

THE HOO-HOO BULLETIN

A Monthly Journal Devoted to the Interests of Hoo-Hoo

Vol. V. NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1900. No. 61.

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

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

TERMS TO MEMBERS:

One Year, \$9 Cents. | Single Copies, 9 Cents

Communications should be addressed to THE BULLETIN, 612 Willcox Building, Nashville, Tennessee.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1900.



The House of Ancients.

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- W. E. BARNES, St. Louis, Mo.
- J. E. DEFENBAUGH, Chicago, Ill.
- H. H. HEMENWAY, Colorado Springs, Col.
- A. A. WHITE, Kansas City, Mo.
- N. A. GLADDING, Indianapolis, Ind.
- GEO. W. LOOK, Westlake, La.



The Supreme Nine.

- Snark of the Universe—WM. B. STILLWELL, Savannah, Ga.
- Senior Hoo-Hoo—A. H. WEIR, Lincoln, Neb.
- Junior Hoo-Hoo—W. F. McCLURE, Galveston, Texas.
- Bojani—B. M. BUNKER, Altoona, Pa.
- Scrivenor—J. H. BAIRD, Nashville, Tenn.
- Jabberwock—N. H. FALK, Arcata, Cal.
- Custocatian—J. B. WALL, Buffalo, N. Y.
- Arcanoper—C. W. GOODLANDER, Fort Scott, Kas.
- Gardon—J. R. FLOTBON, Dayton, Ohio.

The Vicegerents.

The following are the Vicegerents of Hoo-Hoo, to whom all inquiries touching Concatenations should be addressed. These men are appointed to look after the interests of the Order in their respective territories. To this end, everything affecting the interests of the Order should be reported to them, and they should have the hearty support and co-operation of every member:

- Alabama—(Northern District)—W. C. Fellows, 2015 First Ave., Birmingham, Ala.
- Alabama—(Southern District)—Richard Hines, Jr., City Editor Register, Mobile, Ala.
- Arkansas—(Northern District)—R. W. Meriwether, Paragould, Ark.
- Arkansas—(Southern District)—H. M. Hart, Camden, Ark.
- Arkansas—(Southwestern District)—W. A. Prater, DeQueen, Ark.
- California—G. L. Belcher, Fremont & Mission Sts., San Francisco, Cal.
- Florida—(Eastern District)—H. H. Richardson, 201 W. Bay St., Jacksonville, Fla.
- Florida—(Western District)—W. B. Wright, Pensacola, Fla.
- Georgia—(Southeastern District)—B. E. Neal, Savannah, Ga.
- Georgia—(Southwestern District)—C. H. Caldwell, Bainbridge, Ga.

- Illinois—B. F. Cobb, 908-909 Medinah Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
- Indiana—(Southern District)—Chas. Wollin, 511 E. Columbia St., Evansville, Ind.
- Indian Territory—S. M. Morris, Thomasville, I. T.
- Iowa—J. Moezel, 72 Clapp Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.
- Kansas—Alfred Baker, Pleasanton, Kan.
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- Kentucky—(Western District)—F. J. Fulton, Paducah, Ky.
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- Massachusetts—T. W. Van Cleave, 153 Milk St., Boston, Mass.
- Mississippi—(Northern District)—E. A. Hill, Vicksburg, Miss.
- Missouri—(Eastern District)—H. R. Swartz, 914 Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
- Missouri—(Western District)—Douglas Dilliam, 331 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.
- New York—(Eastern District)—Jno. J. Canavan, 85 Liberty St., New York, N. Y.
- North Carolina—George V. Denny, Washington, N. C.
- Ohio—(Northern District)—A. W. Ellenberger, 70 Columbus St., Cleveland, Ohio.
- Ohio—(Southern District)—W. A. Drake, Dayton, Ohio.
- Oklahoma Territory—R. B. Eason, Oklahoma City, O. T.
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- Pennsylvania—(Western District)—W. J. T. Saint, 208 S. Main St., Sharpsburg, Pa.
- Republic of Mexico—J. E. MeGINN, Apartado #42, City of Mexico, D. F. Mexico.
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- Tennessee—(Western District)—E. E. Goodlander, Memphis, Tenn.
- Texas—W. H. Norris, box 232, Houston, Tex.
- Virginia—J. E. Drake, Norfolk, Va.
- West Virginia—E. Stringer Boggs, Clarksburg, W. Va.

In Honor of the Snark.

The Banquet and Concatenation at Savannah, Ga., on November 9.

Quite a number of comments on this truly notable event in Hoo-Hoo have appeared in the various lumber papers, but the pleasure is reserved for "The Bulletin" to give all the details in an official account.

To begin with, Snark of the Universe, William B. Stillwell, is one of the most popular and widely known business men of the South. This popularity is not confined by any means to the lumber trade, in which Mr. Stillwell has been prominent for a quarter of a century, but is not less marked in several other lines of business with which he is identified and in his large social connections; and so it was that when the news of his elevation to the Snarkship of the Universe reached Savannah, quite a large quota of the population there set about arrangements for a celebration that would be a testimonial of their appreciation of the honor conferred on Savannah and the State of Georgia. Mr. Stillwell was met at the depot on his return from Mexico by a committee, which accompanied him to his home to consult his pleasure and convenience in the matter. A "smoker" was tendered him on the evening following his arrival, which was attended by practically all the Hoo-Hoo and lumbermen of the city. It was of this "smoker," which was noted at some length in the October "Bulletin," that final arrangements were made for the occasion of November 9. It was determined that a concatenation be held in the afternoon, to be followed by an elaborate banquet in honor of the Snark in the evening.

The Concatenation.

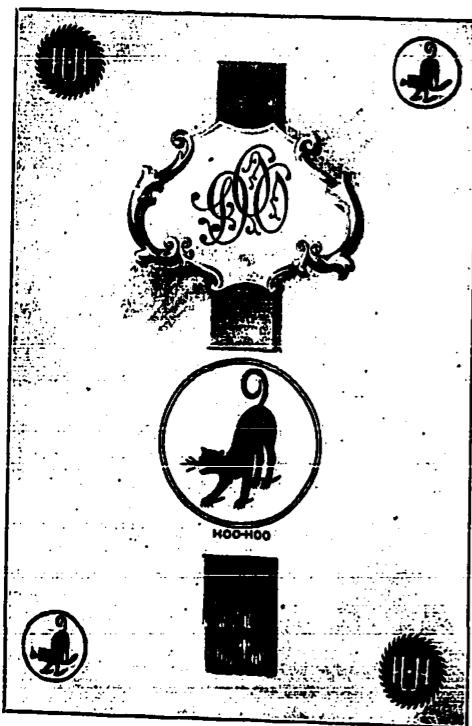
The concatenation, of which formal report has appeared, was under the personal direction of the Supreme Snark, and was conducted by the following officers: B. B. Neal,

Snark: James M. Dixon, Senior Hoo-Hoo; C. W. Howard, Junior Hoo-Hoo; A. B. Palmer, Bojum; W. E. Grady, Scrivener; J. J. McDonough, Jr., Jabberwock; C. W. Saussey, Custodian; Harvey Grauger, Arcanoper; C. C. Martin, Gurdon.

The concatenation was held at the Elks' Hall, and was called to order at 4:00 P.M. It was concluded at 7:29 P.M., when the march through the streets to the De Soto was begun. There were, including the newly-made members, 125 men in line, and this number was swelled to about 200 by invited guests at the hotel. Arriving at the hotel, a line was formed immediately, in which the guests joined, and the entire procession proceeded to the banquet hall on the second floor. Reaching the doorway of the hall, the line halted, dividing on each side of the corridor, the guests passing between the lines. The Hoo-Hoo followed, and all were seated according to order.

The Banquet.

The tables were handsomely decorated with roses and potted plants, while in front of the chairman's seat was a huge black cat in what appeared to be purple moss, with green and glassy eyes, resting upon a bed of ferns. The menu cards were works of art, being engraved upon the outside with the insignia of the Order and with the programmes tied together upon the inside with knots of black and yellow ribbon. The first page of the programme an-



nounced that the banquet was in honor of Mr. William B. Stillwell, Snark of the Universe, and that it was tendered by the Georgia members of the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo; the second page announced the committees, as follows:

Vicegerent Snark of the State of Georgia—W. S. Wilson. Committee, State at Large—H. W. Anderson, Atlanta, Ga.; J. H. O'Neill, Rome, Ga.; Charles F. Degen, Augusta, Ga.; A. D. Schofield, Macon, Ga.; C. C. Cutts, Cordele, Ga.; J. Lee Ensign, Oelila and Worth, Ga.; C. H. Caldwell, Bainbridge, Ga.; H. H. Raymond, Brunswick, Ga.; Hon. J. W. Oglesby, Quitman, Ga.

Banquet Committee—James M. Dixon, Harvey Grauger, T. S. Wyly, Jr., James Freeman, J. J. McDonough, Jr., M. W. Dixon, W. D. Simkins, T. J. Davis, W. F. Baker.

Local Committee—B. E. Neal, J. M. Dixon, A. B. Palmer, T. E. King, H. Grauger, W. F. Baker, W. E. Grady, C. W. Saussey, J. J. McDonough, Jr.

Next followed the toast list, with Col. T. S. Wyly as toastmaster, and the following toasts were responded to by the gentlemen named: "Georgia," Anton B. Wright; "Commercial Expansion," Hon. Pope Barrow; "Culls and Refuse," Davis Freeman; "Fraternity," F. M. Oliver.

Fourth, but not last, came the menu, which was served as described:

Blue Points "Half Bark Off"
Celery "From the Cellar" Sauterne
"First Meow"
Terrapin a L'Anglaise "Benign Tail"
Salted Almonds Olives "From the Roof"
Sherry "Early in the Fight"
Boiled Salmon (Anchovy Sauce) "Catfish Style"
Cucumbers Potatoes Duchess "From the
Fragran. Gardens"
Tenderloin of Beef "Not Embalmed"
String Beans "Curtailed" Mushrooms "Grown on the
Fence" Claret Punch "On the Garret Steps"
Sweetbreads (Pique) "From the Cat"
Green Peas "From the Right-hand Gardens"
Hoo-Hoo Punch "Kittens Beware"
Roast Snipe au Cresson "From Cat-tail Fields"
Tomato and Lettuce Salad "Grown Near the Onion Bed"
Assorted cakes "Furred" Champagne Jelly
"Soft and Downy"
Neapolitan Ice Cream "Kittens' Delight"
Roquefort Cheese "Embalmed" Toasted (Georgin)
Crackers
Fruits "Of Many Fights"
Coffee, "Black" Cigars, "Last Meow"

The Toasts.

In the unavoidable absence of Col. T. S. Wyly, who was to act as toastmaster, Mr. W. W. Starr assumed the position, and discharged its duties with much aplomb. His first call was upon the new Snark, to whom he referred as "the greatest living feline." Mr. Stillwell's response was a most noteworthy one, and we print it in full.

The Snark's Response.

Georgians, Friends, and Hoo-Hoo: This gathering, evincing as it does your high appreciation of the honor conferred upon our State and upon us by the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo, has profoundly affected me, and leaves me almost without words to express my deep emotions. Any feeling of personal satisfaction is swept away by the tide of gratification and pride which I feel and share with each one of you as a Georgian and as a lumberman.

Dear old Georgia! Who does not love her, whether he hails from her wave-beaten shores or from her lofty mountain crests? For myself, born in the shadow of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and, by the rude shock of war, shaken from the dovecot of childhood's happy home, I was reared (literally) all over the State, and have ever found shelter as in the arms of a mother. Among her sons have been the chosen companions of my leisure hours, the friends and associates of my business efforts. Many of you have had more or less a similar experience, and even to those who are sons by adoption she has ever given a kindly welcome.

I know, then, that your hearts thrill with mine tonight at the honor done—not the man, but the Georgian and the lumberman. Georgian I am and lumberman I ought to be. Not to be would mean utter failure to profit by either precept or example, for I entered the school of the lumberman at an early age and took lessons in both theory and practice under such lumbermen as Major Millen, the Wadleys, D. C. Bacon, the Smarts, Jake Colcord, and T. L. Kinsey, and under such timbermen as the Hines, the McLeods, and the Birds. These early lessons were followed up by the experience incident to active business associations with such lumbermen as J. J. Dale,

J. K. Clarke, the Reppards, the McDougoughs, the Hilltons, the Garbutts, the Perkins, the Foy, Johnson, Pike, Millen, Dixon, and others. You to whom these names are all familiar will realize that next to the feeling we have in the honor done our State must come the feeling that to these men, whose names are so closely connected with the business in every stage of its development, as well as to us, their associates and successors, has honor been done in the selection of one of our number as Snark of the Universe, and that recognition has been accorded their efforts and ours to be second to none as lumbermen. All honor to Georgia, and long life and success to her lumbermen!

Standing here to-night as the head of this noble Order and as the representative of my State and of the long line of lumbermen whose integrity and success have brought her to the front, I am overcome with a sense of the responsibility that rests upon me and upon us all to maintain the traditions of our State and our calling and to maintain the high standard of our Order. Just as you are here to-night to evidence your congratulations, your appreciation, and thus your love and interest in Hoo-Hoo, so in the past, ever ready at the call, you have extended aid and sympathy to those bearing your standard. What could I, what could any man, have done without that sympathy and help? So, brothers, in the future I shall look to you for success, and now invoke your aid for the upbuilding of Hoo-Hoo, and particularly for its upbuilding by instilling through precept and example into its ranks a fuller and higher conception of the lofty aims and purposes of our Order; for, as our Seer has truthfully said: "The principles of Hoo-Hoism have been altogether misunderstood by some because of the simplicity of those principles, and we must be led gradually back to the thorough understanding rather than forward to more complexity." I tell you now that not since nineteen centuries ago, when there rang out over the Galilean hills that glad cry, "On earth peace, good will toward men," has any broader, nobler purpose been proclaimed among men than is found in the declaration of the object of our Order: "The promotion of the health, happiness, and long life of its members." The founders of our Order were far-seeing when they bounded our field of work only by the limits of the universe. Logically, its scope is almost infinite. It means fair and generous dealings with friend, competitor—yea, even with foe. What more conducive to a clear conscience, happy heart, and mirthful mind? It means the cordial grasp of the hand of the despairing brother; it means the sympathetic eye and kindly-spoken word, dispelling his gloom and pointing to success; it means, quoting again from our Seer, "that broad charity which will keep ability in touch with opportunity. As it is taught in the ritual, the noblest, best thing we can do for a fellow-man is to turn him about and point him in the direction of using the talents he may have. Then we approach the problem from the right side. To light a lamp of hope in a home when the oil is low and the wick itself burns, to put a loaf where there was but a crust, to put a flush on a pale cheek, to take away despair and place confidence in its place, cannot be done by the simple giving of alms. The giving of place, of position, does those things. If on every Hoo-Hoo Day each kitten could conscientiously testify to the fact that he had been able through his personal efforts to assist at least three deserving persons, of whatever class and walk in life, Hoo-Hoo or not, to an opportunity to earn a living, then we could all touch our hands to the golden thread of that harmony which would mean perpetuation away into the future where the mists are, and would develop it into a rope of gold, extending to that time when the hills and the clouds, the seas and the mountains echo back: 'Health, happiness, long life, peace, and good will to all mankind.'"

Our Order has also its mirthful side, which has been misunderstood, too often taken as a joke. Just here a caution to our friends of the press. Unless by gentle persuasion we can induce them to stop adding the "s" after "Hoo-Hoo" we will make a whole lot of trouble for them, and that's no joke. On the other hand, they have our gratitude and

thanks for their kind notices of our Order and pleasing reports of our concatenations and other functions, embellished at times though they may be.

Pardon a slight digression. It is about our magic number. I want to tell you the "9" goes in Mexico. Brothers Baird and Neal and myself, on arrival in the City of Mexico, were taken to the ninth largest hotel, and were, without any suggestion on our part, after passing around three galleries of three courts, by nine turnings, ushered into Room 9; and here, in the course of events, we made the wonderful discovery that the City of Mexico is supplied with water nine degrees below freezing point. We did not discover this from drinking it, either. While colder, it is not ice; but, take our word for it, it would make a lump of ice of any kitten that would give it half a chance. At that place, in the shadow of that ancient cat, Popo-cat-epetl—which, for the purpose of our Order, we will construe as meaning the black cat with the white crest—we held, on October 17, at 9:09 o'clock, the first concatenation in the republic of Mexico, initiating three members, and continued the "On the Roof" until 1:08 A.M., so as to touch the 15th. But, for want of time, and not to forestall our Scrivener, who, I believe, is going to tell you in "The Bulletin" something about Mexico and our trip, I will say no more about that wonderful country, where Popocatepetl and Itzaccihuatl are only specimens of the names on which a Georgian can try nine pronunciations and then stand nine chances of being wrong, where 1000 and 1000 go hand in hand, and where from poverty and savage, groveling filth to opulence, gorgeous and modern magnificence, and spotless cleanliness is but a step, a glance.

Speaking further as to the real purpose of the mirthful side of our Order, let me give you a quotation now historic in the annals of our Order: "Whatever instrumentally among men beguiles the look of care and provokes wholesome and healthful mirth or drowns the discord of strife in billows of laughter and joy is helping to make men fraternal, and whatever helps to make men fraternal helps to make the world divine." Let us one and all try to so act each to the other, to so conduct our concatenations and all of our gatherings, to so mix with the foundation and mingle in the structure of the edifice we are day by day erecting—harmless fun, delicate humor, and genuine wit—that when we each go our separate way and encounter in the swirl and turmoil of life sorrow, trouble, or perplexity, there will come to us delightful memories which will cause the breast to swell, the step to become buoyant, and the spirit mirthful. Thus, each doing his part, small though it may be, we will erect a mansion of fraternity, destined, perhaps slowly, yet surely, to uplift mankind to that plane where humanity and divinity meet. It is simply done:

"Have you had a kindness shown?"

Pass it on.

'Twas not given for thee alone;

Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

'Till in heaven the deed appears;

Pass it on."

The speech of the Supreme Snark was received with enthusiasm, and was frequently interrupted with applause.

Next in order was the response of Mr. Anton B. Wright to the toast, "Georgia." The response was a bright and entertaining resumé of the history of the "Empire State," filled with humorous comments, and was greatly enjoyed by the guests.

Hon. Pope Barrow, in his response to the toast, "Commercial Expansion," discussed the conditions and legislation affecting the lumberman in this country and advocated the building of the Nicaraguan Canal as an important means of extending the scope of the lumberman.

Mr. Freeman on "Culls and Refuse."

Mr. Davis Freeman, of Savannah, who had for his toast "Culls and Refuse," made a most palpable hit. His remarks were as follows:

"Gentlemen: You must have observed that—

"The time has come, [as] the walrus said,
To talk of many things—
Of shoes, and ships, and sealing wax,
Of cabbages and kings,
And why the sea is boiling hot,
And whether pigs have wings."

"It was thus the walrus introduced to the carpenter a feast of oysters. With this concatenated Order the programme is reversed, and oysters and other edibles introduce to you the 'talk of many things;' and it is well so, for without the stimulus to the intellectual digestive organs afforded by the material feast we have just enjoyed, the banqueters here, I fear me, would suffer from the quantity, if not the richness, of the mental pabulum now in process of being administered. Being without hope of saying anything of value to this assemblage, when your Brother Tom (cat) Davis insisted on knowing to what subject I would address my remarks and advised me of the dishes to be furnished by my fellow-contributors to this meal of words, I told that eminent caterer it would be 'Culls and Refuse,' because I understood those terms to signify in the trade something of no consequence and of little value inevitably incident to the manufacture of merchantable stuff. In 'Georgia,' in 'Commercial Expansion,' and in 'Fraternity' you have had, and will have, the merchantable goods; and as there must be culls and refuse, I must furnish them.

"Truly, gentlemen, there is nothing new under the sun. Take this Order, which perhaps you think you originated and which you have perfected. Who shall say that it was not anticipated by that genius in nonsense, Lewis Carroll, and that he was not warning all poor, purblind kittens cursed with weak constitutions when he wrote:

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son—
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch;
Beware the Jubjub Bird, and shun
The Frumious Bandersnatch?"

"Likely it is that he saw as through a glass, darkly; for, great as was his genius, he failed to conceive that this Order would exert influence and authority beyond the confines of earth. Had Carroll named your supreme officer, we might now be honoring the Jubjub Bird or the Bandersnatch of the World, whereas he is the Snark of the Universe. So much have evolution and your endeavors done with his idea.

"I confess that until recently I had looked on your Order as one for the pursuit of pleasure alone; but, having sought such information as an ineligible may obtain, I am quite ready to confess my error. Considered as an organization of representatives of our vast timber and lumber interests (which are second alone to those of agriculture) and their allied industries and of the steam transportation interests of the country, it is big with possibilities and powers for the benefit of its members and for good to our country and to our people. All over this busy land, from forge and foundry, warehouse and workshop; from mill and factory; in city, field, and forest, arise the commingled noises that make the music of industry. Think what a part the ax of the woodsman, the singing saw of the mill, the hum and rumble and roar of the locomotive, the clash and clang of metal upon metal, the throb of the engines of a vast fleet play in this mighty harmony! Take from their places these performers, with all their major and minor notes, and estimate, if you can, the effect.

"Well, therefore, may you meet to honor a man raised to supreme place in an organization of men in such close touch with all these powerful energies. Only men of purpose, men undismayed by opposition and temporary failure, men who never say 'die,' are equal to the successful conduct of such affairs. He who is discouraged and defeated by opposition and obstacles turns from enterprise to enterprise with half-hearted purpose and dies, so to speak, again and again. This difference between the two classes of men is aptly expressed in the poetic language of that Milesian letter writer who sings,

"D' dunghill dies a thousand deaths,
D' dead game croaks but onet."

and that is when physical death overtakes him. I am sure you agree with me that even such men made no mistake in their choice of Snark of the Universe, for, speaking in the vernacular of his business, he is 'saw-butted' 'stuff' of 'big dimensions,' 'square-edged,' showing 'entire heart face' on all sides, without 'sap,' 'clear of all splits and shakes,' capable of passing the strictest 'prime' inspection.

"Great' indeed 'is Hoo-Hoo, and Stillwell is Snark.' Therefore hail, all hail, to your chief, ye Worldlings, Martians, Saturnalians, ye denizens of the universe! All hail! and may long life, good health, and a prosperous administration be his."

Mr. Frank M. Oliver, in his response to "Fraternity," discussed the progress of mankind from savagery to civilization, and showed how fraternity had developed as a result of the arduous struggles through which men had passed in reaching the present high state of civilization. He commended organizations, such as that represented by the Hoo-Hoo, and then said that organization had done more to advance the interests of the workingman than all other causes combined; that organization had proven to be the best means for the laboring man to uplift himself from hard and unjust conditions. He cited the conditions which formerly existed in England as compared with those which exist to-day as evidence of his assertion, and declared that organization is a sign of fraternity which unites men together and inculcates the practice of the Golden Rule.

At the close of his speech Mr. Oliver proposed three cheers and a toast to the Snark of the Universe, and the proposition was concurred in with a will. Mr. Stillwell then announced an invitation from the Elks to conclude the exercises of the evening at "their yard" out at the Park Extension. This invitation was accepted, and the Hoo-Hoo and their guests proceeded to the carnival grounds, where they met with a warm reception and added much to the life of the evening. The Snark of the Universe rode a camel through the Streets of Cairo, and other Hoo-Hoo vied with him in various feats which added interest to the occasion. It was a great evening, and one which the Hoo-Hoo and their friends will not soon forget.

The "Gala" Concatenation at Jacksonville.

The last week in November was "Gala Week" at Jacksonville, Fla. It was a street fair, Fourth of July, Velled Prophet, and Mardi Gras all rolled into one, and punctuated in the middle by the great American institution of Thanksgiving, or "Turkey Day." The Hoo-Hoo of Jacksonville took part individually on five days of the week and collectively and concertedly on one day. This day was Thursday, Thanksgiving Day. The programme for this day was as below:

Free shows, corner of Newnan and Bay streets, 10 A.M.

Horse races at the Driving Park, 10 A.M.

Free show, corner of Bridge and Forsyth streets, 10:30 A.M.

Free show, corner of Cedar and Bay streets, 11 A.M.

Free show, corner of Bridge and Forsyth streets, 11:30 A.M.

Free show, corner Bridge and Forsyth streets, 2 P.M.

Free show, corner of Cedar and Bay streets, 2:30 P.M.

Floral parade, 3 P.M.

Free show, St. James Park, 3 P.M.

Free show, corner of Newnan and Bay streets, 3:30 P.M.

Fantastic parade, 8 P.M.

It was the last number on the programme that Hoo-Hoo took part in; and if the size of the crowd who witnessed it was any indication, the parade was the event of the whole week. Hoo-Hoo came in the procession just after the "Drum Majors on Stilts" and just ahead of the "Baby-

carriage Brigade." The whole line of march was lit up by red fire, the lurid light of which made the fantastic yet more fantastical. The local paper says of the Hoo-Hoo section:

"The next company which came in line was the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo with a float, on which was a large-sized model of a cat, the emblem of the Order. Following the float were a number of members of the Order, dressed in black robes, wearing masks and false noses. On the robe was a circular piece of white, in the center of which was the emblem of the Order. The display was greeted with cheers all along the line of march, and was a fine one."

Another account by a Hoo-Hoo who took part in it is much fuller:

"The concatenation was preceded by a parade in a turnout of floats, fantasies, etc., in connection with Gals Week. We had an exceedingly fine float, about 9x18 feet, with a raised dais, with an artistic canopy, on the rear end of which were seated Supreme Snark Stillwell and Vicegerent Richardson in regalia. We also had a live Hoo-Hoo cat, about 5 feet high, made up of a short negro and a long negro standing in suitable and proper shaped framework, with a cat's head and tail on at the proper places, making an ideal Hoo-Hoo cat, in good proportions and in exact shape. This cat was held by a Hoo-Hoo on each side, and in front was an initiate prone on the floor of the float. The cat walked up and down, occasionally pawing and smelling at the victim, and shaking his head and tail at the crowd. Following the float was a procession of about fifty Hoo-Hoo and victims, dressed in regalia, the Hoo-Hoo with mortar-board hats, leading the victims, who had on tall, pointed white hats about 2 feet high, and each of them carrying a banner with some amusing sentence on it, as: 'I leave my happy home for Hoo-Hoo,' etc. We, of course, all had colored lights as we marched along the streets, lighting up the float and victims vividly and in varied colors. Judging from the applause we got from the crowds that lined the streets, which far exceeded that given any of the other floats, I think the Hoo-Hoo are entitled to the first prize; even if it should fail to be awarded them."

The prize alluded to was a cash one of \$50 for the most unique and striking feature of the parade. Hoo-Hoo did not get it, but was awarded the second prize of \$25. Vicegerent Richardson was both surprised and a little disappointed at this, as well he might be. If there ever was a decision that ran counter to the manifest sentiment of the people, this was certainly one. Hoo-Hoo probably failed by not having a member on the board of judges.

As intimated, this parade was incident to a concatenation held in the evening, which proved a perfect and thoroughgoing success in every way. The Order, in the opinion of all who attended this meeting, has secured a splendid official in the appointment of Mr. Richardson. He is the general agent of the two roads comprising the "Jacksonville Short Line" and one of the prominent railroad people of the State. From the formal report of the concatenation on another page it will be seen that ten regular members and two honorary life members were admitted, the latter being Mr. Freeman S. Hodges, of Federal Point, Fla., and Mr. J. D. McEachern, manager of the Chicago Lumber and Coal Company.

A number of Hoo-Hoo from outside the State were present, the guests of honor being Snark Stillwell, and Mr. C. A. Lyon, of Dallas, Texas. The latter, who is an ex-Vicegerent, an ex-member of the Supreme Nine, and one of the original founders of the Osirian Cloister, was all the more welcome in that his arrival was wholly unexpected. He was put in the station of the "Junior" in the initiatory ceremonies, in which position he is unexcelled. The meeting in every way was one of the most enjoyable ever held anywhere, and reflects great credit upon not only Vice-

gerent Richardson, but all the membership of Jacksonville. These people made the visitors the recipients of hospitable attentions that cannot be excelled.

Some Personal Notes.

The following reaches us anonymously from New Orleans under date of a few days ago:

"No. 7160 and No. 7292 have taken up active work to reduce flesh, also expense accounts. Both are known to have walked eleven miles over a slag-ballasted railroad recently. The time consumed is not given for several reasons; current remarks omitted for several reasons also. A dinner of wild turkey, with scuppernong juice on the side, made the above feat interesting to the hotel guests at York, Miss. Special treatment of both No. 7160 and No. 7292 by specialist No. 1155 has been very effective. All Hoo-Hoo should consult Brother No. 1155. It's his secret, and a good one, too. All Hoo-Hoo should rejoice over the find."

Brother E. R. Richards, in remitting his dues from Paris, France, under date of November 12, says:

"The Paris Exposition closed to-day; and, as a good Hoo-Hoo, I am anxious to return to the good land of the Great Black Cat, the only country that is fit for a Hoo-Hoo to live in, where the great American eagle spreads its wings of liberty. I hope to see you soon and show you a collection of several hundred photographs I have collected at Paris to explain to the Hoo-Hoo at home what I saw at the Exposition and in Paris; but some of the sights I could not get photographs of."

Under date of November 19, from Ruddock, La., comes an enthusiastic letter from Brother H. W. Huntington, saying that Hoo-Hoo No. 99,999 arrived at his house two days before, and that he weighed "eight pounds three ounces and a half exactly, as near as we could guess. We did not have any steelyards or anything handy." He adds that he has black eyes and dark-brown hair, and that his name is Le-Roy Webster Huntington. We tender our congratulations. With the "man on horseback" clearly in sight, we think this country will need soldiers about twenty years hence, and we hail with joy this potential recruit. Brother Huntington (the elder) will be remembered as the Vicegerent of Northern Alabama last year, during which time he was with the Sample Lumber Company, at Hollins, Ala. About four months ago he removed to Ruddock, La., where he holds a responsible position with the Ruddock Cypress Company.

The papers down Texas way have been poking some fun—and, incidentally, some mighty nice compliments—at Brother James Hays Quarles. "Beau Monde," of Dallas, took this shot at him a few weeks ago:

"Col. James Hays Quarles, a distinguished leader of Waco society, noted for his modesty, demeanor, eccentricities in dress, and prominence in politics and journalism, was here [Dallas] this week conducting the Hoo-Hoo convention. Colonel Quarles will figure in Opie Reed's new book, 'In the Alamo.' In the annals of war there is no more heroic figure than Colonel Quarles, and Reed made a ten-strike when he picked him for one of the principal characters of his story."

Republishing this notice. "Current Issue," of Austin, adds this comment:

"Hoo-Hoo is an eccentric; therefore when Colonel Quarles, self-appointed, assumed the conduct of its great concatenation at Dallas, he but accomplished the harmony of the affair. The imagination, however, is thrown back on its haunches when ridden to the task of figuring out the rôle to which he is assigned in Opie Reed's forthcoming book, 'In the Alamo.' Be that as it may, the Colonel is a 'character,' and Opie Reed's omnivorous Pegasus is in search of that sort of provender. His character is not all in the eccentricity of his habiliments—not in his *four*—"

ble of altitudinous collar, tie of antiquated 'vintage,' coat of minstrel flow, and walking cane of good old Irish Hawthorne—but is strongest in its elements of loyalty and unselfishness and most commendable in the genuine ability, activity, and courage which the man puts in his 'assignments.' No man worked harder or more effectively than James Hays Quarles to get the story of the Galveston calamity to the shore land. There is no privation that he will not endure, no danger that he will not face, to get the news. In fact, he is cast in the mold that makes the born war correspondent; and, after all, it may be that Opie Reed, indulging novellistic license, has given him that rôle in 'In the Alamo.'

Brother T. W. Dobbins, the veteran lumberman, of Lima, O., is quite as frisky as ever. He played it "low down" on a lot of policemen over at Mansfield, O., a few weeks ago. They have got, or did have, some sort of a feud on over there, or, at any rate, there is there a lot of people—that is, we presume they are people—called "Dowites," whom the police are, or were, running down pretty industriously. We are not sure whether they are strikers or horse thieves; but, anyway, Brother Dobbins made the policemen suspect him as one of them, and had them shadowing him all over town. He (Brother Dobbins) would slink along with a furtive look and with his coat turned up as though it concealed something. Finally, when he had led one of the policemen a merry chase, he walked up to him and disclosed his Hoo-Hoo badge, while his (Brother Dobbins') friends stood off and watched the play. They do say there scuttled out of the Mansfield hotel one of the most crest-fallen policemen that was ever seen.

Brother Edgar A. Brown (No. 6989), writing from Flagstaff, Ariz., says:

"I am the only Hoo-Hoo here, but there is lots of good material for a grand concatenation at the mill. Can you not stir up enough interest at Phoenix and Tucson to get a quota of members over here some night to do the necessary?"

Brother D. R. Branson is now located at DuBois, Pa., where he represents E. C. Atkins & Co., with headquarters at DuBois Hotel. After changing about quite a good deal of late, Brother Branson now thinks he is settled for some time to come, and will be pleased to meet all the Hoo-Hoo who whoop things up through the "Keystone State."

Brother R. E. Masters (No. 71), of Los Angeles, Cal., is, we reckon, the greatest living rod-and-reel, deep-sea fisherman that ever lived. We keep tab on his piscatorial doings through the Los Angeles "Times," and he certainly does seem to have wonderful luck. A few weeks ago he "hung" a "sea lion" on a hook baited with a Spanish mackerel, and was playing him on 1,000 feet of line, when another "sea lion" attacked his catch and a desperate fight ensued. The "lions" finally got so near the boat as to endanger its occupants, several of whom were ladies, when Brother Masters cut the line. The "lions" kept up the fight for several minutes before disappearing beneath the water. Another issue of the "Times" says:

"Mr. Masters spent a few hours the other day trolling among them with a rowboat. The weather became very stormy, and the wind kicked up such a choppy sea that it kept the occupants of the skiff busy most of the time managing the craft. In the race of all the difficulties, Mr. Masters, out of three strikes, succeeded, with rod and reel and light tackle, in landing two of those acrobats of the sea. The swells were running so high and were breaking to such an extent that a man could scarcely keep a position in the boat to play a fish, and it was an uphill fight from start to finish. The men in the boat were thoroughly tired when they came ashore."

Still another issue of the "Times" says:

"Robert E. Masters, the pioneer scientific fisherman, of

Long Beach, had an exciting day's sport on Saturday. Equipped with a 6½-foot green-heart rod and a reel with 1,000 feet of No. 21 cuttyhunk line, he started early in the day in the little sloop Alamos, with the veteran fisherman, John McGarvin, at the helm. While trolling during the morning hours off the Bolsa, he landed two albicore, one yellowtail, one skipjack, two bonitoes, one barracuda, and one large mackerel. Once the sea was fairly alive with rock bass, seemingly as far as the eye could reach; but they could not be induced to touch the most tempting bait. By trolling among them, however, Mr. Masters caught and landed a 53-pound white sea bass. The anchor was dropped near the kelp beds off Newport, where, by still fishing, Mr. Masters brought to gaff two halibut, a 200-pound jewfish, and an angel shark measuring 6 feet 4 inches in length. On the way home a monster sunfish was sighted asleep on the surface. The boat was run up close to the fish and it was gaffed. The day's list of catches included fourteen large fish of eleven different varieties."

The "Times" says Mr. Masters has kept a record of the different kinds of fish he has actually seen in the three seasons during which he has been indulging his angling proclivities along that part of the Pacific Coast, and has a total of eighty-one distinct varieties. That does not include shellfish, of which he has landed sixty-two varieties. The paper quotes Mr. Masters as saying:

"After having had experience in many parts of the world, I think the waters off the coast of Southern California contain more varieties of big, game fish than can be found in any other waters that an angler can get to. If the fact were better known, I am sure it would be a source of big revenue to this coast from men who take pleasure in this kind of sport."

Certainly it is great fishing and certainly Brother Masters is a great fisherman—in the deep sea. We do not know anything about these "cuttyhunks," "skipjacks," "barracudas," and other deep-sea monsters he has been "a-ketchin'"; but we are something of a fisherman ourselves, and if Brother Masters will come over to Nashville in the spring, we will take him down on "Piney" after bass and "goggle-eyes." He can go after them "scientifically" and we will go in the way we learned from the negroes when we used to slip off on Sundays, and we will count with him, fish for fish or pound for pound, the loser to "tote" the jug. Come over, Brother Masters. There comes a time in the spring when we have just naturally got to hold a pole, whether we catch anything or not.

Dedicated to Hoo-Hoo.

"Uncle Charley" Goodlander's "Early Days of Fort Scott."

Some time last spring Brother C. W. Goodlander, of Fort Scott, Kan., No. 31 of Hoo-Hoo, at one time president of the Southern Lumber Manufacturers' Association, and at all times for the past half century one of the best-known and interesting characters in the Southwest, took it into his head to become an author. He had achieved success and wealth as a lumberman, as a banker, and as a far-sighted investor in city real estate, and he felt emboldened to enter the new field of literature. This is what "The Bulletin" feels privileged to say about him, though he would not say it about himself. He is a modest man, and would not call his little production "literature" at all. He did not even call it a "book"; he simply called it "a little pamphlet," which he had written in the beguilement of a well-earned rest. But it was a book, because it was bound in cloth; and it was "literature," because it told a truthful and interesting story in simple words; and it was history, too, because it told of the growth of a frontier army post into one of the flourishing cities of a great domain. Somewhere in Charles Kingsley's splendid story, "Westward, Ho!" he draws the striking picture of the blind centenarian sitting in the warming sunlight before the village

lavern, while all about him was the bustle and hurry of the fitting out of Drake's expedition against the Spaniards at San Juan d'Ulloa, in the "New World," and saying: "Just think of it! I have seen it all; from the time when the great Admiral came back and told of the land he had found, I have seen it all!" So with Mr. Goodlander. Of what he told about he had seen it all, and a man tells best what he has seen and done or helped to do.

The little booklet met with such a hearty reception that the limited edition was soon exhausted, and a new one on much amplified lines was arranged for. It is a copy of this second edition that is now before us, and it is a book "sure enough." New matter, with many interesting illustrations, has been added to make the new book nearly twice as large as the first one, and it is handsomely and substantially bound in leather. The full title of the new edition is:

MEMOIRS AND RECOLLECTIONS
OF
C. W. GOODLANDER
OF THE
EARLY DAYS OF FORT SCOTT.

The "Recollections" cover the period "from April 29, 1858, to January 1, 1870, the time prior to the advent of the railroad and during the days of the ox-team and stage transportation," with an appendix in the biographies of Col. H. T. Wilson and George A. Crawford, two of the earliest settlers of Fort Scott, who came to be among its most prominent citizens.

As a compliment to the many friends of its author in the Order, the book is dedicated to the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo, and bears on its front cover the sacred emblem. The frontispiece is a portrait of Bolling Arthur Johnson, the founder of Hoo-Hoo, appearing opposite a page upon which is a half-tone group picture of the first Supreme Nine. The book is profusely illustrated with half-tones made from photographs of old buildings, street scenes, the fort and parade grounds, and with a few, by way of contrast, of the modern structures that now occupy the ground. One cannot but wonder that so many old photographs should have been preserved. Numerous portraits of men and women are also introduced, and are not less interesting as showing the styles of dress of nearly a half century ago.

The book starts off without preface or apology, and the simple directness of its style is shown in the following account of how its author happened to be one of the hamlet's forefathers, as it were:

"About the first of May, 1855, I took Horace Greeley's advice, 'Go West, young man, and grow up with the country,' and left my native town of Milton, Pa. I first stopped some four months in LaPorte, Ind., and went from there to Dixon, Ill., where I stayed some four months. On the first day of December, in company with a fellow-carpenter, I went to Fulton City, Ill., on the Mississippi River, with the intention of taking a boat for New Orleans. The day before we got there the last boat for the season went down the river; so we stopped at Fulton City and went to work at our trade of carpentering on a large hotel that was being built there, called the 'Dement House.' I stayed at Fulton City until September, 1857, when I went to St. Louis, and was there until the second day of December, when I engaged passage on a boat for Pittsburgh. The same day I went up to the old Planters' Hotel to get my dinner before leaving, and in the hotel I met George A. Crawford, having become acquainted with him in Illinois during the spring of 1857. He says to me: 'Come, go along to Fort Scott; I and some others have started a good town there.' I told Mr. Crawford my intention was to go West and get ahead of the railroads, so as to get me a cheap farm; but I had paid my pas-

sage to go back East and spend the winter with my mother before going farther West, but I promised him to come to Fort Scott the following spring.

"I went to my old home, and during the winter and until late spring it was a question in my mind whether to settle down in my old home or go farther West than I had been before. At last, about the middle of April, my desire to go West again conquered; and, besides, I felt that I should keep my promise to Crawford to go to Fort Scott. So between my promise to Crawford and the desire to again obey Greeley's advice, I left my old home for Fort Scott, coming West by rail to St. Louis, and from there I took a boat for Kansas City, via the Missouri River. I arrived at Kansas City on the evening of April 27, 1858; and taking my tool chest from the boat, I put it in the commission house of Crowell Brothers, and then went to the Gillis Hotel, situated on the levee (the principal hotel of Kansas City at that time). I remained there all night, and the next morning looked up the stage office, which was then located in the basement of what I now remember as the Watkins Bank Building, on Second and Main streets. I learned that the stage line had been established only some few days and was getting very few passengers. I engaged passage, for which I paid \$15, and found that I was the only passenger for Fort Scott; but I had one companion, a Mr. Squires, who was taking out express for the first time; in fact, it was he who established the express line.

"The stage left the office about eight o'clock in the morning, and the route was along Main street to Thirteenth street, where they crossed lots to Grand avenue. Kansas City then, I should judge, was a town of some 3,000 inhabitants. The east and west bottoms were covered with heavy timber, as were the hills on either side of Main street; and Kansas City at that time consisted almost entirely of the levee and Main street. From Kansas City we went to Westport. Westport at that time showed more life than Kansas City, as it was the starting place for all freight going out on the Santa Fé trail for Santa Fé, N. M. This freight would be hauled from the Kansas City landing and then reloaded at Westport for the long trip it had to be hauled, and started out from there in regular trains of wagons hauled by oxen—probably from twenty to thirty wagons hauled by from eight to ten yoke of oxen to the wagon. The drivers of these wagons were under the control or lead of what was called the 'wagon boss'—or, you might say, 'conductor'—whose word was law. These men were selected for their intelligence, bravery, and efficiency for the position. The drivers of the wagons were a mixed set, 'Greasers' predominating.

"From Westport we went to Shawnee Mission, now Merriam. A few miles from Shawnee Mission we struck the prairie, and from there on we saw few settlements. At noon we stopped at a place called 'Squiresville' for dinner, which place consisted of one store, one dwelling house, blacksmith shop, and stage stable. The dinner consisted of salt pork, beans, dried apples, and coffee. Squiresville was near, I think, where the town of Olathe is now situated. After leaving Squiresville, the settlements became more scattering. We reached Osawatomie in the evening and put up there for the night. This was the largest town between Kansas City and Fort Scott, though it was not much to brag of as a town.

"We got an early start next morning, and reached Moneka for dinner, a point some few miles north of the present Mound City. The dinner at Moneka was not much of an improvement over that at Squiresville, as it consisted mostly of vegetables. By the way, the people who settled this town were vegetarians, and the women wore bloomer costumes. About all the inhabitants were named Wattles. The town was about the size of Squiresville. The stage rolled away from Moneka at early noon. The driver said he would get to Fort Scott at six o'clock. We crossed the Osage River at a place called 'Rayville,' and crossed the Marmaton River at the old Military Ford, at the mouth of Mill Creek. We came up into Fort Scott from the river bottom about where National avenue now is, and from there went over to the fort buildings, stopping at what was then known

as the Free State Hotel, which is the building that Squire Margrave now occupies as a residence. It had been one of the officer's quarters of the fort. As the stage rolled up, all the occupants of the hotel were on the sidewalk to receive the new arrivals. There were two parties in the small crowd whom I knew before I came to Fort Scott. They were George A. Crawford and William Gallagher. They soon made me at home and acquainted with the balance of the boys. . . . After congratulations were over, a man named Joe Ray called me aside and said: 'You appear to be a nice kind of a fellow. Come along, and I will set up the drinks.' I walked off with him, going down the sidewalk along the present row of buildings facing the plaza, and then across the plaza to the house east of the present calaboose, where a saloon was kept by a man named Head. This building had been the wagon scale house for fort purposes. On the way to the saloon Joe felt around in his pocket and said: 'By the way, friend, I have no money; will you lend me a quarter?' I reached in my pocket and got out an old worn quarter, which in those days was worth only 22½ cents (and, by the way, it was the only money I had left after paying my fare and expenses to Fort Scott), and handed it to him, not letting him know but what I had plenty of money. In after years, when speaking to Joe about paying me back the 25 cents, he would say I passed 22½ cents off on him for a quarter, and he threatened to have me arrested; but he never did pay it back to me."

It is interesting to notice with what unconscious frankness the author is writing his own life while writing that of Fort Scott, and it is this personal element in the book that constitutes its chief charm. There are passages in it that equal Pepys in his great "Diary" and beside which Rousseau is almost secretive.

To defray the expense of its publication the author has put a nominal price of 50 cents per copy on this second edition, and a reasonable number of the books have been printed to sell at this price. The author modestly writes that "he thinks the book worth that much to any one who feels an interest in the old days." It certainly is, and far more. The little book, with its leather binding, would make a most acceptable Christmas present. We should be pleased to see members of the Order evince an appreciation of Brother Goodlander's effort by purchasing the book. It will be sent postpaid by the author on receipt of price.

Our Portfolio of Poems.

The following classic is sent us by Brother J. A. Reichman, of the Ketchman-Crosby Company, of Memphis, Tenn., who thinks it an original production of some of the office force of the Big Pine Lumber Company, of Boggy, Ark.:

"Lien On."

"The sawyer said: 'The saws are old,
'The dogs so short they will not hold;
'Old man, what shall I do?'
'The 'old man' yawned a weary yawn,
And said: 'Saw on, saw on, and on.'"

"The oiler came with empty can,
And said: 'The oil is gone; old man, old man,
Pray tell me what to do.'
'The 'old man' looked across the lawn,
And said: 'Oil on, young man; oil on.'"

"The filer came with careless walk,
And said: 'The files are out; no use to talk:
How can I work, old man?'
'The 'old man,' with a look forlorn,
Said: 'File on, file on.'"

"The cashier, with a long-drawn face,
Remarked: 'There is no cash in place
To pay the men; what shall I do?'
'The 'old man' thought of days long gone,
And said: 'In time checks pay, pay on and on.'"

"But soon the lawyer came with bill,
Demanding money on the mill,
And said: 'What is your wish, old man?'
The 'old man' said, in tone of scorn:
'Why—damn it, man!—lien on, lien on and on.'"

The following gem is on the back of the blotters being sent out by Brother George B. Maegly, of Kansas City, Mo. As will be seen, Brother Maegly is in the wholesale yellow pine business:

"An Ode to Spring (On You)."

"It's oft been told in days of old
To win the girl you must be bold.
The girl's your trade; I want her; hence
I'll talk in rhyme—my first offense.

"Got lots of lumber; ship it quick
If you say so. I'll let you pick
Finish, flooring, all free from blue,
From clear V. U. to number two;
Dimension, boards, or timbers long;
Four first-class mills to sing the song.

"I've got eight million feet of fine
Long-leaf dimension yellow pine,
Two by four and six and eight,
Well manufactured, bright, and straight;
All lengths same price. I ask no more
For ten-foot, twelve, or twenty-four.

"Can ship in straight or mixed car loads.
Mills on half dozen different roads
Enable me when cars are few
To get them quick. I'll promise you
To give you lumber just as though
The shipment came from 'So and So.'"

"Now, brother, let me demonstrate.
Sit down and figure. Let me state
Some dealers never think of this;
And there, my friend, is where they miss.
Drop me a line. Say, let me quote;
You'll not be sorry that you wrote.

"And now a moral I would paint.
It either is or else it ain't
Good policy. Reverse the theme.
Things are and should be what they seem.
Want good lumber? I know you do.
Send me your orders; you'll get it, too."

A Sad Accident.

The many friends of Brother C. H. Beale, Southern representative of the Standard Dry Kiln Company, will be shocked to learn that his seventeen-year-old son, Mallory Beale, is dead as the result of a most distressing accident. The young man was shot and instantly killed on Saturday night, November 24, by his intimate friend, Lyle Lawson, the seventeen-year-old son of W. H. Lawson, chief clerk of the State Convict Bureau, in whose residence, at Montgomery, Ala., the shooting took place. The deplorable tragedy was accidental, the two boys having been playing with firearms in young Lawson's bedroom. The boys were boon companions. Mallory Beale was a singularly bright and attractive boy, and was just beginning a business career under circumstances of great promise.

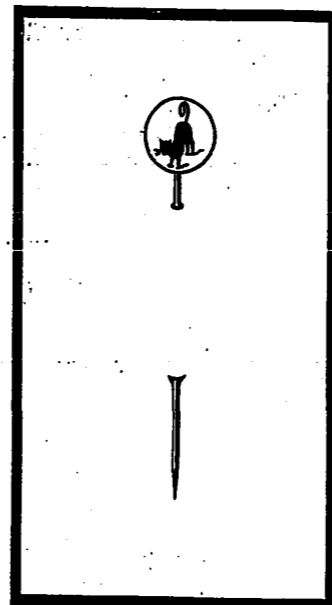
Du Mont—Gartner.

Moss Point, Miss., November 22.—This afternoon at four o'clock, at the Presbyterian Church here, Capt. Edgar Collins du Mont and Miss Ivon Leone Garber were married by Rev. R. W. Bailey, pastor of the Methodist Church. The occasion excited intense interest because of the prominence of the young couple. The church was elaborately decorated. The rendering of Lohengrin's "Wedding March" by Miss Belle Denny announced the arrival of the bridal party, with Hon. W. W. Farnsworth as best man; little Miss

Eloise Robinson, in a dress of green, as flower maid, strewing roses in the aisle; Miss Fannie Randolph, of Bayou Goula, La., as maid of honor; the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Robinson, and relatives and intimate friends. Messrs. Hugh Moore, of Louisville, Ky., who, accompanied by his mother, came specially to attend the marriage; Edmond J. Jané, cashier of the Merchants' and Marine Bank, of Scranton, Miss.; William Watkins, of Basin, Miss.; and J. J. McIntosh, of Moss Point, Miss., acted as ushers. The bride was beautiful in an imported easter cloth tailor-made suit, embroidered with gold thread. She carried a bouquet of orchids from New York. The maid of honor, Miss Randolph, was charmingly attired in a blue cloth tailor-made suit, and carried a pyramid bouquet of golden chrysanthemums. The groom is the managing timber representative here of Messrs. Hunter, Benn & Co., of London, England, and Mobile, Ala., and Vice Royal Consul of Denmark. He is also Hoo-Hoo No. 3936, and is very popular in the Order. He commanded a company from Scranton during the Spanish-American War, and is well and favorably known for his social and business personality. From the church the couple were driven to the Louisville and Nashville Railroad depot, where they took the west-bound evening train on a bridal tour to points in the East by way of New Orleans.

As a Christmas Gift.

About this time of year the average man begins to cudgel his brain over Christmas presents. If he is any account at all, there are at least a half dozen women to whom he would like to give some sort of a little reminder, and just what sort of a "little thing" to give is what puzzles him. The more he thinks about it, the less he knows what to do; and unless some happy suggestion is run across, he gets desperate as the time grows short and buys a more costly



present than there is any occasion for, with a vague sort of idea of making up for his uncertainty as to its appropriateness. An experience of a quarter of a century convinces us that he nearly always misses it.

To all brother Hoo-Hoo in good standing who may be floundering around in the uncertainty to which we refer "The Bulletin" can make the "happy suggestion." It is that he purchase for the lady one of the Hoo-Hoo stick

pins shown in the accompanying cut. These little pins are substantial and serviceable, and we have never seen a woman who did not want one if she ever saw one. These pins will be sent to any address in the United States, Canada, or Mexico, by registered mail, on receipt of price, \$1.00. The pins will be sent in a neat enameled box filled with cotton of a pale-pink hue, and will present a very handsome appearance on arrival.

This is a purely disinterested suggestion. These pins cost the Order \$1.40 each in lots of one hundred, and the slight profit indicated will not cover the handling and book-keeping. To reduce this to a minimum, it is requested that, so far as possible, cash be sent with the order.

In calculating the arrival of your pin at destination, remember that registered mail is about fifty per cent slower than ordinary mail. All orders will be filled on the day of arrival at this office.

Obituary.

Joseph Schneider (No. 2099).

The following letter from Brother Ira B. Bennett, of Detroit, Mich., gives the particulars of the death of a well-known Hoo-Hoo:

"Detroit, Mich., December 4, 1900.—It is with regret that I write you that Mr. Joseph S. Schneider, Hoo-Hoo No. 2099, died in this city on the evening of November 28, and was buried on the following Saturday. Mr. Schneider was taken with a severe case of typhoid fever about three weeks ago, and was unable to overcome the same. He has been general salesman for Bliss & Van Auken, of Saginaw, Mich., for the past ten years, looking after the Ohio trade, with headquarters at Lima. He was a very prominent Hoo-Hoo, being Vicegerent for Ohio some time ago. Mr. Schneider had a large number of friends in Hoo-Hoo; and if you will kindly make mention of his death in 'The Bulletin,' it will be appreciated by his many friends. His funeral was attended by a large number of local lumbermen, and the Hoo-Hoo of this city sent a large flower stand, representing the figure '9,' with the wording: 'Hoo-Hoo No. 2099.'"

Brother Schneider was well known in Nashville, having been in business here for some time several years ago. He made one of the best Vicegerents the Order has ever had, and was a most estimable gentleman in every way.

Benjamin Houston Marshall (Honorary No. 31).

Junior Hoo-Hoo McClure, of Galveston, Texas, reports the only death that has occurred among our honorary life members. He writes:

"Galveston, Texas, December 4, 1900.—It is my painful duty to report the death of Benjamin Houston Marshall, Honorary No. 31. Brother Marshall died in Galveston on November 30, after an illness of about three weeks. In his death the business community loses a good man, the community at large a good citizen, and the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo a loyal member."

William Wilkerson Perkins (No. 6127).

A very sad death to chronicle is that of Brother Perkins. Alone, among strangers, and in darkness, he met a violent death. On November 25 the Nashville office of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad notified the Scrivenoter's office that a man bearing Hoo-Hoo button and book No. 6127 was killed the night before at Blount Springs, Ala., near Birmingham; that the body had been taken to Birmingham, and was awaiting identification. A personal description of No. 6127 was given the railroad people, and was found to tally. A little later a Mr. A. J. French, of Doniphan, Mo., reached Birmingham, having been sent at the personal expense of Brother H. F. Stewart (No. 6129), of the Doniphan Lumber Company, to ascertain positively that the dead man was Brother Perkins. Mr. French's identification was most positive.