives and friends. One whole page is taken up with these advertisements. A few of them are shown here:

Kitty and May Ahern—Come to Berkeley; we are O. K. Annie and W. Paul.

Will Horlice care Mr. Leech of "Examiner," looking for father, mother and sister; were at the St. Francis.

Wanted—to know whereabouts of children of Sr. Ramon Correll, vice president of Mexico. They lived with Miss Petronilla Velasco, 1214A Mason street. Notify F. E. Monteverde Jr., care Union Savings Bank, Oakland.

Mrs. Frank I. Towle will find her husband at 649 Oakland avenue, Oakland. Telephone Oakland 4153.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Judis, mother and sister—Your relatives at 1059 Brush street, Oakland, are anxiously waiting for you.

Arthur Trout, your wife is with her mother.

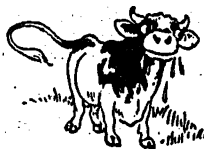
Bella, Hattie, Nellie and Gussie Prago can find Caroline Prago at 3699 West.

Harris Bernard—Your wife is safe at 534 15th street, Oakland; come immediately.

Charles Sutro—If you want to find me I'm at 1363 Castro street, Oakland. Phone 5334. EMIL SUTRO.

I have made extensive clippings from the San Francisco paper because I feel sure that the items will prove of great interest, especially to those of our members in foreign lands and in parts of America remote from the Pacific coast, who have read heretofore only the general accounts of the disaster.

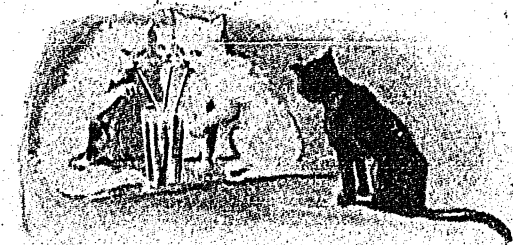
Here is an effective piece of dramatic criticism, said to have been printed in a rural paper in Indiana. A raw company on the "kerosene circuit" played "Hamlet," and the next day the editor wrote: "Mr. Soandso and his company played 'Hamlet' in the town hall last night. It was a great social event, and all the elite of our fair village attended. There has been a long discussion as to whether Bacon or Shakespeare wrote the play, commonly attributed to Shakespeare. It can be easily settled now. Let the graves of the two writers be opened. The one who turned over last night is the author."



MAY



A man addicted to walking in his sleep, went to bed all right one night, but when he woke he found himself on the street in the grasp of a policeman. "Hold on!" he cried, "you musn't arrest me. I'm a somnambulist!" To which the policeman replied, "I don't care what your religion is—you can't walk the streets in yer nightshirt."—*The Scottish American*.



Drawing the color line.

The Unconquerable.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

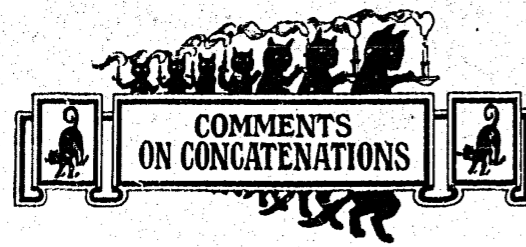
It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

—William Ernest Henley.



Cat in the background—There she is at it again, bragging about her ancestors.

A person who wears a smile that won't come off is as great a bore as the one who carries his troubles around in his sleeve.



Texas Again Increases Her Roll.

Ex-Governor Robert L. Taylor, one of Tennessee's most prominent sons, in a speech one time referred to Texas as the biggest waffle on the American gridiron. The same may be said of the State of Texas on the Hoo-Hoo gridiron. For years the Vicegerents in that State have been active in doing good work and bringing good men into the Order. Vicegerent G. M. Duncan held a concatenation at Woodville, Tex., March 13, in which twenty-three fine candidates were initiated. Several letters have come to this office speaking of the enjoyable session held there.

Brother Duncan gives much credit to Brother L. E. Stout, of Woodville, for the success of this meeting. Brother Stout was initiated at the recent concatenation held at Beaumont. So delighted was he with the ceremony that he wanted to get up a meeting at his home town, and Vicegerent Duncan arranged for it. Candidates came in from all directions, some on log trains, some walking, some horseback and some driving. The local committee having control of the affair was composed of Brothers J. S. Stunkel and L. E. Stout. The "Session on the Roof" was held at the Cruse Hotel. Mr. John H. Kirby, Texas' lumber king, acted in the role of Snark of the Universe, and Vicegerent Duncan took the position of Junior.

The citizens of Woodville, even those not members and not eligible to Hoo-Hoo, turned out and did everything they could consistently do to make the affair a success. In fact, every one in the neighborhood entered into the enthusiasm of the candidates, and did all they possibly could to entertain the visiting Hoo-Hoo, and make their stay pleasant. Mr. Wickline, President of the Tyler County Bank, especially exerted himself in behalf of the entertainment.

The badge of the concatenation was a pink ribbon upon which was printed: "Woodville, March 31, 1906," then the seal of the Order, then two question marks after that.

The menu for the "Session on the Roof" was as follows:

Solar Plexus Punch
Manufacturers and Dealers Sandwiches
Remains of Kitten Salad A La Dollie Mule Ham
Hoo-Hoo Essence of Olives
Log Pond Pickles Red Heart Raddishes
Long Leaf Potato Shavings.
Black Stump Water Coffee From Tree of Life Apples
Naranjos
Frost Bitten Bananas Commissary Cake
Magnolia Stout
John Henry Cheroots

Luncheon served at Cruse Hotel.

Snark, John H. Kirby; Senior Hoo-Hoo, J. F. Stunkel; Junior Hoo-Hoo, G. M. Duncan; Bojum, H. H. Rice; Scrivenoter, L. E. Stout; Jabberwock, J. E. West; Custocatian, J. W. Richards; Arcanoper, M. P. Walker; Gardon, J. M. Butler.

16854 Jay Elmer Abbey, Houston, Texas; traveling salesman Union Iron Works.
16855 Jarvis Gordon Angell, Houston, Texas; general sales agent D. H. Fleming & Son.
16856 Willis Porter Cleveland, Hyatt, Texas; sales agent J. S. & W. Rice Lumber Manufacturers.
16857 Henry Mervin Foster, Warren, Texas; salesman Tyler County Lumber Co.
16858 Richard Abraham Frazer, Woodville, Texas; superintendent mill Kirby Lumber Co.
16859 Napoleon Jerome Bonaparte, Woodville, Texas; assistant superintendent Kirby Lumber Co.

16860 Claude Virell Hall, Woodville, Texas; manager mechanical department Kirby Lumber Co.
16861 Abraham Thompson Wood Hart, Hyatt, Texas; superintendent machinery J. S. & W. Rice.
16862 Carl Heiman, Warren, Texas; assistant superintendent Tyler County Land & Lumber Co.
16863 George "Cowboy" Joyner, Woodville, Texas; Kirby Lumber Co.
16864 David Moore Kellough, Woodville, Texas; assistant superintendent Kirby Lumber Co.
16865 Knox Water Lee, Woodville, Texas; commissary and assistant manager Kirby Lumber Co.
16866 William Andrew Lindsey, Warren, Texas; assistant shipping superintendent shipping department Campbell Lumber Co.
16867 John Oscar Elmer Lloyd, Warren, Texas; assistant superintendent shipping department Campbell Lumber Co.
16868 John Carr Love, Hampton, Texas; superintendent trams and logging D. H. Fleming & Son.
16869 Frank Eugene Marion, Village, Texas; assistant manager Kirby Lumber Co.
16870 Edgar Kimball Matthews, Hampton, Texas; superintendent D. H. Fleming & Son.
16871 Elijah Edward Prewitt, Woodville, Texas; superintendent planing mill Kirby Lumber Co.
16872 Matthew George Ready; superintendent mechanical department Tyler Land & Lumber Co.
16873 Stephen Thomas Russell, Hampton, Texas; superintendent manufacturing department D. H. Fleming & Son.
16874 William Perry Sager, Woodville, Texas; assistant manager Kirby Lumber Co.
16875 Ceell Smith, Hyatt, Texas; assistant superintendent J. S. & W. Rice.
16876 William Benjamin Willis, Warren, Texas; assistant superintendent Tyler County Land & Lumber Co.

Concatenation No. 1242, Woodville, Texas, March 31, 1906.

'Way Down in Georgia

Vicegerent J. L. Phillips held a most enjoyable concatenation at Valdosta, Ga., on the evening of March 27. Any one who has been so fortunate as to attend a Georgia concatenation, held where the boys from the piney woods can get to the meeting, knows that there is fun there and plenty of it. At no point is the good fellowship of the Order better exemplified than in the Southeastern territory. There a concatenation means much, and for miles and miles members of the Order will journey to the session.

This concatenation was held in Valdosta on the day of the meeting of the Georgia Interstate Saw Mill Association, and as a result many prominent lumbermen of that section were in attendance. Among the nine officiating was Ex-Snark of the Universe, William B. Stillwell, who filled the chair of Senior Hoo-Hoo.

In writing of the concatenation Brother Phillips says: "We had a delightful time, and the quality of the kittens was very fine, and the class was so large that possibly we did not pay as much attention to all of them as we could have done otherwise, but this does not detract from its success." Brother Phillips is preparing to hold another concatenation at an early date, and says that he is now gathering together available timber for Hoo-Hoo dimension stock.

Snark, J. L. Phillips; Senior Hoo-Hoo, Wm. P. Stillwell; Junior Hoo-Hoo, W. A. Wheeler; Bojum, E. C. Harrell; Scrivenoter, Z. W. Whitehead; Jabberwock, D. A. Denmark; Custocatian, Arthur S. Harris; Arcanoper, Geo. T. Betts; Gardon, C. D. Fish.

16877 Pierce Augustus Allen, Tifton, Ga.; partner Allen Lumber Co.
16878 George Andrew Arthur, Tournaine, Ga.; president and proprietor Tournaine Mills.
16879 William Hutchen Baskin, Adel, Ga.; secretary and treasurer Adel Manufacturing Co.
16880 Henry An Irew Brown, Richland, Fla.; owner H. A. Brown.
16881 Turner E. Catape, Thomasville, Ga.; buying and selling lumber J. W. Byrd Lumber Co.
16882 William Doughty Christie, Jacksonville, Fla.; salesman E. C. Atkins & Co.
16883 Bennett Sumner Coop, Albany, Ga.; travelling salesman Albany Machinery Co.
16884 Edgar Garth'd Cooper, Valdosta, Ga.; traveling salesman R. C. Foster Co.
16885 Charles Edgar Craven, Jasper, Fla.; secretary and treasurer Jasper Manufacturing Co.
16886 George Foster Pierce Dickson, Oclifla, Ga.; secretary-treasurer and general manager Dickson-Henderson Lumber Co.
16887 Robert Lewis Eaton, Monticello, Fla.; lumber buyer Perry Ice Plant & Planing Mill Co.
16888 Howell Brantley Ermlinger, Jr., Sibley, Ga.; vice president Sibley Lumber Co.

16889 William Brostus Fender, Valdosta, Ga.; member of firm Fender Lumber Co.
16890 Charles Allen Gill, Thomasville, Ga.; lumber inspector J. L. Phillips & Co.
16891 William Thomas Gissendanner, Grimes, Ala.; proprietor Carnelchael & Gissendanner.
16892 Robert Edward Hodgson, Savannah, Ga.
16893 Anton "Resawn" Hulter, Moultrie, Ga.; managing partner Huber-Norman Lumber Co.
16894 Raphael Servines Kell, Tifton, Ga.; proprietor R. S. Kell.
16895 James Cuthbert McDonald, Valdosta, Ga.; selling hardware and machinery W. H. Briggs Hardware Co.
16896 Edward Jones Melce, Kinderton, Ga.; part proprietor Kinderlou Mills.
16897 John Wesley McWilliams, Tifton, Ga.; lumber inspector Southern Railway Co.
16898 Joel Matthew Matthews, Macon, Ga.; secretary and treasurer Stetson Lumber Co.
16899 John Franklin Monk, Moultrie, Ga.; proprietor J. F. Monk.
16900 Robert Willis Patrick, Tifton, Ga.; partner Allen Lumber Co.
16901 Charles Merchanteable Phillips, Thomasville, Ga.; secretary and treasurer J. L. Phillips & Co.
16902 Joseph Henry Seales, Tifton, Ga.; secretary Phillips Lumber Co.
16903 David Shaw, Valdosta, Ga.; president Valdosta Sash & Door Co.
16904 George Franklin Taylor, Moultrie, Ga.; managing partner Corbett-Taylor Lumber Co.
16905 George Joseph Tuxler, Gordon, Ala.; assistant general manager Gordon Lumber Co.

Concatenation No. 1243, Valdosta, Ga., March 27, 1906.

Sideights on the Newport Meeting.

Vicegerent W. A. Billingsley gathered the clans together on the evening of March 31, at Newport, Ark., and ten kittens were forced over the fence into Hoo-Hoo's domain. In writing of this concatenation, Brother Billingsley says:

It was one of the best meetings we have ever had in Newport. We had excellent material to work on, and a well organized line to manipulate the "eye-openers," and when I say to you that the aforesaid manipulation was par excellence in point of quality and quantity I only mildly state it; the "kittens" had plenty of "gray matter" in their "sky-pieces," to such an extent was it in evidence that even our versatile Junior Hoo-Hoo had to take cover from the terrific tongue bombardment of some of the "weaklings," but only for a short time, however. The "pons asinorum" was ready, and it was a gorgeous sight to see that litter of playful kittens "come across," but when they "got over" it was a mightily pleased bunch and to which they gave happiest expression while "on the roof."

Among the Hoo-Hoo we have one of a literary turn of mind, not one of these superficial students, but one who goes deep into ancient lore, mythology, etc. It struck me that he would be just the man to give us a good talk on things that would lead up to historic Hoo-Hoo, and during the "Roof Session" at the above mentioned concatenation I called upon Judge Lippmann. The time seemed most opportune, and the Judge was at his best, and in response to my request said in substance about as follows:

That the Order was a benign institution for the lumber and allied interests; that the hutton of black and white and gold was the open sesame at almost every place he happened to be during his visit to the far West last year. He assured the newly made cats that if they de-porited themselves as true Hoo-Hoo they never would regret the trials and tribulations that became necessary in order for them to reach the desired goal. He told them that, although some of the tests might at first appear meaningless, if they would consider the intent of the organization they couldn't help but realize the good reason for all that was required from each and every candidate; in other words, their eternal fitness was paramount and that nerve and endurance went a long way toward making them "fit;" that the object of the telephone experience was to develop their instincts, that in the future they might be able to tell the "wheat from the chaff," that regardless of the color, smell, and specific gravity of the liquid that they still didn't know what the Bojum drinks; that they should know something about the ancient origin of the Order; that he had given the matter considerable thought, and that the more he studied the matter the better he was convinced that at one time there was a female Hoo-Hoo, one only, but she was, so tradition tells us, beautiful. His deductions went on to the effect that the Black Cat was held sacred by the Ramesses at the dawn of civilization; that in point of fact, the Order must have existed at that time. Chuldea's grandeur no doubt was due to the efforts of ancient Hoo-Hoo. No wonder Egypt, the land of wonder, held the Order in the highest esteem. Historians of the past who classed Cleopatra as a Hoo-Hoo because of what she did to Marc Antony are by later researchers shown to have been in error, there being now, no doubt, that instead of her being a hoo-doo she really was a Hoo-Hoo, therefore it is plainly evident that a consensus of opinion among historians couldn't help but make the old girl eligible, the evidence being fairly fixed beyond any reasonable doubt that she was an old cat.

By the time the Judge had made his point a great deal plainer than I have been able to state it, the confirmed "playful kittens" and philo-sophical old cats were about ready to acknowledge the possibility of a new line of thought in connection with the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo.

Snark, W. A. Billingsley; Senior Hoo-Hoo, C. C. Heckart; Junior Hoo-Hoo, L. Lippman; Bojum, W. B. Thompson; Scrivenoter, E. C. Lippmann; Jabberwock, J. M. Gibson; Custocatian, V. E. Person; Arcanoper, W. W. Sale; Gardon, C. R. Hite.

16906 Lee Saeley Bardslee, Newport, Ark.; superintendent American Paint & Lumber Co.
16907 Ray Warner Cogsdill, Jonesboro, Ark.; partner Cogsdill & Rookmiller.
16908 Benjamin "Car Works" Emmons, Brinkley, Ark.; secretary and treasurer Brinkley Car Works & Manufacturing Co.
16909 William Wallace Fort, Brinkley, Ark.; president and general manager Fort Lumber Co.
16910 Stephen Fowler Gilmore, Swifton, Ark.; general manager John Kelsey Hickory Co.
16911 Frank Major Grier, Little Rock, Ark.; partner Falls City Lumber Co.
16912 Walter Burgess Hixon, Trumann, Ark.; manager Springfield Lumber & Coopersage Co.
16913 George Riley Hornbeck, Brinkley, Ark.; owner saw mill.
16914 Charles Baldwin LaBelle, Brinkley, Ark.; partner Brinkley Car Works.
16915 James Henry McFarland, Brinkley, Ark.; Southern manager buying department Mosberger-O'Reilly Lumber Co.

Concatenation No. 1244, Newport, Ark., March 31, 1906.

At the National Capital.

To partially dispel the impressiveness and seriousness which now pervades the national capital on account of the rate war in progress there, Hoo-Hoo, through the medium of Vicegerent George E. Waters, called a meeting on April 6. Twenty-two fine subjects were initiated, and the initiating nine was composed of distinguished lumbermen, and three of the number were ex-Vicegerents. Brother Waters acted in the role of Snark of the Universe; Brother A. M. Ramsey, ex-Vicegerent from the Southern District of Georgia, acted as Senior Hoo-Hoo, and ex-Vicegerent Louis Becker took the part of Bojum. As this issue goes to press we have not received from Brother Waters an account of the incidents which took place there, but from the list of those present, both members of the Order and purblind kittens, it is known that the entertainment it must have been in every way a success.

Snark, Geo. E. Waters; Senior Hoo-Hoo, A. M. Ramsey; Junior Hoo-Hoo, W. D. Gill; Bojum, Louis Becker; Scrivenoter, J. A. Berryman; Jabberwock, M. W. Wiley; Custocatian, W. J. Cronwell; Arcanoper, W. L. Rowe; Gardon, R. Merryman.

16916 Herman Haupt Chapman, Washington, D. C.; forestry service.
16917 Joseph Lee Crupper, Washington, D. C.; retail lumber.
16918 Frank Joseph Eisinger, Washington, D. C.; partner Eisinger & Bro.
16919 Walter George Eisinger, Washington, D. C.; partner Eisinger & Bro.
16920 Charles Albert Fenner, Washington, D. C.; salesman Leo L. Herrill & Bro.
16921 Henry Knox Field, Alexandria, Va.; partner Henry K. Field & Co.
16922 Horace "Be" Fryer, Washington, D. C.; estimator Leo Herrill & Bro.
16923 Charles Emory Gallher, Washington, D. C.; partner W. T. Gallher & Bros.
16924 William Garfield Gallher, Washington, D. C.; W. T. Gallher & Bros.
16925 William Thompson Gallher, Washington, D. C.; partner W. T. Gallher & Bros.
16926 Hollie Lawson Herrill, Washington, D. C.; partner L. L. Herrill & Bro.
16927 Paul Del Mar Kelleter, Washington, D. C.; forestry service.
16928 Charles Albert Lyford, Washington, D. C.; forestry service.
16929 Henry May McDade, Washington, D. C.; salesman E. A. Ponder & Co.
16930 Allen Steele Peck, Washington, D. C.; forestry service.
16931 William Augustus Pierce, Washington, D. C.; proprietor W. A. Pierce.
16932 Mark Leslie Price, Jr., Alexandria, Va.; H. K. Fields & Co.
16933 Raymond Thompson Ragan, Washington, D. C.
16934 William Wallace Riley, Washington, D. C.; salesman and manager T. H. Riley.
16935 Julius Watkins Tolson, Anacostia, D. C.; proprietor J. W. Tolson.
16936 George Edwin Walker, Washington, D. C.; proprietor Geo. E. Walker.
16937 Leslie LeRoy White, Washington, D. C.; forestry service.

Concatenation No. 1245, Washington, D. C., April 6, 1906.

An Echo of the Annual.

Vicegerent W. B. Mackay held a magnificent concatenation in Portland on the evening of March 24. There

were two members of the Supreme Nine present at this meeting. Brother Robert D. Inman, Snark of the Universe, acted as presiding officer on this occasion, and there was also present Brother E. Clark Evans, Supreme Gurdon. A feature of the meeting was the number of members of the Order present, showing that the enthusiasm instilled at the annual meeting had by no means ebbed away. Seventeen men were initiated, and the ceremonies were impressive and enjoyable. Brother T. H. Claffey acted in the role of Junior.

"I feel that our concatenation was a particularly successful affair," writes Brother Mackay. "Our new members are all a desirable lot; our aim was to get quality rather than quantity, and the writer was particularly pleased on account of the large number of Hoo-Hoo present. We had approximately 125 members, a few from California and some from Washington. Brothers Claffey and Evans gave us no end of help in making the concatenation the success it was."

The "Session on the Roof" was held in the large room of the Auditorium Hall, where the "onion patch services" were pulled off, and like the initiation of the new applicants, the social session was a pronounced success. There was a vaudeville performance and speeches bright and many.

Snark, R. D. Inman; Senior Hoo-Hoo, H. W. McCormick; Junior Hoo-Hoo, T. H. Claffey; Bojum, F. H. Ranson; Scrivenoter, Geo. L. Saylor; Jabberwock, S. F. Owen; Custocatlun, Lew J. Wentworth; Arcanoper, E. P. Sheldon; Gurdon, Sol Baum.

16938 Bert Charles Ball, Portland, Ore.; treasurer and chief engineer Wilmette Iron & Steel Works.

16939 Walter Towne Beebe, Portland, Ore.; vice president Pacific Export Lumber Co.

16940 Carl George Boek, Portland, Ore.; salesman Eastern & Western Lumber Co.

16941 John J. Cusack, Portland, Ore.; buyer Barrett & Fox.

16942 Robert Francis Cox, Portland, Ore.; agent and estimator Wm. McPherson.

16943 John James Harold, Portland, Ore.; railroad timberman Harriman Lines.

16944 Richard F. Holder, Portland, Ore.; general agent C. & N. W. Ry.

16945 Miles Douglass Jameson, Portland, Ore.; salesman East Side Mill & Lumber Co.

16946 William Henry Kemy, Leona, Ore.; secretary Leona Mill & Lumber Co.

16947 Edward D. Kingsley, Clatskanie, Ore.; secretary and treasurer West Oregon Lumber Co.

16948 Thomas S. Melath, Portland, Ore.; president T. S. Melath & Co.

16949 Malenn Macenlay, Portland, Ore.; secretary Oregon-Washington Lumber Co.

16950 Fleming R. May, Portland, Ore.; secretary A. J. Paul Manufacturers Agency.

16951 James Monks, Portland, Ore.; owner Portland Duller Works.

16952 Edward Wilhelm Ortman, Portland, Ore.; lumber buyer Nevada Northern Ry. Co.

16953 Ira Warren Rathbun, Portland, Ore.; superintendent North Pacific Lumber Co.

16954 Seva Bert Stewart, Portland, Ore.; Manager Peninsula Lumber Co.

Concatenation No. 1246, Portland, Ore., March 24, 1906.

Planting the Banner of Hoo-Hoo on New Soil.

The compliments of the Order are due Vicegerent W. C. Miles and Supreme Gurdon E. Clark Evans for the invasion of new territory, and the planting of the Hoo-Hoo standard on soil heretofore unconquered. On April 6, at Vancouver, B. C., Brother Miles held a magnificent concatenation, initiating thirty-four British Columbians.

We invaded the Dominion of Canada on April 6, writes Brother Miles, and opened the eyes of thirty-four kittens. The concatenation was a complete success and went without a catch from start to finish. This was especially gratifying, as an attempt to plant the banner of Hoo-Hoo on the same territory a few years ago was a complete failure. The business and social standing of the class is very high and a credit to the Order. They took to the Order very kindly, and I am sure will make a valuable addition to the Hoo-Hoo ranks. The remarks made by a candidate at the

"Session on the Roof" was that they have a very keen conception of Hoo-Hoo, and it speaks well for the future of the Order in that district.

After the concatenation some seventy-five sat down to the banquet spread at the Hotel Metropole, and everything was the very best. When ample justice was done to the good things prepared songs and speeches were in order. Brother Frank B. Cole acted as toastmaster, and some excellent speeches were made by both Canadian and American lumbermen, and other representatives of the lumbering industry. The merriment and the flow of intellect and oratory was kept up far into the early hours of the morning.

Snark, W. C. Miles; Senior Hoo-Hoo, Fred W. Alexander; Junior Hoo, T. H. Claffey; Bojum, E. R. Ingersoll; Scrivenoter, W. P. Lockwood; Jabberwock, J. M. Ferriss, Jr.; Custocatlun, Geo. M. Cornwall; Arcanoper, J. Chas. Dietrich; Gurdon, R. E. Nevins.

16955 James Hood Agar, New Westminster, B. C.; stockholder and director Small & Bucklin Lumber Co.

16956 Richard Henry Alexander, Hastings Mills, Vancouver; manager British Columbia Mills Lumber & Trading Co.



J. D. Moony,

of the Vancouver Lumber Company, recently appointed Vicegerent for British Columbia.

16957 Richard Henry Hancock Alexander, Vancouver, B. C.; secretary B. C. Lumber & Shingle Mfrs. Assn.

16958 John Esterbrooke Batterell, Vancouver, B. C.; manager the Canadian Fairbanks Co.

16959 Amos Josiah Burton, Vancouver, B. C.; manager the A. J. Burton Saw Co., Ltd.

16960 Walter Bertram Cooke, Vancouver, B. C.; manager Cooke & Tait.

16961 Charles Nathan Cornell, Vancouver, B. C.; salesman Wm. Hamilton Manufacturing Co.

16962 Robert Churchill Crakanthorp, Vancouver, B. C.; Inspector Pacific Coast Lumber Mfrs. Assn.

16963 James Alexander Cunningham, New Westminster, B. C.; manager Cunningham Hardware Co.

16964 Henry DePeneler, Barnet, B. C.; manager No. Pacific Lumber Co.

16965 Robert Charles Ferguson, Vancouver, B. C.; manager Fairview Cedar Lumber Co.

16966 William Henry Gardner, New Westminster, B. C.; general agent C. R. Ry.

16967 Hugh Howie Gillman, Vancouver, B. C.; general agent Watrous Engine Works Co.

16968 Clay Thayer Gould, Sedro-Wooley, Wash.; secretary and treasurer Sedro-Wooley Iron Works.

16969 John Gourlay, Galt, Ont., Can.; salesman MacGregor, Gourlay & Co.

16970 George Richmond Hamburg, Vancouver, B. C.; secretary Fairview Cedar Lumber Co.

16971 Robert Hamilton, Vancouver, B. C.; the Hamilton Mfrs. Assn.

16972 Jamech Harlow, Vancouver, B. C.; superintendent Pacific Coast Lumber Co.

16973 James Wilson Heaps, Vancouver, B. C.; manager sales department E. H. Heaps & Co.

16974 Arthur James Hendry, Vancouver, B. C.; superintendent B. C. M. Yd. Co.

16975 Frank Leslie Johnson, Sapperton, B. C.; contractor Brunette S. M. Co.

16976 Stanley Matniwaring Johnson, Vancouver, B. C.; salesman Vancouver Lumber Co.

16977 Edwin Caton Mahoney, Vancouver, B. C.; Mills Timber & Trading Co.

16978 Eugene Fairbanks Mitchell, designing engineer Allis-Chalmers Co.

16979 James Duncan Moody, Vancouver, B. C.; director Vancouver Lumber Co.

16980 Thomas Frank Paterson, Pt. Moody, B. C.; secretary and treasurer Canadian Pacific Lumber Co.

16981 Perry Douglass Roe, Pt. Moody, B. C.; manager Canadian Pacific Lumber Co.

16982 Henry Schaake, New Westminster, B. C.; managing director the Schaake Machine Works, Ltd.

16983 Frederick Alexander Shores, Vancouver, B. C.; salesman Vancouver Lumber Co.

16984 James Fyfe Smith, representative Allen, Taylor & Co.

16985 John Ignatius Springer, Seattle, Wash.; freight and passenger agent Wisconsin Central Railway.

16986 Edward Rogers Tall, Vancouver, B. C.; partner Cook & Tall.

16987 Edward Richard Vigor, Vancouver, B. C.; representative Hugh C. McLean Co.

16988 Murwin Richard Worth, Vancouver, B. C.; manager Western Oil & Supply Co.

Concatenation No. 1247, Vancouver, B. C., April 6, 1906.

The Regulation Number.

The mystic number of Hoo-Hoo was in evidence at the concatenation held by Vicegerent A. Maccauig at Salt Lake City on the evening of April 6. Nine men were initiated, and of course there were nine men who put them through the Hoo-Hoo stunts. There was also a multiple of nine present to witness the ceremonies. This meeting was held at the conclusion of the meeting of the Retail Lumber Dealers Association in that city, and the evening's entertainment was a pronounced success.

Snark, A. Maccauig; Senior Hoo-Hoo, C. E. Murphy; Junior Hoo-Hoo, J. J. Stewart; Bojum, George E. Merrill; Scrivenoter, T. H. Hudson; Jabberwock, A. L. Porter; Custocatlun, George Cole; Arcanoper, Roy H. Felt; Gurdon, W. Service.

16989 Alexander Verner Anderson, Bingham, Utah; secretary and manager Hingham Coal & Lumber Co.

16990 James Christlan Anderson, Richfield, Utah; manager J. L. Anderson Lumber Co.

16991 Bent Richard Hansen, Mt. Pleasant, Utah; manager Bent R. Hansen & Co.

16992 Jyring "Furniture" Jensen, Collinston, Utah; manager and owner Jynal Jensen.

16993 Albert Varnish Johnson, Ephraim, Utah; manager and proprietor Albert Johnson Lumber Co.

16994 William Eugene Losee, Salt Lake City, Utah; president McConaughy-McCarthy Lumber Co.

16995 Stillman Frederick Norton, Salt Lake City, Utah; salesman, Morrison, Merrill & Co.

16996 George Alfred Wootton, Heber City, Utah; secretary, treasurer and manager, Wasatch Lumber Co.

16997 Edwin Moshal Works, Mantl, Utah; manager and proprietor Union Lumber Co.

Concatenation No. 1248, Salt Lake City, Utah, April 10, 1906.

The Last Meeting in San Francisco.

Scat!
What's that?
It's the old Black Cat!
Whose?
She mew's
For the great Hoo-Hoo.
Wow!
Me-ow!
Lumber!
Slumber?
Well, not now!

Little dreaming of the terrible disaster to befall the city of San Francisco in so short a while, the Hoo-Hoo of that district held a concatenation on April 7. The spirit of San Francisco was in evidence at this meeting, for it was a big success. The verse at the head of this appeared on the unique menu card gotten up for the occasion. The following account of the meeting has been sent the Scrivenoter:

Saturday, April 7, was a Red Letter Day for California Hoo-Hoo, or to be strictly orthodox, a Black Letter Day. We had the largest attendance ever at any concatenation here, there being nearly 130 present. Members came as far as 250 miles especially to be present to welcome the Snark of the Universe. But it was a source of sincere regret that we were denied

that honor. Vicegerent Trower read the following telegram from Portland, which explained the absence of our chief: "Impossible to be with you on account of smallpox exposure; am with you in spirit if not in body."

We knew that nothing short of this would prevent Bob Inman coming, although with his immense mill running night and day, and his other large interests claiming his attention, only his devotion to Hoo-Hoo would allow him to take the time for the 1,500 mile trip. His mill is cutting timbers for Uncle Sam in the Philippines, we are told. That the Snark has many friends who would assist him in this labor is attested by the following story, which he tells: "A little bootblack, with his kit slung over his shoulder, was whistling his way down the street when he met a big army colonel in full regimentals. In response to his 'Shine, sir,' the colonel backed his big form against the wall, put his foot on the kit and the youngster started in. But the big foot discouraged him, and spitting another bootblack across the street, he yelled: 'Say kid, lend me some sht; I have a government contract.'"

There were several old cats at the April 7th gathering. D. B. Hanson, No. 633, of Hopland, Washington, was on hand, to recall the time, 13 years ago, when he initiated Brother S. L. Everett and made him the first Hoo-Hoo in California. Brother N. H. Falk of Eureka, for two years member of the Supreme Nine from the Golden State, was on hand with his son, who was initiated last year. Another visitor was Daniel E. McAllister, Vicegerent last year for Colorado. There was enthusiasm from start to finish. Sixteen trembling kittens were led from darkness into the light of Hoo-Hoo Land, and they will all swear there was "something doing every minute." The enthusiasm that we had hotted up for the Snark of the Universe was transferred to the initiation of candidates.

They were a fine body of men in every way and fully up to specifications. Candidate Markle tried to run down our Hoo-Hoo automobile, but though he is a husky lad and a game one, his leg suffered a little from the encounter. The Vicegerent and a few trusty members adjourned to the ante-room to repair the damage to the machine and Past Snark Templenan conducted the balance of the ritual work.

A telephone message from Brother Markle, at his home in Wilhits, a few days after assured us that he was O. K. again and ready for the next concatenation.

Candidate McKeon, who said in his application that his occupation during his earliest years was that of "milk tester," was given the fullest opportunity to prove his ability in that line. The "Session on the Roof," held in the story below, was most enjoyable. The Vicegerent held the reins as toastmaster. There were speeches by George W. Fisher, N. H. Falk and our Junior Hoo-Hoo, M. W. Davis. The latter told of his recent visit through the East and South, and all the benefit he received on that trip because he was a Hoo-Hoo. He also spoke enthusiastically of his visit in Nashville with the Supreme Scrivenoter. He attended the annual dinner given by Brother Baird to his employees, and lauded it as an example for business men.

One of our members said that of the dozen magazines he took, he and his wife enjoyed The Bulletin most, and read it from cover to cover.

During the absorption of the enclosed menu some splendid music was rendered by the Kulekerbocker Male Quartet, the finest in the State.

Three cheers and the Hoo-Hoo Nine were given for Bob Inman, and this most successful concatenation was at an end.

After the last departing Black Cat had gone to seek the shelter of his own roof, or that of some one else, the Junior of Golden Gate Hall told the Snark it was the liveliest and finest crowd he had ever seen, and innocently inquired if we had run a locomotive around the room during our initiation.

Snark, Frank W. Trower; Senior Hoo-Hoo, H. C. Norton; Junior Hoo-Hoo, M. W. Davis; Bojum, W. A. Hammond; Scrivenoter, John P. Muller; Jabberwock, F. W. Foss; Custocatlun, H. W. Templeman; Arcanoper, Jas. R. Neylan; Gurdon, Hugh W. Hogan.

16998 Ernest Lothar Blackman, Fruitvale, Cal.; proprietor E. L. Blackman.

16999 Chester Aldry Bridgford, San Francisco, Cal.; salesman Bridgford-Cumingham Co.

17000 William Henry Cones, Berkeley, Cal.; Henry Taylor.

17001 George Roy DeVore, San Francisco, Cal.; correspondent American Lumberman.

17002 James "Galt" Graham, Galt, Cal.; charge of lumber department Don Ray & Co.

17003 George Walker Heason, Oakland, Cal.; order clerk Hogan Lumber Co.

17004 Thomas Patrick Hogan, Oakland, Cal.; vice president Hogan Lumber Co.

17005 Edwin Goddard Hunt, Oakland, Cal.; salesman Fisher Lumber Co.

17006 Martin Kuttner Landen, San Francisco, Cal.; salesman Frank W. Warren.

17007 Hugo Milton Forbes, San Francisco, Cal.; salesman Robert Dollar Co.

17008 Allen John Lucas, Oakland, Cal.; salesman Fisher Lumber Co.

17009 James Barry McKeon, Oakland, Cal.; Pacific Coast Lumber & Mill Co.

17010 Walter Scott Markle, Wilhits, Cal.; superintendent saw mill Northwestern Redwood Co.

17011 John Henry Powell, Loyalton, Cal.; superintendent California White Pine Lumber Co.

17012 John Louis Reed, San Francisco, Cal.; salesman J. R. Hanly & Co.

17013 John Patchen Ross, Hanford, Cal.; secretary Central Lumber Co.

Concatenation No. 1249, San Francisco, Cal., April 7, 1906.

Texas Hoo-Hoo Busy.

Two concatenations were held in the State of Texas within a fortnight, the second one being held by Vicegerent Duncan on April 12 at San Antonio. The ceremonies were put through in good old Texas style, and the fun and merriment lasted far into the night. Brother Bolling Arthur Johnson acted as Snark of the Universe, and Vicegerent Duncan took the role of Senior Hoo-Hoo. Brother Dupont B. Lyon made a splendid Junior, and from reports received the nineteen men in attendance received their full quota of Hoo-Hoo instructions.

- Snark, B. A. Johnson; Senior Hoo-Hoo, G. M. Duncan; Junior Hoo-Hoo, D. B. Lyon; Bojum, O. H. Thomas; Scrivenoter, C. B. Drake; Jabberwock, A. G. Anderson; Custocatlun, R. M. Bellet; Arcanoper, J. Shelton; Gurdon, E. V. Godfrey.
- 17014 Roger Nelson Atkinson, San Marcos, Texas; salesman C. G. Mead.
- 17015 Theodore Heinrich Deldrich, Seguin, Texas; partner Harris Lumber Co.
- 17016 William Daniel Boon, Pearsall, Texas; owner William Boon.
- 17017 Robert Emmett Cahill, San Antonio, Texas; assistant manager Becht Lumber Co.
- 17018 Belvie Micolow Hall, San Angelo, Texas; president H. B. Hall Lumber Co.
- 17019 Ollie Samuel Houston, Laurel, Miss.; salesman Lindsey logging wagons.
- 17020 Leonard William King, Boerne, Texas; proprietor King & King.
- 17021 John Francis McClannahan, Eagle Lake, Texas; partner McClannahan Lumber Co.
- 17022 James DuLaney McCollum, Lampasas, Texas; manager William Cameron Co.
- 17023 Samuel Ernest Morris, Brownwood, Texas; manager William Cameron & Co.
- 17024 Charles Gordon Mull, San Diego, Texas; partner A. L. Mull & Son.
- 17025 Robert R. Richardson, San Antonio, Texas; traveling salesman Ed H. Harrell Lumber Co.
- 17026 Henry Valentine Schott, Kerrville, Texas; manager Bristol Lumber Co.
- 17027 Earl William Sharvin, Houston, Texas; salesman Kirby Lumber Co.
- 17028 Herbert Virginia Spencer, San Antonio, Texas; secretary and treasurer A. B. Spencer & Co.
- 17029 Frank "Plum" Stasney, Plum, Texas; proprietor F. Stasney.
- 17030 Samuel Miller Stone, Paris, Texas; manager DeKalb Lumber Co.
- 17031 Rufus Arthur Thomas, Delta, Texas; manager Ford-Isbell Lumber Co.
- 17032 Edward Simpson Truss, San Antonio, Texas; commercial agent S. A. & A. P. Ry.
- Concatenation No. 1250, San Antonio, Texas, April 12, 1906.

Some Old Liners Put Through.

Just as The Bulletin was about to go to press the Scrivenoter received the following letter from Vicegerent John Cooper, telling of the fine meeting at Evansville:

On the evening of April 27 was held a most splendid concatenation at Evansville, Ind. Not the largest litter of kittens—only six—but they were live ones, and they will certainly admit that the cheese was equally divided. The onion bed and the garden were cared for, and the Session on the Roof was fit for any old cat. The meeting will bear good fruit, as the men are perfect gentlemen, legitimate lumbermen and men whom it is a pleasure to meet, which is one important point to look after when accepting candidates.

Now, for the concatenation the credit should go to Brother Chas. Wofflin, who had all arrangements completed, which was complete in every respect before I knew anything about it. He then wrote me that there would be a concatenation and for me to see to it that I would be there. Charley, you are all right and know just how to do things, and you do it.

I take pleasure in giving you the following account of the good time we had here on the night of April 27:

In response to the invitations we sent out quite a number of the old cats put in their appearance, among whom were: P. C. Langan and Ed. Carey, Cairo, Ill.; A. B. Simonson, Springfield, Ill.; Bert Ahrens, Decatur, Ill.; John Cooper, Linton, Ind.; Bob Hunter, Providence, Ky.; Mr. Moore, Louisville, Ky.; C. P. White, Booneville, Ind.; Christ Kratz, Shawneetown, Ill., and Mr. Tate, Indianapolis, Ind.

You know you can pick a pretty good team out of the kind of material listed above. The class of six who were initiated was not the largest class I have ever helped put through, but I leave it to anyone in attendance if they ever saw a livelier bunch of kittens. Mr. Tate, of the Atkins Saw Company, says they had longer claws than any kittens he ever tried to initiate, and it gave the team a good deal of work to trim their claws, and some of the old cats were pretty badly scratched. The kittens had their eyes opened with our cant hooks. They were what you might call juicers, and besides already belonging to a number of orders are always on the lookout for new orders to conquer, and, as they term it, are looking for new sensations. They surely got it when they went up against Hoo-Hoo.

I promised Mr. May that we would let him off easy, and intended to take him in as the second candidate, but while we were initiating Mr. Wertz we happened to discover that Mr. May was looking through a small window which happened to be between the ante-room and the lodge-room. Of course Mr. May did not go in second, but we kept him till the last. May and Moeller were the last ones to go in, and were exceptionally good candidates, and surely got their money's worth. John Cooper, Vicegerent of this district, and myself are very proud of this class, for the reason that

each and every one put through is what you would term a high-class candidate and the kind that is a credit to have in our Order.

This concatenation is the first we have had in about three years and Hoo-Hoo has had a long sleep in this town, but we are now thoroughly awakened and you can look for another meeting in this vicinity in the course of the next few months; in fact, the Hoo-Hoo initiated would be only too glad to hold another meeting next month.

The success of this meeting is largely due to the untiring work of Brothers Bob Hamilton and Frank Euler, and I would suggest that when the next meeting is held here that the Vicegerent of this district be sure and call on these gentlemen for their support. After our concatenation we had rather a swell banquet at Schumaker's, at which twenty-six sat at the table. The writer acted as toastmaster, and while we had no set speeches we listened to a lot of good talk and any number of good stories.

Snark, John Cooper; Senior Hoo-Hoo, E. D. Carey; Junior Hoo-Hoo, C. M. Cathart; Bojum, P. T. Langan; Scrivenoter, Chas. Wofflin; Jabberwock, A. B. Simonson; Custocatlun, B. B. Young; Arcanoper, D. B. MacLaren; Gurdon, R. W. Hunter.

- 17023 Charles Marshall Heard, Evansville, Ind.; traveling salesman John A. Granger & Co.
- 17024 Elmer Diederich Lubrig, Evansville, Ind.; manager Lamasco Lumber Co.
- 17025 Ralph "Muttonchop" May, Evansville, Ind.; purchasing agent and member of firm May, Thompson & Thayer.
- 17026 John Henry Moeller, Mt. Vernon, Ind.; John Henry Moeller & Co.
- 17027 Dayton Cramer Stinson, Owensboro, Ky.; partner and manager J. V. Stinson & Co.
- 17028 Daniel P. Wertz, Evansville, Ind.; member of firm Maley & Wertz.
- Concatenation No. 1251, Evansville, Ind., April 27, 1906.

Up in the Mountains of East Tennessee.

There have been several successful concatenations held in East Tennessee within the past few months, but none more enjoyable than that of Vicegerent W. L. Clark at Johnson City on April 27. Of this concatenation Brother Clark sends the following interesting story of what happened there:

I held my second concatenation last night here in the Old Elk's Hall on Market street. Had fifteen playful kittens who desired to walk in the light of Hoo-Hoo Land. Some of these kittens were very playful, while some of them were very tame and drowsy, but with Max Pease acting as Junior Hoo-Hoo they finally woke and acted more like a playful kitten than they ever did before in their lives, and think that now they have got their eyes opened they will not be sleeping after dark when they are wanted to perform some deed or act.

Please note that we had one of the oldest cats in the Order acting as Senior Hoo-Hoo, and is known in Hoo-Hoo land as No. 1074, and among the people of the outside world as Ed Galloway.

The Senior and Junior Hoo-Hoos are both associated in business together and they make a fine team who-rever you put them, and I do not think that there is a better pair to draw to in the business than they are.

After we had finished our work in the gardens we all went to the Tennessee Restaurant, where Mr. Leach, the proprietor, had laid awaiting us two tables the whole length of his restaurant, which was covered with a splendid lot of eatables and relishes that no orally goes with such things to make them taste good, and as quite a number expressed themselves, "It was all number ones, with the seconds culled out."

With the assistance of Brother Yates, acting as Scrivenoter, we had a very successful concatenation, and everybody went home in the small hours of the night well satisfied that they had had their money's worth.

Snark, W. L. Clark; Senior Hoo-Hoo, E. D. Galloway; Junior Hoo-Hoo, Max L. Pease; Bojum, J. T. Williams; Scrivenoter, W. H. Yates; Jabberwock, E. H. Miller; Custocatlun, W. W. Miller; Arcanoper, P. F. Bullard; Gurdon, S. R. Sells.

- 17039 John Lawson Allen, Johnson City, Tenn.; lumber inspector and buyer Buck & Snodgrass Lumber Co.
- 17040 William Joshua Barton, Johnson City, Tenn.; president Barton-Montcastle.
- 17041 Charles Frank Carrier, Elizabethton, Tenn.; general manager Empire Chair Co.
- 17042 James Madison Curtis, Johnson City, Tenn.; proprietor J. M. Curtis.
- 17043 Nathaniel Columbus Duncan, Hunt Dale, N. C.; buyer and shipper Williamsport Hardwood Lumber Co., Williamsport, Pa.
- 17044 John Henry Lewis, Johnson City, Tenn.; buyer Buck & Snodgrass Lumber Co.
- 17045 David Theodore McKee, Unicoi, Tenn.; buyer Holce Lumber Co.
- 17046 Harry Beaumont Miller, Johnson City, Tenn.; secretary and treasurer Johnson City Foundry and Machine Works.
- 17047 William McEwen Netherland, Johnson City, Tenn.; inspector and shipper Wood-Galloway Co.
- 17048 Harry Rufus Parrott, Johnson City, Tenn.; vice President Summers-Parrott Hdw. Co.
- 17049 Frank Dana Percy, Elizabethton, Tenn.; secretary and treasurer Empire Chair Co.
- 17050 Henry Ellsworth Sanford, Elizabethton, Tenn.; manager Sanford & Treadway.
- 17051 Joseph Pinckney Summers, Johnson City, Tenn.; secretary and treasurer Summers-Parrott Hdw. Co.
- 17052 Tarpley "Toecane" Turbyfill, Toecane, N. C.; buyer John T. Dixon Lumber Co.
- 17053 Moses Tarpley Young, Elk Park, N. C.; buyer John T. Dixon Lumber Co.

Concatenation No. 1272, Johnson City, Tenn., April 27, 1906.

Made Up in Quality.

There were only seven kittens, but plenty of fun and enthusiasm at the concatenation held by Vicegerent O. H. Rectanus, at Pittsburg, on May 4. Mysteries were dealt out to those kittens the like of which they had never dreamed of in their philosophy of life. Things went merrily in the onion patch under the leadership of Brother J. J. Linehan, who acted in the role of Junior. The initiation ceremonies were held at the Hotel Henry. The spread at the Session on the Roof was an elaborate one. A feature of the evening was contributions made to the lumbermen who suffered in the San Francisco disaster. There was not an idle or a heavy moment from the beginning of the evening's entertainment until the end.

Snark, O. H. Rectanus; Senior Hoo-Hoo, J. H. Henderson; Junior Hoo-Hoo, Jos. J. Linehan; Bojum, O. J. Mann; Scrivenoter, T. A. Delse; Jabberwock, R. E. Gannon; Custocatlun, G. A. Kamerer; Arcanoper, W. A. Terry; Gurdon, John Loeffert.

- 17051 William Franklin Anderson, Ingram, Pa.; salesman A. M. Turner Lumber Co.
- 17052 Samuel Emmett Coons, Pittsburg, Pa.; traffic manager Wm. Whitmer & Sons, Inc.
- 17053 Benjamin Whiteley Cross, Pittsburg, Pa.; sales manager Wm. Whitmer & Sons, Inc.
- 17054 John Dana Hollman, Pittsburg, Pa.; manager Pittsburg office Wiley, Harker & Camp Co.
- 17055 Frank Alexander Hopper, Jr., Wilkinsburg, Pa.; manager Wilkinsburg office E. M. Diebold Lumber Co.
- 17056 John Ralph McDowell, Pileatin, Pa.; owner J. R. McDowell
- 17057 Jacob Peters Shirk, Jennings, Md.; general manager Garret Lumber Co.

Concatenation No. 1253, Pittsburg, Pa., May 4, 1906.

A Protest From Paducah.

Paducah, Ky., May 3, 1906.—J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter: In the write-up of the recent Paducah concatenation which appeared in your April issue this paragraph occurred:

"Each of the fifty guests were presented with a green carnation, also a bunch of the cigars tied with green ribbon. The table was decorated with these green carnations—that unusual flower having been evolved by a local Luther Burbank. The Scrivenoter must confess that he will hold judgment in abeyance until he has seen these green carnations. There is a popular English novel in which green carnations play a prominent part, but except at Paducah he knows not of their coming to America. He will wait to be shown."

Now I want to say that what you don't know about up-to-date methods in floriculture would make a big book. You may know something about evolution in a general way—though I doubt even that. But you certainly are a back number concerning the success of recent experiments along practical lines. Is it possible that you have never seen a green carnation? Of course I know that Nashville is a sleepy old town compared to Paducah, and it may be that your florists are away behind the times. You should have made a very special effort to attend our concatenation here. You might have learned a few things. Those carnations were the real thing and they were green. They were also very fragrant and their use as a table decoration was extremely effective. If I had had any idea that you were so ignorant of what is going on in the way of the production of new and strange flowers I would have sent you one of the green carnations as a souvenir. Every man who attended the Paducah concatenation can tell you that the green carnations were genuine.

(No. 4964).

Dues for 1906.



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

Another Account of Philadelphia Meeting.

Although we published in the April issue of The Bulletin an account of the meeting held by Vicegerent Jerome H. Sheip, we reproduce here an extended account of that meeting, which reached our office too late for the last issue:

When it comes right down to doing things in Hoo-Hoo in bang-up style Quakers have a reputation that is hard to beat. A concatenation, banquet and an on the roof session was held in Philadelphia, Tuesday evening, March 13, and a more entertaining affair never was held by the Hoo-Hoo of that city. Jerome H. Sheip, the new Vicegerent Snark for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, is following closely in the lines set by his worthy predecessor, John J. Rumbarger, and is awakening new interest in the organization by his work. It took Mr. Rumbarger to revive the flagging interest in Hoo-Hoo in Pennsylvania, and Mr. Sheip is determined to give it new laurels and force.

Sixteen kittens had their eyes opened at the concatenation, which was held in one of the luxurious rooms of the Hotel Watton. The officers were all past masters in the art of conducting the unsuspecting kittens to the onion patch, though deserved credit must be given William D. Gill, of Baltimore, Md., who did the Junior work.

By the time the concatenation was over, everything was in readiness for the banquet in the beautiful banquet hall of the hotel. A finer dinner never was served at a lumberman's gathering. Plates were laid for ninety-nine, the number who were present, at the tables arranged in the shape of the letter E. John J. Rumbarger acted as toastmaster and on either side of him were several former Vicegerent Snarks. At one end of the dining hall was a platform, on which was stationed an orchestra that played during the several courses. Back of the toastmaster was a large drawing of the symbol of Hoo-Hoo, whose features remarkably represented those of Snark Sheip. This work was a drawing by Harry E. Olson, who is seemingly as clever with the brush and pencil as he is in selling hard-woods.

It was a feast served as only the Walton can serve good things to eat. And as the cigars and coffee stage of the banquet had been reached Toastmaster Rumbarger called upon those gathered about the hospitable board to say a few words to their fellow Hoo-Hoo. Among those who responded were: Vicegerent Snark Waters, of Baltimore, Md.; William D. Gill, of Baltimore, Md.; former Vicegerent Snark Kirby, of Baltimore, Md.; former Vicegerent Snark Frank T. Rumbarger, of Philadelphia; former Vicegerent Snark Charles H. Adams, who broke into poetry; former Vicegerent Snark Lewis Doster, of Chicago, Ill., and Brother William "Indian Tan" Ewzler, of Philadelphia. Each one had something nice to say, and "Billy" Gill got off a couple of good stories that he brought along from the Monumental City.

After the feasting and speechmaking and the clearing of the tables, the diners swung their chairs to face one end of the room where had been erected a stage for the vaudeville performers. Billy Gill made the announcements, and those who have met this large-souled and large-bodied individual of stalwart lungs and humorous ways know that he made good. Among the entertainers were:

Quartette.....	The Dixie Comedy Four
Tom White, James R. Kahmar, Charles Berber, Theodore Reed.	
Specialty.....	Miss Kitty Myers
Violin Solo.....	Mr. Joseph Rogers
Selection.....	Mr. Joseph Rogers
Tenor Solo.....	Mr. Frankie Wallace
Hebrew Specialty.....	Tom White
Bass Solo.....	George Hampton
Quartette.....	William J. O'Donnell
Selection.....	The Dixie Comedy Four
Specialty.....	Edward Bennett
Basso Solo.....	Miss Irene Vaughn
Dolngs By.....	Theodore Reed
	Fred Yockey

The whole affair is conceded to be one of the most dignified and yet most enjoyable affairs ever held in the East. Snark Sheip worked hard to have the concatenation, banquet and entertainment run smoothly, and he was successful in the highest degree.

The rhyme which Mr. Adams got off at the banquet was as follows:

Of all the men in this big town,
The men of Hoo-Hoo have great renown;
'Twas not always thus, 'tis safe to nugur,
But the change was made by John Rumbarger.

'Tis now, and will be to the end,
That lumbermen of the Hoo-Hoo type
Will be impressed and well looked after
By our Vicegerent, Jerry Sheip.

A feature of the whole affair was the sentiment created for securing the 1907 annual for Philadelphia. It was argued that inasmuch as the 1905 annual was held on the Pacific coast, and that the 1906 annual at Oklahoma City also is in the West, the next annual should be held in some Eastern city, and the Quaker City Hoo-Hoo want the 1907 annual. That is equivalent to saying that no stone will be left unturned by the faithful to

bring the big gathering to Philadelphia. The city is entitled to have recognition at the hands of the Order. About three years ago Hoo-Hoo was practically unknown in the East—at least, concatenations were rare and far between. At this stage John J. Rumbarger took hold of the work. For two months he labored in getting a class together in Philadelphia for a concatenation and was rewarded by initiating twenty-nine kittens. But he did not let the matter drop there; he kept up the work, and no Vicegerent Snark ever had a better record than Mr. Rumbarger in the two terms he served. His work, moreover, was the reawakening of interest all over the East in Hoo-Hoo. New York, Boston, Baltimore and other cities along the Atlantic coast woke up and Hoo-Hoo was given a spurt.

And so today Philadelphia asks for the 1907 annual. It not only asks for it, but it is going to have the meeting. Everybody has promised a helping hand, and it is going to offer such attractions that it is going to win. The slogan from this time forward is Philadelphia Philadelphia Philadelphia. Philadelphia can take care of an annual. Philadelphia has as fine hotels as any city in the country. Philadelphia has more points of historical interest than any place in the country. Philadelphia has the most magnificent park in the United States. Philadelphia has industries that would prove a revelation to visitors. Philadelphia has a river that affords the finest water trips and draws ships from all over the world. Philadelphia can offer the best in the way of railroad transportation. Philadelphia is one hour's ride from Atlantic City, the finest and most interesting seashore resort in the country. Philadelphia wants the 1907 annual. Philadelphia is going to have the 1907 annual or know the reason why.

The Question of Admission.

The question of admission to the hall for the institution ceremonies is one that should be given due consideration by every member of the Order. There have been many abuses of the privileges of Hoo-Hoo by the failure of those in charge of the concatenation to use due diligence on the question of admission. Brother Gladding's letter is a timely one, and he will have many followers for his policy by the time the next annual comes around:

My Dear Scribe-noter—It is not too early in the Hoo-Hoo year to offer suggestions in the way of new legislation or rules for the good of the Order, then with your kind permission I should like the use of a few lines of space in The Bulletin to propose a little plan concerning the issuing of receipts for dues and covering the matter of admissions to concatenations. I think that it will be admitted by all members who have ever had anything to do with the handling of concatenations that there are nearly always present Hoo-Hoo who cannot remember their numbers, and others who if they were suddenly asked the question could not for the life of they tell whether or not their dues had been paid for the current year. Sometimes they are in arrears for one or more years back, not from any lack of interest especially—but simply from neglect. They probably have no desire to quit the Order and would doubtless pay up regularly if they knew they had to be in "good standing" with the Supreme Office before they could get into a concatenation.

Now, as a matter of fact, such persons are seldom if ever refused admission to concatenations. I don't remember of ever having heard of a case of a member being turned down or out of a concatenation in any part of the country for being delinquent on his dues. There may, however, have been some such instances, but I will venture to say that it was only where the party had fallen so far behind that he has been dropped from the rolls and some member present happened to remember it.

And right here, suppose a man has failed to pay for several years and the Scribe-noter has dropped him from the lists, and he hears of a concatenation in the town where he is located or temporarily stopping. He takes a notion to go, gives the pass word, etc. Can any one tell or have any means of knowing, or will they even think or care to ask if he is in "good standing?" He may attend such a meeting knowing that he is badly in arrears, or he may do so unconsciously, but in either case he ought not to be admitted, no matter how good a fellow he may be or how active a Hoo-Hoo he may have been.

To be in "good standing" should mean that dues are paid for the current year, but if that seems too severe to the majority of the members, then it should mean that dues have been paid for the previous year.

But for myself, I believe that business is business, and "a thing worth doing is worth doing well," and would therefore propose an amendment to the by-laws refusing admission to any member to any and all concatenations unless he has paid his dues for the current Hoo-Hoo year not later than January 1.

As an evidence of payment, a card receipt can be issued by the Scribe-noter containing the member's name and number, which the member is to counter-sign if called upon to do so at any time; this card to be carried by the member, and is to be shown by him at the door of every Hoo-Hoo concatenation or meeting that he attends. It seems to me that a rule of this kind will not work a hardship on any one. On the other hand, it will save many an embarrassment to Hoo-Hoo officers who desire to do their duty impartially, and it will be fair to everybody.

I do not claim this scheme to be new with myself. It is in vogue with several other secret orders, and I believe that something similar was proposed by Brother Ed Schwartz, of New Orleans, at the annual in St. Louis in 1901. I hope that the annual at Oklahoma City in September will adopt some such plan.

If any one can offer any valid objection we shall be glad to hear what it is.

Fraternally yours,
No. 99.

Coming Concatenations

New York.

Mr. Arthur W. Kreinheder, Vicegerent of the Western District of New York, expects to hold a concatenation at Buffalo, N. Y., Wednesday, June 21. On the day following the concatenation he has arranged a river party down Niagara River and around Grand Island, stopping at several of the pleasure points.

This will be Vicegerent Kreinheder's first concatenation, and he expects every member of the Order in good standing in his district to be present. He will accept no excuse from the resident members at Buffalo.

Arkansas—Texas.

Vicegerent D. B. Lyon, of Sherman, Texas, and Vicegerent J. C. McGrath, of Malvern, Ark., will hold a joint concatenation at Texarkana, Ark., May 19. Brother R. M. Morris is in charge of local arrangements.

Vicegerent Lyon will go direct to Dallas, Texas, from Texarkana, where he will hold another concatenation May 21.

Mr. Lyon was appointed Vicegerent of the Northern District of Texas only a few months ago, and since his appointment he has been hustling. He will probably hold a concatenation at San Angelo, Texas, some time in the near future.

Michigan.

The boys are preparing for a big time at the concatenation at Grand Rapids, Mich., on June 1. Vicegerent E. G. Shorrey already has things under way, having now seven applications, and he writes that many more will be ready for the initiation ceremony by the time June 1 rolls around. From letters received in this office it would seem that this is to be one of the biggest concatenations that has been held in Michigan for many days.

Personal Mention.

Brother T. G. Hutchinson, No. 8944, Jacksonville, Fla., was in Nashville several days recently in the interest of his new business. He has left the lumber business and is now president of the Hutchinson Audit Company, of Jacksonville, a concern making a specialty of straightening out and systematizing the bookkeeping for lumber and saw mill concerns. Without knowing about the matter in detail, it would appear that Brother Hutchinson has a big field before him, and there is no wonder to express when he states that he has business to keep him a "humping" for some time to come. Brother Hutchinson served quite a spell in the lumber business himself, and has practical knowledge of the sort of bookkeeping lumber people must need. He is a Fellow of the American Association of Public Accountants.

Prices of Hoo-Hoo Jewelry.

Hoo-Hoo lapel button.....	\$2 10
Ostrian Cloister lapel button.....	5 10
Ladies' stick pin.....	1 60
Hoo-Hoo watch charm.....	7 50
Hoo-Hoo cuff links.....	7 50

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

Invitation from Baltimore's Mayor.

The Hoo-Hoo of Baltimore and Maryland are united in a cordial invitation to hold the 1907 annual in Baltimore. The following invitation from the chief executive of that city has been received:

On behalf of the citizens of Baltimore, and through the courtesy of Mr. George E. Waters, Vicegerent of the State of Maryland, I take pleasure in extending to you a most cordial invitation to hold your next annual (September, 1907,) in this city.

Our experience in the past fully demonstrates our natural advantages as a convention city, and I can assure you of a most hearty welcome by the people, as well as by myself.

As you gentlemen are aware, lumber has played no small part in the rehabilitation of our city, and if you desire to honor us by holding your convention in our city, we feel that we will be able to not only make you feel welcome, but will be able to point out many features of interest to you, more especially, perhaps, the wonderful progress made in the rebuilding of our burnt district.

Trusting that we may have the pleasure of your personal acquaintance in the very near future, I am,

Yours very truly,

E. CLAY TIMANUS, Mayor.

Hymeneal.

Farrar-Campbell.

Brother Roy M. Farrar, vice president of the South Texas Lumber Co., one of the most prominent young lumbermen and one of the most popular Hoo-Hoo of Houston, was united in marriage on April 30 to Miss Margaret Campbell, of Waxahachie, Tex. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride, the bride's father, Rev. James Campbell, a prominent minister of Northwest Texas, officiating. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Farrar departed on a bridal trip East, and will return to Houston about May 15.

The popularity of Brother Farrar was clearly evidenced on the day of his marriage, for the telegraph wires of Houston were kept fairly hot with congratulations, over forty messages being received by the young couple in one day. A number were also sent to St. Louis to await the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Farrar there. Many of them were sent by the good friends of the groom, extending their congratulations to him and their condolence to Mrs. Farrar.

Obituary.

Gardner Calvin Pratt (No. 72).

Brother Gardner Calvin Pratt, one of the most popular traveling men of the Southwest and one of the oldest Hoo-Hoo, died at his home in Houston, Texas, of apoplexy, on March 13. Since 1899 Brother Pratt has been connected with the Central Coal & Coke Company, and it is possible that there is not a lumber office in the State of Texas that has not welcomed him at his coming. Of a genial, lovable nature, he readily made friends with every one. It was well known of him that outside of the sale of the product of his company he had no ax to grind, but instead his hand went forward to help every man that he could help, it mattered not his position or standing in the world.

Brother Pratt was known among his friends by two nicknames, "George" and "Steve." He was a regular attendant upon all of the lumber conventions which met in the Southwest, and his friends were limited by his acquaintance.

Brother Pratt was first engaged in business at Weatherford, Texas, as manager of a lumber yard. He moved to Fort Worth in 1893, where he engaged in the wholesale lumber business. In 1899 he accepted a position with the Central Coal & Coke Company. Besides this he was president of the Southern Association of Lumber, Sash & Door Sales-

men, and vice president of the Ragon Lumber Company, of Oklahoma. His genial and social disposition carried him into other orders besides that of Hoo-Hoo. He was a member of the Travelers' Protective Association, United Commercial Travelers, International Travelers' Association, Elks, a Mason and a Knight Templar.

He is survived by a wife and one son, Benson K. Pratt, 19 years of age. Nearly every lumberman has heard Brother Pratt speak of his ambition for his son. His remains were interred at his old home in Ripy, Wis., where his father, now 90 years old, resides.

Leon Blum (Hon. 82).

Brother Leon Blum, one of the most beloved and highly honored citizens of Galveston, passed away at his home in that city on March 28. Brother Blum had been in failing health for some months and went to Marlin, Texas, in hopes of recuperating his health. He realized, however, that the end was approaching and returned to his home ten days before his death to pass, as he said, his last hours in the city he loved so well and in the city he helped to build. Brother Blum was president of the Leon & H. Blum Land Company, one of the wealthy concerns of Galveston. Flags on the Cotton Exchange, courthouse and other public buildings were flying at half mast in his honor.

Brother Blum was born August 20, 1836, at Gunderschoffer, Alsace. In 1852, when but sixteen years of age, he came to America, landing at New Orleans, but immediately went to an interior town in Louisiana, where he stayed but a short time. He then went to Richmond, Texas, where he entered the employ of Blum & Mayblum, of which his brother was the senior partner. During his long residence in Fort Bend County Mr. Blum won the esteem and confidence of all the residents, and he highly prized this friendship until his death. At the close of the war he settled in Galveston, establishing the firm of Leon & H. Blum, a company engaged in the wholesale dry goods, shoes, hats and notion business. This company grew until it did business of about five millions a year. In 1882 the Leon & H. Blum Land Co. was organized. This company was one of the original promoters of the G. C. & S. F. Railroad. Brother Blum was a director in many of the financial companies of Galveston and his influence extended throughout the entire State of Texas.

In 1862 he was married to Miss Henrietta Levy, of Corpus Christi.

N. C. Washburn (No. 12476).

Brother N. C. Washburn died at his home in Monroe, La., on March 20, after a two weeks' illness. Brother Washburn was 39 years of age and a native of North Carolina, moving, however, to Louisiana some years ago. In 1901 he made his home in Monroe and engaged in the lumber business. At his death he was proprietor and manager of the Washburn Lumber Co., and had recently purchased a mill at Simsboro. Brother Washburn was one of the most valued residents of Monroe, and a gentleman of exceedingly quiet disposition, but energetic and industrious in his business affairs. He was greatly beloved by all who knew him. Brother Washburn was married in 1886, at Orange, Texas, to Miss Elizabeth A. Canfield. His wife and five children survive him. The remains were interred at Pollock, La.

E. E. Smith (No. 12259).

Far away from home in a city he had never visited before, Brother E. E. Smith, Southeastern traveling representative of the Southern Lumberman, died suddenly at Jacksonville, Fla., on the evening of April 18. All in the

Order of Hoo-Hoo is not mirth, and this was never better exemplified than in the case of the death of Brother Smith. Hearing of his demise, lovingly the Hoo-Hoo of Jacksonville took charge of the remains and everything that possibly could be done was done. Brother Smith's friends and relatives were notified, the body prepared for burial, and after meeting and passing resolutions, the Hoo-Hoo of that city sent a representative with the body to his home in Covington, Ky.

Brother Smith had been in bad health for about a year and a half, but he was not expecting the sudden summons which came to him. At the hotel in Jacksonville, on the evening of his death, he was talking with some of his acquaintances. He spoke of how much better he was feeling and rejoiced in the improvement he had made in the far South. He retired and the next morning he was found dead in his bed.

Few men connected with the lumber newspapers were more popular than Mr. Smith. There was a sincerity and genuineness about him that made many lasting friends.

Brother Smith was 51 years of age. He started in the newspaper business as a newsboy of Grand Rapids, Mich., and has held positions of prominence and trust on papers in Grand Rapids and Detroit. During 1901 and 1902 he owned and conducted a trade paper in West Virginia, disposing of that business to accept a position with the Southern Lumberman. He traveled through Tennessee, Georgia, Kentucky, West Virginia, North Carolina and Florida, and had many warm personal friends among the lumbermen in all of these States.

Brother Smith was survived by a wife and two daughters. His remains were interred at his home in Covington.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Hoo-Hoo of Jacksonville:

WHEREAS, The Supreme Ruler of the universe, in his all-wise providence, has seen fit to take from our midst Brother E. E. Smith, and while we bow to the will of Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Smith, Hoo-Hoo has lost a devoted member, and his wife a kind and loving husband.

Resolved, further, That Hoo-Hoo express regrets and condole to his family in their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That these resolutions be printed in the city papers, the Hoo-Hoo Bulletin and a copy engrossed and sent to his family.

(Signed)
J. W. HYDE, Chairman,
S. L. CHAPMAN,
D. A. CAMPBELL,
Committee.

Albert E. Sherwin (No. 8630).

Brother Albert E. Sherwin, one of the most prominent citizens of Leadville, Col., died at his home in that city on February 15, after only about a week's illness. His physicians realized that there was but little hope for his recovery, and the summons came to him surrounded by his family and friends.

Brother Sherwin was the son of the late Albert Sherwin, founder of the American National Bank of that city and one of the chief proprietors of the Elgin Smelting & Refining Co. Brother Sherwin has been in the lumber business for some time, and his business success was a noted one. He had the love and esteem of every one who knew him. He is survived by a wife and three children.

Rubberneck.

"Well, doctor, do you think it is anything serious?"
"No, no—just a carbuncle on the back of your neck. But you must keep an eye on it."

Imagination makes liars of us all.

The Heights.

I cried, "Dear Angel, lead me to the heights,
And spur me to the top."

The Angel answered, "Stop
And set thy house in order; make it fair
For absent ones who may be speeding there,
Then we will talk of heights."

I put my house in order. "Now, lead on!"
The Angel said, "Not yet;
Thy garden is beset

By thorns and tares; go weed it, so all those
Who come to gaze may find the unweeded rose;
Then will we journey on."

I weeded well my garden. "All is done."
The Angel shook his head.
"A beggar stands," he said,

"Outside thy gates; till thou hast given heed
And soothed his sorrow and supplied his need
Say not that all is done."

The beggar left me singing. "Now at last—
At last the path is clear."

"Nay, there is one draws near
Who seeks, like thee, the difficult highway.
He lacks thy courage, cheer him thro' the day.
Then will we cry, At last!"

I helped my weaker brother. "Now the heights—
Oh, guide me, Angel, guide!"
The presence at my side,
With radiant face, said, "Look, where are we now?"

And lo! we stood upon the mountain's brow—
The heights, the shining heights!

Evolution of the Road.

(In 1895)

A narrow rural road,
A wheelman *a la mode*;
A farmer who insists on driving straight;
Adjoining banks of sand,
No chance to pass him, and
The cyclist bites the dust in humble state.

(In 1905)

Same highway once again,
Same farmer holds the rein,
Same wheelman speeds along on air-shod steed;
Four wheels instead of two,
His automobile new—
The tables turn—the rural czar is freed.

Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil—Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long.
Faint not, fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

No rock so hard but that a little wave
May beat admission in a thousand years.
—Tennyson.

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 steam goods and mill supply salesman to travel Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. Address, stating experience and former employers, H. J. V. P. O. Box 482, New Orleans, La.

WANTED—Experienced hardwood inspector. Southern man preferred, with ability to handle men. Address Box 25, Elizabethton, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as buyer and inspector of long leaf yellow pine. Have had six years' experience and will take any territory. My references are the Seymour Lumber Co., McElreath-Perry Co. and the Ithwood Lumber Co. Address "Long Leaf," care J. H. Baird, Nashville, Tenn.

LOST—Hoo-Hoo button No. 1487. If found return to R. L. Williams, care Brown & Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

WANTED—Position as manager or superintendent; 18 years of practical experience in cypress, pine and hardwoods, from log to consumer, office and outside; good executive ability and can control labor; Pacific Coast preferred; give full particulars in first letter. Address "Bill," care of J. H. Baird, Scrivenor, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Sales manager for whole-sale hardwood lumber business; state age, experience, salary and reference. Address "Hardwood," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenor, 1008 First National Bank Bldg., Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as superintendent, shipping clerk, salesman or buyer with yellow pine making either export or domestic shipments; am thoroughly familiar with the lumber business, from and retail firm; can furnish first-class references from present and past employers; am married and strictly sober. Address "Yellow Pine," care of J. H. Baird.

WANTED—Position as lumber inspector or yard foreman by competent man 28 years old; earnest worker and best of recommendations. Address S. H., care of J. H. Baird, Scrivenor, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Young man experienced in buying and selling yellow pine lumber; to manage this department and take stock in wholesale concern. Only those with good connection and record need answer. "Wholesaler," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenor, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—An expert lumber accountant to take position of secretary and treasurer of wholesale lumber business. Only up-to-date men and those able to invest some money need reply to "Georgia Pine," care Bulletin, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Situation by a practical bookkeeper of 25 years' experience. Last six or eight years in the lumber and commissary business. Am sixty years of age, active as a cat and not afraid of work. Will make any millman or lumberman a good man. First class reference. Address S. C. Law, No. 6754, 633 Pulliam St. Atlanta, Ga.

WANTED—To buy yellow pine for some good concern; will work on part salary and part commission. Have personal acquaintance with all mills in Mississippi and many years' experience in lumber business, both domestic and export trade, in cypress as well as yellow pine. Can render valuable service to any good concern. Address "B. B.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenor, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—A young man who is sober, honest, industrious and who is willing to work; who is a good stenographer and with fair education. Will pay all he is worth to begin with and advance wages as he learns the business. We can offer advancement. We sell anything out of which to build a house and would like a young man who can take up this work along with his office duties and when he becomes proficient we would put him in charge of a retail yard, probably a branch of this business and give such stock in the new business as he might be able to handle. Address "Advancement," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenor, 1008 First National Bank Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

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

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

WANTED—A position as bookkeeper by a practical man of long experience; satisfactory reference furnished. Address E. B. Stark (No. 480), 216 21st St., Cairo, Ill.

WANTED—A position as retail lumber yard manager or traveling salesman for lumber, sash and door or building material firm. Was manager of a retail yard which did an \$80,000 business last year. Am A-1 on collections and keeping the outstanding and investment at the minimum. Would prefer to take position about April 1, but would take the right place sooner. Will go anywhere. The firm I have been with for years has sold out all their yards but I can give you them for reference. Address all communications to "Mack," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenor, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—A young man stenographer who has a fair knowledge of bookkeeping. Work easy. State salary expected. Address Dickinson Lumber Company, Paragould, Ark.

WANTED—By an experienced lumberman living in Los Angeles, Cal., a good connection with some first-class northern saw mill or wholesale lumber concern, a position as office manager and sales agent to handle their product in Southern California. Salary on commission. Twenty-five years' experience wholesale and retail business. Address Hoo-Hoo No. 7657, 762 South Spring St., Room 203, Los Angeles, Cal.

WANTED—Position as hardwood lumber inspector. Can give best of reference. Have had fifteen years' experience and am strictly sober. Address 240 Court St., Memphis, Tenn.

WANTED—Experienced salesman for railway and mill supply house, one acquainted with the trade in South Georgia. Address Box 161, Savannah, Ga.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

How I Lost My First Job.

While the world was yet so new to me that my eye had no cast of suspicion in looking on it, I was given employment at a portable saw mill. My duty was to pump water into a barrel which fed the boiler.

During the first day I began to think. During the second day I explained my plans to the "boss." On the third day we began to work on them as our spare moments permitted, and by noon of the fourth day my little world was a realization: a long pole pivoted in the center to post, with one end connected by an arm to a crank on the end of the shaft that drove the sawdust drag, the other end being connected to the suction-rod of the pump.

It worked to perfection, and it was my own child. No great engineer was ever so proud of his achievements. I spent all the afternoon strutting about with an oil-can in my hand and my little heart expanding with the ecstasy of watching that rude piece of machinery work. Would 6 o'clock never come? Then I would run home and tell my mother of my wonderful creation, and what a jolly time I should have all vacation, just watching it make money for me!

At 6 o'clock the "boss" came to me and said: "Billy, our contrivance seems to work all right. I'll not need you any longer."

Sudden death would have been more merciful.

I demanded my wages.

"No," he said. "I never give money to children. I'll pay your father."

My poor father's life was only spared thirty-eight years after I was discharged, consequently the "boss" still owes me the bill.

Since then I have put in several labor-saving devices that have worked well, but it was only my first that ever kicked me out of my job.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

The Killer.

A thousand miles, from east to west,
I journeyed, on relentless quest.

I met him in the solitude
As he his shaggy way pursued.

He swung his head in dazed surprise;
My bullet crushed betwixt his eyes.

I took from him his great domain,
Connecting turquoise sky with plain.

Aye, cañon, crest, and pinon shade;
The bontered pass, the valleyed glade;—

All this from his possession tore,
And set my heel, a conqueror!

I stripped his skin for my renown,
Before my fireplace laid it down.

Within four narrow walls 'tis spread,
That eye may gloat, and foot may tread.

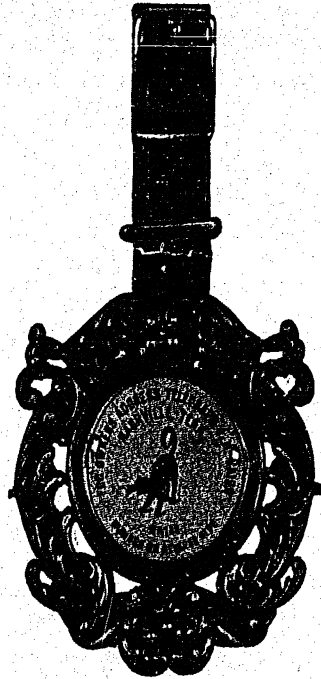
A hero I, in wide relief;
I know that I am but a thief!

—Edwin L. Sabin.

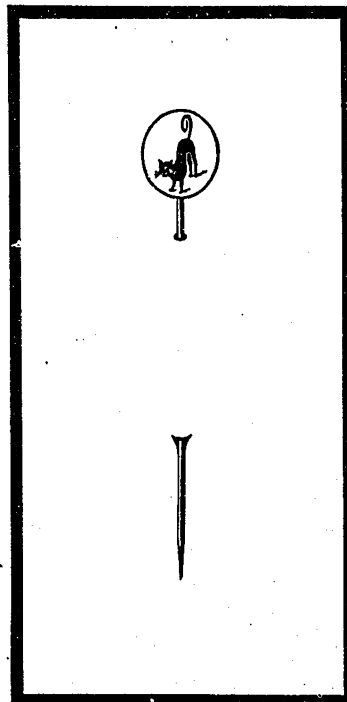
"Unto a little African,
A swimming in the Nile,
Appeared quite unexpectedly,
A hungry crocodile;
And, with that chill politeness,
That makes the warm blood freeze,
Said, 'I'll take a little dark meat
Without dressing, if you please.'"

The Hoo-Hoo Grip Tag.

This is the Hoo-Hoo Grip Tag. It is guaranteed to bring good luck to any travelling man and to keep him from journeying on the downhill road towards failure or disaster. It can be ordered from the Scrivenoter, and will be sold only to members in good standing. The price is 99 cents cash.

**The Ladies' Pin.**

The cut herewith shows the Hoo-Hoo Ladies' Pin. We have yet to see a lady, old or young, who did not want one of these pins the minute she saw it. To have these pins in the hands of pretty women—and a good Hoo-Hoo knows no other sort—is the best possible advertisement for the Order.



Every Hoo-Hoo ought to buy one of these pins, have his number engraved on it, and give it to some good woman. Remit \$1.60 to the Scrivenoter, and one of these pins duly engraved will be sent by registered mail to any address. It is one of the nicest presents imaginable for a man's sweetheart. Only members in good standing can purchase.

**Important Notice!**

Dues for the Hoo-Hoo year ending September 9, 1906, became payable at one-ninth one minute past midnight on September last. Are you paid up for the year September 9, 1906? Are you sure? If you are you had better send 99 cents. Every one who pays up without waiting to be sent notice will help that much to offset the sense 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?

